

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE AMERICAN CLUB

By LINN A. E. GALE.

'Twas Christmas eve in the American Club in Mexico City.

Outside, the deep blue of the Mexican sky canopied the historic valley where, at the foot of ancient, majestic Mt. Popocatepetl and his companion mountain-sentinels, the capital of the Mexican Republic nestled in tropic ease. The magic of electricity lighted the way up Sixteenth-of-September Avenue and revealed in day-like clearness the modern buildings and clean, well-paved thoroughfare. Across the street, big, colored posters beside the entrance to the Olympia Theater, told in lurid ink of "La Garra Bolsheviki," the thrilling movie that, financed by American money and produced by American theatrical talent, would reveal to the credulous Mexicans the horrors of Bolshevism! Groups of well-dressed men and women, some Mexicans, some foreigners, passed up and down the street. Scores of automobiles, ranging from the modest roadster to the mammoth touring car, were banked against the curb on the north side of the avenue. A mild evening breeze gently stirred the air and added to the cool delight of this typical Mexico City night. Save for sounds of singing and merriment coming both from the American Club and from a fashionable Mexican cafe a few doors below, quiet reigned. The inhabitants of the city were at home, in clubs or at the houses of friends, intent on social enjoyment.

Within the club, American bankers, merchants mine owners, petroleum magnates and others who have grown rich beneath Mexico's warm sun and on Mexico's prodigious soil, were celebrating in festive abandon and gay hilarity. Wine flowed freely for Mexico City knows no prohibition. The "guardians" of Mexico's limitless wealth, dined and drank on this, the anniversary of the natal night of the Galilean Carpenter, and heeded not the cost. Shining gold coins they flipped from their vest pockets every now and then as they beckoned the waiters to refill their glasses or uncork another bottle. Clouds of smoke from expensive cigars and fancy-tipped cigarettes filled the club rooms with an atmosphere sluggish and soundless.

Tall, lean, gray-haired, solemn-faced, quiet in demeanor like the respectable business man and church member that he is, R— sat at one of the tables with a couple of friends. Unlike his companions, he did not drink, but merely talked in low, measured tones. Near him sprawled out comfortably, was the stocky, well-groomed figure of L—, famed for the nerve and shrewdness that always characterized his financial deals. He was leisurely smoking a cigar that cost more than many a man's breakfast. The other man of the group was M—, wily, sharp-eyed little Jew who

(Perhaps this happened and perhaps not. Incidents and details are of no consequence. The point is that if something of the kind did happen, it would be honestly illustrative of the mode of thinking and acting that is characteristic of these men.)

brought his East Side business acumen with him to Mexico, with most profitable results for himself and for the company which he managed.

R— gravely stroked his chin. "Yes," he said in unctuous tones that reminded one of John D. Rockefeller, "much as we want the restoration of order in Mexico, it is unfortunate that General Angeles was captured in this way. It will give the very erroneous impression that the Mexican people are fit for self-government. The fact that Carranza's soldiers made the capture and that Angeles was the brains of Villa's rebellions, will convince many Americans that intervention is not necessary. And the Mexicans in their pride and conceit, will never cease boasting of it. It would have been much better if American troops, crossing the border had made the capture, or even if Angeles had remained with Villa a while longer. Bad as their crimes are, the Villistas would have stimulated a healthy sentiment in the United States in favor of intervention. It is a very unfortunate occurrence, very unfortunate, indeed." And the religious one rolled his eyes slowly toward the ceiling, keenly conscious of the weighty responsibilities resting on an American capitalist in Mexico.

L— wobbled his cigar around in his mouth until it pointed almost straight upward. "You don't put it half strong enough," he remarked in the smooth but clear, incisive tone that is so well known to those acquainted with him. "I tell you something must be done and done soon. These late developments all tend to make our task harder. Only about six months ago, Carranza's men killed the bandit, Zapata, and ended his rebellion in Morelos. Then they captured and killed Blanquet and made quick work of his revolution. Now they capture Angeles, the ablest man in Villa's outfit, and on top of that, I understand Felix Diaz wants to surrender. The first thing we know, Villa himself will be captured or will quit. Then, again, there's that Jenkins business. Why in hell didn't he use a little discretion? The way he balled it up is simply disgraceful. It would have been the finest piece of diplomacy in years if he had played the game properly." He pulled thoughtfully at his cigar.

"Why, do you know," he continued, "even our publicity stuff isn't doing much good now, either? Those

damned Red papers in the United States deny everything we publish about 'atrocities' here and a lot of supposedly decent, patriotic sheets are chiming in with them. Then several abominable asses of Americans who don't know what Americanism means, have gone back to the United States from Mexico, saying that everything is all right here and putting all the blame on us."

M—, draining his highball glass, spoke up. "All that you say is true," he declared testily, "but what are you going to do about it? It seems to me it's pretty damn near time that we get down to business. If we don't, there won't be a chance in the world of getting control of this country. Moreover, the business interests may even lose the management of our own country. Look at the United States today. Hell has broken loose all over the country. Radicalism is running riot. Unless the lid is put down tight, there'll be a soviet government in Washington, we'll lose everything we have in the United States, and we won't be able to do a thing with Mexico. Take it from me, we've got to act and act now!"

The eyes of the speaker grew unnaturally large and seemed like two burning black balls ready to fly from their sockets. The avarice that R— and L— carefully covered with discreet words and admirable self-control, revealed itself in all its ruthless, savage fierceness in the speech and manner of M—.

"By God!" he hissed, his face pallid, his lips dry with mingled greed and passion, "we've got to have war again! We can't be thin-skinned in a time like this. We must send soldiers down here and crush this God damned little upstart of a republic and we must do it double-quick! If we don't, the whole financial system will be overthrown in the United States by an actual revolution, and the minute things get a bit serious up there, these accursed Mexicans will confiscate and nationalize everything down here. War will prevent revolution in the United States, and at the same time establish a protectorate over Mexico so that we can govern this country as it ought to be governed."

He paused, breathless after his vehement outburst. L— ordered another drink.

"I believe there is much truth in what you say," pursued the pious R—, "but there will be the difficulty

of 'educating' the American people. Many of them are even now talking about the 'end of all war' and quoting that unfortunate phrase of President Wilson about the 'last war.' We must—"

"To hell with the damn people!" snapped M— hotly. "They don't know anything. Just get congress to declare war with Mexico, put on the censorship again, suppress these radical and pacifist papers, imprison every dirty pup that knocks the war, and lynch a few Reds in the bargain! That'll fix 'em. The rest of the people will support the government all right. That's the way—"

The orchestra began playing a Christmas carol. Everybody who could, and some who couldn't, began to sing.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," rang out clear and strong from the crowded club house. The ranting of the jingoist became the rhythm of an old-time melody. He who a moment before was sounding anew the atavistic appeal to seize and slay, now mingled his voice with the voices of the festive throng in a song of Love, Peace and Brotherhood.

The call of the wild had gone. The call of the human had taken its place. . . .

The three men walked home that night from the club instead of riding in a taxi. The stars of the sky, like millions of tiny, twinkling eyes, looked softly down on the city in the valley and the mountains about it. The balmy zephyrs still rustled slightly in the cool and calm of the night. Silence succeeded the sounds of revelry, shrouded the metropolis, the nearby villages and the spreading acres beyond.

"Do you know," said M— in a strange, husky voice, "I had a queer feeling tonight after that song? Somehow I was thinking what a damn, rotten, despicable thing this whole system is— I was thinking that maybe these Communists and Socialists and whatever-they-call themselves, are right, after all— that maybe the game isn't worth the effort and that we'd get more out of life if we weren't playing it. . . . ?"

"That liquor must have gone to your head a little," said L— in his measured, solemn tone. "You will be yourself in the morning after you have had a sound rest."

"Yes, you're nervous and maybe you have been drinking too heavily," agreed L—. "Just forget it tonight. You'll feel level-headed again tomorrow."

"I used to get sentimental streaks like that when I was young, too. . . ."

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 Structural News Stand, S. Arizona St. Hopkins' Grocery, 1028 Tolbet Ave.
 Sales of News, Mercury and Main Sts. Helms' Confectionery, 785 East Park St.
 Snowbird's News Stand, 315 S. Montana

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1919.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS WRITTEN IN BUTTE.

The interesting news that congress has completed arrangements for furnishing credits to the nations of Europe will, indeed, be gratifying to Butte people. More than that it will be surprising as the news is not carried except in special correspondence written in Butte and carried by Butte papers alone.

There is no denying the fact that foreign credits must be arranged if production is to be made possible in the United States under the present system.

We have continually pointed out that with the present rate of exchange foreign trade is impossible. It is simply courting further ruin for European nations to attempt to buy in this country with foreign exchange at the discount that now prevails.

The pound sterling, heretofore the standard of value, today is worth at its highest figure but \$3.85. It has dropped as low as \$3.65 from a normal value of \$4.86. To buy in this country at the present rate means that England must pay at least \$1.00 premium on every purchase of five dollars. This is obviously impossible.

Europe, separately as a nation and collectively as a continent, is bankrupt. Her income is much less than her expenditures. In order to put herself on a business basis, England, as one example, would have to levy a tax equal to all of the incomes, private and corporate, and in addition make a levy on capital, on crystallized labor, stored-up commodities.

To extend credits to nations that are in this plight, means that the money-lenders of the United States must make loans that are backed by no security whatsoever and the frantic efforts of those who today have commodities such as copper for export are directed toward one end; i. e. getting the government of the United States to underwrite any loans they may make to the European nations.

This means that the army and navy of the United States would be used to enforce collection, in case of default, European territory would be seized.

This is what is meant by arranging credits for Europe. It is the only basis on which credits can be arranged, and it means the United States becomes the creditor of the world.

The demands for increased naval equipment and for an enormous army are made with this possibility in view.

We believe that it was Admiral Mahan who said the navy was a collecting agency for the debts of the nation.

The truth of this statement is becoming more apparent every day. However, the discovery that congress has agreed to this program that means nothing but a decade of warfare and that the news agencies have overlooked this important item only to have it made public by a Butte promoter, writing for one of the kept sheets, shows that promotion requires exceptional aptitude for observation and deduction.

MORE HYSTERIA.

The very general hysteria that prevails in this country is well illustrated by the attitude of John J. Hewitt, treasurer of the Wilkeson Coal and Coke Co. of Wilkeson, Wash., in

asking the governor for troops to protect non-union miners. This morning's dispatches carry the information that in the community mentioned the disturbances consisted solely of a fist-fight between miners who had been imbibing a little cheer that, by the way, is forbidden by the Washington prohibition law.

The practice of yelling loudly for the military on the slightest excuse, or with no excuse at all, as was the case at Wilkeson, is becoming a favorite one with corporation heads. The fact that the management of the Wilkeson Coal and Coke Co. is trying to operate on the open-shop basis in a state that is 95 per cent unionized would appear to be proof that it depends upon the state for support in its policy of hostility to organized labor.

The publicity given to requests like those of the hysterical manager of the Wilkeson Coal and Coke Co. by the press shows to the most unobserving, exactly where it stands in regard to the rights of the workers in industry.

A demand for troops is featured on the first page, but later dispatches giving the facts in the case are buried on inside pages, or—as is generally the case—never published at all.

THE SENATORS AND THE RAILWAYS.

That the tales of woe related by the heads of the railway companies to the United States senate and its various committees were listened to with sympathetic interest cannot be doubted in view of the passage of the Cummins bill.

Senators have always been interested in railroads, financially and otherwise; the appeal of the railway lobbyists for relief from what they term "oppressive measures" consequently touched an answering chord in the bosoms of the statesmen.

Under the circumstances it is a little hard to believe that the railway question is being determined on the basis of the greatest good for the greatest number unless we construe the phrase as meaning the greatest number of railway investors. Certainly it is not the interests of the railway employees that are being considered.

It is too bad that the remarks of Senator La Follette on the railway question are not given more publicity, but of course his opposition to the war—and the corporations who desired war—has closed the columns of the capitalist press to him.

Being only semi-respectable, however, we can afford to quote from his remarks. He stated the other day on the floor of the senate that the railways framed the interstate commerce act of 1887 and that they also were responsible for the Cummins bill.

In the same connection he narrated a little history that must have made some of the hard faces in the senate chamber burn with shame, if there is any shame left in the senatorial souls. He said:

"When I came to the senate there was a stock ticker in the rooms of the Interstate Commerce committee. I am not sure there are not members of this body now who watch stock quotations with critical eyes. When the supreme court recently decided concerning the oil lands of a certain Pacific railroad a senator came to my desk and said: 'Look at the long faces of senators who have invested in stocks of the railroad that is turned down in this decision.'"

Thus are the interests of the "peepul" conserved by the corporation lawyers of whom the senate is largely composed.

General Wood's candidacy is to be boomed by the DuPont powder people, because they are friendly, not because they have any interest in the profitable side of militarism.

The first bulletin sent out by the Montana Development association accuses its critics of being pro-German, thus proving that it is an up-to-the-minute organization.

"Out of the country by New Years," seems to be the attitude of the department of justice toward the reds.

The Students' Corner

Having completed "Shop Talks on Economics," we begin a study of "Evolution—Social and Organic," by Arthur M. Lewis.

Students will find in this work the explanation for many natural phenomena, whose causes have escaped them. It deals with and explains the various philosophies and theories of existence that have arisen from time to time and contains much information not found in the ordinary textbooks.

It should be carefully studied for the reason that a thorough understanding of evolution is necessary for a true knowledge of life and labor, the most important factor in life.—Editor's Note.

(Continued from Wednesday.)

VI. KROPOTKIN'S "MUTUAL AID."

Lamarck was the first to present the theory of Evolution in a thoroughly scientific manner. Then Darwin discovered "the great principle which rules the evolution of organisms," the principle of "natural selection." Then Weismann repudiated current ideas as to how the fittest "arrived," or "originated" and presented in their place a theory of his own, which is still under discussion. DeVries raised the question as to whether new species "arrive" by a gradual accumulation of tiny changes, or by sudden leaps—mutations—and demonstrated the latter by his experiments with the evening primrose.

And now comes Kropotkin with the question, "Who are the fittest?" What constitutes the fitness, which makes for survival? Are those organisms the fittest which are constantly waging a war of extermination against every other organism in the struggle for existence, or are those the fittest which co-operate with each other in the preservation of the common life of all?

The raising of this question brings to light another striking instance of the influence of class interests on scientific thought. It is a matter of common observation that any class, struggling for what it conceives to be its own emancipation, looks to the past for justification and precedent. In the English speaking world there is a widely prevailing opinion that the Magna Charta, extorted from King John at Runnymede, is the foundation of modern liberty.

The French bourgeoisie, struggling to overthrow the feudal monarchy, sought its justification in that "state of nature" which a despotic monarchy was said to contravene. Thus writers like Rousseau idealized nature, representing it as comparatively perfect, and declared that a restoration of "natural rights" was essential to liberty. But when this same bourgeoisie had won its victory and enthroned itself, and instead of increasing the liberty, had in many respects deepened the degradation of the mass of the French people, its ideas about the "state of nature" underwent a radical change. And this happened not only in France but whatever the bourgeoisie triumphed.

Now the "state of nature" was one of constant carnage; nature was "red in tooth and claw." And this chamber of horrors was supposed to support the exploitation of labor and maintenance of a brutalization of childhood that constitutes the blackest stain on human history. So strong was the swirl that Huxley was swept into it; but, although he maintained the "gladiatorial" view of nature, he repudiated the social atrocities which capitalist apologists such as Spencer sought to deduce from it. In later years, Spencer partially abandoned his premise as

to the animal world but, strangely enough, kept it intact for primitive man. For this view of nature as full of nothing but darkness and cruelty, where, as Hobbes had put it, there waged "the war of every one against everybody," the great authority of Darwin was invoked. In fact, Darwin was supposed to be almost solely responsible for the theory, and its overthrow by Kropotkin was heralded by the uninformed as another of those "death-blow" of which Darwinism is thought to have received so many during the last quarter of a century. Kropotkin, however, in his introduction, claims that the idea of mutual aid is "in reality, nothing but a further development of the ideas expressed by Darwin in the 'Descent of Man.'" Darwin said: "Those communities which included the greatest number of sympathetic members would flourish best, and cast the greatest number of offspring." Kropotkin complains that Darwin did not sufficiently develop this idea, but over-emphasized the idea of "competition" for life, and this error, he insists, was further accentuated by his disciples. "It happened with Darwin's theory," he says, "as it always happens with theories having any bearing upon human relations. Instead of widening it according to his own hints, his followers narrowed it still more. It is a mistake to suppose that Kropotkin denies the Darwinian principle of mutual struggle. 'It is evident,' says he, 'that no review of evolution can be complete unless these two dominant currents are analyzed.' The struggles between these two forces make, in fact, the substance of history." He anticipates the objection that his work only emphasizes the principle of mutual aid by insisting that the principle of struggle has "already been analyzed, described, and glorified from time immemorial. In fact, up to the present time, this current alone has received attention from the epic poet, the annalist, the historian, and the sociologist." The main body of his book is a solid mass of evidence of the existence of mutual aid everywhere in the living world, from the lowest insects to the highest mammals; and from the first stone age to the twentieth century. It consists of eight chapters, the first two of which are devoted to "Mutual Aid Among Animals."

Here, the theory of the human origin of society is utterly demolished. Complex social arrangements, popularly supposed to be limited to ants and bees, are shown to flourish everywhere, especially among birds. With the parrot mutual aid is developed to such an extent that Kropotkin places it "at the very top of the whole feathered world" for the development of its intelligence. The white cockatoos of Australia, in raising a crop, mutually aid each other so shrewdly as to "baffle all stratagems" to thwart them. "Before starting to plunder a cornfield, they first send out a reconnoitering party which occupies the highest trees in the vicinity of the field, while other scouts perch upon the intermediate trees between the field and the forest and transmit signals. If the report runs 'all right,' a score of cockatoos will separate from the bulk of the band, take a flight in the air, and then fly towards the trees nearest to the field. They also will scrutinize the neighborhood for a long while, and only then will give the signal for general advance, after which the whole band starts at once and plunders the field in no time." (To Be Continued.)

Flour Gold

(Panned by Jim Seymour.)

To all employees of the Daily Howl: Beginning 12:01 a. m., Jan. 1, 1920, the schedule for I. W. W. plots will be as follows:

- Monday—Haystacks burned (Insurance must not be mentioned.)
- Tuesday—Discovery of copper nails driven in rowboat.
- Wednesday—Chicken killed by train. Engineer may be in deep-laid plot, financed from Petrograd.
- Thursday—Wooden shoe discovered in Swiss dairy. Unknown man seen running away from place shortly after leaving.
- Friday—Bones of sheep found in Death Valley.
- Saturday—Extra! Traces of alkali found in water taken from each of Death Valley's 577 artesian wells.
- Sunday—Senator Phathead calls for \$17,000,000 appropriation for investigating pernicious activities of red agitators.

A two-bit meal nowadays is composed of two bits.

An editor who long has posed as a radical and who has consistently double-crossed the workers at crucial moments is niffed because radicals criticize him. Says they are intolerant. Let's be more tolerant, boys. Let's help our Judases to double-cross us some more. They need the money.

The new morality is a morality of reason. It teaches that there is no authority above reason.—Upton Sinclair.

The Wordsmith's Manual. BUNK—The bed of a worker; anything handed out to a worker.

FREE-BORN—Pertaining to one who has the God-given right to accept conditions imposed upon him by the other fellow; or to reject them and starve.

ISSUE—Sand thrown on dogs to make 'em fight. See Tariff, Prohibition, etc.

JACKASS—One who boasts of our enormous wheat exports and fails to see or consider the starving thousands at home. (This definition is given with the most abject apologies to the quadruped ass.)

JUSTICE—An intangible something that is merely a commodity and hence for sale to the highest bidder.

JUST WRATH—That which fills the outraged person of the tea dealer upon discovery of the fact that his willow leaves are adulterated.

LADY—An unnatural female creature which through conventional affection has degenerated from the higher type known as woman.

Little Jack Horner framed up a corner in eggs and potatoes and wheat; He boosted the price to a bit more than twice, And 'steep million lobsters don't eat.

NOTICE TO GREAT FALLS READERS.

Where the Bulletin is sold: Oscar Prescott, 18 Second Street South. Ed Landgren, 408 First Avenue South. The World's First company, Corner First National bank building, Corner Fourth and Central, two regular newsmen.

SAY YOU SAW IT IN BULLETIN