

IT WILL BE PERMANENT THIS TIME



PROF. L. R. FOOTE, PRESIDENT Y. M. C. A.

After several ineffectual attempts at organization, the Young Men's Christian association has made another effort, this time under more favorable circumstances, however.

The association has secured two commodious rooms in the Goldberg building, where magazines and general literature may be had by the members and where strangers in the city may find a cordial welcome.

Met Last Night.

A gentleman who has taken an active part in the reorganization said this morning:

"We made our previous mistakes in attempting too much, but I trust we have profited by the experience, and for the present we intend to be satisfied with quiet, comfortable quarters, where members can read or write and find some place to spend the leisure hours away from the many temptations which beset the paths of the young man who has too much time on his hands.

"We expect that after a while we shall be able to spread out a little, and have a gymnasium and other forms of legitimate amusement, with occasional entertainments that will attract the young men of the city.

The officers are: President, Prof. R. L. Foote; vice president, N. A. Forsythe; general secretary, V. E. Wilson; recording secretary, V. E. Sampson; treasurer, J. R. Russell.

Will Not Attempt Too Much.

Last night the new members assembled in their quarters in the Goldberg block for a business meeting.

Plans for a more perfect organization were talked over. Among other things it was decided that the next business meeting the executive committee would submit a constitution.

There are about 125 members already enrolled in the association, which alone will insure success.

The rooms will be open from 9 o'clock a. m. until 10 p. m. each day, during which time members will be present to give desired information to strangers. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock devotional services will be held in the rooms of the association.

THIS IS WOMAN'S WEEK AT THE CATHOLIC MISSION SERVICES

If you get up before 5 o'clock one of these fine cool mornings, this week, you will see a vast throng of women hurrying along in a continuous stream in silence. Here they come, thicker and faster, and it is not yet near twilight. You should be tempted to say there were not that many women in the city, but where are they all going? There must be at least five hundred.

This is woman's week at the Catholic mission, now in progress at various Catholic churches in Butte, and all these women are hurrying off to early mass at 5 o'clock.

Mission a Successful One.

"We are having a very successful mission," said one of the priests this morning. "At the five masses held every morning we have an enormous attendance and at the evening service there isn't even standing room.

"There were not less than fourteen hundred women in St. Patrick's church last night. They were everywhere—in the sacristies, inside the altar rail, on the stairway leading to the gallery, and every seat had about two women crowded into it."

There are five masses during the missions, one every hour, beginning at 5 o'clock until 9 o'clock. During the odd hours—at 5, 7 and 9, the missionary priests conduct the services and preach sermons. In the evening services begin at 7:30, the visiting priests officiating. The evening service consists of a rosary, sermon and benediction.

BUILDING SAVED FROM FIRE

Quick work by the fire department saved the new building of W. A. Clark, Jr., early this morning and prevented what would have been a costly and disastrous fire.

The building is the new one erected at the corner of Park and Academy streets, and the flames were discovered by Fred Froehlich, son of the furrier at No. 18 Academy street. Froehlich tried to send in the alarm from the signal box at Park and Montana streets, but did not understand the manner of working it, and rushed to the saloon of Gus Nichols to telephone.

Officers McQueeney and McNally arrived just then and sent in a still alarm. When the department arrived flames were issuing from the windows on four floors, and it looked as if the building was doomed.

Two companies were put to work and with the chemical engine succeeded in extinguishing the flames inside of half an hour.

The damage is estimated at \$150, and the origin of the fire is not known. There was a fire kept up in the basement boiler to assist in drying the plaster, but it is thought that somebody carelessly dropped a cigar in the debris at the rear of the building and started a smoldering fire. The elevator shaft formed a draught for the flames and accounted for them reaching through all of the windows on the upper floors. The principal damage was done to the finishing, which was fresh, and afforded quick combustion.

SOME BIRCH CREEK ACCIDENTS.

One Young Man Had His Arm Broken.

(Special to Inter Mountain.) Dillon, March 4.—Frank Mittlemier, a young lad living on Birch creek, had both arms broken Sunday night by being thrown from his saddle pony. Surgical aid was secured from this city and the young man is reported as resting easily. He was sending his pony at a lively rate when the accident occurred and his

VINDICTIVE SILEY

SWEDISH WHO DESIRES TO SEND WOMAN TO PRISON.

IDA AATZ IS DEFENDANT

Information Being Prepared Charging Her With Grand Larceny—Accused of Robbing Sand—Haunts County Attorney's Office.

Siley Sand is a six-foot Swede, and he possesses a trusting and simple nature—one that would warrant the spelling of his first name with another "L." A short time ago he was robbed at the house of 23 East Galena street by a woman named Ida Aatz, according to his story, told in language in which "Ay dank" had a prominent place.

The county attorney's office has had the case of the woman whom he charges with robbery in hand for two or three days, and Siley Sand has taken an extreme interest in the matter.

Sand drifted into the woman's place on the night of February 23, and when he had drifted out he discovered by casting his various pockets in account that there was a deficit of \$31. His name is Sand, but his grit deserted him at this point. Instead of swallowing his loss with the sand that made the Spartans of old renowned for the way their nerve gritted on the shores of time, he raised a howl at the sorrows of life. He said "Ay dank Ay gate dat money pack," and he returned to No. 23.

Like a Roaring Lion.

That time he did not drift, however; he went in like a roaring lion; and, strange to relate, he found the collateral that had slithered through his jeans under Miss Aatz's couch on the floor. What gave him the hunch to look for it in that place is a mystery.

He was not satisfied with the recovery of the money, but he yearned for revenge. So he remarked, "Ay dank Ay gate dat gart post in yael," and strode to the police station and had Miss Aatz arrested. Jailer Sol Levy took charge of the money for the purpose of using it in evidence, and the case went to the county attorney.

The county attorney's office was engaged today in preparing an information for grand larceny against the woman, Siley Sand having desired to pose as the complaining witness. The information charges the woman with robbing Siley on February 23 of the \$31.

Haunts County Attorney.

Siley Sand, in order to show a proper interest in the case, has religiously spent the last two days in the county attorney's office. Yesterday afternoon, when the office force had grown tired of him, he was asked what he was waiting for, and he replied "Ay dank Ay bay hare fan dat case bay tried."

He was informed that the case would not be tried that day, and he departed. This morning he appeared again and located himself. Once more he was asked what he wanted, and he replied, "Ay ban come hare fare dat traal." "Oh, go 'way; go 'way," said the office stenographer. "Go 'way, and come back next week—when the flowers bloom again—when they send for you," and he reluctantly complied.

MODEST YOUTH

Who Quizzed the American Proved to Be the Kaiser.

(New York Times.)

One summer day in 1890 a New Yorker visiting Berlin, strolled to the Lustgarten, and, sitting on the benches, contemplated the various fine buildings around him. He did not know his bearing well, and, in halting German asked some questions of a young man who had sat down beside him.

This young man was unmistakably a German, but he replied in perfect English, remarking that he presumed his interlocutor was either an Englishman or an American. The couple chatted for half an hour, and the American became more and more astonished at the minuteness of the other's knowledge of the archaeology of Berlin. He knew the history of every building in sight, told the American just these things that the guide book does not tell, and, withal, was so courteous and unaffectedly cordial that the heart of the tourist warmed to his unknown guide.

At length the conversation drifted from the past to the present, and the New Yorker made a remark about the opinion held in America of the Kaiser. In those days the young "War Lord" was regarded as a dangerous firebrand, as an irresponsible monarch who might any day plunge Europe into conflict. It was even said that he had shown evidence of insanity.

When this subject arose the young German suddenly changed from a giver of information to a seeker of it, asking eagerly for details of the reports about the Kaiser current in America. These the New Yorker furnished to the best of his ability, and ended by asking:

"What do you personally think of him?"

"I am afraid," replied the young man, "that my opinion on that subject is not of much value. I am the Kaiser myself."

The American sprang to his feet with amazement. The emperor cut his apologies short.

"My friend," he said, "you have done me a service. It is hard for me to learn the truth about what is said of me, just as hard as it is for people far way to learn the truth about me. But, with God's help, I will show that what is said about me is wrong."

"And no one," says the American in telling the story nowadays, "need say anything about the Kaiser to me. I know a man when I see one."

It has taken the world many years to find out how wrong was its estimate of the ruler of the German nation, but it has found it out by now, or, at any rate, those whose opinions are worth anything have done so. Twelve years ago people talked of "the mad emperor." Nowadays he is referred to as "the clever man in Europe." The latter view, according to those who know him best, is far from being an exaggeration.

At... SYMONS' Today & Tomorrow

You will find many of the special bargains of yesterday. The lots were large; and it takes more than a day to clear them out, even at

Symons' Unusual Bargain Prices

Come early today. It is easier to shop when the crowd is not in. You will be better satisfied, and besides we can serve you very much better. All

These Goods are Spring Novelties

New 1902 Wash Goods for Spring

Think of one department showing over one hundred thousand yards of five different American weaves of washable stuffs such as: Dimities in every conceivable style, worth 20c and 25c. Dotted Swisses in an endless variety, worth 20c. Printed Batistes, beautiful in styles, worth 20c and 25c. Printed Llama cloths, very choice and pretty, worth 15c and 25c. Galatea cloths, the best in checks and stripes, worth 15c and 20c.

Choice of the Lot Today and Tomorrow at 10c German Blue Calico

Extra heavy and 30 inches wide; rich dark blue in color; styles are all pleasing; a good seller at 12 1/2c. Alteration price..... 7 1/2 Cents

New 1902 Tailored Suits for \$7.95

A brief description of this price leader in new suits, made from Oxford gray, cheviot, Elton jacket with bodice belt, jacket lined with Venetian satin and neatly trimmed with folds of black moire velour; skirt made on one of the newest models with flared, graduated flounce, trimmed all around the top or head of flounce with black moire velour. This is a very stylish and serviceable suit, and the price today will be..... \$7.95

\$4.00 New Golf Skirts \$1.95

Wonderful values, beautiful goods; durable, stylish, well made; in Oxford gray mixtures; made with lap seams, with eight rows of stitching around the bottom of the skirt; well made and stitched with silk. The real value of this skirt is \$4.00..... Today and Tomorrow \$1.95

The New Louise Silks

This is the new weave in silk, made from Louise, or long thread pure silk yarns, making a soft, clinging fabric with a smooth, almost velvet finish. At the same time it is as bright and lustrous as the richest Lyons satin. You find it in pink, cream, white, light blue, red and biscuit color; also the watermelon shade. The price is 85c, but here..... Today and Tomorrow 59c

Another Silk Item of Interest

A guaranteed black taffeta, 27 inches wide, extra heavy, yet soft; the bright, lustrous kind, the much-wanted black just now. Regular price \$1.25..... Today and Tomorrow 85c

French Challies

100 pieces best quality of fine French challies; none better, and the styles, well, we can only say the quantity is so large and the styles so numerous that we won't try to describe them, only to say they are beautiful. The regular price is 65c and 75c per yard..... Alteration Price 41c

EMBROIDERY AND LACES

Lace Sale Unprecedented See the Kinds and See the Prices

Plat Vals, Point de Paris, Arabians and Normandies, worth up to 25c; today and tomorrow..... 10 cents	Wid e Torchon Lace, worth 5c, today and tomorrow..... 2 cents	8-inch Hamburg Embroidery, large assortment to choose from, worth 15c, today and tomorrow..... 10 cents	Allover Tucking, assorted lot, worth from \$1 to \$1.25 per yard; today and tomorrow..... 50 cents	Allover embroidery, assorted lot, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard, today and tomorrow..... 69 cents
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HOW SCHWAB WON.

Stuck to One Number and Always Played Maximums.

(Paris Cor. Philadelphia Record.)

Now that Charles M. Schwab has left Monte Carlo his play has ceased to be the nine days' wonder of the place. Nevertheless considerable interest is still attached to the accounts of the steel magnate's doings at the famous Casino. The correspondent of a local paper on the spot sends the following report of Mr. Schwab's visit to the roulette tables:

"From the very outset he began playing maximums. That in itself is a thing to create close observation. Nor were they ordinary maximums, either. It was at roulette, and he would not only play the maximum en plein, but on every available staking place connected with the chosen number.

"Here again he acted so as to inevitably attract pronounced attention. But he did more. He won. He became the great sensation as a huge and lucky winner. Then the crowd found out who he was. The news spread. The crowd grew bigger daily—more excited. He continued to play wholesale maximums. His sensational coups were cheered. The rare and amazing music of hand-clapping and 'loud applause' became frequent.

"He was escorted to his automobile by a hustling, hysterical, gaping following, who would watch his departure in silence, and break out into a wild babble when the vehicle and the human wonder inside it vanished from sight. Whether there was any calculation, any science, in his play I am not prepared to say. I did not detect any signs of it myself. Some competent persons tell me that he usually played the number that theoretically ought to turn up. Others equally competent declare that his play was utterly unscientific.

"When I saw him at work Mr. Schwab's principle seemed to be the very simple one of sticking to a number until it came. In some cases he won by sheer luck, as, for instance, when he backed the nine twice running, thereby clearing 70,000 francs, again, immediately afterward winning 20,000 francs on 5, not by direct playing for 5 to come again, certain stakes covering both numbers, of course.

"This was mere luck, because the theoretical coup after 5 is 17, which he did not play. Analysis, however, is as useless as it is difficult. He won huge sums almost daily. He often lost, but on the whole he is an immense winner."

SILLY INFATUATION

Of Women for Criminals Has Nauseated the Wardens of Prisons.

(Chicago Tribune.) "Sensationalism is responsible," says the chaplain of Reading jail, the most famous prison priest in England, "for the sad fact that the worse some men are the more they attract some women. Bad women attract many men, but it is not simply because they are bad. They must be beautiful or clever as well. "But bad men seem to attract certain hysterical types of women, who come from every class, merely because they are bad. Some of the filthiest, stupidest,

stolidest, most uninteresting brutes I have ever known in here," and the chaplain pointed at the soiled four walls of the extensive yard, "have been simply undated with offers of marriage from unknown sympathizers and admirers. In fact, such is the curious fascination of crime to persons of a certain class that it is almost safe to say that the more brutal and heartless the criminal the better are his matrimonial chances.

"Neill Cream, the famous, or rather infamous, poisoner; Deming, the Australian wife killer; Fauntleroy and many others of the greatest scoundrels of our time, might have been married over and over again if justice had not substituted the halter for the altar; and for a woman to commit a crime, if she be at all good looking, is to awaken tender emotions in many a manly breast.

"A few years ago, when a certain young man of rank was charged with a particularly heinous crime, at least a score of silly women promptly fell head over heels in love with him, and inundated his solicitor with messages of sympathy, offers of financial help and of marriage. Every day of his trial some of them attended the court and exhausted every stratagem to get a word with him, and when he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude one woman, an absolute stranger to him, fainted in court.

"So infatuated was one of his admirers that she went to live in the neighborhood of the prison where he served his sentence, and was happy if she caught a glimpse of him on his way to the quarries. Whether she married him or not ultimately I cannot say, but it was certainly not her fault if she didn't.

"In another case, which occurred at about the same time, a young and pretty girl was charged with the manslaughter of her child under peculiarly sad conditions. Her case excited wide sympathy, and to my certain knowledge at least a dozen men wrote to make her offers of marriage. After a long trial she was acquitted, and one of her numerous suitors, a man of some wealth and social position, found a home for her and at the end of six months led her to the altar. This strangely united couple are now living on the continent, and, as I hear from a friend of mine who is English chaplain there, are happy together.

"It is comparatively seldom that this infatuation for a criminal leads to matrimony as promptly as in the case of a clever and notorious French swindler, who was recently brought before a French court on a serious charge. Among his many admirers was a young woman, who fell so violently in love with the prisoner that she declared she would marry him in prison.

"She applied to a magistrate for the requisite permission. 'Is it true that you would like to marry this man?' the magistrate asked. 'Yes, sir,' she answered, 'I love him very much, and it would make us both happy forever.' Permission was given, and the prisoner and his devoted bride were married at the local mayor's office, with four policemen as witnesses. It probably will be some time, however, before they are in a position to enjoy their honeymoon.

"A still more remarkable story comes from America," said the English clergyman. "Some years ago a young and at-

tractive woman was charged with a grave offense, and, although it was found that the crime was committed under influence which the girl was powerless to resist, she was sentenced to a long imprisonment. The judge whose painful duty it was to inflict this sentence was so moved by pity for the girl that he frequently visited her in prison, and was so struck by her natural charm, intelligence and modesty that he fell in love with her.

"When her sentence had expired he met her at the prison gates and drove her away in his own carriage to a home he had provided for her, and a few weeks later she became the wife of a man who a few years earlier had been her judge and punisher. This case, which is well known in America, proves that it is not only the young and foolish in whom a criminal can inspire love and loyalty.

"Another case which is within my own knowledge is that of a bank clerk who was charged about three years ago with embezzlement. It was proved in evidence that he had committed the crime in order to help a brother who was in financial straits, and fully hoping and intending to replace the money before it was missed. His case excited considerable sympathy at the time, and in none more than in the daughter of the barrister who defended him.

"The young man was sentenced to a merely nominal term of imprisonment, and on his release called at the house of the counsel, who had defended him to thank him again for his kind offices. Here he met the girl, who was able to express her deep sympathy with him in his misfortune, and thus commenced an acquaintance which quickly ripened into love.

"A year ago the young people were married with the father's approval, and I understand they are now leading an ideally happy life in Melbourne, where a good opening was found for the young bridegroom."

Philosophic Maunderings.

(Baltimore News.) The minute lemon peel becomes popular as a disguise of breath, domestic harmony demands the discovery of a substitute.

The trouble about an automobile is that you can't say "Whoa!" at it with any certainty of getting results. Personal responsibility is the one factor that makes police a bed of needles for the ward healer.

An expolition in the kitchen isn't always caused by the oil stove; sometimes it's the cook resigning. The chief value of gold braid and buttons is that they scare the enemy into paralysis long enough to give the marksman a good target.

The best thing that man ever said was the thing he intended to say and forgot.

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought.

(Baltimore News.) "Talk about yo' Rembrandt's an' yo' big artists," said Uncle Eph, "a contemptuous smile, 'yo' ought t' see dat o' mule ob mine draw! Mistah Jackson, will yo' please request de 'buitah' t' step dis way!"

Jones' dairy farm. Pure pork sausages at Brophy's.