

The Butte Daily Bulletin

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SAURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1919.

SIGN UP!

Come down to the Bulletin office and sign a monthly pledge

THE MYTHICAL PUBLIC.

Lately a new element has appeared to claim recognition as a party in the settlement of any differences that tend to divide the employer and employe. In years gone by when any division was mentioned in the makeup of industry's human elements...

It seems to be the idea of many that the two groups, capital and labor, do not provide a place for every element of our citizenship. In other words, they think that there are some people among our citizenship that cannot be classified as either capitalists or laborers.

No man among the masses, who is fully awake to his status in industry, can be misled by this reference to the public. The public is nothing more nor less than the masses, and the masses are the people who have for years suffered at the hands of the minority group, the capitalists, who, in modern terms, are known as profiteers.

The industrial conference was composed of these three groups, capital, labor and public. Capital is represented by such men as Rockefeller. Labor is represented by such men as Gompers. Public is represented by such men as Gary.

It is plainly evident that the creation of the idea of the public group in industrial disputes is but another attempt to hoodwink the long-suffering worker into a belief that justice will be rendered to his cause by his merely having faith and trust in the political fakery, who have long held the reins of government.

If the worker allows himself to be governed by any decision of these three groups, that is not ratified by labor in its entirety, he is doing nothing more than playing in a game in which the cards are stacked—not by any means a new role for the worker.

JACKSON'S POLITICAL OBITUARY.

On life's highway there is a turning of the ways, a point at which all who travel must wade through the pool of doubt and take one or the other of the highway's branches.

The road to success is dark and gloomy at its source, but becomes brighter as the pilgrim progresses. The road to failure is brilliantly lighted at its source, but becomes darker and more gloomy as the pilgrim proceeds on his way.

Joseph B. Jackson, recently county attorney of Silver Bow county, and now judge of the district court, last night had progressed so far on life's highway as to reach the turning of the ways. He waded through the pool of doubt and, like his original progenitor, he listened to the tempter and chose the brilliantly-lighted road to failure.

made-out against Herrmann Gillis was "the strongest murder case" that he had seen presented in his experience in Silver Bow courts, and when he equally emphatically declared that an acquittal could mean nothing else but a packed jury, Mr. Jackson undoubtedly spoke from his heart and expressed his real sentiments.

But whatever his real, honest sentiments, Mr. Jackson last night came to a point where he was compelled to make a momentous decision. He must either stand by his convictions and win the approval of the people generally, or he must yield to the importunities of predatory corporate power and cast the truth into the discard for the benefit of the influences behind that power.

From revelations which have become public, it is known that the power to whom Mr. Jackson last night renewed allegiance as one of its slaves, believes in the absolute truth and correctness of the Bulletin's story of Mr. Jackson's statements about the Gillis murder trial. Consequently, while that power may, for a time, shower insignificant favors on Mr. Jackson, it is entirely without the realms of probability to believe that that sinister power will ever afterward fully trust Mr. Jackson.

Accordingly, it seems as if, when he signed the statements appearing in the Butte Miner and the Anaconda Standard this morning, Mr. Jackson wrote his political obituary.

THE TRADE COMMISSION COMES BACK.

In his brazen attempt to get into the limelight and at the same time further the interests of the packing trust, who, it seems, he has before served in questionable capacities, Senator Watson has stirred up a hornets' nest.

The crushing reply of the federal trade commission to his charges, in the shape of evidence that he is either now or has been a legislative agent for the "Big Five," would seem to cast grave doubts upon the motives of the senator from Indiana, and to seriously discredit any statements he makes reflecting upon the integrity of the commission's staff of investigators.

The statements of the federal trade commission in reply to Senator Watson lead one to believe that investigations of this, that and the other thing conducted from the capital make up a vicious circle.

A commission is appointed to investigate a corporation or a group of corporations; the corporation hires detectives to trail the investigators; the findings of the detectives, real or manufactured, are placed in the hands of some corporation tool in the house or senate; he in turn makes charges; another commission is appointed to investigate the charges.

It is all part of the gigantic bunco game that we call democratic government. The trouble in this instance seems to be that the report of the federal trade commission was made public without the packers first being consulted; something that is unethical enough to warrant a slight flurry of apprehension in what passes for the minds of the Neanderthal specimens who compose our senate.

Occasionally, at a select gathering, under the influence of good food and drink, warmed by the atmosphere of congenial companionship, a prominent citizen so far forgets himself as to speak the truth.

Ex-President Taft fell a victim to these circumstances a little while ago, at a gathering held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of a well-known advertising firm.

Now, of course, publicity in general is of the highest importance. We find it in the statutes, in the guarantees that insure the right of free speech and the right of the free press. These are essential to liberty, they are essential to popular government, because popular government is run by public opinion.

We are wondering if William Howard had any particular government in mind when he made the above statements, and if by any possibility he could have been thinking of some of the acts of our present administration, acts that are concisely described by the utterances we quote.

Deportation of radicals to a portion of the Philippine Islands to be set aside for that purpose is proposed in a bill introduced by Senator McKellar of Tennessee. There is a danger in the senator's proposal that he perchance has overlooked. The Filipinos are asking for their independence and it is possible that they would welcome the influx of these prisoners taken in the war for democracy here.

The threat of a crusade against cigarettes doesn't worry the tobacco growers. They know what cigarettes are made of.—Grand Forks American.

There is a slight error here: the American means they know what cigarettes are not made of.

Canadian soldiers are asking a bonus for war service of \$2,000 each. If they could only be Americanized after the methods approved by the best people here, nothing would be enough.

Between capturing Petrograd daily for the imperialists and issuing communist manifestos for Czar Gary, the Miner staff is kept very busy.

Union Stock Holders in the BUTTE DAILY BULLETIN

- UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA—Locals: Sand Coulee, Stocket, Roundup, Lehigh, Klein, Washoe, Red Lodge, Shalt (Bear Creek). FEDERAL LABOR UNION—Livingston, Great Falls. 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, Bozeman, Helena, Seattle. STREET CAR MEN'S UNION—Butte, Portland. BARBERS' UNION—Butte. METAL MINE WORKERS' UNION OF AMERICA. 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 MOLDERS' UNION, LOCAL NO. 276—Butte. LAUNDRY WORKERS' UNION—Butte, Seattle. PLUMBERS' UNION—Butte, Seattle. BROTHERHOOD RAILWAY CAR MEN OF AMERICA, LOCAL NO. 224—Miles City. TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL—Miles City. BROTHERHOOD RAILWAY CAR MEN OF AMERICA, COPPER LODGE NO. 430—Butte. BUTTE FOUNDRY WORKERS UNION—Butte. PAINTERS' UNION—Butte, Seattle. CARPENTERS' UNION NO. 1335—Seattle. TAILORS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION—Butte, Portland. BOILERMAKERS, SHIPBUILDERS AND HELPERS OF AMERICA—Tocoma, Seattle, Livingston. INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF BLACKSMITHS AND HELPERS, LOCAL NO. 211—Seattle. WORKERS', SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COUNCIL—Painters' Hall, Seattle. BUILDING LABORERS' UNION—Seattle. INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON WORKERS AND PILEDRIVERS' LOCAL NO. 86—Seattle. INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINIST HELPERS—Butte. BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY TRAINMEN, NO. 680, BUTTE. MILLMEN'S UNION—Seattle. CARPENTERS' LOCAL UNION, NO. 1172 Billings, Montana. TEAMSTERS' UNION—Local 133, Billings, Mont. BROTHERHOOD CARPENTERS AND JOINERS—Local 1172; Billings, Mont. MILLMEN'S UNION—Seattle, Wash. TEAMSTERS' UNION—Billings. AND THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS IN BUTTE AND MONTANA. BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY WORKERS—Local Union 274, Anaconda, Mont. INTERNATIONAL HODCARRIERS—Local No. 98, Billings, Mont. SHIPWRIGHTS' LOCAL 1184—Seattle, Washington.

WITH THE EDITORS

MILITARY DRILL. The University R. O. T. C. has not yet started its work for the year. And no one has as yet bemoaned the fact. Faculty and students alike seem to be heartily glad that the course is temporarily suspended and to be hoping that that suspension will prove permanent.

THOSE IGNORANT FOREIGNERS. Under two rough English laborers London Punch printed this conversation: "Wot did 'e say?" "I don't know, I can't understand 'im. 'E's a foreigner."

In the face of this solid opposition, it is the height of folly to force military drill upon the university. If military drill ever accomplished anything for the university it could not do so under these conditions.

Nor is this a condition in the university alone. We are told by students from every part of the state that the R. O. T. C. and compulsory military drill at the state university are heavy handicaps in trying to bring new students here.

It is a condition in the university alone. We are told by students from every part of the state that the R. O. T. C. and compulsory military drill at the state university are heavy handicaps in trying to bring new students here.

Certain it is that no class or course in the university can long survive against the opposition of students. The only question is whether the R. O. T. C. will not do the university an irreparable amount of damage before military drill is finally done. It is the Kaimin's opinion, based on conversation with numerous students, that if the question of military drill were submitted to those students who must take it, it would be defeated by a vote of 20 to 1, and if it were submitted to all of the men of the institution it would still be lost by a 10-to-1 vote.

The Kaimin may be wrong as to the sentiment of the student body. But in justice to the students we feel that a trial vote should be had either of all of the men in the university or by those men who must take the course in military drill.—U. of M. Kaimin.

Corporations, senators and others that properly denounce "class hatred" should refrain from stirring up class hatred. It is easy enough to create the hatred, and the "tolerance" that follows not so easy to call off. Americans "got together" in Omaha the other day, and the "foreign born" must have been highly edified. A negro criminal was seized, partly burned. Then the Americans, that had "got together" tied a rope to the charred body, dragged it through the streets, and made a plaything of it for young boys, incidentally burning the courthouse, the city records, and trying to lynch Mayor Smith because he objected to the human bonfire.—Labor Advocate, Cincinnati, O.

British Shambles in Egypt

The Egyptian White Book, compiled by the Egyptian delegation to the peace conference, is a record of duplicity, brutality, betrayal and atrocities that has hardly been paralleled in the whole tortuous history of imperialism. Systematic propaganda by allied governments has portrayed imperialist Germany as a cruel administrator of colonies. As a matter of fact, German administration has been mild in comparison with the mailed fist of the British government in India, Ireland and Egypt.

The proclamation of a British protectorate in Egypt at the outbreak of the war was a distinct violation of repeated promises to restore Egyptian independence since 1884. Yet the Egyptians accepted it in the belief that it would be a temporary expedient. They co-operated with the allies in the war, and many Egyptian dead paid the price for this service. The conclusion of the war the Egyptians, in their simplicity, were astonished to learn that their delegation to the peace conference would not be permitted to leave Egypt. A number of the delegation were deported to Malta. After months of agitation, the publicity they gave to their treatment, the strikes and uprisings in Egypt, forced the British to allow the delegation to go to Paris. Arriving there, they communicated with President Wilson. Repeated letters to him only brought one or two polite acknowledgements. They wrote numerous letters to Clemenceau as president of the conference. They received no answer at all. They found that the conference had confirmed the British protectorate over Egypt, without even condescending to give the Egyptians a hearing. In the meantime they heard the delegation of the Hedjaz, although the latter contributed little to the success of the war.

Today We Celebrate

Geoffrey Chaucer. Fun for all time; instructions endless; living portraits cut of an age of richest color, youthful love at its apogee—the works of Geoffrey Chaucer, father of English poetry. Oct. 25 is the solemn but luminous date of his death in 1400. If the tourist can decipher the almost obliterated legend on Chaucer's monument in Westminster Abbey, he will find it registered that Chaucer died at the age of 72. Swing your thoughts back to his epoch. Open your eyes to the delightfully quaint dress of the period. Remember that the tomb of the married saint, Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, was a shrine of pilgrimage. And then taste the favor of Chaucer's immortal masterpiece, the "Canterbury Tales"—a procession of delight, wisdom, amusement for all time, in people traveling to the shrine of Thos. à Becket at Canterbury. First, look into the era in which Geoffrey Chaucer first saw the light of day. It is like looking through a stained glass window. He was born in 1328, the second year of Edward III's reign. In 1337 the king had claimed the crown of France by right of his mother Isabella; and the Hundred Years' War with France had begun. English victories were studied like gleaming emblems along the fighting years. In 1377, Richard II, son of the gallant Black Prince, came to the throne, under the tutelage of his three powerful uncles, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester. It was the century of the strictest strife in Italy of the Guelfs (upholders of the Pope) and the Ghibellines (enemies of the Vatican). It was the century of Wyatt's "Merchant's Tale," and the "Wife of Bath's Tale," and the "Fryar's Tale," and the poor "Clerk's Tale." For Chaucer traveled extensively on the continent—observing. Authorities differ as to where he was born. Chaucer himself says, "Also in the city of London, that is to me so deare and sweete, in which I was fourth growne up, and more kindly love to have than place thure to any other." In other words, kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his engendure. He went through Oxford university. He basked in the favor of the court as the first poet of his time, for the court was all that was great and splendid. Edward III, a discerning prince, was generous to award learning and valor. Learning was more esteemed than valor. The court was remarkable for ladies of beauty, wit and gaiety. There was perpetual mirth, tilts and tournaments and romantic gallantry. Chaucer resided at Woodstock, in a square stone house still called "Chaucer's House."

When Richard II. ascended the throne, Chaucer's good fortune were not materially lessened because of the powerful patronage of the Duke of Lancaster—John of Gaunt. Chaucer was sent on diplomatic missions to Genoa, Venice, Paris. His genius imbued silently the wealth of Europe passing like pictures through a kaleidoscope, and the glories of art that were unfolding in the cities on the Adriatic. Of his literary work that preceded the famous "Canterbury Tales" we have no room to speak here—of the loveliness of his "Troilus" and "Cresyde," of the "Romance of the Rose" (flaming love-torches, these); of the "Legend of Good Women"; of the "Parliament of Fowles" (Fowls), etc. We come to the celebrated "Canterbury Tales."

It was doubtless owing to Chaucer's guardianship of two Kentish wards as commissioner of the river-bank between Greenwich and Woolwich, that we owe his dramatic seizure of the opportunity which the merry crowds gave him on the road to Canterbury. For the pilgrimage was not only a pious exercise, but a fashionable summer excursion. Chaucer says, in the prologue to the "Tales" that he was at the Tabard Inn at Southwark on a certain day when he chanced to see a pilgrimage en route to Canterbury. He talks with members of the excursion; he describes them; they start towards Canterbury, and, on the way, each is obliged to tell his "Tale."