

THE INTER MOUNTAIN

Issued Every Evening Except Sunday.

INTER MOUNTAIN PUBLISHING COMPANY



Address all Mail to Inter Mountain Publishing Company, M. A. BERGER, Manager.

26 West Granite Street, Butte City, Montana

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Year by Mail, in Advance, \$7.50 By Carrier, per Month, .75c.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS in Montana have established a reputation for enterprise that has extended beyond the borders of the state. In every section of the country into which the weekly papers of Montana go the superiority of the papers of this state over the publications of other states is noted, and here at home the papers are well appreciated and patronized. The newspapers in the country districts of Montana are conducted by bright men, who are steadily climbing upward in their profession and adapting themselves to the changed conditions of the advance of the state brings about. There is nothing slow or out of date about the appearance of the newspapers that record the happenings of the various sections of Montana; they are all well written, clean and prosperous, and reflect the progressive spirit of the state.

Among the weeklies of Montana, the newspapers of the city of Livingston take a foremost place. Three newspapers are thriving in the little city in the valley of the Yellowstone, and each appears to be well supported, prosperous and confident of the city's future. Thursday of this week the Livingston Post issued a Merchants' Trade edition, containing an extended account of the new improvements soon to be made in the Northern Pacific shops. The special edition of the Post was creditable alike to the city in which it was published, and to the able management of the paper. In these times of abundant republican prosperity even a democratic newspaper cannot refrain from occasionally indulging in a flourish as the tide of good times sweeps over the country.

A HAPPY ANSWER.

OPONENTS OF THE ADMINISTRATION have attempted to make it appear that there is a grave danger of the present prosperity diminishing and the advanced business activity adjusting itself to lower levels. Since the splendid forward movement in all the lines of industry began, critics of republican policies have been industrious in their attempt to discredit the advance in prices and magnify the industrial ills of the people. It is a sufficient vindication of the policies of the republican party to point to the changed conditions brought about when the affairs of the nation were committed to the keeping and guidance of the present administration by a people weary of democratic rule and its attendant calamities. No matter how loud the protests from the critics may become, it can never drown the hum of busy workshops that have resumed neglected business since the democratic party was given its discharge by the voters at the polls. The country was never so prosperous as at present and whatever temporary depressions may occur in any line of industry will be speedily changed to more favorable conditions by the demands created by a prosperous people reaching out for whatever is for sale that adds to their comfort and convenience.

The republican party has brought about the change from gloom to brightness by creating conditions that have been favorable to both producer and consumer. The favorite methods of the democratic party have been to disregard the plain rules of commerce and act in defiance of the accepted laws of finance. And the party rank and file have been filled with the same mistaken notions that influenced the party leaders. It was probably a democrat who called to President McKinley out of a Texas crowd the other day saying, "We don't get enough for our wool," and with rare quickness of wit the president presented a staunch principle of republicanism when he laughingly replied, "I wish it were in my power to make the price higher for the people who sell it, and lower for the people who buy it." There was a world of argument and commonsense contained in the answer.

IT WAS BADLY BOTCHED.

IN THE MIDST of her industrial distress, Germany appears to have turned to the United States with the accusation that the growing commerce of this nation has contributed to the disasters that have overtaken the empire. Particular mention is made by the German newspapers of American expansion, and it is pointed out that the extension of our boundaries will tend to cut off the trade of Germany in the parts of the world into which our influence has lately extended. A policy of retaliation appears to have been begun by the German government, and the new tariff law recently enacted, is directed chiefly against American grain and meats. This policy on the part of Germany is not at all calculated to gratify the hopes for a wider foreign market that American dealers have entertained. Last year we shipped to Germany more than a million tons of barley, 1,600,000 tons of corn, 1,370,000 tons of wheat, 500,000 tons of rye and 70,000 tons of meat and an immense quantity of other products. The empire falls far short of raising its own food and must depend upon importations to supply the demand of its 60,000,000 people. This market has offered inducements to American men of business that have been well worth our attention.

There is every evidence that the industrial distress of Germany has been brought about by reckless and misguided efforts of tariff reformers, who have abandoned the policy of protection to which the nation clung for so many prosperous years. The tariff under which imports to the German people were taxed was uniform until the recent change in the policy of the empire. The products of America sought the markets of Germany on terms that were so fair, that but little complaint was made against the tariff laws adopted for the protection of the home industries. It was a fair field and no favors most of the time, and the American dealers were able to take care of themselves in the lively competition that sprung up to secure the bulk of the trade of Germany. The figures just quoted with reference to our trade with Germany last year, tell how well our exports were received in the empire. Now, with radical and unfair discrimination against American products and an apparent feeling of growing hostility toward the United States, the situation is changed for the worse. When the radical element of the German people undertook the task of revising the tariff of the empire, they made a sorry mess of it for all concerned.

SIX DAYS HOSPITALITY

TOMORROW THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY will spend the Sabbath in rest and quiet in the midst of the most beautiful section of the state of California. The presidential party does not travel on Sunday. That was settled upon at the beginning of the trip. The day of rest is doubtless appreciated by all the company, and it is a delicate compliment to the section of the country through which the route is laid, to pause in the journey while the Sabbath day is passing. It relieves the jaunt through the west of the appearance of haste that continuous travel would give, and conveys a compliment to the state in which the president spends the day of rest. It carries out the well accepted idea that the president of the United States is at home in any part of the Union.

The party whirled through California on the president's special will doubtless receive many delightful impressions of the state. The length of time spent in California compares very well with the duration of the president's visit in Montana. The time spent in Montana will be a week lacking one day and this is the only state so favored except California. While the presidential party is within the borders of the state, Montana will be to the rest of the nation what California is to Montanans to-day. The press dispatches will apprise the world respecting the warmth of the president's greeting here. Montana is down on the schedule for a week's hospitality. It will not be too great an undertaking. The state has acted well its part in all national affairs heretofore, and will respond gladly to the demands made upon it now.

GAMBLING RAIDS.

TIME OUT OF MIND the officers of the law have been engaged in the laborious occupation of raiding gambling houses. Running back through the files of newspapers as far as the established records of legal proceedings against gamblers go, there are accounts of stealthy raids upon the men who congregate around the green-covered table and try their luck at more or less interesting games of chance. The reading public has been surfeited by accounts of these official movements, and the reports of raids on gambling houses have long since lost the charm of novelty. There is still something theatrical about the gambling operations conducted in defiance to law, however. There is the possibility that the games will be raided, officials in high places exposed or a phenomenal winning made. Public interest is whetted to a keen edge wherever gambling is going on. The raids have ceased to be interesting in themselves, but there are frequently sensational developments growing out of the midnight seizure of chips and tables that furnishes a delicious bit of gossip.

The time has come when the stupid ceremonial of the officers of the law have grown tiresome. The public can stand a dozen raids all just alike and all equally featureless, but after awhile this becomes tedious. The officers might with profit vary the commonplace programme occasionally by securing a conviction under the plain law prohibiting gambling. There are those who aver that convictions are not easily secured, that the law is hard to enforce and public opinion opposed to visiting upon the gambling fraternity the penalties the statute imposes. Such statements are rot, pure and simple. The officers of the law are sworn to discharge their duty in a legal manner, and are not called upon to consult guides that are found outside the statute books. Small offenders by the score are fined for less greivous offenses. If the law's penalties are withheld in any case it is the fault of the officers whose duties are plainly indicated by the law. The spectacle of an attorney general spurring on his subordinates has a strange look. It has all the spectacular features of the formal "raid" that is always fruitless of good results.

Let us hope that J. J. Hill, after having fought a great battle in Wall street, will not decide to run for president.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is not the only custodian of vast sums of money who is confronted by a serious and embarrassing deficit.

Notwithstanding the rise in the price of whisky in the eastern markets, a very exhilarating brand of the popular beverage is steadily going down in all the cities of the west.

One very gratifying feature of the president's visit is that no announcement has been made that this is his farewell tour.

The lambs of Montana appear to be weathering the storm much better than the lambs who were caught in the Wall street blizzard.

The Young Men's Democratic club of Great Falls is arranging to put on a prize fight at the Great Falls opera house. It is plain that the science of the knock-out blow is making a hit with this club.

It is up to Butte democrats to pull off a six-day go-as-you-please foot race to offset the influence of the democratic club of Great Falls that is putting on a prize fight.

Try as they may speculators are unable to make light of the fact that Thursday was a dark and gloomy time.

Striking machinists of Great Falls who asked for bread have been given a stone mason's strike.

The speculators who lost their rolls in the Northern Pacific deal have begun to understand what is meant by rolling stock in the nomenclature of financial operations.

Attorney General Donovan's regular weekly suppression of the gambling vice will take place again Monday.

Governor Toole is expected to display a sample of flowery eloquence in his speech of welcome at Great Falls that will make the roses of California look like ordinary cactus by comparison.

Iowa is of opinion that it's Minister Conger as a hero compares very favorably with dashing Fred Funston of the Sunflower state.

Let us hope the democratic club of Great Falls will not pull off its prize fight as a rival attraction to the meeting of the State Medical association.

BITS OF WIT.

First Kansan—Did that cyclone damage Jed Perkins' house enny?

Second Kansan—Dunno; it hain't lit yit.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

"He gets on a spree occasionally, doesn't he?"
"Oh, yes, off and on."
"More often on than off, I suppose."—Philadelphia Press.

"Blank has just had his salary increased \$2 a week."
"How do you know?"
"He has just increased his household expenses \$4 a week."—Puck.

Watts—"This Carrie Nation crusade is going to have a wider and more lasting effect than most people think."
Potts—"I don't doubt that. There will be Carrie Nation vaudeville jokes for 10 years to come."—Exchange.

"Yes, I declined an offer of \$5,000 a week to play the Icaun circuit," said the vaudeville soubrette.
"Huh! I never dream 'em that way. I always accept," commented the seltzer bottle comedian.—Baltimore American.

HIS FIRSTBORN MUSTACHE.

He feels a sweet thrill permeating his soul.
His heart has a jubilant flop,
And downward his eyes every minute he'll roll.
To squint at the delicate crop.
He wouldn't dispose of the highly-prized bow
Of down for a fortune in cash;
He's really non-compos mentis, you know,
The boy with his maiden mustache.

He'll stand at his mirror with a gratified eyes
And study the fuzzy array,
And note with delight that the precious young prize
Grows stronger and longer each day,
And off on the street when he thinks of his pet.
A glass from his pocket he'll flash
To see if the lip-cushion stays with him yet—
His idolized baby mustache.

The girls, he imagines, transfix their sweet eyes
On the treasure worn under his nose,
And think as they glance at the newly-born prize
How handsome and manly he grows.
His pride and importance would quickly take wing
Or fall with a ruinous crash
If he knew they but laughed at the cute little thing
He really thinks a mustache.

He'll some day recover his senses; his wheels
Will cease to so crazily buzz
When he raises his hand to caress it and feels
Stiffer beard is supplanting the fuzz,
And oft will he think what a foolish young clown
He was when he cut such a dash
And really thought his first crescent of down
Was a genuine man's size mustache."
—Denver Post.

BRIGHT IDEAS OF MONTANA EDITORS

Changed.
The city of Bizeman and municipal affairs entered under the control of a democratic mayor and a council composed of four democratic aldermen and four republican aldermen, Monday evening. In his choice of men to fill the appointive offices of the city Mayor Foster exercised a non-partisan spirit, and while this action may not meet with the approval of the few, to the many his course will be highly commendable. The record of the old council under Mayor Alward's administration has been an excellent one. The rate of taxation has been lowered, the expenses of the city have been greatly reduced and for two years the City Fathers have been in nearly perfect accord. While it is too early yet to pass judgment upon the new administration yet it has started out under favorable conditions which augur well for its record and popularity for the next two years. The old administration is entitled to the thanks of the citizens and the new to congratulations.—Gallatin County Republican.

Rapid Increase of Sheep.

Sheep are increasing in Montana at such a rate that bands will have to be cut down or ranges hitherto devoted to the raising of cattle and horses must be invaded. Indeed, the overcrowding has resulted already by the invasion of sheep bands upon ranges reserved for years by horse raisers or cattlemen, with results disastrous to these winter ranges, says the Stockgrowers' Journal, and provocative of warfare among range men. All other stockraisers are coming to believe that their only safety is in organization to prevent by force, if necessary, the further depredations of sheep bands. Far-sighted sheep raisers, like Jacob Mills, whose flocks range in Fergus county, are saying that stockmasters must get rid of a number of sheep equal to the lamb crop this year. The sheep may be subsisted through the summer, if the season is productive of a good grass crop, but the difficulty is in carrying the big bands through the winter. The limit has just about been reached in this regard, and a reduction seems imperative. Range warfare should be avoided.—Belt Valley Times.

He Flopped.

C. A. Whipple seems to have been very successful in changing his politics and securing an office under the democratic state administration. Mr. Whipple was originally a republican in the legislature several years ago. It would seem that some time in the late past he changed his politics and became a populist, afterward swallowing the whole hog and becoming a democrat. He has just received his reward in an appointment to the position of deputy state land commissioner. Mr. Whipple was also assistant secretary of the senate during the last session of the legislature. There is something in being a flopper, after all.—Great Falls Leader.

A Slaughter Wanted.

Missoula newspapers are recounting the feat of a man who successfully used a knife to disable the wheel of a scorching who insisted on disregarding the ordinance prohibiting the use of sidewalks as bicycle paths. If the gentleman has no other engagement on hand he might sharpen his knife and come to Billings for a few days. He or some one like him is needed here just about now.—Billings Gazette.

PARAGRAPHS.

Presidential possibilities are dwindling by day. With Mr. Bryan's unanimous withdrawal by himself, Dave Hill creeping back into his shell and republicans asserting that Mr. McKinley is no longer in the running, it looks scaly for the old timers. The new men are yet so new that they are working on percentage.

A barber society in the state of New York has added much red tape to the profession of the knight of the strap. It is considered a misdemeanor for a barber to use unclean towels or cups, but there is no penalty attached to chopping a V shaped hole in the loose skin of his victim's neck.

The little item of \$10,000 a month for scalp bounties is one of the rewards for an industry open to everyone in Montana. A vial of strychnine and a long scent is all the capital needed. Beats place raising.—Kalispel Bee.

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IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES.

"I reckon our southern 'darkies' are about the most superstitious race of people in the world."

The speaker was a Virginia gentleman in Butte on business, and his remark was addressed to a little group sitting in the McDermott hotel and swapping stories. No one disputed the southern man's assertion, and he continued:
"Our darkies see signs and omens in everything imaginable, and the greater part of their life is spent in trying to live up to these omens. This superstition of theirs is undoubtedly a heritage from their forefathers, brought from Africa in the old slave days, and even when the present-day ducky gets a little education he never gets quite enough to dispel his superstitious beliefs. They have, among their many other queer ideas, a horror of black cats, which they think are the abodes of wicked spirits, and this reminds me of a story."

"Down in the country where the White Sulphur springs are situated there are numerous other springs, all of which possess more or less medical properties in their water. Some years ago a company built a hotel near one of these springs and invested about a quarter of a million in the enterprise. It was opened with a great flourish of trumpets and a large number of guests. Unfortunately, on the opening day one of the guests dropped dead. This seemed to hoodoo the place, and at the end of the first season the company was bankrupt and the hotel closed.

"It got the reputation of being haunted in the first few years it stood vacant, and you couldn't get a ducky to go near it at night. Finally it was bought by a physician, and he sought a caretaker to live in the hotel until he was ready to open it. He finally got hold of a tough ducky, who said he wasn't afraid of anything, and he was installed. According to the ducky's story this is what happened to him:

"The night he took charge he thought after dark that he wanted to have supper. He made coffee, fried eggs and bacon, and sat down to the table to eat. Just as he had begun a big black cat jumped up on the table and, grinning at the ducky, said:

"I reckon we two's the only ones here!"

"The ducky almost turned white with fear, but managed to answer:
"Yes, and I reckon it won't be long before you'll be the only one here," and with that he dashed out of the hotel and went tearing up the road to the village.

"As he was putting in his best licks a rabbit jumped out of the bushes and ran ahead of him.

"For Gawd's sake, rabbit," gasped the terrified ducky, "get out of the road and give somethin' that can run a chance!"

"Since that experience you can't get a ducky to spend a night in the hotel for any sum."

"If the elderly lady who had so much difficulty with her offspring while dwelling in a piece of footwear had lived in the particular shoe that fell into the hands of Peter Jennings, cobbler, of Philadelphia, her woes probably would have been diminished somewhat," said Arthur H. Durriville of the Quaker City at the McDermott hotel this morning. "That is, of course, if she had made a find similar to that made by Jennings.

"A child brought the shoe to Jennings to have it repaired. When the cobbler stuck his last into it he found it would not go in all the way. He poked his fingers into the toe and pulled out a lot of old paper. It is the kind issued by Uncle Sam as a reward of industry, and amounted in all to \$180. The money was given to the owner, who said she knew her dead mother had left some money for her somewhere, but she never had been able to find it."

"I'll tell you something of interest," said J. B. Caldwell to a man at the Thornton hotel this morning. "It concerns Miss Reina V. Wright, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. In her line she is as great as Professor Garner."

"The latter learned the language of the monkey. The former has learned the notes of the feathered kingdom, and she claims that she can talk to birds so they can understand her and she them. She has not confined her studies to "bird talk" alone, but has delved into the language spoken by some animals.

"She is 18 years old. She began her bird language studies six years ago. When she went to the woods and imitated the songsters they flocked about her and chattered and were as docile as kittens.

"When she sang they were silent. When she ceased they made the woods vocal. Wherever she went and sang to the birds they listened, and then tried, or seemed to try, to sing her notes."

"Speaking of check forging," said Thomas P. Hartigan of New York at the Butte this morning, "reminds me of a little matter of interest that was recently decided in my state. The appellate division of the supreme court has decided that banks are liable for forged checks which they cash.

"The decision was rendered in the suit of Critten, Clift & Co. against the Chemical National bank. T. B. Davis, a confidential clerk of the firm, was accused of having drawn \$2500 on checks

of his employers' that he had forged. He is now serving a four years' term in state's prison. The decision of the firm's suit against the bank was handed down yesterday, after an appeal had been taken by the defendants."

"Well, sir, I heard an amusing incident told on a London newspaper reporter when I was in Chicago several days ago," said Claude B. Bennet of Wichita, Kan., addressing a well known Butte resident. "It will be particularly interesting to you, too, because it is about Senator Clark.

"A reporter of the Echo, an afternoon London paper, was sent to interview Senator Clark. The city editor of the paper instructed the newsgatherer to get a good story from Mr. Clark, as he was a copper king.

"The reporter went to Clark's apartments and was promptly ushered into the senator's presence.

"Are you a copper king?" asked the reporter.

"No, no," answered Clark quietly. "Well, then my editor must have made a mistake," said the reporter. "He told me I was to interview a copper king," and with that the reporter took his departure."

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