

# The Butte Daily Bulletin

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Allen's Grocery, 1204 East Second. Everybody's News Stand, 215 S. Main.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1919.

## TO THE SOLDIER WORKMAN.

On behalf of the working class of Butte we wish to offer our appreciation to the soldier workmen who are standing shoulder to shoulder with their fellow workers. You are doing well, comrades, and may the future bring to you the democracy—the real industrial democracy—of which you were told so much about.

And now on behalf of these soldiers who have already lined up with their class, we wish to speak to those who have not.

Brothers, you have returned to the life you left. A life of toil. A life of hardship. When you went away the Anaconda Copper Mining company was rich, now you return they are richer than ever, because whilst you were away they made tens of millions of profit. Before you went away you had to ask this greedy octopus for a rustling card in order to get a job; now you have returned, you must do the same.

Brothers, you are of our class. You are not capitalists. You do not get your living by exploiting the working class. You have no stocks and bonds. You did not get any of that \$82,000,000 that this Rockefeller outfit made during the war.

Brothers, you are of our class. Your parents worked alongside ours in the mills and factories. Your mothers, like ours, had to scrape and figure to make the slave's pittance go round. Your fathers sweat in the hot-boxes down below; you know the place, as you used to work there before you changed your clothes. Your children are like ours. You want to see them have the benefits of society. You do not want them to hunger and want as you have had to do. You would like to see them educated, happy, with the assurance that they would always enjoy what they produced. You do not want to see another bottle of milk taken from your child, another meal from your mother, wife or sweetheart. No! you do not; and, fellow workers, NEITHER DO WE.

Brothers, we have toiled together. We have seen our comrades crushed in the mines beneath our very eyes. We have pulled together. When you had an extra dollar you gave it to us, when we had one we gave it to you. You were our neighbors. We shared our griefs, our little joys.

Brothers, we belong to the great working class. Our interests are the same. We shall both remain in industrial slavery until we free ourselves from exploitation. Your emancipation will be ours, the freedom of our children will mean the freedom of yours.

Brothers, you cannot help be with us. You will be with us.

The financial kings who own and control these mines and smelters are millionaires many, many times over. They have piled up billions among them. They have dozens of automobiles, dozens of mansions, diamonds and riches. They have monkey suppers and dress poodle dogs in rich silks. Their women dress in gowns worth thousands of dollars, and yet they cut the wages of the workers ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.

They have extracted almost the last drop of blood, and now their greed demands even that.

One dollar a day means \$6 a week, \$312 a year.

What would you have said had some feudal lord increased his tolls and taxes \$312 per year. We know you would have cried "despotic tyrant! There is no room for autocracy in this world!" and you would have fought him and his robbery.

Yet these people are doing this very thing.

They are increasing the taxes, they are demanding more toll or tithe, as of old. They want to increase their billions at the expense of the life of our class.

It cannot, it shall not, be.

Even with the \$5.75 per day we were getting less as a class than we got years ago. Our standard of living was lower. And now it is to go down even more.

Brothers, join with us; together we are invincible.

You were workers before you went away, you were but workers in uniform whilst you were away, and now you are back you are again the same old boys we knew of old.

You returned with a dollar six bits in your pocket, and all they could offer you was charity.

Brothers, join with us; together we are invincible.

Already your comrades who would have risked their lives to save yours have given you the example.

Already they are off the job and in the battle.

Already they are giving their best to make the strike a success.

You must be with them.

This message is on behalf of the workman soldier, and soldier workmen of Butte. We have every confidence in your answer.

## WORKERS' COUNCIL.

The strike is on. There is no doubt but what it will spread to every craft and industry. There is no reason why the workers should not win a clean and unquestioned battle, but there are many things to be done, and at once.

All the working class organizations in the city must have a common council to meet and discuss and plan the strike campaign, and for this there is no better body than the Workers' Council.

These councils are common throughout the country and are necessary, but peculiarly so in Butte. There are many organizations outside of the A. F. of L., and these organizations are the largest and most powerful in the city. They already belong to the Workers' Council. The metal crafts are well represented and could have a full representation within a few hours. Therefore it is up to the rest of the unions and working class bodies in the city to meet and elect their delegates

## Union Stock Holders in the Butte Daily Bulletin

- UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Coulee Stocket, Roundup, Lehigh, Klein.**  
**FEDERAL LABOR UNION—Livingston.**  
**MACHINISTS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte, Livingston.**  
**MACHINISTS' HELPERS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte.**  
**CEREAL 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.**  
**HOB 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 BOILERMAKERS AND HELPERS—Butte**  
**STEAM AND OPERATING ENGINEERS—Great Falls.**  
**BUTCHERS'—Great Falls.**  
**BAKERS' UNION—Butte.**

AND THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS IN BUTTE AND MONTANA

at once, and get them working in this true expression of ALL the workers.

Organization is the greatest need. Careful thought and definite action. Unison of demands, unison of purpose, and unison in everything that is done.

Every union should meet at once, before this evening, if possible, so they can elect delegates to be at the Workers' Council meets this evening, for although the meeting will be public, there is every reason to believe it will conduct definite and specific work afterwards.

The Workers' Council has already done a great amount of work of education. It brought the workers of Butte into mass meetings on behalf of the Russian workers in a manner that has never been excelled. It is the only body that all the organizations can really and truthfully work through.

All power to the Workers' Council.

## THE PEACE TABLE

By SCOTT NEARING.

The peoples are yearning for peace—also they are demanding liberty. They expect the two things will go together.

War has terrorized the world incessantly for nearly five years. It still goes on in Russia, in Poland and in Algeria. Mars, god of brute force, has had a long, fierce bout with human beings and human institutions. Both are shaken and broken. The peoples of the world who are looking to the peace table for peace and liberty, are destined to bitter disappointment.

Neither peace nor liberty can come from the peace table, because men cannot draw blood from a stone.

There are 70 delegates at the peace table. All of the important decisions will be made by 25, representing France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and the United States. Each of these countries has five votes. Of the total number of delegates the British Empire including Great Britain and her colonies, has 14 votes; five for Great Britain and two each for Australia, Canada, South Africa and India and one for New Zealand. Germany is not represented at the peace table. Russia has no delegates there. Thus more than two hundred millions of the peoples of Europe are excluded from the peace table sessions.

On Jan. 22, 1917, President Wilson said that the peace, if it is to be lasting, must be "a peace without victory." Today the victors are assembled in Versailles. They have excluded the vanquished and the rebels from their councils. Among them they propose to make a peace based upon a victory. Such a peace cannot endure.

The people of the world are working people—more than 90 per cent of mankind lives by labor; yet there is not a single worker at the peace table nor is there a single delegate who was selected by labor to represent its interests. The peace delegates speak directly for one-tenth of the people of the countries from which they come. A peace made by a tiny minority cannot be a lasting peace.

The war was fought for democracy. Democracy means rule by the majority. At the peace table there is not a single delegate who was elected by the people he is supposed to represent. If democracy is a prerequisite to permanent peace this peace will not last.

Who is it that has assembled around the peace table? Listen to some of the names: Balfour and Bonar Law, of England; Pichon and Cambon, of France; Lansing and Henry White, for the United States; Orlando and Sonnino, for Italy; a

## Stanzas on Freedom.

By JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fathers brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye truly free and brave? If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a brother's pain, Are ye not base slaves indeed, Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day hear Sons to breathe New England' air, If ye hear, without a blush, Deeds to make the roused blood rush Like red lava through your veins, For your sisters now in chains— Answer! are ye fit to be Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break Fetters for our own dear sake, And, with leathern hearts, forget That we owe mankind a debt? No! true Freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear, And, with heart and hand, to be Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak For the fallen and the weak; They are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scoffing and abuse, Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think; They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

count, a marquis and three barons for Japan. Is this a list of representatives of world democracy? Have these men stood in the past for liberty? No! On the contrary, they are the professional diplomats who have dominated the public affairs of Europe for generations. Among them are the men who signed the infamous secret treaties. Among them are the men who have been playing the game of hide-and-seek diplomacy that has hoodwinked the people of Europe and well nigh destroyed her civilization.

The people's peace—that will come later! This is merely one of many peace conferences like those that have been held in the past—held by diplomats, statesmen and politicians. Out of it will emerge triumphant imperialism to stand as long as the capitalist world endures.

## FATHER MADE HIM SICK.

"Were you sick the first time you ever smoked?"

"I should say I was!"

"I shouldn't think you'd ever cared for tobacco again if it affected you that way."

"It wasn't the tobacco that affected me. Father was to blame for that."

## 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.

## REASONABLE ROBBERY

By ANISE (IN WASHINGTON.)

If they would only

Be REASONABLE

In their ROBBERY

They MIGHT

Get AWAY with it!

Why, Mr. Manly

Of the War Labor Board

Told me the Bethlehem Steel

Made profits last year

One hundred and sixty-eight

Per cent on their stock.

And their workers didn't ask

Even a "LIVING WAGE"

But only

"The prevailing wages"

Of the industry

The WAR LABOR BOARD

AGREED

But the company objected.

Till the War Department

Declared

That Pershing's expedition

Would FAIL

If Bethlehem Steel

Had LABOR TROUBLES!

So BOTH the WAR

And NAVY Departments

GUARANTEED to pay

Any LOSS caused

By the rise in WAGES.

And Bethlehem Steel

Under our PATRIOTIC

Charlie Schwab

CONSENTED

To SAVE our ARMIES.

And now,

When Baker and Daniels

Are ready to HAND OVER

The PRICE exacted

By Charlie,

They naturally ask

To SEE THE BOOKS

To check up

The ACTUAL LOSSES

But Bethlehem Steel

REFUSES

Hoping to get another

Little rake-off

Of a hundred thousand

By holding back wages

Of men who have been fired

And gone elsewhere.

I said to Manly,

"Do they want the EARTH

And a BONUS thrown in

To pay for the trouble

Of TAKING it?

They aren't even

REASONABLE ROBBERS."

And he answered:

"They want not only

The SILVER in SIGHT

On the SIDEBOARD,

But the right to SEARCH

The inmates of the house

To see if they can find

A couple of watches

TUCKED AWAY

On the persons!"

## YANKS LOST THEIR HATS IN PARIS

(By United Press.)

Paris, Jan. 24.—(By Mail.)—On the second night of the celebration in connection with President Wilson's arrival in Paris, there was scarcely an American soldier—officer or man—with a hat. The girls, rolicking on the boulevards, developed a sudden craze for American hats and caps as souvenirs. They swept down upon Americans, regardless of rank, snatched their hats and sped away, or made them forget the hats under a bombardment of kisses.

There's a rear admiral who is said to have been seen chasing one boulevard beauty two blocks to recover his gold-leaf covered cap. Maybe the rear admiral would deny it, but anyhow it is said he kissed 25 girls to get the cap back, it being the only one he had.

## IDENTIFIES HIMSELF.

"I presume you never quarrel with your wife?"  
"Certainly not!" replied the skimpily little Mr. Hennepeck. "I am merely a husband, not a lion tamer."

## 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 BIG STICK.

Roosevelt is dead, but the big stick will live forever. At present it is working overtime in Butte.

Most of you will remember that when the word "slacker" was first coined it was a term of reproach applied to those who were trying to evade their military duty to their country. It was used rather indiscriminately, and was causing a great deal of bitterness and hard feeling throughout the country, when President Wilson came forward and, with a few words, rendered a service of inestimable value to the whole country.

He stated in unequivocal terms, that "the man with dependants who stayed at home and kept the wheels of industry and commerce turning, was doing just as much for his country as was the man who handled a rifle in a front line trench." Why? Because each, in his own way, was doing his best—his all, for his country. The army could not exist, as an army, for even one week, were it not for the unerring (all of these "civilian warriors" who so grandly and ably supported them.

Thus the meaning of the word "slacker" was classified and broadened till it meant the shirking of anything necessary to the winning of the war.

As has always been the case during a war, the rich found many opportunities to take advantage of their country, and make huge sums of money out of its needs and misfortunes. By thus taking an unfair and traitorous advantage of their country in its great distress, they made the winning of the war that much more difficult. Their conduct could not have done more harm had they given direct aid and comfort to the German army.

It is true most of these cases of grafting were legal—that is just within the law, but that made them none the less reprehensible. And why the rich are under the same obligations as the very poor—to do their very best to help win the war, and when they thus traitorously took advantage of their country, they were no better than the soldier in the front line trench, who deserted in the face of an enemy attack.

But this was not the only way they could knife their country in the back, and almost to a man they tried their best to do it. Taking advantage of the confusion and excitement caused by the war, and when the attention of the people was focused on the armies in Europe, they began gradually raising the price on everything to the consumer. If here and there someone noticed what was going on and asked the reason, the answer was always the same—the war was the cause of it all.

The result was that at a time when the RICH were fairly coining money, the poor worker, who was the backbone and mainstay of the army and navy, could hardly keep his head above water, even by working overtime. The rich were growing richer by leaps and bounds, while the workers were being ground into poverty and misery.

This condition of affairs was intolerable. The workers asked for an increase in wages, which would enable them to live as a self-respecting workman is entitled to live. These requests were promptly and flatly turned down. Why? Because the rich thought they had the upper hand of the workers. They were going to use the big stick on them and teach them to stay in their place and not annoy the rich when they were busy gathering in their ill-gotten gains.

What big stick you ask? Why the big stick called patriotism. When the workers had the nerve to demand fair wages and fair treatment, and ceased working till they should get it, the rich got busy with their big stick. All the big papers, which by the way are owned and controlled by the rich, swooped down upon the poor working people in a pack misrepresenting conditions, lying outright about them, and vilifying again and again, that the strikers were unpatriotic, anti-German, pro-German, etc., etc. That they were double-dyed villains, arch traitors to their country.

Why? Because they were striking—interfering with the profits of their belly was rubbing against their backbone. The big papers, speaking for their rich owners, said "If the workers were really patriotic, why, rather than strike when the country was at war, they would shut up and keep on working."

Nothing would please the rich better. The war being over, the rich would have everything corralled, and they could then give their undivided attention to putting these presumptuous workers back in their place, and teaching them to stay there.

So obstinate were the rich that the government was forced to step into the breach and grant the workers a living wage, and force the rich to pay it to them.

Well, the war is over and now we get back to Butte. Most of the big copper mines have been shut down for repairs they say. Really it was for entirely different reasons. They had a large supply of copper on hand and cut down the supply to keep the price up. That was the reason. Another very important one was to get rid of certain undesirables, working in the various mines in the camp. Now there are two kinds of men

working here, as you may have noticed; class A and class B.

Class A is composed of those men who have a strong bony spine, and walk upright on their hind legs.

Class B is composed of those others which have a soft cartilaginous spine which makes it very hard for them to walk upright, so most of them crawl around on their belly. A few have corns on their knees.

Class A men are also known as Willies, wobbles, radicals, bolsheviki, etc., etc. By the way, the Pinks, almost to a man, belong in class A.

The A. C. M. lists all class A men under one head—undesirables. These are the men it is seeking to get rid of at the present time.

Are you out of work?  
Were you laid off?  
Are you looking for a job?  
Well—did you strike last summer? If you did, you need not waste your time rustling for a job on the hill.

The A. C. M. is holding up "urgent and needed repairs" as a camouflage, and from behind this very convenient screen, they are reaching out and striking with the big stick "patriotism," and class A men are falling right and left.

The company is going to teach these class A men to think several times before they ever dare strike again.

Yes, the big stick is working overtime in Butte. If you don't believe it just ask some of last summer's strikers.

When a man gets out of work and his belly begin to rub against his backbone, he begins to think. And the harder it rubs the harder he thinks.

Some day, mayhap, class A men will become quite numerous. And if they should ever get thinking about government ownership of the mines, well, who knows—who can tell—it might be worth trying.

## WILLARD.

## ORGANIZE.

In this morning's Miner, we notice the activities of Walsh and Meyer, "Montana's Twin Judas" in betraying the people, of whom the "voice," or the expressed desire is the "voice of truth." Now, I don't mean to say that the electing of W. and M., the incomparables, expressed the desire of the people—the contrary. W. and M. would start an investigation of the bolshevik activities in this country. Why, I ask, do the two marionettes from Montana particularly initiate this move? Why not the New York or Washington senator? It has been my custom whenever W. and M. start anything to look for the motive which always exists, though they (the A. C. M.) in their stupidity, believe they can conceal from the people.

Now, I am going to predict, Mr. Editor, that the move just started will result in a recommendation being made in the effort to stop the bolshevik spread, to suppress the "ultra radical" publications. This sounds (will it? Will it—oh, you stupid sheep—the public!) the death knell of that torch that lights the way through the encircling gloom—capitalist government to liberty—the Butte Bulletin. How easy it is for the pot-bellied, soft-pained, truth crucifying horde to guard their selfish interests by simply passing a "law!" And—the people rule—as Leslies continually chant.

The A. C. M. are double shooting the turn. If the farce set for Feb. 15, doesn't aid in killing the Butte Daily Bulletin, the assistance of Uncle Sam is sought to gain the same end. They dare not suppress the Bulletin openly, or locally, they start at the other end of the line—Washington. Why not, I ask you now, while I have the chance, before our paper is crushed, strike at that damnable evil that enslaves us—inaction, inertia, mental laziness—

"let the other fellow (or Dunn) do it" state of mind? How many of you who read this belong to the I. W. W., the Workers' Council, etc? You are virtually crucifying your fellow men by not lining up with your class. Note the innumerable organizations on capitalists side—chambers of commerce, business men's associations, rotary clubs, army and navy leagues, ministerial associations, who minister not at all, etc.

Let us—before the Bulletin is shut down, line up snidly and apply to those valiant fighters in Seattle for a charter. Let us start a movement that will spread throughout the country. How many of you realize that the monied interests are afraid of the swords of the north-west? Above all let us, for God's sake, organize. SNOOP.

Let us—