

The Butte Daily Bulletin

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1919.

TRAGEDY OF THE REVOLUTION.

A revolutionary age will naturally have its tragedies. Those whom we love and deeply respect will be taken from us, our champions will be killed in the fray. These we recall forever, their lives have been true, therefore no stains do we have to forget.

Then there are those whom we respected and expected. They have failed us. What greater tragedy than the mighty thinker Pleckanoff, of the fall of Jules Guesde, of the dinking of Karl Kautsky?

And the first has gone forever. Will the second and third live to retrieve that past respect? We know not, but we hope; and if they do, tomorrow we will strive to recall the memory of their past lives and forget the stains of the present.

Then there is the "Grandmother of the Revolution," as she was called, Katherine Breshkovsky. The little girl who hated the indignities and misery that the workers and servants had to suffer, whilst she was but a child. The young woman who gave up all to go out and educate and raise the social revolution. The one who put in most of her life for the socialist republic, and suffered years upon years in Siberia, and yet the one who today decries the very revolution she lived for.

What a tragedy?

But is it not a good explanation of her condition and views when we say that she is really in second childhood? Should we, in all fairness to our comrades, condemn their past when, through old age, they change from their former self and battle really for their masters they had so fought against. No. Though we must and should show up the folly of their actions, views and childish nonsense of our old comrade, let us try our utmost to be as lenient towards her as possible, remembering her suffering, work and striving in the past and the childishness that comes with age.

THE EMBLEM OF OUR CLASS.

We have often said that "you can stop the tongue from speaking, you can stop the hand from striking, but no tyrant, no time, can stop the mind from thinking." This we repeat, on the eve of the law becoming effective prohibiting any display of anything symbolic or personifying the ideals and international nature of labor.

And to you, lords and masters of our bread, we have this to say: "History is pregnant with laws of oppression. The pages recording human events are red with the blood of those the rulers have murdered to enforce their will and hold their power, but also, every page tells of the death and destruction of these laws by the onward march, the ever flowing tide of human progress."

The Pharaohs wrote down their will, and said "THIS SHALL BE SO."

The Caesars made laws and statutes and said "This shall be so."

But—Egypt is of yesterday, and the mighty Caesars fell.

The feudal kings held their courts and to their will and whims attached "FOR EVER AND EVER."

Barons bold and ecclesiastical cunning, to these laws of rulers by Divine right cried aloud, "AMEN!"

But the reformation came; the peasants revolted, the French revolution burst aflame, set afire, and burned to a cinder the last fragment of these laws and institutions that "fools in their folly" said were ETERNAL.

The czar of Russia was mighty yesterday, and placed his ukase on all things. "His laws are all powerful," said his satellites, "and no man shall question his right, for such he gets from God Almighty." But the czar is with his cousin on the scrap heap. And their laws were dumped with the rest of the rubbish, and with the same lack of ceremony.

Thousands of laws were made in Russia to hold the people in subjection. The laws are now dead, but the people are very much alive and free.

Bismarck tried the "iron hand" and had laws as strong as steel to suppress evolution and the gospel of the proletariat, but the iron laws turned out to be but of tin, for evolution could not be stopped, nor the truth kept in bondage. Socialism was strengthened by the very laws the masters hoped would kill it.

The Dark Ages lays righteous claim to the death of millions. The brightest of the human race were hanged, drawn and quartered. The stake was ever burning the noblest, and those who dared to speak the truth in the light they saw it. Massacres were general, and torture the fashion. Children were battered and mothers lynched. The very suspicion of a new thought often brought lifelong imprisonment upon the one who dared to think in such terms of progress. So terrible was the oppression the historians called it the DARK AGES.

And what results did this oppression bring? The rising tide swept onward and the days of reckoning were made more bitter.

Gentlemen, it is in your power to make any law you wish, but remember there are mightier laws than you can make, and they are the economic, social and political laws of any given society. You can give expression to the wishes of the master class, but the aims and ideals of the working class are ten thousand fold stronger, and eventually these aims and objects will win.

You can write your statutes—dip your pens deep and scrawl—but whilst you play, remember that history knows you not, and cares as little for your pigny undertakings as the universe cares for your baying at the moon.

Suppress the emblem of the international, say the color of the blood of all humanity shall not be waved, strike it down, and stop the tongue from speaking of its sacredness; imprison

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and fine, jail and revile; tear every symbol to threads and incite the mobs to acts of violence; do as you will, BUT, we tell you this: Every act of despotism, every law to suppress, every jail you fill, will but nourish and mother the ideal and thought in the impregnable citadel—the fortress you can never destroy—**"THE MIND AND MEMORIES OF OUR CLASS."**

The American flag was hated by the British lords, and those who first unfurled it were called traitors, seditious, and were hunted for treason. The tyrants of their day attempted to tear their emblem down, but it lived in the great cause of the period, and every act to down it made it fly more gloriously. This will and shall be the case with the banner of the Working Class international. It is symbolic of the brotherhood of man, the aim and ideal of the working class of all countries; and as you fear and crush its folds we will unfurl it more than ever in our **MEMORIES AND IN OUR MINDS.**

Lords and gentlemen, present masters of bread, we are not your advisers and would not be so if we could. We know that you are striving to maintain the system of plunder; we know you are maddened to desperation. Go to it. We fear you not. We rest satisfied in the justice and the nobleness of our cause. The morrow looks to us as bright as it does dark and dreary to your class. We know that the red blood of the boilers has not been shed in vain. We know that the long, mighty funeral of our Comrade Liebknecht was not for naught; we know we are marching to victory, and ten million strong, yes, ten times ten millions, have the emblem that you are attempting to destroy with pen and ink, deep in their innermost thoughts, there to rest until the final hour comes and the human race shall be master of its own destiny and all men of all climes and countries will unite into one nation, which shall be "the world," one family, the "brotherhood of all," and the flag, "the color of the deep red blood that binds us into universal kinship."

Gentlemen, you can never stop the mind from thinking. **AND THE WORKERS ARE THINKING AS NEVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.**

Russian swivel-chair warriors object to sitting at the conference table with representatives of the Russian people's army, according to the red rag published on Broadway.

The truth will out. The Canadian veterans are going after the profiteers in Winnipeg. Local patrioters should read the handwriting on the wall before it is too late.

Those who foam and froth at the mouth about the rising anger of the people always stay close to the cyclone cellar.

A REAL SOLDIER

Some time ago we quoted a statement made by Alan Seeger, American poet, who gave his life for France while a member of the famous Foreign Legion in the early days of the war. Seeger was a splendid type of American and soldier. He said that hate was no part of the makeup of the soldiers of the legion. They left that business of war to the noncombatant editors far from the fighting front. In news dispatches the other day there was another statement from another American soldier which we desire to record along with Seeger's. It is as follows:

"Our men are not going to come back hating the Germans. No man who has been in the line facing the Germans will bear any malice toward them. I know if any American infantryman met the kaiser on the road he would be willing to share his hardback with him. This is not a false sentiment."

Was the soldier who thus spoke some I. W. W. or pacifist caught in the meshes of the draft? Was he, more likely, some so-called German-American, still secretly full of sympathy for German kultur and kaiserism, in spite of the uniform he wore and pretenses of loyalty and patriotism?

The words were spoken at a patriotic meeting in New York recently by Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey, commander of the "lost battalion" in the Argonne forest, which was surrounded by the Germans and faced what was believed to be certain annihilation. It will be remembered that the German commander sent a note to Colonel Whittlesey asking the surrender of the battalion and stating that the Americans had fought gloriously, with unexcelled courage, and that the Germans did not desire to wipe out so many brave men, but preferred to take them as honorable prisoners of war. Colonel Whittlesey sent a note back to the German commander saying: "Go to hell."

The "lost battalion" (or what was left of it) finally fought its way out of the encircling line of Germans. Colonel Whittlesey has been decorated with the highest honors in the power of the people of America to award to brave soldiers.

It should be noted that the colonel appeared on the New York platform to make his speech in citizens' clothes, without wearing any of the medals he is entitled to display.

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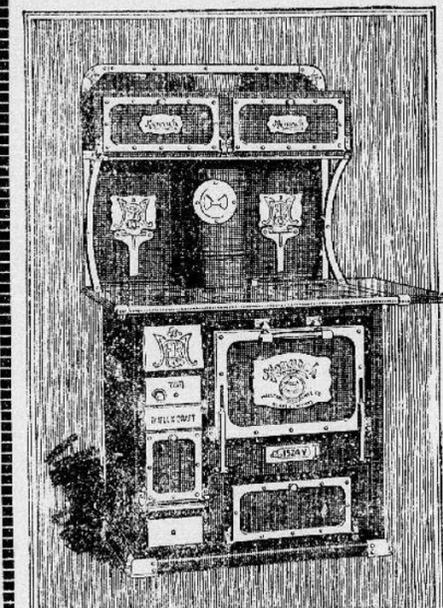
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GOOD NIGHT

G... COLUMN

"THE MUCKER"

If you want to know anything, ask the Mucker. If you don't know anything, ask the Mucker. If you know anything you know the Mucker don't know, tell it to the public through the Mucker's column.

ing to Hoyle as is afterward proved by the white and blue and pink papers. The game goes on till one side or the other runs short of what those agitators call proletarians, then they call an official halt, and thereafter it is illegal for any of those pikers to start a little game of slaughter of their own because their symbol is not and, anyhow, they are not experts at it. Besides, they only muss things up and delay the time when the topnotchers can go after their own world's record.

"Of course, once in a great while a piker butts in and gets away with it. George Washington was one of those pikers, but he pitted through, and afterward, there being nothing else to do, it was made official; and he is now called the "father of his country." I'm anxious to know who will be the next lucky piker. Maybe they will call him the "Daddy of the World."

"I hope I have made it clear to you, pal. Anyhow, it sure is a great game when played by experts. What do you think about it?"

"I've quit thinking until those hicks over at Helena get through passing laws. Before they get through, it may be against the law to think, and I'm taking no chances," said the Side-Kick.

"I guess you're right," said the Mucker.

OPEN FORUM

This column is conducted for and written by Bulletin readers. If you have any suggestions to offer for the betterment of conditions in which the public is interested, the Bulletin offers you this opportunity for their expression and interchange of comment with your neighbors and friends. Properly to protect this Open Forum, all communications must be signed with the name and address of the writer, but anonymous signatures will be used in the column if requested. Address all communications to the editor of the Bulletin and please be brief and to the point.

The following letter appears to have reached the Bulletin by mistake, understandable and even pardonable on the part of a "stranger." But inasmuch as it seems to voice a certain perplexity, general prevalent among intelligent people, we are taking the liberty to publish it—with the hope that the editor of the Miner may see fit to entrust his answer to the Bulletin. We freely offer him the Open Forum for that purpose, assuring him the same uncensored publicity that this communication has received.—Editor.

ITALIANS MAY PENSION ORPHANS

(By United Press.)
Rome, Jan. 5. (By Mail.)—Latest statistics compiled by the Italian government indicate that the war has left in Italy no less than 100,000 orphans.

As yet the definite basis upon which these will be pensioned and taken care of by the government has not been decided upon. The plan, however, most favored to date provides that each orphan shall receive from the state a regular allowance of 20 cents a day until the age of 18 years.

This would mean an annual pension budget for orphans alone of \$7,200,000. Estimating that the 100,000 orphans would receive this allowance for an average of 10 years each, the total bill would thus be \$72,000,000.

To provide for this it has been suggested that every well-to-do family in Italy become the god-parents to an orphan who will be assigned to by the government, each family thus pledging itself to contribute \$6 a month to the support of the child.

The man who thinks a good deal of his wife should not attempt to conceal his thoughts when he is alone with her.

Register, and get your friends to register, or you can't vote at the primaries in the spring election.

Butte, Mont., Jan. 27, 1919.
Editor Butte Daily Miner,
Butte, Mont.
Dear Sir: The enclosed editorial, entitled "In Winalpeg," which I clipped from this morning's Miner, is an able bit of writing—I think the most able I have seen in the Miner. I can vision Frank Little's murderers pricking up their ears, heartened by his suggestion of support for a renewal of the midnight activities so congenial to their natures.

But tell me why returned French soldiers who have so valiantly fought the military forces of the German kaiser should "resent an attempt to pay tribute" to the memory of Karl Liebknecht, the one member of the German reichstag who persistently opposed and denounced the kaiser's military policy, his purpose in the war and his prosecution of the war?—an attitude for which Liebknecht paid by a term in prison.

And also please tell me this—pardon the apparent selfishness of this demand upon your time by a stranger; but I wait very much to know, and I can think of no way of trying to find out more likely to succeed than the direct one of asking you—tell me, please, why you would forcibly stop a man, by law or otherwise, from advocating for our social organization a change, which he honestly believes will achieve the greater welfare of all his fellow citizens?

Very truly yours,
JAMES CROWE.
Box 336, Butte.

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