

The Butte Daily Bulletin

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 Harkins' Grocery, 1028 Talbot ave.
 Allen's Grocery, 1204 East Second.

George A. Ames, Jr., 316 1/2 N. Main.
 International News Stand, E. Arizona.
 Palace of Sweets, Mercury and Main.
 Everybody's News Stand, 215 S. Montana.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1919.

A MILLION DOLLARS.

No more heartening message has reached us for a long time than the recent announcement from Minneapolis that a million-dollar corporation has been formed to publish in that city a workingclass newspaper.

A million dollars will put out a pretty fair paper. See what the Butte Bulletin is doing on no more than that. The Twin Cities are a stronghold of reaction; but one good aggressive journal with the money to run unhampered will rout the four capitalist newspapers there, and so honeycomb the foundations of the fortress that it will fall at the first onset in the final decisive struggle.

Indeed, there would never be any struggle, there would never be any occasion nor justification for one, if capital would permit workingclass publications to live, and present, without interference, to the judgment of the people, the doctrines which socialism offers for the rescue of society from the mire of injustice and misery in which it is floundering.

If organized capital would let go its grip on the throat of liberty; if it would refrain from the use of its big stick, the threat of livelihood; if it would cease bribing officials and leadership; if it would stop its outrageous and unfair dictation of educational policies and its corrupt domination of legislative processes; if it would take its greedy, paralyzing hands off the rights of the people and freely allow the people to enjoy the privileges which the original spirit of American government sought for them and which the United States constitution says that they shall possess—then the ballot would be the only revolutionary weapon which the people would think of using to get the changes that will turn life from distress to gladness.

But capital, I fear, can not be induced nor forced to refrain from any of those indecent and unlawful aggressions. Capital is by nature, ruthless and unlawful. Its very existence is the result of seizing from workers a part of their product, and moreover a much larger part even than the thief can himself use—or from what would capital grow? The very getting of capital is a breaking of the laws of fairness and equity. Capital is inherently savage, hoggish and unlawful. Capital will not change. The only way to make capital good is to kill it.

SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH.

William B. Wilson, secretary of labor, has stated, according to the press, that the recent strikes in Butte, Lawrence and Seattle were not genuine strikes, but baby revolutions, attempts at seizing the government.

The people of this nation, who pay Mr. Wilson his salary, have a right to demand more from his intelligence than the gentleman seems able to give. However poorly endowed with that variety of treasure Mr. Wilson may originally have been, one would think his long experience ought to have sharpened his vision. Either he is deliberately lying to please labor-hating reactionaries or he is deceived by the lying statements of the kept press, the lying reports of kept stool pigeons and the lying claims of the braying ass who holds a mayor's job on the Pacific coast and cocks his ears to this day to catch the echoes of his own voice.

Good people all, when the revolution comes, you will not have to be told about it by Ole Hanson. You will be able to recognize it yourselves. It will not appear in the cloak of a protest strike of a few thousand miners against an arbitrary cut in wages. Ha, ha! One round dollar every day filched from a poor man's pocket, and if he kicks he is trying to seize the government! Piffle! The bleating of frightened fools! Either that or the sinister propaganda of the exploiters—probably a combination of the two. No, you won't need to be told by anyone when it arrives, you men who live by the toil of others. It will spring suddenly, full-armed and terrible in its might, from the soil you have trodden under foot, from the clean, generous soil you have made dank and fecund with the blood of human kind, with cruelities, soul-killing oppressions and scurrilous abusings made rank and fecund—fecund of revolt, REVOLT—and all the possibilities that revolt implies.

Yes, you will know it when it comes. It will spring suddenly and powerfully. It will be organized and efficient. It will be universal, not sporadic. It will be generated. Those possibilities, those frightful possibilities that make your hearts stand still and listen in dread, will be controlled. You will be safe—if you behave. A masterful gesture will motion you to honest work in the service of mankind, and you will work—or you will die. But you will be safe—oh, quite, quite safe—if you behave.

George Herron, who has recently been appointed an ambassador, once called Woodrow Wilson "a tremendous radical." Nicholas Longworth is indignant. He says, "If anyone ever said that of me, I would send him to the penitentiary." We would reassure Mrs. Longworth's husband. No one will ever say it.

Butte business men, chamber of commerce and Rotarians are not satisfied with our form of government and are going to petition for a new form. Referred to the committee on deportation.

The new bourgeois German congress seems to be limited in jurisdiction—limited to the town in which it is convened.

If enough unemployed were employed investigating unemployment there would be no unemployment.

Keep this in mind: The trusts will own the nation till the nation owns the trusts.

EUROPEAN FACTS

(Continued From Page One.)

that time we shall be so occupied with other more immediately urgent affairs that we will forget to ask anything about it.

The soldiers themselves are coming across the ocean in great numbers every week and they will tell for once and at last the actual truth, and when America hears what that truth is there is going to be a remarkable revision of feeling in regard to some matters, and such a shock of sudden understanding as this country has not experienced for generations.

The young Lechniar who went out of the west to Europe to help to save the world for democracy, meeting with strange treatment there, now that the saving is done and that his courage, his blood and his life are no longer needed.

Not At All Admirable.

Some of our American war work societies have done and are doing magnificent work that should thrill every real American heart to the core and some individuals in those organizations are a disgrace to the name of America.

All these things and many more I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears in England and on the continent of Europe.

On Dec. 20, not quite two months ago, I sailed for England on the English steamship Adriatic. I expected to be gone four months at least and hoped to go to England, France, Belgium, Germany, and, if possible Ireland, and perhaps to the Balkan states.

I wanted to see just how the war and the coming of the armistice had affected the plain, simple lives of plain, simple people. I wanted to see how our American boys were living over there, what they were doing now that peace was declared, how they liked Europe and how Europe liked them.

As to Relief Work.

I wanted to know just how the great American relief organizations in which we are all vitally interested were working and what good they were doing.

I wanted to find out about the food situation and get some kind of a vague idea of how long it would be before the countries most affected by the war could feed their own poor and clothe their own helpless victims of the fury of the conflict.

All of this, I thought, in my simple American way, would be quite simple and easy to do.

I was a duly accredited newspaper correspondent of 20 years' standing, with some experience in getting at real facts and real conditions and was animated entirely by a spirit of loyal, earnest, patriotic service both to the sufferers in Europe and to my own country over here.

No Use Staying There.

Before I got my passport vised for England right in New York I found that I never was more mistaken in my life, and by the time I started home on the 20th of January I knew there was no use staying in Europe and trying to send home any real facts.

At least not if I made any attempt to be really fair and just and straightforward in my statements. The newspaper cables are censored and what is not approved never gets through.

Every single personal letter I had in London or Paris was opened by the censor before I got it. My own letters home from there were most of them never delivered. A war worker on the steamer coming home showed me a great bunch of letters from American soldiers written to their mothers and friends. She was trying to smuggle them through for the boys.

Fighting on Last Day.

It is a matter of common gossip in the service over there that the Wildcat division was sent over the top at 10 o'clock on the morning the armistice was signed. The officers in charge knew that the armistice was likely to be signed any moment, but they were reprimanded for holding the troops back and had to let them go. There were 1,500 American casualties in that morning's work. Many of the American boys were killed, who might just as well have been alive today. This is one of the things that did not get into the news on this side of the water.

I do not know what the present conditions are in Germany, in Belgium, in the Balkans or in Ireland. I was not permitted to visit our troops in Germany, and I could not get through into Belgium without weeks of red tape.

Ireland Inaccessible.

As to Ireland, that was about as inaccessible as the moon to me or any other newspaper correspondent, or, in fact, anybody not absolutely stamped with the seal of English encouragement and approval. There may be some people on earth not already resident in Ireland who were able to get that stamp. If there are I have not been able to hear of them. It is very unpopular in either England or France to be an American today and if you want to be treated with any thought of tolerance at all you must be very careful to forget that there were any American soldiers in the war.

England is suffering for food and for fuel and for money and men and suffering in proud and honest silence.

American money has poured and is pouring into France like rain upon a parched and thirsty ground, and as far as I could see and hear, France is no longer in need of American help. Much destitution and misery there are in France, of course, but France can take care of that herself if she will compel the people of France who have enriched themselves amazingly during the war to look after their own countrymen.

I got all I wanted to eat in France, and more, and so can anyone who has the money to pay for it.

Our boys are living on the edges of graveyards in miserable dugouts and cold, wet barracks, and roasting like forlorn fowl in hideous ruins in the ill-smelling mud of desolate villages, and they are made to feel not

only day after day, but hour by hour, and almost minute by minute, that they are unwelcome strangers in a strange land.

Came Home to Tell Truth.

I have come home to America because I want to tell the truth as it really is without business and without excuse. I want to tell the mothers of America whose boys will never come home again just how and where their sons are so sweet, so sound asleep, and I want to tell the American mothers who are trying to hasten the day of their sons' return with their prayers just exactly how their sons are living today, what they are doing and why they are so bitterly anxious to come home.

My next article will begin to tell American mothers a few of these plain, simple things as a plain, simple, everyday American woman has seen them.

ARE YOU NEXT?

By SCOTT BEARING.

Seven thousand "undesirable" persons are scheduled for deportation by the United States department of labor and the United States department of justice. Fifty-eight of these persons are already at Ellis Island awaiting transportation.

Are you next? You are a manufacturer paying girls \$7 a week and overworking little children; a member of the Manufacturers' association and the chamber of commerce. No, you are not next!

You are a mine operator, sending men down, day after day, in a gas-infested pit that will some time be converted into a tangle of wreckage and charred bodies? You undesirable? Indeed not!

You are a wheat speculator—rampant in the health and life of a nation? Pardon! We overlooked the size of your bank account.

You are a contractor for army raincoats, selling pneumonia and death to the government at high prices? You will be reprimanded perhaps, you may fine a few of your bloody dollars, but deport you? Never!

But you, over yonder, agitating for higher wages and better standards of labor; speaking, writing and stirring up the people; preaching liberty and crying aloud for justice—you were born abroad, were you? And you come here to this free country seeking to contaminate it with your hideous doctrines—you are next! What? You say you are not an I. W. W., but a member of the American Federation of Labor? It is all one to us. You are endangering profits; you are threatening dividends; you are imperiling property rights. We are here to maintain law and order.

You are next!

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FEMALE HELP WANTED

INTERNATIONAL store readjustment sale—Greatest sale in Butte of ladies' garments—cloaks, \$12.50; serge dresses, \$9.95; skirts, \$3.85; corsets, \$2.65; ladies' spring hats, \$3.95; ladies' shoes, \$2.65. At International store, 210 East Park. We save you 50 per cent. Direct your friends to this store, we want more business.

FURNISHED ROOMS

WHY hunt rooms, when you can get them in any part of the city at any price. Miller hotel, opposite M.I. vaudeo depot, phone 777. Stevens block, 144 W. Park, phone 755. Dorothy block, 101 E. Granite, p. 457. One management, Mrs. E. Paxson.

Furnished Housekeeping Rooms

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FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for housekeeping, 716 Madison St.

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Unfurnished Houses

FOR RENT—Four-room house, modern. Phone 3041-W.

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BANK pool hall and barber shop for sale, 105 S. Arizona.

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FOR SALE—Small bungalow, one acre of ground; 50x100 fenced; good well; barn; garage; chicken pens. Close to Lake Avoca, \$1,600, small payment down, balance monthly. Address J. A., care Bulletin.

FOR SALE—3-room house and one or two acres, near Lake Avoca; city water. Terms. Address A. F. F., care Bulletin.

3-ROOM house on two lots; a bargain. Apply owner, 1945 S. Wyoming st. Phone 5403-J.

AUTOMOBILES FOR SALE

BUICK 37; Ragfield carburetor; fine condition; will demonstrate; extra tires and rims. Phone 543, 43 Hirshour Bldg.

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FINANCIAL

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If you want the best of merchandise at lowest prices—We have it.

DOLLAR SHIRT SHOP

RIALTO BUILDING

"THE BIGGEST LITTLE STORE IN BUTTE"

THE IRISH HYPHEN

Aye! Give them your scorn or yield them your pity. Who fought in your fights to the last. The mountain and valley, the desert and city.

Laughed free where their footsteps had passed. Trace us their paths, who, with shadows about them, And wrongs and disaster their prod. Gave ye their body; who are daring to flout them.

Who purchased your freedom from God. Yes, purchased the word is, when valor unfeared In service to mankind is writ. They died for your flag, these exiles of Erin.

Who lived for the service of it, And, dying, they traced in the blood of your foemen

Your name with the land of their birth, "Ireland-America," hyphen that no man Shall challenge for glory on earth.

Label them, laugh at them, rail at them, scout them, Shame them, you never can do, Who rescued and wrapped your Old Glory about them.

And paid for its honor and you, Tell of the hyphens who merged in your glory The flame of the land of their birth, And Irish-American gave to your story The blood that's the salt of the earth.

SURE THING.

"I asked him to come down and talk things over about the offer we made him. You see, he is a high-priced man."

"Then you may be sure he won't come down."



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A PATIENT PATIENT.

Brown's doctor was a land speculator. When not making out prescriptions he was making out mortgages. It was when in a dual state of mind that he gave Brown the following instructions along with the prescription:

"One-half down and the balance every six months for four years."

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