

The Butte Daily Bulletin

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Harkins' Grocery, 1023 Talbot ave.
Allen's Grocery, 1204 East Second.
George A. Ames, Jr., 516 1-2 N. Main.
International News Stand, S. Arizona.
Palace of Sweets, Mercury and Main.
Everybody's News Stand, 216 S. Main.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1919.

"SQUARE DEAL" CANDIDATES

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

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

ALDERMEN.

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

(Paid Political Advertising.)

SAFE, OH YES!

Next Monday will witness the periodical "battle of the ballots." After all the preliminary work and expense, the skirmishes and gas attacks, the last supreme effort comes to "go over the top."

The usual number of repeaters will be on hand, dead men will come out of their graves to vote, vacant lots will suddenly become populated, and there will be used all those means to put it over, with which the powers that be, are adept and which go as "legitimate" in Butte.

Judges and clerks, watchers and checkers, will be at their places ready to challenge doubtful voters and the strong-arm gun men will be there to bluff or force them through.

Then the counting begins and watchful eyes are matched against nimble fingers and a small army of men sit into the night and a bill of hundreds of dollars is created against the city to get what the ingenuity of man has been taxed to secure—an honest ballot.

Democracy, where art thou?

Why, if a man really believed in democracy, he could be trusted to go into a room alone and count the ballots and not to change a single vote to decide an election.

Yet nine-tenths of the cost of all elections is to coerce men into voting against their wills or to kill, or prevent the killing, of the votes of those who cannot be coerced.

And all this in a country made safe for democracy.

THINK!

Think, yes think for nothing more do we long, and plead, than you toilers should think!

Awaken from that century-old slumber, stretch your mighty limbs and think.

Think in the morning, at noontime, as the sun goes down; think, you mothers of miners sons, think, you wearied fathers, heavy burdened. Think. We ask, we beg, we plead. Oh, if the power were given us, we would command, we would make you, think.

For think—

"How your children could be clothed if you did not dress your masters first.

"What beautiful homes you could enjoy if you builded for yourself and not for the fatted few.

"What a world this could be if the broad lands did not belong to the great landlords, the mills and factories, the mines and railroads to the capitalists who toil not and neither spin.

"What joyous laughter from the children would ring if from the mills and hells their tired little limbs were released and—we placed them in the meadows with the birds to sing and gave them the comfort and education of a real civilization."

Yes, think, you toilers.

For when you do, your masters will tremble and capitalism will be shaken to its very foundation.

The age-long martyrdom of your class will be brought home to you.

The sorrow and sighs of yours and their parents before them will be made vivid.

The slavery that our family has born will make you love freedom more, strain at your chains to break.

Think and let the book of knowledge pour out its gems.

The knowledge of history, of economics, of social science, of the works of Spencer, Paine, Ward and Twain, of Marx, Engels, Leibknecht and Luxemburg, Whitman and Shelly; Tolstoy and Kropotkin; Ferrer and Bebel; of Lincoln and Debs.

The knowledge of the class struggle.

Of the law of value.

Of the sequence and connection of history.

Of the contradictions of capitalism.

Of the all-productive power of labor.

Of the non-creative value of capital.

Of the weakness in acting alone, and the strength in standing together.

Oh, think, and think! Oh, think again!

Lincoln could ask no more.

Leibknecht wish for nothing better.

And Garretson would laugh in his grave and John Brown's body turn over with joy.

And Marx's wish would be fulfilled and Marat's noble life ne'er been in vain.

Oh, think. What has gone wrong, what new madness this,

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of our masters' servants willing.

Rattled and dismayed, at the rising gaint of labor they advise this enemy to use the very weapon that will destroy their citadel. They cry think!

These plunderers who ages long have sought to keep the slaves in ignorance.

These political conjurers, whose function it is to deceive and betray, beguile and misguide.

These copper barons, Ludlow kings, gunmen uglies, these parasites who robbed the miners of \$82,000,000 during the war, and then at the bayonets point, made their wives and children give up another dollar's worth of milk, took another loaf from the pauper poor.

These, oh, irony, these are the drones that ask the workers to think.

How true, how accurate comes the conscious proletarian's views?

How often have we said "The bourgeois are their own grave-diggers?"

How many times "That capitalism carried the germs of its own destruction?"

But did we ever think that the henchmen of the bankrupt system would ever become so mad as to cry to the toiling, sweating, exploited masses to cloak themselves in the invincible armor of thought?

No, we did not.

Our imagination in its wildest flight could not picture such blatant weakness, such folly of the fools that have fooled so long.

But it is the old saying coming true:

"Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

And how mad the masters are, and how they bite their tails in mania.

First, their crazed minds told them to fight with silence, then with ridicule, then with abuse, and they unnumbered, followed with grape-shot and the lyubers' rope until grown madder with their madness, they now turn and rend themselves, by helping those they would hold down, by opening the gates to the ones they wished to keep outside.

Oh, you fools, do you not know that one Lucullus, 95 years before Christ said:

"But if men would live up to reason's rules, they would not bow and scrape to wealthy fools."

You do not, you are mad.

And you toilers' sons of toil, pray do not give a deaf ear to this appeal of the henchmen of gold, but be advised, for it is the first time they have taught you rightly. Do their bidding this once, and all their other powers to bid you do this, and make you do that, will be taken from them.

Workers, think! Oh, think! Again and again, oh, think!

Then happy shall be this country. The beautiful flowers, the silver springs, the majestic mountains and deep green valleys, shall be the home of a happy, healthy, equal people; enjoying the harvests of their own sowing, the homes of their own building, the raiment their own hands have woven, and the peace that their hearts desired.

Oh, glad some day.

When you workers think.

"ON GUARD."

Sentry—"Who comes there, friend or foe?"

Stranger—"Friend."

Sentry—"Advance and give the countersign."

Stranger—"A. C. M."

Sentry—"Pass on."

The question now is with the opposition, how to ridicule the work of the Nonpartisan league in North Dakota without getting people to read about what they are really doing there.

We are glad to see that the Miner is again taking up the cudgel against the Nonpartisan league. Every time it lays off a few days we get suspicious about the league.

Speaking about birds of a feather—have you compared the union records of Mr. Captain Cutts and the labor "leaders" who are supporting him.

If Butte has a bad reputation around the state the responsibility for that reputation lies more with the Butte Miner than any where else.

Cutts was born in Ontario, Canada. W. F. Dunn was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Question: "Which one is an American by birth?"

Don't sleep too sound because there happens to be someone "On Guard."

At that they would probably rather have us think than remember.

And they don't have any better sense than to advise a man to think.

PUBLIC MARKET

(Continued from page one.)

is in today, the people who, like the leeches they are, live on the misery of the honest, hard-working men and women of this city.

The people who seek to enforce their will on the people of this community by the foulest of methods, the people who have robbed the citizens of their sacred and fundamental rights of the franchise by stealing election after election with the result the people of Butte find their flecks in shame when recent administration is mentioned.

My greatest feeling of pride comes from the fact that my candidacy is opposed by every interest that has been identified with the corrupt administration with which Butte has been afflicted.

No higher compliment could be paid any man.

The Cutts forces have been yelling loudly for my "record."

It is rather an ordinary one, but it's clean and here it is:

Born in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 15, 1887.

Oldest of a family of eight children, seven boys, one girl.

I have been married four years and a half and have one child.

Filled my questionnaire and sent it in according to law.

Did not ask for re-classification when placed in Class 2 by exemption board, although by law I was entitled to Class 4.

Three brothers in army during war against Germany.

Two youngest, single, enlisted. The married one was drafted.

One has been discharged, one is still in service in France, the other is with the army of occupation in Germany. He has been twice gassed and wounded with shrapnel.

Family moved to Minnesota in 1894.

Was raised on a farm in Morrison county, and attended county schools.

Attended city high school for two years, walking five miles every night and morning, winter and summer.

Went to work at 15 years of age and have earned my own living ever since.

Attended St. Thomas college in St. Paul, but did not graduate.

Came to Paradise, Mont., in 1907 and went to work as electrician's apprentice.

Was transferred to Helena and there joined Electrical Workers' Union No. 185.

Worked for the Northern Pacific railway in Butte, also for the Independent Telephone company, and the Rocky Mountain Bell company in Helena.

Worked for the Montana Power company in Butte and at Sheridan, Mont., in 1911.

Went to Canada, Jan. 20, 1912. Worked for the British Columbia Electric company, a year and a half.

Was elected financial secretary and business agent of local No. 213 of Vancouver, B. C., then the largest local on the coast.

Was then elected as district organizer by referendum vote for the district composed of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and the northern half of Idaho.

Was re-elected and resigned to go back to work at my trade.

Went to work for the Milwaukee railroad on electrification work in Montana and shortly afterward was employed by the Montana Power company on the same project.

The work was completed and I came into Butte to get other employment in January, 1916.

I was given a letter of recommendation by M. E. Buck, superintendent of the Montana Power company, to be presented to the rustling card office of the Anaconda Mining company. I was subsequently employed by them and was working for them at the time of the strike in 1917.

Because I was well known among electrical workers, I was selected as chairman of their strike committee.

I, as well as the other members of the committee, served without pay during the trouble. After the strike I was elected business agent and resigned after two months and a half because I had been appointed by the Metal Trades council to organize and promote the Butte Daily Bulletin and that work demanded all of my attention.

I have been engaged in this work since that time, with the exception of the time I was in attendance at the state legislature, as a representative from this county.

When the state council of defense, at the behest of the crooked political gang, who dominate this state, was trying by every underhanded means to put the Bulletin out of business, I wrote an article denouncing them and the particular paragraph for which I was fined \$5,000 for writing, reads as follows:

"Fortunately they have no legal status or authority. They can fulminate to their heart's content against anything and everything that menaces their master's interests."

"Fortunately they have no legal status or authority and no one need pay any attention to them."

"The Daily Bulletin will be on the streets when the plant is ready and if we are interfered with, we will take it to the highest courts of the land."

This is the "sedition" of which the copper press is making so much capital.

It is upon these flimsy grounds that they accuse me of being an enemy of organized government.

The only form of government to which I am opposed is a government controlled by the reactionary interests of the state and their tools.

I am opposed to government, such as we have had in Butte, and such as we have in Montana, and government doing, not the talking of the people, but the carrying out of the wishes of those who have the labor of the great, patient, toiling masses.

To this kind of government I am unalterably opposed. I have fought that kind of government wherever I have been, and it is on this principle that I seek election.

I expect to uphold this principle of opposition to autocratic government by special privileged interest, if I am elected and I want the support of no one who is not satisfied with that.

Here is my declaration and here is my record.

I am not ashamed of either and am willing to rest my case on them.

W. F. DUNN.

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