

Workers' Press Club

WILL MEET

Thursday, February 6

WHEN

JAMES H. FISHER

WILL SPEAK



Members are requested to attend and bring their friends and fellow workmen

WORLD IS SICK

(Continued from page one.)

more remarkably exhibited, for all the hopes of the ruling and financial classes in England, France and Italy are now based upon steady and maintaining Germany as a buffer state between them and advancing bolshevism.

No one can have failed to notice the complete change in the tone of the allied press. The Teutonic people are no longer spoken of as "Huns and 'hoehes."

And the correspondents are unanimously engaged in reporting how well behaved are the grown-ups and how numerous and engaging are the children.

The London dispatches dwell more and more upon the necessity of feeding the German people quickly and generously.

Articles are freely passed by the censorship emphasizing the wisdom of putting Germany upon its feet commercially, so as to give England back a good customer.

And here and there are hints that the return and restoration of the kaiser as a constitutional emperor would be the most stable solution of Germany's political chaos!

The fact is that there has arisen in Europe the exact situation which Lord Lansdowne predicted.

The common peoples of Europe have become so weary of war, they have been subjected to such suffering and such horrors, the burdens heaped upon their backs have been so intolerable, that they are everywhere in an ugly and mutinous temper.

Also, they everywhere know their own strength and how easily they can overthrow the pillars of the ancient edifice of society.

The revolutionary feeling is running high at this very moment in France and in Italy—and if Germany goes the way of bolshevism, there is a strong possibility of the

Latin nations going the same road. There is a dangerously widespread sentiment of revolt in England, too, made very evident by the fear or inability of the government to punish the mutinous troops who have defied orders at Dover, Folkestone and even in London during the past few days.

We are in the midst of the greatest upheaval and revolution the human race has ever experienced, and men who are styled scholars, thinkers and statesmen walk about amidst all this threat and turmoil of popular unrest and revolt and seem to have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear what is going on all around them.

They chatter the same old formulas and phrases of a past that is as dead as Rameses and make their bows and speak their declamations and repeat their copy-book moralities and platitudes for all the world like another congress of Vienna, while beneath their feet and above their heads and all about them sound the mutterings of revolution's coming earthquakes and tempests.

The only visible hope of staying a revolution that will wreck Europe from one end to the other lies in the prompt action of the peace conference in the prompt provision of food for the masses in all the suffering states of Europe; in the prompt ratification of a peace that abandons the old methods of spoils; in a prompt agreement upon disarmament; in a prompt recognition and guarantee of self-government for every people desiring self-government—in short, upon the guarantee of justice, mercy, liberty and happiness to every people, so far as those high ideals can be guaranteed, and in the rescue of the suffering millions—regardless of race or nationality—from the bitter grip of famine, from the agonies and torments that make desperate and savage the mildest and most orderly peoples.

The only prevention of revolution is peace that is real peace, and not an armed truce that prolongs all the burdens and many of the most bitter sufferings of war, without any of the patriotic excitements and stimulations which make war tolerable and bearable.

Let us have peace, and have it quickly.

The soldiers want to go to their homes.

Their peoples want their soldiers in their homes.

That is true of every army and of every people.

The world is sick of war, sick of talk, sick of endless diplomatic fiddle-faddle.

The world wants rest and peace.

And unless the peoples get what they want soon, they will take things in their own hands and get what they want in their own way.

ALDERMAN WOODS TO BE ACTING MAYOR

During the absence of Mayor W. H. Maloney in Helena, Alderman James Woods will be in the office of his honor. Alderman Woods is big and capable enough to handle any part of the job that might devolve on him.

Say you saw it advertised in the Bulletin.

TODAY'S BUTTE NEWS CONDENSED

The telephone number of the editorial department, which should be called for news items only, is 292. Please do not call this department concerning matters of subscription, advertising or delivery of papers; communications concerning these should be with the business office, telephone No. 52, before 8 o'clock p. m., when the office closes.

The Brotherhood society of the Central Presbyterian church will meet tonight at 7:30 o'clock at the home of W. J. Dunstan, 1728 Whitman avenue. All members are urged to be in attendance.

Michael J. Corcoran, who enlisted in the United States signal corps, has returned to Butte and taken up the duties of his former employment with the Lauzier-Wolcott company brokers. Mr. Corcoran is now a corporal.

Registration for the civic election will close in the office of the county clerk and recorded Feb. 21 at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Those who did not vote at the last general election must register.

Miss Emily Oates, manager of the Kohn jewelry store of Missoula spent Sunday in Butte visiting friends.

Judgment for the plaintiff for \$386.84 was handed down by Judge Edwin M. Lamb yesterday in the suit of the Stephenson Lumber company against the Wolf-Alley company and R. J. C. Peterson. The action was for a sum of money alleged due on a sale of goods.

Charles H. Lew, manager of the Hennessy shoe department, returned from an eastern buying trip yesterday. He says the weather in Chicago, New York and Boston is remarkable, grass already up and in many places trees in bloom. All through the middle west it is very mild and in some states the farmers had completed their plowing. Mrs. Lew, who accompanied Mr. Lew as far as Chicago, will remain there for some time.

The Woman's Christian Temperance union joint memorial services for Frances E. Willard and Mrs. C. J. Nepper have been postponed until Friday, Feb. 14, at 2:30 p. m. It will be held in the First Presbyterian church cottage and Mrs. Margaret Marnon will have charge of the program. Rev. Mr. Harper of the Lowell Avenue Methodist church will be one of the speakers.

Fred Murphy returned to Butte last night from Seattle, where he had been for the past six weeks. He is the son of the late W. C. Murphy, who died in Seattle last week. Mrs. Murphy, formerly Miss Loretta Teohill, is at present in Missoula. Before arriving in Seattle, Mr. Murphy had been in Manila, and had visited Shanghai, where he was attending to his duties as purchasing agent for the Pacific Commercial company. He expects to remain in the city for a short while.

Arrangements for the launching of a "Better Service" campaign to incite care in the preparation of

express packages for shipment are now being made by the American Railway Express company, according to a statement made yesterday by R. T. Starr, Butte representative of the company. The drive will start on Feb. 10 in every city and town in the country. Clerks are being instructed in the manner of showing the public, courteously but firmly, how to abide by the rules laid down for the sending of parcels by express.

Get my recipe to make washing easy. No need to soak the clothes a minute. Takes out the dirt in a way that will make you sit up and take notice.

Fine for woollens and flannels. Fine for everything washable. Takes out all kinds of stains, even ink stains without injury to your clothes.

Saves you money, because it saves you soap. This recipe, which sells for \$1, is my own discovery and was truly a God send to me, because I am a laundress. If you try it once you would not know how to get along without it. H. H. M., Guernsey, Wyo. Adv.

LIVINGSTON NEWS.

The finest and largest dance that Livingston ever witnessed was staged last week. Three hundred and fifty couples danced to the music of Allen's jazz orchestra of 10 pieces. The music was excellent. The dance was held under the auspices of the Machinists' union of Livingston, one of the most progressive bodies in the state, and the largest union in this city, having a membership of more than 200. The officers in charge of the successful dance were: Frank Schmutz, Ernest Toashell, A. E. Connolly, W. T. Bibb; Floor committee, Charlie Isahson, chairman; William Liddell, E. Edmundson, V. Shover, Norman Shostrum. There is considerable credit due to the officers in the way they organized, conducted and wound up the happiest time that Livingston has seen for many a day.

Hard times are knocking at the door of the machinists helpers at the Northern Pacific roundhouse today, when 15 got laid off and girls and Japanese were retained in their places.

The Park County News is starting up a daily paper here in Livingston under the aspect of a labor paper.

Subscribe to The Daily Bulletin

The Bulletin want ads. They get results.

J. HINTENSE

(Continued from page one.)

to tell, and a hurried call was sent to NewLife's for more smelling salts.

After recovering sufficiently, the Ad club terriers, their guests, a few mystified and a few amused business men were permitted to take on a little nourishment in preparation for the final denouement.

The necessary eats formalities over with, the "marvel" proceeded to inform the rejuvenated puglets that he, alone, in all the wide world was capable of directing their latent energies and dormant faculties; that in his person was combined all that was good and true and beautiful, that he was the living image of all that was pure and holy; unlike the late unlamented kaiser, Jawn did not share his virtues with God. It was ME, and none other. Having sufficiently awed the assembled terriers with his countless virtues and unlimited ability, Jawn informed them that they must forthwith notify all business men that HE, in his omnipotence, had ordained and proclaimed, that, until further notice and in the end of time eternal, he would designate the newspapers in which they would be permitted to advertise their wares.

The weekly show came to an end as the Apaches started forth to deliver THE MESSAGE from his royal joblets, and Jawn Hintense McIntosh, left alone in solitary possession of all virtues, containing within his noble frame all that is worth while, inserted his left in the bosom of the English tweed, and with Napoleonic mein gousestepped up to the headquarters of the Associated Industries of Montana, entertaining fond hopes of receiving a phone from the sixth floor of the Hennessy building saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," accompanied by a raise in the pay check.

THE HIGH SEAT OF AUTHORITY

(With Apologies to ANISE)

The other day I stepped into
The county commissioners' room.
A nice looking man
Was INTONING a discourse
On ROADS that needed
Fixing, right away.
The three commissioners
Were bending their ears,
As I have read
The gods once did on Olympus.
I was duly impressed
By the REGAL SETTING,
Elevated platform,
Massive oak desk,
Wide open area
Between the commissioners
And the FAR-AWAY seats
Of the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.
Back of the commissioners
I noticed a picture
With the flag about it.
It was the picture
OF LINCOLN,
THE COMMON MAN,
And I thought of
HONEST ABE, and
The ON-THE-LEVEL way
He had WITH THE PEOPLE.
I wondered how he
Would like to sit on
A HIGH SEAT and be
ROPED OFF from the PEOPLE
For I recalled something
He said about government
By the PEOPLE, of the PEOPLE
And for the PEOPLE.
I wondered why men
Who LOVE HIGH-SEAT
Authority adorn the walls
With pictures of LINCOLN,
The COMMON MAN, with
His ON-THE-LEVEL WAYS,
Who got CLOSE to
THE PEOPLE, his SOVEREIGN.
I guess they do not know
That it's being
ON-THE-LEVEL and
CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE
(As it was with Lincoln)
That gives men
REAL AUTHORITY:
Do not know that
The HIGHER the SEATS
The SMALLER the AUTHORITY.

10,000 SLACKERS!

ARE YOU A SLACKER?
This question is directed at you.
The reason that prompts the query is the fact that there are TEN THOUSAND SLACKERS IN BUTTE.
Look yourself over and see whether you are of that number.
You are a slacker if you have failed to register and thus qualified as a voter in the coming spring municipal election.
You may be sure of one thing: The men who oppose you and your economic program are registered to the last man and woman.
They appreciate the importance of controlling the government under which you, as well as they, have to LIVE and WORK.
If you fail to register, you are a SLACKER and are entitled to just the sort of treatment that happens to be handed out to you by those in positions of authority whenever it suits THEIR purpose.
GET BUSY—REGISTER TODAY!

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

Bulletin Boosters should patronize Bulletin advertisers.

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DR. HAVILAND

No. 71 WEST PARK ST.

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Has remained true to the cause of socialism throughout the war. Its editorials have commanded the attention of many leading socialists and have been widely quoted throughout Ireland and Great Britain.

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Advertise that room for rent in the want columns of the Bulletin.