

ROSEBUD COUNTY NEWS.

VOL. 8.

FORSYTH, MONTANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1906.

NO. 49

TIME CARD		
OF		
TRAINS.		
FORSYTH		
WEST-BOUND		
No. 1, North Coast Limited	ARRIVE 8:16 am	DEPART
No. 3 Express	10:45 pm	
No. 53 Freight	5:05 am	
EAST-BOUND		
No. 2, North Coast Limited	12:01 pm	
No. 4 Express	2:30 am	
No. 54 Freight	7:20 am	

SEE PERMIT AT TICKET OFFICE FOR FREIGHT TRAINS

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. R. A. C. WILSON,
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store Building.
Forsyth, Montana.

D. HARRY J. HUENE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office rooms over Peter Droese's Drug Store.
Office Hours—9:00 a. m. to 12:00 m.
—1:00 p. m. to 4:00 p. m. and 7:00 to 8:30 p. m.

SYDNEY SANNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Miles City, Montana.

GEORGE W. FARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Miles City, Montana.

V. H. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Forsyth, Mont.

E. HILBERT
ATTORNEY AT LAW
A portion of your business is respectfully solicited.
Office Rooms—Rooms over the First National bank

GEORGE A. HORKAN
Attorney & Counselor at Law
Practice before all State Courts, United States Courts and United States Land Office.
FORSYTH, MONTANA.

W. F. GUY
DENTIST
Office rooms over First National Bank.
Telephone No. 75

AMERICAN HOTEL.
A. R. SICKLER, Prop.
Newly Renovated
The only first-class hotel in Forsyth—in fact one of the best in eastern Montana. . .

A select and fresh line of **Wines, Liquors and Cigars** will be found at the Hotel Bar

We maintain in connection **Billiard and Pool Tables and Spacious Sample Room**

Prompt service and courteous treatment is our guarantee

—The—
N. P. Lunch Room
Is under the same management, at which place you will receive courteous treatment and the best short-order service in the city.

Home Bakery
Mrs. James Wylder, Prop.

12 Bread Tickets \$1.00
Bread, per loaf 10 cents
Buns, per doz. 15 cents
Cookies, " 10 & 15 cents
Pies, each 20 & 30 cents
Layer cake, 50 cents
Loaf cake, 40 cents
Baked beans, per quart 25 cents

Catering
First door west of News office

CONCERNING THE SOUTHLAND

A Few of the Many Sights Viewed by the "Press Gang"

As a brief resume of the trip we have just returned from will no doubt be interesting to our readers, we will endeavor to give as vivid description as possible in the space available. We will not attempt to give our experiences in detail as such a course would necessitate publishing a serial extended indefinitely.

As you are aware we left Forsyth on the morning of Friday, Feb. 9. At Livingston we were compelled to wait about three hours but put in the time very profitably seeing the city and visiting the schools. Also called upon Miss Casselman a former teacher in the Forsyth schools who is now employed at Livingston. Upon again boarding our train we met Mr. and Mrs. Walter Aitken and were presented with our credentials for the trip. The trip to Butte was uneventful consequently we pass over it. At Butte the remainder of the party assembled and en masse boarded the Oregon Short Line passenger enroute to Salt Lake City. The party consisted of about 60 members, we will not name them as the greater number were persons with whom most of our readers have no acquaintance, but a jolly bunch out for a good time.

We were met at Salt Lake by a committee from the Commercial Club, who had provided automobiles and the party was given a sight seeing trip around the city, our chaffeur pointing out to us the places of interest and among these were Amelia palace, the home of the favorite wife of Brigham Young, the Lion house, where he together with seven of his wives dwelt in peace and harmony, it is so related. By far the most interesting places were the Mormon temple which was particularly attractive from the fact that we were compelled to view it from afar—no gentiles being allowed admittance within the sacred walls—and the tabernacle. We were then conducted to the New Wilson, one of Salt Lake City's modern hostleries and at 12 m. were piloted to the Commercial club rooms where a sumptuous luncheon was spread for the especial benefit of the "press gang" to which they did full justice.

After the repast the assembled guests had the pleasure of listening to a few pointed remarks from Mr. Harris, secretary of the "See America First" movement. After this the tourists were conducted to the Mormon Tabernacle where, by special arrangement, they were privileged to listen to Mormon services and a recital on one of the largest and most magnificent pipe organ in the world by a master of that instrument, Prof. J. J. McClellan. While this is not the largest organ in existence, it has been conceded by expert Musicians to possess the finest variety and character of tonal quality of any. This great organ has an altitude of 58 feet and the dimensions are 30 by 33 feet; it has 110 stops and accessories, and contains a total of over 5000 pipes, ranging in length from one-fourth inch to 32 feet. It is capable of 400 tonal varieties. The wonderful acoustic properties of the tabernacle enhance in a large measure the beautiful and varied tones produced by the organ.

The tabernacle is a mammoth structure 120 feet wide and 250 feet long and is capable of seating 8000 people. We left Salt Lake City at midnight Sunday, Feb. 11, over the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad for Los Angeles, Cal. On the morning of the 12th we awoke, to find ourselves speeding through a narrow valley with rocky cliffs ascending to great heights on each side. Passing out of this we entered the desert in southern Utah. As far as the eye could reach nothing was visible but sage brush and sand with ranges of mountains in the distance for a background, and amid such scenes we retired to our berths.

The next morning Tuesday, Feb. 13, all hands were up at day break, as the scenery had changed to such an extent that now we were amid the much talked of orange groves of southern

California and particularly the people to whom the orange tree and the date palm were a new sight, were all eagerness. From the time we arrived in Los Angeles until we boarded the train for home there was "something doing" all the time. The City of the Angels presents many and varied opportunities for the enlightenment of verdant tourists providing the aforesaid tourist is willing and able to disgorge a sufficient number of dollars these places of historic interest and "scenery" venders will show you a panoramic view of Southern Cal., from an automobile or trolley car. Owing to limited time at their disposal the "press gang" confined their sight seeing trips to the principal and most interesting places. One day was spent in making a trip to the Cataline Islands and despite the fact that a large number of the Montana land lubbers were seasick the short sea voyage was delightful.

Avalon, the little sea port town of the island is a paradise for any one seeking rest and quiet from the noise and flurry of the world, and many tourists find their way here, often lingering for some time to enjoy the quiet of the island.

In response to an invitation received from the commercial club at San Diego, the following day the "press gang" left for that place over the Santa Fe, arriving about noon. The Santa Fe extended us their courtesies in a most pleasing and liberal manner by allowing our entire delegation transportation over their road. At San Diego we were received in a right royal manner, not only were the smiling representatives of the Commercial Club awaiting us, eager to start us out on the round of pleasure they had planned for us, but old Sol beamed down upon us in his most gracious and benignant manner and the softest of breezes wafted toward us the fragrance of the flowers—surely we thought this is the Paradise

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Dog Poisoner Abroad

As we were coming down to the office from our home in the west part of town Tuesday morning we noticed a dead dog lying beside the walk just west of the Morrison house. We thought nothing of it at the time but later in the day we learned that many dogs had met their death by way of the poison route administered by some person whose vindictiveness exceeded his good sense, the poison having been put out sometime Monday or Monday night. The dogs belonged to L. L. Crockett, who lost a valuable bull dog which cost him \$46 and for which he had repeatedly refused an offer of \$75, a dog never known to bother any one and one that never left the yard except when at his master's heels; Tony Bettencort, who lost a valuable shepherd dog for which he had refused \$100; also other dogs now too numerous to mention. Did you ever stop to think that when you kill a shepherd's dog you rob him of the best friend he ever had, a friend that will stick to him through thick and thin regardless of what the world may think or do. To you or me the dog may not be worth a snap of the finger, but to his master he is a helper, constant companion and true friend. Imagine yourself in the place of the herder—out in the hills caring for a band of sheep with a dog which would obey your every word and action, in whose very eyes you could read the expression of dumb affection; note him leap and frisk with joy when you show your appreciation of his work—would you not feel as though you had lost a friend if some thoughtless person would end his existence? Almost every dog has some value to some person. You and I may not be able to discern it, but the owner of the dog can. Remember that this earth was not made for your especial benefit, there are others whose rights are equal to your own and a thing that is a nuisance in your eyes may be of inestimable value to some others. The sooner people learn to place themselves in the other fellow's shoes and look at the situation from his standpoint, the sooner we will be a community in which friction is a stranger. A reward of \$200 has been offered for the person or persons guilty of so ruthlessly slaughtering dogs here with poison Monday, and it is to be hoped that he or they will be found and made an example of.

GAMBLING NOT A CURSE

So Says a Former Prominent Business Woman of Livingston, Now in Billings

Can no one speak a word for the gamblers? We hear so much about gambling being a curse and a gambler being a black spot on the face of the earth, it might prove interesting to some readers of The Times to hear something new concerning this vile, profane, licentious, pestilential, sinful profession.

To begin, I am like Jerry Simpson. I have thirty reasons why gambling makes a town better. First—The town needs the money. I have forgotten the other twenty-nine.

Let us handle those would-be criminals honestly for once, and let them be seen in a new light. Show them up as they are—how they spend their money; how they live; how, after gaining thousands, they leave the town broke—how they give to the poor, the churches and their friends.

The Rev. McCollough states that Christ died for our sins and the soldiers gambled for pieces of His garment. There are quite a few people who are not gamblers and who never associated with gamblers, who do not believe that Christ died for our sins.

Christ was a good teacher and those following His teachings cannot go wrong, but we will leave the dying part out of this argument.

Hubbard says: "Ministers are a lot of good men in a very poor business." To turn that sentence around would be echoing a little truth.

The state law is against gambling. If it is a state law, it must be right. Men at the head of the state have never erred! They must be right. Still, there have been men who have fought a life-long battle for a chance.

I have absolute faith in humanity. Man does not take wanton delight in breaking others' hearts and blighting their lives. They do it, but seek the cause. It is his environment which makes him do today what he would scorn to do tomorrow. He does not even want to hear of his past.

I do not look down on Mohammed. I think him a great philosopher of his time.

I deny that good citizens have to pay for the indulgence of gamblers. Quite the contrary. Every merchant I have ever met says: "Business is dull since they closed gambling".

Denver swarmed with starving people eight years ago and today Denver is wide open and what do you hear? Why, "Denver was never better." What have they said of Butte? That it never was better than it has been this winter. The poor had a chance to live; but now the good people have closed all and the poor can depend on some charitable institution.

I challenge any man to prove to me that times are worse and people starving in a gambling town. True, a wife and children of ten lose a husband's wages, but that husband can get up in the morning and he will have ten chances to make a dollar in an open town where he would not have one in a "dead" town.

I can give the names of churchmen in Livingston who were in favor of gambling after it closed, as the town was no good after.

"A boy played marbles and won money and killed a man!" How sad. If boys keep on playing marbles there won't be any men left. Another blamed gambling for killing a Jew. I wonder if there are any Jews left. Another played cards in his mother's house, and, oh, my! He did something awful! I forgot what.

We must have a new regime. It will be born in mind when this talk and howling about vice and sin is stopped.

Christian Science teaches that there is no sin, and that is where Mary Eddy has one foot ahead of all Christianity.

I say you do get returns for your money, and I stand firm. It is perfectly right and legitimate to gamble. When two or six men sit down and try their level best to beat the other, fair and square, it is not wrong or a

"get-rich-quick scheme," and it is not fair or honorable to call it so.

When a man represents to another that he can give him the worth of his money and don't do it, then, and not 'till then, there is a wrong committed.

Is that gambling? No. Gambling is an entertaining game in which both parties, or all parties, know perfectly well what to expect. In a get-rich-quick scheme the parties expect much and get nothing.

"Refinement and culture never enter the halls of sin." No. I should say not. We haven't travelled much, but when we find out what refinement and culture means, then we can answer that statement.

Gamblers are cowards mostly. If they would come out and fight in the open, they would get some show. If they would play and gamble in the open, there would be no sin about it. They draw the money from the surrounding country, and, after they have filled the town with money and good cheer along comes a gang who never did throw a cent to a starving dog and has them arrested and they meekly lay down their arms and flee. Now what for? He plays cards with men who were perfectly willing to play with him. I see no sense or justice in it. Gamblers as a rule pay their bills better than most people. I have dealt with hundreds of them in different kinds of business and I never was beat out of a cent or a nickel by a gambler. On the contrary he was always more than willing to pay the highest price.

If a man plays a little game for mere fun and gets a cigar he takes the place of the "meanest man on earth," according to our reverend friend in that he tries to get a living for nothing. "A cigar from a slot machine" is a mighty poor thing to shove off onto any man without accusing him of being the "meanest man on earth." If he smoked it he would be meaner yet but he generally "shoves it off" onto some one else that comprises the "meanest part of the whole game."

There is a doctor in New York who has a child seven years old whom his mother raised exclusively. It was agreed at birth that he would never know what wrong was. He has never heard: "That is bad," "You are naughty," or, "bad boy" and such bosh as sin, vice, pestilential atmosphere and such rot. I would like to see that child. Was it not too bad that Manager Wharton did not get a chance to pay the city that pile so that he could load up his own "tank" more? The men at a game in the city went out and flung their money right and left, and gave the washer-woman a chance to live; but if they spent it at the gardens the money would go to buy a few more paintings

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Our First County Fair

The Forsyth Business Mens association has had under consideration for some time past the advisability of holding a fair in Rosebud county this fall and at a special meeting of the executive committee held last Saturday a committee composed of T. E. Hammond, F. V. H. Collins and M. S. Lord, was appointed to wait upon the county commissioners and ascertain whether or not the county could be prevailed upon to make an appropriation for this purpose. The committee met with the commissioners Monday and met with entire success in their undertaking, the county appropriating \$600 for this purpose.

The ranchmen of the county can now afford to put their best efforts into the raising of grain, grasses, vegetables, live stock and poultry with an assurance that they will be amply rewarded for their labor in cash premiums consistent with their exhibits.

Arrangements will now be pushed to make the fair one of the grandest, most entertaining and instructive exhibits ever held in the county. The best of the articles shown at this fair will be sent to the state fair where it is hoped that Rosebud county will be able to rank among the foremost counties of the state.

The ranchmen, stockmen, farmers, gardeners and poultry fanciers should make a special effort in this, the first exhibition of our county's resources.