

DAILY INTER MOUNTAIN

Issued Every Evening, Except Sunday.

INTER MOUNTAIN PUBLISHING CO

M. A. BERGER, Manager.

26 West Granite street, Butte City, Mont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Per year, by mail, in advance \$7 50
By carrier, per month 75
Semi-Weekly, per year, in advance.. 2 00

Subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly are requested to notify this office.

Official Paper of Silver Bow County.



WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1899.

DEMOCRACY AND SILVER.

Merely to keep the record straight the Inter Mountain desires to correct the Butte Miner's excerpts from recent interviews with the Hon. Lee Mantle. In expressing his views, both in Washington and in Butte, that gentleman referred to the treatment accorded the silver republicans and populists by the democracy of Montana, and expressed the opinion that "under such conditions" there could be no co-operation in the future between the silver parties and that political organization in this state. In its quotations the Miner omits the qualifications made by the senator, and thus makes it appear that his conclusions were reached in an arbitrary and unjustifiable manner.

Inasmuch as our morning contemporary has seen fit to revive the question of the relations of the silver parties to the issue of bimetalism, a little ancient history may not be uninteresting at this time. It is a well known fact that the democracy of this state was rescued from the oblivion that threatened it during the reign of Grover Cleveland, whom it lauded in state convention, by the co-operation of the silver republicans and populists in support of Mr. Bryan. This co-operation was most greedily welcomed by the democracy, and with every profession of gratitude which its enormous appetite for political power could inspire.

But having attained a victory in this state, through the assistance of silver organizations that furnished a hundred per cent more votes than the democracy could have mustered alone, that party immediately reversed its policy and instituted a campaign against the fusion idea. The plans of the national silver leaders looking to the co-operation of the forces in 1898, to lay the foundations for a successful fight for bimetalism in 1900, were repudiated and their advice ignored.

The democracy of this state took the ground that every silver man was a democrat, and that every man who was not a democrat was a foe to the principles of bimetalism. With this utterly ridiculous proposition that party attempted to force the silver republicans and populists to lay down their respective organizations, abandon their views as to other important questions of a national character, and throw themselves unreservedly into that shallow pretence familiarly known as the bosom of the democracy. This was done through purely selfish motives and with a total disregard for the exigencies that might arise in 1900. It was a policy formulated in an atmosphere of political greed, having in view the control of the local offices in Montana, regardless of the fate that might overtake the silver question in 1900 through the repudiation of the system of co-operation that had added 3,000,000 votes to the political coffers of the democracy in 1896.

In taking that step the democratic party in this state showed that it was insincere—that its love for the silver cause was assumed—that it looked upon bimetalism as merely a means to an end, that end being the distribution of local offices among the "truly faithful." It showed its hand—it betrayed its purposes. Following its victory in 1898 came the repudiation of the free coinage ratio of 16 to 1—a fitting climax to the assaults already made upon the silver citadel. Under such conditions the silver republicans and populists cannot afford to prostitute the principles they represent to an affiliation with a political organization that has advertised itself as the embodiment of false pretense.

GIVE THEM A ROYAL WELCOME.

While it is not definitely known when the First Montana Volunteers will return from the Philippines, early arrangements should be made for their royal welcome by the patriotic people of this state. It

is probable that every locality that is represented in the regiment will enthusiastically receive the home-coming soldier boys, but the metropolis of the state—Montana's most populous center—ought to prepare a royal reception for the volunteers in a body. Colonel Kessler, in command of the volunteers, is a resident of Butte and it may be that the boys will be mustered out in this city. If so, the occasion should be made a memorable one.

With all due respect for our revolutionary heroes and the fathers of the republic, Butte can well afford to postpone its big Fourth of July celebration until the boys return from Manila. With its 60,000 inhabitants this community can afford to arrange for a demonstration that will become the historic memorial of the people's love and gratitude for the Rocky Mountain boys, who have won enduring fame in the Philippines. Thousands of people from all parts of the state would come to Butte upon such an occasion and make the event one of the greatest in the annals of our imperial commonwealth. Let Butte royally welcome the Montana volunteers.

THE RETIREMENT OF COLLINS.

Few editors in Montana enjoy a wider popularity among the members of the press than Mr. Jeremiah Collins, whose retirement from the tripod of the Helena Independent is announced. During his brief connection with that paper he has imparted to its editorial columns unusual vigor and ability, and strengthened its standing throughout the state.

The political significance of his retirement is not fully understood, as the name of his successor is not given. His brother, the Hon. Timothy Collins, is a stockholder in the paper, and though now serving as state treasurer he is understood to be in the field for gubernatorial honors in 1900. Whether the withdrawal of Editor Collins has any bearing on this matter remains to be seen.

It is believed that the majority of the stockholders of the Independent favor the renomination of Governor Smith, that gentleman being entitled to some consideration at the hands of his party for having rendered it signal service last fall in planning the destruction of the people's party, to which he originally belonged. As Governor Smith was overlooked in the senatorial deal, it is argued that his party can do no less than give him another term if within its power to do so. As Great Falls has been well taken care of in the distribution of official plums, some of Mr. Smith's Helena friends feel that the capital city should retain the executive office. If the plans of the Independent contemplate the support of Governor Smith, instead of Treasurer Collins, the retirement of Editor Collins can be easily accounted for.

THEY WILL CELEBRATE.

Yesterday the Inter Mountain incidentally referred to the Fourth of July, and is pleased to note the enthusiasm exhibited by its esteemed morning contemporaries today over that forthcoming event. Both the Anaconda Standard and the Butte Miner have a lot of things to celebrate when the glorious Fourth is overtaken by the march of time. Each has a lot of pent-up zeal that will be turned loose when unlimited enthusiasm can be uncorked with impunity and hilarity runs amuck.

The Standard will celebrate the election of a United States senator, by having its friends deliver Fourth of July addresses that will commence with the Pilgrim Fathers, in the usual way, and wind up with a chapter on the horrors of bribery, rewritten from the Memorial day speech which it prepared for Colonel Sanders. In the regulation references to the palladium of our liberties, it will introduce a lot of red fire about the Sixth legislative assembly.

Its opportunity to celebrate at the rate of sixty miles an hour will be a grand one. Its orators will be prepared to show in a statistical way that if all the editorials in the Standard against corruption in politics were placed end to end they would reach from the Lower Works to the moon and back again. If the word "bribery" was cut out of that paper as often as it appeared and made into an endless chain it would run every saw-mill in the state. If the name "W. A. Clark" was cut out and bulged into a pyramid, with the proprietor of that name on top of it, that gentleman would occupy a more elevated position in life than he otherwise can hope to attain. The Standard's job lot of Fourth of July orators will have a splendid chance to make the celebration of our national independence a howling success!

The Miner has equal opportunities to enliven the day and rub some of the rust off the escutcheon of our liberties. Instead of merely going back to the landing of the Pilgrims, it can ignore the tenderfeet of Plymouth Rock and commence with the founder of the House of Israel who found a lamb in the bushes awaiting sacrifice, just as the Miner found one in Butte, supposed to be stand-

ing around awaiting the same sort of a performance.

If there is anything in which the Miner shines it is sacred history. It is well posted from Belshazzar to the zoological gardens which John the Revelator saw on the Isle of Patmos. In discussing the necessity of having a democratic legislature, in order to permit liberty to swish its tail and keep the flies off, it might refer to the scriptural anecdote where it is related that a man of God saw one of the faithful hiding in a tree and he said unto him: "I say unto thee, come down." When the democratic party of Montana finds a man up a tree it says unto him: "Come down!" If he comes down enough he is no longer up a tree.

If the Miner does not make a success of its Fourth of July celebration it will be its own fault. It has ample room to spread its eagle and show the old bird off to the fullest extent.

Let the cannons boom! Let the red fire sizzle! Let the ciliated epithelium in the throat of eloquence, quiver! Let Montana get right up and yell! Have not the wings of the democratic party in this state demonstrated that liberty is a fine thing to keep in sight?

VIOLATION OF A STATE LAW.

In violation of the stringent laws upon our statute books against prize fighting a genuine slugger match was held a short distance outside the city limits of Butte last night, attended by several hundred persons. The fight is said to have been conducted in accordance with the established rules of the ring, and was to all intents and purposes just as much of an exhibit in that line as any of the contests between men of wider note in sporting circles. There can be no doubt as to the affair having taken place in utter contempt of the laws of this state.

How a disgraceful exhibition of this character could have been given to an audience that numbered at least 300 spectators without the knowledge of the sheriff of Silver Bow county is a problem which will be difficult to solve. However, it is within the range of possibilities that that officer and his deputies were in ignorance of what was going on and may hear of it only after the principals are beyond the reach of the law.

Under the laws of this state those who attend a prize fight are guilty of an offense against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, as well as those who participate in the exercises of the ring. It is clear that the peace officers have an excellent opportunity to distinguish themselves by giving to this affair the investigation it deserves.

If prominent men and office-holders see fit to wink at a plain violation of the laws of Montana, what right have they to criticize the ignorant and the weak for the violation of other laws against the peace and dignity of the community? If prize fights are to be tolerated in Silver Bow county, merely because sports of high and low degree may think their inhibition an infringement upon their personal liberty to pound and be pounded for prize money and the gate receipts, what is to restrain other men from the violation of such laws which in their opinion should not encumber our statute books? If public opinion does not rebuke such exhibitions as took place on the football grounds last night and demand the enforcement of the law, by what right will the people demand a compliance with the statutes of this state in other respects?

The duty of the peace officers is plain, and if that duty is not performed a responsibility rests upon the chief executive of the state to see that it is done. Let it not be said that Butte gives ready assent to the violation of any law upon our statute books. Let this city be spared the reputation of breaking with impunity the laws that have been passed for the moral welfare of the community. Though outside the city limits, the prize fight last night was essentially a Butte affair, and if the peace officers permit it to go by default this city must suffer the reputation of having condoned an act which is defined as a crime by the laws of the state of Montana. Can the law abiding people of this community afford this? Let the officers of the law do their duty.

DEWEY'S SUCCESSOR AT MANILA.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Since the assignment of Rear Admiral John Watson to succeed Admiral Dewey in the Philippines was announced, public interest has been aroused in the man whom the navy department considered competent to shoulder the responsibilities so long and ably borne by the nation's hero. There is not an officer in the naval service who is not keenly alive to the cares and perplexities of the situation at Manila, and realizes that there may yet be chances to win undying glory and fame.

"A thousand questions are likely to arise," said Rear Admiral Joutet, U. S. N., retired—known in the service as Fighting Jim Joutet—"to perplex and bedevil the man who goes to Manila as Dewey's relief. Well, the department has builded wiser than it knew in ordering Watson to the Philippines. Watson is an admirable compound in character of cool courage in the hour of danger and audacity. He will meet every trick and stratagem of the Filipinos with one a little bet-

ter, and there is not a fitter man in the service for that most difficult Manila detail than John Crittenden Watson."

John Crittenden Watson comes from good fighting stock. He was born in Frankfort, Ky., in 1842. His father was Dr. Watson and his mother was the daughter of ex-Attorney General of the United States and ex-Senator John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, a union man when it required courage to be such in Kentucky.

It may be stated here as a peculiar fact that some of the most dashing and brilliant officers of our navy came from Kentucky. 1,200 miles from blue water, but so it is. There is Joutet, chief of them all, in his brilliant record of almost needless manors west of the great right hand, in the brave naval combats of 1862-3-4. Then comes Phythian Berry, William Nelson, a naval lieutenant, whom President Lincoln made a major general of volunteers, killed in 1862, and latest, Lieutenant Commander Lucien Young, whose brilliant dash at Santiago is fresh in the country's memory.

Rear Admiral Watson is a nephew of the late Major General Thomas L. Crittenden, who commanded the Twentieth corps, who died shortly after the war. Another uncle was General George P. Crittenden, who went south in 1861 and commanded a division in the confederate army. Watson was appointed to Annapolis in 1857, in his fifteenth year, the age limit for youths then being 14 to 20. In 1861, a passed midshipman, he was on the Hartford with Farragut, and there won the friendship of the great admiral by a feat of courage that was as necessary as it was daring.

It was a fine April morning in 1862, when Farragut's fleet ran by Ft. Jackson and St. Philip on the Mississippi river, 52 miles below New Orleans. The ships of Farragut's fleet were all of wood, and General Duncan, commanding the forts, with his second, Colonel Higgins, thought the Lord had delivered Farragut and his fleet into their hands, as they beheld it coming up, formed in two lines, the Hartford being easily distinguished as the flagship by its broad blue admiral's pennant. The forts were admirably arranged for effective gunnery, having a barbet battery of sixty-fours and quick guns that swept the river for miles. Had not Farragut directed his fleet to run inshore and under the gun fire not a ship would ever have got away. The forts are situated on the two banks of the river, and about a mile and a half below each other. As the Hartford passed Ft. St. Philip a shower of grape from one of the big guns of the foremast into matchwood, and seriously disabled the sail power of the ship.

It was necessary to take in some sail and set others, but the blocks had jammed and the Hartford was in danger of swinging about and running aground. The fire of grape aloft was so terrible that the command, "Go aloft and clear blocks from the main yard," was not obeyed with that promptness that follows an order given by the commander of a man-of-war. But the hesitancy was momentary. "Come on, you sons of seacoaks," yelled a young voice, and up the ratlines to the disabled rigging went a midshipman followed by the entire watch, shamed beyond words at their momentary hesitation. Running out lightly to the end of the yard and standing 60 feet from the deck with his grape tipping ropes and tearing great slivers of wood from mast and spar, young Watson as calmly gave the necessary orders as if he were at a practice drill. One after another the men were struck by the howling storm of grape and either fell lifeless on the deck below or were knocked out of the rigging into the river boiling with the stroke of shot and shell but the Indian-fighting blood of his heroic ancestry was up and John Crittenden Watson never looked around. When everything was taut and in working order, following the "jackies" down, Watson saluted the admiral and reported "All clear, sir."

Grim old Farragut simply seized the daring boy in his arms, and how the crew cheered. "Had we ever got around there the confederate guns would have destroyed us in five minutes," said Fleet Captain Percival Drayton, of the West Gulf Squadron, as he told the story to Captain, afterward Rear Admiral Bryson. "Young Watson's ready appreciation of the danger and prompt action saved the Hartford, in my opinion, and Farragut always thought so, too."

There are many people still living in Kentucky who are bound to the income of his heroic ancestry by ties of blood, and who will watch with interest and pride his career in our new far eastern possession. Doubtless they have no fear but that their distinguished relative will be able to cope with any and every question, and lend fresh honors and lustre to the names of his ancestors.

FROM A LATE NOVEL.

"You do not love me!" he hoarsely cried. "I do, I do!" she sobbed. "How can you doubt me?" "Then prove it," he answered. "Yes, but how?" she asked eagerly. "Lend me \$10 until net Saturday." The young girl drew herself up proudly. "Coward!" she hissed. "Would you strike a woman? Leave me and never return!" And, bowing his head in shame, the young man slunk away.—New York Journal.

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