

SANTA CLAUS



Will leave my window at 7 p. m., on Christmas Eve, Friday, December 24, and at this time the wagons will be given away to the winners in the vote contest. Be sure to come.

Extending to one and all Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas.

Glen Maris
Cash Hardware

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME AND—

(By Observer)
You know the result. And the same conclusion follows in the case of a man, a community, a state or an empire.
The writer came to Brown county thirty-four years ago and some years later had to go down to the Twin Cities and take in a Buffalo Bill Wild West show in order to get a close look at an Indian. Even the bleached bones of the extinct buffalo had been picked up and shipped off for commercial purposes prior to that time. And yet, even today, such is the result of sensational stories sent out by local papers and sent to eastern papers, friends in the east think I am in hourly danger of an Indian massacre or of being tramped to death in a stampede of ponderous bison. There's a tribe of Indians on Long Island—didn't you know it? Look it up. Yet do the summer resorters build barricades for common refuge? Do the New York and Brooklyn papers fly danger signals and forecast a massacre if an unusual sound breaks the stillness?
The Minnesota immigration commissioner tells me as an actual fact that one broiling July day three or four years ago a perspiring lady limply sagged off a train at the Union depot at St. Paul and asked the nearest policeman the way to the—ICE PALACE.
Such was the result of the wrong kind of publicity. If you lived in Minneapolis in the late '90's, everywhere you went in the east you were bombarded with questions as to your personal experiences with Harry Hay-

ward. If you are from the West River country today, folks want to know what special protection you wear against rattlesnakes. True, there are snakes in the buttes and sand hills, but why emphasize the fact? Why should the only dispatch from that country be a report of the miraculous escape of an infant from the deadly fangs?
The "Mighty Missouri."
The "Big Muddy." If there ever was a slander, there's one. No more majestic stream pours its flood to the ocean. How different is the impression left by the pleasing phrase "The Beautiful Blue Danube." That stream is glorified in song and story and its mere mention stirs all the romantic strain that lies in the human breast. And yet, as a matter of fact, the Danube is a flat, sluggish, yellow, dirty stream, of about the consistency of a bill poster's mess. In contrast, the scenery at most any point along the Missouri is entrancing. It is anyway.
As a boy I heard a poem or song, a few lines of which have ever remained in my memory; the grand procession of words and sounds made a deep impression upon my mind and gave me a conception of grandeur and dignity that defies expression:
"To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea!"
Just roll that around a little over your tongue and see if it doesn't leave a different impression than to speak of our noble stream as the "Big Muddy."
Unsuspected Beauties.
The "Bad Lands," the "Black Hills"

—both glaring examples of misnomer. No more interesting stretch of nature lies out of doors than the "Bad Lands," yet the name leaves a most unfavorable impression on the minds of the reader east of us, and no one puts it on his route sheet of a western trip. The "Black Hills!" That name signifies something and has a large element of sentiment for us who know them, but sounds highly uninteresting to one unacquainted with their beauty and their grandeur. No scenery in the Pyrenees can surpass that in the southwestern part of South Dakota; yet do thousands and thousands of tourists feast on its attractions?
Seeing the Good.
The bad or unfavorable impression made on the mind of the newspaper and letter readers to the east of us by emphasizing only the extreme downward limit of the mercury, the extreme upward drift of the snow, the extreme dryness of a drought, the deed of a drunken Indian, the fact that a coyote was sighted in the distance, that a kid saw a rattlesnake, that our hills are black, that the Missouri washes its banks, has kept thousands of prospective settlers and investors out of this country, retarded its settlement and progress by years.
There is no moral to point in all this, perhaps; it is just a protest against the noticing and mentioning only the sensational and disagreeable and a petition to all my readers to look around and realize and spread the news that right around us we have "God's Own Country." Where the Mighty Missouri Rolls Down to the Sea.—The Dakota Farmer.

HOLIDAY WARNINGS.

The Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters, Montana headquarters of which are at Butte, is sending out warnings calling the attention of stores, churches and households to the increased liability from fires because of the holidays. The bulletin:
Holiday fires in stores and churches while filled with people are usually holocausts. Light, inflammable decorations make fires easy to start and easy to spread. A match, a gas flame or an electrical defect may do it.
Watch gas jets! Decorations may be carried against them by air currents.
Watch smokers! Do not permit them to light cigars inside buildings. Do not make the slightest change in electric wiring without consulting electrical inspector.
Every year in America many children are burned to death by fire from Christmas candles.
Do not decorate your Christmas tree with paper, cotton or any other inflammable material. Use metallic tinsel and other non-inflammable decorations only, and set the tree securely so that the children in reaching for things cannot tip it over.
Do not use cotton to represent snow. If you must have snow use asbestos fibre.
Do not permit children to light or relight the candles while parents are not present. They frequently set fire to their clothing instead.
Do not leave matches within reach of children at holiday time. Candles are meant to be lighted, and if the children can get matches they will experiment with them. They imitate their elders.
Do not allow trees to remain inside buildings after the holidays. The tree itself ignites readily when needles have become dry. A large number of fires usually occur in January from this cause.
A house of merriment is better than a house of mourning.
Read your insurance policies! Before attempting any hasty or ill-advised decorations which may cause fire, examine your insurance contracts and see if the policies contain anything like this:
"This entire policy, unless otherwise provided by agreement indorsed hereon or added hereto, shall be void, etc.,—if the hazard be increased by any means within the control or knowledge of the insured."
If you burn, you want your indemnity; do nothing, therefore, to impair your contract.

ODD BITS OF NEWS.

Cottage Grove, Ore.—Bert Nokes set a hen and then decided to move to Spokane, 500 miles distant. He shipped biddy, her nest and all, by express, and twelve of the fourteen eggs hatched.
Wichita, Kan.—Whenever Mrs. Louis Fisher tries to telephone, her right arm and side become numb and she becomes unconscious. Her affliction is a case of nerves. Several years ago she received a shock while telephoning.
Morgantown, W. Va.—Twenty years ago Lewis M. Runner left home for Washington to patent a device. He had never been heard from since until recently, when he returned home. His wife, who had always said he would come back, welcomed him with open arms.

Springfield, Ill.—Mrs. Isabella Arnold, who weighed 400 pounds, died recently. It was necessary to hold the funeral on the porch as the coffin was too large to pass through the doorway. Ten pallbearers were required.
New Manchester, Ind.—For 90 days a hog belonging to C. O. Hudgelson lived off the fat of its own body. The hog got into a huge stack of straw and couldn't get out. It weighed 250 pounds, but when found had shrunk to less than 100 and was still alive.

Biddeford, Me.—James Sargent has the original human calf. It has human skin, covered with human hair. A luxuriant beard hangs from its chin. When it attempts to bellow, it emits sounds resembling a child crying. Otherwise it is a normal calf.

Rulo, Neb.—Years ago Arthur Lytle, a fisherman, located his hut on a small sand bar lying near the Missouri shore. Dirt washed onto the bar, and now it is the size of two sections. Lytle turned farmer and has made a small fortune. Neither Missouri nor Nebraska demand taxes



Scene from the Famous Comedy "Old Dutch," With Lew Fields in the Leading Role, at the Orpheum, Wednesday, December 29.

of him, but he cannot vote as his holdings are regarded as under the jurisdiction of the national government. He has resided on the land for 22 years.

Will give 50 cents to some enterprising boy for a sack of old cotton rags. Rags must be clean.
THE COURIER

Watch this space next week.

GLASGOW, THE MODEL BAKERY MONTANA

Season's GREETINGS

THE SEASON OF 1915, WHICH IS NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE, HAS BEEN A VERY SUCCESSFUL ONE FOR US. WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK OUR MANY FRIENDS FOR THEIR PATRONAGE THE PAST YEAR AND EXTEND TO ONE AND ALL OUR BEST WISHES FOR A VERY

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

A. M. St. Clair & Co. Jewelers

Our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

Knight's Electric Shop