

Helena, September 20. Special Correspondence Inter Mountain.

JOHN GINX TAKES A CRACK AT HELENA'S CRACKER FACTORY



AN early hour Thursday night there was an undercurrent of excitement in business and political circles, caused by a report that the board of trade had been called together by the mayor for the purpose of listening to an address by myself on the political situation from a democratic standpoint, particularly on the growing power of the Helena Cracker trust, and the evident design of the cracker magnates to control and disrupt the democratic party and depopulate the state. It was also announced that I would appeal for money to conduct a campaign against corporate aggression and also ask the board to supply me with enough mixed drinks during the contest to prevent my being mistaken and probably hanged in some of the mining camps on suspicion of being a temperance crusader.

I was highly flattered, therefore, when on entering the board of trade hall last evening I was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience, mostly democrats, and I was offered several bottles as I passed down the aisle to the raised platform. I believe I got them all as I went along. I was introduced by my old friend, Sam Schwabberman, who said:

"Gentlemen: I don't give a damn about what you fellows has come here for to talk about, but I was told that my neighbor, John Ginx, if he was half soper, would make a speech, and I bet the man \$2 he was a liar and that Ginx never gets half soper without getting too drunk blowin' about it to make a speech or anything but a tam fool of himself. So here he is, and I believe I win my bet. I introduce him, but I don't go his security."

At the conclusion of Mr. Schwabberman's brief but flattering remarks I arose and spoke as follows:

"My friends and fellow citizens: The question which I shall discuss briefly but intelligently before you this evening is: 'What shall we do to be saved from corporate aggression, trust domination and political serfdom?'"

"He might try the Keely cure," interrupted Sam Schwabberman, in a bantering tone.

"Are you addressing me, Mr. Schwabberman?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," he explained. "I was addressing the house, but I was thinking of you."

"Oh, that's different," said I. "Your apology is accepted with pleasure."

"My friends," said I, resuming, "if we hope to wipe Butte off the map for robbing Helena of its prestige, we must smash the trusts over there, as we promised in the democratic state convention. Are you aware, my friends, that the copper trusts of Butte employ more men than the whole population of Helena amounts to? Are we slaves that we must put up with this outrage? Why didn't the dam scoundrels find copper near Helena, and so help the capital of the state instead of spending all their money on the wrong side of the range until Butte is so large, as I am informed by Massena Bullard, that when a Butte man wants a drink he has a list of 276 saloons to select from, while we have only 23? Think of a cocktail route with 276 saloons! Such is the effect of copper



"THINK OF A COCKTAIL ROUTE WITH 276 STATIONS."

trust discrimination. Do you know why we are thus boycotted by these corporation octopuses? I will tell you. It was because a year ago I refused to put an oil stove in my house just after my next door neighbor had laid in his winter coal supply in an old shed near the fence, and when I knew he had to attend lodge meetings Monday and Friday of each week. Thus I had aroused the octopus, and you all know the result. But let us not be rash. Let us begin the great work of reform at home. Let us boldly confess at the outset that we have in Helena the most bloodless and soulless trust on the western half of this continent. It is the Helena cracker trust, a viper in our bosom, gentlemen. The money which goes into the coffers of that insolent concern as profits, after

paying for the flour and sand of which the crackers are made, would pay every delinquent whisky bill in Lewis and Clarke county except Massena Bullard's, and leave a fortune every month for cigars. Of course, the money for the flour goes to the farmers, and the money for the sand goes to the owners of the sand lots east of Helena and to the teamsters who haul it to the factory; but as a leading citizen of Helena, living largely on liquid food, which I regard as the staff of life, I would ask the republican trust press, and I demand a categorical answer, if any octopus organ has a reporter here who knows what that means—I would ask the monopolistic press which is run by a lot of temperance sharks who can not tell a cocktail from a solution of cyanide of potassium, and who are defending the trusts which are bribing thousands of men to work for a living, and thus bringing the Sons of Rest into disrepute—I repeat, as I was about to say, that I would ask the trust organs which prostitute their columns by discussing wages instead of principles, and which defend this cracker trust in all its infamy—I would ask of what use is a cracker to a man who is never hungry but always dry? Dare any of the creatures of capital attempt to answer that simple question? We have all heard of the man in the Bible who begged for a lemon pie and was given a grindstone. So it is with this aggregation of capitalists engaged in the infamy of making crackers in this state against the law.

"There is something in the very nature of a cracker that suggests to a man of my keen intelligence the trust idea. First, there is the consolidation of the ingredients corresponding to the consolidation of two or more companies to form the trust. In each case these ingredients must be made to stick together, for separation means disaster. One of them is water, and we all know that trust stock is watered. After the flour and water come together the process of manipulation follows, just as trust stock is manipulated up and down until the market is ripe and the public is ready to invest. When the cracker is done brown, the investors may be 'done brown' also if they grow reckless. To complete the comparison, there are finally the inside and the outside to every trust and every cracker. The resemblance goes even to the shape and style of both the cracker and the trust, for some are square and some are not, some are smooth and others rough, some are hard to break up and others crumble with exposure. It is also true that some crackers may be trusted and some trusts may be cracked, but that as a rule the trust and the cracker with the most 'dough' are the hardest to smash.

"Now, gentlemen," I resumed, "having thus exposed the insidious and depraved nature of the cracker and its natural analogy to the unholiest combinations called trusts, I ask this board of trade if they will live longer in a town that tolerates a cracker factory? Every cracker it turns out is a separate violation of the principles of human liberty, a menace to our national institutions and a mockery and defiance of every plank in the Kansas City platform. The same is true of the Lead trust, which works 400 men at East Helena, and of the Copper combine, which gives employment to 10,000 misguided miners across the range in the wickedest city on earth. If these men can not live on democratic principles alone, I say, let them starve, whether I do or not. They would have the consolation of knowing that after they are dead they will not need anything to live on.

"I propose to bring a hand-me-down law suit to drive the Cracker gang from the state as an illegal and insolvent monopoly and trust. To this end I gave my note for six bits for one share of stock owned by my friend Sam Schwab since the early days. Sam told me there were 150,000 other shares in the hands of unscrupulous stockholders who were never dry in their lives. But why should I hesitate when a matter of principle is at stake? There was some talk also of the consolidation of this Cracker trust with a cheese factory and a brewery, and a number of prominent citizens who prefer their beer straight and without deleterious foreign substances on the side, called me to to extend their congratulations and sympathy. I borrowed a few dollars from each of them, and as soon as I recovered from the effects of what followed, I went to one of the greatest lawyers in town, of whom there are 225 altogether, and told him I needed his services in a very important matter to every man who loves his home and family.

"Why, you confounded fool," remarked the lawyer, pointing to his shingle, 'you are looking for a doctor—not a lawyer,' and then we got together.

"We fought for several minutes on the floor before I could explain his mistake, but after he took his foot off my neck and let me up, I could see by the impression I had made on the boards that he had not been financially able to have his office swept for six months and was probably broke, so I began talking about fees, and he was soon willing to listen to reason, and I engaged him to begin proceedings for an injunction.

"Gentlemen of the board of trade," said I, "ever since I decided to quit work years ago, I have been opposed to capital in all its odious plots. The

Cracker trust of this city is an unholy combination against the saloon interest. It is a conspiracy to substitute the goat for the Jim-Jams, and thus deprive some of our leading citizens, of which I am, perhaps, the most prominent, of the pleasure of seeing circuses for nothing and having the counterfeit presentation of elephants and snakes and alligators giving performances in their own homes at certain stages of inebriety free of charge. The capital involved in this Cracker trust, which the democratic party is pledged to smash, would be sufficient to start fifteen saloons, each having day and night shifts, a slot machine on the bar and a barrel of alcohol in the cellar, and to scatter them anywhere in this state for the amelioration of its oppressed inhabitants, to propagate the principles of democracy and to dispense the pleasures of hope among the victims of corporate tyranny. These victims are now working eight long hours a day to help pay 8 per cent a year on the investments of eastern capitalistic kings who do nothing, while the people of our unfortunate commonwealth have to be content with the other 92 per cent. Is it not enough to make the blood of the average American boil, if he is alive to the opportunities of free government, or is sitting on a hot stove? Let us contemplate the base uses to which capital can be put by unscrupulous men bent on depriving the common people of their natural right to choose whether they will eat or drink,



"WE FOUGHT FOR SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE I COULD EXPLAIN HIS MISTAKE."

and insolently putting their money into cracker factories instead of distilleries.

"Gentlemen of the board of trade, what will our beloved commonwealth and this, its beautiful capital and metropolis, amount to if we allow capital to be diverted from its legitimate channels and used to produce the pale and lifeless cracker which is fit only for a community of pell-parrots, and from which only farmers and other parvenues derive benefit? Why is it not better to smash this trust and all kindred enterprises that bring money here only to make food and work, when we are opposed to such evidences of tyranny and disregard of democratic principles? Was it not the poet who said of the rancid nectar distilled from corn: 'Yes, verily, it is the staff of life and nature's sweet restorer and cheap at any price?'" I am now quoting, gentlemen, from the works of Mat Alderson, the sweet singer of the Sour Dough. But, leaving the realms of literature to resume the discussion of the rights of man in this crisis of the nation's history, when, as my friend Bryan says, the dollar is behind the man or the man in front of the dollar, I desire to cite another reason for the extermination of the cracker octopus, and it appeals to the party loyalty of every true democrat. In pursuance of this capitalistic plot to control the politics of Montana by surreptitiously buying all the property they can pay for, they are running this cracker monopoly with girl labor—there is not a vote among the entire army of employees. The entire 13 of them are of no more benefit to the cause of democracy and reform in Montana than so many extra school houses or churches.

"And so, gentlemen, I have come before this board of trade seeking assistance of a financial nature to enable me to prosecute this Cracker and Ginx Snap trust. If you doubt my financial standing and responsibility, I will put up a bond to secure you. It is a confederate government bond which was once perfectly good. But even if it is not I am willing to put it up if the board desires security for the proper performance of my contract to put down the trust which would bring reproach upon the industries of Helena by distributing among our people money tainted with the suspicion that it may have been acquired in Wall street speculation. Gentlemen, I ask you in all candor, can we, as consistent democrats, endorse the distribution in this state of money made by speculation in trust stocks? So long as I do not get my hands on any of it, I say emphatically that we can not, except at the sacrifice of our dignity as democrats, if we have any left. I am willing to sacrifice a little of mine if I can get a sufficiently firm grasp on their ill-gotten stuff. But, in the meantime, I want your assistance in exterminating this Cracker trust and securing the appointment as receiver at \$100 a minute.

"But, gentlemen," I resumed, "we must drive every trust dollar, unless it is trusted to us, out of Montana. We must disfranchise every man who works for imported money unless it comes our way. We must enjoin the millionaires if they do not join us and whack up. We must denounce the men who sell them property, but not before we succeed

in selling them ours, for some men are fools enough to argue that the trusts couldn't buy if we declined to sell, and that we are the men who induced them to come, and took their money at our own valuations. What kind of logic do you call that, my intelligent friends with a copper? Yet such were the insolent contentions of these cracker prates when I went to the factory only this morning to inquire why they had not last night sent me a box of angel food crackers, simply because I had omitted to send \$2.50 with the order. I told the cashier it was an inadvertence. But he must have been an ignorant man, as he replied that the bank where the trust did business—of course it was the Helena Loan and Trust company, which loans nothing and trusts nobody—he replied that the Loan and Trust company would doubtless refuse to open an inadvertence account with the cracker factory.

"No," said I, with withering sarcasm, as I sized up the cashier's coat on a nail near the door, "the banks of Helena now are mere pawn shops, which I refuse to patronize. The only bank we ever had in Helena was the First National. It received deposits with open arms, even from the humblest and poorest people. It opened accounts with everybody and loaned money to everybody except the depositors, and so, when it failed, nobody lost anything except the depositors. Everybody else quit winner. I had an open account there which the directors tried to close with a bulkhead for seven years, but they couldn't do it. It is still open, but the bank is closed. That was a bank worthy of the name," I said, with true civic pride. "I had an account there that made every barber in Helena take off his coat, vest and suspenders to me. But now I have to take off mine to them.

"But I must not indulge in reminiscence," I added to the cashier. "I think your last batch of crackers is burning, as I can smell fire."

"As the clerk rushed into the back room to save his dough, I saved some of mine by eloping with his winter overcoat. But that does not square me with this infamous conspiracy of capital to monopolize the cracker business, simply because they had the money to buy the lot and put up the factory and hire the labor, when they might just as well have built a distillery and helped the town without violating the anti-trust law that our party swore to enforce in the last campaign if it threw every man in the state out of work after he had voted. The cracker foundry is the only one in Montana, and therefore a monopoly and a trust, and I will smash it if I have to insult every girl on the pay roll as she comes from work and deprive the place of her labor.

"Gentlemen of the Helena board of trade," I concluded impressively, as I was getting dry and Schwabberman, I thought, was asleep, "I pledge you in this war for principle, my life, my fortune and my sacred honor."

"You'll have to git 'em first," said Schwabberman.

"Mr. Schwabberman," I retorted, with considerable dignity, "you have been asleep and probably dreaming of the six men who starved to death while eating Christmas dinner at your so-called hotel in the winter of '79. Naturally you feel bad, so I make due allowance for you."

"Yes, I hear your wife makes one for you," said Schwabberman, reaching for his hip pocket, while I reached for my hat. "It must be a good thing."

"You have grown corpulent," I retorted, "since you gave up the hotel business."

"I move we hang old Ginx!" shouted Schwabberman. "He's been trying to



"AS THE CLERK WITHDREW TO SAVE HIS DOUGH, I SAVED SOME OF MINE."

kill this town for twenty years and drive away all the capital except the capital building, and take away the wages from the thirteen pretty girls who might have to marry men like Ginx and took in washing while he spels against the trusts. I will pull the rope. I—

At this moment when there was every prospect of a general row, the lights went out and I decided to pass through a rear window into the open air of heaven until reason resumed its sway, so I declared the meeting adjourned without day or night. Yours truly, JOHN GINX.

His Absence Preferred.

Prince Chun will have to bow himself out of Germany without unnecessary delay. He will have no opportunity to do any miscellaneous rubber-necking.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Quite a Question.

If Columbia will only hold the America's cup for us this one time more we'll promise to build a capable successor for the next contest.—St. Louis Republic.

REMARKABLE RIDE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

RECORD-BREAKING RAILROAD TIME MADE ACROSS NEW YORK STATE TO GET HIM TO BUFFALO AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE.

President Roosevelt was in the heart of the remotest region of the Adirondacks when it was felt to be necessary to send for him. As a matter of fact, under the constitution, he became president the moment Mr. McKinley breathed his last, but the precedent has been long established that the formality of the vice-president taking the oath should follow almost immediately the death of the president. Mr. McKinley's moribund condition being known the object of the cabinet was to have Mr. Roosevelt sworn in as president with the least possible delay. A telegram sent early Friday morning found him on top of Mount Marcy late that afternoon. He started at once for the camp of the Tahawas club in the Adirondacks, thirty-five miles north of North Creek, the nearest rail-

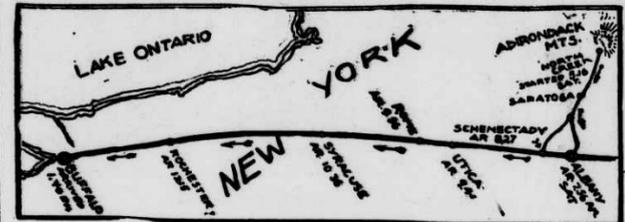
station, but probably none was more weird than this.

The ride was made mostly in silence. The vice-president, who before the first stag of his journey was completed had become the president, was thoughtful and sombre. He drew his coat closely around him to shield himself from the keen air, and he and his drivers went on, scarcely able to see the heads of the horses and trusting to the instinct of the latter to draw them in the safe path.

First Stage of the Trip.

The first stage of the journey to Alden Lair, twelve miles, was completed at 3:15 a. m. Mr. Roosevelt had then been for one hour president of the United States, but he did not know it.

It was then as dark as ever, the



way station. From there he had to ride thirty-five miles in the dark to North Creek, relays of horses being used. The remainder of the journey was made by rail.

The long journey began at a flat rock on the top of Mount Marcy, and that rock is likely to become notable, for Mr. Roosevelt was standing on it in the approaching sunset that when the guide from the Tahawas Club informed him that President McKinley had suffered a dangerous relapse.

He was leaning then upon his gun, and in his hunter's garb, standing like a silhouette against the red glow of the sunset, he might have passed for a new Daniel Boone.

The Tahawas Club has two houses and he did not arrive at the lower lodge, which lies nearest the railroad, until past midnight.

It was absolutely necessary to take a little rest and refreshment there and it was 1:15 a. m., when he left on the journey to the railroad.

Wild Night Drive.

Mr. Roosevelt at that time did not know that Mr. McKinley was so near to death. Nevertheless he was full of anxiety and not disposed to delay on account of the difficulties and dangers of the way.

The night was almost impenetrable in its darkness and the road was washed out with many gullies.

Mr. Roosevelt has taken many journeys in the wilds of the Rocky Moun-

tain, but probably none was more gloomy mountain tops lowering at them through the darkness. M. F. Cronin, of Alden Lair Lodge, who knew of the emergency, was ready with a fresh team of horses, and with brief thanks, almost the first words that he had spoken since leaving the club house, Mr. Roosevelt continued his journey at increased speed.

The drive over the second stage from Alden Lair Lodge to North Creek was almost without a precedent. The distance, sixteen miles, was made in one hour and forty-two minutes, and that, too, in the darkness and over bad roads.

He was met at North Creek by his secretary, Mr. Loeb, and Mr. O. D. Hammond, superintendent of the Delaware and Hudson railroad. The first bars of daylight were just then appearing and the officials had waited long.

Mr. Loeb held a folded paper in his hand, the contents of which he knew.

Mr. Roosevelt sprang at once from the buckboard and hastened forward to meet his secretary.

Learns of McKinley's Death.

Mr. Loeb without a word handed him the folded paper, and Mr. Roosevelt, opening it, read the official announcement of Mr. McKinley's death.

He was visibly agitated. Tears rose in his eyes and his lips shut tightly, but he said nothing.

Instead he picked up the paper mechanically and put it in his pocket. Then he strode toward the special train looking a worn and thoroughly lonely man.

To the Holders of Industrial Policies of the Pacific Mutual Life Ins. Co.

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co., has retired from the Industrial Insurance business, and, by a contract with the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, the Metropolitan has agreed to assume all the Pacific company's outstanding Industrial Policies with the consent of the holders thereof.

The Metropolitan is the largest Industrial company in the country, being as large as all the other companies put together.

It has over \$62,000,000 of assets, over \$8,000,000 of surplus; nearly five and one half millions of Industrial Policies in force for an insurance amounting to nearly a thousand millions of dollars.

It paid over \$8,000,000 in death claims last year and pays a claim on the average every seven minutes.

It is the most liberal company in its treatment of policy holders in the whole country, or in the world.

For many years it has written more insurance annually than any other company in the world.

In purely ordinary business, aside from the Industrial, it stood No. 1 last year, being preceded only by the New York Life, the Mutual and the Equitable.

The Industrial field force, superintendents, assistant superintendents and agents, of the Pacific have for the most part joined the Metropolitan. They will call upon the policy holders and invite them to have their policies guaranteed by the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan agrees to carry out in every respect the policy contracts of the Pacific; so that the Pacific Industrial Policies will now have \$2 millions of assets behind them. New policies will not be required. The Pacific Policies will be stamped with a contract of assumption by the Metropolitan.

The Industrial Insurance Offices of the Pacific have become the offices of the Metropolitan.

In this city the office and superintendent are as follows: MR. J. C. STEIN, Superintendent, rooms 25-26 Owsley Block, Butte, Mont.

The Metropolitan Insurance company has established its Pacific Coast head office at 419 California street, San Francisco, as temporary headquarters until more commodious offices can be obtained; and from this head office policies will be issued and claims paid. It will be in charge of Second Vice-President Gaston and of Assistant Secretary Roberts.

JOHN R. HEGEMEN, President.
HALEY FISKE, Vice-President. GEO. H. GASTON, 2nd Vice-President.
GEO. B. WODWARD, Secretary. JAS. S. ROBERTS, Assistant Secretary.

..The Woman Beautiful.



Miss Harold has the only successful method for the renewal of youth in prematurely aged and wrinkled faces. She changes sallow, sickly faces into glowing, youthful ones. Faces disfigured by scars or smallpox made smooth and fresh as a child's. She also removes permanently superfluous hair, moles and birthmarks and cures eczema, acne, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, liver spots, freckles, tan, red veins, open pores and oily skin. Miss E. W. Harold, Dermatologist, Room 21, The Argyle, 68 West Broadway.

MISS E. W. HAROLD, Dermatologist
ROOM 21, THE ARGYLE 68 W. BROADWAY.