# The Butte Daily Bulletin

Issued every evening, except Sunday, by THE BULLETIN PUBLISHING CO.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 18, 1917, at the Postoffice at Butte, Montana Under Act of March 3, 1879.

PHONES

Business Office, 52 Editorial Rooms, 292

Publication Office, 101 South Idaho (downstairs).
Editorial Rooms, 103 South Idaho (downstairs).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 month | $ .75 | 6 months | 4.75 |
| 3 months | 2.00 | 12 months | 7.00 |

The Daily Bulletin is on sale every day at the following places in Butte:

Depot Drug, 823 East Front.
P. O. News Stand, West Park.
Harkins' Grocery, 1023 Talbot ave.
Allen's Grocery, 1204 East Second.
George A. Ames, Jr., 316 1-2 N. Main.
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1919.



# "SQUARE DEAL" CANDIDATES

For a better and cleaner city in which to live, for civic righteousness in municipal affairs, vote for the following candidates:

MAYOR ..... W. F. DUNN
TREASURER ..... JAS. J. McCARTHY
POLICE MAGISTRATE ..... MIKE ALLEN

ALDERMEN.

1ST WARD ..... JOHN T. SULLIVAN
2D WARD ..... BARRY O'LEARY
3D WARD ..... BERNARD McVEIGH
4TH WARD ..... CON LYNCH
5TH WARD ..... ULRIC NADEAU
6TH WARD ..... WALTER A. KYLE
7TH WARD ..... E. E. CARLISLE
8TH WARD ..... E. G. JOHNSON

(Paid Political Advertising.)


## IRISH PRESIDENT OUT AGAIN.

Is romance dead? Read about the escape of Edward De Valera, the president of Ireland. Have you read that thrilling old tale, "Scottish Chiefs"? Did you lie on your belly under an apple tree when you were a boy and follow breathlessly the daring exploits of sundry gentlemen whom Sir Walter Scott once dug out of his imagination, while the digging you had been put at in the garden fled from your thought and the hoe handle blistered in the sun? Well, if you don't know Walter Scott, if you were cheated in your youth, make it up to yourself now by reading of the recent escape from the English prison of the three Sinn Feiners—and turn your imagination loose. There is material there in plenty for a whole novel: in the schemes and strategems which led up to the escape, in its successful accomplishment and the soul-stirring events that squirm and kick in the womb of the immediate future.

Men of the Irish race, men of America, read the story of Irish patriots in English prisons; read of that staunch, blind, unreasoning hope of the Irish people, often defeated, often battered down, but ever rising again, persistent and unquenchable, that strange, poignant, impelling, ache in the heart of a people for a national existence; read of that wonderful devotion to their cause which stubbornly carried a 3 to 1 majority of Sinn Fein ballots to the voting booths and dropped them in the boxes under the hostile gaze of English soldiers with English bayonets in their hands; read of the stern, rigid regime of martial law, the martial law of England in every Irish village and town; read of the ruthless searches, the seizures, the suppressions, the persecutions and tyrannies of English officials and English troops on Irish soil; read of the execution of the brilliant young Irish poet, Tom McDonaugh; of Pearse, the tender-hearted scholar who loved his native land so well that he wanted her to live; of James Connolly, who worked all his life for less than $15 per week and tried to raise a family on it, but who studied at night in his bare lodgings and wrote, and wrote and wrote—not sordid, wicked, capitalistic sophistry, fashioned to hold capitalism in power and to sell for silver, but scholarly, splendid treatises, pregnant with truth, which pled for human justice and will live and plead for human justice when Connolly's murderer, Lord French, has taken his proper place in history with the bigoted tyrants who desecrate Westminster Abbey.

Men of America, do YOU love liberty? Do you believe a nation should rule itself? Do you think a people should throw off foreign sovereignty? Then remember that an Irish congress has been elected by Irish voters—a congress which is more than half of it confined in English prisons at the present time. Do you want that congress, elected by Irish voters, to rule Ireland? Or do you want English bayonets to rule Ireland? Do you mean what you say when you shout for self-determination? If you do mean it, for God's sake get in and boost for Irish independence. It is up to you. If you say that Ireland shall go free, Ireland will be free in 48 hours after the edict leaves American shores—if the edict is properly worded. The English governing clique is helpless against America's will.

## GENE DEBS.

TEN YEARS, and Our Gene is now sixty-four. A living death in a hell-hole of an American penitentiary. But instead of weeping, he smiles; instead of cringing, he defies the tyrants, in all the beautiful and noble majesty of a tried and true socialist.

You are no god, no demigod, comrade, but you have set an example, have lighted a candle that all the swarming hordes of filthy oppression can never, nay, never, put out.

Bless you, Gene. Our love and respect. And as long as there is a voice to speak, a hand to write, a brawny, strong arm to strike for liberty, we will carry forward the banner that you have raised to the very heavens, and made grander by the noble life you have lived.

You can never know what you have done. You can never feel the strength you have given us, you will never realize how many hearts you made beat faster, how much courage you brought to life when you stood and accepted their challenge with a quiet power that made them tremble, with a fearlessness that made them quake with fear.

Gene, you will never know. But, comrade, we do.

Millions of young adherents to our great cause are watching the doors swing open, millions can hear the hinges creak, millions see the chains as they hang on those hands and arms that have gone to our very hearts as you have plead the cause of the "greatest cause."

Millions, comrade.

Tens of millions, Gene.

And they are made stronger, more determined. They are hardened, made into the fine steel you would have them.

And they are millions. And they are already marching, but your example makes them quicken their steps. Your suffering will make their jaws stronger. The spirit you have shown makes of them giants. And they are millions.

And woe unto the enemies who stand in their way. Woe unto you bloody, greedy parasites who, in the madness of your mania, strive to block the way. Woe unto you lying hypocrites who live by fraud, deceit and falsehood. Woe unto you dogs that now are baying at Our Gene. Woe unto you.

For the day is near. Not forever can your bastiles be graves for the finest and noblest of our class. Not forever shall the locks go unchallenged. No. Not forever.

They can incarcerate your body, Gene, they can scourge those tired limbs, but your undaunted spirit is with us always, your sweet and rapier words we can ever hear. You are still our general.

Forward, you wage slaves. The masters are but making the rope with which to hang their rotten system.

The plunderers are but digging deeper the grave for which to lay their system low.

Bolts and bars, instead of killing, only make our cause the stronger, bastiles, but the idea grows.

Forward.

The penitentiaries are full, but so are our hearts. The iron bars are strong, so is our class.

Forward.

On to socialism. Organize. In the factories, in the jails, in the mines and in the cells. Organize!

Carry the word onward. Work night and day.

This is what Gene has done, and is he not a pattern?

Comrades, give to Debs that which he would, better, that he gave to you, the staunchness of his unwavering comradeship, the undying sincerity to socialism, and in doing so you will fill his desire and also do the best thing possible to open the jail doors and rip the bars apart.

Gene, we go with you to your cell as you stay with us in the light, and not an hour shall pass but what our class will do something for you by doing everything for the cause.

Goodbye, Gene; we will soon hear you again.

## MASSACRES, ETC.

The dykes are up. The flood is on. The capitalist press is all primed for act two. The Sparticans are now to receive the same avalanche of abuse that the bolsheviki have been receiving.

From now on great massacres by the Sparticans will be heralded from the capitalist noise-makers. The terror will be running mad. Thousands of poor, helpless women and children will be murdered by the Spartacans, the numbers depending entirely upon the stomach condition of the editorial staff.

Robberies and plundering will be flashed in red ink, and the chief spokesmen of the workers will be pictured as living in the most extravagant luxury, murdering for sport and having harems in every locality.

But the working class will continue on its way and we believe that the German proletariat will expropriate the expropriators and make the junker capitalists work.

What one soon learns in London now—according to Winnifred Black, who stopped over there on her way home from France:

> You will learn to be very careful about mentioning any friends with Irish names. You will hear of plans to keep out of England forever any blood except that of England. And above all things you will learn to say very little about America's part in the war, and you will learn that enthusiastic references to the fighting of the Australians and Canadians in the war is not considered quite good form.

The Butte Miner is owned by W. A. Clark, Sr., who bribed his way into the United States senate. The Butte Miner approved of the appointment of E. C. Day, who accepted a "gift" of $5,000 from W. A. Clark. The Miner approves of D. M. Kelly, who was fined $500 for bribing a juror. The Miner approves of Captain Cutts, spruce hero. A vote for Cutts is a vote to put in power the clique to which belongs Oscar von Rohn, self-accused confidential adviser of German spies.

"There is something more for labor than uncertainty and travail, there is something more for labor than an unending, sordid struggle for a fair day's pay."—William F. Dunn.

The question in the forthcoming primaries is: Shall the people rule or the corporations? A vote for Dunn for mayor means a vote for government "of, for and by the people."

A vote for Dunn means that a people's democracy will supplant corporation autocracy in Butte municipal government.

# Union Stock Holders in the Butte Daily Bulletin

UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Coulee Stocket, Roundup, Lehigh, 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.
INTERNATIONAL MOLDER'S UNION, LOCAL NO. 276—Butte.
AND THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS IN BUTTE AND MONTANA
LAUNDRY WORKERS UNION, NO. 25—Butte.
PLUMBERS' UNION—Butte.

## *Spring Medicine*

# THE STRIKE AT LEAVENWORTH

Prisoners organizing and striking! Prisoners refusing to work until their grievances are attended to! And conscientious objectors turning the strike from the old-time method of violent prison mutiny by their quiet assistance in organization and their insistence: "No violence, but folded arms."

This is the remarkable tale told in the Survey for Feb. 15, by Winthrop D. Lane, who was present as special investigator at the prison before, during and after the strike. The strikers won their demands, but it is only fair to say that part of the reason for this was the fair attitude of Colonel Rice, governor of the prison.

**New Type of Prisoner.**

The prison was filled to overflowing with a new type of prisoner, men of the drafted army, civilians who had violated army rules with which they were only partly acquainted, and whose penalties they did not know. They had war-time sentences hanging over their heads—25 years for short absences without leave. Hundreds of men who had never committed any offense before found themselves facing from 15 to 30 years in prison.

They came in such numbers that they could not be handled. From 1,508 in April, 1918, the number doubled by November, and today is 3,600. Men are doubled up in five by nine cells, sleeping in corridors, eating in three shifts. All this overcrowding has created an atmosphere of protest.

**After the Armistice.**

The armistice was signed; the war was over. Prisoners began to ask if war-time sentences would now be reduced to the usually peace time length. On Jan. 25, 113 conscientious objectors were released. Others began to hope for release. The embers of discontent were there; only a spark was needed.

Race riots started toward the end of January; there were many southern white men who had never been put on a basis of equality with negroes before. On the night of Jan. 29, a fire occurred, which cost about $100,000, and was later admitted to be the work of two prisoners. The afternoon of the same day, the "first gang," composed of 150 men working outside the prison, simply quit work on their jobs.

So far there was no real strike; discontent was seething, but had not expressed itself coherently. The members of the "first gang" did not even know what they were striking for. Each had his own cause of discontent; no two agreed. This absorption in small desires and utter disagreement of one man with another characterized the early stages.

**The Strike Begins.**

At noon Thursday the men were lined up to be marched out to work. From this point on we quote Mr. Lane's account.

"An officer called out the gangs. 'First gang,' he shouted, and waited for it to form in line. No one stirred.

"'There ain't no first gang,' came a voice from the ranks.

"'Second gang,' shouted the officer.

"'There ain't no second gang,' came another voice.

"'To hell with work. We want to go home,' shouted a prisoner.

"'Third gang,' said the officer.

"'There ain't no third gang,' came from another quarter. The officer folded the sheet and turning to Col. Rice remarked that the prisoners of the United States disciplinary barracks seemed to be on strike.

**"Why Are You Striking?"**

"Col. Rice stepped forward. He raised his voice and asked the men to tell him why they refused to work. Again he pleaded for individuals to come out and tell him what was the trouble. 'I want your point of view,' he said. 'No one will be punished for speaking to me here. I know you have leaders and I want those leaders to come forth and speak to me, man to man!'

"No one moved. Two thousand prisoners stood with their arms folded, motionless except for the occasional shouting of individuals. * * *

"'We want to go home,' shouted some. 'We want better food,' shouted others. One man brought a laugh by bawling at the top of his lungs: 'Give us liberty or give us death!'"

**The Mob Finds a Spokesman.**

After many requests by Col. Rice, the ranks at last opened, and a small prisoner stepped forward. W. Oral James was his name; he was a conscientious objector, and had been for years the close friend and legal ward of Roger Baldwin. In a low voice he explained that he had been only four days in Leavenworth, having been transferred from Fort Jay, but that he could speak for himself, and he thought for others.

"What, sir, is the government going to do with us?—There are hundreds of men bearing sentences of 15, 20, 25 years who were new to military method and requirements, and who committed offenses for which the peace-time judgments would be only a few months. Are these men to remain here for the rest of their lives?

"Sir, the armistice was signed nearly three months ago. The war is over. The government has already released 113 of our fellows. Has it not had time to investigate the justice of other claims?—This is our grievance. These men, as I read them, intend no violence. You see them here with arms folded, refusing to work. That is the method of their protest.

"We ask of you what is our future? We wish our protest and our inquiry to be carried over these walls and to reach the seat of authority in Washington. We ask this question and we adopt this method because we are prisoners and because this is the only method known to us."

The prisoner, W. Oral James, stepped back into his place. It was evident that his remarks had made a deep impression upon one part of his audience at least—his fellow prisoners. There were smiles on their faces now. One felt that indecision had vanished and that at last they knew what they were striking for.

The men were marched back into the wings. What was to be done? The number of strikers was about 2,360. They were still part of the military forces of the country. They were subject to military discipline. Their conduct was mutiny and for mutiny there is only one recourse.

That afternoon Colonel Rice telephoned to Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood in Chicago for permission to use the soldiers of the Forty-ninth regiment, if he should need them. * * * When I left the prison to go to supper I passed the khaki and steel of a thousand soldiers waiting outside the prison gate.

**Soviets of the Wings.**

During Thursday afternoon the actual organization took place. While the soldiers were marching to the prison gate the strike was gathering the force and the direction that carried it through to victory.

Organization was first perfected in the seventh wing—"the soviet of the seventh wing," they humorously called themselves. A committee was elected and a statement of demands drawn up. Messages were sent to other wings, telling their demands and urging others to elect committees. "We urge you to preserve order, to stand firm and commit no violence," concluded the message.

H. Austin Simons, star reporter for the Chicago Examiner and a conscientious objector, was spokesman in the seventh wing. He mounted a box and told the men in his wing about the success of organization in the other wings.

He told them that their was the just cause of self-government now being fought for throughout the civilized world. "When the officials come to take you out of the wings," he shouted, "use no violence. Whether they take you out singly or in groups go quietly into the yard. Once there, refuse to work. Violence accomplishes nothing. Solidarity accomplishes all things. The watchword of the workingman throughout the world today is solidarity. Say nothing, do nothing, but stand like this." The speaker folded his arms.

As he spoke, says Lane, I thought of the thousand soldiers outside. I thought of the thick walls that shut these men in, and of the barred doors between them and their fellows. I wondered what was the mysterious power by which the speaker and his listeners thought they could control their own destines.

**Rice Confers With Prisoners.**

By the next morning Colonel Rice had decided, after a sleepless night, to confer with the prisoners' committee. He said to Lane: "I have force enough to compel obedience. But this would mean bloodshed. If the men were merely mutinous, I should not hesitate. But this is no ordinary prison uprising. The men have justification. I know, too, that we are in a changed world today. The American people do not stand for the use of military force if there is a better way. If this be surrender, let them make the most of it."

The committee, with Simons as spokesman, met that afternoon with the commandant and several officers and presented their demands. First was immunity from punishment for all men who had been punished from the beginning of the movement. This referred to 14 white prisoners who had participated in the race riots. Colonel Rice replied that 11 had been released and the other three were being investigated.

The second demand was that a telegram be sent to the secretary of war by the prisoners' committee, transmitted by the commandant, demanding general amnesty to all military offenders, and calling attention to the injustice of the court-martial.

**Commandant Surprises Men.**

Much to the astonishment of the men, Colonel Rice presented a copy of a letter he had sent to the secretary of war a month previous, urging that war-time sentences be reduced to the very much shorter peace-time sentences for the same offense. He also agreed to take their message to Washington, where he was going in two days.

The third demand of the men was for a permanent grievance committee elected from their own number, with the right to discuss grievances to the authorities. The colonel at once agreed.

The committee went back to the wings. Discussion lasted four hours among the prisoners, the fourth wing especially insisting that the message be sent at once by wire, as they could then strike until the answer came back. But at last the weary committee returned, this time with Carl Haessler, graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Rhodes scholar at Oxford, editorial writer and socialist, at its head. He reported that the prisoners had agreed unanimously to return to work and restore a normal order of affairs.

Next morning all the prisoners returned to work. When the men lined up for breakfast the change in their attitude was evident. Every man was alert with a new dignity. The officers and guards commented on it later.

What will be the result of the strike remains to be seen. The men declare that if Secretary Baker refuses their demands they will strike again. The committee of prisoners is doing all in its power to hold the men to their word to preserve order and commit no violence.

## The Dry Squad.

(Contributed.)

John Melia and Joe Jackson are hand
in glove again,
They are tracking the old bootlegger
into his very den.

John Melia is abroad with a star
pinned to his breast,
And for the whisky peddler, there is
no peace or rest.

For as soon as he gets started up and
things begin to hum
Along will come Jack Melia and put
him on the bum.

The poor bootlegger feels so sad, as
he stands behind the bar
For Melia is upon his trail and he
won't get very far.

The poor old whisky peddler is
chased from place to place
But no matter where he goes he will
soon see Melia's face.

For Melia hangs upon their trail the
same as a bloodhound,
And he never gives up the chase until he runs them down.

For at the sound of Melia's name, the
bravest of them pale
And many of their members are in
the county jail.

And many of them have left for foreign parts remote,
Since Melia has stepped out and
gathered in their goat.

So, blindpiggers, take warning, no
matter where you are,
Jack Melia is upon your trail, with
his pistol and his star.