

AT KERMODES

- 100 lbs. fancy Early Ohio potatoes, fine for seed and just right for cooking; \$1.75
Fancy head lettuce, 10c
Fancy celery, 20c
New strawberry pie plant, per lb., 15c
Banannas, per doz., 35c

KERMODES

421 E. PARK PHONE 1794

McCarthy-Bryant & Co.

317-319 E. Park St. Phone 1011

- 5-lb. can M. J. B. coffee, \$2.00
18 bars Swift's Pride soap \$1.00
5-lb. can raspberry jam, \$1.25
98 lbs. Rex flour (pure white) for \$5.60
Lyon's Best and Climax flour for less than wholesale price.

WORLD IS NOW

(Continued From Page One.)

ual hindrances that confront them at every hand's turn.

But parallel with the conference and the daily lectures which its members are receiving on foreign geography, ethnography and history, there are other councils at work, some publicly, others privately, which represent the vast masses who are in a greater hurry than the political world to have their urgent wants supplied, for they are the millions of European inhabitants who care little about static frontiers and much about the necessities which they find it increasingly difficult to obtain.

Bewildering Phenomena.

Only a visitor from a remote planet could fully realize the significance of the bewildering phenomena that meet one's gaze here every day without exciting wonder. On one hand there is the gay Ville Lumiere, resplendent, festive and joyful at the glorious victory, and prodigal in sacrifices to celebrate it worthily. Vienna, during the congress, was less viciously joyous than Paris is today. Princes are honoring the republican city with their presence; grand dukes are generously exhibiting smiles; marriages, tangoes and weird Texas dances are executed nightly in the cabarets of Montmartre, and historic mansions around the Parc Monceau. Nay, even in the splendid hotels fitted with silver baths, inhabited by pacific armies of delegates, technical experts, secretaries and typists, dancing is becoming part of the daily normal exercise.

Long lines of superb automobiles glide every afternoon and night before the flashing eyes of the underfed proletariat, transporting high-born ladies and nouvelles riches and privileged personages to sumptuous restaurants, dazzling theaters and faerie ballrooms.

The festivities and amusements on this upper plane of Paris recall the glowing descriptions of the frolic and fever of existence in the Austrian capital 100 years ago. These people who form the political and social world are speculatively interested in the august plenipotentiaries toiling for the weal of the human race, and eagerly offer hospitality to the exotic lions of the epoch, to the most of whom they have given expressive nicknames.

They launch winged words and coin witty epigrams, characterizing what they irreverently term the efforts of the peace conference to square the circle. They contrast the noble intentions of the delegates with the grim realities of the workaday world, which appear to mock their praiseworthy exertions. They say there never were so many wars as during the deliberations of these famous men of peace.

Warning to World of Luxury.

Meanwhile, the peace conference is secretly debating the conditions on which these people shall forget their enmity and live in friendship, on a basis of mutual trust and give and take, and Paris is celebrating the glorious victory over the Teutons, performing the tango and the curious dances of Texas.

"Observe a measure in your dancers, ladies and gentlemen," writes a Parisian publicist in a timely warning addressed to the world of money and fashion. "Luxury," said Victor Hugo, is a necessity of great states and great civilizations, but there are moments when it must not be exhibited to the masses. When the multitude beholds luxury while suffering, want and distress are prevalent, its spirit rises, skipping many degrees at once. It does not reflect that luxury produces higher wages. It demands, not work, not wages, but leisure, pleasure, carriages, lackeys, duchesses. Beneath the thin crust of plutocracy and aristocracy in contemporary Europe are social layers whose utterances and impulses are subdued today, but who may at any moment introduce jarring sounds of volcanic thunder into

the musical harmony of the upper spheres.

Growing Unrest Among Masses.

Indigence has already made the acquaintance of the lower middle class who, by dint of long years of toil and thrift, had scraped together the wherewithal to spend the evening of life in what was comparative ease before the war. Families with children who had contrived to make ends on 400 francs (\$800) a year, are now on the brink of misery, with no relief in sight at present, and faced with heavier taxes in the future.

Lower down are the working classes, whose abnormally high and quick-spent war gains have come to a sudden end, and who have now to face lockouts, strikes, lower wages and higher rents, and the hardships these entail. Yet they feel that the social system reposes on their shoulders.

Soldiers who for four years at the front were well fed, receiving coffee, sugar, white bread, meat, eggs and wine in abundance are now informed by their wives that luxuries like these are henceforth beyond their reach. Three years ago beef cost one franc three centimes a pound, but today the butcher charges five and a half (\$1.10). Chickens could then be had at one franc seventy (33 cents) a pound, whereas the very cheapest is now sold at a rate of six francs (\$1.20) a pound. Butter has risen from 2.50 francs to 10 francs a pound, and for one egg, which is sometimes fresh, 80 centimes (16 cents) are charged.

Soldiers Growing Angry.

Heroes back from the trenches, where they received all these things in plenty and never worried about the cost, after having saved civilization from disaster, now find their services rewarded by prohibitive prices and positive hardships. Looking around, they behold processions of magnificent motors, a dazzling display of fashion and wealth crowded in renowned restaurants performing the sempternal tango and various dances, and they ask in anger: "Was it for such a social system that they faced death thousands of times in the mud of the trenches and atmosphere poisoned with deadly gasses?"

When sickness visits these families, as it so often does, and medical care and remedies recede from their reach and vanish among the luxuries of the wealthy, the iron enters the soul of these men and produces frenzy which becomes epidemic, and from the family hearth may spread to the highways and byways.

For these heroes have no fear of death, no artificial restraints. With this temper they are resolved to pull down the barriers that separate them from the life that is worth living. They, too, glance casually at the conference and shrug their shoulders at compromise and schemes that deal with frontiers, languages and secret treaties, as if setting those would transform secular grievances and intolerable incongruities into well-being and coherence. They manifest no interest in plenipotentiaries' work beyond the desire to see it terminated, when they expect to take matters into their own hands and remodel the world for human beings to live in.

What the Socialists Want.

Like the plenipotentiaries, they, socialists, too, desire a league of people, but unlike these, they refuse to distinguish between the enemies of yesterday and the allies of today. They desire equality, but refuse to establish it in watertight compartments.

They are organized, their spokesmen are in Berne endeavoring to work out a feasible comprehensive program and hold it up to the Paris conference as the first installment of their league of nations. They are fully conscious of their power and not wholly unconscious of their responsibility. They claim they are ready for action tomorrow, but are willing to give the plenipotentiaries their chance.

I have talked with certain of their chiefs and am convinced they will realize many of the hopes and fears which are now centered in the peace delegates, for they see things as they are, piercing the diplomatic veils and conventions and mean to make a strike for the goal they profess to be in quest of, not of vain formulas or pale abstractions, but of the single, just and permanent in social life. They assure me they are anxiously awaiting their extremists who await their orders, but are not certain of sustained success because the least accident might liberate the pent up forces and bring about a deluge.

New Forces Are Ready.

A short time ago all trains and all work on the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean railroad were stopped for a couple of minutes at the same moment. The object was to give the double warning that new popular forces were ready to be unleashed at a seasonable moment, and that the forces are highly organized and thoroughly disciplined. The principal mechanism who arranged this momentary strike is now in prison, but the mechanism is, the papers assert, automatic and in perfect working order. Statements volunteered to me by chiefs of the labor movements who are seemingly desirous of postponing unconstitutional manifestations as long as possible, confirm this assertion, and add that the merest spark may produce a conflagration which political formulas will not extinguish.

I am loath to utter alarmist predictions, but consider it my duty to warn the public of danger which is real. I myself have studied its symptoms and endeavored to gauge its force. There is still time to dislodge it but there is no time to lose. It is not bolshevism, it is not restive demagoguery, it is not anti-government conspiracy, nor frenzied socialism; it is an impulsive movement of the masses, stirred by an awakened sense of bitter wrong, stung by sharpened hunger, irritated beyond control by the ingratitude of society, and stimulated by the strength that comes from conscious power. This fiery current is surging beneath the thinnest social rinds, and fissures have appeared of late in various parts. Register, and get your friends to register, or you can't vote at the primaries in the spring election.

PROFITEERS EVEN

(Continued from page one.)

quite indignant over the fact that her boy not only failed to get what she ordered for him, but didn't get his Christmas package until after Christmas. Her son is now 20 years old, having enlisted January 12, 1918, when he was a senior at the Lincoln high school.

"On October 31, 1918, I went to the Bon Marche, agents for Harrod's of London, England, and made my selection from the list given to me of what I wanted my son to have for Christmas from me. I chose four pounds of candy and seven packages of chewing gum. The cost being \$4.50. The Bon Marche, like other stores who had similar agencies, cabled the order to London, the packages being packed at Harrod's and forwarded to their destination.

Received Package Late.

"I got a letter from my son dated Jan. 21, 1919, which showed that he received the package Jan. 6. He said: 'While I was in Paris the last time I got your box from Harrod's. It was fine in you folks to send it and you know how much I appreciate it. It contained some chocolate, sardines, soap, cigarettes and plum pudding.'

Upon receiving this letter Mrs. Lacy wrote to her son, telling him what she had ordered for him and asking him to demand the things from Harrod's. She went to the Bon Marche about two weeks ago and made a complaint, after which her \$4.50 was refunded. She asked the Bon Marche if the store would lose anything for refunding the money and the man in charge said: 'We don't expect to.'

Acted in Good Faith.

"I think the Bon Marche acted in good faith in taking the agency," said Mr. Lacy. "I recommended this manner of giving presents to the boys to several of my friends because I believed that Harrod's was an absolutely reliable store. I know the store because I was formerly a British subject. My home used to be in Dublin. It is an awful disappointment for young boys of this age not to get their Christmas presents, especially while at war. The fact that my son got his package late was almost worse than him not getting what I ordered and paid for."

Private Lacy had a similar experience with a Christmas package sent to him from Detroit, Mich., through Hudson's department store of that city. He received a can of spaghetti and a can of "corned willie." Mrs. Lacy said that she knows that the person must have paid at least \$4.50 for it. Private Lacy, in another letter to his mother, dated Dec. 31, 1918, told of this incident as follows: "I didn't get the box from Harrod's. It must have been lost, but I did get one from Alice Burrell of Detroit, and guess what it contained— one box of spaghetti and one can of corned willie."

Orders Candy.

Mrs. Lucille Brickwell, 1533 East Sixty-third street, ordered for her son, Private Brickell, a former University of Washington student, a Christmas package through the Bon Marche, paying \$7.50 for it. She ordered candy and a luncheon box. Private Brickell got a Christmas package all right, but what it contained is taken from a letter she received from him, which was dated Dec. 31, 1918: "Yesterday the package came from Harrod's and I thank you ever so much for the articles contained. I wonder how much this cost you. The things it contained were as follows: Two cans of Van Camp soup, three little boxes of bouillon cubes, two cans of sardines, six O. D. handkerchiefs, and a stick of shaving soap and a bar of English chocolate. Pretty, huh? Imitation of American candy. Although you'll see it's crude in Christmas contents, it seems good to me, as I know you sent it."

Private Brickell had been ill in a hospital for six weeks and lived on soup while sick, according to his letter. The Bon Marche also refunded Mrs. Brickell her money. Many women have demanded their money back from the Bon Marche. Beatrice Barron, who lives at the Phi Mu sorority house in this city, ordered a box, costing \$5.10, through Fraser-Paterson Co. for her brother, Private Barron, 19 years of age. Fraser-Paterson Co. also acted as agents for Harrod's. Private Barron informed his sister that he never received the box. Fraser-Paterson Co. refused to refund Miss Barron her money, on the ground that the store's responsibility ceased after she gave the money to the United States postal authorities.

Send Any Old Thing.

Private Stevens' mother, Mrs. E. F. Cordell, 153 1/2 Ninth avenue, ordered a package for her son through the Bon Marche at a cost of \$4.25. The boy's letter is self-explanatory. It reads: "Coblez, Germany, January 23, 1919—My Dearest Mother: I received the package from London you sent, and of course was pleased to get it until it was opened, and then, the same old story. Those people take your money with the promise of sending us good things in return, but instead they send us most anything they happen to have on hand. One fellow received a package that was supposed to have assorted candies, nuts, cake and so on, but instead of having candies and nuts and good things it had a can of corned beef, a can of beans and sardines and such.

"I don't know what mine was supposed to have, but this is what it contained: A box of Graham crackers, a can of sardines, a can of some kind of fish paste that a dog wouldn't eat, and a can of apricots. So don't give them any more of your money. I appreciate the spirit in which it was sent, but there's no use letting those people get rich off the people in the states like the Y. M. C. A. did. I had a package from a girl in Seattle tonight, sent through those people, and it was the same old story—it didn't contain half as much as yours."



TO THE BUSINESS MEN OF BUTTE

YOUR firm name in this list will be seen and discussed by every member of the family. If you seek the patronage of the workers, make sure of first getting their good-will by advertising in their paper—the only paper in Butte that is published in the interests of your customers.

NOT THE LARGEST CIRCULATION BUT THE LARGEST PROVEN RESULTS Wage-Earners' Shopping Guide

Grid of advertisements for various services including Auto Repair Shops, Clothing and Tailoring, Haberdasher, Pool Rooms, Restaurants, Assayers, Autos Bought and Sold, Auto Painting, Banks, Baths, Butchers, Bakeries, Barber Shops, Batteries Recharged, Clothes Cleaning and Pressing, Cigar, Cemetery Coping, Cement Work, Dairies, Dentists, Druggists, Fire Insurance, Furniture, Florists, Fruit and Vegetables, Groceries, Gent's Furnishings, Ladies' Tailor, Ladies' Garments, Laundry, Music Houses, Men's Outfitters, Photograph, Pool Halls, Opticians, Vulcanizing, and Welding.

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