

DAILY INTER MOUNTAIN

Issued Every Evening, Except Sunday

INTER MOUNTAIN PUBLISHING CO



Address all mail to Inter Mountain Publishing Company, M. A. BERGEE, Manager, 26 West Granite Street, Butte City, Mont.

Official Paper of Silver Bow County and City of Butte.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Per year, by mail, in advance, \$7.50. By carrier, per month, .75.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901.

If the low-grade ores of the Alice, Magna Charta and Moulton mines shall be made available by a new process; if the indications of copper east of the city to the main range shall lead to the finding of large ore bodies; if present developments south of the city's center shall prove there is wealth in that direction too, it will take a professional prophet to predict the future of Butte, and the figures will be so tremendous that our citizens will hardly be able to comprehend them. In the meantime let no man forget the district west of Butte. There are bonanzas there, too. Some day it will be dotted with hoisting works.

If there is any way of apprehending the murderers of Con and Florence Sullivan or if the men now under arrest are guilty of that crime, no question of money should be allowed to delay the ends of justice. The Inter Mountain believes that the people of Butte would subscribe \$10,000 in an hour if it would insure the arrest and conviction of the wretches who committed that black deed. The Sullivans were splendid men, typical prospectors, brave pioneers, good citizens. That such heroic characters should be foully assassinated seems incredible. Their blood calls for retribution.

In three democratic state conventions lately, viz: Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, the resolutions adopted have neither endorsed Bryan nor the last national platform of the democratic party. These states are of "account" in democratic politics. One of them is often pivotal and doubtful in presidential elections; one is indispensable to democratic success; the third is useful because of the capacity of its democratic chiefs to mud-geyser the republican party while covering up their own rascality. Obviously these states are needed by Bryan if he expects a renomination. Obviously they are very tired of him and much that he represents. Obviously "any man to beat Bryan" will be their cry in the next national convention.

With an affection of sweet innocence the Anaconda Standard remarked yesterday morning that the republicans of Montana were not likely to renominate Hon. David E. Folsom for governor. That depends first upon the republicans of Montana and next upon Hon. David E. Folsom. It is safe to assert, however, that were the republicans to hold a state convention and Mr. Folsom's name and his portrait presented for consideration, the former would not be hissed and hooted, nor would the latter be smashed to atoms beneath the feet of the delegates. Something of that sort happened in a democratic state convention in Ohio a few days ago, but republicans don't treat their leaders that way.

A dispatch states that Charles Schwab, manager of the great steel trust which is now engaged in a conflict with organized labor, has made up his mind to resign. If it is true that Schwab draws a salary of a million a year, or half that amount, for managing the trust; that he has been familiar since boyhood with every problem affecting the relations of capital and labor, and still could not prevent and cannot now devise a plan by which the strike may be ended without sacrifice of honor on either side, then he is an overrated and overpaid man, and ought to resign. It is reported that Morgan favored arbitration and that Schwab insisted on a fight to the finish. If that is correct, perhaps Schwab's resignation might pave the way to a peaceful settlement, thus not only preventing much human suffering and financial loss, but keeping European manufacturers from capturing our foreign iron and steel trade to this country's permanent injury, as it surely will do if we once fail in meeting the foreign demand. Schwab should not wait upon the order of his going, but vanish from the scene at once.

When a great state convention greets the mention of a candidate with jeers and hisses and walks on the frame of his picture, the natural inference is that it would walk on his corporeal frame if he were present. Such a demonstration can not be explained as an evidence of devotion and confidence. Bryan probably has his pictures framed at wholesale rates for convention purposes, but so long as the man is behind the dollar in this country, as the result of republican legislation, even the editor of a weekly newspaper can not afford to have his pictures destroyed simply because of a suspicion that he is a candidate for office. After a democratic convention has danced a jig on a picture of a presidential candidate in the Ohio style, it can neither be returned to the owner for future use, nor sold as a souvenir to the

local Jefferson club. It becomes a total loss. Thus, whether looked at from a financial or political standpoint, the Ohio incident justifies the Commoner in taking a gloomy view of the situation as far as Mr. Bryan is concerned. What the democracy of other states will do must remain for the present a subject of apprehensive speculation to all true democrats.

It will not be the fault of the administration at Washington if the Philippines do not enjoy good government. That is the intention of the men in charge of affairs at Manila. Judge Taft, chairman of the commission, in outlining the duties of Americans on the islands, and pointing out the need of setting a good example to the natives in order to win their confidence and encourage them in the expectation of liberty and law, said in a recent public address:

Upon Americans who accept office under the civil government is imposed the responsibility of reaching the highest American standard of official duty. Whenever an American fails, whenever he allows himself to use his official position for public ends, even though it does not involve actual defalcation or the stealing of public property or money, he is recreant to his trust in a far higher degree than he would be were he to commit the same offense in a similar office at home. Here he is the representative of the great republic, among a people untrained in the methods of free and honest government, and in so far as he fails in his duty he vindicates the objection of those who have forcibly resisted our taking control of these islands and weakens the claim we make that we are here to secure good government for the Philippines.

It will doubtless be a long time before Montana men invest another dollar in Nevada. That state has long suffered from lack of capital, and except in the agricultural oases has been almost depopulated since the Comstock days. The trouble is that while many who are left are very fine people, there is an element there that will, unless checked, forever prevent a revival of the state's industries. Last year half a dozen Butte men organized a company to buy and develop a copper property in the northwest section of the state. They were not millionaires, but practical mining men working for wages and willing to take hold of a mining deal. It was a hazardous proposition, for nothing was known of the permanence of the vein, and fluxes and water were expensive. After some development they felt safe in building a smelter, and seemed to be in a fair way to succeed when some of the smelter employees struck for wages never heard of before for such work in any western state. The company had created this new enterprise where nothing before existed, provided 300 men with steady employment at regulation union wages, and had but just fired the smelter when the trouble occurred. They had not received back a dollar of their investment and did not know that they ever would, yet a few men, taking advantage of the situation and regardless of the interests of the other employees, made an arbitrary demand which meant simply ruin to the company, and so the whole enterprise was forced to close, and will probably never resume. Had the company been rich, it might have conceded the demand. As it was not, it was forced to go out of business. The whole country will hear about the matter and good people will suffer. It will prove a terrible blow to Nevada.

Judge Harney will return to Butte. In a letter dated Alamo, Ill., the 18th instant, and received last night by Mr. J. G. Noble, his court stenographer, the absent jurist states he will arrive in Butte between the 1st and 5th of next month; that he is feeling much better; that on his recent trip to Livingston he did not see Mrs. Brackett until she was boarding the train en route to Yellowstone park; that he stopped drinking when he reached the Mississippi, and that he will never again take another drink. These statements from Judge Harney's letter are published by permission of its recipient. We submit them to an intelligent and discriminating public without comment.

The people of Silver Bow county expect that the judge will lose no time in returning; that he will challenge his accusers to prove undue influence by a woman, or correspondence with her concerning judicial business, or the promise of money; that he will challenge either the production of such letters or facsimiles of them; that he will defy his accusers to prove any conduct on his part on or off the bench that might not become an American judge acting under oath in the interest of justice; that he come back and vindicate himself in fact, and having done so, that he then proceed against the men who have charged him with misconduct and punish them to the limit of the law if they have attacked him without justification. If he can prove that his official life justified the confidence of nearly 8,000 good men of this community who voted him into office, the sooner he returns the better. In the meantime let him not be judged too harshly. Let both sides first be heard without prejudice. When all the facts shall be made public the people will speedily form a correct conclusion as to the merits of the case.

The Standard this morning attempts to disprove what every man with a memory knows to be true, viz: That whenever in the history of this country during late years we have had a democratic tariff, or an expectation of it, copper has gone down, and that the highest prices have been realized under a republican tariff and the resulting ac-

tivity in our manufacturing industries. It is not claimed that the tariff on copper keeps up the price, inasmuch as we do not import an appreciable quantity, but it is claimed that when the industries which consume copper are stimulated by a protective tariff the demand is necessarily increased and the price stiffened. At times the price has been put up by corners and combines, or by agreed curtailment of the supply. The Inter Mountain speaks only of the general rule. The Standard's figures are incomplete. That paper says:

When the first Cleveland administration closed and Mr. Harrison came in, copper was \$14. The price went to \$12.40 in Harrison's second year, to \$11.70 in his third year, to \$10.80 at the time when his administration ended.

Yes; that was about the time when Cleveland had been elected again and the business of the country was paralyzed. The people of Butte have not forgotten the panic of '93, or the alarm in copper circles here. The fact that no banks suspended or merchants failed does not prove that copper was not in a precarious position and that the home demand almost disappeared. It was the foreign market alone that kept the mines going that year. Copper was a drug on the home market, as the Standard well knows, because the democratic panic shut down nearly every copper consuming plant in the United States. In '91 it is true there was depression in Butte and Anaconda because of the big shut down, as the Standard says, but that is a wholly irrelevant proposition.

INSINUATING.

Guests—Did she weenly call you a puppy? Cholly—Well—er—no, not exactly. She merely asked me if I liked dog biscuit. Philadelphia Record.

TAKING THE OTHER HALF ALONG.

A Massachusetts woman somewhat mitigated the enormity of running away with a man half her age by taking his mother along.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.

A Connecticut man who advertises for a wife stipulates that she must have a pedigree. It cannot be conceived what the old fellow is after, unless it be a wife who can facilitate her household work by kneading bread and mashing potatoes at the same time.—Denver Post.

GUESTS WITH BILLS.

An Irish servant girl of recent importation was preparing the ice cream, tea and cakes for a Brooklyn evening party when her employer remarked to her daughter jocularly, apropos of the heat: "I'm afraid those mosquitoes will come in tonight over the back fence." Going down stairs to the kitchen later she was surprised to find several gallons of tea more than she needed already made. "You've made too much tea, Norah," she said. "I told you the big kettle full would be quite enough." "Sure," replied the girl, "but that was before you said anything about the other guests." "What other guests?" inquired the hostess in astonishment. "Why, the mosquitoes, ma'am, you said we were comin' over the back fence."—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

The celebrated French poet, Saint Foix, who, in spite of his large income, was always in debt, sat one day in a barber shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered when the door opened and a tradesman entered, who happened to be one of the poet's largest creditors. "No sooner did this man see Saint Foix than he angrily demanded his money. The poet, composedly begged him not to make a scene." "Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?" "Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect. "That's all right," then made the barber a witness of the agreement and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face and left the shop. "He wore a beard to the end of his days."—Tit-Bits.

WAS UNCERTAIN.

The pecuniary difficulties in which aspirants for literary fame become involved have inspired many an anecdote. "Here's a poem on the 'Imeral Oisler,'" said a frayed-looking individual to the editor of a weekly newspaper in a large town, "an 'It's' hoping you'll take it, O. I. am." "What is your address?" inquired the editor. "That depends entirely on you, sorr." "Depends on me?" echoed the editor; "what do you mean?" "If you take the poem, sorr, me address will still be seventy-wan King strathre." replied the poet, "but if you don't take it, it's meself that'll be left without any address to me name, if me landlady kapes her wurr'd, sorr!"—London Spare Moments.

SHAMROCK COCKTAILS.

Col. Roger Scannell, who commanded the famous Montgomery guards of Boston on their memorial visit to New York some years ago, when they were entertained by the Sixty-ninth regiment, is in New York as one of the Boston delegates to welcome Michael Davitt. Colonel Scannell last night initiated several leading Irishmen into the mysteries of a "shamrock cocktail." To the bartender he said: "First put in some red pepper. Now put in some red wine," was the next order. "This was followed by a dash of calisaya." "Now," said the colonel, "we have the red phere it belongs—on the bottom." "Why the phere it belongs, when tears in their eyes, made for the open air." Scannell gazed around him with indignation, and then, as he started for the elevator to go to his room, shouted to those who were left in the cafe: "They call them New York patriots, hey? Them's all Tories in disguise!"—Chicago Tribune.

NEARER TO AIR FLIGHT.

LESS than a year ago the world was all agog over the trial of Count Zeppelin's great airship, at Zurich, and he was hailed by a considerable and over-sanguine section of the pseudo-scientific world as the inaugurator of a new and wholly revolutionary system of transportation. Now, Count Zeppelin is pretty nearly forgotten, and the fickle public is planning its faith in the Brazilian Santos-Dumont, who, with a much smaller machine, has been floating around the Eiffel tower and the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris. Both these men, together with the Russian, Darlevesky and several others, have devoted a good share of their lives to the work of getting up a balloon which can be steered. They have accomplished something; they have ascended with their balloons, have made descents, and have returned to, or near to, the point from which they started. There is a degree of encouragement in the fact that, at a chosen moment, and with no great wind, they have been able to go where they undertook to go. But neither Zeppelin nor Santos-Dumont has attempted to do very much, and the chief problems of aeronautics remain still to be solved. There are, as the world knows, two opposing schools of men of science in this field. One school, which includes Count Zeppelin and M. Santos-Dumont, believes that the airship of the future will be the steerable balloon that is, an apparatus which is made buoyant by a gas lighter than the air, but propelled by a motor and steered by a rudder.

The other school, represented by Prof. Samuel P. Langley, believes that the gas balloon will never be anything but a balloon, essentially dependent on the air and the force and direction of the wind, and that if the problem is ever solved it will be by the flying machine of aerodrome. In Professor Langley's view, man will never go about in the air as the birds do until he learns to do it in the birds' way. He must be able to rise from the ground, to maintain himself in the air and to go against the wind, as the birds do. Professor Langley has maintained great secrecy in connection with his own experiments in mechanical flight, but there is no doubt that he has flown, and spoken a little bit. He has made an encouraging start toward the mystery of the art and science of imitating the birds.

Count Zeppelin and M. Santos-Dumont have the advantage over Professor Langley of dealing with a science concerning which the world knows a good deal already, and in the field of which there need be no particular effort at secrecy. Zeppelin's balloon is a colossal affair, requiring colossal machinery. Both he and Santos-Dumont use gas engines. Santos-Dumont's motor is more powerful, relatively to the size of his ship, than Zeppelin's. It seems to have, in this respect, a more practicable apparatus. Yet it is evident that he essays air flight but timidly, and in all he has done so far there is really no great promise for the future. If he had risen from Paris to Versailles, and had again, rising a thousand feet to do so; if he had done this even on a windless day, and had ascended and descended as he wished, something marked would have been accomplished.

The world would still have been far away from the vaguely imagined airship which is to carry passengers from New York to London or Paris in 48 hours, but the world might have seen in his small success a more or less definite promise of the greater one. How long will it be, at the present rate of progress, before a dirigible balloon will be able to make a trip from Paris to Versailles and return, in even a light wind? Many years, one would say at a venture. For the art of ballooning has gone forward little indeed, counting in Zeppelin and Santos-Dumont and all they have clearly accomplished, in the last hundred years, compared with the progress of steam and electricity.

There is one method of proposed aerial progression which is a compromise between the principles of dirigible balloons and aeroplanes. It is the combined balloon and aeroplane, which proposes to employ a buoyant gas, but not enough to put an airship quite afloat. The action of the motor must do that, and raise the airship through the air as a hawk scales against the wind. Man cannot raise himself with wings as a bird can; but it is argued by M. Yvon Lejeal and others that if his condition as to buoyancy were approximated to that of the bird by the use of a buoyant gas, and a sufficient motive power then applied to overcome the difference, the problem might be solved. It is not proposed to attempt to fly in this way, but in a large machine. An airship on this plan has been proposed and at least partly constructed by a Frenchman named Rose. It is said to be as big as an ocean liner, and all about the size of its weight will be lifted by two cigar-shaped balloons. The motor-engine will be relied on to take care of the other tenth. The world will be incredulous about this great ship until it has seen some performance by it. Incredible on the whole, the world will be about the practicability of any of the machines so far devised. Yet in spite of all doubt and discouragement, man firmly expects some time to navigate the air. Prof. M. Santos-Dumont, with his smaller and nimble machine, seems to have come nearer to the realization of the thing desired than Count Zeppelin did. It now devolves upon Professor Langley to prove that his is the proper theory by giving the world a new and successful exhibition of mechanical flight.—New York Mail and Express.

DEWEY FOR SCHLEY.

Henry S. Dewey bears a striking resemblance to his famous cousin, the naval commander. The resemblance was striking enough, as he crossed the lobby at the Hotel Baltimore yesterday to warrant the glances of mingled surprise and inquiry that followed him on all sides. The facial resemblance is especially marked. There is the same winning smile in the expression and a suggestion of the courage and invincible determination that won a battle of Manila. Several years in the army has imparted also much of the military bearing to this kinsman that has become a familiar attribute to the countless numbers to whom the picture of Admiral Dewey standing on the bridge of the flagship Olympia at the battle of Manila is well known.

"Only a cousin," said Mr. Dewey, referring to the relationship, "only a cousin, but the Deweys, you know, are rather clannish. In fact, all Deweys look alike to each other, with the exception, of course, of the naval representative of the family." Mr. Dewey has just arrived from New York and was asked if the admiral had at any time expressed himself in regard to the Sampson-Schley controversy. He was inclined to speak guardedly on the subject, but said: "Admiral Dewey is a very warm personal friend of both Admirals Schley and Sampson, and, of course, has no objection to now give voice to any public statement regarding the unfortunate affair. But a few months ago, before the historian Maclay was ever heard of, the admiral expressed to a few personal friends, in a matter to be forgotten, that 'Which side does he take in the controversy?' "That is hardly a fair question to ask. But the matter in which Dewey has time and again called forth the private if not the public expression of the admiration of the admiral. As far as any foolish trumpeted charge of cowardice being laid at the door of Admiral Schley on the loop question, he has commented in emphatic terms on its absurdity. Why? In the first place, Dewey made no less than five loops in Manila bay. Yet Schley is branded by

Ladies. The best Bargain Ever Offered Anywhere Are Those Back and Side COMBS Today and Tomorrow, Choice 10c NEWBRO DRUG CO. 109 N. Main St.

Maclay as a callit. Admiral Dewey could it advisable to make a loop retreat from the Spanish forts, three miles at one time. He knows all about loops. "If children make a noise in the street their parents can be punished, and 'rambling about in droves' is forbidden after dark. Dogs that annoy people by barking are forbidden, especially after 10; if you take your dog out, then the nearest policeman bears down on you and makes the streets with yells of 'That dog—must-not bark!'"

MEISSONIER'S CLEVER GARDENER. A good story is being told about a gardener who was for many years in the service of Meissonier. This gardener was not only wonderfully skilled in the art of cultivating flowers and vegetables, but he also was a true scientist, and, as he was endowed with a phenomenal memory, he was able to give offhand the botanical name of any plant that was shown to him. Some of his employer's friends frequently tried to bamboozle him by handing him seeds or cuttings of exotic or other out of the way plants, but they never succeeded. Now, Meissonier was proud of him, but he would that he would, once at least, bewilder him, and one day he summoned the gardener, and taking from his pocket a small paper package, in which he had previously placed some eggs of dried herring, he said to him: "Here are some curious seeds. Can you tell me what they are?" "Of course I can, sir," replied the gardener, and after examining them a moment or two he gave them a most impressive Latin name. "If you sow them now," asked the painter, "how long will it take for them to appear above ground?" "A fortnight," was the reply. "Well," said Meissonier, "I wish you would sow them at once, for I am curious to see what kind of plant it is." A fortnight later Emile Augier, desiring to see the end of this joke, came to breakfast at the painter's villa, and as he and his host were at table the gardener presented himself and said: "If you gentlemen will oblige me by stepping into the garden, I will show you the plants that those curious seeds have produced." The two friends followed him to the conservatory, where he pointed out to them twelve odd looking objects in a box filled with freshly watered brown earth. They stooped to examine them more closely, and the next moment they burst into shouts of laughter, for the strange objects were the heads of twelve red herring.—New York Herald.

FINGERS CUT FOR VIOLIN'S SAKE. That he might be better able to play the violin, Herbert Saylor, one of the stars of Quakertown, Pa., underwent one of the most remarkable surgical operations known to modern surgery at Hahnemann hospital. Saylor is a born musician and competent violinist who has been more closely and keenly followed by the country people who think that he will be one of the greatest violinists the world has ever known. His fingers were too broad, though he consulted prominent surgeons with a view to having them narrowed. All refused to operate, and in despair he went to Hahnemann hospital. He was entered as a patient, and Dr. H. L. Norrman performed the operation. The end of each finger on his left hand was cut off, and tiny, wedge-shaped pieces of flesh removed. Then the edges of each incision were sutured together. They healed rapidly, and the operation, which was an exceedingly delicate one, was an entire success. Saylor leaves shortly for Leipzig, Germany, where he will pursue his musical studies in the Leipzig university.—Philadelphia North American.

BILLBOARDS ON MOUNT BLANC. The agitation in France against the disfigurement of country landscapes by glaring advertisements still proceeds, but it appears with doubtful success, owing to vested interests. The country people whose land lies alongside the lines of railway are readily tempted, by the offers of the advertising contractors, from whom some of them reap quite a respectable income from displaying posters while the puff blows of the trains, etc. It is said that an agent of one firm is now starting on a journey through 35,000 communes, in each of which he is to arrange for the erection of a painted board. This is to be done in time for the tourist season. The notice boards already arranged for and erected by this agent cost him no less than 14,000 francs a year.

The correspondent of a French paper states that this system of advertising has been carried on to its height in Switzerland, where on the very summit of Mount Blanc the first thing to meet the eye of the tourist is a glaring advertisement.—Paris Evening Express.

THE KAISER'S COUNTRY. There are many things you must not do if you live under the Emperor William. Following are some of the restrictions in Berlin, published in the late G. W. Stevens' book, just published, entitled "Glimpses of Three Nations." "You must not hang beds or clothes out of windows so that they can be seen from the street. You must not feed horses in streets where there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and in others only with the consent of the occupier opposite on whose piece of pavement you are; you must watch the horse and undo the traces while he is eating, and when -- is done the occupier must clear up the spilt chaff. If you accidentally break a bottle or jug in the street you must carefully gather up the pieces and take them away. If you stand on the pavement you must leave room for other people to pass. After this it is rather an anti-climax to learn that you must not discharge firearms in the

Good Painting On a House... Will help you to pay off a mortgage. It will make the house rent for more money. It will make it sell for more money. It will make the rate of interest less, because it will make it better security. It will make it last longer. Good house painting is our great hobby. It takes good paint and good painters to do it. We have both. They are at your service for very reasonable rates. SCHATZLEIN PAINT COMPANY No. 14 West Broadway

Plain Studs... In either polished or Roman gold are correct things for evening dress. Have a very complete line of them with backs suitable for button holes or eyelets. In 14k Gold the Price Ranges from \$2.75 to \$4.00 Per Set of Three Night & Fairfield

A Good Line to Tie to ELLIS Paint Co. 17 E. Quartz Wall Paper Paints Window Glass Estimates Given

For Silver Plate and Flat Ware We are headquarters—an exquisite assortment just received of these goods, in the newest designs and patterns—at prices heretofore unequalled. Four-Place Tea Sets \$10.00 and up. Knives and Forks, Twelve Pieces \$3.00 and up. An inspection of these goods will convince you that they are what we represent. THE KIND THAT WEARS. LEYS Jeweler and Optician. WSWLEY BLOC