

The Butte Daily Bulletin

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1919.

Has your local union contributed to the new workmen's compensation fund? If not, take the matter up at your next meeting. All contributions should be sent to the Cascade Trades and Labor Assembly, Great Falls, Mont. See that the petitions are signed up and sent in as soon as possible.

"ART THOU THE MAN?"

You men who are abusing the power placed in your hands, let me ask you to look upon a picture which is two-sided; one perhaps you do not care to see or are willingly blind to, although you "must" be aware that it is there.

The subjects of the picture which occupy the center are perhaps from the highest court in the land down to the poorly paid and fawning petty justice of the peace, and according to the exalted or low position you occupy, you act.

You have now "the power" to place upon the laws any construction you may see fit or which may suit the ones to whom you owe your position; for speaking the truth to the world you can condemn and send to some penal institution the one who spoke the truth, for a period of years as may suit you or others interested, while the men with money who own the daily papers may lie about matters concerning the welfare of the human family, these may distort and vilify the "lower orders"—the common folks—may call them whatever names they choose, advocate "direct action"—murder, deportation of the ones their superiors mentally and morally, who speak slightly of the chief executive, are guilty of rank anarchy, and nothing is done—less said, and in these instances you do not use the power in your hands against them; why?

In his book the president said: "I do not fear the man or men who speak their minds freely about things that are wrong, but I do fear the ones who think." Freedom of speech is a safety valve; prohibition of it is a menace as time will prove; if our constitution is worth the paper it was written on, then that guarantee should be allowed with no other proviso than that the speaker should be held accountable for the consequences.

You men who are guilty of these things, were you conceived and born in a "superior" manner? Are you of finer clay than the poorest and commonest, meanest man on earth? The common herd who made this country what it is today, not the silk-stockinged fraternity with their soft hands and softer heads, the toilers—workers; these are given less consideration than a mule, for mules cost money, while workers are plenty and "cheap"—their lives are so considered at least—for to the employer the wage paid the toiler is representative of his value day after day—not so the mule.

To you the Constitution means nothing unless you choose it to mean what it says specifically on certain occasions; the next day it may mean a thing far different; occasions arise when your opinions are superior to it—you set it aside—it is obsolete, and has no application whatever to the matter before you for your judgment, your final decision; "great is your power, may you live long."

Now let us look at the picture; just stop and think an hour how beautiful this world is in spring, summer—autumn and in winter.

The spring, when she awakens from her winter sleep; she touches with her wand the mountain springs and streams; they sing as they flow down and along to meet the river while at length merges into the sea. Violets, crocuses and hyacinths are in bloom and the air is heavy with their odor; the trees burst into leaf, and early robins tell to all that spring is here, and you feel fresh vigor, gifted with greater and renewed strength and give thanks for all your blessings.

Then comes the summer with its plethora of fruit and all that man can wish for; you take your vacation in the mountains or at the seashore, perhaps you return to the farm where you can rest and enjoy life as when a boy, and you wonder why you are so blessed, but give little thought to the past and make many calculations for the future, believing and hoping that they will all be fulfilled and greater joys in store for you. Who knows?

Then follow autumn and winter, each adding its quota of pleasures to you and you are in a measure happy and as contented as a man can be. You have a beautiful home, luxurious surroundings, food, the best obtainable, wife who adores you and children who fondly think of you as a conscientious Christian child of his God.

"Spring will soon be here"—but will you?
 The next picture is not so pleasing, but it must be looked at whether you wish to or not; the bells are solemnly tolling and a funeral cortege is slowly approaching the portals of the church; the hearse steps and six men, after the doors of the hearse are opened, lift out the casket and bear it to the door where the rector meets it and beginning: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me though he be dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble; he riseth as the flower in the morning, before night he is cut down; Lord let me know my end and the number of my days"—and then—take a look at the cold and inanimate form in the coffin; who is it?—Art thou the man?

Not great any more, no longer powerful in the seats among the mighty; your lips that launched anathemas against those who, perhaps, saw things in the true light, the lips that condemned them to prison cells and penitentiary walls will never condemn anyone again; in your heart and mind which cherished hate for the lowly ones who strove for the rights denied them, there will never again lurk one wrong thought; you are just a mass of cold dead matter—nothing now but the shell of what was once a man of power. A greater and mightier power leveled you to the same level as the tramp and beggar who was friendless, homeless, those whom you condemned are now

greater than you—for they still live, and those that died there have just as much of this world as yourself.

Spring, summer, autumn and winter meant nothing to them; for them no flower, no scenes of sea nor mountain—the narrow confines of their cells and occasional glimpse of the skies overhead; no outings, prison cells and iron bars seal their punishment for daring to speak the truth; you were an exemplary Christian, but forgot that your Christ said: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free"; you placed a ban on truthful speaking and made it a heinous crime, and for so doing received the good will, smiles and plaudits of the masters whom you served, and so you are consigned to your last resting place, with tears and lamentations of the ones who loved you as husband and father.

But those you made suffer, the ones who felt the weight of your man-given power shed no tears, there is no sympathy for your bereaved ones, you are despised and hated, with a hate that is deep and wide as the sea from pole to pole.

You did nothing for the world, but you served your God and mammon well; you could have left a name that would have been as enduring as the mountains had you weighed justice with mercy; you wanted fame, you wanted your name to be recalled as a "great patriot"—fearless in your endeavor to rid the world of the ones called "undesirable"; your name, if it be recalled, is remembered with curses and imprecations; you could have well helped spread the gospel of truth, you crucified it, denied it existence, and strange—with all your "power"—you are dead and powerless, it lives on and has become greater and stronger through the very means you used to kill it.

These people whom you cursed, reviled, damned and condemned you could not sympathize with nor see the light which was illumining the horizon; like Christ whom you at least pretended to worship and revere, these were agitators. He who said: "A false measure and an uneven balance are an abomination unto the Lord"—your scales never balanced evenly.

To them will never be given the power you enjoyed and abused; not for them will be given the adulation of "mouled men for services rendered," no seat among the high and mighty, no funeral with sobbing tones of the organ and a paid choir of singers, no eulogy by some minister,—no—perhaps no one but the man who drives their bodies out to Potter's field be at their poor funeral.

The picture may not suit you, for it is true to Nature; truth is not very palatable to some, but when learned judges and patriotic "Christians" condemn and revile agitators and radicals as they are termed, stop and think; "if it were not for an agitator and a radical"—you would not have a Savior, for it was on account of his agitation that He was crucified.

You are under obligations to a radical and agitator who serves as your mediator before your "Father" in Heaven.

A SOLACE FOR SNOBS.

It is a matter of the greatest rejoicing to our American bootlicking snobocracy that Ledy Astor was elected as the first Lady Empee; and she is an American, too! Or at least, an American "foreign" agitator in England.

How nice!
 And when the Ledy Astor cast her first vote in parliament against giving the ballot to the people of India, no doubt our dollar dukes were filled with admiration for this concrete evidence by the widow of a renegade American that the crime of 1776 was regretted.

How splendid!
 We didn't have enough of her "witty" and "sparkling" repartee in the daily cable dispatches giving the complete details of the campaign—wit and sparkle that showed mainly in the headlines, that had got stale and flat and insipid when they appeared in cold print over here. We didn't have enough intellectual garbage telling us what a nice and pretty and democratic lady she is while the campaign was on. We are still getting it in the magazines and in the movies.

But there are some things that we are not told; and others that we are not reminded of in connection with the noble creature.

We are not reminded of the fact that the Astor millions come from real estate of American tenement districts; that "Lord" Astor, the elder, bought himself the title of "nobility" with money that was extorted out of the poorest and most oppressed of America's workers, New York's tenement dwellers; that he practically bought his son a seat in the house of commons, the Plymouth seat now warmed by Ledy Naney, the safest Tory stronghold in all England, a constituency that has been hitherto as solid as South Carolina is for the party of Wilson and Burleson, and in which, hitherto, it has been as impossible to defeat a Tory as it would be to elect a republican governor of Mississippi. It's very "safeness" made it attractive for the Astor standpoint, making it a seat to be purchased, rather than won.

And the dispatches fail to tell us that in this hitherto impregnable Tory stronghold, the conservative party vote for the Gracious Ledy after a vigorous campaign, after appeals by Lloyd George and Admiral Sims, was cut down by 3,000 and that the vote for the labor party man candidate doubled over that cast in December, 1918, thus putting that district in the doubtful column and good fighting ground for the laborites in future elections and this in the face of the fact that Nancy's principal displays of temper—called "wit" in the dispatches—were against the laborites.

That is, in December, 1918, the labor party vote (I. L. P.) was but 5,000 out of 26,000. Eleven months later it was nearly 10,000 to 14,000 for the bright and sparkling Virginia expatriate.

The snobs of America may have their solace in the results this time if they can extract any. But there is a socialist servant girl in London who has been endorsed as a candidate for parliament on the labor party ticket for the next elections. And it is to be hoped that at the shortly forthcoming general elections, this working woman will need Lady Astor face to face, and give the world a symbolical demonstration of what is in store for "nobility" everywhere, and monarchy, and oppression, and capitalism.

It would be almost divine retribution!

A college diploma is no evidence of either culture or refinement. Our universities and colleges are merely huge factories for turning out indifferently educated parasites and poodle-dog editors. The presidents and professors, with a few shining exceptions, are mainly out of touch with modern society and modern conditions. They are mental second-raters hanging onto their jobs, through machinations and double-dealing.

Revised version of an old maxim—Those who imbibe the moonshine must ride with the undertaker.

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 yesterday.)

VII.

A REPLY TO HAECKEL.

The revolt against "authority" has been carried to ridiculous extremes. The Manchester school individualist, Herbert Spencer, and the metaphysical egoist, Max Stirner, would alike agree to the reduction of all authority to the smallest possible residue. The most reckless of their disciples, having shut out from their thoughts all communication with the world of reality, would make it possible for six men to pull effectively on a rope because five of them would be obliged to recognize the authority of the sixth, when he, at the proper moment, should call "Heave, ho."

To thinkers of this order, music would be impossible. Who could imagine a radical individualist bowing to a waved stick and recognizing the highly centralized authority of the "leader." The music of the logical, authority-repudiating individualist, would be the haphazard beating of the tom-tom of the East Indian, and not the highly regulated strains of a modern orchestra.

This folly is equalled, if not outdone, by those who refuse to recognize authority in science and thought. When a man claims to have a new and fundamental discovery in astronomy, and at the same time speaks slightly of the researches of physicists such as Newton, Kant, and Laplace, it is fairly safe to conclude that you are listening to a fool who has nothing to say worthy of a second thought. Not until one has trodden every rung of the ladder which has been previously trodden, is he able to mount a step higher. And it is the performance of this task, wholly, or at least in the first part, that constitutes the one so doing an "authority."

How often does one hear an addle-brained, know-nothing say: "I recognize no authority; I think for myself." How shall one think without ideas? And how is it possible to obtain ideas apart from the acquisition of knowledge? And where can knowledge be obtained except from those who have it?

All "authority" in science and thought is founded on knowledge of the subject in question. Socialists quote Karl Marx as an authority on political economy, because his writings prove that he knew more about the production and distribution of wealth than any man of his century. Lavoisier is an authority in chemistry, because he knows more about the composition of substances than any three of his contemporaries.

But much confusion has been wrought by men of undisputed authority in their own field, pronouncing positive verdicts in departments where their opinions had no value. What a great composer has to say about the value of a certain note must be respectfully considered as being of importance, but unless he has studied geology, his opinions on the probable origin or age of the Rocky Mountains will have no more value, and may have less than those of the policeman on the nearest corner.

An excellent example of the confusion which may arise in this way, was given to the world in 1877, at the congress of naturalists held at Munich in September of that year. At that time the naturalists of Europe were divided into two opposing camps, one accepting and the other rejecting the Darwinian theory of "natural selection." The leaders of both divisions were Germans, though a preponderance of the Germans favored Darwin, whilst the French, still under the influence of, or agreeing with, Flourens, although he had been dead a decade, were almost unanimously opposed.

The honors of leading the fight for Darwinism, at the Munich congress, fell to Haeckel, and on the 18th day of September he threw down the gage in a brilliant address in which he defended the ideas of the great Englishman. Haeckel also advocated the teaching of evolution in the schools. The battle raged back and forth between the two armies, until Virchow, the great pathologist, dropped a bombshell in the congress by boldly asserting: "Darwinism leads directly to socialism."

Here biological arguments ceased. The only thing in order was to clear the skirts of Darwinism of the terrible charge of being socialist. Of course this task fell to Haeckel, and he was loyally assisted by Oscar Schmidt.

Writing in "Ausland" two months later Schmidt said: "If the socialists were prudent they would do their utmost to kill by silent neglect, the theory of descent, for that theory most emphatically proclaims that the socialist ideas are impracticable."

Haeckel replied to Virchow at some length, and as that reply is rather difficult to obtain, I will give it here in full as quoted by Ferri, and translated by Robert Rives La Monte:

"As a matter of fact, there is no scientific doctrine which proclaims more openly than the theory of descent, that the equality of individuals, toward which socialism tends, is an impossibility, that this chimerical equality is in absolute contradiction with the necessary and, in fact, universal inequality of individuals."

"Socialism demands for all citi-

zens equal rights, equal duties, equal possessions and equal enjoyments; the theory of descent establishes, on the contrary, that the realization of these hopes is purely and simply impossible; that in human societies, as in animal societies, neither the rights, nor the duties, nor the possessions, nor the enjoyments of all the members of a society are or ever can be equal.

"The great law of variation teaches—both in the general theory of evolution and in the smaller field of biology where it becomes the theory of descent—that the variety of phenomena flows from an original unity, the diversity of functions from a primitive identity, and the complexity of organization from a primordial simplicity. The conditions of existence for all individuals are, from their very birth, unequal. These must also be taken into consideration the inherited qualities and the innate tendencies, which also vary more or less widely. In view of all this, how can the work and the reward be equal for all?"

"The more highly the social life is developed, the more important becomes the great principle of the division of labor, the more requisite it becomes for the stable existence of the state as a whole that its members should distribute among themselves the multifarious tasks of life, each performing a single function; and as the labor which must be performed by the individuals, as well as the expenditure of strength, talent, money, etc., which it necessitates differs more and more, it is natural that the remuneration of this labor must also vary widely. These facts so simple and so obvious that it seems to me every intelligent and enlightened statesman ought to be an advocate of the theory of descent and the general doctrine of evolution as the best antidote for the absurd egalitarian, utopian notions of the socialists."

"And it was Darwinism, the theory of selection, that Virchow, in his denunciation, had in mind, rather than the mere metamorphic development the theory of descent, with which it is always confused. Darwinism is anything rather than socialism."

"If one wishes to attribute a political tendency to this English theory—which is quite permissible—this tendency can be nothing but aristocratic; by no means can it be democratic, still less socialist."

"The theory of selection teaches that in the life of mankind, as in that of plants and animals, it is always and everywhere a small and privileged minority alone which succeeds in living and developing itself; the immense majority, on the contrary, suffers and succumb more or less prematurely. Countless are the seeds and eggs of every species of plants and animals, and the young individuals who issue from them. But the number of those who have the good fortune to reach fully developed maturity and to attain the goal of their existence is relatively insignificant."

"The cruel and pitiless struggle for existence" which rages everywhere through animated nature, and which in the nature of things must rage, this eternal and inexorable competition between all living beings is an undeniable fact. Only a small picked number of the strongest or fittest is able to come forth victoriously from this battle of competition. The great majority of their unfortunate competitors are inevitably destined to perish. It is well enough to deplore this tragic fatality, but one cannot deny or change it. Many are called, but few are chosen!"

"The selection, the 'election' of these 'elect' is by absolute necessity bound up with the rejection or destruction of the vast multitude of beings whom they survived. And so another learned Englishman has called the fundamental principle of Darwinism 'the survival of the fittest, the victory of the best.'"

(To Be Continued.)

Flour Gold

(Passed by Jim Seymour.)

Mother Goose for the Strutting Gander.

Full, full,
 You good-town bull,
 The buggars that come into town;
 Finch the vags that come in rags.
 But tip your hat and shove your nose
 in the dirt for the good-for-nothing
 parastical bums that
 come in velvet gowns or im-
 ported tweeds.

"Milk from organized cows," reads an ad in the Butte Bulletin.

They told us the damn cattle would never get together and we scared it was true. Often it was reported that after they had been bawled out they had united under a Great Leader, but it was always a bum steer. But it's straight this time; there's no bull in it.

"Nearly 1,600 barrels and 30,000 cases of whisky will go to Germany at \$2 a gallon."—News item.
 Who won this war, anyhow?

A signpainter's ad reads, "Hawkins paints signs for from two bits to \$2,000; mostly two bits."

Art Exhibition By Orville Dobb.

SULL Life Study of a Legal Mind (An Gingerbread Frame).

It has been discovered that chile pepper is as good an appetizer as Jacone red. The use of chile by waitresses should now be prohibited.

Heaven, for the workers, is a place where capitalist editors are compelled to tell the truth, but it's hell for the editors.

Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits.—Bertrand Russell.
 Quite true, don't you think?

Get the Hook.

Walk, walk, walk,
 Talk, talk, talk,
 Play up, charity, that,
 Gawk, gawk, gawk.

Job, job, job,
 Rob, rob, rob,
 Slave away, little pay,
 Stob, stob, stob.

Look, look, look!
 Book, book, book!
 Open eyes, organize—
 Hook! Hook! Hook!

Stage, stage, stage,
 Rage, rage, rage,
 Star a fake, bellyache,
 Cage, cage, cage.

Sign on a Jap Restaurant.

"This place will open under new management with large seating capacity. Understands eating and will have best of everything. Will also serve din cheap. Special places and tender treatment for ladies. Unsurpassing coffee. Give us a trial and be convinced."

Market Report.

Canned soup weak; butter strong. Beef is somewhat bullish but there is a sag in sowbilly. Steel remains firm and Y. M. C. A. is not expected to decline.

WANTED—Situation driving car for private family. Can repair same.—Ad in S. F. Call.

Too loud the voice of commerce in the land.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It always was this way and it always will be. My grandfather used to—(Grab him quick, fellows, before he gets violent).

Interviews With the Hoboes

By JIM SEYMOUR.

LANGUAGES AND TRAVEL.

He had white hair, a white beard, ten pounds of bedding, a loaf of bread, a handful of coffee, a copy of La Prensa and a touch of rheumatism. Also, despite his lack of a touring car, he had brains.

"Where did you get the Spanish paper?" I asked.

"I bought it," he replied. "I've been studying Spanish, and while Spanish grammar is considerably more useful than English, still it is not the language of the people. Neither is the newspaper, for that matter, but it is nearer to it than anything else I can get. I figure on going to Old Mexico and I have found that nationality doesn't make much difference after all if I speak the other fellow's language or he mine. The study of languages is a great factor in removing barriers of prejudice; that and travel are the great roadrollers. Did you ever notice that the man who has been away from home knows more than he did before he left it?"

I nodded acquiescence.

"That's because he meets types of people different from any around his own dugout. And if he could go farther and speak other languages he would meet still different types. And he would be puzzled to learn that in spite of their many differences they were all alike after all; all a strange compound of the ape and something yet to be classified. It must be admitted that the ape predominates. But I have hopes. I think that some day we are going to have cheap transportation and good colleges—colleges that will teach the colleges—colleges that will teach the languages of the ape."

"But would the people make use of such institutions?"

"Most of them would be only too glad to travel if they thought they could afford it, but to convince them that they can afford it is quite a problem. The joke of it is that I, who never had anything, have afforded to see practically all of the United States and quite a bit of other

countries. But people fear they will go hungry if they get too far away from home, and this fear is greater in those who are going hungry right when they are. It might be well to pass a law compelling every person to move, say an airline distance of 500 miles, at least once in six months, and forbidding him to return in less than a year. This would convince him that there are railroads and telephones outside of his own county and would also put a damper on his accumulative instinct. Travelers are not much given to storing junk."

"But how would you induce them to study languages?"

"They could be taught in the public schools, as now, but not by teachers who themselves do not understand the languages they pretend to try to teach. The travel, the necessity for making oneself understood, would do the rest. I don't think we can exaggerate the importance of languages and travel as developers of the mind. To these I attribute the fact that I, at 70, can accept bolshevism or any other program for the betterment of the race."

I asked him if he expected to get along well in Mexico. He did. In spite of conflicting tales in La Prensa and El Herald, which were very much like our American newspapers, he expected to find conditions tolerably good in Mexico.

"Haven't you noticed," he said, "that the Mexicans, although a musical people, do not sing much in this country? Does that look as though they realized they had made a mistake in coming here? They sing there, but they don't sing here because

"Solo un rudo animal, sin discurso racional, canta alegre en la prision."

"But why don't they go back?" I asked.

"Ah, now we return to the transportation problem. Well, I'll be traveling. I got a mileage book on the State Highway system."

And he bade me adieu.