THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

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THE STANDARD,

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

FIXING IT UP.

That the republicans in the senate at Helena should have presumed to organize by a vote that is neither quorum nor majority, does not surprise us. They intended to do it from the first. Their course is a flagrant outrage, but so was the stealing of the tunnel precinct. The only difference is that it took the managers a good while to tempt Mr. Rickards into a dirty and a dishonest act. The conspiracy finally captured him, however, and the STANDARD deplores the fact. Better than any man in Montana, Mr. Rickards knows that he is playing a coward's part. But what of it. He had to match his conscience againt his political ambition. He is joined to his idols. Let him alone.

Next week will see two republicans picked out for membership in the federal senate. They will not be honest representatives of the people, they are the offspring of fraud. Their election will signify that men like Mr. Rickards favor a precedent which, forever hereafter, will make every precinct in Montana the easy prey of any designing rascal who wants to fix his fangs on any office in the people's gift.

The conspiracy cannot move too rapidly. It may ripen successfully, because majorities do not count in any of its plans. No newspaper ever dared to put into type a more cowardly utterance than the lines printed yesterday in the Helena *Journal* which say that "there is nothing in the constitution of Montana requiring a majority on the part of the legislature in the selection of temporary officers."

There is no telling what the democrats will do; but by all means, let the republicans carry this dirty fight over the senatorship out of the state. The people will rejoice at its removal as they would welcome release from pestilence.

If the plans of the republicans are carried out, Colonel Sanders will be defeated, a political imbecile will be the contestant for the east side, and, according to the present slate, the west side republicans will send the rottenest resident in Montana.

IT SEEMS TO BE CARRIED.

In all probability, Butte will put the Gaynor alarm service in operation. The system has no standing with men who know anything about fire alarm service in any leading city of the United States, but the scheme has a majority in the council, although the leading business men in the city are opposed to it.

Something has been said about the extra money which Butte must invest in the plant itself, as against the original cost of the Gamewell. Of course, this item is of small account, if the system itself assures a service superior to that which the Gamewell can furnish. But our friends in Butte will discover that the cost of maintaining the Gaynor will exceed by hundreds of dollars annually the expense involved in operating the rival system, and this is an item which the average taxpayer will be disposed to take into account.

However, the subject isn't worth discussing, as the Gaynor has secured a majority in the council and that appears to settle it. Butte is a rich city and can afford to experiment. That's what it will do in adopting the alarm system which has a majority of the aldermen.

NO USE FOR IT.

In the rump house at Helena Mr. Bray has put in notice respecting a bill to prohibit prize fighting. What good can come from doing that? Montana has a stringent law on the subject already. It is very clear in all its provisions. It does not allow prize ring encounters with gloves of any sort, although newspaper reports have a habit of talking about the "lightest-weight gloves allowed by law."

It would be impossible for Mr. Bray to devise a more complete prohibition than that which the law of the state already provides. Then, back of this, there is an older law in Montana, originally intended to prevent duels, but which in each of its sections is directly applicable to the prize ring. That law says that the man who killed Ward is guilty of murder in the first degree.

There's no lack of law on the subject, and any enactments which Mr. Bray proposes must be entirely superfluous. What Silver Bow needs is public sentiment that will bring up with a mighty short turn the men who are officers of the law but who do not forthwith produce Gallagher. That this man should be beyond the reach of an alert police is simply preposterous. Add the fact that he was permitted to escape to the other astounding fact that the inquest was conducted in secret, for reasons that are worse than frivolous, and Mr. Bray has a situation which calls for something a good deal more energetic than new and needless law.

The fact that Gallagher got away brings into absolute disrepute the police authorities of Silver Bow county. The excuse given out for a secret inquest and the exclusion of reporters is not accepted by the public as an excuse given in good faith. That misleading plea has been worked too many times to be received as genuine. If Gallagher is not soon prooduced the public will believe—and there will be plenty of warrant for it—that some of the Silver Bow officials have a direct interest in aiding the flight of this man, in smothering the truth and in putting obstructions in the pathway of justice.

The county commissionsrs have offered a reward of $100 for Gallagher's arrest. If they make it a round thousand would the arrest probably be hastened? If men alleged to be related to the atrocities of this heinous affair get off on $100 bail, how much will have to be put up for Gallagher if once he is brought into court? And what earthly use has Montana for any more law relative to the prize ring?

ON WRONG GROUND.

Leading republican newspapers in the East state the silver question as if it were an issue between the federal treasury and the "silver ring." They assume that the liberal treatment of the metal is fraught with all sorts of danger to the country, that the nation can stand a little of it but not very much, and that the "silver ring" would wisely take what Mr. Windom offers rather than run the risk of getting nothing at all.

It does not occur to these people that the question has merit or that it involves the interests of any citizen outside of a little group of men who are rated to be owners of big silver properties in the West and who, these republican papers assume, must be patronized by the general government for the politics there may be in it.

How can the cause of silver be intelligently presented to these eastern writers? The vital issue has been eloquently and honestly put. It has been shown that the question is of small account so far as the silver-producing class is concerned. The wrong done to the vast debtor class by legislation which debased the currency has been distinctly pointed out. The fact that short-weight silver means short weight in exact proportion for every product of field and farm has been taken into the account, but when figures are brought out to show that the fall in the value of products has been in precise ratio with the degradation of silver, the ready and illogical response is that other causes are mainly operative in influencing the value of these commodities.

Pre-eminently, the fight for silver is the fight for the vast debtor class, and that is the great body of people as against the bond-holding oligarchy. If indeed these leading republican newspapers have the right view of the situation, if it is true that silver is to find favor merely out of compliment to the "silver ring"—where ever or whatever that may be—then honest newspapers should stoutly oppose even what Mr. Windom offers, since they assume him to be prompted merely by a desire to placate the silver producer.

How strangely in contrast all this with the plank framed into the national republican platform, last year, which said: "the republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver money, and condemns the effort of the democratic administration to demonetize silver." To-day we have one great newspaper in the East patronizing the question because the "silver producer ought to be considered," another that "heartily approves" the opinion of President Harrison that silver coinage, except under proper restraint, "would be disastrous to all business interests and harmful to the silver industry itself," while the most influential of the republican illustrated weeklies in the land expresses its amazement that the silver advocates should actually propose to give silver a place in the currency that would make it equal to gold!

MORE OF IT.

They say that young Mr. Harrison has an ownership interest in Frank Leslie's weekly newspaper. Probably that is not true. Mr. Arkell represents the control of that paper, and the story in the East is that he simply hooked Harrison to his journalistic chariot as a good advertisement for the hour. However that may be, here are a few lines of editorial comment in Leslie's:

It was an outrage when Governor Toole refused to sign the certificate of election of Congressman Carter, who had a plurality of over 1,600. There was no doubt of Congressman Carter's election, and the enabling act directed that the governor should sign the certificate issued to him by the state board of canvassers. Governor Toole's action, therefore, could have no influence on the situation, and could have only been intended to embarrass and mortify the congressman-elect. Such an action as this is not excusable on the ground of ignorance, much less on the ground of partisanship.

Evidently Harrison is sitting at the editorial desk, to fake lies and aid his Montana associates in their determined effort to circulate, far from home, false reports about the situation here.

PEERING DOWN THE CRATER.

From the Helena Independent.

Well, Rickards has gone down to everlasting infamy, too!

"The moment you clothe your speaker with power to go behind your roll-call and assume that there is a quorum in the hall, why, gentlemen, you stand on the very brink of a volcano," said Speaker James G. Blaine in the house of representatives on the 24th day of February, 1875. A motion had been made that the house go into committee of the whole to consider a measure that the opposition desired to defeat and the members on that side sat in their places and refused to vote. The members voting for the motion did not make a quorum of the house. They wanted Speaker Blaine to rule that those present and not voting should be counted to make out the quorum. "No, gentleman," said he, "that principle has been the foundation, probably, for the greatest legislative frauds ever committed. The responsibility is on the majority party to have a quorum present."

Garfield, Reed, Hawley, Conger and other republican leaders of the day sustained the speaker's opinion. All parliamentary history sustains it. The records of legislative bodies the country over support it. Common sense approves it. Common honesty says it is right.

Rickards says no. Rickards says wrong is right. Rickards says parliamentary rules don't count; that arithmetic is played out; that the constitution don't fit a case of state stealing; that seven is a majority of sixteen; that if you have'nt got seven six will do—providing that one is the lieutenant-governor.

Sanders says wig-wag; and Rickards wig-wags.

Sanders says thumbs up; and Rickards puts thumbs up.

Sanders says seven is a quorum; and Bickards says seven is a quorum.

And so Rickards goes down in disgrace and shame, poor fellow, because he was too weak to resist a crime that would benefit his party. Too bad, too bad!

Well, what next?

Oh, anything that the thieves want so far as the republican eight in the senate are concerned. All their honeyed words, all their pretence of fair play, all their claims to honesty of purpose have been scattered to the four winds.

They have elected to have a revolution pure and simple.

Anything goes; one is a majority of 16; black is white; Sanders wouldn't cheat in an election; Dogberry Carpenter is an exponent of pure politics; Tom Power is a reformer; Billy Jack is an honest man; Blake an upright canvasser, and Bernard didn't kill anybody. If you don't believe it get old Fisher to introduce a resolution, and if it don't get a vote it's all the same, Mother Rickards will declare it passed.

Will they elect senators? Why, certainly—after their own fashion. Sanders will tell Rickards to rule that a minority is a majority, that a rump is bigger than the whole body politic, that the moon is made of green cheese, and Rickards will so declare. And then the whole band of patriots will roll their eyes heavenward like Benjamin Harrison and say with unctious fervor, "The Lord Did It!"

STANDARD TOPICS.

Tell me not in old back numbers
Rump is but an empty word;
Rump is solid, rump's a cuckoo,
On that point be not disturbed.
Fakirs are the stuff in these days,
Any will a quorum make;
Thieves need never more take warning—
They can always take the cake.
Niggers from the fence may come out;
Boodlers need no longer skip;
Honest men must take a back seat,
While the rumpers let her rip.

A theatrical paper takes notice of the death of Jefferson Davis because he was a celebrated female impersonator.

The seven wonders of the world—Senators Armington, Fisher, Olds, Rutherford, Thompson, Hedges and Babcock.

In New York they are talking of passing an ordinance compelling the sale of fruits and vegetables by weight instead of measure. It is scarcely necessary to say that that is the best weigh.

Indians who take to the stage are subject to as much professional jealousy as their pale face brethren. Theatrical circles will be grieved to learn that White Eagle smote Bright Eyes in a New York museum the other day, and broke three of her teeth. An investigation showed that the squaw sold more photographs than the brave.

Julia Marlowe, while playing *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," at Washington the other night, had just uttered the words found in the second scene of the fifth act, "Look! here comes a lover of mine," when a large black Thomas cat connected with the theater strutted forth upon the stage, setting the house in an uproar. From the reports, the audience must have acted as they liked it the remainder of the play.

The Cronin trial bids fair to last longer than the customary nine days' wonder, for it is hatching out a brood of supplementary suits which will keep the courts of Chicago in business for some time to come. Not only has Juror Culver brought a $25,000 libel suit against a newspaper, but two publishing houses are at war over the prior right to use as a title for their respective books "The Great Cronin Mystery; or, The Irish Patriot's Fate." A better title would seem to be "The Great Compromise Mystery; or, Who'd a Thunk It?"

A St. Paul gentleman is selling tickets on himself to all women who patronize the dime museum where he is on exhibition. There will be a drawing, and the holder of the right ticket will have the privilege of marrying him. He calculates that the proceeds of this lottery business will give him a very handsome sum on which to start married life, a circumstance which is held out as an additional incentive to investors. He will certainly get a good deal more this way than if he put himself up at auction.

Every now and then, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, some brass mounted lawyer with a fat retainer from an electric light company in his pocket, rises to remark that so far as *his* client's conscience is concerned it is free from the reproach of having caused the death of anybody. The words are scarcely out of his mouth when a subscription list is passed round for the benefit of the family of a victim that perished on the wires of that identical company. But it does not bother the lawyer any. He merely shrugs his shoulders, clutches the the retainer a little tighter and mutters to himself: "They can't prove it."

It would seem that the Philadelphia barkeeper is a promoter of the cause of temperance. *The Times* of that city reports an old-timer as asserting that the current local dispenser of plain and mixed drinks repels custom by reason—of all things in the world in a barkeeper—of his superciliousness. "When it comes," he remarks, "to the point that a man has to ask for a glass of beer as if it were a favor and submit to a critical examination as to his sobriety by a bartender, count me out. Cold water is good enough for me." This has an encouraging sound. Can it be that the Philadelphia barkeeper is an emissary of Miss Williard in disguise?

The good pastor of St. James' Catholic church at Baltimore is somewhat perplexed. The poor-box in the vestibule of the church has a burglar-alarm attachment, which went off the other night. The intruder was caught, but he vehemently protested that he went into the vestibule not to rob, but to pray. This somehow reminds one of the lieutenant-governor of a certain state who, when discovered in the act of assisting a gang of thieves in the stealing of two United States senators, manifested deep indignation at the charge and professed that he had been simply spreading the gospel of truth and righteousness. Men of this kind would get along first rate in the world if their fellow-men, having eyes, saw not, and having ears, never heard the racket of burglar alarms.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Hadn't Far to Go for a Hero.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Recent events in the New York divorce courts give rise to the impression that Edgar Saltus is the hero of his own novels.

All the Packers Are There.

From Puck.

Seeing how eagerly Messrs. Armour, Morris, Fairbanks, et al., put up their good gold for privileged seats in the Chicago Auditorium during the Patti-Tamagno season, one feels safe in guessing that the house will be packed.

Bouquets Are in Order.

From the Kansas City Times.

Now that three of the Cronin conspirators have escaped with a life sentence flowers are in order. The bouquets will not be as large and as expensive, however, as they would have been if the murderers had been sentenced to be hanged.

The West Well Represented.

From the Washington Post.

They say a cold wave a thousand miles broad is swooping along in this direction. We presume to say it is coming from the west. Lots of broad things, including feet and stories and such, are coming from that quarter to Washington nowadays.

A Close Call for the Infants.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

By a vote of 22 to 18 the Presbytery of Cincinnati concluded that "all infants dying in infancy are saved." How they must rejoice at this declaration! But let them pause a moment and reflect upon the solemn fact that a change of only three votes would have damned them forever.

Outside the Breastworks.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where are the echoes of the shouts of popular acclaim that saluted President Harrison on his journey to and from Chicago? Where is the list of casualties to people who were suffocated or crushed in surging crowds along the route? Where was Foraker when Harrison glided through Ohio this time?

The Cigar and the Pulpit.

From the Chicago Herald.

Dr. William Henry Furness says that he is still smoking cigars daily at the age of eighty-eight. He does not take the usual pulpit view of tobacco. He believes that instead of causing intoxication it takes the place of drinking. Were smoking abolished, he says, there would be ten drunkards where there is now only one. The anti-smokers will be sorry to hear the aged clergymen come out for the fragrant Havana in this decided and candid way.

Why Don't They Turn Up?

Washington Special to the New York Sun.

What has become of $1,000 worth of playing cards purchased for the stationery room of the house of representatives? is the question that is agitating the minds of the capitol officials, and especially since the recent inventory of stock turned over to Clerk McPherson does not contain any allusion to such articles. This and other discrepancies have induced a pretty thorough investigation, despite the fact that the late clerk holds a receipt for upwards of $15,000 worth of property which he turned over to his successor.

Montana's Disgrace.

From the Boston Herald.

The democrats had, first, the election returns on their side; next, the decision of the court in their favor. The republicans had the returning board, that undertook to nullify the first, and the president of the United States, who assumed to take a snap judgment as regards the second. Now the democrats propose to put the facts before the public under investigation by a committee on which the republicans are fully represented, and the latter decline. And yet, for stating these and similar facts, the independent press is accused of partisanship.

Ball invitations and society printing executed in an artistic manner at the "Standard" office.