

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1899.

BETTER SHOW UP.

It's a good building and loan association that keeps its appointments with people whose cash it has carted off. It would be eminently to the credit of the National Building and Loan Union of Minneapolis—if that's the right title—were it to send its agents back to this city, if, indeed, they are its agents, to carry out agreements they have not met and to remove suspicion from the minds of individuals whose money they have taken.

Before it knows it, this "National" concern will be in trouble up to its neck with residents of Anaconda, in whose good graces and pocket books it has been seeking to find a pleasant and profitable refuge. If the Union is as honest and as trustworthy as it is cracked up to be, it cannot too promptly order its alleged representatives, who have lately been boarding at an obscure city hotel and picking their teeth in the corridors of the Montana, to get right back to Anaconda and either put up or clear out.

Less than a week ago, the STANDARD took occasion to talk in a general way regarding the merits and the dangers involved in dealings with all sorts of loan associations and building confederations. Our comments could not have been more timely and, if certain recent transactions are not very promptly put in shape that remove suspicion, opportunity will be afforded to show, by practical illustration, how easy it is to find warrant for all the STANDARD has said.

READY TO START.

There was no moral reason why Judge McHatton should have resigned. He got his title from the people, and that title did not need the confirmation it has just received. Motives of expediency prompted the Judge to place his office unconditionally at the disposal of Governor Toole, and the executive was free to name any one of several members of the Silver Bow bar.

Judge Hamilton surely was not to be considered, either for professional or political reasons. Judge Cole did not care for the appointment. Objections which may have had more or less weight with the Governor were urged against Mr. Pemberton, Judge De Wolfe's appointment would have been entirely agreeable, and the nomination of Judge McHatton is eminently satisfactory.

It is refreshing to know that Butte is to have a court again. Prisoners have been long detained, important proceedings have been held in suspense, pressing business matters have been interrupted and the legal fraternity has had a vacation for which it did not plan. With Judge McHatton's title established, the wheels of justice may begin to roll again without delay. They might just as well have been in motion during all these wasted weeks.

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

A newspaper that aims to keep clearly before the people the real issue that distracts Montana is compelled constantly to revert to the original cause of the trouble. The rivalry of parties at Helena, the personal contest involving ambitious men who have only individual interests to serve, the display of corrupting parliamentary tactics and the effort of one faction to prove itself more cunning or more depraved than the other—these things have been drawing public attention from the serious question on which the contention really turns.

Montana's trouble arises from the fact that the returning board in Silver Bow county presumed to throw out the entire vote cast at the tunnel precinct. In a legal sense, this course presented no novelty. Other returning boards have ventured to do the same thing, and decisions of the highest courts in two dozen states of the Union are squarely against the assumption of any such dangerous authority by county returning boards.

Candidates for office who believe that they have been the victims of dishonest dealing at the polls have their remedy at court and relief is never denied them, but the authority of returning boards is accurately defined in innumerable decisions, and precedent that ought to have governed the Silver Bow board is so clearly established that the course of its members is beyond defense and without excuse.

The STANDARD prints this morning the latest decision bearing directly on this very point. We ask every candid man to read it. Not that the ruling is new; the Kansas court simply followed decisions made scores of times before it was called to pass upon the question. That court holds precisely what was held by Judge Knowles, when he was on the bench, and in his turn,

Judge Knowles himself simply followed the well-defined precedent of many older sections of the United States.

Fair-minded men will see how these decrees of the court fit average public opinion. Under the rulings of the Silver Bow board, the whim of one man turns the politics of Montana, settles the state's representation in the federal senate, involves the state and its political factions in the needless expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, checks the organization of the courts, fixes the political complexion of the state's legislative department, and disregards sacred rights of suffrage which most American communities maintain, as against individual arrogance, at any hazard and defend at any cost. Here is an invasion of popular rights which Wilber F. Sanders would never have tolerated but that political ambition smothered his better instincts; a travesty on all that reputable courts have maintained in support of which Judge Knowles would hardly have arrayed himself but that the craving for office silenced the promptings of what should be with him professional pride; an official breach which Mr. Jack must deeply regret whenever he is brought face to face with many an old friend on the streets of Butte.

It cannot be that Montana proposes to establish ill-omened precedent in the face of all that well-established law has decreed. It is not possible that the Silver Bow returning board acted in ignorance of the time-honored precepts of law by which its course ought to have been guided. This much being admitted, the theft of the tunnel precinct, prompted as it was by personal and political motives, must ever stand as a crime against Montana and her people. If that crime could be expiated by simply permitting the republican leaders to complete their plot in the theft of two seats in the federal senate, the mischief would be of small account indeed, but if the action of the Silver Bow board is to stand, every precinct in Montana is hereafter at the mercy of political brigands, the state excepts itself from the judicial rulings that everywhere have thrown wholesome safeguards about the ballot, and every citizen yields civil and political rights which, hitherto, have never been surrendered by the people of any intelligent American community. It must be that republicans and democrats in this new commonwealth are patriotic enough to rise above partisanship and unite their voices in earnest and effective protest against this threatened evil.

THE REAL ISSUE.

Personal interests dear to the heart of the Inter Mountain prompt its severe words in criticism of people in its own political household. Personal ambitions, that come up toward the new year in pitiable plight, account for the bitterness of its utterances on its news page and printed under Helena date.

Some of the republicans operating in the lobby at Helena are a bad lot, if the public is disposed to take the Inter Mountain's word for it. We are told that the "question of political principles and convictions" never enters into the plans of these men; that considerations "involving geographical location, population, wealth, and proper political balance cut no figure with them," and that their war cry is, "anything to beat Silver Bow."

All of which we believe to be arrant nonsense. With it candidates in the field, the republicans at Helena could not leave the west side out of account in any of their plans. If such men as Judge Knowles or Mr. Sargeant were put in the field, with proper assurance that they were not to be back-capped by some presuming snipe in Butte politics, the west side would command recognition at Helena in five minutes—and every republican in Montana knows it.

The Inter Mountain is not frank. It must be aware that the west side republicans who are earnestly at work at Helena to secure the caucus nomination of two good candidates frankly admit their preference for two east-side men rather than that the individual who has presumed to present himself as the choice of the republicans this side of the range should carry off the honor. That is to say, these gentlemen are fighting Mr. Lee Mantle tooth and nail. They would prefer to let both senatorial nominations go to Helena rather than have a nomination made which they openly declare would be disreputable.

That's the situation; let the republicans fight it out. There are people who hold that the tunnel precinct conspiracy would reach an eminently fitting climax in the selection of Mr. Mantle.

TURKEYS BY THE TON.

We have the authority of the Butte Inter Mountain, in editorial type at that, for the announcement that the markets of that city were actually provided "with fifty tons of turkey the day before Christmas" and that, at the end of the holiday, there was "not enough turkey left to make a quarter of a gobbler." On the basis of these figures, the richest mining camp on earth must henceforth be recognized as the biggest turkey market on the globe.

The proposition is worth putting into arithmetic. Butte starts in with one hundred thousand pounds of turkey. It is fair to assume that the Inter Mountain includes in its Butte market the city itself, with 18,000 people, and all its suburbs, additions and adjuncts. For purposes of its own, the STANDARD has recently gathered pretty accurate figures which mark this combined population at a

grand total of 28,000 souls, big and little, white, black and yellow. Doubtless our figures are liberal. The dainty "Souvenir" just issued by the Inter Mountain says that Butte has "beautiful men and handsome women," but it nowhere tells how many of them are in the town, nor how many people the city and its suburbs include, leaving personal charm out of the account.

Given 28,000 people, big and little, handsome and homely, and 100,000 pounds of turkey, the result is three pounds nine and one-half ounces of turkey for each stomach in Butte and its suburbs—to say nothing of stuffing which, experts tell us, is about three pounds to every ten of turkey.

Some one has evolved the curious calculation that the average Thanksgiving dinner in New England includes 12 people. If this calculation holds true with regard to Christmas companies in Butte, the average little home gathering in that city picked to pieces four good-sized turkeys on Christmas day—and fire raging in the Anaconda mine at that! At this rate of consumption, how many years can the cash drawer of the St. Nicholas and the McDermott survive the festivities of a turkey-eating constituency?

Not so very long ago, an eastern lady, new to Butte's social and market experiences, sought a store in that town in quest of duck. Watching the movements of the marketman for a time, she ventured at length to say: "Why, when you sell duck you don't charge by weight for the feet and bill, do you?" "Oh, yes, madam," was the busy butcher's ready response, "in this western country, when we sell duck, we charge for everything except the quack." We have authority of the Inter Mountain to the effect that Butte's population consumes the festive turkey's gobble on each recurring Christmas day, although the above example in arithmetic takes no account of the weight thereof. Doubtless it treats the average roasted quack in the same manner, yet it's our opinion that this whole subject, which deals rather flippantly in turkeys by the ton, ought to be submitted to the Silver Bow returning board before the official figures are announced.

Now that the row over his title is ended, Judge McHatton will know how to dispose of the fight over the sheriff's office in short order. The public will promptly frown down any attempt further to impede the administration of law by keeping up the wrangle over this branch of police service. Doubtless Judge McHatton will recognize the official whose title is as securely established as his own. The contestant has had experience in the courts and knows where to carry his contest, if he has any to make.

STANDARD TOPICS.

The Yale students who bought a bear and made him drunk on champagne in order to appropriately celebrate their foot ball victory over Harvard, have now to settle with the faculty for their fun. But it seems they can bear most anything.

The San Francisco Chronicle figures up our wealth at seventy-two billions, or an average of more than \$1,000 per head for the entire population. If the gentleman who has our share will please hand it over immediately no questions will be asked.

An Omaha paper advertises that for \$2 it will send a 15 volume set of Dickens and its weekly edition for a year; and a Chicago paper is offering for \$1.25 its weekly edition and a \$1.50 pair of kid gloves. We had no idea that these weeklies were so bad.

Farmer Wade of Missouri is doing fairly well as congressman just entering his first term. On the roll call of the house the other day he was found to be paired three times. Perhaps he has arrived at the conclusion that he is equal to three ordinary representatives.

The Omaha Bee is authority for the statement that dandelions are blooming in Illinois, butterflies flutter among the flowers in Pennsylvania, and water lilies are unfolding on the ponds of New York. Such universally mild weather is almost unprecedented, but there is a general feeling of uneasiness that those states will have to pay for their green Christmas with green graves later on. Montana is thankful that she is not so green as most of her sisters.

A Vienna paper, under the caption of "Good News from California," prints the statement that cognacs from Los Angeles and Sonoma have been received in that city "equal in quality to the best French brands, and considerably cheaper." This will be as good news to California as the original news was to Europe. The only fear is that after celebrating the good news, California will have no more cognacs to send to Europe for some time.

A SERMON BY REV. J. E. RICKARDS.

There was an old woman lived under a hill; And if she's not gone, she lives there still. In considering the meanings with which our text is charged, the lessons which which it is fraught, let us first examine the great central truth contained in the words "There was an old woman." Around this expression as their dazzling sun revolve all the subordinate phrases of the text like so many planets. Observe then that there was an old woman. For if there had not been, these beautiful and impressive words would not have been written. She was, therefore, a fact in history. She was a being, an entity, a force. But she was not only a woman. If we examine the text more closely we discovered with absolute certainty that she was an old woman. That is to say she was not a child of a girl, gadding the streets with banged hair and silly giggle. No; she was old, she was aged, she was elderly, she was venerable, she was advanced in years, she could not by any means conceivably be called a young chicken. And here let us pause to observe how noble, how touching, how enviable, old women are. Where else in history shall we find characters so worthy of our regard and our emulation as Old Mother Hubbard

and Old Mother Knowles? Let us therefore strive without ceasing to be old women. Let us ever aspire to the title of old women. Let us not tarry, let us not rest by the wayside, but let us press forward, let us advance, let us get a gait upon us, and so do and act and live that the world shall rise up and call each one of us an old woman, yea even from way-back.

Secondly. What did this old woman do? This is a legitimate field of inquiry; but unfortunately our knowledge is limited. We have not a complete biography of her life. History indeed is hushed and silent touching the details of her career. Of this much, however, we are certain—this old woman, the text informs us, lived. To this we may anchor. Here is our rock and our foundation; there was an old woman, and she lived. Blessed thought! she lived. And it was well for her that she did. Now this word "live" implies not only existence. In the sense in which we find it used here, it means something more. It conveys the idea of dwelling. It suggests a habitation. But this old woman could not have lived like the beasts of the field. We do her an injustice to suppose for an instant that she would be satisfied with a hole in the ground. Equally improbable is the supposition that she lived like the birds, for although we have seen pictures of elderly ladies riding broomsticks through the air, there is nothing in the text to show that this particular old woman was one of them. Far otherwise. We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that she lived in a house. But there are confessedly many kinds of houses. There are log houses, frame houses, rump houses, clearing houses, dry goods houses, livery houses, full houses. In what kind of a house did our old woman live? We do not know; we are not told. But whatever was the house, she lived in it and made the best of it. We may not always have the kind of houses we want. People may tell us, indeed, that our house is the best they ever saw. But do not let us repine. The text teaches us to stick to our house and be proud of it.

Thirdly, we find that the old woman lived under a hill. Now the skeptical will ask how could this be? How could the old woman prevent the hill from crushing the life out of her? The language of the text is figurative. People say, for example, that she was under the thumb of our dear Brother Sanders, and they are probably correct. Yet Brother Sanders never actually applied his thumb to us. So, too, many declare that we are under a cloud, when to be exact, in a physical sense, there are no more clouds over us than are over the rest of the brethren. And this reminds us of a beautiful Christmas hymn, which Brother Sanders has composed in our honor:

Wait till the clouds roll by, Rickards, Wait till the clouds roll by; Then will the pretty cry, Rickards, Why don't you roll up and die? Fourthly, "And if she's not gone." There are two kinds of gone-ness, one of a temporary, the other of a permanent character. The text plainly refers to the latter variety. For if she has simply gone down town, or gone to the circus, or gone to borrow a little buying power, and a flat-iron, she certainly intends to return. But if she has gone to pot, or, according to the revised version, gone into the soup; if she has gone like our dear departed Brother McGinty to the bottom of the sea; if she has gone where the woodbine twineeth; if she has gone bag and baggage; if she has skipped, fled, vanquished and departed forever, then she is indeed a goner, and in fact she will not come back; nor indeed will she return.

Lastly, brethren, we read that barring the possibility of her being gone, "she lives there still." Oh, the comfort and consolation of this thought! She lives there still. If we only get there, we have this assurance—we shall stay there. Our enemies may kick, but they cannot turn us out. We are in, we are solid, we have got a dead cinch. Let us, therefore, brethren, arise and gird up our loins, and sit down again. They who get there, shall stay there. This, Brother Sanders informs me, has been the guiding text of his life. Through all his multitudinous misadventures, and disappointments and failures, he has not despaired. He still believed he would get there, and when he got there he intended to stay there. And now he thinks he has got there at last. Let us all unite in singing the 483rd hymn.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Mr. Culver's Resources. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. With his jury fees, and what he makes out of his newspaper libel suits, Juror Culver is likely to become a highly prosperous citizen.

Another One on Donnelly. From the Chicago Tribune. The "grip" is said to be as bad as the ague while it lasts. This makes it a shakespeare, as it were, and Ignatius Donnelly will simply turn up his nose at it.

Sherman Would Like It. From the Kansas City Times. The nomination of Foraker to be minister to Russia would afford John Sherman an opportunity that he has been dreaming about ever since the last republican convention.

And Also Montana. From the Laramie Boomerang. Postmaster General Wanamaker informs the public over his signature that "some gingham wrappers have taken a tumble." John should do the same. He should take a tumble to the condition of Wyoming's mail facilities.

Getting Solid With the Grandson. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Representative Caldwell of Cincinnati ought to be "solid" with this administration. One of his first acts in the present congress was to introduce a bill for the erection of a monument to the memory of William Henry Harrison.

A "Chump." From the New York Commercial Advertiser. We have been asked to define the word chump. At this season of the year the only certain thing about the chump is that he is the man who would sit under the mistletoe with a pretty girl and never offer to do his duty like a man and brother.

A Terrible Revenge. From the Boston Advertiser. The Chicago Tribune avenges itself by placing under the heading "The Country Editors," a collection of quotations from Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York and Indianapolis newspapers, which speak in

words of sarcasm of Chicago and her institutions.

The Windy City's Way. From the Chicago Tribune. "What will Chicago do to keep itself before the public after the Cronin case is settled?" asks an exchange. Construct the most complete drainage system in the world, abolish the smoke nuisance, hold a World's Fair, and then, if necessary, build a bridge across Lake Michigan. Don't ask foolish questions.

Can't be Granted Away. From the Boston Advertiser.

The telling blows which axemen in New York are striking in defense of lineamen will serve a double purpose if they remain the whole country of a too easily forgotten truth, namely, that there are some rights so fundamental that no charters or vested privileges can annul them. This nation achieved its independence on the basis of a declaration which specified as the first of "inalienable rights," the right to life.

Good Piece for Some of the Surplus. From the Hartford Courant.

Another thing congress should do this winter is to increase the pay of those now fellows, the life-savers. Since the life-saving service was organized they have rescued 7,900 persons and over \$60,000,000 worth of property. They have lost a good and permanent friend in the death of Sunset Cox, but every member of congress should appoint himself a committee of one to see that they do not suffer in pocket by that bereavement.

An Eye with a Curve. J. P. Miller in the Philadelphia Telegraph. The best ball of the modern curve pitcher is not more difficult to catch than is the new speaker's eye. It goes over the heads and between the flying arms of the clamorous members and rests just where he wants it—nowhere else. A member may stand directly in front of the speaker's desk and shout with all his might without interrupting a clear-cut sentence of the proposition the speaker is propounding to the house. There is something majestic in the way he can ignore a man who is going through the violent gymnastic and vocal exercise within ten feet of him.

The Cruel Theft of Africa. From the Philadelphia Times.

Portugal was fortunate in getting a first hold on African territory, but the determination of the great European powers to parcel the continent among themselves leaves a state so feeble at the mercy of her stronger neighbors. It is not surprising, therefore, that the English speaker takes the lead in crying out against Portugal as a faithless friend and bad neighbor in Africa. The powers are determined, apparently, to repeat in Africa the schemes of aggrandizement tried in America two centuries before poor Africa.

The Trusts Must Be Stamped Out. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Western republican view is that duties on commodities controlled by trusts should be either largely reduced or removed altogether. The object is to stamp out the trusts, and if a mere reduction of the impost does that it is all which should be attempted, but if the total abolition of the impost is necessary to accomplish this end, abolition must be had. This is the true republican doctrine, and cannot be ignored or departed from by the party without an abandonment of principle and a shameless disregard of the demands and aspirations of the people.

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