

# SILVER Of Finest Plate

SPECIAL OFFER  
26-piece set, oak chest, beautifully lined, \$8.75  
Child's spoon, 50c  
2-piece child's set, \$1.00

**POWELL JEWELRY CO.**  
112 N. MAIN

# To the Workers

This is the best place in town for you to trade. The LARGEST STOCK and the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

**A Square Deal Always**

I Appreciate Your Trade

**Palace Clothing and Shoe Store**  
53-55 EAST PARK ST.

# McCarthy-Bryant & Co.

317-319 E. PARK, PHONE 1011.

- 35 lbs. Rex white flour, \$5.00
  - 5-lb. can M. J. B. coffee, \$2.00
  - 1/2 gal. Log Cabin syrup, \$1.25
  - 22 bars laundry soap, \$1.00
  - Maid O'Clover and Blanchard butter, when taken along, 50c
  - 5-lb. can pure raspberry jam, \$1.25
  - Fresh eggs, dozen, 15c
  - Gallon cans fancy table syrup for \$1.50
  - 3 lbs. S. B. coffee, \$1.00
  - 3 lbs. White House coffee, \$1.25
  - Corn peas, tomatoes, can 15c
  - Peaches, pears and apricots, 2 1/2 lb. cans, 25c
  - No. 58 Swift's lard, spec., \$1.10
- JOHN J. MCCARTHY, Prop.

# Jewelry

A Large Assortment Snappy Designs, Low Prices

**GREEN TRADING STAMPS**

The only Butte jewelry store that gives this very desirable discount on jewelry purchases.

**Montana Jewelry Co.**  
73 E. Park St.

**THE PASTIME BARBER SHOP AND POOL HALL**  
210 N. Main Street, Charles Powers, Prop.



# Quality

The Impression your printed message will make depends on the skill and knowledge of the Printer.

We are proud of the quality of every job that leaves our shop. It is the result of thoughtful care and years of experience.

Let us co-operate with you on your next printing. You'll like our work and our printing.

**THE BULLETIN PUBLISHING CO.**  
JOB DEPARTMENT

Bulletin Want Ads Get Results. Phone 52

# Profiteering Is a Great Game

A Price Comparison; When Miners' Wages Were \$4.75 Before and When They Were Cut This Time to \$4.75.

On or about June 1, 1917, miners' wages were \$4.75 per day, and other crafts and labor associated in the industry of mining and smelting were working on the basis of a \$4.75 scale for miners. It seems that the wage scale has again declined to this basis of \$4.75, thereby taking \$1 a day from the wage check of thousands upon thousands of working men, not only laborers but office men as well. Permit me to give you a statement herewith, which I can vouch for as being exact to the minutest detail, showing the costs of many articles of food when the scale was \$4.75, and at this time agitation against the high cost of living was being waged.

	June 1, '17	Feb. 12, '19	Per cent higher
Fey. California Navel oranges, 1/2 case	\$1.65	\$2.85	72
Winesap apples, season's choicest	2.50	4.00	60
Walnuts	.20	.40	100
Canned peas and corn, eastern pk. 2 cans	.25	.40	60
Utah tomatoes, 2 1/2 lb. cans	.10	.20	100
Eastern cheese	.30	.45	50
Olive oil, quarts	.85	1.75	105
Pelle Russian soap, 25 bars	1.00	1.80	45
Pelle Napha soap, 5 bars	.25	.50	100
Macaroni, 16 oz.	.10	.12 1/2	25
Fey. Columbia River Salmon 2 cans	.45	.70	55
Assorted Fancy Cookies	.17 1/2	.35	100
Rice, fancy Japan	.06	.12 1/2	100
Cornmeal, 10-lb. bags	.40	.75	75
Roller oats, 10-lb. bags	.50	.85	70
Canned milk, Sego, Carnation, 6 cans	.65	1.20	90
Eastern Codfish	.15	.20	33
Finnan Haddock	.20	.35	75
Finnan haddock	.05	.10	100
Smelts	.12 1/2	.20	65
Halibut	.25	.30	20
5-lb. pails lard	1.10	1.55	40
Eastern bacon	.50	.55	10
Eastern ham	1.25 1/2	.39	80
Montana bacon and ham, same proportion			
Roller Hoped Shoulders	.22	.32	50
Spring chickens	.30	.40	30
Hens	.29	.38	30
Extra quality 2 1/2 lb. sliced peaches	.20	.35	70
Dried fruit, meat, fresh fruit and vegetables and all other groceries in about the same proportion.			
Picture shows	.15	.25	60
Pantages vaudeville	.35	.50	40

# Conditions Versus Bolshevism

(Written by a Butte Soldier and a Citizen of the United States.)

Fellow Workers, Brothers and Citizens: Just a few short months ago the call was sounded for men to come to arms to protect our nation, and a nation of freedom, against the domineering Germans.

That call was answered by some five millions of which we are in position to prove were over 93 per cent laboring men, taken from the factories, smelter, mines, stores, shops, ranches and farms, railroads and every walk in life where only the actual producers can be found.

These same men gave up good positions, left wives, mothers, fathers and loved ones at home, that they might serve faithfully the United States, against the war lord of Europe, who, no doubt, had we not stepped in, would have in a few short years brought the bloody slaughter to the United States—to our very doors.

We, therefore, were justified in defending ourselves as it was a necessity, for the people, by the people. And we went at it with our whole heart and brought home the bacon, leaving them the Rhine.

It was not for profit that we, not profit to us that did the work—sacrificed our lives through Chateaux-Triery, Soissons, Belleu woods and the Argonne forest.

They did not care to call us I. W. W.s in March, when we fought through mud, snow and rain with the English, and French; through 12 days of hell at St. Quentin, Urvillers, and Essigny le Grand. No, we were not bolshevists then. Again we fought and died in April at Lens, Verdun, east of Lunerville, where we were outnumbered twenty to one. We were heroes then, but not now, since we return and ask for work; we are undesirable now, and I. W. W.s.

It was not us that fought the cooties and other vermin besides the Germans. It was not us who went hungry for days. It was not us who lived and slept in trenches for weeks at a time, where slimy mud and water were over our shoes-top, and our clothes were bespattered and filthy to wear, with no place to wash them; sometimes only having enough of the filthy, stagnant water to drink.

It was not profit to us to go over the top, casting our lives to the winds to try and check the ebb of the advancing Germans. To meet them hand to hand and steel to steel, with death, destruction and the horrors of war going on all around us. Nor was it a pleasure, but we did it and brought home the honors of a task well done—to empty hands. Remembering and looking back, we think of the day we fell in double ranks and marched to the depots on our way to the front. It was a great thing then to the people—they led us to the trains with flags flying, bands playing and cheers echoing from thousands of throats: why? Because we were going across to crush a domineering power, a power that had held the laboring classes down for years. And the German people of the common classes will thank the Yanks for years to come. For today they are on the dawn of a new era. An era of love of freedom and sunshine, that was only made possible to them through the sacrifices of the many undesirable boys in khaki, who gave their all to do it.

But those things are dead issues now. The war is over and we, the VICTORS, are returning home—some blind, others with an arm or leg off; some of us will never hear again, and those of us that can hear fail to hear the faintest murmur of the martial music and uproar that prevailed as our trains glided from the stations. Our task is done; we are no longer needed.

What kind of a reception are we receiving upon our return? I'll tell you. We are met with the finger of scorn pointing at us by those self-same patriotic people who cheered us so heartily and wished us God-speed on our way.

When we left good jobs, upon our return we find none. We, the soldiers of the United States, were good enough to fight for the United States from six to eighteen months and longer, for practically nothing, and we fail to receive work upon our return home.

And then what happens? Because we protest against the corporations and conditions that make these conditions so, we are called I. W. W.s, bolshevists and anarchists.

As we said before, this was not a war for profit, and we still say it was not. Not for us, at least, who faced the tortures of hell. What few dollars we managed to save before the war have been eaten up by our families we left behind. We are good, strong men and citizens of this United States. We are not beggars, and neither are we anarchists. We only demand our just dues. We do not care to be thrown upon the charity of the Red Cross, for they have already done enough for us. All we ask is our jobs that we left behind.

Surely, the A. C. M. company and the owners of Butte and Anaconda have made millions enough from our bloodshed that it was unnecessary for them to cut wages a dollar a day without notice to the toilers.

Being discharged from the army with scarcely enough money to reach our homes, to the town and cities where these same profiteering bushwhackers have made not only a living but billions and billions of dollars in the last two years from our sacrifices, claim they must cut wages from 20 to 40 per cent that they may exist.

And because we return and protest against these things we are called I. W. W.s, bolshevists and such. Today there are some 250 millionaires that were unheard of before this war, but, pray, how many laboring men have been lifted from the same old rut? None—they are worse off than ever.

If protesting against these conditions that we find upon our return, which are rotten to the core, make us I. W. W.s, thank God I can truthfully say I would rather be an I. W. W., a bolshevist or anything else than be a scab and be robbed by an outfit so poor and hard up that they must cut wages of a laborer who has toiled faithfully since this war, making millions for them. If sticking to the laboring man and fighting these conditions makes I. W. W.s, we, who have to toil, should be proud of them.

# Sport News GOSSIP NOTES

## COMING BACK TWICE

**Kid Gleason Isn't Big, and He Was No Great Shakes as a Big League Pitcher, but He Has Reached the Top Rung on the Baseball Ladder.**

## HAMILTON TELLS HOW THE "KID" DID IT

By H. C. HAMILTON  
(United Press Staff Correspondent.)  
(Copyrighted, 1919, by United Press.)  
CHAPTER XI.

Scraps in Gleason's life were frequent, as has been stated, but he dislikes to talk of them and probably would dislike to see many of them in print, even if the tales were available. However, there are some recent ones he does not resent hearing of and which have been touched upon by many ball players in their anecdotes of the veterans.

One of the favorites of the White Sox was to do with a drunken man in a hotel in Detroit.

Gleason, with several members of the team, was sitting in the hotel lobby. Along came the intoxicated nuisance and began to banter Gleason. Gleason knew the man and talked back in a rather sarcastic vein, when suddenly the intruder, much larger than Gleason, swung and landed squarely on Gleason's jaw.

Gleason, sitting down, his hat pulled over his eyes, was practically knocked out by the blow, but he sprang from his seat as if on springs, and, in the words of a witness of the scrimmage, simply "swanned over the drunk." The intruder began reeling backward, blows raining all over him. He tried to turn and flee, but Gleason was too fast for him. Finally he went to the floor, the victim of a beautiful right cross from the heavy Gleason fist, squarely placed on the point of the chin. And Gleason went with him.

When the unwelcome visitor recovered his senses, his eyes were blacked his lips, swollen, but he arose, apologized and walked away. Next day he made it a point to hunt for Gleason and again offer an apology.

This bout was a revelation even to the White Sox players regarding the strength in their coach's small body. Witnesses of it declare Gleason handled his man in such masterful manner that the latter never had a chance to escape the punishing fists. He was much larger than Gleason, yet the smaller man handled him as if he had been a child, and when he tried to turn and run from the fists, the squarely delivered right-hand punch stretched him on the floor.

If Gleason has lost a fight on the baseball diamond or during his travels with a baseball club it is not recorded in the history that I have been able to find. Of course, as Gleason himself maintains, the bouts are not brilliant marks on his record, and for that reason he dislikes to talk about them, but they also disclose his aggressiveness and fighting spirit—a spirit which has much to do with his successful methods of making ball players.

(To be continued.)

## Butte Man Second at the K. C. Shoot

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 17.—George Nicholas of Kansas City won the international wing-shot championship, the closing event of the international trapshooting tournament here Saturday with a score of 98 out of a possible 100 targets.

E. W. Renfro of Butte was second with a score of 95, and Riley Thompson of Gainesville, Mo., E. C. Hinshaw of Spirit Lake, Ia., and Frank Troch of Vancouver, Wash., tied for third place, with 94 each.

The first 50 targets of the event were shot Saturday and the last 50 Sunday.

Quite a number of Butte and a few out of town trapshooters put in an enjoyable afternoon at the grounds of the local club and there was also a larger gallery present than usual. The weather was excellent for a complete enjoyment of the sport and the events, five at 20 single targets, and one at 12 pairs, were all well shot. There were present from Anaconda, Mrs. Harris, Tom Godby and "Jimmy" Drumgoole.

In the singles at 20 targets, total scores, Weatherwax and Scribner tied with 89, while Drumgoole scored 86. At 12 pairs, Smith was high man with a score of 21, and Weatherwax second with 19.

The score in detail follows:

Name	20	20	20	20	20	Pr.
Drumgoole	17	14	20	17	18	16
Godby	10	12	8	19	19	19
Costello	14	13	13	13	13	13
Mrs. Harris	16	17	14	12	14	14
Stokes	12	14	13	13	13	13
Weatherwax	16	17	20	18	18	18
Scribner	18	19	19	14	19	16
Mallett	15	19	14	17	14	11
Morgan	14	13	12	15	14	15
Morrison	14	12	13	13	13	13
Poore	16	16	15	17	15	16
Smith	18	17	18	16	17	21
Faulstich	11	10	16	13	14	12
Germor	12	14	16	13	14	12
Stephenson	13	16	14	11	19	12
McLeod	11	11	10	13	13	13
Bruce	12	13	13	14	14	14

The next shoot will be held in Anaconda, March 2.

## Independents Win From Miner Printers

The Independents won yesterday from the Butte Miner bowling team and took two out of the three games. Bruell of the winners had the high average, while O'Brien of the Miner team rolled high score. The game scheduled for tonight will be the Calkins and Daily Post teams.

J. Jovick defeated Felix Mudro yesterday in a five-game match for a purse, Jovick winning with a score of 948 to Mudro's 891. The games were all closely contested and were witnessed by a big gallery.

The scores in detail:

	Independents	Miner		
M. Jovick	157	204	145	516
Squires	152	132	163	447
Bruell	215	164	190	569
McBride	134	164	141	433
Cundy	178	169	155	502
Total	846	833	794	2473

Great Falls, Feb. 17.—The Great Falls high school will send the best team it has ever offered in a basketball contest to represent it in the district tournament at Helena, Feb. 28, and it expects, because of the past performances of the players, that the team will also go to the state meeting at Bozeman.

## Automobile Fails and the Game Called Off

Anaconda, Feb. 17.—The Butte Southpaws' bowling team, which was scheduled to play a picked Anaconda aggregation Saturday night at the Tessler alleys, found the going too hard when their machine, which was bringing them to Anaconda, broke down 12 miles out of Butte. They were unable to keep their appointment on time and the game has been postponed indefinitely.

Notice: The meeting of the Mill, Smelter and Surface Men's union will take place Monday, 7:30 p. m., at Metal Mine Workers' hall.

Notice: Boosters No. 2 meets every Wednesday night at Socialist hall, Harrison avenue.—Adv.

The Bulletin Does Job Printing

# Soldiers', Sailors' and Workers' Council

AND DOMESTIC WORKERS' UNION WILL HOLD A

# MASS MEETING

TONIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK

At the High School Auditorium

Good speakers will discuss the protest strike and ways and means of aiding the strikers.

ALL WELCOME!

## SLEMONS AND BOOTH FINED IN POLICE COURT

Hulda Edwards and Ida Nelson Assessed \$5 Each; Sold Literature.

Slemmons & Booth paid \$10 into the city treasury Saturday for neglecting to keep the snow off the sidewalk at 501 East Park street, Con Bonner and John Burns, charged with being intoxicated the night previous, failed to put in an appearance and their bonds of \$5 were forfeited. Hulda Edwards and Ida Nelson were arrested, charged with distributing I. W. W. bills and literature on the streets. Each was fined \$5 in the police court.

## The Bisbee Deportation

July 12, 1917  
Written for the Bulletin by C. L. T.

With no food but bread and water, and little of that at hand; In the scorching heat of the boxcar, and scarcely room to stand. To the day burning heat of the desert.

Like cattle they drove them along; Our husbands and brothers and sweethearts, May God forgive them the wrong.

Like soldiers they marched brave and fearless, While their captors fretted and swore; While the sun blazed down from the heavens, And the rifles waited for gore.

Though like lambs led to the slaughter, They yielded themselves like men; As captives in the filthy boxcar, And the viler cattle pen.

Through the long day and night of the journey, With no knowledge of the fate in store; Only faith in God to help them, Their sufferings they cheerfully bore.

And why are these men being driven Like cattle to a slaughter pen? Why they ask for justice and mercy, For themselves and their fellow men.

They ask of the big corporations, To make safe the place of their toil, They asked for living wages, The specter of starvation's foil; Out on the desert they left them, After that long and terrible ride, With only a little water, And nothing else besides.

And their noble captors Stole away like thieves in the night; To trace up their courage right, And then in the grey of the morning These heroes crept home to snooze And vaunt of their wonderful courage, Sustained by the spirits of booze.

And the wives and poor little children Of the men on the desert bare, Have those glorious heroes given Not one single thought or care; If they starve, it's alright and proper, There will be so many less to feed, It's only another victim Of the big corporation's greed.

And what of our husbands and brothers? Out on the desert drear, Like men of noble courage, They strove their comrades to cheer; So three cheers for our husbands and brothers, And three cheers for our sweethearts true, And when you come home to Bisbee We'll be waiting there for you.

Priest Gapon the traitor, Von Plehve the brute, Czar Nicholas the tyrant, and all the rest of the old muscovite regime are gone and forgotten, but the Russian revolution lives and is leading the revolutionary forces of the proletariat world.

Use Bulletin want ads. They get results.

## AT THE LYRIC

245 E. Park Street

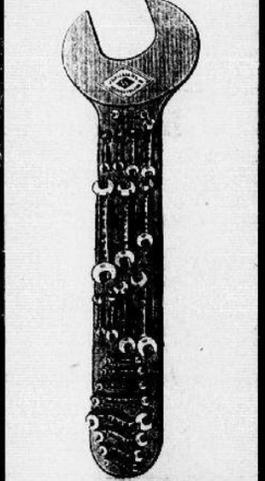
TODAY "MRS. SLACKER" Five Parts Featuring GLADYS HEULLETT Two Parts Tom Mix Comedy

TUESDAY THEDA BARA in "A FOOL THERE WAS" Five Parts One Part Comedy We Always Have a Comedy

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



Automobile Owners and Mechanics will find our line of tools and accessories the best manufactured.



The Home of Good Hardware, Mechanics Fine Tools, Paints—Glass, Plumbing and Electrical Supplies  
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