

INTER MOUNTAIN'S ANACONDA BUREAU

203 Main Street—Telephone No. 69—Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

BARKOVICH LIKELY TO LOSE HIS HEAD

MUST MOVE TO MAKE ROOM FOR APPOINTEE OF MAYOR FRINKE.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—Patrolman Barkovich seems slated as the one who must move in order to give room to Joseph Trask, a patrolman recently appointed by Mayor Frinke and confirmed by the city council.

When the appointment of Trask was made there was nothing said about there being no vacancy to fill on the force in so far as patrolmen are concerned.

It was of course understood by the mayor and by the council that the position of assistant chief was vacant, but the turning down of the mayor's appointment of Patrolman Powers for assistant chief was away with the appointment for the time being to that office.

Trask was confirmed as a patrolman, that much is certain. There was no place to which he might be assigned for duty.

The action of the mayor in putting Barkovich on the suspended list gives a vacancy which Mr. Trask may seriously drop without a jar.

It has been stated that Trask will assume the duties of sanitary policeman and will work days. The council voted the authority to the mayor at the last meeting to appoint a sanitary policeman and it is likely that Mr. Trask will assume those duties.

Signal for a Rush.

The confirmation of the council meeting on Monday evening of one or two of Mayor Frinke's appointments seemed to be the signal in the eyes of some of the general rush to get together on the part of the aldermen and the mayor.

That idea is far from being true, however. Mayor Frinke, to be sure, now has a few friends in office, but they are holding down positions which can do the mayor little good and which in themselves are of little importance.

In fact the mayor and the aldermen, by a majority, at least, are still divided by a fence, across the top of which is a treacherous stretch of barbed-wire. They will not likely try to climb over, lest they tear their trousers.

No Cause to Worry.

In so far as the administration of the city's affairs are concerned at this time there is no real cause to worry. There are plenty of good and competent officers holding down the various jobs to insure an up-to-date administration in most instances.

The fact that the present incumbents are not entirely satisfactory to all concerned does not necessarily mean that the city is in danger of wrecking.

The objections to many of the men at this time is purely of a political nature and in consequence does not carry with them the fear or terror of a possible calamity.

The aldermen who have thus far held out against Mayor Frinke in the council meetings are just as determined apparently as ever to stick to what they consider their proper course, and from their course and appearances it does not seem that there will be many changes in the city's official positions for some time to come.

WARSHIPS SAFE AT FAYAL

Porta, Azores Islands, July 8.—The United States battleship Massachusetts and the converted yacht Mayflower, accompanied by the colliers Caesar, Sterling and Lebanon, arrived at Fayal yesterday and reported all well.

This disposition of the vessels which gained circulation at Newport News Sunday that the Massachusetts had been blown up.

The Illinois and Alabama are at Angra and the Brooklyn is at Ponta Delaga. The officers of the warships are exchanging official visits with the local authorities.

The battleship squadron, which is under the command of Rear Admiral Barker, will rendezvous at Fayal July 11, and will sail for home July 14.

ANACONDA BRIEFS

A. D. T. messenger—prompt, reliable.

F. W. Winkler and family have gone to Houghton, Mich., where they will make their future home. Mr. Winkler has been foreman of the brick and stone work at the Washoe smelters.

Mrs. Charles Hickey and daughters of Nampa, Ida., arrived in Anaconda this morning to visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Hickey lived in Anaconda for many years and her return at this time will be welcome news to her many friends and acquaintances, this being her first visit to Anaconda since the removal of Mr. Hickey and family to Idaho a year ago.

D. D. Walker has gone to the Big Hole ranch.

D. J. Hennessy came down from Butte on this morning's train.

Karl Simon, land agent for the Northern Pacific railroad, was here on business yesterday.

Ladies, you need some dainty stationery and calling cards, and we furnish just that sort. Inter Mountain office, No. 203 Main street, Anaconda.

John Vance, wife and three children are going to Ireland for a three months' visit.

Alex Henderson is in the city jail on a charge of drunkenness.

H. F. Collins and wife, Dr. T. J. McKenney and other visitors Butte last evening to see E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King."

Summer Weariness

When all tired out, nervous, sleep does not rest, and the appetite is poor, take **Horsford's Acid Phosphate**. A tonic and nerve food that quickly improves the general health. Insist on having

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

GRIFFIN SAYS HE TOOK TWO BITS AS A LOAN

But He Is Charged With Stealing \$100 From Hickey—John Riley Gets 90 Days in Jail.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—John Griffin will be tried late this afternoon before Justice Hendricks upon a charge of petit larceny. He is accused of taking \$100 from the clothes of Charles Hickey, his roommate, in their room at Mike Cosgrove's house in the west end.

Griffin says he took only 25 cents and that it was a loan. He was defended by John Tolan and County Attorney McCaffery will prosecute.

John Riley pleaded guilty today on a charge of petit larceny. He took a gold watch from William Mulvehill in a saloon a few days ago.

Judge Napton sentenced Riley to 90 days in the county jail.

O'BRIEN GETS HIS MONEY

Frinke Signs Warrant for Pay for the Night Chief of Police.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—Mayor Frinke affixed his signature yesterday for a warrant for eight days pay for Night Chief of Police O'Brien.

City Treasurer Harper and Police Judge Hayes are still wondering where they come in, or whether they come in at all.

Joseph Trask has been appointed sanitary officer instead of patrolman, as was expected.

Eugene McCartney has taken his place as janitor of the city hall, while Peter Johnson, whom he superseded, is at work for Street Commissioner Brolin.

FUNERAL OF PROF. MERRILL

Services Under Auspices of Elks, Who Escort Remains to Train.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—Funeral services over the remains of the late Professor George E. Merrill were held last evening at Wabli's undertaking rooms, Rev. Dr. Hanbey of the First Methodist Episcopal church officiating. The services were under the auspices of the Anaconda Elks.

The order escorted the coffin to the train.

The remains were shipped to Warren, N. H., for interment.

BIG BALL GAME ON SUNDAY

Eagles of Anaconda and Eagles of Butte Will Cross Bats.

Anaconda, July 8.—A ball game worth the money will be played at Mountain View Sunday, when the Eagles of Anaconda and the Eagles of Butte cross bats. The latter team is one of the fastest amateur organizations in the state and should give the locals a hard fight.

Anaconda, however, has a number of ball players who might make a creditable showing in the league.

The game is certain to be fast and a large crowd will come down from Butte for the Eagles' picnic. Each team will put up \$50.

CRACK MARKSMAN IS HERE

Anaconda, July 8.—H. C. Hirschy of Minneapolis is to give an exhibition of fancy shotgun shooting this afternoon at the grounds of the Anaconda Gun club.

He is the winner of the Grand American handicap and has a record of 244 birds.

The public is invited to attend the exhibition, which is at clay birds.

YOUTHFUL FILIPINO IS WONDER OF COLLEGE

Although Not Yet Twenty He Has Won Number of Medals.

Washington, July 4.—Roman Jose Lacion y de Paula, a young Filipino not 20 years old, is the intellectual marvel of Georgetown University. He has won many medals, been made doctor of laws and philosophy and is an all around athlete.

FIRST GIRL SHORTHAND WRITER IS NO MORE

Eliza Boardman Burns Is Dead at the Age of 80—Pioneer in Trade for Women of America.

New York, July 8.—In the death of Eliza Boardman Burns her sex loses one of its staunchest friends and a strong personality. She was known as "the grand old woman of stenography," having been the first girl stenographer of years ago. She was 80 years old when she died.

She learned shorthand writing of the originator of the present system, old Isaac Pitman, in England. She was 15 years old. Two years later she came to America and was, in 1847, the only woman stenographer in America.

To her the thousands of women graduates of Cooper Union School of Stenography owe the opportunity of attending that free school for women, which she had succeeded in establishing after great difficulty. When Mrs. Burns surrendered her class to another in 1889, there were five women earning a livelihood in New York and Brooklyn by stenography, and the number is nearly double that now.

She died at Wilkes Barre, Pa., and her body was cremated at Fresh Pond.

SPOON MADE BY KING PETER

Indianapolis, July 8.—Little Angeline Bates, daughter of W. G. Bates of Woodruff place, has a spoon which was made by Peter, the new king of Servin.

Mr. Bates has for years collected objects of historic and artistic value, but just at present this spoon is the most interesting thing in his home. It was sent to his little daughter Angeline a year or more ago by Mrs. Alfred Stead, formerly Miss Hussey of this city during her trip around the world.

While in Japan Mrs. Stead had sent the little girl a Christmas gift, but on reaching London she learned that it had never reached her.

During a subsequent visit to Paris Mrs. Stead met Prince Peter, saw his studio, and, admiring a spoon which the prince had made, she decided upon it as a present for her little friend. She wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Bates the story of her visit to the prince's studio, intimating that for the time at least, he was in financial straits, and that spoon-making was not altogether a pastime art with him.

The spoon is a dull, heavy silver, and extremely odd and graceful in shape. The bowl resembles one corner of a conventionalized shell, with radiating lines on the back. The handle is twisted somewhat like a vine, and at the end there is a flower and seed design suggesting the lotus. The whole effect is Japanese and, perhaps, for this reason it particularly attracted Mrs. Stead, who has done some work of that character herself in silver buckles, clasps and similar articles.

The cover in which the spoon came was evidently the work of Prince Peter also. It was leather, stamped in a design similar to that of the spoon, and bearing in one corner his monogram.

Too Acid.

Maudie—"I thought at one time that Mr. Mortimer was going to kiss me."

Grace—"Oh, he wouldn't do that. He has told me several times that acids never did agree with him."—Boston Transcript.

THREE-TEAM LEAGUE IS ORGANIZED IN ANACONDA

Small Group of Smelter Ball Will Put Up Good Article of City and Pay Outside Aggregations.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—The small boys of Anaconda have organized a three-team league. At a meeting held Monday, the organization was perfected. The members of the league range from 11 to 17 years of age. The three teams are to be known as the New York, Boston and Chicago teams, and will be captained respectively by Bert Hogan, John Small and John Morris.

John Small is president of the league, John Morris, vice president, and William McEachern, secretary and treasurer.

The boys will secure outside games and, when an outside team is played, will mass the best players from the three teams of the league and call the consolidated aggregation the Anaconda Juniors.

The first game is being played this afternoon by the Boston and the New Yorks at the lumber yard grounds.

FINDS G. HIBLER HAD A RIGHT TO DO AS HE DID

Fence He Tore Down Was on His Land—He Had Offered to Rebuild It on Proper Division Line.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—Garret Hibler was discharged in Justice Hendricks' court yesterday afternoon on a charge preferred against him by County Attorney McCaffery, on a complaint sworn to by Mrs. Jacob Bernoskey.

The trouble was over a fence, dividing Hibler's property from that of the complainant.

Hibler found the fence was on his land and tore it down. He offered to rebuild it on the proper line, but was unable to come to any agreement with Mrs. Bernoskey.

Justice Hendricks decided Hibler had a perfect right to remove the fence from his land.

MOOSE LAKE DISTRICT CERTAIN TO IMPROVE

Ben Casper Says Outlook Is Very Bright in New Region—Frank Lutz Is Developing Claims.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—Frank Lutz is doing extensive development work on his property at Frog Pond basin, near Moosehead lake. He has eight men at work.

Ben Casper, one of the oldest miners in this section, will go to the Moose lake district to develop the Mooselake Mining company properties under contract.

He says the district is opening up wonderfully and will rank as one of the best in Montana. Moose Lake and Frog Pond are 38 miles southwest of Anaconda.

SURE TO LEARN EVERYTHING

Teachers of Deer Lodge County Are to Have a Second Institute.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN. Anaconda, July 8.—Another teachers' institute is to be held in this county in September.

County Superintendent of Schools Miss Mahoney has received formal notification to that effect from W. W. Welch, superintendent of public instruction in Montana.

One institute has already been held in Deer Lodge county this year.

AROUND THE TOWN WITH THE "OWLS"

MEAN INTERESTING SIGHTS TO BE SEEN IN BUTTE DURING THE TIME THE SUN IS GONE.

"WE NEVER SLEEP" IS MOTTO

Men Going and Coming From Dusk Until the First Rays of Dawn Appear.

As the big clock in the city hall tower shows out the hour of 3 a. m. the twinkling lights along Broadway seem to plead like Juliet, "Stay! It is not yet near dawn!"

In the long line of hacks east of Main the drivers nod sleepily on their boxes. The horses are drooping on their feet, immovable, unseeing.

Those nearest the second telegraph pole is dreaming he is Pegasus. He swears among the clouds guided by a golden bridle, his rider drives him upward, upward in a vain endeavor to reach the sun.

Suddenly he feels the sting of the mythological gadfly and out of the distance he hears a familiar voice: "Gwan! Northern Passie? Aright!"

Swish!

Disturbing the Quiet.

The long thong of the driver's whip cracks over the horses' heads and they clatter off toward Wyoming street with a pounding of hoofs disturbing the quiet of the night air.

From the concert hall across the way a melody of strange sound floats through the half open doorway.

The shrill voice of the soprano "artiste," who is doing her turn on the stage, a crash of brass from the bass drum and the muffled singing of a fluffed and/or who is being ejected because of his evident desire to assist the performance with his own musical accomplishment, are heard.

Now and then the loarse voice of a waiter can be heard announcing the tastes of those whom he serves in stentorian tones which rise above the general chorus.

Strikes Flinty Fire.

A horse awakened by the racket stamps impatiently, striking a flinty fire on the cobblestones in his impatience.

Passing on east the night prowler comes to the swinging base doors of "Jack's Joint." The glitter of electric lights is tempting to the man who stands alone on the walk.

Alone? Not exactly.

There are others passing to and fro, some hurrying along as if anxious to reach the beds where they intended being long ago, others stajoging under a weight of accumulated "fogy."

A policeman saunters by, swinging his club and humming a popular air. The man on the walk pauses, opens the swinging doors and enters "Jack's."

Peering around the screen he finds he is not the only one who has been wandering about town after the hour when the graveyards have ceased to yawn.

At the Bar.

Half a dozen men are standing at the bar with their feet on the polished brass rail. A heavy-eyed bartender is dealing out the goods across the bar. He is clad in white and looks remarkably fresh and clean until his face is seen. Here are evidences of sleepless nights and fitful naps by daylight.

The wear and tear of 20 years at night work can be seen in the lines across his forehead. Quietly he serves his customers and wipes off the mahogany with his napkin.

An old gray-bearded man is playing nickels in the slot machine at the end of the bar.

"Two kings!"

The "house clerk" rings the bell on the cash register as he hands out the change in response to the old man's demand for "nether half in chicken feed."

Out in the back room there is a rattle of poker chips and the voices of players who are down to a "single little game" at 9 o'clock the night before.

Goes to Concert Hall.

Having finished his drink the night prowler pines out and crosses over to the concert hall.

Inside the noise is unabated. The doors are still unlocked as they have been for the past 25 years.

At no time in the past quarter of a century has a sober man been denied admittance. In through the side hall covered with sawdust, where the swamper is cleaning up for the morning, into the big concert hall, where the performers have finished their program, but the audience still lingers.

"Come, now, you can't snooze here. This ain't no lodging house."

The waiters pass among the crowd taking orders and shaking the sleepy ones into wakefulness. Over in the shadow of the corner a man is resting his head on his arms. He has not changed his position for two hours. So far he has escaped detection and is making the most of his opportunity to sleep. For the table is all the bed he will know tonight.

Fly in the Beer.

A half-empied beer glass sits at his right hand. On the rim a fly buzzes about, gaining down into the amber depths, where a companion has met death by drowning.

Over in front of the stage the swappers are placing the chairs bottom up on the tables, preparing to sweep out before the hall is turned into a restaurant for the morning meal.

The same scene is being enacted in a dozen other places about town, a scene similar to this that only the location could identify them for a stranger.

In a saloon the night bartenders are yawning and looking at the clock in the hope it is time for the "day shift" to come to their relief.

Suddenly the silence outside is broken

AROUND THE TOWN WITH THE "OWLS"

MEAN INTERESTING SIGHTS TO BE SEEN IN BUTTE DURING THE TIME THE SUN IS GONE.

"WE NEVER SLEEP" IS MOTTO

Men Going and Coming From Dusk Until the First Rays of Dawn Appear.

As the big clock in the city hall tower shows out the hour of 3 a. m. the twinkling lights along Broadway seem to plead like Juliet, "Stay! It is not yet near dawn!"

In the long line of hacks east of Main the drivers nod sleepily on their boxes. The horses are drooping on their feet, immovable, unseeing.

Those nearest the second telegraph pole is dreaming he is Pegasus. He swears among the clouds guided by a golden bridle, his rider drives him upward, upward in a vain endeavor to reach the sun.

Suddenly he feels the sting of the mythological gadfly and out of the distance he hears a familiar voice: "Gwan! Northern Passie? Aright!"

Swish!

Disturbing the Quiet.

The long thong of the driver's whip cracks over the horses' heads and they clatter off toward Wyoming street with a pounding of hoofs disturbing the quiet of the night air.

From the concert hall across the way a melody of strange sound floats through the half open doorway.

The shrill voice of the soprano "artiste," who is doing her turn on the stage, a crash of brass from the bass drum and the muffled singing of a fluffed and/or who is being ejected because of his evident desire to assist the performance with his own musical accomplishment, are heard.

Now and then the loarse voice of a waiter can be heard announcing the tastes of those whom he serves in stentorian tones which rise above the general chorus.

Strikes Flinty Fire.

A horse awakened by the racket stamps impatiently, striking a flinty fire on the cobblestones in his impatience.

Passing on east the night prowler comes to the swinging base doors of "Jack's Joint." The glitter of electric lights is tempting to the man who stands alone on the walk.

Alone? Not exactly.

There are others passing to and fro, some hurrying along as if anxious to reach the beds where they intended being long ago, others stajoging under a weight of accumulated "fogy."

A policeman saunters by, swinging his club and humming a popular air. The man on the walk pauses, opens the swinging doors and enters "Jack's."

Peering around the screen he finds he is not the only one who has been wandering about town after the hour when the graveyards have ceased to yawn.

At the Bar.

Half a dozen men are standing at the bar with their feet on the polished brass rail. A heavy-eyed bartender is dealing out the goods across the bar. He is clad in white and looks remarkably fresh and clean until his face is seen. Here are evidences of sleepless nights and fitful naps by daylight.

The wear and tear of 20 years at night work can be seen in the lines across his forehead. Quietly he serves his customers and wipes off the mahogany with his napkin.

An old gray-bearded man is playing nickels in the slot machine at the end of the bar.

"Two kings!"

The "house clerk" rings the bell on the cash register as he hands out the change in response to the old man's demand for "nether half in chicken feed."

Out in the back room there is a rattle of poker chips and the voices of players who are down to a "single little game" at 9 o'clock the night before.

Goes to Concert Hall.

Having finished his drink the night prowler pines out and crosses over to the concert hall.

Inside the noise is unabated. The doors are still unlocked as they have been for the past 25 years.

At no time in the past quarter of a century has a sober man been denied admittance. In through the side hall covered with sawdust, where the swamper is cleaning up for the morning, into the big concert hall, where the performers have finished their program, but the audience still lingers.

"Come, now, you can't snooze here. This ain't no lodging house."

The waiters pass among the crowd taking orders and shaking the sleepy ones into wakefulness. Over in the shadow of the corner a man is resting his head on his arms. He has not changed his position for two hours. So far he has escaped detection and is making the most of his opportunity to sleep. For the table is all the bed he will know tonight.

Fly in the Beer.

A half-empied beer glass sits at his right hand. On the rim a fly buzzes about, gaining down into the amber depths, where a companion has met death by drowning.

Over in front of the stage the swappers are placing the chairs bottom up on the tables, preparing to sweep out before the hall is turned into a restaurant for the morning meal.

The same scene is being enacted in a dozen other places about town, a scene similar to this that only the location could identify them for a stranger.

In a saloon the night bartenders are yawning and looking at the clock in the hope it is time for the "day shift" to come to their relief.

Suddenly the silence outside is broken

Copper City Commercial Co.

ANACONDA

SENSATIONAL DISCOUNT SALE

For Six Days Only

OUR SEMI-ANNUAL INVENTORY must be completed Saturday night, July 11th. This gives us just six days for our pre-inventory sale. This means six days of furious price-cutting. The regular prices are marked in plain figures. A child can figure the discount. Make up your mind to start for the Big Store Monday morning early. Biggest money-saving sale on record. And remember, it lasts but six days.

Ready-to-Wear Department

Biggest Saving You Ever Heard Of. Every Line Goes With a Big Discount This Week

BOYS' CLOTHING

Biggest and best stock of boys' clothing and furnishings, waists, hats, everything included.

20 per cent off regular prices

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

All muslin underwear; nothing but best of materials and work. Immense new stock to select from.

20 per cent off regular prices

SKIRTS

All cloth and silk dress skirts and walking skirts, black and colored; altered to fit you.

20 per cent off regular prices

LADIES' AND LADIES' WRAPS

Silk and cloth wraps of every kind for women and children. All go at

33 1/3 per cent off regular prices

KNIT UNDERWEAR

Every kind of knit underwear for women and children.

20 per cent off regular prices

WRAPPERS

All ladies' wrappers of every style and kind.

20 per cent off regular prices

CORSETS

All W. W. Lavilla, Royal Worcester, Thomson and R. & G. corsets, Nazareth and Ferris waists.

10 per cent off regular prices

TAILORED SUITS

Just 47 elegant tailored suits in black and colored. We don't want to carry them over. Your choice of the lot today.

33 1/3 per cent off regular prices

Copper City Commercial Co.

Anaconda, Montana.

THE RAVALLI

HAMILTON, MONT.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, Manager

REOPENED MAY 15



This elegantly furnished hotel is located in the picturesque town of Hamilton in the beautiful Bitter Root Valley. Special excursion tickets, including accommodations at the hotel, will be on sale during the summer at Northern Pacific Ticket Offices in Butte and Helena, and at B. & P. Office in Anaconda. For rates and booklet address James Grisenthwaite, Resident Manager.

THE RAVALLI, HAMILTON, MONT.

...THE... Leland Hotel

Ana