

THE INTER MOUNTAIN

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THE OLD VETERANS.

TODAY THE OLD SOLDIERS appear in public in annual review before the generation that is coming upon the stage of life to take their places when they have passed away. It is plain to be seen that the ranks of the boys in blue are thinning with the years, that the steps of the old guard are no longer springy with the vigor of youth and the buoyancy of hopes of battles yet to be fought. Full of years and honors the old soldiers are taking a soberer view of life than when they went, rollicking boys, into the tempest of a four years war. Yet it will be many a day before the world sees the last of the veterans of the civil war. Soldiers are proverbially long-lived men. There is still living one survivor of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war, which ended 55 years ago, there are 8,352 survivors on the pension rolls.

The list kept in the United States pension office is a valuable index to the condition of the disbanded army of the Civil War. Of the men who fought from 1861 to 1865 993,329 are still upon the rolls. It is estimated by the pension department that it will be fully a quarter of a century before the rolls of the civil war pension list close and the last pensioner is dismissed. Long as the list of pensioners is the men who have been granted the timely aid of the government are still losers, in a financial sense, in the bargain they struck when they took up arms to fight the battles of the country. The pension list has cost Uncle Sam \$2,562,974,010 since the beginning of the war. On the opposite side of the account, however, is a sum represented by the value of the nation the soldiers preserved and assuredly the debt is so vast that neither gratitude nor the less expressive appreciation displayed by the pension bureau will ever be able to wipe it away.

The soldiers who walk the streets of Butte today are modest men, little given to recounting their deeds or parading their acts of heroism. It is sufficient for their everlasting fame that they wore the blue when the nation was threatened with disruption. Not only was their enlistment a proof of physical courage but of a high type of moral bravery and exalted patriotism as well. To recall the events and differences of the dark days of the rebellion is not a pleasant task today, but to dwell admiringly upon the deeds of the sturdy men whose unselfish devotion to country rescued a nation from the gravest perils that will ever threaten it will always be a delight. As the official paper of the city of Butte the Inter Mountain gives a hearty welcome to the men who wear the blue upon the streets today.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

AT THE MEETING of the labor unions in the city of Denver a great deal that is of more than passing interest has taken place. Butte citizens are naturally interested in the proceedings there. The capital of Silver Bow county is known far and wide as a stronghold of organized labor and the home of many of the leaders in the progressive movements in the labor world. Whatever is endorsed by the men from Butte in the big labor meetings of the west generally carries—delegates from other states appear to look upon Butte labor delegates as oracles. It is significant, then, that a new departure has been made in the big labor meetings now under way in the city of Denver, and it is notable that the prime movers in the new departure hall from Butte.

The delegates at the Denver conventions are all agog over the scheme suggested by the Butte representatives of labor, namely, that the unions invest their surplus money in mines and go in for their share of the prosperity that is being distributed abroad. It is not a bad idea, this plan for making the idle cash of the unions pay the expenses of the organization. The plan has been put in practice by the Butte Miners' Union and its adoption marks a conspicuous milestone on the highway of progress. Over the wide area of the west the news has gone that laboring men of Butte are joining forces to wrest a share of the good things of life from the commercial world. It is a new fight, this form of battle with fortune and when labor puts its dollars into investments of the kind proposed the most entertaining chapter in the history of organized workmen will be opened. If the plan is carried out by the unions of the west the result will be eminently satisfactory.

MRS. EDDY IN COURT.

THE NEWS that Mrs. Eddy, the leader of the Christian Scientists, has been made the defendant in a libel suit for \$150,000 damages comes as a delightful bit of gossip for newspaper readers. There is a flavor about the suit that enhances its value as news matter and gives it a leading place in the estimation of searchers for sensation. It is evident that Mrs. Eddy is destined to occupy a conspicuous place in the attention of the public whether she enters upon the stage of notoriety by way of the court room or not. The charges now preferred against her are not likely to at all diminish the celebrity she has attained.

Mrs. Eddy's career is one of the most peculiar that has attracted attention in recent years. Although she is now, eight years of age and enfeebled by the weight of years she exercises a power over her followers that is little short of marvelous. From her home in Concord, New Hampshire, she controls a million members of the church which she has founded and the growth of the church of Christian Science is regarded as one of the most remarkable in the history of modern religions. The rapid increase in the membership of the peculiar sect is bringing its founder a degree of notoriety that no other woman who has moved in religious circles has ever secured. The libel suit is merely an incident in the career of this peculiar woman.

The residents of Montana who were banking on fine weather for Memorial day are not at all pleased to learn that a snow storm was banking a little on its own account.

The majority of the members of the United States supreme court have discovered too late to amend their mistake, that W. J. Bryan of Nebraska would have decided just the other way.

THE WOLFF CASE.

FROM DILLON comes the news of the verdict in the Wolff murder case telling of the jury's decision fixing the degree of guilt at second degree murder. This verdict included a statement that imprisonment for life was, in the estimation of the jurors, a suitable punishment for the young man who shot the sheriff of Madison county to death four months ago. The youth of the accused doubtless saved him from the gallows and the measure of punishment given him by the jury is calculated to fit the crime and effectually discourage the practice of armed resistance to officers in the state of Montana.

During the past few years Montana sheriffs have fared badly at the hands of the desperate characters with whom they have had to deal. No less than three sheriffs of the state have been killed in cold blood and the Dillon jury has administered the first punishment meted out to the murderers. Gallatin, Park and Madison counties have been the scenes of murder successively and on each occasion it appeared that the vengeance of the law would not be satisfied. In the case of young Wolff a change of venue was taken from Madison county to Beaverhead and a strong effort was made to save him from a merited punishment. The verdict announced last night by the Beaverhead county jury will doubtless be effectual in instilling respect for the officers of the law and rendering the lives of Montana's sheriffs more secure.

FAITH HEALERS TROUBLES.

DOWIE, THE FAITH HEALER, is finding Chicago much to hot an abiding place during recent weeks. Since the authorities of that city first undertook to suppress the practice of faith healing the man Dowie has come in for some hard knocks. Unfortunately one of his patients died just at the time when the attention of the officers was directed toward him and Dowie was obliged to face a court of justice and answer to the charge of contributing to the causes that led up to the patient's death. As a result the whole city appears to be stirred up against the faith healer and he has been impaled on the sharp lance of nearly every editorial writer in the Illinois metropolis. A portion of the Chicago press styles Dowie a monumental faker dangerous to be at large and calls for his summary eviction from the city. They want him to exemplify the character of a traveling faith healer by traveling away from Chicago before other misfortunes attend those who unwisely trust in his vaunted powers.

It is no defense for Dowie to say that the patients of other doctors have died while under treatment. Dowie is a practitioner outside of the regular class of physicians and to allow him to practice his transparent pretenses of skill upon the public is to open the door for other and graver violations of the law. It is said that no statute framed under the constitution of the state of Illinois exactly fits the charge under which Dowie was arrested. This condition of things moves the Chicago Tribune to urge that mob violence be adopted to rid the city of the presence of the faith healer. The faith healer appears to be in no wise disconcerted, however, by the lawless suggestions and continues to ply his calling in defiance of public sentiment and the lambastings of the press. Dowie has been made the victim of mob violence before. Like all his kind he thrives on notoriety and the attacks of the Chicago papers are resulting in first-class advertising for the fakir.

The system of leasing state lands appears to be stuck in the mud.

If the prevailing disagreeable weather extends all over the state not many parades will follow the flag today.

By common consent the views entertained by Mr. Bryan's Commoner on the insular decision will be classed with common stock in trade.

The open season for burning negroes was celebrated yesterday in Florida with the usual atrocities.

Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to bring both Shamrocks to America to train for the cup race. Lipton's lack of confidence in the Shamrock II. entitles him to a place among the doubting Thomases.

BITS OF WIT.

"Harold, how do you like my new foliage hat?"
"Harriet, you must hear the truth; you look like a plant stand."—Detroit Free Press.

"Will these novels that reach the hundred thousand mark live?" asks a literary exchange.
"No matter; they enable the authors to." — Atlanta Constitution.

"I wish a fellow didn't have to sleep."
"You must want to work yourself to death."
"No, it isn't that. But think of the luxury sleep would be if it were not a necessity."—Indianapolis News.

Sniffs—There is more sin in Chicago than any other city on the face of the earth.
Snuffs—I beg leave to differ.
"I defy you to name another with more sin in it!"
"Cincinnati."—San Francisco Bulletin.

"I'll have to leave your service, sir," said the coachman to the trust magnate.
"I'm sorry to hear that, John. Why?"
"Every time I drive you out, sir, I hear people say: 'There goes the scoundrel, and I don't know which of us they mean.'"—Philadelphia Times.

Bilhad—I see they've discovered a fish that sings.
Callaway—What is it? A bass?—Life.

Customer—Are your eggs good and fresh?
Walter—I don't know, sah. I never eats in any ob dese cheap places.

Rev. Dr. Chasuble—I hope the Lenten period has been of benefit to you, Miss Swift.
Miss Swift—"It has, indeed. I won enough at our Lenten poker parties to buy my Easter outfit."

The Brooklyn woman was showing her little niece through the art gallery.
"Oh, look, auntie, at the woman without any arms!"
"Yes, dearie, that is an ancient goddess."
"I didn't know they had trolley cars in those days, auntie!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Suspicious—"Ethel, you can have my apple."
"Why, what's the matter with it?"—Harper's Bazar.
His Great Anxiety—Athlete—Did—I—break it, Doctor?
Doctor—I will be plain with you. The arm is broken; the collar bone crushed, the skull is fractured.
Athlete—No, no, no! The did—I—break—the—
"What?" "Record?"—Tit-Bits.

Penfield—Is that a good book of his?
Merritt—It must be. His friends won't believe he wrote it.—Judge.

He—You know, if you worry about every little thing, it's bound to affect your health.
His Wife—Yes, I know. That's one of the things I worry about.—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Softleigh—Doesn't Miss Newcum remind you of one of Shakespeare's heroines? See how the men are crowding around to meet her.
Miss Gabelle—Humph. She doesn't impress me particularly, but that scene makes me think of "Much Ado About Nothing."—Baltimore American.

PARENTAL EMOTION.

At the school examination when we got back in the crowd, Watchin' of the hull procedin's, we was gosh-almighty proud,
An' I noticed that his mother had a tear-drop in her eye,
An' my own of gray-fringed blinkers wasn't comfortab'ly dry,
Fur the one that graduated at the head of all the school,
Wasn't any goldfish swimmin' in the 'ristocratic pool—
No, there wasn't any sky-blue-blooded pedgree in him,
For the boy that took the honor cake was

Jes—Our—Jim.
An' up yonder in the court house when he pleaded his first case,
An' the jury got a verdict without risin' from their place,
An, the lawyers crowded 'round him 'an the Jedge come off his seat
Fur to compliment his talent, I coul' scarce control my feet;
Couldn't hardly keep from dancin', an' I wanted fur to whoop
At the way he put the lawyers fur the plaintiff in the soup.
But although he swum in honor an they made a heap of him,
In the heart of his ol' daddy he was

Jes—Our—Jim.
Then when me an' his ol' mother went to hear a famous case,
An' we saw him there a-sittin' on the bench with solemn face,
An' the lawyers was a-callin' him "Your Honor" an' "The Court,"
How we felt our bosoms swellin' an' our easy hearts exort!
There he sat jest like a statute, full o' dignity an' law,
Jest the very greatest plecter of a man we ever saw,
An' although our hearts was swellin' full o' pride clear to the brim,
I kep' whisperin' to mother it was

Jest—Our—Jim.
But the golden fires o' glory seemed a-waxin' in our souls
T'other night when I come singin' "Yankee Doodle" from the polls,
An' jest hollered out to mother they'd elected of our son
Fur to go an' set in congress in the halls at Washington.
Ort to see us hug each other an' a kissin' just like kids,
An' the tears a-overflowin' of the dam beneath our lids,
An' a-raggin an' a-waltain' till our heads begun to swim,
An' a-tellin' of each other it was

Jest—Our—Jim.
—Boston Herald.

BRIGHT IDEAS OF MONTANA EDITORS

How Ladies Should Ride.
It is customary, we know, for women to resent anything in the way of advice coming from the masculine side of humanity, but, nevertheless, we feel called upon to express our opinions on the subject of horseback riding and the charge will be the same whether our suggestions are taken or not.
But why shouldn't women ride astride? It's easy, safe, natural, graceful, comfortable, healthful, while riding on the side is the very opposite of all these things.
Horseback riding is exhilarating. It combines exercise with pleasure in the open air. It stimulates the circulation, hardens the muscles and refreshes the brain. It develops horsemanship and gives to woman a courage, an independence and a self-confidence not otherwise attainable. It makes mountain climbing easy and raises the tide of human life.

These benefits are realized in a greater degree when women ride astride than when the unnatural system now in vogue is employed, and there are fewer curved spines, aching backs and broken necks.
So far as modesty is concerned, nothing can be said to the detriment of the system we are advocating. The bicycle has brought out the fact that women have legs the same as men, and there is no more reason why they should sit sideways on a horse than there is why they should take a similar position on a wheel.
But we are aware of the fact that another great reform takes precedence to this, and so long as it skirts evil remains, nothing can be accomplished in this direction.—Townsend Forum.

The Wool Market Problem.
One of the subjects that perplex the Montana sheep men at the present time is the disposition of this season's wool clip. Those who sold in local markets at the prevailing figures last year thought they were not getting what their product was worth, while those who shipped on consignment received returns considerably below their expectations. The experiment was similar to that of most other seasons—the eastern wool buyer or commission firm appeared to get away with most of the profits of the business.
Some of the largest wool growing outfits in the state appear to favor a co-operative plan by which a Montana wool house may be established at Boston or Philadelphia, where their produce will be handled and sold direct to manufacturers without the intervention of the middlemen. An institution of the kind was established in Boston by the Utah wool growers in the early eighties and handed Utah wool exclusively for some years. As to whether it is in existence at the present time the River Press is not advised but its maintenance for several seasons proved that such a project is feasible.—Fort Benton River Press.

Donovan on the Jump.
Donovan is having his hands full in his attempt at squelching gambling at Butte and Anaconda. When he gets the games closed in one place they open in another. Butte was reported closed yesterday but Anaconda opened up again last night, and they have the attorney general on the run.—Kallispell Bee.

The Street Fair.
The executive committee for the street fair has been doing a great deal of work during the past week and matters in regard to such fair are rapidly reaching a stage where the details of the plan may be worked out. All that is necessary now for the complete success of this undertaking is that the business men themselves, not a few, but every one of them, should take an interest in the undertaking and should make subscriptions, furnish exhibits and do all they can to see that the proper interest

The Reason

That this is the largest drug store in the state is that it is built upon the true principle and real reason for a drug store—Prescription work. That's our main business; that's what sustains us; that's our specialty.

Why not take your prescription to the store so very many take theirs to.

NEWBRO DRUG CO.,
109 North Main

is taken in the fair by the citizens of the city.
Street fairs are not an experiment, but have been successful all through the east and also throughout the west in cities where they have been tried, and there is no reason to suppose that the Great Falls street fair and carnival will be any less of a success than have been those fairs in other cities. It is more than probable that not only will enough money be taken in to pay the expenses of the fair, but something will be left over which may be used by the business men in the furtherance of the plans for the upbuilding of the city and of the county of Cascade.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the business men will take hold of the matter and that each establishment in the city will push the thing to the utmost of its ability and will not only take space for an exhibit itself, but will urge those in the east with whom they deal to take space and erect booths. The fair is not a money-making institution, but is for the purpose of advertising Great Falls and the county of Cascade. It is in the nature of an exposition and in every place where a street fair has been held the verdict of the business men has been unanimously given that the results more than repaid the merchants for their trouble and for money expended in exhibiting.
It is probable that the executive committee will call on the business men during the week to find out how much space they wish to use; and it is to be hoped that the business men called upon will respond liberally, not only for the sake of the city, but for their own sake as well, this being one of the best advertising schemes ever presented to the public.—Great Falls Leader.

GOLDEN RULE FOR POLICEMEN

Chief of Police of Jersey Gave Them a Sermon.

Chief of Police Murphy of Jersey City has written a sermon to policemen, and the city police board has been so greatly impressed that it has printed the sermon in its manual of departmental regulations as a sort of extended golden rule for perusal by the cops whenever they are in need of a good advice.

Chief Murphy believes in young policemen. He has been criticised for encouraging mere boys to aspire to the blue and brass buttons, but he sticks to his belief in them. His little sermon is entitled "A Word to Young Policemen." This is the principal part of it:
"You are about to assume responsibilities and duties that are very much more varied, difficult and important to the public of this community than is understood by any one but a policeman of long service. You must never forget that you are in the service of Jersey City; that your whole time, day and night, belongs to the service; that unless sick or absent with leave you are liable to be called upon for duty at any time; that you are expected to act whenever you may see the service of a policeman required.
"You will not get many service stripes on your sleeve if you drink liquor while on duty or neglect to get your proper sleep when you are relieved from your tour of duty. In these days of electrical appliances for watching policemen in the discharge of their duty no man can avoid detection very long who shirks his duty. These are some of the hard things of your official life.
"There can be a sunny side to the policeman's life, if he will take the following advice. Be polite at all times to citizens, without regard to their social standing; never disobey an order; never be late in reporting; never forget that you are the servant of the people of Jersey City and that it is an honor to serve them as a policeman.
New York cops have to get along without an sermon in their manual, but Chief Murphy will send a few copies to any who feel the need of them. He believes that any young policeman who will observe the few little rules will become a good cop and a credit to any city that employs him.

The Officers' Work.
At the present time an American army officers duties are often bewilderingly intricate. It is said of Lieutenant N. G. Bishop of the artillery that while administering his duties in the Philippines his labors, in addition to his regular tasks as officer, have embraced the licensing of business not provided for elsewhere in the government; the management of markets and the collection of market taxes; the management of the matadero and the collection of the meat tax; weights and measures; carriage taxes and taxes for carts and horses; building permits, registration of live stock, public land rentals and the collection of various other small imposts and taxes. All of these with a few exceptions were farmed out for collection and supervision to individuals under the Spanish regime, but Lieutenant Bishop has broken up this corrupt system.—Chicago News.

Smaller Cocktail Glasses.
"Cocktail glasses are being made smaller," said a bartender, as he strained the amber liquid into a glass. "The old style was entirely too large and that's the reason the cocktail got such a bad name. You would scarcely think it, but the old style, bell-shaped glass contained just one-third the quantity that an ordinary goblet holds. In other words, three cocktails made a gobletful. People used to doubt this, but

when they measured the two glasses together they saw I was right in my assertion. A new cocktail glass has been put on the market with a red glass cherry in the bottom. The imitation is so perfect that it defies detection until you drink the cocktail. These, however, will only find favor in Chicago and the rural communities, where cherries are still put in cocktails."

Reaction Bound to Come.
It is fast coming to the point where our foreign customers will find themselves embarrassed to pay us for their purchases. The value of our exports already amounts to about double that of our imports. Our big industrial consolidations are in absolute possession of the home market and are bending every effort to oust the foreign manufacturer from his. But unless the whole foreign business we have made profitable finds some new means of producing wealth the day will come when his ability to buy from us will be exhausted. No nation can enjoy a prosperous foreign commerce indefinitely unless the nations with which it trades are prosperous. The reaction sets in sooner or later.—Philadelphia North American.

Not Public Utilities.
Street car lines are not public utilities in any such sense as water supply. The municipal government is not compelled to have street cars in order to perform its duties. The cars are for the individuals who ride on them. They are a convenience which can be furnished by private enterprise as well as hotels and boarding houses. When the power which grants a street railway charter has exercised due supervision over the corporation owning it it has done all that public policy permits.—Washington Post.

Cut Glass Vases and Rose Bowls

See our south window for the best assortment of these goods we ever had.

Vases \$1.50 to \$50.00
Rose Bowls . . . \$6.00 to \$17.00

Hight & Fairfield Jewelers

Watches and Clocks

Have made a record for themselves this year—never before have we sold so many—we surely have the up-to-date patterns at the right prices. If you have any intention of buying a watch or clock it will be well worth your time to see us and get prices.

LEYS Jeweler and Optician.
GWSLEY BLOCK

From a Board Fence

To the scenery of a first-class theater, from a kitchen sink to the palatial residence of the multi-millionaire, there is no job of painting we are not prepared to do at a moment's notice. An army of skilled artists answer our roll-call daily. They are scattered out over all parts of Butte, to engage in putting on the finishing touches to the fastest growing city on earth. It will pay to think of us when you want good work in our line.

SCHATZLEIN PAINT COMPANY
No. 14 West Broadway