

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.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY TRIUMPHS.

There is a question in the minds of many as to the value of the part English arms played in accomplishing the military victory on the western front, but there can be no shadow of doubt cast upon the victory of English diplomacy at the peace conference at Versailles.

Woodrow Wilson, technically representing the United States, and still heralded and looked upon in some quarters as the dominant figure in shaping world policies, in reality is but an able and willing collaborator to Lloyd George.

Occasionally, yes, frequently, President Wilson, is given the honor of making the motions, but a review of the record up to date discloses that English diplomacy, true to its traditions, has succeeded in so shaping the course of events at Versailles, that England, never self-supporting, always dependent upon the natural resources of other countries, will extend her "sphere of influence" and gain new markets for her manufactured products.

England, decadent England, falling behind in the race for commercial supremacy before the war, has taken on a new lease of life with the help, not to say the connivance, of the president of the United States.

At one time during the progress of the proceedings of the international bank conference at Versailles, the president of the United States was reported to be in favor of recognizing the soviet republic of Russia—the only government in that country today.

Whether he really was, or whether it was merely another sop offered to the people by the peace envoys while imposing a capitalistic peace, matters not. The fact remains that the present policy of the allies, dictated by England, is one which prevents the United States from securing for itself the trade in manufactured products and raw materials which Russia needs and which would be of great benefit to the industries of this country.

We say present policy advisedly. Because, despite the persistent reports to the contrary in the capitalist press of this country, the bolshevik power is not waning in Russia; it is still the only power recognized by the peasants and workers, and there is no danger that they will ever return to the old system.

The policy of the allies toward soviet Russia will change, not because of choice, but of necessity, and no one understands this better than Lloyd George. The time when this change will take place will be designated by the English spokesman, and in the interim England will have secured for herself a large portion of the trade in manufactured products, which would be this country's if it were not for the "amen" attitude President Wilson has adopted toward every English proposal.

Union Stock Holders in the Butte Daily Bulletin

- UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Coulee, Shaker, Roundup, Lehigh, Klein, Washoe, Red Lodge, Smith (Bear Creek). FEDERAL LABOR UNION—Livingston. MACHINISTS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte, Livingston. MACHINISTS' UNION—Great Falls, Butte, Livingston, Seattle. CEREAL WORKERS—Great Falls. TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION—Butte. BLACKSMITHS' UNION—Butte, Miles City, Seattle. ELECTRICIANS' UNION—Livingston, Deer Lodge, Butte, Anaconda, Seattle. BAKERS' UNION—Great Falls. SHOE WORKERS—Great Falls. PLASTERERS' UNION—Great Falls. RAILWAY CAR REPAIRERS—Livingston, Miles City. 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. LAUNDRY WORKERS' UNION, NO. 25—Butte. PLUMBERS' UNION—Butte, Seattle. BROTHERHOOD RAILWAY CARMEN OF AMERICA, LOCAL NO. 224—Miles City. TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL—Miles City. HOD CARRIERS' UNION—Helena. BROTHERHOOD RAILWAY CARMEN OF AMERICA, COPPER LODGE NO. 436—Butte. BUTTE FOUNDRY WORKERS' UNION—Butte. TAILORS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION—Butte. BOILERMAKERS, SHIP BUILDERS AND HELPERS OF AMERICA—Tacoma, Seattle, Livingston. INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF BLACKSMITHS AND HELPERS, LOCAL NO. 211—Seattle, Wash. WORKERS, SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COUNCIL—Painters' Hall, Seattle, Wash. AND THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS IN BUTTE AND MONTANA BUILDING LABORERS' UNION—Seattle. INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON WORKERS AND FILEDRIVERS' LOCAL NO. 86—Seattle.

market and supply to Russia all the finished and unfinished products the soviet Russian government needs. Let us not forget that self-preservation is the law of nature and in my opinion the preservation of our own peace lies in the giving of employment to every man and woman who depends on a job for their daily bread. The Russian market will finish the job.

KING COONEY SPEAKS.

While ordinarily we cannot be accused of boasting the business of the Butte Miner, this is one occasion when we deviate from our path to urge that every voter in Silver Bow county purchase a copy of this morning's issue of that sheet.

On page five, column five, under the heading, "Auditor Wins First Battle," appears a story in which our intellectual commissioner, Mr. Cooney, gives for the first time since his election his real opinion of those whose votes elected him and whose servant he is technically supposed to be.

For once, Mr. Cooney, from the intellectual heights of his seat on the county commission, betrayed himself into stating his real opinion of those persons who had the temerity to address him as to matters relating to his duties. It is to be hoped the "poor idiots" who voted for Cooney will remember the incident when the next election occurs.

If those who are knocking government ownership of the railroads on the ground that the rates have increased don't lay off, some of us are going to compare freight rates with increases in prices for steel, coal, copper, lumber, gasoline, agricultural machinery. And in the comparison we are going to find a mighty good argument for government ownership of the whole profiteering trust-ridden outfit.

Not a little of the talk about American "bolshevism" in the city press originates with certain insurance companies which want to scare the employers of labor and the owners of industrial property into taking out a new form of insurance—strike insurance. As is usual in cases of this kind one scratch of the hind leg of a hen is enough to uncover a lot of so-called "profit stimulus."

Supply and demand and resulting prices," says the Packer, a Chicago market paper, "like gravity, is a natural law that governments cannot abrogate." Therefore it follows logically that our trusts are stronger than governments, for do they not carry supply in one pocket and demand in the other, and from the trade between the two pockets reap enormous profits?

The Death Train of Siberia

We have made many assertions as to who are the powers of darkness and who the powers of light in Russia. We have made them in the face of an avalanche of contrary statements in the press and periodicals of this country. Our belief in the truth of what we were saying rested upon a general knowledge of the nature of the class-struggle against capitalism everywhere, upon a careful and studious reading between the lines of the lies in other publications, and upon private information which came to us through channels suppressed or ignored by those publications.

This is the story of an incident in the attempt to overthrow bolshevism in Russia, by massacre. It is the story of the deliberate and inhuman killing of men and women and children by the Czech-Slovak and Kolchak monarchist forces in Siberia. It was first made known in this country by a brief and unrevealing dispatch which appeared in the New York Times.

The whole dreadful truth has now come to light, and the "Death Train of Siberia" stands revealed in its sinister magnitude as one of the most horrible outrages upon humanity, not merely of this war, but in all human history. The facts are these: In the fall of 1918, the bolsheviks took the city of Samara. It was sacked from them a little later by the Czech-Slovaks, who proceeded to throw into prison hundreds of red guards, and others suspected of bolshevik sympathies.

The city was soon retaken by the bolsheviks. And when the Czech-Slovak forces evacuated the city, they loaded their imprisoned red guards and bolshevik sympathizers, together with all the other people then in the city prisons, on a train. Fifty carloads of herded humanity, packed as closely as if they were already the corpses they were intended and destined to become. That was in September.

For six weeks the prisoners on that train did not see the light of day, except when the doors of the car were opened to throw out the dead. This assertion may seem incredible; but it needs to be amended only by the exception of a carload of women prisoners, who were expressly kept for the uses of the officers of the convoy.

It is the record of a six-day interruption of this prolonged massacre. We have omitted certain portions of his story which deal with the heroic efforts of the Red Cross men to relieve the suffering of the victims, otherwise the narrative stands as he wrote it night after night, after long days of unmitigated physical horror. It is an extraordinary and utterly convincing story of a horrible thing which we believe the world will not soon forget.

It is the 18th of November, 1918. I am at Nikolai-Ussurisk in Siberia in the past two days I have seen nothing but a Hell. I have read many times of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have been told of Russian prisoners returning from German prison camps wrecked by starvation and tuberculosis. Only four weeks ago, as a four-minute man, I was preaching the doctrine of "hate." Today, I humbly ask forgiveness for my thoughts of hate and pray for the deaths of my son that I may be allowed to play my part, though a small one, in trying to improve the condition of men whatever their nationality, so that perhaps some day this world may emerge into the great brotherhood and that such things as I have seen may become impossible.

And now it develops that Admiral Kolchak, whose "government" at Omsk has been recognized by this republic, is a protege of imperial Japan. The next logical step in the great game of bunking the people should be the recognition of Wilhelm.

Who sends Dame Fashion tripping by With jaunty hat drawn o'er one eye, To show our daughters what to buy? King Profit.

When discussing the late war, don't forget that it was disastrous for all concerned except the profiteers. Even if Italy gets Fiume and Dalmatia, the Italian farmer will not get a foot more of soil and he has to help pay an impossible debt.

Carter Glass, a member of Wilson's cabinet, from the south, condemned the raiding of the New York Call office by hoodlums. The Call must have been bringing them out of the "twilight" into the "light" too soon.

Some were bolsheviks, others had been released from the prison at Samara. Many of them said they were thrown into jail for being against the bolsheviks at the time the bolsheviks were in control; and when in the course of the fighting the Czechs and Russians occupied Samara, they simply cleaned out the whole jail, packed the prisoners into this train and sent them out west. Between that day and the day before yesterday, when we found this loathsome caravan in Nikolai, 800 of these wretches had died from starvation, filth and disease. In Siberia there is misery and death on every hand, and so that would appear the stoutest heart. There were, as near as we could count, 1,325 men, women and children packed up in these awful cars yesterday. Since last night six have died. By and by they will all die if the train is permitted to go on in such conditions.

It seems a wicked thing to say, but the thought has surely come to me that to kill these people painlessly would require perhaps \$3 worth of poison or \$10 worth of ammunition; and yet for weeks this train of 50 cars has been wandering, driven on from station to station, every day a few more corpses being dragged out. Many of these people have been in box cars for five weeks in their original clothing. There are from 25 to 40 in a box car, measuring, say 25x11 feet, and the doors have seldom been open save to drag out the bodies of the dead, or some women who might better be. I have been told that when they first started there were many dead. In many of the cars, but death has worked them out. I have climbed into these cars at night with my flash light, I have gone into them in the early mornings and examined them. I have seen men with the death rattle in their throat, half naked, with lice and vermin visible on them; others, who were blind, groping in bottles, holding out their hands for a few cigarettes or kopecks, chuckling with glee like apes upon being given them.

"Of anything like sanitary provision this train has nothing, and the accumulation of filth in which these people have lived and are dying is absolutely unrepresentable. The Russian officer who is in charge of the train has made inconsistent statements about the reasons why these people have been subjected to such awful deprivation and abuse. He tries to make the best story of it possible. They were supposed to be taken to regular stopping stations along the route, but often for days at a time there has been no one to give them even bread. Were it not for the kindness of the poor villagers who, with tears running down their cheeks, men and women alike, give them what little they can afford, they would be absolutely without nourishment. "I have talked with a woman doctor (a prisoner on the train) who was doing Red Cross work with the red guards. She would have done the same work for anyone. She has been on this train for weeks. I have talked to a girl under 18 years of age, beautiful, refined, intellectual. She was formerly a typist and book-keeper in the mayor's office at Samara. The opposition party got in she applied for the same job and got it. Later the authorities heard of her former occupation and she was sentenced to six days in jail. She was taken in the great net. She has been on the train for weeks, and unless the Red Cross comes to her aid she will die on this train. All the clothing she has on is a filthy blouse and skirt, a sort of petticoat, a pair of stockings and shoes. No coat, in this fierce winter weather. "I have talked to a man who has not the least bit of intelligence or difference between a red guard and one of any other color. His wife quarreled with another woman, who evidently lodged complaint. That night he was arrested in his home, accused of being a red guard. He has been in the box car for five weeks. He will die within 48 hours. "I have seen men die in the following morning I have seen their bodies dragged out of the cars like so much rubbish. The living are indifferent, for they know that their turn will come next. "While the prattle about Liberty, Justice and humanity goes on, our hands are bound by diplomacy. "We are holding the train. That is the main thing. It should have been going back toward Samara last night, but it has not gone and I do not think that the Russian train officials will dare to send it out with us on the spot all the time, opening the cars ourselves, talking to the prisoners, giving them what they can help we can, and taking photographs every day. We are doing all this without authority, and in the face of this horror we don't care who cares. "It is impossible to tell in print the story of the unfortunate women who have been imprisoned here under these awful conditions. They are treated better than the men. You all know why. In one car are 11 women. We have sat with them and talked with them in a mixed jargon of French, Russian and German. On the inside of the car hangs a piece of string. On it are four pairs of stockings owned by these 11 women. The floor is covered with refuse and filth. There are no means of cleaning it, neither brooms nor buckets. They have not taken off their clothes for weeks. In the center of the car is a little wood stove, and there are pieces of wood and coal on the floor. All around the sides of the cars run two rows of planks on which the inmates sleep at night, and sit hunched up by day. If there ever is any official food for the prisoners these women get the first pick, and their physical condition is much better since 11 of them have a car which would accommodate 25 men packed in two rows.

Two more days have now gone by. Since we arrived a cooking car has been put on the train, with a large iron kettle, and yesterday the guards claim to have given the prisoners a little soup. One kettle for 1,325 people, and soup passed through a window a foot by a foot and a half, by means of an old rusty can! "Yesterday one of the women was taken out of one of the cars by a Russian officer. He will return here when the train pulls out. "In this car is also an emaciated creature that was once a man. He was a journalist. His wife is in the same car. She has a very few days to live. When the men stand they fill the entire car. On the two rows of planks built along the sides, the dead and living sleep as best they may. We were told by the guards this morning at 8:30 that three men had died during the night and the bodies had to be removed. As we walked past the train a man hailed us from one of the cars, and the guards were told that there were dead inside. We insisted on the door being opened and this is what we saw: "Lying right across the threshold was the body of a boy not over 18 or 19 years old. No coat, merely a thin shirt, in such tatters that his whole chest and arms were exposed, for trousers a piece of jute bag pinned around him, and no shoes or stockings. What agony that boy must have suffered in the Siberian cold before he died of filth, starvation and exposure! And yet diplomacy prevents us from taking charge and giving aid. But we are holding the train! "We climbed into the car and found two other dead lying on the second tier of bunks amongst the living. Nearly every man in that car was stony-eyed, gaunt and half dead. They were racked with terrible coughing. They had the stamp of death on them. If aid does not come quickly they will die. We looked into a few cars only, but at one window, we saw a little girl perhaps 11 years old. Her father, she said, had been mobilized into the red guard. So now father, mother and child are on that train and will die there. "It is the 22nd of November. This morning we got up at 7 o'clock and left for the hospital where we had an appointment with Dr. Selesnieff, the military chief. When we arrived we found everything in a terrible condition. More than 400 patients with only three doctors and three nurses. Two patients had died during the night, and the doctors had discovered nearly all the living to be suffering from diseases of different kinds, including two cases of typhus. We have since learned that a week or so ago two men were put off the train suffering from the same terrible disease. "Dr. Selesnieff gave us his official report of the conditions, setting forth in corroboration of the stories that have been told to me, that during the weeks that the train had been moving to and fro, passengers had died daily from a variety of causes, including typhus, dysentery, influenza and ordinary starvation. "The people on the train have remained for weeks without warm food, without boiled water, and many even without bread. "According to the testimony of officers in charge of the train, the commandant of the state reports that he had orders to send the train back to the west, but I am sure that among the passengers there are still a number of people so sick and exhausted that further sojourn in these cars will prove fatal. "We are still holding the train by means of co-operation of the Czech commandant and the Russian officers. We agree to let the engine out of order. Last night the station master showed us telegraphic instructions to the effect that the train positively must pull out at 1 a. m., but it is still here. "Dr. Manget arrived last night, advising us that General Graves had had a long conference with the Japanese and Russian commanders, both of whom had assured him they would do all in their power to co-operate, but this seems to mean very little. "We have made arrangements with a Russian bath some three-quarters of a mile from here to wash all the prisoners tomorrow for 450 roubles. They will start at 6 o'clock in the morning and walk to the bath. "November 22. It is bitterly cold. There was a heavy snow storm last night. "The baths are all ready and we are waiting for the first contingent. In the distance against the snow, we can see a body of men advancing very, very slowly and with great difficulty. Many stumble as they walk and have to be supported by the other prisoners. "The first 60 have gone in and now there is a fire burning in the yard and the disgusting noises are burning. Inside the cars, unfortunately have each been given a piece of soap and are scrubbing themselves while the guards carry out the clothes and put them on the fire. The wagon has arrived with 80 sweaters, 450 pairs of socks, and 120 pajamas. "Tomorrow when this train pulls out it will be allowed to go on, but I must still call it the train of death. There is no use disguising the fact that these people are nearly all going to die, for as soon as the train shall have pulled out the old conditions will return and there will be once more the corpses thrown out day by day from the cars. "November 23. Today we leave Vladivostok. We have done all that we could. We have just learned that there are 30 additional cases of typhus in the hospital and heaven knows how many on the train. We have bought buckets and brooms for the cars, which will help a little. "Later I came down from Nikolai in a box car with three American soldiers. It was bitterly cold. We had no stove, but by alternately crouching together and then at times wrestling and mauling each other around we managed to keep fairly warm. We finally reached Vladivostok at about 9:45. I am hoping that I may be allowed to go on in Siberia with Dr. Rosett and hunt for other death trains. We may not have accomplished much, but we at least saved a couple of hundred lives—for a time. "If any doubting readers still hesitate to believe that such atrocities have been committed by the reactionary forces to which the United States government has been lending its aid in Siberia, we refer them to the official organ of the Red Cross, the Red Cross magazine for April, in which appears the full account from which we have quoted the excerpts printed above. There the whole story is told, with photographs; and at the end of the whole story for it is stated in an editorial note that "pre-

(Continued on Page Three.)