

THE INTER MOUNTAIN

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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1901.

DECORATE WITH FLAGS.

IN NEARLY EVERY CITY in the state of Montana through which the president will pass, the programme of the day upon which the presidential party comes, has been prepared. That is to say, the time of the special train's arrival has been taken as a starting point, and the interim between that hour and the exact minute set for departure, has been filled in by the committee of arrangements. Receptions of more or less formal character will be part of the day's events, and visits to points of interest will be made by members of the president's party. The members of the committees of arrangements appear to have anticipated every wish of the president, and respected his well known desire for simple, informal receptions, at which he can meet the people and be greeted by them without ceremony. The few hours the president will spend at each city of the state in which he visits, will not admit of extensive and elaborate programmes, nor is it desirable that the plans of the committees should include anything in the way of splendor. Stiffness should be avoided, as far as possible, in the proceedings attending the reception, and a warm and earnest welcome extended.

There is one feature of the reception that cannot be omitted too greatly. The decorations of the cities through which the president will pass should be as elaborate as can be devised. The stars and stripes should predominate in the scheme of decoration. In the journey through the south the presidential party has been treated to floral displays that could not fail to delight the visitors; the state of Montana will be the first section that will have the opportunity to substitute flags for floral decoration, and the opportunity should not be neglected. Let the various reception committees throughout the state provide suitable public decorations, and citizens generally will add to the display by decorating their homes. Montanans have an opportunity to make the most pleasant impression upon the president that any section of the country has given him. The sight of Old Glory streaming from the public buildings and homes cannot fail to give the visitors charming memories of their visit to the state.

HE SETS THEM THINKING.

POWER TO MAKE the people think has been exhibited in every speech made by President McKinley since the beginning of his swing around the circle. His journey, so far, has been made through the southern part of the United States, and it is not to be expected that the political tendencies of the southern people would tend to produce enthusiasm in their reception of the president. But it is plain that there is broad, common ground upon which they meet the distinguished visitor and rejoice with him that the advancement of the United States among the nations of the world, affords cause for congratulation. Chief among the sentiments that the people of the south inculcate, is the reference to expansion so often made in the happy speeches of the president. The expansion sentiment is strong in the south. The marked falling off in democratic majorities at the late election proves this. The expansion ideas of the president suits southern people, and his cheerful prediction respecting the future of the foreign markets of the United States, has the right ring to catch the men of the progressive south. Ambition is stirring the section below Mason and Dixon's line and the south is eager to take its place in the front rank of the industrial procession.

The president never fails to excite enthusiasm when he refers to the rapid advance of our commerce abroad. The figures that support the statements, the south has applauded abundantly, demonstrate the truth of the president's prophecy. Twenty years ago Great Britain was known as the workshop of the world. To-day the United States has forged ahead, and is invading the English home markets and supplying the trade formerly controlled by the manufacturers abroad. Within the past ten years the change in the relative positions of the two nations has been something marvelous. In the production of pig iron and steel the United States has outstripped her rival across the water. Within the past decade the increase in the pig iron production of England has been 677,176 tons; in America it has been 6,018,061 tons. During the past ten years the increase in steel production in England has been 1,176,272 tons; in the United States it has been 6,362,786 tons. The increase in our exports of iron and steel during the past ten years, has been no less remarkable. The figures have jumped from \$25,542,000 to \$105,630,000 in the past decade. The statements made by the president to the people of the south are truly inspiring in the light of such a wonderful forward movement of American industries. The president's visit to the south will have immediate and lasting influence for good.

THEIR TROUBLES BEGINNING.

BEYOND QUESTION the mayor's chair is a stepping stone to higher political positions. It is the first round in the ladder of fame up which a large number of very distinguished men have climbed. At the opening of the spring season for mayors in the state of Montana, the Inter Mountain wishes to remind the newly elected incumbents of the score or more mayoralty chairs lately filled in the state, that they have more grave questions to consider than dodging office seekers. It is a safe bet that the political bee is gaily buzzing in the bonnets of the mayors of Montana already. The mayor's chair is only one step along the road of political advancement. Any man who can hold down the mayor's chair of a Montana town for a term and learn the tricks of fixing political fences, is bound to rise. The newly elected mayors of this state are standing on the threshold of their careers in public life.

The news comes from Chicago that Mayor Taggart, of Indianapolis, stopped a runaway horse on the street a few days ago, at imminent risk to his life. Montana mayors will not be called upon to indulge in this sort of heroic exhibitions. If they stop the mad career of the tiger, who operates up two flights of stairs behind closed doors, they will be doing all that is required of them. In the wide field of endeavor, the men who have taken their places as chief executives of Montana cities will exercise their talents in their own ways, and leave no stone unturned

that will aid them in laying the foundation to future political preferment. It should be remembered that Grover Cleveland was first exposed to fame while occupying a mayor's chair, and David B. Hill began life in the same lowly estate. Tom L. Johnson and Golden Rule Jones contracted violent attacks of notoriety while presiding over the destinies of a municipality. The mayoralty is a fine opening for a good man. Montana mayors should cheer up and realize that their troubles are all before them.

ABUNDANT PROSPERITY.

THE MEASURE of real and permanent prosperity that has come to the United States, is large enough to be shared by all the people. It was said by envious rivals of the present administration that prosperity was denied to the large majority of the people, and shared in by a few who stood in peculiar relations to the executive branch of the government. That this statement was false has been proven by the general advance in prices, the rapid and continued adjustment to a higher level of business activity and an increase in production along all lines of industry and a consequent increase in the number of workmen employed. Such and so various are the evidences of prosperity that there is no longer room for skepticism or chance for argument against the merit of the policies pursued by the administration.

The clearing house business in one week, in the city of New York, is now larger than it was during an entire month four years ago; the gold in the treasury has nearly doubled; savings banks have multiplied, and their deposits increased at an astonishing rate, and the excess of exports over our imports, during the past four years, has amounted to nearly two billion dollars. Indeed our total export trade has grown beyond the proportions of that of Great Britain. When it is remembered that only a few years ago we stood third on the list of nations, we can understand what a revolution has taken place in our trade relations. The prosperity of the country is remarkable and, what is more gratifying still, there is every indication that it has come to stay, so long as wise governmental policies prevail.

THEY ACCEPT THE AMENDMENT.

GRATIFYING NEWS comes from Cuba in the announcement that the commission which recently visited Washington has reported to the Cuban congress a recommendation that the terms of the Platt amendment be complied with. This news is not unexpected. It is plain that the Cubans at last have seen that they were in error in refusing the United States suitable recognition during the period the representatives were framing the new constitution. The terms upon which the troops of the United States will be withdrawn and the government of the island turned over to the Cubans are not severe. The Platt amendment is as greatly in the interests of the Cuban people as of the United States and is designed merely for the protection of the interests of the citizens of this country who reside in Cuba and have property there.

A large share of the credit for this amicable adjustment of the differences between the people of Cuba and the government of the United States is due to President McKinley. His conference with the commissioners made plain to them the attitude of the United States and set at rest whatever apprehensions they had respecting the rumored unfairness of the Platt amendment. The visit of the commissioners to Washington was productive of good results and the plans of the Cubans for entering upon the course of self government will now be pushed to completion. It is a substantial testimonial to the fairness and sincerity of the Platt amendment that the democratic press attempts to discredit it. When other signs are lacking it is safe to choose the opposite course from the one advised by foes of the administration.

Residents of the southern states who were supporters of the lost cause seem to have found cause for rejoicing at the advent of the president's special.

Prof. Eastman, the Harvard professor charged with murder, appears to be making his last stand on the witness stand.

J. Pier, Morgan appears to be regarded as an F. Aug. Heinz by timid capitalists of England.

In the attempt to abolish the inhibition against card playing the liberal element of the evangelical church seems to prefer a new deal all around.

The oratorical bouquets the president presented to the people of Los Angeles yesterday rivaled in delicacy and beauty the floral display with which he was surrounded.

The professor of the Chicago Theological seminary who wrote books reflecting advanced ideas has been suspended by the school management until the world shall have caught up with his teachings.

The carpet of roses spread before the president yesterday is said to have floored any exhibition of its kind ever seen in the state of California.

The good people of Topeka, Kansas, are thirsting after something more exhilarating than righteousness since the Carrie Nation movement began.

The press dispatches neglect to state whether Hattie Rose—the fair flower of Huron, S. D., now residing in California—was engaged for the floral display with which the president was greeted yesterday.

Political rivals in Topeka, Kansas, are contesting the validity of the mayoralty election and a decision will not be reached before the president arrives. Since the bars of Topeka were smashed the people seem inclined to get out and get into trouble.

There appears to be something radically wrong with Attorney General Donovan's system of beating the slot machines that refuse to stay beaten.

The deceitful disposition attributed to Aguinaldo has not been in evidence since he washed his hands of the insurrection. All his treachery seems to have come out in the washing.

The Butte reception committee has assurance from close friends of the president that the trip to the mines will not be regarded as running the programme plans into the ground.

Today's upward movement in Northern Pacific appears to have taken the New York stock exchange off its feet.

This is not the day they give railroad stocks away with a pound and a half of tea.

BITS OF WIT.

Visitor—Can I have a few words with you, sir? Busy Man—A very few. What are you—a book solicitor? Visitor—Quite the contrary. I am a book dispenser. It is money that I solicit.—Boston Transcript. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!" "Why, what's the matter, Tommy dear?" "I'm cryin' because I can't never be president." "Why not?" "Cause I was born in a flat." Log cabin boys seem to have a cinch.—Detroit Journal.

WHEN GOD'S A WATCHIN' HIM.

I hold to the opinion that most every feller's got Some place inside his wicked heart a sort o' pious spot That allus is a tryin' hard to git the upper hold An' give the sin that's campin' there a mighty hefty jolt! I've noticed this when all along a ridin' on the range With Nature's quiet all around, a sort o' restless strange Oneasy feelin', one that knocks his wildness out o' trim, When he has got it in his head that God's a watchin' him.

He looks up at the skies above in gully sort o' w'y An' wonders if there is a land that's fairer than the day An' if the Foreman on the throne kin see the people here When they can't see a bit o' Him through clearest atmosphere. He gets a wand'rin' if it's true what all the parsons tell That good folks make the run up there an' tal' 'uns drift to hell, An' never sees except at such a time how mighty slim His chances are when he believes that God's a watchin' him.

There's somethin' in the whisp'rin breeze that teches up his soul An' seems to knock his sinful thoughts an' instincts in the hole. An' every prairie flower he sees a peepin' in from the side Seems turnin' up its purty face to catch the M'vster's smile. It sets him thinkin' mighty hard about how very short The trail toward the grave may be, an' wou'de in' if he'd ort To call a fat on recklessness an' git his soul in trim; It's curious what a feller thinks when God's a watchin' him.

He tries to sing a jolly song, a jingle o' the range, An' finds his voice is out o' tune an' sounds almighty strange. An' when he tries to chase away the thoughts that's in his head They come a foolin' back agin a huntin' in for the lead. Jest see me like he's the only man that's left on top o' ground, An' gets him wishin' he could hear some o' the earthy sound To break the spell an' rouse him from the sort o' ravel whim from that sort o' fust; the sneery thought that God's a watchin' him.

Don't keer how tough a man may be, Just put him all alone Out on the range where everything is dumber than a stone An' all his sinful, wicked thoughts down from the perch 'll climb An' give that good spot in his heart possession for a time. There ain't no gospel sharp on earth kin preach a sermon that Kin set a feller thinkin' an' kin knock his wildness flat Like when he rides in solitude so deep it's sort o' arm An' gets the notion in his head that God's a watchin' him. Denver Post.

BRIGHT IDEAS OF MONTANA EDITORS

The Woman and the Hobo. The hobo, like the weather, is beginning to warm up and exhibit the usual signs of animated existence. The weary Willies and Dusty Rhodes who have been spending the winter in the southern states or on the Pacific slope are drifting back again with the return of summer. They are thronging the streets and alleys and besting the back doors in every city and hamlet in Montana at the present time. They tell pitiful tales of empty stomachs and inability to get work, which, if taken literally, would most likely melt the heart of a granite stone or bring water to the eyes of a potato. To say nothing of the larders that would be impoverished by tender-hearted housewives in heroic attempts to fill the cavernous vacuums that lie hidden away somewhere along the route of the alimentary canals of these homeless and hungry beings. Put of a truth they tell not neither do they spin, but verily I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. They are human parasites; they serve no worthy purpose—now that the democratic party has ceased to turn them to political account as evidences of the avalanche of poverty that was descending from the mount of famine upon the country. They bringh forth not good fruit and should be hewn down and cast into the flames.

But our subject is the Woman and the Hobo; what about the woman? It is the woman that usually has to treat with this species of human vermin. The hobo is always a great annoyance and usually more or less a terror to her especially when her lot is cast in isolated places. They are frequently threatening in their language, and never fail to help themselves to whatever they happen to want when the owner thereof is not around. They usually appear in companies of two or three, which add to the discomfort and danger of the woman. The head of the house cannot always be at home; what is the woman to do?

In KallsPELL the other day a woman returning home found a hobo in the house. She secured her revolver, which happened to be handy, and marched the fellow down town and turned him over to the authorities, who gave him 50 days in jail. It seems to us that this is the key to the situation. Every woman should have a gun and know how to use it. The law and public sentiment are on her side and if she is compelled to kill a hobo now and then in self defense, so much the better for the country. Courage is born of strength and fear is the legitimate offspring of weakness. The woman with the gun would be master of the situation and the hobo question would be quickly and satisfactorily solved.—Townsend Forum.

A Party Fight. "Pitchfork" Tillman of South Carolina, is trying to give his senatorial colleague, McLaurin, a political black eye, because he favored many of the measures of the administration during the recent short session of congress. McLaurin insists that Bryan democracy is a system of socialism and not democracy at all, while Tillman as

"Herpicide" Soap... We have had put up the finest antiseptic soap for washing the hair and scalp that is made. It is the best soap for the purpose that we know of. Used in conjunction with Newbro's Herpicide, it assists in a speedier eradication and permanent cure of dandruff. To introduce this soap we shall until, and including Saturday, May 18, sell this soap a regular 25c soap, at 10c a cake or a box 3 cakes for 25c. After May 18 we shall sell the soap at its regular price of 25c a cake or 3 cakes for 65c. Remember this price is only for a few days, to introduce the soap. It will pay you to lay in several boxes now. NEWBRO DRUG CO. 109 North Main

Strenuously insists that it is the genuine, simon pure stuff, warranted fast colors, and will be a sure winner in the national campaign of 1904.—Bozeman Advant Courier.

Has Few Friends. The new road law does not seem to be making friends in any part of Montana. In Fergus county it has been found almost impossible to get men to serve as trustees of the several road districts, and similar trouble is expected in other counties in trying to carry the provisions to the law into effect.—Benton River Press.

IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES.

"One of the most pathetic instances of self deprivation that ever came under my personal notice," said L. S. Hathaway, of Montreal, Canada, at the McDermott hotel this morning "occurred some years ago, when I was in the employ of the Canadian Pacific railroad. In the far famed Selkirk, be it known, men are employed when the snow flies simply to observe and keep track of the mountain side, and to keep records of the depth to which it falls. The snow sheds of the Canadian Pacific in the Selkirk are wonderful feats of engineering, and so fearful is the force and impact of the avalanches that the sheds are built, buttressed and strengthened in a way that is a marvel, and the like of which can be found on no other railroad on the western hemisphere, or, for that matter, probably in the entire world.

"I have myself seen snow slides there of such tremendous force and velocity that they rushed down a mountain side, crossed two miles of valley to another mountain, and ascended a half mile up its bleak side before they came to a final pause. Another thing that is unique in the Selkirk snow sheds is that there is one place where the shed can receive and throw off snow from either direction. This shed is built where the Canadian Pacific runs through a narrow gorge, so narrow, indeed, that an avalanche from either lipping mountain would bury the tracks fathoms deep. To overcome this a shed was built that, looked at end on, resembled a wide spread V. No matter from which mountain the avalanche descends, this shed will cast the snow and gather debris upon the shoulder of its opposing brother.

"One winter found two men, named respectively McGuirk and Ralston, occupying a lonely cabin at the summit of the Selkirk. Their duties were to watch and keep track of the snow for the company. They were plentifully supplied with food—principally 'air tights,' as the westerners term canned things—clothes and literature. But from the time when the snow first begins to fly communication with civilization was practically cut off.

"The outer world could only be reached with the aid of dog sledges, and the journey was one of great hardship and very dangerous withal. But when the coming of Christmas began to cast its shadows o'er their minds, both men felt that they must celebrate the Christ day, and that befittingly. And to this end they drew lots as to who should attempt the hazardous journey to the nearest town and bring back the materials for a feast and celebration. To Ralston did the short straw fall, and safely did he accomplish the journey.

"Of all the things which he had risked his life for, the most carefully guarded of all was a keg of whiskey. Securely tied to the end of the sledge and warmly wrapped in rugs, Ralston safely landed on Christmas eve at the lonely cabin amidst the Selkirk's peaks. With the aid of McGuirk the keg was brought in and deposited in the place prepared for it close by the open fire. After supper it was with due ceremony broached, a split was introduced in the bung-hole and alternate toasts were drunk. That was the happiest evening the men had yet had in the mountains, but even good things have to come to an end.

"With a final nightcap they turned in and soundly slept the night through. Christmas broke with a blizzard in full swing. Nothing doing outside, they decided to celebrate within, and McGuirk started to draw a roggin of whiskey. The keg, alas, was dry. Whoever had drawn the last drink the night before had not turned the spligot off and the direful result was that the precious liquid had wasted itself upon the ungrateful cabin floor. The only thing that prevented murder was that neither McGuirk nor Ralston could remember who had drawn that last drink."

TOLSTOI'S ADDRESS TO CZAR

(Chicago Tribune.) Count Tolstoi's address to the czar in reference to the recent riots and disturbances in Russia reminds one of the plain speaking of the Hebrew prophets to the kings of Israel—of Elijah addressing Ahab. It has the same daring directness and the same indifference of consequences to himself. The Russian prophet tells the czar and his advisers that their fratricidal policy of repression must deal inevitably to ever-increasing disturbances which must in the end reach a point where no longer could be controlled. "The blame," he says, "does not lie in evil turbulent men, but in your rulers, who do not wish to see anything at the present moment except

your own comfort." He warns the rulers that the day may come when the soldiers and police on whom they rely will perceive that what they are forced to do is the great crime of fratricide and refuse to obey."

"The unquestioning obedience of orders by the soldiers is the mainstay of what Tolstoi considers a cruel system of social inequality which condemns some to poverty and heaps riches on others. In an article on "The Root of the Evil," printed in the current North American Review, he contends that the army is the instrument of oppression, and that "the first cause is in the doctrine which teaches men that military service, the aim of which is murder, is not only a sinless, but even a commendable, admirable and heroic occupation." This line of reasoning has led him to attack the church as the prime source of all the evil that he sees around him among his suffering fellow countrymen. "The root of all the miseries of the people," he says, "lies in the false doctrine which is taught them under the name of Christianity." Such are the ideas that have naturally led to his excommunication, and such are the convictions that have inspired his bold personal indictment of the czar and the ruling nobles.

It is not easy to judge justly between Tolstoi and the rulers whom he attacks. Both are the product of peculiar conditions. Tolstoi's doctrine of absolute non-resistance is impracticable in any country, yet it is the logical product, in a great and sympathetic soul, of the brutalizing absolutism whose effects he sees everywhere around him. It is as natural that he should think as he does as that young Russians when they have had a little education rise in periodic revolt against the despotism that denies them "the greatest human good—freedom and enlightenment."

The Dickens Vest Chain

From the way it is made is better adapted to properly display a fine locket than any other style of chain. Usually there is a particular side that the owner cares to show and with the ordinary chain that side usually turns the other way. The Dickens keeps its right side to the front. Our stock of them is so large we can suit any one as to style or price.

Hight & Fairfield

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A gift of sense would be something in knives, forks or spoons. They will add to the everyday happiness of any bride. We don't sell cheap ones—we only keep the best quadruple silver plated and sterling silver, but you'll find our prices lower than you expect.

LEYS Jeweler... and Optician. CWSLEY BLOCK

The Chinaman says

"Look, See"

So do we. We would call your attention to our display of high-class Wall Paper from the best manufacturers.

Special thought has been given to the McClun and better grade papers of which we offer in an unusual assortment, including Stripes, Florals, Cretonnes, Silks and all the new things in stuff effects. Prices almost as high as any in the city for Wall Papers too good to be found elsewhere.

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