

THE INTER MOUNTAIN

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INTER MOUNTAIN PUBLISHING COMPANY



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THE CAMPAIGN IS ON.

TO-DAY THE INTER MOUNTAIN begins a voting contest similar to the contests of last year, which attracted such marked attention from the people of the state of Montana. There were few newspaper readers in Montana last summer who failed to take part in some manner in the contests for the trip to Alaska and the tour of the Yellowstone Park. Not many copies of the Inter Mountain containing the coveted coupons were allowed to remain unclipped; the public entered into the voting with a zest that told how well the balloting pleased the people. Nothing of the kind had ever been attempted before by a newspaper in the northwest; it was mainly because of the enterprise shown that the progressive people of Montana joined in promoting the friendly rivalry. To-day the Inter Mountain begins a contest which, it is confidently expected, will surpass in interest and excitement the very lively balloting in which newspaper readers of the state engaged a year ago.

Beginning to-day and continuing until June 25, copies of the Inter Mountain will contain coupon ballots, which will be used in the selection of five young ladies of the state as guests of this newspaper on a trip to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, N. Y. The smaller cities of the state have been grouped and to each of three divisions of Montana has been given one candidate. Anaconda, Deer Lodge and Missoula have been set apart as the western section of the state; Dillon, Virginia City and Bozeman represent the southern part of Montana, and Livingston, Billings and Red Lodge comprise the eastern district. Each of these divisions will vote for as many candidates as may care to enter the race, and the one receiving the highest number of votes, will be taken on a trip to the great exposition. Butte will comprise another district, from which two candidates will be selected. As the Inter Mountain comes from the press to-day the contest opens. It will be the liveliest battle of ballots seen in Montana for many a day.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

NICARAGUA OCCUPIES an enviable position among the Isthmian nations, and the government of the little republic is dealing with perfect fairness with the United States, notwithstanding this advantage. The Canal Commission, appointed to inspect the Nicaragua route for an Isthmian canal, has met with nothing but fair treatment from the officials of the republic. The executive branch of the government of Nicaragua appears to be fully alive to the advantages that would be secured in the event of a canal controlled by the United States being built across the narrow strip of land separating the two oceans. That the canal would be jealously guarded there is no doubt, and that Nicaragua would be benefited by the stream of commerce flowing through the waterway is beyond question.

The Canal Commission, in its preliminary report, declared that the route across Nicaragua is entirely feasible. At no place between the two oceans is the elevation more than three hundred feet, and this depth of excavation will be required for only a short distance. To-day's news tells of a plan to bring about the purchase of the Panama canal, begun by the French. The commission reported adversely on this proposition and declared that the Panama government had made the terms under which the right-of-way was secured so hard, that it would be impossible to secure a suitable title. In the meantime Nicaragua continues to hold out the very great inducements its natural advantages have supplied, and it is expected that the final report of the Canal Commission, made to the next congress, will recommend the Nicaragua route, and snuff out the last spark of hope for those who favor the purchase of the Panama excavation.

A MATTER OF COURTESY.

FOR A LONG TERM of years the west has been looked upon as a place where men give way to rude impulses and heated controversy enters into the affairs of life to a degree that induces discomfort and precludes the exercise of ordinary courtesy. The strip of land lying along the Atlantic ocean has sprouted these opinions generously, and the prevailing impression the east has gained of the western section of the country has mainly arisen from this source. That the reflection upon the west was undeserved and that the eastern people themselves are the chief offenders against the rules of good breeding has been, at last, amply proven.

A few weeks ago it was proposed to confer a Harvard degree upon President William McKinley. Immediately a coterie of anti-imperialists busied themselves at the work of disturbing the usual serenity of Harvard by dragging political controversy into the deliberations of its board of overseers. The president is now swinging around the circle of the southern and western states. His progress is a continual ovation, and men of all parties unite in expressing kindly regard for this splendid type of active, successful and honorable public man. The only discordant note in the Union to-day is the wall that goes up from the camp of the anti-imperialists of the east. The board of overseers of Harvard has set the seal of disapproval upon the discourteous malcontents of Boston, and President McKinley will be given the degree just the same. He will go fresh from the friendly meeting with the magnificent men of the west to enter the locality where the small-souled gentry, who have been sat upon by Harvard overseers, make their home. The contrast should heighten the president's good opinion of the west.

PERVERTED HUMOR.

IS THE SENSE of humor of the American people becoming perverted? If it is not, then the comic prints are catering to only a small part of the country's population. Beyond question the tendency of the comic papers is to make themes for humorous observation of many things which are far from possessing the essence of joviality. For years we have laughed at the man who came home gloriously full and fell up stairs, after trying to unlock the front door with his lead pencil. The artists of the comic papers have pictured him standing maudlin, gazing blankly at his aggrieved spouse, and the writers have invented a dialogue with a hicough between every

word to go with the entertaining sketch. But the scene is not a comedy; it is one of the saddest situations ever imagined or described. It goes deep into the woes of existence, and we all know it. Yet there is something inexpressibly funny about it, too.

Then there is the comic cut of the little negro boy being eaten by an alligator. This is a tragedy; it ends in death and contains all the elements that produce sadness, as deep and lasting as any bereavement can. The parents of the pickaninny that the comic artist delivers to the hungry alligator just for a joke, will go through life saddened by the gruesome happening at which we laugh. In fact, there is nothing humorous about it, when we reflect upon the circumstances attending the artist's creation. Yet the picture of the pickaninny disappearing down the open throat of the reptile is a type of comic sketch that takes as well as anything the comic papers produce. Humor is becoming disturbed from its old foundations. In France jokes founded upon marital infelicity have the call at present; perhaps we will reach the stage some day when murders will be written up as the humorous happenings of the day.

THE FUSION POLICY.

THE EDITOR of the Commoner, W. J. Bryan, is a staunch advocate of fusion. In season and out, he has preached the doctrine of fusion, and has never paused long enough in his pursuit of the presidency to realize that all his fusion plans have come to naught. The fact of the matter is Mr. Bryan has succeeded in running the fusion idea into the ground and has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the real democracy of the country that fusion is wrong and is something to be avoided as dangerous, alike to party organization and political success. There is no virtue in a "triple alliance" such as Bryan is so fond of recommending to his party; it is only the straight party declaration of faith, uncompromising and decisive, that wins.

There is something inherently weak about fusion. The very beginning of the scheme involves a compromise and a compromise is an admission that the party principles are so flexible that they may be stretched for the sake of expediency. The fusion plan has brought democracy into no end of trouble. The plan of the new and radical element of the party has been to fix the party principles arbitrarily, and then by means of a fusion, attempt to rally supporters to the cause. The only successful political party is the one that consults the wishes of the majority before saying what the platform shall contain. Bryan has forced his pet theories upon the democratic party twice. Whether he can repeat the performance again is one of the revelations the coming campaign will furnish. It appears to be the opinion of the majority of the democratic leaders that the weak and vacillating fusion policy of the Bryan democracy has had its day.

YOUNG WRITERS.

IS IT THE FATE of the current literature of America to be given over to the keeping of the young writers of the day? It would appear that the younger members of the literary circles of the United States were coming to the front fast enough to furnish adequate grounds for this prediction. Not only the magazines and newspapers have welcomed the young writer to a place where what he has, to say may be given to an audience fully as large as greets the older writers, but the publisher has become the friend of youth, and merit wins without a reputation to back up the quality exhibited in the manuscript. The young writer is having his day, and is taking his place beside veterans of the pen, who have made their profession the study of a lifetime. The public, too, is generous to the unknown writer, and fame smiles upon the tyro in letters who hits the fancy of the crowd or casts a sunbeam of more than usual brilliancy upon the world.

That all this is demoralizing to the profession of writing there can be but little doubt. The novelists of reputation are being supplanted by the writers whose first and oftentimes only book contains something that challenges the admiration of the public. It is unfair to the fledgling writers, too, for few greater misfortunes can come to an unknown author than the applause of the public won by a fortunate poem or a cleverly turned story. The author of the Man With the Hoe, although, not young in years, entered the lists of literary men with only one poem as his credentials. He will, in all likelihood, never approach the excellence of his famous production again. The writers whose books have caught the fancy of the public are being paraded and described for the curious until it is known how and under what circumstances they performed the particular feat of composition that brought them fame. It is bad business for the old writers who are unwilling to be satisfied with enduring fame that comes when they have passed beyond the reach of the annoying and enterprising youngsters.

The East Helena smelter has posted announcements of a grand opening to take place next Friday. Twelve per cent off is the discount from regular prices.

Residents of Flathead county wish to know why, for the land's sake, the state board of land commissioners don't sell the state lands instead of leasing them.

A bouquet ninety feet in circumference was presented to the president yesterday in California. This is said to be just half as large as the oratorical bouquet Hon. J. Kemp Toole is preparing for the president's reception at Great Falls.

Much to the disappointment of the spectators the city council of Anaconda failed to take the bit in its teeth and indulge in a wild runaway last evening.

The Montana Central machine shops at Great Falls seem to have joined the procession of closed incidents.

Yesterday, the Shamrock I. beat the Shamrock II. two to one.

BITS OF WIT.

"Teacher, teacher," said little Richard. "Well, what is it?"

"Didn't you say yesterday that the world was kept in its place by the force of gravity?"

"Yes, the attraction of the sun keeps the world moving in a regular orbit."

"Then somebody's seen stringin' my pa again. He said last night that it was J. Pierpont Morgan."—Chicago Herald-Record.

The Dowager Empress was in a droll mood. "A note from the German Emperor!" announced the chamberlain.

"A Billy dox!" observed her Majesty.

"And a note from the United States?"

"A Yankee Doodle dox!" cried this remarkable woman, while gales of merriment swept over the servile court.—Detroit Journal.

In the spring the putty drops from all the parlor window sashes;

In the spring the furnace chimney chokes itself to death with ashes;

In the spring when the wan consumptive thinks he surely is improving;

In the spring the poor man's fancy sadly turns to thoughts of moving.

—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES.

"There are not many people who are aware of it, but it is none the less a fact," said Arthur H. Buchanan at the McDermott this morning.

"What's a fact," queried the attenuated interrogation point growing interested.

"Why, that Louis Warren Hill, son of J. J. Hill, won the heart and hand of Claude Van Cortlandt Taylor on the golf links and secured her promise after she was recovering from typhoid fever, which she contracted while trying to become a trained nurse."

"It came about in this wise. The young people met in St. Paul more than a year ago. They golfed and drove together, but before any agreement was reached Miss Taylor returned to New York, and, despite her millionaire father, Cortlandt M. Taylor, decided to become a trained nurse."

"She went to work in the Presbyterian hospital, but soon contracted typhoid fever. Hill managed to keep her home almost filled with flowers and bouquets, and when she recovered he put forward the vital question, and now he is happy."

"Will I express an opinion of 'Good' Prof. Algie Crook, of Chicago, who says he has never kissed a girl?" mused Carl H. Hoffman of Denver when questioned at the Thornton this morning by a short man wearing smoked glasses. "Well, hardly. I will tell you this, however, Crook is the subject of much comment in the French society papers."

"Leading novelists and scientists have been interviewed. Some pronounce the Chicago instructor an 'idiot' and a 'monster,' but a powerful clan uphold his theory that love for women, even love of the ideal type, seriously impedes a man who would be great and learned. 'Henry Fouquier in a long article adduces in support of this view Darwin, Goethe, Kant and Schopenhauer. Fouquier says: Victor Hugo in private letters repeatedly asserted his belief that if he had had the courage to resist woman's charms he would have surpassed Shakespeare and Voltaire. He believed that woman's company numbed his highest faculties. Bacon, too, asserts that marriage retards a man's success."

"Fouquier finally quotes an interview given by Lord Kitchener to a Figaro reporter when he passed through Paris after the Khartoum victory. Kitchener brutally asserted that he 'wouldn't cross the street to win the most beautiful woman in the world, because he meant business in life and woman always wasted a man's time and destroyed his energy.'"

"Now don't think I am giving you a jolly," remarked Edward A. Butterfield of Buffalo, N. Y., to the clerk at the Butte, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I know the name will sound a little odd, but it is on the level and so is the story. Now listen."

"Tookham Basinjajan—no middle name—a street car conductor in West Hoboken, has neither cause nor desire to ring up any more fares. 'His wife has just received information from the United States consul at Calcutta that the uncle of her father, Mandarge Oghley Manollil, all of which is said to mean 'good fortune,' has left her heir to \$2,500,000."

"The obliging uncle died fifty years ago, long before Mrs. Basinjajan says she was born, but he left a provision in his will that his wealth should be dormant for half a century and then be divided among his relatives. The conductor's wife is the only real heir to be found, although many others are expected to put in claims within a short time."

"We all know what a voice Jennie Lind had," said J. T. McCormick, of Seattle, at the McDermott. He was addressing a party of traveling men, all of whom nodded in assent. "Well, sir," continued Mr. McCormick, "I was in New York recently and my attention was called to a fact that another voice like Jennie Lind's may be developed in Maggie Murray, who has learned to sing during her sixteen years' stay in the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless."

"The girl was admitted to the institution as a waif, and the other day she was sent to the girls' school at Northfield, Mass., with the view of bettering her academic education. 'Her expenses are being paid by a member of the board of managers of the charitable institution, and after two years at Northfield her voice will be cultivated. It is said the girl is a wonder. Great things are expected of her.'"

"Mammon and morality are the factors which promise to make B. Ima Bach, N. J., anything but a haven of fashionable rest during the coming summer season," said John J. Sommers to a party of men at the Butte last night.

"One of the chief charms of the place heretofore has been the daily parade of the fair cottagers from their houses to the beach in their bathing suits, and the custom has attracted many visitors. Now William Gordon, who owns and operates the principal bathing grounds, has raised his voice in protest against the usage."

"He did this in the council chamber and asked that an ordinance be passed against the practice of walking about the village in the cause of propriety and decency, but it later developed that the monetary question entered very largely into the matter."

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Lewis A. Smith returned Monday evening from Fort Madison, Iowa, where she had been spending the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas G. O'Dell returned today from Salt Lake, where they went to attend the wedding of Dr. O'Dell's sister.

W. H. Liddard, better known as "Rattlesnake Pete," the famous Indian scout, was in this city last evening, and to his advantage of his brief stay here to visit a number of old Omaha friends, including T. C. Douglas and "Tom" Brennan. "Pete" was with General Miles during his Indian campaigns. He had charge of the Indians at the World's Fair and at the Omaha Exposition and is now taking a number of Sioux to Glen Island, New York.

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THE SULTAN REVIVES PROPHECIES OF THE MAHOMET'S COMING.

Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, is exerting himself to bring about a great revival of Mohammedanism. This is in a large measure the result of an event which is producing a profound impression on the minds of thousands of devout Mussulmans in Turkey and Morocco. That event is the discovery by priests or some old prophecies, in which, they say, the advent of a new Mahomet or a new Messiah about this time is foretold.

The most important prophecy was made toward the close of the eighteenth century by Ben-el-Benna, a native of Tiemen and a man of singular piety. It tells of the coming of Mouley Saa, "lord of the hour," or Messiah, who will bring triumph to the arms of the Islamites in their great battle with the Christians. Thousands of copies of this prediction have been scattered throughout Morocco during the past few weeks, and it is said that they are mainly responsible for the insurrection now raging in the southern part of that country. This has grown so formidable that the emperor of Morocco has decided to march against the malcontents at the head of his army. Fearlessly the rebels await him, for they are convinced that the predicted Messiah will soon appear and champion their cause.

Here is the strange prophecy: "The Messiah will come from the southern part of Morocco. He will have with him 1,000 tents and will go from there to Fez. Thence he will advance upon Tiemen and will go as far as Oran, which he will destroy. From that point he will march toward Algiers and he will remain for four months in camp at Mitidja. Then he will destroy Algiers, after which he will go to Tunis, where he will remain for forty years and then die."

According to Sidi el Roukari, a famous authority on the Koran, Mahomet himself predicted that this Messiah would bear the name Mohamed ben Abdallah. "A man will come after me," said Mahomet, "and his name will be similar to mine. I mean that his father's name will be like my father's name, Abdallah, and that his mother's name will be like my mother's name, so that his full name will be Mohamed ben Abdallah. He will resemble me in character but not in countenance, and he will cause justice and equity to prevail throughout the world." That the time is at hand for the advent of this predicted Messiah is inferred from the following prediction, made many years ago by Sidi el Akredar, a devout Arabian priest:

"The armies of the Christians," he says "will come from all parts. They will come, both cavalry and infantry, and they will cross the sea. They will descend upon our country like a raging fire. All France will not triumph. They will all come like a torrent during a dark night, like a cloud of sand that is whirled by the winds. They will enter by the eastern wall. The vessels of Christians will be in the harbors and churches of Christians will be built everywhere, so that the doctrines of Christianity will spread throughout the land. After their work in Algiers is accomplished the Christians, complying with the all-powerful will of God, will rule over the Arabs, but soon afterward there will come to our relief the Messiah, whom Mahomet has announced."

In view of the progress which the French have recently been making in Algeria and Morocco, it is not surprising that the Arabs and Mussulmans are now firmly convinced that everything predicted by Mahomet Ben-el-Benna and Sidi el Akredar will soon come to pass and that a Mouley Saa or "lord of the hour" will surely manifest himself in the near future and enable them to vanquish their old enemies, the Christians.

In Constantinople, as in Morocco and Algeria, this same strange belief now prevails and it is the popular conviction that these old predictions are now bound to be fulfilled, which is now impelling Sultan Abdul Hamid to interest himself in bringing about a grand revival of Mohammedanism.

The Newest Musical Plagus.

(Chicago Record-Herald.) "Sweet Annie Moore" has taken the place of "Because." "My Houliouli Lady," "Just One Girl," and all the other songs that everybody used to sing and whistle. In New York it is said that 30 out of every possible 40 people that go out in the streets are now singing or trying to sing "Sweet Annie Moore," the chorus of which runs as follows:

"Sweet Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, I'll never see my Annie any more She went away, One summer's day, And I'll never see my Annie any more."

After reading the words it is easy to understand why "Sweet Annie Moore" is a craze. The song writer who can get up lines that are absolutely foolish is always sure of success. Such stuff as "Sweet Annie Moore" never fails to get into the great, throbbing heart of New York.

"I don't see why you aren't industrious and economical like the man next door," said the wife. "You will scarcely have time to get to your office in season. The man next door has his lunch in a basket and starts out at 6 o'clock in the morning. 'Yes; and goes fishing.'"

Mrs. Bingo—"You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me to give you but one piece."

Willie Simpson—"That's all very well, but I don't know where the pantry is here."—Leslie's Weekly.

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