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

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1919.

DOWN WITH THE LABOR FAKIRS!

The ranks are broken. Hopes of a general strike are gone. As we write these words the miners stand alone.

The engineers are going back. The blacksmiths are going back. The machinists are going back. The electricians are going back. The street car men have gone onto the job again. And the miners stand, with backs to the wall, fighting the union fight of Butte, misled and betrayed.

And Butte is full of rejoicing at the news. Con Kelly and John D. Ryan are rejoicing. The BUTTE MINER is rejoicing. The hirelings and the lickspittles of plutocracy have come to life again and they are swaggering through the streets in rejoicing. The gunmen on the hill are rejoicing. The unpunished murderers of Frank Little are rejoicing. And the A. C. M.—master once more in Butte—is rejoicing and planning for revenge.

Now that the miners stand alone, look for the iron heel! It will come. The gunmen are standing, waiting, leashed and ready. The vengeance of the A. C. M. will soon be wreaked upon the two miners' unions which stand at last, deserted and ALONE.

Only last night their terrorism commenced. The hired thugs of the night crawled into the boarding house where Frank Little was dragged out in the other strike. They stole to the room of Organizer Harvey J. Casey. They came there seeking a victim, but they didn't get him. But may they not come again?

It is useless to mince words. If the strike is not won; if plutocratic terrorism stalks out once more onto the streets of Butte the blame will rest upon one head, and one alone. The blame will fix itself like a stigma on the craft unions of Butte. You—craft unionists! You, and you alone, have broken the solidarity before which the A. C. M. itself stood humbled. You, and you alone, have dealt the death blow to the morale of this strike. And when the A. C. M. comes back, victorious and bloated with the arrogance of its regained power, remember that yours are the hands which have restored it.

As we look back upon the beginnings of this strike, as we think of the tremendous issue which drove you from the mines, we cannot but pause in amazement at the thought that union men should desert in such a strike. The miners had hoped to win for every trade in Butte. They had hoped to hold up the scale of wages. They had hoped to call a halt to a corporation which placed the profits of its stockholders before the preservation of a living wage for its employees. They had hoped, by the sheer solidarity of labor, to maintain a decent standard of living for all time in Butte.

You—craft unionists! Can you deny that this was your fight as well as theirs? And now, as you go slinking back at the bosses' rate of wages, can you deny that you, as well as the miner, stand, stripped and defeated?

For a little while, you held the winning cards securely in your hands. And then your courage failed you, and you have given up, without even a compromise. WHY DID YOU DO IT?

Now, we repeat, the miners stand alone. And they will continue to stand alone. The time will come when you will need their help. The time will come when you will stand desperately before the power of the A. C. M. and you will turn to the miners to help you. And when that day comes, if the miners say no, if they smile at your distress and they leave you, the prey of the A. C. M., can you find words to blame them? No! For you will realize that they are only acting in the memory of the precedent which you yourselves have established on this day.

The miners in this strike have sought solidarity. They have smothered their prejudices. They have muted their hatred of the A. F. of L. They came to you in the spirit of unity; you have turned them away and returned to division.

The question before Butte today is, Who is to blame? Where was the secret, deadly influence which poisoned the spirit of this strike and turned the craft unions of Butte into their role of betrayal. Why, craft unionists, have your unions fallen? Let us fix the blame and let us drag the offender out into the pitiless light.

The offender stands before us. It is LABOR FAKIRISM. Whether you know it or not—craft unionists—your splendid unions are doing the work of the A. C. M.; they are ruled by the A. C. M.; they will continue to be ruled by the A. C. M., as long as they follow LABOR FAKIRISM.

If the strike is lost, it will have been well fought if you have learned this lesson—that LABOR FAKIRISM must go. We have learned our enemy; it is not only the A. C. M.; it is the enemy who lurks in our very unions.

The A. C. M. could never win a strike if you had no LABOR FAKIRS. It is helpless before your solidarity. But you are helpless before its LABOR FAKIRS. And while they rule your unions, the A. C. M. will rule unchallenged in the mines.

In 1914, the miners decided that LABOR FAKIRISM should rule them no longer. They wiped it out in a terrible revolt. The revolt, we rephend. But the result we glory in; for once and for all, the miners were free from the coils of treachery within their unions.

The same issue today is before the crafts. The LABOR FAKIRS have betrayed you. They have killed the strike. They have restored the rule of the A. C. M. The time has come to think and to act. Don't postpone. Wipe out the LABOR FAKIRS before they wipe out your unionism. Let the union men of Butte break the coils. Repudiate the LABOR FAKIRS and the miners are waiting to join with you again. Until then, you are lost.

Let's eliminate the labor fakirs in our craft unions.

Union Stock Holders in the Butte Daily Bulletin

- UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Conlee**
 Stocket, Roundup, Lehigh, Kleta.
FEDERAL LABOR UNION—Livingston.
MACHINISTS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte, Livingston.
MACHINISTS' HELPERS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte.
CEREAAL 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

STRIKEBREAKERS.

This strike has had all the usual features. On the part of the workers it has been orderly, well managed and law-abiding. On the part of the capitalists it has been like all other strikes. The self-respecting citizen who used the only weapon at his command to endeavor to get a decent living wage with which to rear his family, has been lied to, lied about, abused both by company hirelings and public officials, and assaulted by those whose duty is the preserving and maintaining of law and order.

It has, however, developed one new feature—a new form of strikebreaker—unique as it is rotten.

In the morning paper, on the day when the most important strike vote was to be taken, that of the engineers, Hennessy's (Montana's largest store and under the same ownership as Connell's) had a half page ad comparing prices of a few months ago with special sale prices on that day—Saturday.

The list of comparisons was not a long one, possibly because Hennessy did not want to forfeit too much on the deal, but the special sale articles, it was pointed out, showed an average decrease of nearly 50 per cent. For instance, bacon was quoted at 34 cents per pound, but a lady was told it would not be sold at this low figure later on.

It must be also noted, dear reader, that this same morning paper had a front page article on this advertisement, making sure that you would not overlook the comparisons, nor the big decrease in price. The "front page stuff," however, did not state why the advertisement had been given the newspaper in time for such especial notice of a busy writer, nor why his attention had been drawn to it at all.

This is not all. The blacksmiths and electricians were to vote Sunday, and the Evening Post might even yet have a few readers who have not quit in favor of the Bulletin. So into the Post the same ad goes Saturday night.

Now, whoever knew of a previous case where a store advertises Saturday bargains in Saturday night's paper, when the paper does not get out until after the time the store closes, and remains closed all the next day?

Advertising costs money, but as far as the cost of those ads is concerned "Hennessy's should worry." The A. C. M. either pays for those ads or the space was given by these company papers for the direct and sole purpose of minimizing the cut in wages and affecting the strike votes. The wages were cut permanently, but the prices for the day only. The cut in wages affects your purchasing power on everything you need, while the cut in comparisons made by Hennessy's is on a very limited number of articles.

This is the new strikebreaker. A store that while it favors and truckles for a few accounts of "salaried" people has taken the workers' patronage in its tens of thousands of dollars per day, and then, under the guise of legitimate advertising, joins hands with the oppressors to aid in his further exploitations.

The Butte Daily Miner, from pure kindness of heart, warns socialists that they are breaking the Montana statute enacted last year as a war measure to curb criticism of capitalistic ideals and plutocratic methods—commonly known as the Seditious act.

We would call the Miner's attention to the futility of its concern for socialists. Advocates of progress have been warned before. Patrick Henry was warned. George Washington was warned. Many advocates of progress have been killed. Lovejoy was shot. John Brown was hanged. Frank Little was murdered. Abraham Lincoln was killed. Some advocates of progress have been imprisoned. Tom Mooney is in the penitentiary. William D. Haywood is in prison. Eugene V. Debs is sentenced. Max Eastman escaped by a hair's breadth.

Many advocates of progress are awaiting trial. But the man who owns the Butte Miner and who bribed his way into the United States senate is spending the winter in California.

And Hennessy company will go down in history as strike-breakers. Did you ever before know of this firm running a grocery advertisement on Saturday evening? A. E. Brown is the manager of the store. We dare him to deny that he is boosting the game of the company that made more than \$100,000,000 out of the war, refused returned soldiers work, and cut the wages to where even William Spence Curtis admits that a miner with a family can't live on it. Do you, Mr. Brown, care if Butte miners and their families starve to death? What will the price of liver and lard and bacon at your store be after the strike is broken, Mr. Brown? Bulletin boosters, remember.

When industrial disrupters, backed by a black flag, have to descend to the position where even little news-boys and newspaper carriers strike, the lack of worthiness of their contention can be seen all the more.

Wonder why the A. C. M. didn't let Loolay in on the low-price deal. Hasn't Loolay been a "good and faithful servant"?

The editor of the Black Flag may be taking two baths a day, but he has a soul that nothing on earth can cleanse.

TRIBUTE OF LOVE

To his father and mother, by Eugene V. Debs. Golden wedding anniversary of Jean Daniel Debs and Marguerite Betrich Debs at Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 13, 1899.

The celebration of a golden wedding is a rare occurrence in the history of families; only to the favored few is such a blessing vouchsafed. It is an occasion when nuptial vows pledged at Hymen's altar take on inexpressible sacredness. A far distant day is recalled when "two souls with but a single thought" and two loving hearts that "beat as one," courageously and confidently entered upon the voyage of matrimonial life.

Thomas Moore, inspired by the genius of love, rapturously sang: "There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told. When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie, With heart never changing and brow never cold, Live on thro' all hills, and love on till they die."

It is not given to us children and grandchildren, who meet today at the old home shrine to lay our offerings, consecrated by our affection, upon the family altar, to know the heart and soul yearnings of our aged parents and some favored spot, some oasis in the desert, where they could build a home and enjoy the fruition of peace and contentment amidst a family of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and merry-voiced children.

In fancy's eye we see their beautiful and vine-clad native France; we see them in the bloom and strength of youth, standing at the altar and pledging to each other unchanging fidelity in storm and shine, ready to meet sorrow as the days unfolded their duties, their opportunities, their tasks and trials, sustained by a faith and hope which cheered them on their pilgrimage through all their married days.

Those of us who have reached years of maturity and are here with wives and husbands and children and children's children, may in fancy's telescopic vision see the youthful pair leaving the old for the new world, whispering to each other with brimful eyes and quivering lips: "Go where you will, this hand in mine."

Those eyes before me smiling thus, through good and ill, through storm and shine.

"The world's a world of love for us." And such has been their guiding star; no cloud ever obscured it; and the darker the day of adversity the brighter shone their love which bathed their home and our home in its mellow, cheering light.

In celebrating this golden wedding anniversary, all the halcyon days of our lives are included and there come to us messages from the past, under the stars over the land, burdened with the aroma of violets and roses, caught from the flower gardens of memory, planted in youth and blooming in perennial beauty to old age.

I confess to you, my venerable parents, and to you my sisters and brothers, and to those of younger generations, to over-mastering emotions of love and gratitude as I survey this family scene, never to be pictured again save upon the canvas of our memories. But I would voice no requiem note. Today our ears are not attuned to the dirge's mournful cadence. This is not the occasion for planting weeping willows, the cypress or the ivy vine—

"Creeping where grim death is seen." Here the mingled cup of love and gratitude and joy, brimful, is quaffed in honor of an event which to us all is a priceless benediction; but, if the fountain a tear mingles with the draught to sparkle on the brim of the loving cup, it bears testimony that our hearts are touched by feelings as divine as ever sanctified human affection.

The serenity, the rare loveliness of this scene create emotions which no words, however fitly chosen, can express. I can but say in the name of my sisters and my brothers and those younger in the bonds of family affection to our fathers—the patriarch of these sons and daughters—that we tender him our warmest congratulations upon this rare occasion. When we greet him our hearts are in our hands; when we kiss his furrowed cheeks our hearts are on our lips, and when we congratulate him upon this, his golden wedding anniversary, our hearts are in our words.

Freely do we avow the fealty of our love for his devotion to us, his children, for his watchful guardianship over our giddy footsteps on youth's flowery pathways; and this love is blended with profound veneration for his courage, which no vicissitude could dampen; for his masculine virtues which have endeared him to the home circle; for his spotless integrity of character which has given him the confidence of men, whether in poverty's vale or upon the more elevated plane of prosperity, secured by industry and frugality, and above all, for that parental love and self-denial to secure for us an education which should equip his children for respectable and honorable positions in life.

This, my beloved and honored sire, is the tribute of affection your children bring to you today. Your tender and unceasing devotion has won the overflowing gratitude of our hearts, and this thankfulness, this abundant sense of obligation, dearest father, we children wish to weave into a crown and place it on your venerable head, and though the years shall continue to whiten your locks, dim the lustre of your eyes and impair the strength of your manly form, the wealth of our affection shall ever increase, nor shall it cease when the silver cord be loosed and at the final goal you lay all your burdens down.

And now our happy family circle, rejoicing in kindred ties, will fill again the sparkling cup with the ambrosia of affection that we may drink to: "My mother's voice! how often creep It's accents on my lonely hours. Like healing sent on wings of sleep, Or dew to the unconscious flowers, I can forget her melting prayer While leaping pulses fly, But in the still, unbroken air Her gentle tones come stealing by: And years, and sin, and folly flee, And leave me at my mother's knee."

THE BOLSHEVISTS ARE COMING

(Written for the Bulletin by H. J. Hamilton, Missoula.) The bolshevists are coming, we hear their marching tread; The tyrants' war brought no relief, the day of hope has fled. All nations breed chill penury where-er King Profit reigns, His law codes are as penalties to aid his chosen gains.

The bolshevists are coming, they rise in every land; Spontaneously they upward peer as if by magic wand. The laden and the weary folk who bled for tyrant's might Arise from silent lethargy and follow freedom's light.

The bolshevists are coming; their music cheerful sounds Glad tidings of true moral worth upon the earth abounds. Too long oppressors of our kind usurped a place of ease; Too long the race of human kin were pining in degrees.

The bolshevists are coming, their warnings were dispelled By judges of the fate of men who chains more galling weld. But evolution's mighty laws work silent in a way; A harvest growing for a year is garnered in a day.

The bolshevists are coming, they know no boundary line; The torch of human brotherhood o'er all the world may shine. Not long exalted potentates shall parcel out the land; Not long a hired soldiery will kill at their command.

The bolshevists are coming, we hear the clarion call; The welkin rings through every state, the world was meant for all. King Profit, tyranny and woe, no squire can defend; The dark night of oppression's rule is nearing to an end.

OPEN FORUM

A CHANCE FOR ARGUMENT.

Again we are confronted with hard times and a long period of unemployment. Many of us have been face to face with those same conditions in the past and know from bitter experience what it means to be one of the unemployed. At this time the struggle for existence of the foreign wage-worker is more difficult than it has ever been before. Men of foreign birth have been denied employment on account of their nationality. It seems our usefulness has come to an end. We are denied the opportunity to earn a living, we are not allowed to return to the land from which we came. What are we going to do about it? Thousands of men have been refused passports, hundreds are held in jail all over the country for deportation, most of them are men of allied and neutral nations who have been held for months. Why are we prevented from leaving this country? Is it the desire of certain elements to create a large army of the unemployed in order to crush organized labor through hunger and starvation? Why not relieve the situation, by letting those who are no longer wanted here leave the country? There is absolutely no sign of any improvement in our conditions in the near future. Why remain here in idleness and endure the hardships of unemployment while we are needed to rebuild devastated Europe? One thing is certain, no matter how conditions are in the various European countries at the present time, it cannot be any worse than the hard times in the United States, with the bread lines and soup houses, with box-car loads of workmen traveling back and forth all over the country looking for jobs which do not exist, with little babies dying for lack of milk, and strong men begging employers to let them work for their board. Those of us who went without food for days and did not see a bed for months in the panics of the past, who were clubbed and driven like cattle when we flocked to the cities to escape the hardships of winter in the open country, we do not fear the poverty of Europe.

The very conditions which forced us to leave our native land do not exist any more. The revolutions in Russia, Germany, Austria, Rumania and Bulgaria are heralding the coming workers' commonwealth of Europe.

As long as our labor power could be utilized for exploitation by the American capitalist we were welcome. While we were building railroads, making our lives in gas-filled, mile-long tunnels, while we were busy building the big dams in the mountains to irrigate the deserts and furnish light and power, while we were doing all the dirty and disagreeable work which goes with the building of cities and towns, 70 and 80 of us in one-room shacks, our employers liked us. But as soon as we start to criticize those conditions we are threatened with deportation.

Commandos and fellow workers, let us demand to be deported. Let us go back to the land from which we came and let us give the American wage-worker a chance to live through the coming hard times. The deportation of two or three million foreigners would undoubtedly relieve the situation considerably.

Troop transports could be utilized to a great extent. The various governments of Europe would be glad to have their citizens return and might advance transportation for those who are destitute. Those who do not like to go to their own country might find homes in free Russia. Think this over; speak to your friends about it; hold meetings; let us all get together regardless of nationality and demand deportation.

A FOREIGNER.

"MR. CAMINETY."

Editor Bulletin: Please be so kind and publish this answer to Mr. Caminety, government inspector, San Francisco, Cal. I am a beg all American newspapers to reprint this if there is a shadow of humanity and character in the editors of the American press. To Mr. Caminety: Sir: Your statement in the Butte Miner of Feb. 13, 1919, where you estimate that 6,000 aliens to be deported are insane or otherwise public charges. Will you say that 6,000 men can get insane in one week or so? Is not somebody wrong in his

own head about this great number of insane. I did see a few men deported and I read of lots of men who were crippled in these industries here and then deported to their native countries on government or people's expenses—is not that smart business, on other people's expenses. I knew two cases where one man was blinded and was deported before his case came into court, just to get him away and one man who lost his arm in a factory was also deported before he could bring action in the courts. These two cases are only microscopic compared with what is happening in this great country every day. Those unfortunate people were lured to this country by false propaganda and pretenses, paid for and distributed by the American industries, stating wages that only experts get, wages that the most skilled miners get, of immeasurable opportunity of what or for whom, I may ask? Not for them. The only opportunity for those unfortunates is to lose life, eyes, hands, legs, sustain internal injury, to get tubercular or in other ways disabled for life. Those who are not fortunate to be killed at once, are supported by the government to their native countries. Great opportunity, indeed. The deportation cost our government, as the inspector told me, \$300 for a man. Good United States money. Those unfortunates borrow money to come here, they mortgage their small properties, some sell their all in the hope to get those 160 acres of land free, and the first help for settling on the farm as the propaganda says. You Americans know how to get these 160 acres and how much it cost to start them. I know unfortunates do not know. They were lured here to grow the labor market and only for this reason are they here. They are broke before they see any farm or the promised land of milk and honey, and the first help to the 160 acres, so they have to go to work wherever they get a job. Don't blame those poor people. They cannot help it, they were misinformed, and purpose-

And now, Mr. Caminety, are you not mistaken about those 6,000 insane. I would suggest that they be inspected by some sane doctor. Maybe he would find a few more or not insane because \$300 deportation fee for just one would buy lots of milk for our starving American babes. Think it over, Mr. Caminety. Deport, nonsense. Just open the ports. There are 200,000 letters received by the Steamship company and newspapers asking when the passage will start and this only from one nation. They will go and lots more. Mr. Caminety, and don't worry. Their governments will tend to it that these fellows stay home. I'll bet my cars on this. You will see the largest export of human slaves in the history of the United States, to the sorrow of the false propaganda. Yours for sanity.

A FOREIGNER.
 Somewhere in France,
 Jan. 11, 1919.
 Dear Mother:
 I received Mable's letter and was sure glad to hear from her. Well, mother, we are in a little berg of a couple hundred population and we do not get much to eat here unless you can buy it, and I will tell you 70 francs does not go very far, so any time you can spare a five or more put it in an envelope and send it if he always get our mail unless it is held up on account of wrecks or such as that. Tell Aunt that the \$10 she sent me to New York, I got \$20 for, and it sure came in handy. We get paid every once in a while. Did you send that Christmas box? If so, write and tell me when you sent it and all about it. Ask Aunt Lillian if the men from the Y. M. C. A. have been around to her house. If they have not, tell her to ask them when they come, what they are going to do with the money they get, and if he says he is going to buy chocolate or candy for the boys over here tell him that it is very little we get from them unless we pay three pries for it. Well, mother, I will close for this time, with love and kisses to you all. Your loving son,
 PRIVATE GEO. E. HOADLEY,
 CO. K., 307 Inf.
 Economic and political ignorance of the masses means the economic and political power of capitalism.