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Notes From The Public Schools

Interesting Items Prepared for This Paper Each Week by the Pupils

Pupils in the primary who were neither absent nor tardy for the second month were: Robert Ferguson, Robert Scollick, Jas. Montgomery, John Miller, Cleo Wampler, Edna Covey, Evelyn Francis, Freeda Gasser, Anna Jorgenson and Anna Miller.

The percentage of attendance in Mrs. Stevenson's room was 97.7%, while in Mr. Bruner's room for the same month the percentage was only 91.9. There were also twelve cases of tardiness in the grammar room. This demonstrates what the negligence of one pupil will do for a school record. More than half of this tardiness was caused by one pupil. There should not be a dozen cases of tardiness in a room of our school during any three consecutive months. Unless the pupils in the upper room will take a pride in the school record, really good school work is an impossibility.

Eva Strowbridge entered the primary room Monday, making the total enrollment sixteen. There are also two new pupils in the grammar room--Nettie Paddock and Eva Ritschel, making a total of sixteen in this room also.

In an adding contest held in the grammar room several days ago, Eddie Gasser defeated the whole room for speed and accuracy. An arithmetical contest has been going in the seventh grade for a month. When the prizes were awarded the winners were Wallace Francis, first, James Burgess, second, and Fred Anderson, third. Each winner received a box of candy.

The Pioneer day program, consisting of a flag-raising, was a success. It was carried through by the pupils from both buildings. The church organ was brought to the school house and has remained there all week. The exercise consisted of the singing of several songs and the recital of "Old Glory" by Riley. Della Francis and Nettie Paddock ran up the flag. Ten patrons witnessed the celebration.

Are All Children Liars? Every teacher knows that every child is a liar, but he does not know that savage man is also a liar, and that the two phases are comparable and that it is merely the desire of the child, as, indeed, with savage man, to tell you something which will please you and to concoct the most astonishing fabrications to satisfy that desire. A teacher knowing this would not brand the child as a liar and punish it accordingly, but by careful conversation cure the lying phases of child life. So, too, there are many other phases, such as playing with fire and the formation of boy gangs, hooliganism, etc., all, in fact, racial traits--"Childhood," by Frederick Davis.

Euphemisms For "Mad." In order to avoid the blunt word "mad" many euphemisms are resorted to in the English language. While "lunacy" refers to the supposed influence of the moon, "insane" simply means unheathy, "imbecile" signifies only weak, and "crazy," meaning derelict, almost corresponds to the slang "cracked." "A tile off," "not all there," "a bee in his bonnet," are only a few of the efforts slang has made to carry off the sad fact with an uneasy joke. "Lunatic asylum," for the old "madhouse," represents not only a great improvement in the institution, but also in the term used to designate it.

Surgical. The Professor--Now, suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysteria, some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop, what would you do? Doctor--Anesthetize the funny bone.--Illustrated.



News Snapshots Of the Week. The four-wasted schooner Marjory Brown sprung a leak during a gale and sank 200 miles off Sandy Hook. Just as she plunged head down to her ocean grave the captain and his crew of six put off from the stern in a lifeboat and reached the liner Berlin. From which a remarkable picture of the sinking and escape was taken. Nearly 400 miners were killed by an explosion in a Wales mine. Dredges started clearing out the channel of Culebra cut after the Cucaracha slide was dynamited. The Jury in the murder trial of Mrs. Eaton visited the Eaton home at Assinippi, Mass., in a large farm wagon drawn by four oxen. George F. Williams of Boston was appointed minister. Greece. Mrs. Estimeline Pankhurst was admitted to America. William Sulzer, deposed governor of New York, attacked Tammany.

Brass Band For Wisdom

A band has been organized in Wisdom. On Monday evening of this week a meeting for the purpose of electing a temporary organization was held in the office of THE BREEZES. About twenty representative citizens were present. Rev. A. D. Hulburd occupied the chair.

It was unanimously decided to organize a brass band in Wisdom and the following committee was appointed to solicit membership and make preliminary arrangements. Messrs. G. A. Williams, A. D. Hulburd and John Delphin. The committee will probably report tonight, (Friday) when a permanent organization will be launched.

The following have had their names placed on the membership list: Rev. A. D. Hulburd, T. A. Bruner, Arthur and Lester Barry, Chas. Anderson, John Lenneville, Wm. Roske, Geo. Loss, Les Davis, O. J. Woodworth, Verne Maneval, John Delphin, J. H. Shuey, Tom Fox, D. C. Wampler and G. A. Williams. Prof. Fowler, who had charge of the Jackson organization, will undertake the training of the band and under his able tuition the boys will soon be able to make a respectable showing.

Taxidermy

If you need heads mounting or hides made into rugs, see the Wilke Bros. The work will be done right and the charges are reasonable.

Notice!

Those knowing themselves to be indebted to me will please call and settle with Sam Savies or J. H. Shuey. The accounts will be found at The Mint.

J. C. HILL

Thanksgiving Dance

The next big social affair in Wisdom will be the Thanksgiving ball, held under the auspices of Golden Link Lodge, No. 27. As usual this affair will be one of the high class happenings of the season. Watch for the advertisement in our next issue.

Allen Plimpton returned this week from a trip to California.

Dr. Ryburn was called over last week to attend Mrs. Tom Pendergast, who is down with an attack of typhoid.

Do you take this paper?

Interesting Sermon By Rev. Hulburd

'The Greatest of These is Charity'--Small Congregation. Yet Those Present will Long Remember Sermon

Those who failed to attend service last Sunday missed one of the best straight-from-the-shoulder sermons it has yet been our pleasure to hear. Nothing oratorical about it, just a hard-hitting, high-caliber talk that hurt, yet fascinated. Not being able to print it in full, we feel compelled to print the following extracts: Political parties are judged by their platform statements and by their conformity to those statements--but more the latter than the former, and churches and Christians are judged not so much by their creeds as by their conformity to those creeds, and by the way the individual members live up to their platform promises.

"Judge not that ye be not judged," does not mean that we are not to see and observe other people's lives, nor that our own lives as Christians are not to be seen and observed by others.

Every man must be his own expert. Every man must chart out his own course--in the last analysis every man must be the final arbiter of his own destiny. The judgment passed for sin is not passed after the fact, but the judgment is fixed in the law, and when the man conceives the act he institutes the punishment. So, as an old childhood friend used to say, "Every man must stand on his own hind feet," upright before the world--not leaning on any one else, nor depending on any one else, nor blaming any one else for his own shortcomings and failures.

How many of us are there who, if some one slaps us in the face, will tie our whole head up in a bandage and go around holding our jaw and talking about our grievances, real or fancied, until we give everyone around us the ear-ache, the jaw-ache and the head-ache, listening to our tale of woe.

"Charity thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity." I think a proper conception of this would cause a profound silence when some of us get our heads together.

Please don't hand this to your neighbor. Let each one of us take it home to ourselves tonight.

Some of us keep our charity in specially sealed cans to be opened only when our special friends drop in.

"Whether there be tongues they shall cease." For that also we can be devoutly thankful. "For we know in part and we prophesy in part." It has been very well said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. How many flood gates of sorrow have been opened, how many hearts have been broken, how many lives have been wrecked by a little knowledge blabbed all over town--facts that were only half-facts and told with an intention to blast and ruin someone's happiness. How many devils in human form have used a half fact to bring hell into some home, God only knows.

"But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." And the next verse is very pat "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things." Isn't it about time that some of us should put away childish things, or will we continue to be children--to act the bawl baby until we die?

I am not very oratorical tonight, but I do hope that we will remember this chapter at least until next Sunday, and if we do, I am sure that this town will be a sweeter place to live in during the next seven days.

I do not believe we fully realize the place of suffering in life, and its value to the future life of the world. In the depths of sorrow Love reaches out and the comforting hand. Neighbors and friends spread over the troubled waves of life the oil of human kindness, the sea calms, the waves go down and like the Psalmist after chastisement, we will say, "I will go softly all my days." And ever after, when we find another soul on life's stormy sea, we pass on that which has been given to us--the oil of human kindness. There is an old song:

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. 'Twas not given for you alone; pass it on. Let it travel down the years, let it dry another's tears; Till in heaven the deed appears, Pass it on, pass it on." In the sense of remembrance it is not true that "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is interred with their bones."

Young Matron Called Home

Nellie (Stephens) Jones is dead. The word was received from Butte Monday last, where it was known the young lady was lying in a critical condition, and hope had fluctuated in the hearts of her family and friends here for several days before the end peacefully came.

Only a few months ago she was married to Carl Jones of Briston, and with him she left this summer to take up her residence in Butte. The young wife's death has cast a gloom over the Briston neighborhood, where she was a general favorite. There she was born and played as a child, there she developed into beautiful girlhood, there she married and helped to establish a home of her own. It was there her happy life was spent, her service rendered to the world. In that dearest of all places to her she lies down at length to sleep and rest. Beautifully appropriate such a resting place, where her kindred sleep and where her life-long friends gathered about her form with honest tears of bereavement, to lay her tenderly away.

While she has gone from the scenes, the conflicts, the sorrows and pleasures of life, she will still live in the hearts of those who knew her best. Her retiring nature led her to hide her best qualities from public gaze, but they were revealed to those who enjoyed her acquaintance. It was in her home that her true worth was most conspicuous. A loving, faithful daughter, the old ranch home and its occupants--she was born there a little over 22 years ago--will miss her dreadfully.

An impressive funeral service, conducted by Rev. A. D. Hulburd, was held in the Briston school house yesterday afternoon, a large number being present. Appropriate music was rendered by a quartet, consisting of Mrs. H. S. Armitage, Miss Wiold and Messrs. J. H. Shuey and G. A. Williams. The pall bearers were H. S. Armitage, Danny Tovey, Frank Pendleton, Floyd Durkee, Joe Arbor, Jos Courcsey and Geo. Izatt.

It's a Boy!

Another boy has arrived at the Flager home. There was no trouble in getting your "morning's morn'ing" at the Ajax Monday of this week. The youngest member of the Flager family arrived just after midnight Sunday and he and his mother (as well as Flager's mother) are doing nicely, says Dr. Bolton.

The Event Of The Season

Stockmen Excelled Themselves Last Week and the Affair Draws Big Crowd

The first annual ball and banquet of the Big Hole Basin Stockmen's Association has passed into history as one of the pleasantest and most successful events in years.

The concert, which was held in the Masonic hall, attracted a large audience, and when Mr. Hulburd took the chair there was standing room only. (This isn't meant for a joke). Mr. Williams wishes to correct the statement in this week's News that his quartet was reduced to a trio. Miss Wold, who was the accompanist for the party, is a singer as well as a player, and ably took the alto parts in both quartets. Being seated at the piano, performing her double duty, while the other three were standing, the party naturally had the appearance of a trio to those whose ears are untrained. Mrs. Armitage's part in "Under Southern Skies" certainly did not suffer by the substitution of Miss Ethel Ahern, who is by far the most accomplished singer we have yet heard in the basin. She and Miss Tracy, a talented elocutionist, who made the trip from Anaconda to take part in the program, and Mr. Floyd, received well-merited encores. Messrs. A. D. Hulburd and T. A. Bruner gave interesting five-minute (?) talks. The following is the program in full:

Overture Showlin's Orchestra

Chairman's Remarks

Quartet "Under Southern Skies" Miss Ethel Ahern, Miss Charlotte Wold, J. H. Shuey and G. A. Williams.

Solo "I Hear You Calling." Miss Ahern.

Recitation Miss Celestine Tracy Duet, "O That We Two Were Mating." Miss Ahern and G. A. Williams.

Baritone Solo, "Asleep in the Deep." Mr. Floyd

Quartet, "The Rosary." Misses Ethel Ahern and Charlotte Wold, Messrs. Williams and Shuey.

Ellis hall with its beautiful Halloween decorations, hung under the skillful direction of Mesdames Herman Musigbrod and J. P. Loss, was the scene of a most enjoyable dance, and this was followed by a banquet fit for a king. The way those eatables disappeared from the tables was in itself a sufficient compliment to the culinary prowess of our stockmen's better halves. We won't attempt to describe the menu. Suffice it to say that we made a hog of ourself--so did the preacher and the professor--which shows we were in good company. Mrs. Miller says that every time her remaining chickens get a glimpse of her they scatter in all directions.

The association wishes to express, through these columns, their thanks to all who assisted in making the affair such a grand success.

At the school election held in Wisdom last Saturday it was unanimously decided to issue bonds to the amount of \$10,000 for the purpose of building a new school house and for furnishing the same. Of the 76 votes cast not a single one was recorded against the proposition. The ladies cast over 35 per cent of the votes.

M. J. Moran returned this week from the Foster ranch, where he put in a brick chimney in the new house.