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PROGRESS OF A GREAT WORK.

The good work that is being accomplished by the National Civic Federation in the way of bringing labor and capital to a more appreciative understanding of each other is a matter for sincere congratulation. The federation is largely the inspiration of Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio, who perhaps more than any other of our public men has given intelligent study to the subject of strikes and industrial disturbances.

In undertaking to find a way to save to the people the vast sums that are wasted in strikes and lock-outs, he has undertaken a work of the very first importance, and if he succeeds even in part he will deserve well of posterity. It may be suggested from the trend of political comment that Mr. Hanna is looking nearer than posterity for his reward; that the White House is within his calculations.

This may be, and if so, the reward would be none too great nor would it come too soon. It is more than likely, however, that Mr. Hanna is seeking to work out his idea without any particular thought of his own gain or loss in the matter. He seems to think he is on the right track and is going ahead.

There is probably no question before the country of more importance to the whole people than this of harmonizing the interests of labor and capital. It is not a matter to be reached by legislation, though laws to promote the underlying principle of arbitration would doubtless help toward a consummation of the work in view.

The National Civic Federation has already helped to settle several industrial disputes, and as it is the combined thought of employers, business men and laboring men there is much to encourage the belief that ultimately it will be able to accomplish even the stupendous task which is marked out for it. It would be a boon to mankind. The money losses through strikes, almost incredible in their magnitude; the commercial and social disturbances and all manner of miseries that follow in their wake—to eliminate these from the life of the people would be an achievement of unexampled importance and benefit to the world.

BEWARE! THE BOER FUND.

Unwise friends placed the president in a position where it was necessary for him to give some countenance to a money contribution of \$5,000 sent to the Boers, and there are indications that this incident will be used to promote other Boer funds. It will be well for the people to use great discretion, not to say caution, in contributing to these funds. Already a gentleman of Chicago, a town of great fertility in many ways, has launched a scheme for raising \$5,000,000 for the suffering and sanguinary Boers. It is set forth specifically in an alluring circular that the money is to be hurried at once to the sufferers in the Boer camps. The urgency of the situation is set forth with much eloquence and pathos. "Send us your money before it is everlastingly too late," seems to be the burden of the song. Once the money is in hand, the greatest possible speed will be employed in getting it to the needy burghers. If it were possible it would be sent on the swift wings of morning.

The able and energetic gentleman who is at the head of this monetary movement informs us that he is certain eight out of ten persons are ready to subscribe to his fund, which, if true, entirely bears out the painstaking compiler of vital statistics and his figures that a sucker is born every minute.

In view of his knowledge of the large proportion of persons who are anxious to subscribe, this Chicago gentleman declares that he will not be satisfied until he has \$5,000,000 in hand.

Every man is at liberty to look at the proposition from his own standpoint, and if he concludes to subscribe out of his poverty or his riches we know of no law to stop him. He is the sort of man who is soon parted from his money anyhow. If a Boer fund did not separate him from his cash a goldbrick would.

PRICKS HOME AND ABROAD.

American dressed pork is selling in Liverpool at the same price as in New York. While no quotations are furnished, American dressed beef is doubtless doing the same.

It is no new thing for American products to sell as cheaply in European seaboard cities as in the United States, or at least in some parts of the United States. This excites some surprise at times and not infrequently considerable

indignation. Agitators cite the fact as a great outrage upon the American consumer.

This is not always justified. In a good many instances American products and manufactures are sold in foreign markets at a loss in order to introduce them to these new markets and build up a foreign demand for them. Every large exporting firm knows that this is done. It is "good business."

There is another point that is overlooked. Why, for instance, should not an article that is produced near the Atlantic seaboard cities be sold as cheaply in Liverpool, or London, Hamburg, or Bremen as in distant parts of the United States? Water transportation is cheaper than rail transportation and the Atlantic ocean is no exception. Because of this freight rates to foreign seaports are often lower than too many localities within our own borders. Don't forget, although the seas are wide, that this is likewise a large country. Whatever may be the reason for American beef selling as cheaply in Liverpool as in New York, there is often the best reason for other American products doing so.

MINES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The industrious and painstaking Frank G. Carpenter, travel-stained from visits to numerous libraries and rubbing against tomes of various kinds, has been describing for the newspapers his trip to the Philippines. We are interested only in what he says here regarding the money that is to be made in mines out there, viz.:

"I should like to see our geological survey send out prospectors to the different parts of the Philippines. Nearly every island has great mineral wealth. There are deposits of iron, coal, lead, copper, silver and gold. In northern Luzon there are copper mines which were worked before Magellan discovered the Philippines and the natives are getting copper out of them today. There are lead deposits in Cebu and silver on the island of Marinduque. I was told of an iron mountain which exists not far from Manila, and one of our army officers, a civil engineer, described to me a gold deposit which he discovered near San Mateo, within ten miles of the city limits. He had been making a topographical survey when he came upon a strip of country filled with lumps of what he thought were pyrites. He filled his bag with the lumps and took them to one of the warships, and had them assayed. They ran from 12 to 14 ounces of gold to the ton. He says the lumps were picked from a strip about three miles wide and ten miles long. He told me that he had staked out claims for himself and friends upon it, and that he eventually expected to raise capital and develop the property. If he is correct, that region may turn out to be a gold camp similar to Mercur, south of Salt Lake. There are also rich gold mines in Mindanao. I was shown gold grains about the size of wheat during my stay in western Luzon, and there is no doubt of gold existing in the northern mountains."

Montana miners and others should await further advice before shouldering pick and shovel and journeying to the Philippines. Mining might be good out there; but it is also good at home, if nothing better presents itself at Thunder Mountain.

We note with a thrill of rapture that a great cocking-main is soon to be "pulled off" in this city, the birds to "go" with regulation gaffs 1 1/2 inches long. Lovers of this humane, high-minded and altogether delightful "sport" are naturally all a-quiver with joy and gladness over the prospect. The gods themselves are looking down upon us with envy. Strange to say, we do not hear that Boston, Chicago, St. Louis or St. Paul will send representatives from their respective boards of trade, chambers of commerce or Y. M. C. A.'s to participate in this proud event. The understanding is, however, that Anaconda will be largely represented, and will probably drop some of its coin. An Anaconda man is wholly unable to pick a chicken unless it is on the table.

An Eastern exchange, by way of illustrating the vastness of the country and the eccentricity of its weather, calls attention to oranges blossoming in Florida and a railroad train snowbound in North Dakota, both at the same time. Another illustration might be cited, that of rains and floods and wintry winds devastating Tennessee and Pennsylvania, while in Montana the balm of spring was in the air. When the "banana belt" comes to be actually surveyed by the government it will doubtless be found to run through Montana.

"Dr." Dowle has launched his new political party, the Theocrats, and it promises to be almost as powerful as the Bryan party is at this time. The main plank of the platform is that the constitution of the United States is badly out of joint and must be reformed at once. As this is also the chief plank of Mr. Bryan's platform we do not see why the two mighty forces should not get together. Each needs the other for bolstering purposes.

Although Montana is considerably removed from a maritime state, she is furnishing a big allotment of her sons as recruits to the United States navy. In addition to the large numbers that have enlisted from other parts of the state, Butte is likely to furnish 60 or more. Even one of Butte's sons with a glass eye tried to smuggle himself through and almost succeeded. Neither avirreous optic nor a wooden leg stops or stays a Montana boy's patriotism.

Twenty-two men made a movement forward and the clerk stopped in his work of noting those who had failed to respond to the summons to look in wonder at the entire venire desiring to escape.

"Well," said the judge, speaking to a

FARMER AND MINER.

The American farmer is shaking up the soil with a vengeance, and permits no grass to grow under his feet. Last fall our farmers seeded 32,000,000 acres of winter wheat, an area of 4,000,000 acres in excess of that which they reaped during the summer. This is the largest area seeded in the history of the country, and suggests the enormous demand which the nations of the world are making upon us for breadstuffs. Kansas is still ahead in wheat acreage and the extent of her yield. This year Kansas has 4,825,000 acres in wheat, and her crop last year reached the enormous total of 90,000,000 bushels. Minnesota is second with 75,000,000 bushels, and the two Dakotas came along rolling up 94,000,000 bushels between them. Experts regard it early to decide as to the prospects for spring wheat or even to settle the matter of area seeded. It is believed that the value of this year's crop in the Dakotas and Minnesota will aggregate \$100,000,000.

Of course, this is quite a stunt for the honest farmer and does credit to his judgment and industry. After performing a day's work looking to these excellent results as a whole he may well be satisfied with himself as he homeward plods his weary way and is welcomed by the watchdog's honest bark.

But after all, what does these grains and things raised on top of the ground amount to alongside of the minerals that are dug from below the surface? Granted that the two big Dakotas and Minnesota combined will produce \$100,000,000 worth of wheat this year, it isn't so much more than Montana alone will yield in minerals and Butte will produce the bulk of that. What do the three great wheat growing states that will produce \$100,000,000 worth of wheat think of a single county that contributed to the world's wealth in 1900 the total of \$55,000,000, and this for the most part from an area of two miles square?

"The farmer feeds all," according to the proverb, but the miner does a lot toward furnishing the money to pay the bill, and the Butte miner certainly does his share.

If the abused Boers will step down to the coast, capture a port of entry and a few transports, they will then be in position as well as the British to buy rifles and horses in the United States. We have good horses here for war purposes, but our mules are especially to be commended. They have courage, patience, a high order of intelligence, good wind and bottom, and what is more important in an army mule, can carry about as much tonnage as a battleship. The American mule has performed so glorious a part in the South African war that it is ten thousand pities he can have no posterity to share the honor.

If we send money in \$5,000 chunks to the Boers as a free gift and sell mules to the British and take their British gold for the same, hasn't the Boer a good deal the better of it?

Cecil Rhodes begins to live in the affections of the people after he is dead. Shakespeare was dead two hundred years before he began to really live, move and enjoy himself.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

"They've given up the Authors' club." "Why?" "Everybody who had written an historical novel was eligible, and they found it wasn't going to be exclusive enough."—Detroit Free Press.

"This system of bi-partisan boards is something comparatively new in municipal government, isn't it?" "Yes, you see, in the olden times you couldn't buy partisans as easily as you can today."—Richmond Dispatch.

Miss Singleton (effusively)—Oh! papa is so good to me. At every birthday he presents me some piece of jewelry. Young Archaeologist (naively)—Have you—have you preserved some of the earliest specimens?—Sing Sing Star of Hope.

Teacher—Willie, what is greediness? Willie—Wanting something that older people want themselves.—Chicago Daily News.

Fond Mother (to teacher)—Don't you think my boy is bound to make his mark? Teacher—I am afraid so. It seems impossible for him to learn to write.—Tit Bits.

Deacon—Refused to fight him, did you? Ah! that's a noble boy. Now, Tommie, tell the little boy why you refused.

Tommie—'Cause he can lick me.—Woman's Home Companion.

Towne—You say you didn't like his behavior on that occasion? Browne—No, he's an awful cad, and— Towne—But on this particular occasion his behavior wasn't caddish at all. Browne—That's just it. He's such an awful cad he should never act like a gentleman. It gives people a wrong impression of him.—Philadelphia Press.

Blobbs—He says he would rather fight than eat. Slobbs—Pugnacious, eh? Blobbs—No, dyspeptic.—Philadelphia Record.

Why One Talesman Was Scratched. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] In a certain case the judge ordered the sheriff to call his roll of 35 "good men and true" selected for jury duty. Only 22 answered to their names, and the sheriff looked somewhat inquiringly at the judge, but the latter was calmly wiping his glasses while he uttered the customary: "Any desiring to be excused from service on the jury will now come forward."

Twenty-two men made a movement forward and the clerk stopped in his work of noting those who had failed to respond to the summons to look in wonder at the entire venire desiring to escape.

"Well," said the judge, speaking to a

long, thin, nervous-looking young man, "why do you wish to be excused?" "If it please your honor," answered the aforesaid thin individual, "I'd like to be excused on account of illness. I'm suffering from something that might prove embarrassing to the other jurors, and it is certainly embarrassing to me." "What is the nature of your illness?" asked the judge.

"Well," said the young man, hesitatingly, "I'd prefer to tell you in private, I'm somewhat delicate about speaking of it in public." "I cannot hear anything in private," responded the judge impatiently. "If you want to be excused you must tell me here and now what is the matter with you." "Well, if I must tell it here—I have the itch."

"The itch?" echoed the judge, and, turning to the clerk, without marking how apropos his observation was, he said: "Mr. Jones, scratch the juror off."

LETTER CARRIERS.

Some Excellent Reasons Why Congress Should Raise Their Pay. (Philadelphia Bulletin.)

The bill providing that letter carriers in cities of 75,000 population or more shall receive a salary of \$1,200 after three years of service seems to be a just and reasonable measure.

At present the maximum pay of those indispensable public servants is \$1,000 annually, and it can only be attained in their fourth year of employment. In small towns or rural neighborhoods such an income might be adequate, but the great majority of the letter carriers are necessarily engaged in large cities, where the cost of living is high, and this fact should be taken into consideration.

It should also be remembered that in case of sickness or disability they receive absolutely nothing, their pay going to the substitute who is hired to perform their tasks temporarily. Unlike the comfortably housed federal clerks at Washington, the carriers are compelled to be out of doors in all sorts of weather, often transporting heavy burdens in their sacks, and plodding along over their routes alike in the scorching heat of summer and winter storms.

The report of the postmaster general shows that in the last five years the gross receipts at the free delivery offices in the United States have increased from \$22,567,604 to \$74,295,394. It is generally admitted that the carriers as a rule do their work with fidelity and efficiency. If any class of government employees deserve increased compensation their claims are apparently entitled to preference.

WAS IT A FUNNY TRICK?

The Young Men Thought It Stuffed Full of Humor—Do You? (Chicago Tribune.)

It began with one young man's finding an empty pocketbook in the office. "Nothin' in it," he said, disgustedly, tossing it across to a friend.

"Yes, there is," said the friend, ostensibly taking a \$5 bill, a \$2 bill and a smooth quarter from it, and it was some time before he could square with the finder that it was all a trick and that the money had come from his own pocket. Then, as they left the building for the train that evening they decided to have some fun with the purse. Some waste paper was tucked into it, and it was closed over the corner of a handkerchief in such a way that when the linen was pulled out the purse would fall.

In front of the Great Northern, in Dearborn street, a cab driver was standing in such an "attention" attitude that the young man with the handkerchief seized the opportunity to brush his nose.

The purse hit the sidewalk with a slap, and as the two hurried on, full of laughter beyond power to speak, the caddy grabbed the purse and raced after them. "Here, gets," he called, "you dropped a pocketbook!"

Too full of laughter to turn his face around the young man who had dropped it reached back, took the plum book and went on.

And after them came the disgusted comment of caddy: "Gee, but you're cheap!"

At Sunday School.

(Philadelphia Times.) On Easter Sunday last year Maggie, the 8-year-old daughter of a well-known resident of West Philadelphia, had just returned from Sunday school.

"What did you learn at Sunday school today, Maggie?" asked her mamma. "Our teacher," answered Maggie, "told us all about Jesus, how He was born on Christmas day, nailed to the cross on Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday He came to life again and rose from the dead."

At this point Maggie's little brother, James, aged 5 years, who had been an interested listener, interrupted the conversation with: "And, Maggie, what did He do on Fourth of July and 'Holler' eve?"

Crazy Criminals.

(Boston Advertiser.) According to statements of Dr. C. A. Drew, the medical director at the Bridgewater Farm, no less than 80 persons who had been indicted or convicted of violations of the laws of Massachusetts, instead of serving out their time in jails, state prison, reformatories, etc., were sent last year to the state insane asylum at Bridgewater, as "mentally unsound." These figures are startling enough, surely. No less than 80 people who were around the state and suddenly broke into violence or otherwise behaved so as to draw the attention of the police are now found to be really madmen and likely to become so, hopelessly.

The Danish Bribery Nonsense. (Chicago Record-Herald.) The investigation of the charges of bribery in connection with the proposed purchase of the Danish West Indies has thus far revealed a gratifying absence of any foundation for the allegations upon which the congressional inquiry was based.

The Dead. (Chicago Record-Herald.) Napoleon's dead and turned to clay, But people still are writing New books about him every day, About the things he had to say And how he did his fighting.

The man who won at Waterloo, His coffin too is rotting! Ah, brave he was and splendid, too— His name? Ah, yes—I did know who He was, but I've forgotten.

MONTANA CURRENT NOTES.

Building in Missoula.

Missoula.—Many new residences are to be constructed in the city this spring and summer. Among the latest to be completed are those of Charles A. Lang, E. H. Collar and Mr. Bishop.

Surgical Operation.

Missoula.—Frank Mix, manager of the county poor farm, has had an operation performed on his face at the Parsons hospital, to remove a tumorous growth therefrom.

McMannus Is Ill.

Missoula.—A. H. McMannus, one of the leading merchants of Superior, is ill at the Missoula hotel with pneumonia. Mr. McMannus has been ill for the past week, but at a late hour last night he was reported better, with hopes of recovery.

Perry May Be Crazy.

Havre.—Charles Perry, who killed Jack Allen, sub-agent of the Belknap reservation at the Coburn ranch, passed through this city for Fort Benton, where he will have a hearing as to his sanity. Since the killing Perry has become a mental wreck.

"Over the Rhine."

[Minneapolis Times.] A man who is said to be a distant relative of the emperor of Germany is in the Cincinnati workhouse. The relationship is a little more distant than ever now.

The Able Editor, Too.

[Stevensville Tribune.] All-fools-day caught the editor and others unaware.

He Left It All Right.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] Cecil Rhodes left \$75,000,000.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Painting of Great Value Discovered in St. Louis Cafe.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) A painting has recently been discovered in a small Market street restaurant that has caused considerable comment in local art circles and has aroused a great deal of real interest among the most competent judges and critics of art work in the city. Despite the fact that only a portion of the painting is at present visible, such well-known authorities as Prof. Halsey C. Ives, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, and Mr. Charles Ward Rhodes are of the opinion that it will very probably prove to be either a Carle or Horace Vernet, with the chances very much in favor of the latter. While neither of these painters, who were, by the way, father and son, is great in the sense that Rembrandt, Rubens or Raphael are great, they may at least be classed among the more eminent French painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and their hunt and battle pictures are held in especially high esteem.

The first hint of its true worth was arrived at by Dr. Gustave Lippman about 10 days ago, and his opinion about it has since been proven entirely correct in every respect. Having been detained from his luncheon through the exigencies of business, and, being in the vicinity of the little cafe at a time when he had a few moments to spare, he entered it to obtain a cup of coffee. The painting hanging on the wall attracted his attention, and, after a careful examination of it, he concluded that there were inconsistencies in it which were not readily explainable, and at his request it was removed to a place where a better light could be obtained and a still more thorough examination made. The entire color scheme of the painting was dark and dismal in tone, the figure of the men and animals were but dimly visible, yet the drawing of one of the central figures, an angry lioness, was so finely done that Dr. Lippman was unable to reconcile it with the distorted proportions of other figures in the picture and the entirely improbable coloring of a daylight scene. He pondered over this at some length, when he suddenly found that the painting had apparently been cut from a larger canvas, and that a part of it which had been lapped over the back of the frame revealed a blue sky, whereas the sky in front was a sort of dingy yellow. This led the physician to believe that the entire surface of the picture had been painted over with semi-transparent colors of some unknown reason, and certain distortions of the figures painted on this to give the picture a crude appearance and detract from its value. The lioness had been left untouched, however, and its splendid proportions stood at variance with everything else in the frame. It required some little effort to induce the owners to submit the picture to a cleaning process, but the thing was finally done, and as the laborious work proceeded Dr. Lippman's conclusions have been justified at nearly every point.

For what reason the picture was disfigured, but that it was very skillfully done and with every precaution taken to insure the preservation of the original painting is apparent. The picture was first subjected to several heavy coats of varnish, and then over this the sky was dimmed with a dark yellow, while brown and red tints were used for the other parts. Through this the entire painting was visible, but only darkly, and all the details, which are now found to give the picture its greatest charm, the exquisite blendings of color were completely blotted out. Not satisfied with this, the person engaged in the work, and he was very clever at his occupation, went still further and distorted the appearance of the figures by painting over some of their outlines and giving them proportions that were simply ludicrous and seemingly the work of a crude hand.

The painting which is the subject of this discussion is about 36 inches wide by 50 in height, and shows a group of Arabs mounted on horses and camels, engaged in a combat with a lioness, whose cubs they have seized and are seen in possession of a Nubian. The lion, who gave battle first, has already been dispatched, but the artist pictures the lioness springing forward in the act of leaping upon a prostrate Arab, whose camel has apparently been felled by the lion in his death throes. The subject has been handled with vigor and animation, and the terror shown in every line of the horses and camels, the resolute determination of the Arabs and the fierce anger of the lioness are triumphant proofs of the mastery skill of the artist.

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