

The Butte Daily Bulletin

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International News Stand, S. Arizona.
Palace of Sweets, Mercury and Main.
Everybody's News Stand, 215 S. Montana.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1919.

DON'T BE FOOLED.

Why this sudden solicitude about the high cost of the miners' living?
Workers, isn't it plain as day to you? They cut the miners' wage with the excuse that the price of copper had fallen and consequently either wages or profits must be decreased. Now, to the bourgeois mind that seems a perfectly impregnable reason for reducing wages.

But a poorer market for copper doesn't look so directly convincing as an excuse for cutting the wages of teamsters, laborers, plumbers, carpenters, waiters, clerks, hodcarriers and the rest. What, then, could they think up? Ha, they have it at once! And such a nice appearing, altruistic little excuse! Start a clamor about the high prices which the poor miner, the backbone of the city's prosperity, is obliged to pay for food, clothes and shelter. Organize a "probe" into these mysterious and newly discovered extortions; summon Mr. Lootay before the "probe," learn from Mr. Lootay's own lips that he has been doing business at a loss, that clerks are so high, that drivers are so high, that oysters to put in his water are so high, so very, very high, that unless he can reduce the wages of his help, lower prices for food are absolutely unthinkable; summon Mr. Row before the probe and learn from Mr. Row that rentals from houses have not been paying interest on the building loans, that property owners are running behind, that labor is so high, diggers, hodcarriers, carpenters, plumbers, so high, so very, very high, that unless wages may be reduced lower rents are unthinkable.

"Well, well," say the probes, "if that is true, then wages must be cut. We cannot have the miner, the backbone of all our prosperity, held up by such greedy, unconscionable fellows as these surface workers appear to be. Mr. Lootay, if you should cut the wages of your employes a dollar a day, how much could you save in handling a sack of spuds?"

"Two bits, honorable probe," says Mr. Lootay, who is quick at figures.

"Then, Mr. Lootay, cut the wages and sell spuds to our miners for 25 cents less. We must protect our miners."

"Hold!" says Mr. Lootay. "I didn't say I could sell spuds for two bits less. I said I could save two bits in handling them. For such ingenious economy in handling these spuds I must myself be rewarded. It is only fair and proper that administrative ability of such a high order should be recognized in a substantial way. However, I don't wish to be hoggish. I want the public, and particularly the miner, to share in this saving, made possible only by my remarkable talent for efficiency. I propose, honorable probes, to cut wages \$1 a day and to sell spuds for 10 cents less per sack."

"Mr. Lootay," say the probes, "we quite agree with you that talent is entitled to its reward. We are inclined to think that your generosity is extreme. We would suggest that you sell spuds to the miners for 5 cents less per sack. Sh! Anyway, the turbulent hound is getting it for less than he ought."

DEPORTATION DRIVEL.

The copperized propaganda sheets, the Whiner, the Pest and the Anaconda Standard, are full of a lot of drivels on the deportation of "alien agitators who are opposed to OUR country and OUR government, and who are agitating strikes, rebellion against authority, and revolution."

As a solution of the wrongs which have resulted in a protest strike of workers of all nationalities, including Americans, this deportation plan is likely to prove somewhat of an endless chain proposition, and in the end, like all plans evolved by those whose interest in OUR government is pursuit of the dollar, will prove abortive.

The protesting strikers are rebelling against the authority of the mining companies, they are revolting against the conditions imposed by the mining companies; they are satisfied with the country, but they are not satisfied with the usurpation of authority and the assumption of ownership of "OUR" country by the coupon clippers.

The workers understand their needs and the needs of the country, and they propose to administer the proper antidotes. And when the deportation dose has been administered, or perhaps before, the workers, having the proper solution, will apply it by eliminating the leeches and parasites.

Keep right on "investigating" and "deporting," gentlemen, but make up your minds that sooner or later you will have TO FACE THE MUSIC.

ANOTHER WAIL.

And now it is the Billings Gazette, another tongue to the copper bell, that peals the alarm of its master over the presence in our legislative body of two men who have refused to bare their backs for a coat of bronze—whose "price" is their own self-respect and the respect of their fellow men rather than any 30 pieces of silver.

Like Mr. Dunn, Senator McKay of Mineral county is one of those who believes that a constitutional disease cannot be cured by local applications. He believes that economic ills have an economic cause and cannot be cured by forcing those who are suffering from these ills to change the color of their flag. So he voted against the so-called red flag bill.

For this he comes in for a good roast from the Gazette, which, like its twin tongue, the Livingston Enterprise, thinks it would settle things if the "disturbing element" could be deported.

It is the same puerile argument that comes from the editorial sanctuaries of the copper press. If you don't like the general arrangement of things on this planet go to hell or some other place—get off the earth. Anyhow don't try to

Union Stock Holders in the Butte Daily Bulletin

- UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Coulee, Stocket, Roundup, Leigh, 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.
- HOD CARRIERS' UNION—Butte and Bozeman.
- 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 and Livingston.
- STEAM AND OPERATING ENGINEERS—Great Falls.
- BUTCHERS' UNION—Great Falls.
- BAKERS' UNION—Butte.

AND THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS IN BUTTE AND MONTANA

change things here. The copper press is here to tell you that if you choose to march under the banner of a better social order you will have to change the color of your banner—and then, of course, the social change cannot come.

The Gazette says "it is unfortunate that men of such character are elected to Montana's highest legislative body." Yes, rather, for the copper companies. Isn't it just too bad that there should occasionally be elected a man whom they can not control?

But the Gazette may as well become resigned to the situation, for the day has gone by when the corporations can have undisputed possession of the legislature of Montana.

BRING THE BOYS HOME.

From every part of our own land and from every part of Canada the cry goes up: "Bring the boys home." The war they engaged in is over and done. They must not be used as pawns for the designing money and territory grabbers of Europe. They have done their work; they have suffered enough; they are all democrats who fought to make an end of war and who believe in the self-determination of peoples. They are too good to be compelled to do the dirty work which powerful interests want done in Europe.

Bring them home from Siberia. After all our vast pretensions there, our boys are now forced to maintain a new czar, who has overthrown the elected representatives of the people, who is turning over to the firing squad the soldiers and the common people who refuse to fight against their own kind in his behalf, who has restored the manufacture of vodka to raise revenue and to besot the people that he may the better exploit them. It is as foul a mess as the earth has brewed. "Get our boys out of it."

Bring them home from Archangel. There again, after months of "establishing democracy," there is no government but Captain Miller of the British army. Without much hope of relief there our boys are in danger of blind wrath of an outraged people. Get decent Americans out of it at once.

Bring them home from France. Their work there is done. An idle army is a burden to any country even if it is friendly. Let us not burden France with it. Let us do nothing to disturb the very friendly feeling now existing between us and the French people. It is not the duty of our boys to prop up governments which otherwise would fall of their own weight.

Bring the boys home—home from Siberia, Archangel, France, Germany, England, Ireland. They may be very useful in all these places to designing monarchists and plutocrats, but their place is home. Let us have no more lying excuses. Just bring them home.

WHO GAVE THE TIP?

The Billings Gazette says: "It is to be deplored that the trial of Dunn on the sedition charges he faces in the district court of Lewis and Clark county has been postponed until late this month. But there is a relief in that even, because of the fact that he will not be heard on the closing days of the session at least."

Would the Gazette mind telling us where it got its information as to the results of that trial?

You soldiers who were conscripted to serve your country for a dollar a day and clothes and who must now take off the clothes they paid you with because the lovers of capitalism dislike to see the co-operation of returned soldiers in the strike made indisputable by the appearance of uniforms in the ranks of the strikers; you young men who were conscripted to serve your country for a dollar a day and now return to find your wages at home cut a dollar a day, to you we say don't worry.

Even if you have no other clothes to put on and no money to buy any—still we say don't worry. The officials of the A. C. M. company have a good many cast-off suits lying about in their wardrobes—good suits, too; many of them but slightly worn, merely grown a trifle snug, you know, and laid aside for ampler garments. We feel assured that they would gladly donate such clothes to the returned soldiers, if the need of these worthy young men is presented to them with fact—we mean without any suggestion of pre-emptoriness.

A bunch of seditious aliens in Butte should be lined up on a ship and taken back to Europe. They are the people who made money out of the war. They are now posing as patriots and champions of law and order. If lined up on the ship you would hear these profiteers and lying editors and black flag wavers cry: "To hell with America!" That is exactly where they tried to send this country while the boys were fighting for democracy. They are still on the job—these profiteers.

As Max Eastman's splendid speech in Butte last night more than implied, there are three pernicious "isms" in this country that stack up this way: "Money-hun-ism, kept-press-ism and trench-dodger-ism—each for all three and all three for each one!"

Some conservative Butte people have quit reading about the soviet terror in Russia, having been pricked by democracy's bayonets.

HUMAN LICE

Awful title, isn't it? "HUMAN LICE?"

But what more are they,
These pups, that, for a price
Wriggle around among
The world's WORKERS

And do the DIRTY errands
Of the money barons,
And help to SUCK dollars
Out of the blood and brawn

Of the PRODUCERS of wealth
To be placed safely in
The miserly GREED bin
of MASTER HUMAN LICE?

They're ALL alike.
The common GUNMAN or CLUB
welder

And the political "BILL SHIELDER"
That FATTEN in office
At the WORKER'S expense
Are ONE and the SAME

As far as PRINCIPLE is concerned,
And they should be SPURNED
By ALL who profess
To dislike the ordinary LOUSE.

Too bad that a world
That COULD be so good
Finds it necessary to house
INHUMAN beings that are so USE-
LESS

To the BULK of society,
They show but ONE variety
Of any real action,
Which is, to ALWAYS retard
That which is RIGHT.

And put up a fight
For that which benefits
The PARASITE faction
That allows them
To exist as SMALL LICE
Among the BIG FAT ones

Whom they benefit.
Bah! they can't be told of
In too repulsive a manner.
Labor WILL get a hold of
Their rotten carcasses some day
And END their parasitic career
And STERILIZE this old sphere
So NO MORE of them
Will ever crawl around upon it.

As sure as there WAS
A HORRIBLE war in Europe,
As SURE as there are MILLIONS
STARVING on account of that war
AND SOLDIERS already
PAWNING keepsakes for BREAD,
Just that CERTAIN are WE

That these VILE INSECTS
That cause STRIFE and VICE
To be bred among us
WILL PAY a dear price
For the FILTHY respects
They have shown to
The creators of EVERYTHING
Except the world itself.

These PARTNERS in PELF
WILL yet be trod
Under the heel of FREEDOM
And over the sod
That is their cover
It would be FITTING
If there should appear
This epitaph, for folks to discover
"NOTHING buried here but HUMAN
LICE"

Who have paid the PROPER price
For being the world's worst PARA-
SITES.
Awful title, isn't it?—"HUMAN
LICE."

—D. N. R.

WORSE THAN ROBBERY.

A subscriber wrote that he had to pay \$6.75 for a plow point, and asks if this is not daylight robbery. Yes, but he is quite lucky in being robbed by an ordinary highwayman. A certain firm in Billings that poses as the "friend of the farmer" asks \$7 for P. & O. plow points, and says that they are cheap at that price, the price last spring being \$3. These same P. & O. points cost \$3.65. Of course this is robbery really, but it is spoken of as "profiteering." It is better to have your enemy rob you than to be profited by a "friend." You will have a little more left after the operation.—Campbell's Scientific Farmer.

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 Bulletin has on hand hundreds of communications from everywhere that are poorly written or written on both sides of the paper. Your manuscript must be legible, for we have not the time to handle them otherwise. Write on one side of the paper only—the war is over. Typewrite your communication, or have it done, if possible.

A SOLDIER WRITES.

Some men believe that labor and capital are co-workers—partners. Because a dog has a head the other apparatus must follow, is the gist of the argument.

In this babel, this world conflict between group interests and class interests, there are 1,000,000 arguments which are designed to prove that each party is wrong. The writer once quizzed a certain group who were in a position to mold the thoughts and actions of innumerable thousands on the question of labor and capital. I inquired how they could consistently support and sanction war in direct opposition to the attitude of humanity's exemplar—Christ Jesus. I must add that my friends were of a certain religious sect and I know were and are sincere in their stand. The substance of their reply was that because the dog has a head, he's got a flea-swisher, too.

Can the workers govern themselves? The answer to this will be largely influenced by your position in the economic scale. How can we gain an unbiased and intelligent solution to this momentous question?

Capital—and capitalism is it not based mainly and solely upon greed, selfishness as opposed to selflessness and love? I have earnestly sought to discover movement, a man that proposed a departure from established custom, a mechanical wonder that benefited the race, a war of the past (including the one just closed) whose parent thought was in Mammon. "How many dollars and cents can we gain from it?"

What defense has capitalism and the capitalists? Did Jesus sanction capitalism? Did he not rather warn against this system whose god was greed? When nature drops the final curtain upon this earth—when the earth is "all froze up" as Clarence Darrow once said, will we know, if we can know, that in the tragedy of the earth conflict between right and wrong, only two movements that were not children of Mammon will stand out—Christianity (not churchianity), whose founder died for his fellowman, and the class-war God's heroes who feel through love of their fellow-workers.

Now the final act is being staged. The foundation is being laid for the battle of Armageddon, in which the God-given mystic fall. Love must be enthroned in its stead. The "league of nations" idea (over read "Caesar's column") will in the end be the instrument used by special privilege against the workers of the world.

The world's greatest conflict is near, it is unavoidable. It is sad, the horror, starvation, misery, and the oceans of blood yet to be shed! Because churchianity has misled the world! Truth knocked—but the leaders were dead in their materiality. Truth enters from the rear—through those whose hearts are guileless—the workers.

Greed—you god of illusion, your doom is near! How many deaths are marked against you!
STARVED SOLDIER.

ONE MAN'S VIEWS.

Do you notice the tune of the newspapers regarding the strike? This time, when the companies don't want copper, the papers admit the I. W. W. are sufficiently powerful to picket and absolutely close the mines, with, of course, the exception of the scab leader, Moyle, is an "ex-con," having served in Joliet penitentiary for burglary and pumppen from acting the part of men, and, of course, if they choose to obey the edict of this jail-bird, we can only agree with Aesop that "you are known by the company you keep."

In the last strike, the papers, especially the "Whiner," would not admit there was a strike, and there were only half a dozen I. W. W. in town. They wanted the copper then. Now, they want the mines closed.

This time the I. W. W. again pursue the same tactics, they beat a "white-haired" man! I have yet to see a miner with "white hair." They usually die in their 30's. Go out today to the cemetery on Montana street and notice the "here lies so and so, aged 30, 32, etc.

They speak eloquently for six hours, the plea of the dust, smoke and filth eaters, the miners. The whine of the serpent press is ever the same, and its unoriginality and banality in its "news" reports is on a par with the whole operation of the juggernaut capitalism.

Ever as in the "Whiner," we have the same stories, "white-haired" man beaten, "alien agitators," (how many of you who read this is guilty of the latest crime—being born in Europe, or your parents were?) So have we the same effects in our social and economic life—prostitution and starvation, due to a few men, holding \$2,000,000 and about \$2,000,000 men or so holding a few dollars.

This condition which is ever with us is as unbearable as the constant

and never changing wail of the Whiner.

I would like to inquire, in passing, why the Gillis case is constantly set back, why is it not tried? Does Jackson obey a suggestion to hold it back until the public "forgets" (?) about it? Who asks him to do it? Gillis is a dangerous character to be at large, especially now—why not try him, Jackson, as quickly as the man who shot the I. W. W. on Arizona street was tried? Does the law operate against the unprivileged class only? Pitch in, you hypocrite, and roll up your sleeves; find Gillis guilty of murder as he deserves to be, and rid the community of a gunman, if you help tear apart the A. C. M. machine; you won't have to go to Helena to agitate laws against the gun-toter—is Gillis an alien, by the way, the "stickup" or burglar?

Destroying the cause you remove the effect. Stay home and railroad the gunman and A. C. M. crooks.

AMY AT IT AGAIN.

Some time ago I succeeded in lowering the price of oranges from \$1 and \$2 a dozen to 50c and 90c per dozen. Shortly after proving that prices had been abnormal through citing the prices of the federal bureau of markets a statement was made that prices would advance on account of the frost that had been experienced in California. I told you then that there had been a frost and that in some districts the loss had been 15 per cent on this account, but as the crop was so large this year that this loss would not affect the selling price. Prices on oranges are still too high in Butte, although I note in the western produce notes from Washington and Oregon that prices of oranges are dropping quite as rapidly as that of eggs. The Orange Growers' Association of California report their shipments from northern, southern and central California in a recent statement in the Los Angeles Times of over 3,000 more cars for this season than last. Why is the price of oranges so high?

I see Bitter Root (Montana) potatoes, quoted in Spokane on the second of this month at \$1.25. We sell Idaho potatoes in Butte which account for the difference in price. The fruit dealers that were investigated recently by the legislative committee said they could not sell Montana apples, spuds, etc., as the growers did not pack properly, did not sort their potatoes properly, were dishonest and put rocks and dirt in their sacks and other reasons along this line. Spokane handles inferior goods, according to this statement, for they sell Bitter Root potatoes at \$1.25.

A fact known only to a select few in this city is this—that the agricultural department at Washington, D. C., made Butte the home of a federal bureau of markets. Other cities, such as Salt Lake, Spokane and Seattle having such an office publish market reports from this office daily, which is intended as an aid to the consuming public and to the local growers and shippers. Evidently the fruit combine saw the representative first for the press of this city, I am sure, would gladly give him the same space accorded these representatives elsewhere, for the reason that they would be rendering a valuable service to their subscribers, whether they be farmers or city dwellers. I shall forward a petition to Washington asking for this service from their Butte branch which has been established for a year.

AMY STODDEN.

TO THE ENGINEERS.

To the Citizens, Engineers and Workers of Butte:
When our country and firesides are at once in a terrible condition, and when we, the workers are able to face with ruin and starvation in one of the richest countries on the globe, the United States of America, I take the privilege as a citizen and a 30-year-old-timer of Butte, of appealing to your hearty will and conscience for God and our government, for your engineers of Butte to line up with us. In our demand for right and righteousness.

You have been on your duties for years of lowering and hoisting us up after we have dug the metal for millions of dollars out of mother earth's bottom in smoke and gas, in danger and over-heated places.

You, with us, have served our masters right, but we are looked down on like wild animals. But still we have been on our duties on all lines of work and now we demand of you for the sake of yourselves and your sons and daughters, who are going to take up our starving ground when we are gone, to be with us in our struggle so we may be able to feed our family and have a decent American home.

You brave engineers of Butte, brothers and workers and citizens of our beloved land, the United States of America, lay down your levers and come with us in our struggle so we can be able to hold the stars and stripes of the United States of America, thousands of feet higher than it is.

A FARMER TOLD US THIS.

He was in Butte on a visit from the Yellowstone valley and was nosing around to see what he could find out about the law of supply and demand.

He strolled into a popular meat market on Park street. A woman stepped in and called for three pounds of pork from the shoulder.

"Forty-five cents a pound," said the man behind the block.

"Buying any hogs?" said the farmer to the proprietor of the shop when he caught him at leisure.

"Yes, some."

"What are you paying?"

"Nineteen cents, laid down," said the butcher.

Our friend went home thoroughly convinced that the farmers are responsible for the high cost of living.

A MINER.

After the alcohol has been ostracized, it will be Miss Nicotine's turn, and the Lord knows what other sources of pleasure and enjoyment will be taken away from the liberty-loving sovereign of the United States. But we submit tamely—in the name of democracy.