

The Butte Daily Bulletin

Issued every evening, except Sunday, by THE BULLETIN PUBLISHING CO.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 18, 1917, at the Postoffice at Butte, Montana,
Under Act of March 3, 1879.

PHONE 2
Business Office, 52 Editorial Rooms, 292
Publication Office, 101 South Idaho (downstairs).
Editorial Rooms, 103 South Idaho (downstairs).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
1 month \$.75 6 months \$ 7.50
3 months 2.00 12 months 13.00

The Daily Bulletin is on sale every day at the following places in Butte:
Depot Drug, 223 East Front.
P. O. News Stand, West Park.
Harkins' Grocery, 1025 Talbot tra.
Allen's Grocery, 1204 East Second.
George A. Ames, Jr., 316 1/2 N. Main.
International News Stand, S. Arizona.
Palace of Sweets, Mercury and Main.
Everybody's News Stand, 215 S. Main
Inns.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1919.

SEATTLE AND A GENERAL STRIKE.

The craft lines are falling, the paper agreements are being blown to the four winds, the workers are uniting on class lines, realizing the "interest of one is the interest of all."

A general strike is on in Seattle. It will be a mighty struggle, for the masters, instead of finding the workers divided, hickering over their crafts, and being thrown into chaos by false leaders, handicapped by agreements and scabbed upon by union labor; they meet for the first time in the history of this country a local general strike, the forerunner of a national one.

But nevertheless it will be a great battle. One in which every man will be needed, every help possible, for on the side of the capitalist class will be all the organized forces for the maintenance of the right to rob and plunder. Though the lying press will be handicapped and practically silenced in Seattle by the walking out of the local stereotypers union, the capitalist mouthpieces will be howling to the top of their voices in other parts of the country. They will publish untrue statements sent in by the capitalist hirelings on the coast. They will rail through their editorial columns and appeal on behalf of the poor, poverty-stricken bankers, who are interested in the strike. Crocodile tears will run down their "daily deceivers," and they will suddenly be softened to the sufferings of the starving working women and hungry little children. We shall hear of the terrible crimes of the agitators, of their attempted destruction of property, of plots being unearthed by the police in which the world was to be blown up, of sinister designs of some of the workers' spokesmen, whom they fear more than others. Every other day we shall be told of the strike being a failure, of the workers returning to their jobs, fired of bolshevism. Statements will be featured of some "labor fakir" who, at the voice of his master, denounces the strike; then a reporter or correspondent will write up an interview with a stool pigeon, and say how the workers are dissatisfied at how they are being misled by a bunch of agitators, and so on, the only limit being the lack of supply in the minds of those who are paid to lie.

Organized thuggery will be arrayed against the workers. In the name of law and order every attempt will be made to cause disorder, so that the tip denouncers of violence will be able to get in their work and spill the blood of the toilers. Justice will frown, for modern justice is but the ideas of the exploiters. Official influence of every character will be brought to bear in order to weaken the morale of the strikers. Profiteers will howl patriotism, theologians shriek about hell, professors on "how to fool 'em," and doctors on "how to tame 'em," will give long intellectual dissertations on how the workers are fighting their own interests and how wrong it is of them that they do not place their case in the hands of men like themselves, who are "disinterested" but who are "practical and learned." Citizens alliances and subsidies of the Employers' association will meet and discuss the situation, and issue proclamations on how the workers are ruining "our fair city." Every effort will be forwarded to cause dissension in the ranks and the labor fakir will be busy night and day; and last, but not least, the real masters of our bread will lean back on their soft cushions and wait until hunger begins its work.

These, and many more, are the weapons of the foe. These, we must overcome, and these we can, and these we will.

The Seattle strike must have the organized support of the workers in every part of this great continent. They must face with their numbers and mites the masters, few, but with millions of dollars at their command. They must respond to the call of the class struggle; they must be in the fight of Seattle as though they were on the spot. The possibilities of this great strike are stupendous. Who knows the future?

We cannot beat billionaires with money, but we can defeat them with organized, intelligent mass action. We can refuse to produce in every part of the country, we can call a national general strike. In fact, this is the way, this is the day.

If we fight on class lines we cannot lose, and even though we do at times have to recede for the moment, there can be no defeat, for victory is won in the every effort to organize and act as a class.

The battle is on.

Let us cry, like Nelson, but for our class: "Along the line the signal runs; our cause demands that every man this day will do his duty."

ONE D OLLAR.

Who now so ignorant as to believe that the interest of the employer and employe are alike? Who now will dare to state that there is not a struggle between the capitalist class and the working class? Who now will argue that the capitalist class do not own the earth and the working class are not their slaves? Who now, we would like to know? Why, none but the most slavish of all slave minds.

There is NO interest in common between the masters and their servants. There IS an irrepressible struggle of interest between the capitalist class and the working class. A few parasites called capitalists DO own the machines of production, the land, the mineral resources, in fact the earth. The working class ARE wage slaves.

Yesterday gave you workers another proof of these claims. It was a clean-cut demonstration. Not the first by a long shot, but made more glaring by the comparison of the times and the hypocritical mouthings of the master class within the last 18 months.

Whilst the workers toiled in the mines and mills, and the brother suffered in the trenches and fought on the field of battle, the coupon clippers, the dividend drawers, lounged in

Union Stock Holders in the Butte Daily Bulletin

- UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Conlee Stocket, Roundup, Lehigh, Klela.
- FEDERAL LABOR UNION—Livingston.
- MACHINISTS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte, Livingston.
- MACHINISTS' HELPERS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte.
- CERIAL WORKERS—Great Falls.
- TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION—Butte.
- BLACKSMITHS' UNION—Butte.
- ELECTRICIANS' UNION—Livingston, Butte.
- BAKERS' UNION—Great Falls.
- SHOE WORKERS—Great Falls.
- PLASTERERS' UNION—Great Falls.
- RAILWAY CAR REPAIRERS—Livingston.
- MUSICIANS' UNION—Butte.
- BREWERY WORKERS' UNION—Butte.
- HOD CARRIERS' UNION—Livingston and Butte.
- STREET CAR MEN'S UNION—Butte.
- BARBERS' UNION—Butte.
- METAL MINE WORKERS' UNION (Independent)—Butte.
- PRINTING PRESSMEN'S UNION—Butte.
- MAILERS' UNION—Butte.
- STEREOTYPERS AND ELECTROTYPERS' UNION—Butte.
- BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON WORKERS—BUTTE.
- PIPEFITTERS' UNION—BUTTE.
- BROTHERHOOD BOLDMAKERS AND HELPERNS—Butte.
- STEAM AND OPERATING ENGINEERS—Great Falls.
- BUTCHERS' UNION—Great Falls.
- BAKERS' UNION—Butte.

AND THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS IN BUTTE AND MONTANA

their cushions and smiled. Smiled because of the profits that YOU workers were piling up. Smiled in anticipation, in realization, for you gave to these legal robbers \$82,000,000.

And before and during that time the cost of living climbed upward. Up and up it went and up it continues to go. Frantic attempts have been made from time to time to keep up with the soaring balloon of prices but with constant failure.

The real wage of the working class has been falling, the standard of living ever lowered. And now on the top of all this misery and oppression, this brutal exploitation and sickly hypocrisy, your masters, the masters over your bread, say that from now on you are to get \$1.00 a day less. And their mouthpiece, the Miner, suggested that you take it like dogs or you will be treated to a little gun work.

We will not stand for this increased plunder. We will not whine like dogs because you crack your whip. You shall not take another mouthful from our children's mouths. We will not in meekness and slavish cowardice accept your mandate to suffer more and quietly bare whilst your plunders pile up your ill-gotten gains. No.

Workers, meet at once. Call your respective organizations together; unite these bodies into ONE ORGANIZATION; discuss the lowering of your bread rations, move on and act as a class.

Divided you are weak. United you are strong. To meet your masters in sections or in crafts will mean defeat. To fight them united as a class conducted from a central council will mean a glorious victory.

The tyrants, in their drunken greed, have thrown the gauntlet. May the worker, who bends his back to the extra load without a fight, be despised by his fellow toilers, and held in contempt by his children.

They have called for the pound of flesh they shall never get; they have asked for the blood that we will not give.

Forward, workers, ever remembering the words of our immortal Marx: "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, and you have a world to gain."

THE MASTERS THREATEN.

As with malice aforethought the Morning Miner comes out with glaring headlines saying "Dollar Reduction of Wages in Mines: U. S. Troops on Hand Prepared to Meet Any Emergency." What does this mouthpiece of the copper company mean? Why this preparation and military display? There can be but one answer, these ghouls who have piled up millions from the sweat and blood of the miners and toilers in their smelters and who now want another pound of flesh, are scared lest the workers should resist their avarice, therefore they threaten to subdue the hungry thousands with machine guns, and answer the cry of women and children with grape-shot.

If any emergency does arise, it comes not, and will not come, from the toilers, but from the copper barons, who are driving and plundering their wage slaves to desperation.

HOW ABOUT AMERICA?

In his "Letters on Politics and War," John Ruskin says: Italy's true oppression is all her own. Spain is oppressed by the Spaniard, not by the Austrian. Greece needs but to be saved from the Greeks. No French emperor, however mighty his arm or sound his faith, can give Italy freedom.

And might we add that England is oppressed by the Englishman; that America needs but to be saved from the Americans, and that all the allied nations, however mighty their armies or sound their faith, can never force democracy upon Russia.

The war is over and the trouble BEGINS.

Kolchok, head of the little counter-revolutionary government at Omsk, which is making vodka out of Russia's food supply—Kolchok, distiller, says that he can't sit at the same conference table with such fellows as the bolsheviks, who poured all the booze of Petrograd into the gutter.

Do Your Duty!

Again we want to talk to you about that little job you have, perhaps, left undone.

HAVE YOU REGISTERED?

If you have neglected to attend to this essential duty then you are not qualified to vote.

It might happen that when the time comes for voting that you will have cause to regret your negligence of this hour.

If it happens that you are a worker, you now have the time to qualify as a voter in the next city election.

Remember that if you fail to register you are disfranchised just as chattel slaves were without the right to vote before the civil war.

Millions of men have FOUGHT and DIED for the RIGHT TO VOTE.

You can vote by simply walking down to the court house TODAY and registering.

ATTEND TO THIS—NOW.

With the Editors

POPULAR MOVEMENTS.

You cannot suppress by brute force a popular movement, the strength of which is derived from the interest and needs, the desires and ideals of the masses of the people. No matter what forms a movement of this kind may take, it is always inspired by that sense of justice which is dominant in the consciousness of the common people and constitutes the bed-rock of their individual and social life.

The ordinary man is a stranger to the intricacies and fine points of written law, but he has a native feeling for right and wrong that seldom misleads him. And even when passion gets the better of him and takes him off his feet, he soon finds his way back to common sense and justice. You may mislead people for a while, but not long enough and not far enough to make them forget their moral obligations one to another.

Therefore social movements of great masses of the people, movements expressing the thoughts and the feelings of the workers of the world, cannot be suppressed any more than you can prevent people from thinking and feeling. If you think them wrong, you must be able to convince the people that they are wrong. You must teach them, and instead of threatening with a club you must show them the truth. If they are, according to your judgment, on a false track, show them the right way.

But if you consider a popular movement wrong because it does not promote your own interest or endanger your social position, your privileges, your methods of acquiring wealth, you have no cause against it at all, because the masses of the people are under no obligation to anyone to sacrifice their own interest and well-being to the interest of others.

Granted that the present system of society has not been originated by those who reap all its benefits and advantages today, the fact remains that it is upheld at the expense of the working people, and that they have a perfect right to oppose it and try to do away with it and put in its place one that will do justice to everybody and harm to nobody.

And since social institutions do not change by themselves they must be changed by men, and since it is natural for people who suffer from such institutions to take the initiative in trying to change them or abolish them, you cannot blame the workers to organize a movement for that purpose, for they must unite their forces and act in union if they wish to accomplish anything.—St. Louis Labor.

"A SERMON ON HYPOCRISY"

(By GEORGE H. SANDS, Burke, Idaho.)

See you pirate at his desk,
Note the glitter of his eyes;
Cold and cruel is his task,
For gold is his divinity;
The dollar sign, the only creed
Of him and his hyena breed.

Now gaze ye on the churches round,
Where "Labor" stalks and stagers;
Promethens-like to misery bound,
Poor slaves or else poor beggars,
Yet "plutocrats" and others say
'Twas God ordained, the Maker's way.

They say 'twas great Jehovah's plan
That "Labor" should go forth to toil,
While idleness, the "Overman"
Should seize the appropriate
"spoil."
This, the primal scheme of life,
Eternal sorrow, endless strife.

They lie! Creation willed it not!
That drones should thrive on honest
toil;

The God-head planned a farrier lot
For you, poor serf, who digs the soil.
Ye idle clowns how dare ye tell
'Twas God, a just Creator's will?

The Christ-man never told ye this;
Thus spake the Lord of Galilee:
Of "brotherhood" and "helpfulness"
To love was His philosophy.
The brother feeling ever crept
Among the rocks where Jesus slept.

The "Master" never preached for gold,
Nor pressed the couch of luxury;
But felt the chill of winter's cold,
And knew the sting of misery,
Melancholy moonbeams swept
The lonely paths where Jesus wept.

The weary feet of Jesus trod
The thorny fields of tears and woe;
He brought the message of his God
Among the dwellings of the low.
Saw their sorrows, knew their fears,
And sought to wipe away the tears.

Ye hypocrites! There'll dawn a day
Of Nemesis for thee and thine
The cross of gold will melt away
And "Freedom" shout a song divine!

The Boss a Prophet.

Columbus, Ga., Feb. 6.—Frederick B. Gordon, president of the Columbus Manufacturing company, has joined the prophet class, and predicts the absolute and complete failure of trade unionism in "this part of the country."

Mr. Gordon is incensed at the organizing activity of the United Textile Workers and he seems to think that he is the first employer who would deny organizations among his workers.

Other employers have straggled their anti-union paces during the few brief years of their existence, but the labor movement continues. This is nothing to Gordon, who screeches:

"And this is my prophecy: That the industrial south as a whole will never, while the country remains a republic, allow itself to be bound hand and foot by that thing that seeks to stab in the heart that inherent right of selective employment belonging to every individual, firm or corporation in this country—that unholy, foreign-born, un-American, socialistic, despotic thing, known as labor unionism."

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.

EXTRA PAY FOR SOLDIERS.

(The following communication is from an organization which has for its object the securing of extra pay for the veterans of the war and should receive the approval of everyone.—Ed.)

Dear Sir: Do you know that the majority of the men that joined the service this year at Norfolk gave up positions paying them around \$150 per month and some as much as \$300 per month? Compare that with \$30 per month.

This is a moral issue. The men of the service worked or fought night and day for whatever the government chose to pay them; they did not strike, neither did they get 10 per cent plus. They only obeyed orders. The only record we have of a whole company disobeying orders was that one of our companies was charging the Huns and the officers gave orders to halt, but they captured several German dugouts before obeying him.

At a public mass meeting held in the Armory hall the plan was discussed and voted on. Every one present voted to request congress to enact a law in accordance with the plan.

Some people oppose the plan because it will cost the government \$3,000,000,000, saying that we are not able to stand it. Such statements are an insult to the flag, for our experts tell us that it would have cost us over \$25,000,000,000 per year to have carried the war on several years longer, and they further state that we could have financed it for a number of years under our Liberty bond plan. Now, taxes (don't faint) for our generation could pay the \$3,000,000,000 off by an average increase of tax of just \$1 per year for each person of the United States. Our great country is not bankrupt; no, far from it. A vast amount of the money we have borrowed has been invested in permanent improvements and bonds of our allies, and should we be disposed to do so, we can collect the balance from Germany. Our government is better off financially than any government or institution in the world today.

Others oppose it, saying that it would put too much money in the hands of the irresponsible. Well, when you hear a man talking like that he either does not know what class of men are in the service or he is one of those kind of men that asked every one of his friends to sign his or his son's exemption card, while your boy or brother was going to the front to defend humanity.

There is no charity in this plan. It will only give the men what they have earned thrice, and a very small portion of what they deserve. How much would we have had if it had not been for the men of the service?

Would it be giving our service men a fair deal to only give them one month's bonus when, their commercial competitors have saved a few thousand dollars for a rainy day while the gates of our national treasury were swung wide open for necessity?

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

VACCINATION.

Butte, Mont., Feb. 6, 1919.
Editor Butte Bulletin: The former secretary of the county board of health has returned from his military labors and seems to have resumed the duties of the office. He has signaled his return to the arduous labors thereof by announcing the closing of the county pest house due to the effect of enforced vaccination last year. What a good thing it is to have some fellow of the medical fraternity to blame the good health of the people on to, but perhaps the dear doctor is wrong this time. However, it has served to advertise him, in a way which the members of his profession dearly love, and will go to great lengths to get.

Now then, doctor, is it not a fact that smallpox is an adult's disease? If it is true, then doctor, how is it possible to blame the vacancy of the pest house on vaccination, when it was enforced on the helpless children by your majesty and that of the state board of disease (otherwise known as health), aided and abetted by one city physician, who had never distinguished himself, before securing this office, by performing any remarkable cures of disease.

A little retrospection will also bring to mind that when this same Dr. McCarty was secretary of the county board of health before, he made an offer of \$500 for any case of smallpox after vaccination, but managed to be conveniently absent from the next meeting of the school board after the foregoing offer, probably he was financially short and the American Medical association and its subsidiary, the state board of health, were not willing to back up such rash statements.

Allow me to suggest, doctor, that you take some of the valuable time you waste in politics and securing relatives positions and devote it to a careful study of vaccination, as did Drs. Crichton and Crookshank, and probably you will be able to arrive at the same conclusion that Alred Russell Wallace did when he said it was a delusion, and its enforcement a crime.

Doctor, if vaccination is such a good thing, why don't you and the little secretary of the state board of health, get in and give it the same enforcement as was done on the defenseless school children? It is quite

THE DAWN OF A BETTER DAY



Web makes bread now. With Cherry for all.

A SINGER WITH A SOUL.

It is very rare when a public performer of any kind takes an audience so much into his or her consciousness, into the very personality of Madame Schuman-Heink does. All across this broad land, wherever she has sung, she has her admirers who love her with a personal love that is perhaps not accorded to any other except friends and acquaintances.

Madame Schuman-Heink is a member of the socialist party.

When one stops to think of the reasons why this is so, one must admit that it is the greatness of the woman, combined with her wonderful voice, that makes her so lovable. To be the mother of seven sons, to be one of the greatest singers of the world, and to hold that position well on in the years when most opera singers are retiring, is no small accomplishment.

In these strenuous days of war the strain has been most trying to those of German birth and training, and many of their opinion was of the origin and blame for the war. The sensitive nature must have felt the hate and bitterness toward the members of their own nationality, however innocent they themselves were of any wrongdoing; but think of the anguish and sorrow of a mother who had sons enlisted in both sides of the struggle; think of the strife between mother love and the sense of right and justice if she really believed in either cause.

It was evident that some of this tragedy had entered the very soul of the woman and came out in her voice in the songs of the soldiers that she sang. There was an emotional appeal that was far stronger than the words of the song itself.

Again she showed how big and generous her heart was when she turned her back to the large audience, the highest priced seats, and sang to the small group seated on the stage, giving them really the most intimate and homelike feeling. Then at the last, the great mother heart showed itself again as he suddenly grabbed the little girl who was near her and kissed her as heartily as if she was a child of her very own. It was so sincere and so irresistible in its meaning to the great audience that it brought tears of emotion to many eyes. Think what a memory for the little girl to carry through her life. She will never forget it as long as she lives.

It is a pity that there was not an auditorium, twice, no, three times as large as the Broadway, so that a larger number of the music-lovers of the city can hear the great ones who come here, a great hall owned by the people, for the people, which would accommodate all who wanted to come, at a price that anyone could pay.

But that takes me into another topic and I started to write about Schumann-Heink. There is no one like her, though it would be a good thing if everyone would try to be as natural, as sincere, and as unaffected by success, as generous and as joyful as she has been, though tried by deep sorrow and tragedy in these last few years.

likely that you two secretaries would learn what real opposition is.

Maybe, doctor, when extolling the virtues of vaccination, it would be well for you to apply the soft pedal rigorously, as there are a few people in the community who know differently on this subject, and they are in a position to show the fallacy of the whole serum family.

SANITARIST.

Editor Bulletin:
We miners pay \$1 per month to the hospital whether we want to or not. Could not Dunn introduce a law permitting us to pay whomsoever we please? What's the matter with the miners paying, say \$1, or any reasonable and necessary fee, into an organization, let us call it Workers' Protective Association, that will grant a sort of an insurance against accident, sickness, etc. Let us run it on broad lines. If a miner has a "con" and can't work, or if a man has a family, rent to pay, etc., let us assist him. The fakaloo insurance companies for the miners here charge \$3.50 per month and you win by losing—you have to die to get anything. Then the \$3.50 covers accident only, no operations, etc.

Some one makes a graft on this. Why not pay into our own organization? Make no mistake, we can join who doesn't belong to the Workers' council, or who doesn't subscribe for the Bulletin. This may sound autocratic, but it is my firm belief that there are sins of omission on the part of the workers—they let a few do the heavy work and they fold their hands and only approve. The world's greatest tragedy only occurred by reason of the lethargy of those who would not watch only one hour. How many of you slaves are crucifying the Bulletin by not subscribing?

Wake! Your work or rather inaction is more deadly than all the connivings of the enemy. Let me inject an idea I've had. I wondered when the Bulletin was raised what would happen next. Dunn get murdered? Paper dynamited? Too raw!

Our sixth floor friends planned, it possible, to let it die of inertia. They rely upon you to kill the Bulletin. You will read your neighbor's paper, or listen to your partner tell what's in the Bulletin, but do you contribute a measly 75 cents per month for the fight for liberty? I'm sick of the word democracy. Kick in!

BOSTER.

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.