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EMPLOYMENT IN THE BIG CITY

The Experience of Girls Who are Cast Penniless and Friendless Upon the Tide of The Labor Market.

Just what the day's work means to the working girls in the lower grades of employment in a great city is told with startling clearness in "The Long Day," just issued by the Century Company. The writer, who is anonymous, is a girl who at 19 years of age became one of the great army of young women who, without any special education, training or knowledge, with no money and no influential friends, are making their way in the world as best they can by working in factories and anywhere that the untaught and unskilled female employee is welcome. The experiences undergone while earning a living as one of New York's working girls is told in a simple unaffected style, with no attempts at fine writing, make a book that is good, entertaining reading—reading of the kind that grasps the reader's attention at the outset and will not lose its hold until the end of the book has been reached and its heroine seen safely out of the world of the unfortunate and safe and snug in the haven of decent employment.

THINGS WORK HARD TO GET.

Her first efforts at securing employment reveal the fact that even one will work for barely enough to keep body and soul together, it is not always possible to get work in a large city. She first sought work in the cigar factories. She was baffled in the first three of these because of her lack of experience. In the others she was offered pay so small that it would have been impossible for her to exist upon it. She went from the tobacco factories to book binderies, stores and other factories. In one store the proprietor offered to engage her at the princely salary of $3.50 per week, the hours to be from 7 in the morning until 9 at night, except on Saturdays, when the closing hour was midnight. Her first position was secured until after long days of chasing and inquiries.

A paper box factory was the place that took her in and her pay was $3 a week to begin with. Her first week was full of wonderful experiences. "We worked steadily, and as the hours dragged on I began to grow dead tired. The awful noise and confusion, the terrific heat, the foul smell of the glue, and the agony of breaking ankles and blistered hands seemed almost unbearable. At last the hour struck at 12, and suddenly out of the turmoil a strange quiet fell over the mill. The vibrations that had shaken the structure to its foundations now subsided; the wheels stayed their endless revolutions.

FILLING A RUSH ORDER.

How the factory girl works when a "rush order" comes in to be filled is told graphically. "The whole mill was now charged with an unaccustomed excitement — an excitement which had in it something of solemnity. There was no sign of the mirth and hilarity which constitutes the mill's sole attraction; no exchange of stories, no sallies. Each girl bent to her task with a fierce energy almost maddening in its intensity. Blind and dizzy with fatigue, I peered down the long dusty aisles of boxes toward the clock above Annie Linzer's desk. It was only 2. Every effort, both human and mechanical, all over the great factory was now strained almost to the breaking point. How long can this agony last? How long can the rush and roar and the throbbing pain continue until the nameless and unknown something snaps like an overstrained fiddle string and brings relief. The head foreman rushed through the aisles and bawled to us to hustle for all we were worth, as customers were all demanding their goods." And such times are weekly occurrences in factories of this nature.

The "home" of the factory girl who makes her own home is described thus: "The heavily carved woodwork hinted of the fact that it had once been a lady's bed chamber in the days when this was a fashionable section of New York, and its spaciousness and former elegance now served to increase the squalor as well as to accentuate the barrenness of the furnishings. The latter consisted of two boxes, one of which I sat upon, an empty sugar barrel with a board laid across the top, a broken-down bed in an uncurtained alcove, a large substantial looking trunk, iron bound and brass riveted, and last, but not least, a rusty stove. Overhead the ceiling showed great patches of bare lath, where the plaster had fallen away, and the uncarpeted floor was strewn with bread crumbs and marked by a trail of coal siftings from above the stove to the closet door, from where the fire was replenished. The door to the closet was gone; in its recess a pair of trousers hung limply, while Henrietta's scant wardrobe was ranged along the black painted wall outside. All these details I could descry but dimly by the light of the smoking oil lamp."

IN A WORKING GIRLS' HOME

Driven from this "home" through discovering the true character of the friends who brought her there, the author became the inmate of a "working girls' home." Bad as life was in the single room with the girl of the factory it was worse in the public "home." The first act of welcome here was an attempt on the part of the head matron to cheat the wanderer out of 15 cents change. A single cot in a room full of similar cots, with no dividing partition and no privacy, at 10 cents per night was the brand of hospitality served at the "girls' home" The regime under which the place was conducted was one of iron in its rigidity and one of oppression with its multiplicity of rules. That such a place should be allowed to flaunt the name of "working girls' home" and a long list of prominent women as patronesses in order that the homeless girls with a dime might be lured to it seems incredible in a city like New York. It was while staying at this home that the author enjoyed the only clean and cheerful employment that fell to her lot while a wage-earner in the big city. She left the paper box factory and got work in a flower maker's establishment.

That all factories and workrooms are not bad is revealed in her descriptions of the flower shop. "The room was long and wide, and golden with April sunshine, and in the April breezes that blew through the half-open windows a million flowers fluttered and danced in the ecstasy of spring. Flowers, flowers everywhere. Here were no harsh sounds, no rasping voices, no shrill laughter, no pounding engines. Everything was just as one would expect to find it in a flower garden—soft voices humming like bees, and gentle merriment that flowed musically as a brook over stones."

BRUTALIZING CONDITIONS IN LAUNDRY.

The next place was a laundry, a return to conditions even lower and more brutalizing than the first factory. Here is a picture that serves to illustrate one phase of this life: "She replied with a laugh, and, flinging back the sleeve of her kimono, thrust out the stump of a wrist. At my exclamation of horror she grinned. 'Why that's nothing in this here business,' she said. 'It happens every wunst in a while, when you was running the mangles and was tired. That's the way it was with me. I was clean done out one Saturday night, and I just couldn't see no more; and the first thing I know—wo-o-ow! And that hand went right straight clean into the rollers. And I was jist tired; that's all. I didn't have nothing to drink all that day excepting pop, but the boss he swore I was drunk, and he made the foreman swear the same thing, and so I didn't try to get no damages. They sent me to the hospital and they offered me my old job back again; but I jist got up my spunk and says if they can't pay me no damages and goes and swears I was drunk, when I didn't have nothing but rotten pop, I says, I can up and go some place else where I can get my $4 a week.'"

These are only a few of the striking things in the book. In a dozen ways it shows the other hardships of a working girl's life alone in a large city—the temptations to which she is subjected on every hand, and to which she falls in appalling and heart-breaking numbers. It is a good book. It would be a noteworthy and intelligent piece of charity for some philanthropically inclined millionaire to purchase it by the thousands and send it into the country to girls who have listened to the song of "the fine time you can have working in the city." — San Francisco Chronicle.

It is said that "one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." If it be not a mystery to the "other half" itself it certainly must be such to anyone at all familiar with the conditions against which it is struggling. The horrible conditions confronting young girls and women who are thrown into the vortex of a great city to earn their livelihood is something beyond the power of words to describe. As bad as they are these conditions must go from bad to worse until such an upheaval shall occur in human society as will result in such an adjustment and rearrangement of property relations as will admit of those who toil, reaping the full benefits of their labors. The resources of the earth are ample, and the mechanical and technical knowledge sufficient, if applied to their proper use, to enable every person to feed, clothe and shelter themselves by their own labor, and do away forever with the circumstances that make possible the writing of such harrowing tales as the one from which the Chronicle drew its inspiration for the above article.

In the meantime many such tales will be written and the truth will not even then be half told. But a little of the misery and horror will be depicted. While many papers will acknowledge the correctness of the various writers, of working class misery and degradation under the present system of property and exploitation, none of them outside of the Socialist press will offer anything in the nature of a remedy.

Every such tale written will but add vigor and persistence to the agitation for the overthrow of the wage system, and the establishing of a workers commonwealth which will at least contain within itself the elements of decency. That these are entirely lacking in the present system goes without saying. Were it not so, the present misery and degradation of the only useful part of human society, the working class, could not be.

An Associated Press dispatch from Budapest says: "In spite of all Emperor Francis Joseph's efforts to dodge it, the suffrage question in Hungary has become one of the main issues in that ever unruly country." The Socialists, whose power is rising with giant strides, have taken hold of it.—Appeal to Reason.

Japan, according to the New York Tribune is just on the eve of another awakening. The first occurred about forty years ago when Feudalism was abolished. The second when the military power was created which crushed China, and later humbled Russia. The third, which is now about to happen, is industrial and as an exporter of manufactured wares, the Island Empire is soon to be felt in the markets of the world. All of which is quite proper and in line with human progress.

MORAL DUTY OF THE WORKERS

To Wage the Class-War to a Finish and Win for Themselves and Their Children the Means of Living.

One of the most pernicious ideas with which the Socialist movement has been infected, or, rather worse still, with which certain sections of the English proletariat would seem to have been infected, is that there is something essentially immoral in the preaching of the class-war, that there is something unworthy of a great movement in a free land like England, where government and people are said to be identical. England, where free speech reigns—where John Burns will very probably adorn the position of an Under-Secretary in the next Liberal Government. How can we talk of a class war in such a land? The people are the Government, if only they chose to exercise their power.

For the sake of my article I will accept the above statements as proved. I have no wish in the slightest degree to dispute their strength, and yet I hope to prove that not only despite them does this class-war exist, but that they derive their only importance from the fact of such a class-war. Further, that not only do they not relieve the workers of the duty of carrying on the class-war, but that the unrelenting, uncompromising waging of such wars, forms the only possible basis of a proletarian morality. First, what is the class-war, and in what does it consist? It consists in the existence of two classes—one of whom owns the means of production, so that the other can only obtain the means of life on such terms as the other is able to impose. It makes no essential difference to this result that there are competing sections in the possessing class itself, each of which feels that the other wants to cut its throat, and may, to enable them to carry out this or to prevent this being carried out, be prepared to make some concessions—generally small enough—to the proletariat, any more than that there are sections of the proletariat who have managed to scramble with difficulty into a more or less privileged, though precarious position, where it pays the possessing class to leave them, as long as they can, for the sake of dividing the proletariat and confusing the issue. These small exceptions do not make any difference to the main result, which is that there exists a wealthy class on the one hand, living without the need to work, in great comfort; on the other,, the enormous mass of the people, working hard for little more than a bare subsistence and without any certainty of being able to get that much on the morrow. People may water down the statistics as they please, the facts of the case prove the contrary. London's streets literally fling the class-war in the face of its deniers.

But England is a democracy. Just so! but a democracy that allows the class war to go on. A democracy that allows itself to be ruled by class. A Proletariat that is proud to allow one or two of their number to serve as watchdogs for a government one of whose principal objects is to hold them in subjection. The proletariat only rivet their own chains by means of this man, say, John Burns, the more tightly on their own neck; since, so long as he remains a member of the Ministry, they dare not attack it, and he subsequently serves as a cover to the ministry without obtaining any corresponding influence. The proletariat thus sells itself, only to be defrauded of the 30 pieces of silver. Judas Iscariot might as well be held to disprove the truth of Christianity as the Judas Iscariots of the English proletariat the fact of the class-war. The cur that licks the hands of its master, after he has thrashed it, might with equal justice be held to prove the equality of dog and man No! Till the workers themselves abolish the classes that exploit them, the class war remains in all its grim reality, disguise it as we may with all kinds of beautiful phrase.

Let Mr. Ramsay McDonald, if he doubts this, go with his "Socialism Unbound," as the "Labor Leader" calls it, or any species of the milk-and-water Socialism, to the Stock Exchange, or any other body of capitalists—who are assuredly not all idiots—and try to persuade them that Socialism would be an enormous boon to them personally. He would probably find that his audience had gone to sleep or would do nothing, unless, indeed, they got angry and turned him out. As a vegetarian, I might as well preach to the tribe of cannibals who were preparing to eat me the folly of a meat diet, dilate on the dangers of uric acid, and show the advantages of fruit and nuts, Unless the possessing classes fear the workers, they will hardly sacrifice a single cigarette for them.

It is sometimes suggested that considerations of hygiene, of the dangers of infection from the bad conditions of the poor, of the difficulty of finding soldiers, may move the rich to make sacrifices—but do we really think that men who will hardly sacrifice a glass of port, knowing full well that it will bring them the exquisite anguish of gout, are likely to be moved by such considerations?

So much for the facts of the class-war. Now, is the recognition of these facts immoral? Or is it immoral to say that it is the duty of the proletariat to fight the class-war against the oppressors and exploiters of their class, to demand and secure the abolition of a class whose existence as a class depends on exploitation? They obviously cannot get rid of the exploitation without abolishing the exploiting class as a class. Is this, then, immoral? Naturally, the fight is not against individual members of the capitalist class, except and in so far as these stand up for and fight for their system—then they must take the rough and tumble of war. Omelettes will not be made without breaking eggs, but even then the class-war must never be allowed to degenerate into a war of individuals against individuals, but of an organized class, fighting in an open manner against an organized wrong. The former is demoralizing, the latter alone can inspire. Can there, indeed, be anything wrong or demoralizing about such a war? No, a thousand times no! It would only be immoral to refuse to fight it. It is the only possible basis of a proletarian morality. A proletarian or member of the proletariat can only have one duty to himself and humanity that is to win for himself and his children the means of a full and free life. Humanity can only advance by the emancipation of the oppressed, and the oppressed can only emancipate themselves by learning the lesson of solidarity, by being true to themselves and their own class. "To thine own self be true"; this sentence sums up individual morality very completely. "To thine own class be true," sums up the duty of the proletariat. Nothing is worth anything which does not cost us a struggle to get, and a proletarian emancipation which came without a struggle were worse than worthless. Besides, does not this struggle demand a high degree of self-control, self-sacrifice, and other virtues?

Could anything be on the one hand more absurd than to talk of brotherly love, or human solidarity where one class lives on the other? What part can morals play? Or, on the other hand, can there be any thought more inspiring for the proletariat than that of emancipating himself and his children from an appalling bondage—the bondage to hunger? And can we wonder that a proletariat which wilfully refuses to so emancipate itself and keeps itself and its children in this bondage—at the price of a few pints of ale—that such a proletariat is the despair of all moral reformers? Our ethical reformers must answer that; what can they substitute for the class-war? Phrases' mere phrases! and these move nobody.

There are, in fact, two alternatives open to the British proletarian—either he can accept the position of a cur cringing for favors at the hand of the governing class, with the certainty of sooner or later earning the cur's reward and getting kicked for his pains; or he can, with his brothers in other lands, consciously take up the class-war for the emancipation of his class, knowing that this means the emancipation of humanity from the thraldom of capitalism. Can we doubt which will inspire the higher morality?—J. B. Askew, in Justice.

SLUMS OF MIKADO'S CAPITAL

Frightful Condition of Poverty in Which the Lower Strata of Japanese Working People Are Floundering.

It is strange to picture Tokio, the capital of the Mikado, in the clutches of a mob. From the day the war began the world has been fed with stories of the patient endurance of a simple law-respecting people, who loved their Emperor and who submitted to his every word.

The cable despatches now reveal Tokio in a new light. They lift the curtain on a new and strange Tokio—a Tokio that the world has not suspected.

It is well that the truth be known. In no capital of the world does the plummet sound deeper in the ocean of poverty, wretchedness and human woe than in Tokio. London, with its "submerged tenth"—Paris with its sewers peopled with vicious half-fed humanity—the groveling Russian of Gorky's night refuges—fail to equal the absolute wretchedness of slums of Tokio, where live half a million or more of the starved subjects of the son of heaven—too poor to own even the rags they wear.

In Tokio no fewer than 200,000 people seldom, if ever, know of a certainty where the necessities of the next day will come from, and throughout the island the great majority are too poor to eat rice. The high grade rice grown in the islands is exported almost to the last sack, and inferior rice is imported for those who can afford it. Rice is not in every bowl, as the tourist fondly imagine. A recent visitor in Tokio writes:

"I have spent days and nights in the midst of this inexpressible residue of Japan in company with a brilliant native sociologist who, like scores of his fellow students of men and things, believes that Japan has left its good days of general happiness and general comfort forever behind and is entering upon a sordid and merciless age of industrialism, in which its people are not fitted by temperament to compete, and whose proletariat is, moreover, far too intelligent and too proud to be exploited by capital. He is crying out a warning to Japan that her seat at the council table of the powers is being paid for in the blood of her citizens, not expended as they would pour it forth cheerfully in war, but in factory and on farm, in shop and in office.

"'Think for a moment,' he cries last week as we looked at a battleship in the offing, 'what a multitude of our tiny rice fields it takes to support such a monster, and then remember that our people can't afford to eat rice!'

"But whether the last state of Japan be worse than her first, let us proceed to Darkest Tokio. We will visit the Shitaya quarter, which is close by the beautiful Oyeno park.

"Tokio is so vast, it is such an immense sea of sheds, that from the highest point on the clearest day one can see but a fraction of its area—but here are fifteen districts of mean streets. The crazy structures called houses, which are, in reality, sheds, are strung along in a series of dilapidated and filthy compartments. To folk as poor as those who live here, cleanliness, so dear to the average Japanese that it is above godliness, is out of the question.

"The walls are decayed and full of crevices and cracks, the roof leaks, and there is moss and broken tiles, the shoji is full of holes or patched with newspapers, the mats are ragged, dirty and mouldy. There is foul water in the streets and a still fouler stench in the air, whose source is often visible to the eye. Frequently one sees dead rats in the roadway, but for fear of the plague they are quickly made away with. After coming from the daintiness and delightful artistry of well-to-do Tokio, Shitaya is the abomination of desolation.

"The most tumble down of these abodes may be rented for from 40 cents to 60 cents per month, but there are houses so fine that they cost as high as 2 cents, or even 4 cents a day. To afford one of these expensive residences several families club together, not alone for economy but also for warmth, in Winter all hands crowding together on the mats Charcoal is not always to be afforded, and heat is a great luxury these cold days. A whole block will sometimes take turns in warming hands at hibachi, wherein a few chunks of charcoal smoulder in a bed of ashes.

"Suppose a pipe cleaner has a good day, and returns to his home with, say 12 cents. He will expend this in farthing purchases of miso, a kind of soup stock; oil, fuel, tobacco, and, perhaps, a little fish, which, if he feels reckless, he will eat raw with horse radish. He buys in driblets, and, like the poor in all the cities of the world, pays enormous prices. This has been a good day, and, perhaps, he will peep in at one of the tempting cake shops, which smell so fragrant to the weary and hopeless. However, he will be, in all likelihood, 'broke' by this time and will content himself with listening to a story teller relating the ancient glories of Dai Nippon.

"Had our pipe-cleaner returned empty handed he would have hurried to the pawnbroker, always near at hand, and raised a few farthings on his precious brass pipe, his hibachi, or his few poor garments not in actual use. With the money he would have purchased fish entrails or the offal from horses used for food, and perhaps a handful of scraps from a garbage barrel. With these he would have feasted with his family and with them prayed that the gods would give him a better day tomorrow, so that he might reclaim his goods.

"The pawnbrokers fatten on these wretches as in no other land. It is impossible to escape them, and they never relent. Anything that costs above 10 cents can be pawned.

"Until midwinter one can exist in Shitaya without bed clothing, but when the nights get cold, with the fearful piercing frost of a Japanese winter, some covering must be had. Now appears another plunder of the poor in the guise of the capitalist who rents quilts by the night. He charges and invariably collects from 1 farthing for a shred of dirty, patched old rag to a penny or even four cents for a foul but heavy covering. Then, too, there are frayed silk quilts for bridal couples, but these are too costly to be rented by many bridegrooms.

"Rent must be paid in advance and before the family go to sleep the collector comes and gets either the money or the quilt. With a refinement of cruelty, he does not appear until the lesee has turned in, and the loss of his covering will be doubly felt. There are heartrending scenes when she penniless mothers strive to hold the quilt to protect their babes from the chill and damp. Like the pawnbroker and the moneylender, the quilt lender is flinty hearted.

"Few of the inhabitants of Shitaya ever get money enough ahead to buy bed clothing, and the ghastly tragedy of renting is re-enacted again and again for Winter after Winter. Where there are so many children having but a few cotton rags, the Winter means acute misery.

"Nothing that was ever edible can become too bad for the poor to use. From this and similar quarters the scavengers go forth daily searching for food, and they rake the city as with a comb. Back they come at night laden with bad rice, decayed fish and meat, scraps from slop barrels, broken food from restaurants, and all manner of queer odds and ends.

"This second-hand food business has an extensive language of its own with special terms for every kind and condition of edible junk that is brought to the quarters. The jargon is wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated and few there are who care to learn the language of the freezing and starving who rent rags and dine on offal. Few there are who care to learn the unintelligible to the uninitiated, and language of the freezing and starving who rent rags and dine on offal.

"Poverty has its ultimate expression here—its last word."—Mail and Empire.

WASHERWOMAN'S EPITAPH.

Catharine Alsopp, a Sheffield washerwoman, hanged herself with a clothes-line in her bed-room, and in the inquest the following composition, left by her, on a piece of sugar paper, was read to the jury:

Here lies a poor woman, who always
was tired;
She lived in a house where help was
not hired.
Her last words on earth were: "Dear
friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my
wishes;
For where they don't eat, there's no
washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice, I'll be clear of
the singing.
Don't mourn for me now; don't
mourn for me never—
I'm going to do nothing for ever
and ever."

The jury unanimously returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity."

According to the Chicago Tribune, there is a new "Labor Cloud" in the stockyards of that enterprising village. Swarschild & Sulzberger, one of the big packing firms, is about to discharge all union employees in its plant. President Donnelly, of the Butcher Workmen, is going to appeal to the A. F. of L. for assistance, and if that be not sufficient, he will resort to still more drastic and dreadful things, as for instance, a boycott of the firm's products. The Tribune is in error in terming this prospective unpleasantness a "new labor cloud." It is not a cloud at all, much less a new one. It is the same old nightmare that has made hideous the wage-slaves' dream ever since that particular type of slave existed. Nothing very alarming about it either. The only effect of this nightmare is to cause the slave to indulge in the strike, boycott and similar somnambulistic acts. The only element of danger in such performances is that the sleep-walkers are liable to get their shins barked.

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NECESSARY KNOWLEDGE.

The problem confronting the civilized world today, and in no uncertain manner demanding solution, is what is commonly termed the labor problem. Perhaps it would be more proper to term it the problem of what shall be done with the enormous power of wealth production that has been conjured forth by the countless generations of men that have lived before us, and which power the present generation is busily engaged in still further increasing.

This power of wealth production is even now so great as to almost stagger belief, so great, in fact, as to keep the world's market at all times full to overflowing with all the things required by man for his sustenance, and comfort, and this, too, with less than the total amount of available labor being utilized in the process of production.

To the beneficiaries of the present order of human society, i.e., to those who come into possession of the wealth produced, because of the favorable position they occupy in the social and industrial arrangements of this age, there is no problem to be solved, hence no solution to be either offered or entertained. But to than portion of human society, which, because of the position it occupies, is denied participation in the benefits arising from this marvelous power of production, there is a problem to be solved; a most serious one, and one that demands of this particular part of society that it find a solution or perish.

To the capitalists, matters as they are, are quite satisfactory, and no alteration or readjustment of social and industrial institutions is necessary. To the workers, matters are far from satisfactory, and a change is peremptorily demanded.

It remains for the class in human society that recognizes the existence of a problem, and whose material needs are forcing it to seek a solution, to depend solely upon its own resources to solve the problem. In other words the working class must find and apply its own remedy for the economic ills under which it is now suffering. It is the only class in society at all interested in effecting a cure.

That the workers may know just how to move in the matter and in what direction, it becomes absolutely necessary that they understand the nature of the swindle practiced upon them under the present or wage system. Although they may feel that they are robbed, if they do not understand where, or by what process, the robbery is effected they will be unable to deal intelligently with the matter, and will be more than liable to pursue lines of action that must inevitably lead to disaster. However, dry economic discussion may, at first glance, appear to be, and however prone the workers may be to avoid it in favor of the more ridiculous reform small talk and sour stomach clatter that is so plentifully dished up on every hand, the fact still remains that without a clear knowledge of capitalist production and the process by which the workers are fleeced, the labor movement is without compass or rudder, and consequently the sport of every adverse wind or tide. Socialist speakers and writers cannot be too persistent in sticking to the line of economic discussion. Time spent in painting beautiful pictures of a glorious future that no one knows how to attain, is worse than wasted. Sound knowledge of the present system of property and production is absolutely necessary to the working class, if it is to strike from its limbs the shackles of wage servitude. It alone can determine where, when and how the blow for Freedom may be seccessfully struck.

OF CRIMINAL ORIGIN.

A great deal of ridiculous spluttering is being indulged in over what is termed the Criminal origin of the Rockefeller and other great fortunes. The Miss Tarbells, Miss Lawson and other misses and misfits whose songs are especially attuned to the ear of the small-fry swashbuckler in the crusade for wealth and power, commonly termed business, have cleverly pictured the methods whereby the great masters of industry have attained to their position of affluence and mastery in so far as those methods brought them into relation with other swashbucklers and pirates in the great gamble for profits. To listen to these harrowing tales of the cold, calculating trickery, and unscrupulous cunning practiced upon their competitors by the present lords of oil, and copper and beef, etc. is quite sufficient to bring tears to the eyes of a wooden Indian.

Though the Tarbells, Lawsons and the like may perchance have overdrawn the tale of iniquity, there seems to be ample evidence to show that the successful big ones have not at all times, in the conduct of their business affairs been over-particular in following the rules of moral and ethical conduct that are laid down in the golden rule and other Christian precepts, or taught in Sunday school books. But granting all this, however, it should not be taken as justification for the assertion that their fortunes are of "criminal origin." The cautious person will first make sure of his ground before launching so serious a charge.

Suppose A has B brought into court under the charge of having robbed him. In the course of the trial the fact is brought out that, in the first place, A and B, acting together, robbed X, a third party; and the offense charged against B, was committed in the division of the plunder taken from X , B having tricked A out of what the latter considered his rightful share of the spoil. No court in Christendom would hold B guilty of having committed a crime against A, but both would be clapped in jail for the robbery of X.

The business world of today is busily engaged in desperate warfare over the division of the plunder taken from the workers in the industrial field under the wage-system. Out of this warfare has grown the big capitalists who have been able to best their competitors in the struggle because of their keener business sagacity, and perhaps more unscrupulous cunning. As the big fellows arise out of this fierce warfare of business, their unseccessful and beaten competitors indulge in mournful howl because of their defeat, and charge the successful ones with all manner of crime in carrying out their purpose. But the fact still remains that these business worthies, both big and little, have been engaged in a fight over the division of the plunder which they have taken from the *working people*. In this struggle over the proceeds of robbery, some are bound to get the worst of the deal, while others get away with the loot. The latter are our successful business men of the Rockefeller, Morgan, Gould, Hill and Vanderbilt type and are entitled to congratulations over the happy outcome of their business ventures. The former, the unsuccessful ones in the business scramble, are entitled to no one's sympathy, though a kind providence has created Tarbells, Lawsons, etc., galore, to paint their heart-burnings in colors most livid. The criminal origin of fortunes either great or small does not lie in the fact that one business man tricks another out of what the latter considers his share of the plunder taken from labor, but reaches down into the robbery of labor itself at the hands of the business world. In this robbery the entire business fraternity is implicated either as direct plunderers or in making way with the loot.

No man acquires a fortune as the result of his own labor, but by acquiring the results of the labor of others. It is out of the product of the labor of the wealth producers, the working people, that all fortunes are builded. These products are not purchased from the wage-slaves who by toil and sweat bring them forth. They are just merely taken, that's all, the trick of wages affording an excellent mask beneath which the robbery is effected without the victim realizing how it is done.

The criminal origin of the Rockefeller and all other fortunes rests in the robbery of labor. The pitfalls the robbers arrange for each other in the division of the plunder, neither adds to nor detracts from the original crime. They merely show that there is not always "honor among thieves."

As a result of the original crime upon which capitalist property is based, i.e., the exploitation, or robbery of labor, there comes forth a perfect avalanche of fraud, trickery, deceit, swindle, misrepresentation chicanery and grafting. It could not be otherwise. Based upon the wholesale plunder of the workers, it logically follows that capitalist property should conform to a like moral and ethical code in its retail operations. Capital being criminal in its origin it can breed nothing but a civilization reeking with vice, crime and moral degradation. If anyone doubts that present civilization is of such a type they need but read the daily press to have their doubts removed.

FOR CHRIST'S GLORY ALONE.

WANTED—For the Industrial Evangelical Mission of Northern India, men and women of the industrial mission type, men who understand trades of all kinds, women photographers, stenographers, kindergarteners, confectioners, box makers, dress makers, knitters, etc., must have the gift of child development, and be consecrated Christians, ready to go out for Christ's glory alone, and not for personal gain, to teach the widows and orphans of India how to work, and in time to become self-supporting missionaries. Apply to Secretary of I. E. M., 76 Hayter street, Toronto.—Toronto Daily Star.

The widow and the orphan are entitled to the tender consideration, and heartfelt sympathy of every person. To be left in the world without husband and father to protect them, is sad enough of itself, but when on top of this they do not know how to work, the feeling of sadness that must inevitably come to every one who appreciates the dignity and honor of labor should be as overwhelming and chilling as a veritable wet blanket. If these widows and orphans of India do not know how to work, they are thereby evidently debarred from adding to "Christ's glory," because the qualification especially necessary to equip the missionary for service in that line is the ability to work, as set forth in the advertisement.

If the natives of India, widow, orphan or otherwise, do not know how to work, they are not in a position to add anything to the glory of British Capitalism in its brutal rule over that unhappy land. The glory of Britain's rule is measured by the amount of plunder taken from India by British capitalists. This plunder represents the product of the labor of the propls of India. Therefore, Britain's glory depends solely upon the people of India knowing how to work. Those who do not know how to work cannot worship at the shrine of her glory, because they are unable to contribute the wherewith to keep the fires upon her altar burning.

Strange, though, it may seem, it rather looks as though there was some sort of a relationship, or at least a bond of fellowship, between "Christ's glory," and that of British capital in this particular instance, inasmuch as the ability to work seems the sole qualification necessary to add to the "glory" stock of either. Many a tearful wail is heard because the common people are falling away from the Church and its co-related institutions. And yet the reason for this falling-away is as plain as a "pike-staff." Every move that is made upon the chess-board of events by these institutions that were at *one time reverenced by the common* herd, is proving the truth of the Socialist contentions that they are but parts and parcel of the prevailing system of property and their every act is shaped in conformity to its requirements. As they strip the mask of humbug from themselves, as in the advertisement above, and stand forth in all their nakedness as mere adjuncts to the present world-wide system of trade and commerce, small wonder that the one-time reverence turns to disgust, and former loyalty becomes open repudiation.

Every one possessed of understand- one knows full well that the "Christ's glory" referred to is merely the glory of ttade, and that trade is inspired by the wholesale robbery practiced upon British workingmen at the hands of Capital. The proceeds of this robbery must be disposed of by being converted into additional means of exploitation, or Capital. That the natives of India and other not yet Capitalized lands may be rendered subservient to the advancements of trade and commerce, unsufferable hypocrites and humbugs wearing the pretended mask of Christ's glory are sent among them to hypnotize them with mysterious incantations and frighten them with blood-curdling ghost stories into such a stage of soporific docility and meekness as will properly conserve the ends of the trade pirates and commercial brigands who profit by the swindle.

Let the I. E. M. no longer emblazon "Christ's glory" upon its escutcheon. A bale of Manchester cotton goods will be far more appropriate, and less deceitful.

WOULD DESTROY THE HOME

Perhaps the most nonsensical "bug-bear" used by the upholders of capitalist society for the purpose of frightening ignorant people and arousing their prejudice against socialism is that it would "destroy the home." The inference to be drawn is that capitalism on the contrary conserves, protects and defends the home.

It requires no very keen observer to discover the fact that capitalism is the force that is disrupting family life and destroying the home, in so far as the working class is concerned. With an ever increasing uncertainty of employment, and a continually decreasing wage when employed, it becomes more and more impossible for a working man to secure and maintain anything worthy of the name of home. Another powerful factor in making a permanent home impossible to a very large number of the workers is the continually shifting nature of their employment. This renders it impossible for them to permanently locate, which is one of the first requisites towards establishing a home.

The pressure brought to bear upon the wage-earners by the exactions of capitalist production renders it imperative that wife and children be driven into the wage market to be sacrificed to the god of profit, in order that their earnings may be added to the miserable pittance earned by husband and father, which has already fallen below the amount necessary to maintain the family. The tendency is continually in the direction of converting all members of the working class family into wage-earners at the earliest possible age. That this is absolutely destructive of home and family life is beyond question.

To learn how completely, effectively and rapidly the home life of the agricultural population is being destroyed one need but read the United States census reports dealing with the reduction of the farmer from the proprietor to the tenant and wage-slave class. The stability of the home and its efficiency as an uplifting moral and ethical force depends upon security in possession of its material factors. If the ownership of these factors be not absolutely secured to the members of the family, the stability of home and family life will be destroyed and their uplifting tendencies be marked by their absence. To the destruction of the home and consequently of family life, due to the capitalist system of property and wealth production, may easily be traced much of the degradation and vice prevalent in the great cities typified in their slum and restricted districts. Denied the security and protection of home and family life, thousands of the women of the working class are swallowed up in that sink-hole of capitalist iniquity known as the "red-light" district, there to become the victims, along with countless thousands of the men of the working class, of a system of property that erects countless barriers in the way of the realization of that home and family life towards which the noblest and best of human effort is always reaching.

The average working-class "home" is but a poor apology for, and a base libel upon the genuine institution. The very poverty that is expressed in the wages upon which its occupants must live, precludes the existence of but few more attractive and home-like qualities than those possessed by a dog-kennel. Want, arising from a scanty wage, or the fear of want because of the uncertainty and insecurity of employment are ever present within its precincts. Such uncongenial members of the family circle can add nothing to the "comforts" of "home," nor to the uplifting and ennobling joys of family life.

The less said about the homes of the "upper classes," perhaps the better. They are, as a rule, known to be the vulgar barracks wherein is made equally vulgar display of the proceeds of that coarse, brutal and unscrupulous robbery that is perpetrated upon the workers in the arena of industry and commerce. With their pretentious dimensions, brazen surroundings, garish furnishings "be-gew-gawed" female equipment and servile attendants, they become about as gross a libel upon the ideal home and family life as do the "warrens of the poor."

All of which leads us to remark that the charge that Socialism "would destroy the home" carries no weight for the reason that capitalism has well nigh finished the job already, and capitalism still reigns.

Furthermore, whatever foul thing the exponents of the existing order of society may accuse Socialism of, will in all cases be found to be one of the many foul things of which capitalism is already guilty.

Socialist Directory

Every Local of the Socialist Party of Canada should run a card under this head. $1.00 per month. Secretaries please note.

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA. Headquarters, Vancouver, B. C. Dominion Executive Committee, A. R. Stebbings, John E. Dubberley, Ernest Burns, C. Peters, Alf. Leah, A. J. Wilkinson, treasurer; J. G. Morgan, secretary, 551 Barnard St., Vancouver, B. C.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, NO. 1, S.P. of Canada. Business meetings every Monday evening at headquarters, Ingleside Block, 313 Cambie Street, (room 1, second floor.) Educational meetings every Sunday at 8 o'clock p.m., in Sullivan Hall, Cordova Street.
D. P. MILLS, Secretary.
Box 836, Vancouver B. C.

LOCAL TORONTO — Meets 2nd and and 4th Tuesdays, Temperance Hall Bathurst St. F. Dale, Secretary, 41 Henry street, W. G. Gribble, organizer, 130 Hogarth Ave.

Society leaders are to dance with labor chiefs at "Hull House Ball," in Chicago. P. H. Dolan, of the Broom-makers Union is to lead the grand march with Mrs. Henrotin. In this manner will society and trades unionism mix things. At least this is the way of it as told by Chicago papers, and just think of it, the ball is to be given by the Woman's Trade Union League. Society men are to whirl through the giddy mazes of the dance with working girls. The labor chiefs are to wear spike-tailed coats, and the working girls are to be so decked out with finery as to render it next to impossible to distinguish them from real aristocrats. This condescension on the part of the high muck-a-mucks of "sassiety" in thus setting their polish and breeding alongside the dignity of labor, should go far towards removing any prejudice Brother Labor might have against Brother Capital and forge once and for all the bonds of amity and good-will between these sometimes warring brethren. This striking affirmation of the brotherhood and sisterhood of master and slave, as exemplified in the joyous dance through the mazes of which the bejewelled lady of society is piloted by the strong and protecting arm of the sturdy "labor chief," of the Broom-makers' squad, is an inspiration that should have a far-reaching and lasting effect upon that great labor movement that is based upon an "identity of interest" between capital and labor. The memory of Dolan in a "spike-tailed" coat leading the grand march with a society leader, should go a long way towards allaying the pangs of hunger that might, perchance, and upon occasion, seize at the vitals of the rank and file of his union in consequence of a too abbreviated wage. Great are the achievements of organized labor. This latest Chicago achievement is one of the greatest ever.

Booth's Pilliga Scrub scheme to dump large quantities of the human garbage resulting from English capitalism, upon the desert wastes of Australia, has been abandoned. It was such a recklessly inhuman and brutal proposition that it over'taxed even the stomach of the capitalist press and brought on quite a fit of gagging, in consequence of which the "General" threw it up. It must not be inferred that the "General" gagged, however. It would take more than that to turn the old hypocrite's stomach.

The Provincial Government has decided to enforce the eight-hour law in coal mines. Several informations have been filed at Cumberland against the superintendent of the colliery, and a number of the men, for violation of the act. It would be really awful were this superintendent sent to jail as according to tradition, that is a privilege reserved for "working plugs." We sincerely hope the danger may be averted.

According to eastern papers there are good prospects for a huge strike of teamsters in New York City in the near future. The employers are engaged in gathering a force of "strike-breakers" to meet the emergency. This is especially refreshing news as it has now been some weeks since the Class Struggle has been fought in the economic field upon any scale worth mentioning. We hail with joy the coming of the day when the festive brickbat may be heard to boom again.

Union Directory

When They Meet; Where They Meet.

Every Labor Union in the province is invited to place a card under this head. $1.00 per month. Secretaries please note.

Phoenix Trades and Labor Council. Meets every alternate Monday. John Riordan, president; Edward Brown, vice-president; P. H. Lacasse sergeant-at-arms; W. H. Banbury, secretary-treasurer, P. O. Box 198, Phoenix, B. C.

Phoenix Miners' Union, No. 96, W. F. M. Meets every Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Miners' hall. Francis Knott, president, Archie F. Berry, secretary.

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JOURNALISTIC WISDOM

Daily Province Shows How Limited Is Its Knowledge of the Socialist Movement

The members of the German Social-Democratic Congress, which lately met in Berlin, like members of other Congresses elsewhere, have been largely occupied in quarreling among themselves. There is a rather bitter controversy raging between the old Socialists and the new. The followers of Herr Bebel, the veteran leader, are still, so to speak, waving the red flag of '48. They believe in the doctrines of Karl Marx and Lassalle, and continue to repeat them. These moderate reformers would be perfectly content with a few trifles such as the nationalization of the land, the abolition of all private property, the confiscation of stocks and shares, the extinction of private ownership, and the conversion of the state into the supreme capitalist and sole employer of labor. On the other hand, there is a large party, including most of the younger leaders of any ability, who point out that this remarkably temperate and reasonable programme, whatever its theoretical merits, is a little difficult of realization. Pending the complete reconstruction of society from top to bottom, they submit that it might be more politic to concentrate attention on a certain number of reforms which are somewhat less difficult of attainment. These so-called political Socialists are haughtily scoffed at by the old stalwarts, who denounce them as little better than allies of the capitalists. Indeed, some of them are capitalists and employers themselves. Nevertheless, the political Socialists are gaining ground with the workingmen, and the old rigid group seems likely to be reduced to a comparatively unimportant faction.

The fact is the modern Social-Democratic party scarcely deserves more than half its name. It is becoming much more democratic than socialistic. It is true that Socialism is cherished as a pious opinion by many German artisans, as for that matter it is the case all over the world. Socialism is so vague and visionary a creed that anybody may hold it without much thought of putting its airy tenets into operation. Such is the situation of many of the German Social-Democrats. In practice, they have become largely transformed into mere political radicals. It is not so much revolution they are seeking as the redress of grievances and the concession of certain rights which have been granted to their fellows in other countries. They would like, for one thing, to make constitutional government a reality. In Germany they have a parliament and a very wide franchise, but there is scarcely any responsible government. The executive is not under the control of parliament, and the parliament is not under the control of the majority of the electorate. Owing to plural voting, property qualifications, and the manner in which the constituencies are arranged, one vote has by no means one value. If it had, the Social-Democrats would constitute more than half the Reichstag, for more votes were cast for their candidates at the last general election than for all the other parties put together.

German Liberalism seems indeed to be on the down grade, and has been largely superseded by the Social-Democracy, which represents in a more vigorous form the old Liberal protest against privilege, class legislation and monopoly.—Editorial in Daily Province of Oct. 23.

In the first place, the congress which "lately met" did so in Jena, and not in Berlin, and no quarrel occurred among the members thereof. Considerable discussion took place over matters of tactics only. There was no difference as to principles. The three questions that took up the time of the Congress were whether the party should take part in the elections for the Prussian Landtag; what the party's attitude should be in regard to the second ballot where no Social-Democratic candidate was in the running, and whether the party members in the Reichstag should form coalitions with capitalist anti-government parties for the purpose of pushing through reform measures. All of these questions were settled without quarreling, the minority bowing in submission to the will of the majority. So much for the Province's version of the quarreling, the wish being evidently "father to the thought."

The revolution of '48 was purely a bourgeois affair and all reference to the red flag in connection with it is entirely out of place. The red flag is to a certain extent a bourgeois emblem, but it is only used upon those not infrequent occasions when the big bourgeois swine crowd the petty piglets away from the swill trough, while the master of ceremonies smother their squeals by vociferously shouting, "Going! going! gone!"

The "bitter controversy raging between the old Socialists and the new," is purely a figment hatched in the Province Sanctum. The new ones are just like the old ones, only more so.

That German Socialists or any other advocate "the abolition of all private property," or "the extinction of private ownership," is one of those things "made out of whole cloth," whatever it may be called. German Socialists like all others have the only conception of private property that contains within itself the elements of decency. As dull as the average capitalist apologist may be, he cannot be ignorant of this fact.

True the Socialist programme is a "little difficult of realization," for the reason that every instotution of capitalist society is arrayed against it, not the least among which is the capitalist press, which pours out columns of misrepresentation, misstatement and downright falsehood at the behest of the particular predatory interest it serves, at so much per serve.

As Socialism implies democracy carried out to its ultimate conclusion, i.e., applied to industry, it is refreshing to learn that the "German Social-Democratic" party is becoming "more democratic than socialistic." This is a chunk of wisdom that bears the earmarks of being at least first cousin to an "Irish bull."

German constitutional government does not sufficiently differ from our own brand to kick up a row about. It probably has a few more "ragtag and bobtail" remnants of Feudalism hanging on to it than the British article, but as far as being a means of holding wage-slaves in subjection to the capitalist profit-skinning process, either brand will do nicely. Neither the German nor British Socialist need hanker after any improvement in this respect.

In voting for members of the Reichstag (German parliament) "one vote" has "one value." There is neither plural voting nor property qualification. Every citizen 25 years of age, or over, who has not been disqualified because of insanity or some criminal offense, has a vote.

The Social-Democrats at the last general election polled about one-third of the total votes cast, or about one-half as many as "all the other parties put together." All of which goes to show how well qualified the Province man is to write of things of which he knows nothing.

German Liberalism, just like the Canadian, or any other brand is indeed, on the "down grade," and for the very good reason that that for which it stands is a decaying institution. Just as capitalism becomes more fully ripe and ready for overthrow at the hand of the revolutionary proletariat that itself has brought forth, so will the political expression of that uprising class increase in vigor and that of decrepit capitalism sink into decay. That is unless the Province affords a few more editorials on "German Socialism" Such grotesque productions are liable to throw the entire evolutionary process out of joint.

The Socialist movement is essentially a revolutionary movement in all countries alike. It aims at stripping the means of wealth production of their present capitalist character by converting them into collective or public property, to be operated solely for the purpose of producing things for the use of the producers, i.e., they who do the work. This transformation of property marks the end of capitalist class rule, and consequently the end of that class instrument, the State, to be followed by an administration of the affairs of production and distribution in conformity with the purpose for which they are carried on, and that is the comfort and welfare of all citizens alike. To assert that the Socialist contemplates making the "State the sole capitalist and employer of labor," is but to display a woeful ignorance of the Socialist programme, an ignorance that could be no more pronounced had the person so asserting obtained his knowledge solely from reading "Jack and the Beanstalk."

There are many of these grotesque eggs laid in the editorial sanctums of capitalist newspapers. The reader should be careful in regard to taking much stock in them. As a rule they are unfertilized by fact. While they will do to sit upon during the "clucking" period they will not hatch.

Recipe provided by a correspondent writing to one of our esteemed halfpenny morning contemporaries, for the cultivation of a Cabinet Minister, a Colonial Governor, or an Archbishop. Catch a young and tender aristocrat. Incarcerate him beneath the shade of historic Windsor. Apply flagellation with a birch two or three times a day for half a dozen years to that portion of the human frame specially provided by nature for the purpose. Then let him issue forth in an underdone beefsteak sort of condition, and he will rapidly rise to one of the most exalted positions provided by his grateful country for the sustenance of its old nobility.—Leicester Pioneer.

PROSPERITY CONTINUES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Postal receipts for the fifty largest cities in the United States during September show an increase of 10 per cent. over the same month last year, says the Springfield Republican. In railroad earnings there has been an increase of 6 per cent. Finally, Fall River, Mass., cotton manufacturers have conceded an advance of five per cent. in employes' wages, an advance which seems to be justified by the statement that the American cotton manufacturing industry is in a decidedly improved condition as compared with a year or two years ago.—Exchange.

The increase in the postal receipts is doubtless due to the larger number of dunning letters the merchants find it necessary to send out in order to collect their bills. The six per cent. increase in railway earnings may or may not be taken as a sign of increased prosperity, as it might be offset by an increase in operating expenses. That five per cent. increase in the wages of the textile workers, however, may be taken as a genuine sign of prosperity, so overwhelming in its magnitude as to convince the most skeptical. The textile worker who previously squeezed painfully along on the miserable stipend of $7 per week, now finds himself raised to the very pinnacle of affluence by the addition of this generous 35 cents conceded by the employers out of the very goodness of their hearts. With this splendid addition to his fortune, which, if divided among wife, children and self, would amount to something like seven cents each per week, what a glorious vista of wealth and independence opens out before him in place of the slough of poverty and despond in which he had been floundering previous to the arrival of this tidal wave of prosperity.

Prosperity? Why, certainly. Who can dispute it.

THE EVICTIONS AT HEMSWORTH.

If anything were needed to prove the Tom-fool character of the existing social system and its resultant brutality it is richly supplied by such events as that now proceeding at Hemsworth in South Yorkshire, where hundreds of miners are being ejected from their poor kennels of houses into the streets and lanes.

Women (some in the extremity of maternity) and children with men huddled together in tents, sheds, workshops, chapels and wherever pity can bestow them. All this, not because their lords need the houses (for the mines at Hemsworth are not being worked anyway, owing to some financial reconstruction), but because of some difference between the miners and the company still unadjusted.

How arrogance on the one hand, and servility on the other, with ignorance over all have made possible the stupendous apathy that reigns almost supreme around such a condition of things is enough to make one despair, not only of social progress but of the persistence of any feeling deserving to be termed human, did we not remember that this, like the incident noted before, is the legitimate outcome of the social system rather than a conscious conspiracy against human welfare on the part of any. The class consciousness of the owning class (far more perfect than that of the workers) may be termed both positive and negative, positive in demanding the utmost farthing and the absolute rights of property, real and personal with which the law, of their own making, has fortified them; negative as manifested in their utter irresponsibility and consequent indifference to the result in society.—Stonehenge, in Winnipeg Voice.

The newspapers in glaring headlines announce that "Russia celebrates gift of freedom." It appears that Freedom is something like a chew of tobacco or a drink of booze. Something to be handed out as an expression of good-will. Something to be given or withheld according to the whim or caprice of the owner or custodian. This removes much fog from our mental lookout. We were laboring under the delusion that Freedom was something to be taken, and could be acquired in no other way. The conviction still lingers with us that the Freedom which has been given to the Russian people will prove but a sorry substitute for the real thing. Something like our own for instance.

The new main railroad station at Leipzig, Germany, now being constructed, will be the largest in the world—that is in covered area—920,518 square feet. It will have 26 tracks. The cost of the construction will be $30,940,000, of which the city of Leipzig contributes $3,808,000. Several millions are to be borne by the German Federal Post Office department for a separated Post Office station, which will not be completed before 1914. At the present time the main railroad station at St. Louis, with an area of 39,450 square meters and 32 tracks, occupies the first place.

Father Hagerty has not been heard from for lo, these many moons. Can it be possible that he has met with disaster by becoming entangled in the spokes of that famous wheel of his own creation?

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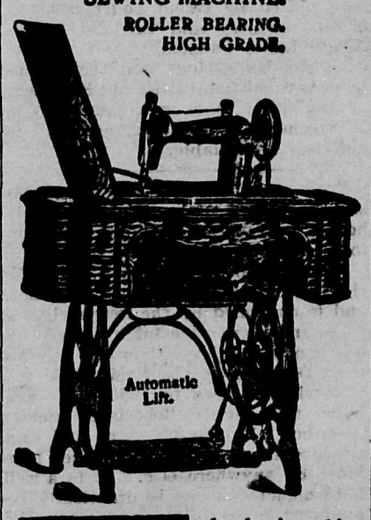

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PLATFORM OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to and support of the principles and program of the international revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to labor it should justly belong.. To the owners of the means of wealth production belongs the product of labor. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of wealth production; therefore all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is master; the worker is slave.

So long as the capitalists remain in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the state will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker an ever-increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold; the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic. program. of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railways, etc.,) into the collective property of the working class.

2. Thorough and democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.

3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct:. Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

I, the undersigned, hereby apply for membership in ....
Local..... .....Socialist Party of Canada.

I recognize the class struggle between the capitalist class and the working class to be a struggle for political spremacy, i. e. possession of the reins of government, and which necessitates the organization of the workers into a political party, distinct from and opposed to all parties of the capitalist class.

If admitted to membership I hereby agree to maintain or enter into no relations with any other political party, and pledge myself to support by voice, vote and all other legitimate means the ticket and the program of the Socialist Party of Canada only.

Applicant .....
Address ....
Occupation ....
Age..... Citizen.....
Admitted to Local.....19.....
.....Chairman .....Rec.-Sec.

Socialist Party of Canada

DOMINION EXECUTIVE HEADQUARTERS.

J. G. MORGAN, Secretary. Vancouver, B. C.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 31.— Present Comrades Peters, chairman; Leah, Organizer Kingsley and the secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting was read and approved.

The following correspondence was dealt with:

From Toronto Local, enclosing $2 for atsmps. Received and filed.

From Com. A. Boyo, Hamilton, concerning the formation of a local in that city.

Receipts.

Toronto, (stamps)	$2.00

Adjournment

PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 31.— Present Comrades Peters, chairman; Leah, Organizer Kingsley and the secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting was read and approved.

The following correspondence was dealt with:

From Victoria Local, enclosing the monthly report, $2 for stamps, and nominating Revelstoke as place of annual convention. Received and filed.

From Fernie, enclosing $4.00 for stamps, and nominating Vancouver as meeting place of convention. Received and filed.

From Revelstoke Local nominating Vancouver as place of convention if it should be found expedient to hold one. Received and filed.

From Kelowna, (Okanagan), Local, concerning party work in the valley. Received and filed.

From Com. W. Morsch, Peachland, B.C., concerning the formation of a local. Received and complied with.

From Vancouver Local, nominating Vancouver as place of convention.

From Lena M. Lewis, concerning lectures in Greenwood and Phoenix, and expressing inability to proceed further. Received and filed.

From A. M. Lewis concerning his trip to Vancouver Island.

Receipts.

Vancouver Local, stamps	$5 00
Fernie Local, stamps	4 00
Victoria Local, stamps	2 00
Total	**$11 00**

Warrants were ordered drawn for the following amounts:

A. M. Lewis, expenses, balance due	$7 00
Chas. H. Kerr & Co., balance on share stock	3 80
Total	$10 80

Adjournment.

VANCOUVER LOCAL NO. 1.

The regular business meeting was held on Monday evening, Oct. 30th. Comrade Morgan in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, and the application of three new members was ordered to take the usual course.

The following warrants were authorized:

For due stamps	$5 00
For Rent	3 50
For Stationery	50
Services of Mrs. Lewis	13 00
Total	$22 00

The program committee reported having secured the services of Comrade Kingsley as speaker for next Sunday evening, and suggested that we engage the City Hall for the occasion. Moved and seconded that the City Hall be engaged. Carried.

A motion to invite Mrs. Lewis to speak on the following sunday. Carried.

After the transaction of various other matters, a motion instructing the secretary to subscribe for Socialist literature in the Italian language, was lost, on account of the financial shortage.

The financial report for the week showed receipts as follows:

General Fund	*$15 00
Literature sales	3 90
Dues account	5 25
Total	$24 15

*One dollar being on account of raffle on town lot.

After adoption of financial report the meeting adjourned.

D. P. MILLS,
Secretary.

VICTORIA LOCAL, NO. 2.

Our winter propaganda started with a lecture by Comrade Mrs. Arthur Morrow Lewis,, on Monday evening, Oct. 31st., taking for her subject "Social Parisitism." There was a fair audience considering it being Monday evening, and a few counter attractions. Mrs. Lewis is a pleasing speaker, and will certainly leave an impression wherever she goes. We expect a visit from her husband on Nov. 12th, who will lecture for us on that date.

The business meeting night of this Local has been changed from Tuesday evening to Wednesday evening.

Comrade Marcon has been elected organizer for the balanee of the term in place of Com. McGregor, resigned; Com. Stott being vice-organizer in place of Com. Stow, who is now in Vancouver, and Com. A. J. Arnason also being now located at Vancouver, who was treasurer, is succeeded by Com. O. Lee Charlton, who, with Com. Marcon, are two members of the nucleus of three years ago, which evolved into the Local, an integral part of what is now the Socialist Party of Canada in line with the great international movement of the revolutionary working class.

HAROLD BURNETT.

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 31, 1905.

A LETTER FROM THE CENT BELT

SOME CAUSTIC CRITICISM ON CURRENT EVENTS.

119 Indiana Road,
Toronto, Oct. 24, 1905.

We have just got over another jingo carnival—the celebration by the official parasites and intellectual hirelings of Capitalism, and the mob of middle-class mobs and hero-worshippers of centenary of the battle of Trafalgar. There have been pages of newspapers devoted to adulation of Horatio Nelson as a model of everything noble and heroic—with all reference to his amour with Lady Hamilton discreetly omitted. There have been concerts and parades and addresses to school children with the usual flummery and flag-flapping, and on Sunday the black militia had field-day, and God Almighty was accorded due credit for his supposed share in the business. Of course we were treated to the usual nauseating cant of the special favor accorded by the ruler of the universe to the British people and the glorious mission of the race to introduce civilization and Christianity everywhere, etc. Well, why not? It is merely a matter of demand and supply and as the church-going public appear to like this kind of twaddle, and certainly continue to pay handsomely for it—of course the trade will furnish it. The occasion is mainly noteworthy as showing the determination of the capitalist class and their following to take every opportunity of fostering the military spirit, of course with the sole object of strengthening their positions and keeping down the workers. As to the whole sordid, servile crew of intellectuals—the editors, pulpiteers, college professors, etc., who come to the front on such occasions they are simply doing what they have to do to hold their jobs or get better ones. Not one in ten of the scurvy crew of mental prostitutes cares a continental about Nelson or the Empire, or any other of the little tin gods to whose worship they attune their pens and voices. They are simply out for the stuff. It is only the ignorant and stupid who take their splurgy eloquence at its face value.

NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THEM.

Thoughtful trades-unionists can hardly be blind to the significance of the donation of 11,000 by Lord Strathcona to the funds of the Labor Temple. Apart and aside from Socialism, Strathcona is a prominent member of the class who have grown rich by despoiling the people—the class which trade unionism professes to antagonize. He has made his millions by means of a franchise corruptly granted by a villainous crew of politicians in return for political support and campaign fund subscriptions and now poses abroad as a philanthropic and public spirited magnate. Never, however, does he for a moment lose sight of his class interests. When such a man subscribes to labor funds it indicates pretty clearly that Capitalism feels that it has nothing to fear from the labor movement and furthermore it regards an occasional sop of this kind as good policy. No doubt it is shrewdly calculated that such favors strengthen the hands of the re-actionary element and tend to prevent the spread of Socialism. Strathcona, Carnegie and those of their kidney, surely rate the intelligence and class fidelty of the workers very cheaply when they think that by the bestowal of a fraction of their ill-gotten gains they can induce them to forget the mode in which their fortunes were acquired, and perhaps acquiesce in imperializing schemes for the perpetuation of their own enslavement. But, unfortunately, the actions of the workers in the past has generally justified such an assumption.

BIG AND LITTLE ROBBERS.

There is a long, loud universal howl of execration, astonishment and horror from the capitalist press over the revelation in connection with the American life insurance frauds. The Globe, Mail & Empire and the rest are printing articles exposing the rottenness and demoralization prevalent in American circles of high finance, such as a few months ago would have been characterized by the same editors who are now tearing their hair and getting black in the face over the wrongs of the widow and the orphan, as the rankest Socialism. It is very funny how innocent and unsophiscated these fellows are trying to make themselves appear. Socialists, of course, have no particular reason to get excited. They have known all along that high finance and low finance and every form of profit-mongering was nothing but robbery and extortion clear through, and have been roundly abused and vilified for saying so by these same hypocritical journalists. In view of the continuous robbery of the workers by the appropriation of the surplus value created by their labor, all the thievery of the life insurance officials becomes merely an insignificant episode. It is of no practical interest to the workers, who, as a rule, are too poor to indulge in the luxury of life insurance, to what extent the big financiers and trust magnates exploit the middle-class, and professional parasites who form the bulk of policy holders.

HYPOCRITICAL SOLICITUDE

The utter hypocrisy of the outcry now being raised by the Canadian capitalist press over these disclosures, is evident in view of the fact that precisely similar misappropriations of trust funds have been practiced here with the sanction of the legislature, if not with the active approval at least, without a word of protest on the part of those who now profess such solicitude for the widow and the orphan. At the time of the South African war, when the jingoes were raising a "patriotic fund" to encourage the enlistment of Canadian mercenaries, municipal Councils and financial corporations subscribed considerable amounts. Of course they had no legal or moral right to do this; but when did Capitalism ever allow such a consideration to interfere with its purposes? Any ratepayer or shareholder who objected to being robbed for such a purpose might have taken the matter into the courts. So the jingoes went to the Ontario legislature and the Ross government introduced and passed a bill (Ontario Statutes, 1900, Chap. 26.), enacting that all grants of money which might be made by municipal councils or any other incorporated company within the legislative jurisdiction of the province, to the patriotic fund, or in aid of the Canadian forces sent to South Africa, or their families, should be declared to be legal and valid. And every single member of the cowardly subservient outfit, Grit or Tory, supported this act of spoliation and so gave a direct sanction and incetive to fraud and rascality in those in charge of trust funds. Needless to say, not one of the whole crowd of sycophantic editorial humbugs, who are now bemoaning the terrible lack of principle and common honesty of American financiers, had a word to say in condemnation of the measure. There was no thought then of the widow and the orphan or the poor investor.

When people are encouraged and applauded for appropriating trust moneys to "patriotic" purposes, it is hardly surprising that after a while they do some stealing on their own account. Bad as the Yankees may be they have never fallen to the low level of Ontario in sanctioning betrayal of trusts by legal enactment,

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

LABOR REMAINS LIABLE.

The British parliament at its last session defeated what was called the trades disputes bill, which was intended to invalidate those principles of law maintained in what is known as the Taff-Vale decision of the House of Lords, the court of highest resort in England. The defeated measure provided that it should be lawful for a person in his individual capacity or as representative of a trades union to "attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works, or carries on his business, or happens to be," for the purpose of "obtaining or communicating information," and "peacefully persuading any person to work or abstain from working." It further provided that no act which it was unlawful for one person to do should be held to be unlawful if done with or without agreement by a greater number of persons, and that for the acts of its members or others no action for damages should lie against a trades union. The defeat of this bill means that as far as England in concerned, labor, organized and unorganized, will remain precisely where it has been placed by recent court decision in this country and England—exactly as liable, financially and otherwise, for its actions and their consequences, as capital is and has been, or any other man or woman who is not technically a "laboring man" is and has been liable.

From a lot of typical bourgeois slobber dished up by Senator Kirchhoffer, in London Outlook, the following choice tid-bit was found:

"Mr. Ralph Smith, M.P., of British Columbia, represents, cherishes, and is cherished by the extremely radical and aggressive labor interest of his province, three thousand miles from Ottawa, on the Pacific Coast."

It will be news to British Columbians that Smith "cherishes and is cherished" by any "radical and aggressive labor interest" in the Province or anywhere else. It is a well known fact that he is practically repudiated by every decent person who is at all familiar with his career and record. It is more than hinted that the property interests, that at one time used him as a decoy to lead the workers into the shambles of exploitation, have no further use for him as he can no longer deliver the goods.

G. E. Cunliffe, a clerk in the employ of the Adams Express Co., and who handled probably $1,000,000 yearly, recently made away with $100,000, and has so far escaped arrest. In view of the fact that Cunliffe drew down the magnificent salary of $55 per month, it is difficult to imagine what possible use he could have had for the $100,000.

BRYAN OUTDONE.

The enormous quantity of 30,000,000 feet of gas is escaping daily from what is said to be the largest gas well ever struck. The well was drilled by the Philadelphia Gas company, and is located near Weston in Lewis county in West Virginia. When the tools struck the opening, there was a rush of gas which hurled great boulders from the well and drove everyone away from the derrick. It is estimated that the well has a pressure of 1,400 pounds to the square inch, and every effort to get it under control has failed. The roar of the escaping gas can be heard for miles around, and the gas, which at night has a phosphorescent appearance, stands like a great column of fire above the derrick.

Redemption by irrigation, is the cry of 100,000,000 acres of arid America, whose lowest worth is estimated at $10,000,000, and, saved, will offer living room to over 20,000,000 additional inhabitants. In the government project at Yuma, Cal., it will cost $3,000,000 to bring this project to the self-supporting point. To fully develop the system until it shall reclaim the 1,200,000 acres proposed will cost $22,000,000. There will be an extensive canal system over the entire reclaimed country of nearly 2,000 square miles. These canals will furnish waterways for traffic and pleasure boats The waterfall will furnish all necessary water power, for mills, factories, and electric lighting, all as a by-product without diminishing the the value of the water to the crops. At the lowest probable price, this land will bring $120,000,000, the electric energy $100,000,000, the navigation $12,000,000, making a total of $232,000,000 of value for an investment of $22,000,000.

The Baptists of Western Washington, having declared for "pure democracy," and proclaimed "soul-liberty," assert that any violations of these principles by coercion, either of organized capital or labor is a menace to our peace and security as a people and a nation." All of which is very fine and also quite startling. "Soul-liberty" is an especially valuable asset to he who is held in economic bondage to capital through the present wage system As capital does not lose anything by it, it should be satisfactory all around.

'It is stated that ten per cent. of the United States soldiers in the Philippines become insane. Nothing strange about this, however. They must have been feeble,minded or they would not have enlisted. None but feeble-minded would enter the army in a country where military service is not compulsory.

The wage-worker at no time has any control over the products of his labor. These are the property of the capitalist, or concern, that purchases his labor.power, and become swallowed up in the sum total of wealth taken from the working.class. Out of this wealth the worker may purchase to the extent of his wage, the price he receives for the sale of his commodity, labor-power. It is needless to remark that this purchasing power falls far short of the full value of his products.

WORKERS MASS MEETING

SUBJECT

Russian Events and Their Bearing Upon the Labor Problem . . .

E. T. KINGSLEY

SPEAKER

CITY HALL

Sunday, Nov., 5th.

AT 8 P. M. COLLECTION

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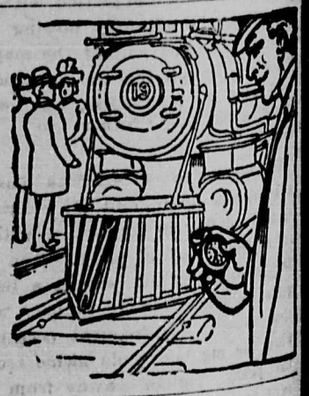

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