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WOMAN AND SOCIAL PROBLEM

Her Position in the Reconstruction of Social Institutions.

Being the substance of a lecture delivered by the Provincial Secretary of the S. P. of B. C., Mrs. B. Merrill Burns, before Locals Vancouver and Victoria, in which it is attempted to explain as lucidly and simply as possible what Socialism is, what it may be expected to do for woman, and what woman may do for Socialism.

In its beginnings Socialism was the name applied to a theory for the reconstruction of society—and by society I mean the organized life of the whole people, not the little circle of four hundred or so, whose doings along with the records of crime and commerce, fill up our daily press. Socialism was then but a theory for the reorganization of society along such lines as would secure to the producer of useful things a right to the ownership of that which he produced instead of allowing other individuals to usurp the fruit of his labor in its entirety, except that meagre portion it required to afford a bare subsistence to the producer and the family it was necessary for him to raise in order to keep his class from becoming defunct, and so imperilling future supplies for the privileged class that lived upon his labor. The worker has always borne upon his bent shoulders the idler and the shirker, whether that idler and shirker be a millionaire spendthrift or a hapless tramp—and let me say the millionaire costs a great deal more than the tramp, he is a **luxury the worker can scarcely afford.**

The persons who first formulated this theory for the reconstruction of society had observed that the evils of excessive wealth and excessive poverty are twins, and that idleness and unceasing toil are alike demoralizing to the human character; that too much and too little are but opposite ends of the same crooked stick, and no upright man was ever yet measured by that crook. They saw that industry, or the problem of getting the means of life, was the pivot around which the social, moral and religious life of a people worked together and shared according to their need in the things produced, and if no one might rob another by pretending to own for himself the land, or the machines, or the resources of the earth that should be common to all, then these evils would of necessity right themselves and people might be expected to live righteously and to make their institutions conform to the needs and desires of all, instead of, as now, serving the ends of the few to the detriment of many.

At various times in past history certain philanthropic individuals have attempted to put this theory into practise, and have been able to prove by model villages where all the people worked and where all shared justly in what they produced together, that, under such a system, the vicious traits that had long been supposed to be inherited in the human family might be almost eliminated. The people comprising these model villages were happy, industrious and good. The premiums were all put upon good conduct instead of upon lying, cheating and stealing.

But the world was not yet ripe for the general adoption of such a system of socialized industry. The machine had not yet been brought to perfection and men and corporations were still able to war with each other in competitive business. There was a fighting chance for even the humblest worker to "rise in the world," and, by possessing himself of the tools he used in his trade to set up in business for himself, and to become in his turn an employer—or an exploiter of labor. He could get up and ride upon the backs of those whose ranks he had lately left, and as he had been taught that was the honorable, creditable and virtuous course to pursue, he had no scruples in becoming a parasite instead of a MAN.

Men believed, and with some show of reason, that they could live and prosper without the acknowledged aid of each other. They were not yet ready for socialism.

Time passed, men kept on devising new and marvellous machines that took the place of hundreds of skilled hand-workers and gathered men together in large bodies in factories and workshops, where each one became a mere tender or feeder to a machine. And because these machines wre so wonderfuly productive they were very valuable and because the workers had not learned to co-operate in ownership, they were possessed by the few rich men among them, who by reason of owning the machines became the veritable MASTERS of the men who had to work them in order to gain bread for themselves and those dependent upon them.

Now MEN do not like to be slaves; they do not like to **beg as a privilege** that which is every man's **right**—to do useful labor and to supply his human needs with the product of that labor; and because of this natural distaste on the part of the real men for such subserviency, we have the socialism of to-day—a socialism of propaganda, of spreading abroad the knowledge of these things and of causing to grow in the consciousness of the workers a **class solidarity** that will make them ready to "go in and possess the land," and the machinery of production, and the facilities for administration, for education, for recreation and enjoyment in their own right, instead of leaving these things a monopoly in the hands of an idler class, which only uses them for their own debasement and for the enslavement of the working class.

When the workers have possessed themselves of these things, we will have socialism realized. Just as we call the present social order capitalism because money rules and profit-making is the basis of industry, so we will call the new order socialism because society will rule and the desires and needs of the associated people will be the basis of industry.

What share will woman have in this reconstructed society? What will socialism do for her in the future and what may she do for socialism in the present? These are the questions we shall try to answer in this paper.

In the first place, lest some dear man should become alarmed for the future of the race he is world-building for, let me say that she will still, in the new society as in the old, be the mother of the human family. Perhaps to a greater extent than in our present era of barbaric civilization, for do not the Presidents and the Bishops complain most bitterly to-day that women are refusing to fulfill their manifest mision and that the "suicide of the race" is threatened. It may be that under an administration of justice and wisdom it will be worth while perpetuating the race. Who can blame women for feeling that it is no credit to them to supply slaves for a wage market, or to produce parasites to prey upon the social life. Motherhood to-day means one of those two things. Perhaps an instinctive consciousness of the folly of going down to the gates of death to bring up more recruits for either of these two classes has grown up in the minds of women and they have begun an unconscious revolt against maternity so debased. But, don't you worry, the dear baby will be there in sufficient numbers and of the right sort when the ballot weilders have prepared a place for him and the "eternal feminine" can see a decent outlook for his future.

What socialism may do for women depends altogether upon two things. First, it depends upon what woman wants it to do for her; and, secondly, upon what is her position in the new commonwealth. Unless the women workers keep step with their brothers in their march towards freedom; if they remain as now largely, a clog upon the footsteps and an obstacle and a hindrance to those who would go forward, I do not perceive that their condition will be greatly improved. Unless you, women, secure your political and economic freedom while the battle for freedom is on, I am not sure that these men, once slaves themselves, will not seal you as slaves unto themselves forever. Freed slaves make the most tyrannical masters, just as ex-hired girls make the most exacting task-mistresses when they are elevated to a position where they can keep a girl.

The experiences of the past have not taught us that men will do these things for us; the experiences of the present, even with men who think they are advanced socialists, do not cause us to believe that woman will get any such little concessions as the ballot and an independent position in society unless she makes herself very persistent in asking for it. I understand the Premier of British Columbia has pledged himself to support a measure for the enfranchisement of women just so soon as a representative number of the women of the Province have indicated their desire to possess and use franchise. There is an old adage which says "That which is worth having is worth asking for."

Man rebels at being a mere part of the machine—a cog in the machine he calls it—that does the work of the world. He wants to be an entity with power in his hands to make or mar; he isn't taking on very greatly because you are only a child-bearing machine a cooking, washing and scrubbing machine. He cannot see what you can possibly want with an individuality of your own, or that there is anything on earth for you to achieve unless it might be a new spring bonnet or an extra smile from him, your lord and master. Socialists don't believe in property rights in human beings, but too often I have heard Socialist orators allude to the wives and children as that portion of private property Socialism would guarantee to every man desiring to own such—**property!** Man does not reckon woman as a whole human being. Why, I know of a secretary of a Socialist Local right here in British Columbia, who in keeping his roll-call of members numbered the male members whole numbers and their wives fractions. For instance: John Jones, 1; Peter Smith, 2; Mrs. Peter Smith, 2½; and if Peter Smith had had a daughter old enough to belong to the Local, she, I doubt not, would have been numbered 2¼. It sounds beautiful to be called a "better half," I admit, but the more you are cut up into halves and divided around in sections the weaker you become, and the women of today need the strength of perfect whole numbers. There is so much to accomplish for the children tomorrow that only the mothers can do. What benefit you may derive from Socialism depends then largely upon what part you take in bringing Socialism to a realized condition, as well as upon what you may want when the power to satisfy your wants is within your reach.

(Continued on page 4.)

NO LONGER A VIRTUE.

Colorado Situation Demands More Vigorous Action.

James H. Peabody, governor of Colorado, on July 28th, declared military rule in Teller county suspended. The affairs of the county are now left in the hands of Sheriff Bell and a small army of deputies. The thugs of the Citizens' Alliance and mine owners are still busily engaged in the pleasing pastime of clubbing and beating members of the Western Federation of Miners, their friends and sympathizers. In this they seem to meet with no serious opposition on the part of the sheriff. When some of the deported men have asked the sheriff for protection while they returned to look after their families and property, they were told that such protection would be afforded to the best of his ability, but "there were not men enough in Teller county to protect all the men who had been deported." Whether this meant that the sheriff's force was powerless to **cope with the Citizens' Alliance** thugs, or that the sheriff was inclined to wink at proceedings, is a matter of conjecture. Be that as it may, 1,569 men were dragged before the military court in Teller county from June 8th to July 28th. This court recommended 238 for deportation, 42 for trial in the criminal court, and 1,289 for release. The men deported were thus treated without any process of law. Many of them had families and property within the county. All would be strictly within their legal rights in returning. If the authorities can not, or will not afford them protection, it is clearly the duty of these men to provide for their own protection should they wish to return. Altogether too many appeals have been made, too many protests and denunciatory resolutions uttered. These useless nothings may, for a time seem advisable but when repeatedly indulged in without favorabl result, patience should cease to be a virtue and more drastic measures employed. It is the constitutional right of the citizen of the United States to keep and bear arms. However valueless a constitutional right may be, this is one that can not be too stubbornly defended. Stripped of weapons the American citizen will find himself absolutely helpless against the tyrannies of the ruling class. The working men should be impressed with the necessity of surrendering their arms only with their lives. Better to die with weapons in their hands than to be chased from pillar to post as these Colorado miners have been during this trouble.

'I look for trouble to start as soon as the troops are withdrawn and military control is ended," said General Bell. "The troops have been kept in Cripple Creek lately to protect the union miners and their friends. These people will not be pleased when the troops are withdrawn. We protected the union men and their friends against citizens, and I am afraid now that when the troops are withdrawn that there will be a bad clash."

If the famous General Bell correctly sizes up the situation it is the duty of the deported men to return to Teller county as quickly as possible, and with weapons in their hands. It is likewise the duty of every citizen of the United States to do likewise, if it appears necessary.

In referring to the condition of affairs in San Miguel county, which are the same as in Teller county, Charles Moyer, President of the W. F. M., in his report to the late convention of that body, in Denver, says:

"If this be law, then I can no longer subscribe to its execution or advise others to do so. I have advised peace and conservatism and in return received the bull-pen and vile abuse of the corporations and their tools. I have seen brave men acting on my advice, which I believe to be for the best interests of our organization, silently submit to such damnable abuse as has made me blush for my manhood and call myself a coward, and I say to you to-day, unhesitatingly, that the time has arrived when organized labor must speak out in ringing tones. Pleading has become a mockery. Law-abiding citizens have been branded as cowards; the lower courts receive no notice and, for reasons best known to itself, the highest judiciary of the state fails to act. I have stated that of the two weapons to be placed in the hands of the wage worker, I would recommend the ballot. In San Miguel county to-day it would appear that for temporary relief some other policy should be pursued. I do not believe that there is a law on the statutes of a state in our Union or in the constitution of the United States which deprives a citizen of the right of self-defence. I do not believe that there is a law which provides that one class of citizens shall be armed to the teeth and another class robbed of every means of defence, as has been done in Trinidad and Telluride, and the armed mob permitted to murder and drive like cattle their helpless victims. There are hundreds of your members in the San Juan who should return to their homes; in Telluride the Citizens' Alliance and mine owners await them with the rifle."

We make no hesitancy in saying that if the mine owners and Citizens' Alliance are thus awaiting the return of men guilty of no crime and who have been driven from Teller, San Miguel or any other county, they should not be kept long in suspense. The men should return at once prepared to exchange civilities in kind with those who greet their return.

What it may have been we neither know nor care, but patience is no longer a virtue, as applied to Colorado.

SHOOTING AT A MARK.

Grown Up Folly as Compared with the Folly of Youth.

A certain Private Perry, who no one seems to have ever heard of before, has suddenly arisen to a fame of no mean proportions. It seems to be Canada-wide, if not world-wide, and thousands greet with glad acclaim this suddenly famous one as he introduces his august personality to the various centers of population on his journey from the eastern confines of the Dominion, to Vancouver which proudly claims him as her own. This claim evidently rests upon the fact that Private Perry once lived here, and threatens to do so some more. What wonderful accomplishment has thus writen his name in characters bold, upon the scroll of fame? Why merely that among a bunch who had nothing better to do for the moment than "shoot at a mark," he hit it more times than any of the rest. And yet there does not seem to be anything particularly wonderful about so simple a circumstance. Nothing to warrant all of this clatter and "flub-dub," this offer of custom house jobs, this fulsome flattery and senseless praise.

Long, long ago, in conjunction with other youthful specimens we used to peg rocks at a mark. Later on we used to jig up sling-shots, bows and arrows, and other dynamic appliances **and use them** for similar purposes. Still later on, when we had arrived at a more advanced stage of ridiculous youthfulness, we acquired possession of an old muzzle-loading double-barrelled "buskisegon," and with a zest and zeal equal, or even greater than, that of the full grown kids of to-day, we peppered tomato cans and circumjacent atmosphere right merrily. Sometimes one kid carried off the honors, then again another. No world-wide fuss was made about it. No silly thousands welcomed the victor with loud and fulsome acclaim. No good jobs were offered, nor did any particular locality lay claim to special honor. On the contrary the participants in these youthful contests used often to get soundly "larruped" for disturbing the peace of the neighborhood, or wasting time that ought to have been spent in weeding the garden or other useful purpose. Usually our particular locality would have preferred the honor of our absence, in the interest of quietude. No cup as a prize was ever thought of, and had such an article been required a most excellent one could have been purchased in any tin shop for a nickel, the same as can be done in Vancouver unto this day.

In comparing this "shooting at a mark" in which Private Perry took part and its after happenings, with our own youthful experiences in the same line, we are led to the conclusion that the principa l difference betwixt youth and manhood is that the later is decidedly the more ridiculous in its actions.

WHAT THE CLASS STRUGGLE IS

Improper Use of the Term Confuses its Proper Understanding.

The term class struggle falls from the lips of the Socialist with such frequency that it is often slurringly referred to as one of the stock phrases of the wild-eyed dreamer. A too careless use of the term has resulted in making it possible for anti-Socialists to throw somewhat of odium upon its use. Many things have been referred to as parts of the "class struggle" which in reality have nothing to do with it, and in many instances are a complete denial of it. That there has of necessity always been a conflict of interest between master and slave, whether the particular form of slavery were chattel, feudal or wage, it by no means follows that the struggles arising from such conflict of interest would of necessity in each instance take on the form, or rise to the dignity of class struggles. The conflict of interest arising between the capitalist employer of labor and the workingman, is that which is always in evidence between the buyer and seller of merchandise. The former's interest demands a low price, the latter's a high one. Each may stubbornly contest the point, and may even call to his aid the assistance of those outside of the transaction, but who may be sympathetically inclined, but by no stretch of the imagination could such a contest properly be termed a class struggle. The economic class lines are not drawn between buyer and seller, although a conflict of interest always obtains. The buyer in one instance will be found as seller in the next, and were the attempt made to draw the class line between buyer and seller, the ridiculous scene would be presented of members of opposing economic classes "hop scotching" from one side of the line to the other and back again like so many grasshoppers. As a rule of general application the buyer does not wrong the seller, or vice versa. The conditions of the market determine what the one must pay and the other accept. Neither can successfully ignore these conditions for any length of time. Employers purchase and employees sell labor power, a merchandise or commodity, like shoes, mutton chops, smoked or salt herrings, or any other of the thousand and one things in the list of commodities. They haggle over the price oftentimes, and occasionally fail to arrive at an understanding without serious trouble. However stubbornly either side may contest the point the conditions of the market ultimately acts as a court of arbitration and its decision settles the disputed point. There is nothing contained within the matter of buying and selling of the commodity labor power that makes class action by either side possible or can even suggest it. Combinations may be formed under certain circumstances taking in considerable numbers, but the power to press their point depends upon their being in a position to hold aloof from the general market, which has long since become quite an impossible thing to do. How impossible may be readily seen from the result of all the great strikes of recent years.

In the difference between the exchange value of labor power (wages) and the exchange value of the products that come forth as a result of its expenditure lies the kernel of the capitalist nut. The wage is the husk that covers it.

The holding of labor in the category of merchandise furnishes the nourishment that produces both the innutritious husk and the meaty **kernel. The class struggle** is waged **over the matter of labor as** merchandise, and not over its price. The working class will struggle to lift its labor out of the category of merchandise, or commodities. The capitalist class will struggle to prevent it. Those disturbances and conflicts which occur with such frequency of recent years, have to do with the husk entirely. They have nothing to do with either kernel or nourishment. As soon as one of these disturbances breaks out it becomes a contest between workingmen to see who shall have, not the kernel, but the husk. There not being husks enough to go around the conflict becomes oftentimes fierce. As the meaty kernel lies just beneath the husk, careless observers who are perchance conscious of the existence of a kernel, fall into the error that the conflict is being waged over the kernel, instead of the husk. In their enthusiasm they link this "scrap" with the revolutionary movement, and refer to it as a "noble waging of the **class struggle.**"

To lift labor from the category of merchandise necessitates the seizure by the working class of control of the means of wealth production, resources of the earth, factories, mines, railways, etc. Whether this be accomplished peacefully at the ballot box, or by force of arms, it would be an act of political revolution, and when carried out would be the end of the class struggle between the present warring economic classes the capitalist class and the working class.

Along the old line of action followed by the workers, the capitalist class is safe. True, an occasional capitalist, or concern may be ruined as a result of some strike or boycott. But in no case does the benefit accrue to the working class. The economic power formerly held by the one ruined has by some mysterious process not understood by ordinarily careless working men been transferred to other capitalist concerns, and the working class is as bad off as before, with the added badness of having the ruined added to its ranks.

The class struggle of labor then is to lift itself from the category of merchandise to the standard of manhood, by seizing the reins of power and transforming the means of living from capitalist property into collective or working class property. Labor will then produce food that it may eat, clothing that it may wear, houses that it may be sheltered, tools that it may use, and weapons that it may defend.

The sooner the "class struggle" be understood, fought out and the incident closed, the better for the working class, and the race. With its speedy ending in view the warriors of the class struggle can not afford to tarry by the wayside engaged in petty quarrels over dry and innutritious husks.

HANGED FOR TREASON.

Russian Government Wreaks Vengeance on the Act of a Child.

Over the sudden and somewhat dramatic retirement from office recently of von Plehve, Russia's Minister of the Interior, as coarse and conscienceless a ruffian as ever escaped the gallows, the civilized world was more or less shocked. In the press dispatches of August 5th will be read an account of the hanging, by the Russian government, of the 18-year-old daughter of one of Russia's leading educators, for the crime of high treason. This self-same civilized world in this case will not be shocked in the least.

This brave young girl's treason consisted of smuggling several seditious pamphlets into packages of reading matter and delicacies which she was assisting the empress in preparing to be sent to the troops in Manchuria. No great stretch of the imagination is required to arrive at the probable contents of these seditious pamphlets. Just a few modest truths in regard to the crimes and brutalites perpetrated upon the working people by Russian despotism would be quite seditious enough to warrant drastic measures. Surely a government must be driven to sore straits when to sustain itself it must resort to the murder of women. That government in any country on earth will resort to similar measures in the day of its extremity is proven by past history. When a government is driven to the use of such means it heralds the near approach of its dissolution. The war between Russia and Japan appears upon its face to be a bloody tragedy, a stupendous crime. If it **results in** paving the way for the Russian people to throw off the yoke of despotism and move a step nearer the goal of final emancipation from the thralldom of the present world-wide capitalist system of robbery, it will not have been in vain. Every drop of blood will have been well spent. To the long list of Freedom's martyrs the students and workingmen of Russia are adding in generous number. Their unconquerable devotion to her cause is shown by their unflinching courage in facing dangers that lead to almost certain death or even worse. When this young girl was accused of smuggling the seditious pamphlets, "she is said to have admitted her guilt, and to have declared that she gloried in the deed."

Brave little woman! With such unflinching courage and devotion as yours nourishing its roots is Freedom's plant kept green and urged toward full flower. When it shall have blossomed your name will be enshrined in the hearts of a free people. The vile monsters who took your young life will be relegated to that oblivion where such loathsome creatures belong.

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UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

"The worker in a Massachusetts factory gets 27 per cent. of what he produces, while the unorganized labor in South Carolina gets only 19 per cent.; yet the Massachusetts laborer produces in one year $715 more for his employer than the laborer in South Carolina. There is an illustration of what trade unionism is doing for industry, lifting the standard of both the employer and the employee."

The humor of "London Punch," "Puck" or "Judge," does not appeal to every one. It is a sort of machine made humor that can not readily be assimilated by the average person unless he be particularly susceptible to the blandishments of the microbe humorosisticus. To penetrate the ordinary hide it becomes necessary for those worthy publications to make plain their jokes by numerous cuts and diagrams called humorous pictures and cartoons. The above quotation was not copied from any of the aforementioned sheets but from that prince of all humorous journals the "American Federationist," edited by the world-famous funny man known as Sammy Gompers.

The words quoted are alleged to have fallen from the lips of a certain C. J. Harrell during a debate at Durban, N. C., on the subject of "Trades Unionism in the best interest of the Country." As a humorist Mr. Harrell may as yet be nothing more than a local celebrity, but professionals throughout the country may well look to their laurels, as no richer piece of humor ever fell from the lips of mortal before. As we never heard of the gentleman in question as a humorist before, we opine this gem may have been unconsciously dropped. A gem it undoubtedly is of the purest water, and should be preserved in the archives of time that future generations may "laugh and grow fat." Should the textile workers in Massachusetts run across this precious piece of humor, the hilarity that would follow its reading would no doubt cause them to forget all their other troubles. To be told they have been getting more than one quarter of what they produce, as against the poor South Carolina slaves less than one-fifth, and that this enormous difference has resulted from trades unionism will no doubt so tickle their ribs that in the resulting paroxysm of laughter they will burst off their remaining buttons, if perchance they should have any left, after reading previous issues of the Federationist.

While the Massachusetts worker gets the plethoric 27 per cent of what he produces, the South Carolinan gets the lean and cadaverous 19 per cent. And yet the Massachusetts employer gets $715 per year more out of the hide of a slave than does the South Carolina employer. God save our buttons, but this is the most humorous thing that ever happened, alongside of which the ordinary everyday brand is as skimmed milk to cream cheese in comparison.

How stupid is the average Massachusetts capitalist. He apparently does not know a good thing when he sees it. He evidently has no sense of humor, and does not realize when he is making himself the butt of ridicule. He stupidly insists in many cases in moving his factories from Massachusetts, where both his employee and himself have a pudding, to the south where both will strictly be up against the real thing. Himself to the tune of $715 per year on each slave, and the latter to the bad, the difference betwixt 27 per cent and 19 per cent. The only hope of righting this matter in the south is by organizing. Of course the wonderful things accomplished in Massachusetts can be duplicated in any other state. Once this is attended to, the conditions of employer and employee in South Carolina would be raised to the Masachusetts standard, they who contend that profits and wages can not rise together would be confounded, and the theory that a man could lift himself over a fence by his boot-straps would become an established fact.

In justice to Mr. Harrell let it be said that in addition to the wealth of perhaps unconscious humor in his utterances, there is also to be found wisdom of equal brand to that which ordinarily filters through the columns of the Federationist. Additional humor is read into Mr. Harrell's words by one of our eastern exchanges which points out that by confession of the capitalist press the textile workers now on strike at Fall River, Mass., were getting on the average but $9 per week prior to the strike. Great are the victories of organized labor. Rich is the unconscious humor of its disciples.

A large volume of exports from a country is usually taken as an evidence of that country's prosperity. The enormous figures to which the export trade of the United States has attained is a case in point. Not long since Chauncey M. Depew, in an address, stated that "we were producing $2,000,000,000 more than we can consume." And yet every working man in the States knows such statement to be false. This fabulous amount of wealth could easily have been consumed at home if the working people could have gotten at it. The "we" that Mr. Depew meant consisted of the comparatively small number of parasitical suckers which make up the capitalist class of that country. Applied to them it is probably true that "we" could not consume this enormous surplus. Stuffed to repletion already, such an additional strain upon their digestive apparatus would no doubt prove fatal. Not to dispose of it, however, would prove equally fatal. Hence a vigorous foreign policy becomes necessary, and all of these various marauding expeditions into Asia, Africa and elsewhere follow as a consequence. The export of goods indicates prosperity for the exporters alone. It means misery for the workers at home, who have been robbed out of the goods, and often times even greater misery to the people abroad, upon whom they are ruthlessly forced.

The boasted world's commerce of today is but a world-wide traffic in plunder. The greater its volume the greater the prosperity of the class that lives by plunder, the capitalist class, and the deeper the poverty and misery of the class that lives by labor, the working class.

Out upon such humbug. The highest and best interests of the workers of any or all countries, lies not in producing goods for sale at home or export abroad, but in producing goods strictly for their own use. Under such production exporting and importing could only be done as a matter of mutual convenience between the workers of different countries.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Clarion,—The communication in last week's Clarion signed R. B. Kerr, and presumably published by authority of the Provincial Executive Committee, is a most out of place one and should, in my opinion, never have been publishel. Anything of the nature of log-rolling inside the party should be frowned down, and that this bears all the ear-marks of such sort of thing seems plain. Comrade Kerr evidently assumes that the holding of the convention in any particular locality is to give such locality some degree of prestige which will result in favorably influencing the election returns at such point. Were he at all well informed, he would know that according to the basis of representation fixed by the party constitution, no large convention, which he evidently has in mind, could be held at the present time. He would furthermore know that the purpose of the convention could in no case be the boosting of the campaign of a candidate or candidates. Converts are not made in that way, at least down here on the coast.

I find upon enquiry at the secretary's office, that the Provincial Executive Committee has no knowledge of the existence of a Local at Grand Forks. If the chief desideratum is to hold the convention at that place in order to make a "deep impression," as Comrade Kerr puts it, and as he does not "suppose there will be a large delegation from the coast," it is evident that no coast assistance is needed to make it. I therefore suggest that the Locals in that vicinity proceed to Grand Forks and make such "impression" at once and make it not only "deep," but wide. Where it is so vitally necessary that impressions be made, the matter should not await the perhaps tardy arrival of a convention whose business is not in the "impression" line.

That "Phoenix is the most Socialist town ,worth calling a town, on the American continent," may or may not be true. If true, it is a matter of news to me. I profess ignorance as to whether Phoenix is even a "town worth calling a town," or not. At any rate, Phoenix, "the most Socialist town," should have no difficulty in reducing the capitalist breastworks in a one-horse place like Grand Forks.

I had been under the impression that the bulk of our movement in British Columbia was still here on the coast. I am of that opinion still. It is here our greatest strength has so far been displayed, and it is here that the steady all the year round public propaganda is carried on.

The work of the convention will be the formulating of party methods and lines of work; the shaping up as it were of party policy and procedure, and not of making "impressions." The only logical place to hold it is in Vancouver. This is probably as central a point as could be found, taking into consideration the entire membership of our party in the province. The suggestion of Local Vancouver in regard to holding it here during the time of the Provincial Exhibition, if followed, will make it the cheapest point within the Province as well.

The most remarkable portion of Comrade Kerr's communication lies in the concluding paragraph, as follows: "Please get all the coast people to vote for Grand Forks. Advise Victoria." It seems hardly possible that Comrade Kerr could imagine such action to be within the legitimate duties of the Provincial Executive Committee, or the Provincial Secretary. If the committee does not see that he is informed that neither the Provincial Secretary or itself can be used for any such purpose, it deserves censure, and should get what is coming to it.

The selecting of place for convention, recommendations relating thereto, and in fact all party matters, should be dealt with by the membership through the Locals. In this case nominations of place at which to hold convention are made by the Locals of the party. All recommendations relating thereto should likewise be made by Locals, and good taste would dictate that such be confined to mere statements of fact. That delegates would or would not "enjoy themselves" at any particular place can have no bearing, as Socialist conventions are not held for the purpose of pleasure, except such as may be derived from taking part in the world movement for the abolition of wage slavery. This pleasure would come even were the convention held in Steveston.

A mistake has been made in allowing the Clarion's columns to be used by individuals for the purpose of influencing the membership in that which is strictly a party matter. Opening its columns to one individual for such purpose paves the way for others, and space that ought to be used to better purpose is utilized in long-winded arguments which at most could be but individual expressions of opinion, and no doubt colored by individual prejudice. The place to air these individual opinions is on the floor of the Local. If such should be concurred in by the Local, it becomes something more than an individual opinion, and should then be entitled to a hearing through the regular channels of the organization.

I am, yours for making impressions by thorough and sound propaganda, and not by log-rolling or legerdemain,
W. S.

Vancouver, Aug. 10.

E. T. Kingsley, Editor of Western Clarion, Vancouver.

Dear Comrade,—At the request of this Local of S. P. B. C., I am sending enclosed the sum of $2.50, which was collected last January to help the struggling Clarion. It is not in the way of subscriptions, as we already have a number of papers floating round the camp each week, but just a little extra to help make sure that the paper will be kept a-going.

I notice in this week's issue that you would like to get 50 individuals to give a dollar a month for three months to put the enterprise on a safe basis. I am ready to do my share, and enclose $1 for this month.

We have a few Socialists in this settlement, but the creation of surplus value does not leave us much surplus time and energy for anything else, and I expect it is the same with workers elsewhere too. But if we, who are lucky enough to have jobs, do not get in and push the movement along, who is there to do it? It would be unreasonable to turn it over to the poor fellows who are scouring the country for jobs.

With best wishes for the Clarion, yourself and the Socialist cause, I remain, yours fraternally,

EDWARD UPTON,
Secretary, Local 22.

Van Anda, Texada Island, B. C., August 6th, 1904.

E. T. Kingsley, Editor Western Clarion, Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Comrade,—On Saturday last, an unkempt, trampish looking individual happened into the "Hotel Socius," alias "The House of Revolution," commonly known as the Rock Bay hotel, and registered as Louis Klamroth, a German-American Socialist from Kansas. Those of your readers who have seen in Mark Twain's "Roughing It" a picture of "Mr. Arkansas" will gain some little idea of the personal appearance of our comrade from the Middle West. If these lines should fall under the eye of Comrade Klamroth I hope he will pardon my description, as I have a keen sense of humor, and somehow simply can't help it. Comrade Klamroth is not a "blanket stiff." He does not carry his home on his back. For four evenings straight he spoke on the street corner and helped to fill our propaganda meeting Sunday night. He was only molested once by the officer of the law, being told to move further down the street, for apparently blockading the thoroughfare—a curious coincidence, since the Salvation Army night after night have made the street simply impassable, but never once have they been molested, the reason for which may not be hard to explain. Sunday morning Comrade Klamroth went down to the Work Point barracks to preach the gospel of Socialism to those unconscious slaves of capitalist militarism domiciled therein. He did succeed in gaining an entrance and after securing two subscriptions to the Appeal to Reason according to his story, a little "two by four god" bundled him out of the barracks in double-quick time.

Did Comrade Klamroth do a thing to the present system while he was here? Well, I should smile!

Comrade Watters was the speaker at last Sunday's meeting. "Impressions from the South" was his subject, he having only recently returned from a trip through 16 different states to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was sent as a delegate to the convention of the Boilermakers' Helpers' Union. Passing through Colorado to the cotton mills of the south, with its blot of child slavery, so miserably apparent, to the negro plantations, where Sambo is hardly better off than his ancestor of the pre-capitalist days of chattel slavery, and to the scenes of the recent Colorado outrages. Brief stops at St. Louis and Salt Lake City on the return journey completed a very pleasant scamper across the continent. At the close of his address Comrade Klamroth said a few words, in which he endeavored to show what would happen under Socialism—a utopian picture perhaps, savoring of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The hall was full, and some literature was sold.

Keep up this campaign of education. Never let up.

Fraternally,
HAROLD BURNETT.

Victoria, Aug. 8th, 1904.

To remove the sting of the Rossland decision the government might now legalize picketing and thus again secure the confidence of deluded fools.

SOCIALIST PARTY OF B. C. PLATFORM

We, the Socialist Party of British Columbia, 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 owner 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. 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 acomplish 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 British Columbia, 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 in lieu 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 interest 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 oposed 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 interest of the working class alone.

Socialist Directory

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

Socialist Party of British Columbia. Headquarters, Vancouver, B. C. Provincial executive committee: A. R. Stebbings, John Dubberly, L. T. English, R. P. Pettipiece, E. T. Kingsley, Vancouver; O. Lee Charlton, Victoria; E. S. Embree, Greenwood. Ernest Burns, treasurer; B. Merrill-Burns, secretary, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

Local Vancouver, S. P. of B. C., No. 1. Business meetings every Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. at headquarters, Ingleside Block (room 1, 2nd floor) 313 Cambie street. Educational meetings every Sunday evening in Oddfellows' hall (3rd floor), Sullivan block, Cordova street. Secretary: O. P. Mills, box 836, Vancouver..

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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.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. Meets every second and fourth Wednesday in Union hall, Room 2. President, Lumner O'Brien; recording secretary, Urban Chaplin, 2820 Manitoba street. Delegates to Building Trades Council: P. McMurdo, and Taylor, alternate, Greenwell and Rafner. Delegates to T. & L. Council: G. D. Dobbin, J. McLaren, L. C. DeWolfe, G. F. Adams and A. E. Coffin.

Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 28, W. F. M. Meets every Saturday evening in Union hall. J. R. Ritchie, president; Ernest Mills, secretary-treasurer.

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

Phoenix Miners' Union, No. 6, W. F. M. Meets every Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Miners' hall. Wm. Barnett, president; John Riordan, secretary.

Nanaimo Miners' Union, No. 177, W. F. M. meets every third Saturday from July 2. Alfred Andrews, president; Jonathan Isherwood, P. O. Box 259, Nanaimo, B. C., recording secretary.

The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.—Local No. 213, Meets second and fourth Thursdays at I. B. E. W. Hall, Room 3, Ingleside Block. President, J. Dillabough; recording secretary, Geo. P. Farr; financial secretary, A. H. Sellar. Address all communications to the hall. All sojourning brethren cordially invited.

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JOHN A. MOFFITT, President, Orange, N. J.
MARTIN LAWLOR Secretary, 11 Waverly Place New York.

A Story of the Social Drift

(By R. A. Harris, Portland, Ore.)

Though the hour was but seven, the rkness of an Oregon December ght had settled down amid a drizzl- rain, such as Oregon only knows. d Hiram Mills, senior member of firm of Mills & Sons, bankers, pped from a car at Blank street. A ver ran through his frame, and as rubbed his eyes and blinked until effects of the lighted car had ssed sufficiently for him to attain usual gait, he mused to himself: A bad night, and a reminder to me t I must be arranging to get home lier. A typical time for me to be d up, and no secret that I walk se streets every night at about this r. I have my gun, however; and am getting old, I fancy I would prise the fellow who might try any h pranks on me. Astonishing, ugh, how common this hold-up iness is getting. What is the world ing to, anyhow? Ah, well, it's but old-up game at best, from first to . We wonder, or pretend to der, at the amount of such work, there is no wonder at all. Modern iness is without a single moral se. The price of place and posi- is but to keep the public ignor- of how you get your money, and successful highway robber may socially the side partner of the socrat of finance, religion, politcs literature. We're all in the same t. I wish I could live my life n. I would not be a banker. No, Not that the business of a banker ot as honorable as any, but the py man is not the one who sees ght in life but the opportunity to mulate a fortune. But for the ency of the law and the catering s mouthpieces to those of social financial position, I might not be nearly as well off as I am. I am too old now to turn about. ll endeavor to turn my means to account, at any rate. All men had their failures, just as I have, am no exception. God, if I could rid my memory of that fellow, son. A most singular coincidence two victims of my misfortunes, o different times, should each the same name, as though they t have been the same person. I never forget the manly little who had accumulated such a little sum by his odd jobs, and with others of his schoolmates, is savings in the bank only to em vanish in its failure, and he ss to secure a cent of redress. others suffered similarly, how- But the strangest thing was fifteen years later, in a different a workingman of the same name d lose his savings of many in the failure of an enterprise ne. Could it be the same one? it could; but that is very un- But if it should be the same n, who could wonder at such a becoming desperate?"

ld! Throw up your hands! a word aloud and I'll blow out brains! Your money and valu- are all I want, and if you value miserble skin, be quiet—see!"

row up my hands and be quiet, ried the old man in a desperate pt to suppress his excitement; hings I am not very liable to do the circumstances, I imagine."

u wont? So much the worse u, old man.'

re is a flash, a report; a man with a low groan; a hasty rum- g of pockets and a highwayman es in the gloom.

tains are raised, doors opened, persons peer from a dozen s, but all is still, and the only they now hear is the patter of izzling rain.

he morning the papers contained llowing startling news:

URDERED AND ROBBED.

Down in Cold Blood Not a Block From His Own Door.

Mills, Citizen and Banker, Murdered and His Pockets Picked by a Bold Highwayman.

night, shortly after the hour of ock, according to all apparent nstances, Hiram Mills, president savings bank of Mills & Sons, urdered and robbed when less block from his own door. The nstances of this appalling affair t but conjecture. When the old man failed to arrive at the usual members of the family became y about him, and about 8 o'clock randson, Ellis Gray, who, with other, is visiting at the Mills was sent down the street in the ion the old gentleman usually home, to see if he could ascer- he whereabouts of his grand- . The lad had not gone a block he came upon the body of the an lying dead upon the sidewalk. ave the alarm as quickly as he but it was 9 o'clock before the or coroner arrived. It took but t investigation to show that the ad been murdered and robbed. d been shot through the head, eath must have been instan- s. Everything of value on his was taken. People in the y say they remember of hearing fired about 7.15 last night, and l went to their doors and looked t heard no further disturbance. very probable, however, that caused the death of Mr. Mills. were at once put on the search for the murderer, but owing to the rain and the fact that the robber had a good hour's start, the police had little to direct them what course to pursue. * * * *

The evening papers contained the gratifying news that the bold bandit who had murdered old Hiram Mills was safely lodged behind the bars. They also contained a story of an interview with the desperado, which furnished a topic for conversation that will be remembered for some time, with doubtless a frequent revival on ocasions of hold-ups and crimes upon the highway. The report of the interview was as follows:

A reporter went to see Johnson in his cell and was surprised to find a man of much more than ordinary intelligence and one not in the least averse to talking. Johnson is one of a more or less numerous type of persons who seem to be making the cold, deliberate decision that one method of securing money is just as honorable as another, that of highway robbery not excepted; and while, as a matter of course, his logic is finally wholly at fault, it is, to say the least, not at all unreasonable, unlikely or uncommon, and in justice even to so base a criminal, the readers of this are assured that this man's story contained a suggestion or two worthy the consideration of lawyers, journalists, ministers and the entire category of self-styled guardians of public order and moral ethics.

William Johnson is about forty years old and is a very good specimen of physical manhood. He is of Swedish extraction, but is thoroughly Americanized, to all appearances. By profession he is both a musician and an engineer. When seen last night he appeared to be anything but a man who could so recently have taken human life, and nothing but a well-grounded philosophy, impressed by cold experience, could produce such a condition of mind as this man has; and just here lies the impressiveness of the matter when we consider how many others beside him are being similarly tutored. In substance the interview was as follows:

"You are Mr. Johnson, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; that is my name—William Johnson."

"You do not hesitate to confess to the killing of Old Man Mills last night?"

"I couldn't swear what his name was, but as this seems to have been the only affair of the kind that happened last night, I guess there is no use hunting any further for the culprit. I confess the act."

"You understood the gravity of the crime you were undertaking, did you not?

"Yes, sir; provided I was not sharp enough to evade capture, in which event, had I secured enough money, I might have married the old man's daughter, if he had one, and grown to be as honorable a man in the eyes of modern society as he."

"Why, then, did you give yourself up without making a first-class attempt to get away?"

"Because ,my friend, there is something in a dead man's blood that awakens feelings in a man which are not like everyday ideas of life; that is, provided nothing else will do it, and it never did with me."

"Do you mean by that that since your act of last night you have undergone a change of heart, as the preacher would say?"

"Changes of heart are seldom wrought so quickly as that; and had I tried to escape and succeeded, I do not know how deep an impression the affair would have made on me. I presume I am no exception, and I guess I should have forgotten it soon. But all men have their moods, and moods are strange things when you think about them. They have their various aspects uncommon to one's normal state or condition, and how to account for them is beyond me. Well, it was the mood, after meditating and dreaming of the first murder I ever committed, that caused me to give myself up and let the law and the courts end the affair. After doing this, it is not a matter of mood, you know. Changes of mood don't change the condition then."

"Then you do not addict your decision to give yourself up to any well-founded desire to make amends, at least to conscience, for your crime?"

"If you ask that to put me in the position of trying to create sympathy in my behalf, I answer emphatically, No. I do not want sympathy. I committed the crime solely to carry out the ends of my business ambitions. I did not kill the man for the mere pleasure of taking life. I wanted his money, and had he given it to me quietly and without resistance, not a hair of his head would have been harmed. The incident of taking his life was secondary to the business consideration of getting money, and it is so the world over. Why am I, as an individual, not as immune as the class? The business world today is based upon the same idea. It recognizes no moral limitations whatever. The gigantic commercial institutions do infinitely worse than the mere taking of a life occasionally. If their victims could be put out of society's way, not half the evil would result; but instead they tutor untold thousands in their soulless ethics and teach them to prey upon society in just this way. They rob them, shackle them, starve them and their families, and teach them nothing but the natural desire to retaliate. If one takes a life merely as an incidental to getting a start so he can become a philanthropist, they simply hang him and go on with the show. They hang him if they catch him, I mean. Frequently he gets away and later takes his own turn in the game."

"You talk with a large measure of assurance, Mr. Johnson, and while your logic is altogether at fault, in my opinion, it is not altogether unreasonable. Man is largely a creature of environment and education, and to the numerous ones whose advantages are limited, such a philosophy as yours may seem justifiable. But would you mind telling me something of how you became possessed of such ideas?"

"Not a bit of it, if you care to listen. I have you at my mercy now, and as I am in no sense talking for effect, you may rest assured you are getting unbiased statements. I realize that a great many will disagree with me, and this is natural, for if all had been tutored in my school I presume the world would have been positively unbearable, except that with the growth of social anarchy a more pronounced awakening of the public conscience and consequent remedial action would have taken place. I know there must be a saving minority somewhere, and I only wish I could have found it, for I will say, honestly, I hold no especial ill-will toward any one. I am not a dangerbus man. I would not harm any one maliciously. Why, the thought of such a thing is as repugnant to me as it could possibly be to you. I am but a partially developed student of your modern business school, to which every other school is subservient, those of politics, law and religion not excepted. That school says get money. Never mind how, just get it. If you get it you are a good scholar; if you don't you're a failure. I believe now I could take Old Mills' money in any way about as legitimately as he got a good share of it, no doubt, and do more good for society than he could possibly do. Yes, I believe that. Others may disagree with me, and say that, anyhow, I have no right to do it. Right! Bosh! Is the question of right ever taken into consideration when a large institution wishes to force a smaller one to do its will? With a few millions with which to do a few public-spirited acts, a little worthy philanthropy along lines not likely to be thought of by Mills, and how many would ever say a word against my right to his money? After all rights are determined by uses. But you wanted to know a little of the teachings which have led me to these convictions. I will tell you some of them. I was born in New York. My parents were from Sweden. I was never a loafer or a drinking man. As a boy I was a worker, and had talents in more directions than one. I am both a musician and an engineer; how efficient at either it does not matter now, but I will show you some credentials if you would like to see them. Well, one of my first lessons in business was when I was a lad at school. I always worked all my spare time and in that way had accumulated a nice little sum of money for a boy. I was induced with others of my schoolmates to put my saving into a local savings bank. Accordingly my little store was exchanged for a deposit slip. In six weeks the bank failed, and my deposit slip was all I had. At this time I had not read so much about banks and business as I now have. Much sympathy was expressed for the proprietor, and I, like many others, felt it a sort of privilege to forgive the poor man. But I saw the banker many times after his alleged failure, and he still drove his elegant horses and rode in his splendid carriage. His children were better dressed than I ever dreamed of being, and I noticed that in due time he left the place and was never heard of again. Fifteen years later, and two years after my marriage, I again got the idea that a bank account was quite fashionable and accordingly deposited my little fortune, about $800. This time I got a little book with the amount of the deposit entered therein. I got no gilt-edged first mortgage on real property to secure me in the event of failure to pay by the bank. Had I asked for it I would have been laughed at, and you know how most people dislike to be laughed at. This time my money remained for nearly two years and I had added considerable more to the former sum. This time I was older and had given the subject more study. I found to my satisfaction that the proprietor had failed perfectly according to law but with plenty of separate personal funds and accounts to tide him along. What could I do? Nothing. Since then I have worked, thought and read enough to know what the ideals of a business world are. 'To the victors belong the spoils,' sir, and without qualification of any kind. After my later misfortune my luck went from bad to worse. In four years my wife died, and I left our little girl with her grandmother. I have regularly sent money for her support, and had hopes until lately of getting a home and having her again with me."

"But you do not pretend to say your experience with the banks is in any sense a general one, do you?"

"I do not. I suppose it is rather unusual, but what of it? The illustration is a likely one, and I want to tell you that your holdup artists are made from similar instruction. My experience began with institutions of sufficient standing to be called banks, but nine-tenths of the criminals receive the same schooling from thousands of smaller concerns, which, being less important, recognize less responsibility, and will stoop to anything to make a dollar. But I need not say this of these alone. I will refer you to any class of business concerns in existence. There are individual exceptions, no doubt, but I speak of the class. Every business consideration ends with the getting of dollars."

"Do you mean, then, that robbers are as a rule the victims of adverse circumstances such as yours—despondents in a sense—who have lost all care as to the outcome so far as it concerns themselves?"

"Far from that, my friend. If that were true I would say catch and kill them without ceremony. That would be as good a solution as any. But it is the result of the teaching of the business school in which every boy is today gaining practical experience. Get rich; get rich quick. No matter how. You are a man if you do; you are a fool if you don't. That is the logic and lash of the world today."

"Do you mean that such a standard of life as you depict is held by all business men today?"

"I would not say it is held by all men; that would be fallacious. There are exceptions, but the general tendency is overwhelmingly as I have stated. If you would prove it, let me tell you how. Study human nature so you can approach all classes of business men and draw them into conversation without arousing their suspicions or curiosity and at the same time without annoying them. Then do your best to find out what they know. Let me tell you that in the vast majority of cases their art, their science, their poetry, their religion, their politics, their very intellectual attainment is twisted into the channel of money getting, and they fail to see any good in anything from which they can not wring a dollar. Go down the whole line, consult your bankers, your big merchants, yes, and your attorneys, and I won't except your preachers. The two latter professions might be expected to have wider views in some ways, but if they have they invariably lack the moral courage to voice their honest convictions without permission from their masters. But as a rule you will find them possessed of no art, no religion, no poetry, no philosophy, no politics, no anything that does not directly contribute to their acquirement of wealth. Farther than this they will tell you frankly that such things are for children and people of idle and womanly minds. They will give you a sickly and ignorant grin if you ask them what they know of the masters of science, literature and music. They know nothing about them and they do not manifest any desire to know. As I said, there are exceptions, noteworthy and shining ones, as a matter of course, but I am speaking of the vast majority. When you have found this to be true, you will begin to ponder over what must be the outcome or culmination of it all."

"I should think so, if what you say can be proven. But since you discourse so fluently, you must have a panacea for all this. Most men have."

"No; I am an exception to the rule. I have no pet scheme of redemption. In fact, there is no scheme, in my opinion, which will avert a great crisis in the not distant future. Society is now in a state of absolute anarchy. The loud-mouthed preservers of the public peace are daily being proven the most dangerous element so far as respect for or fidelity to the law is concerned. It must remain for the saving minority, wherever it is—those of all elements of the social life who can see the impending storm coming—to get together now, at once, and form a nucleus for the reorganization of society when the crash comes. In this way what of energy would otherwise be spent in fighting and devastation, or at least a portion of it, may be properly directed, and used to reconstruct society on a broader foundation—one wherein the mortal is more valuable than his labor and its fruits."

"After all, my friend, is this not largely an individual matter? In order to right it must not the individual discern that he is wasting his energies, and decide to devote himself to more leisure and less striving; to say to the seeming urgent demands of business ,"Get thee behind me;' as for me, I will henceforth make life more of pleasure, and do things, not because I must, but because I love to do them."

"That is a pretty theory, and no doubt the proper one for all who can afford to do it. But what of the masses who are forced to strive every waking moment for enough to keep soul and body together? They are criminals, thieves, anarchists, if they take without ceremony a little more of what they produce than it has been stipulated they shall take. But it is all right for the idle manipulator to retain, with legal impunity and without reciprocal action of any kind, all but a mere pittance measured by the actual need of the human stomach as to food and the human body as to raiment. As for more than this, that would be luxury and does not belong to a workingman."

While the foregoing discourses of a man now in prison for murder will doubtless fail largely to find lodgment in the minds of many people, it is nevertheless impressive for more reasons than one. As pertains to one very large field of human experience, he speaks the unvarnished truth, but of course he makes the same mistake made by almost every one in thinking his experiences have brought him in contact with every possible condition of society and every ambition of its units. But the pathetic side of the picture is the apparent fact that this type of individual, under the almost certain shadow of the gallows, is one of the very few specimens of the hell-bound society which he depicts who is in a position to speak his honest mind concerning conditions which do confront the world. It is to be earnestly hoped that the leaven, to which this condemned man refers as the saving minority, will so leaven the public conscience as to cause an awakening along these lines, which may avert what certainly seems to be a pending storm of terrible magnitude.—Typographical Journal.

When the workers of Galicia, Austria, went on strike recently demanding the eight-hour day, the bosses graciously offered to compromise by granting a sanitary water supply.

A preacher in his sermon intended to say the devil was the father of liars. By a slip of the tongue he said lawyers. The mistake was so small, however, that he did not correct it.

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Most patients who come to us as a last resort have been cured by the removal of the cause, "eye strain."

You can also be cured if you will come. All we ask is a fair chance to prove what glasses will do when compounded by us. It is reasonable to suppose that when no organic disease exists there should be no dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, dizziness or any other trouble, and there would be none if the eyes were normal and able to perform their functions of seeing without strain.

If you have tried medicine without results, your symptoms cannot be the results of disease. This proves conclusively one of two things: That your trouble is either caused from your eyes, or that there is nothing in the science of medicine.

It is a well known fact among eye specialists that eye strain produces nervous exhaustion, and as our life depends upon our nerve supply, you will see what effect nerve leakage will have upon our health. Take nerve tonics to build up your nerves? But how is that possible if the nerve exhaustion is in excess of your restorative? It is no criterion if you have consented and had glasses from twenty oculists and opticians without results. Optometry is a young profession, and few men in Canada have had the experience and training that our specialists have had. We are teachers of the highest branch of optometry, we can diagnose your case, describe your symptoms from an examination of your eyes without asking you a question or obtaining a history of your case.

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WOMAN AND SOCIAL PROBLEM.

(Continued from page 1.)

There are three classes of women whose lives may be revolutionized by the application of Socialism to the economic affairs of the nation, women of the leisure class, women wage workers, and women home makers.

To dispose of the least important first—the women of the leisure class. I will show you a type, a woman in Vancouver—perhaps I ought to call her a lady, since she lives in the west end, but she once earned her bread by honest work, so I will allow her to be dignified by the name of woman. Her husband is a slave-owner—oh, yes, there are slaves in Vancouver, men who have to find a master each day before they can earn bread for themselves or their wives and little ones. The husband of this typical woman is a master with absolute power over, but no responsibility towards, his wage-slave. He may turn him away to shift for himself tomorrow, and what is more pitiful than a slave without a master, and no corn-cake or bacon until he can find one.

This master has overseers to look after the slaves and see that they do not shirk the work he wants them to do so he need not rise in the morning, but lies in bed until noon, and she, this typical woman of the leisure class, lies also in bed until the day has reached its meridian, notwithstanding the fact that two infant children owe their being to her and should have her care. The maid-of-all-work performs as well as she can the maternal duties.

She rises at five in the morning, and hangs out a wash of baby linen before the average working man with his eight or nine-hour day, has risen from his bed. At seven she bathes, dresses and feeds the two infants, after which she is at liberty to sweep, dust, polish grates, etc., until it is time to prepare breakfast for her mistress, her mistress' husband and his brother, who is also an inhabitant of the house. At nine o'clock she carries three well-laden trays to the bedrooms of these perfectly healthy, presumably competent members of society. I have not yet learned that she spoon-feeds them, but this will follow in due course if the working class electorate much longer permit these people to suspend all useful activities. When our lady of leisure arises at noon she performs no useful labor, but spends the hours in eating and dressing and visiting and reading the society items in the daily papers, where her name sometimes appears. She is particularly "nasty" in her treatment of the maid when she has just read that "Mrs. —— entertained the whist club at supper last evening." It makes her feel so superior, and so remote from the time when she sold bargains over the counter of a department store. Her children—unpleasant incidents in her career that would have been avoided had she been as wise as many of her associates—serve to amuse her when she is in a good temper and when they are not cross. When they are they are sent to the kitchen to the maid, who also takes them for an airing each pleasant afternoon.

What would Socialism do for this woman? It would put her in a position where she could not shirk the useful work that should naturally fall to her to perform. It would cause her to cultivate a spirit of fraternity and equality, for, under a system where kindness and co-operation form the only basis of exchange, the individual who would be served in one capacity must be willing to serve in another and service that no longer can be bought or commanded must be obtained by mutual fellowship and goodwill.

To convert this useless, ill-bred and supercilious creature, living in luxury and idleness off the toil of her fellows, into a real woman, joyfully sharing in the productive labor of the world is one of the things that socialism may do—if you so desire.

The second type of woman who may be benefitted by socialism is the wage-worker. We find her in the kitchen of my lady of leisure, as well as in the store, the factory, the office, the laundry, the tailor-shop, the millinery-room, the restaurant, the sweat-shop and the mill. Driven out of what is her acknowledged sphere of activity—the home, these women are rapidly learning to consider themselves factors in the world's industrial problem, and to question why they who do the world's work should be barren of the things their labor produces while the other woman who does nothing has more than is good for her.

hese women are not the ones whom capitalism befools with its hypocritical cry: "Socialism will destroy the home." They know, and so do the men who lead an existence that vibrates between a cheap boarding house and a hand-out on the road—that the home for seven-tenths of our people is already destroyed. The male wage-worker, reduced to an uncertain, precarious subsistence, where even his union cannot guarantee him anything beter than a perennial hunt for a job, will not, if he is self-respecting, take upon himself the responsibilities of a home. Therefore marriage, as an institution for the support of woman, is proven a failure. Love may arise between the sexes that should naturally lead to a union, but thwarted by economic uncertainty- ends either in disappointment and despair or in illicit intercourse that debases woman and gives to society its "social evil," over which municipal governments are so concerned—when the property interests of the community demand such concern.

The women wage-earners are only just beginning to think on these things. When they see women of fifty, sixty and even seventy years of age, still in the wage market, still forced to sell their too-feeble labor power for a scanty living; the expectation with which they entered the industrial field, of eventually leaving it for a home, grows very dim, and when this natural expectation is proven to be without hope of realization, the woman worker too becomes a rebel with her brother man against the existing order of things. She is, in the indsutrial life, finding out that she has a problem too, and that its solution is the same as that of the working man. Socialism will give her a free womanhood, freedom to love unashamed, to work honorably and to become a co-partner in the building of a true home.

Now, I come to the third type of woman: the home-mother, the wife of the average wage-slave. She, I consider most important of all, most in need of what socialism will do for her, most needed to do what she can for socialism, for her domestic influence is far more potent than that wielded by her sister in industry. She thwarts or encourages her husband's aspirations towards emancipation and she moulds the minds of the generations yet to come.

It would be comparatively easy to sum it all up in the sentence:—Socialism would do all for these women that they would do for themselves if they had the power, but such a broad summary is not satisfactory to the feminine mind. Women are by nature "immediate demanders." They want something now, or at least, very definite plans and specifications of the new social structure that is to be built in the future. So we must specify.

The drudgery of housework is almost totally unnecessary. As Mrs. Simons has said: "Domestic service is still in the dark ages, and all the inventions of science have done very little for the work of the home." This is because woman has been asleep, and it may remain so for ages, even under Socialism, unless she awakens from her slumber and seizes her rightful share in the progress that is being made.

(Concluded next week.)

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WHAT DID HE MEAN

"Had it not been for the admirable action of the federal government, Chicago would have seen a repetition of what occurred during the Paris Commune, while Illinois would have been torn by a fierce social war. It was a most fortunate thing that the action at Washington was so quick and so emphatic. The president and Attorney-General Olney acted with equal wisdom and courage, and the danger was averted.

"Every true American, every man who thinks and who, if the occasion comes, is ready to act, may do well to ponder upon the evil wrought by the lawlessness of the disorderly classes when once they are able to elect their chiefs to power. If the govrnment generally got into the hands of such men as Altgeld, the republic would go to pieces in a year, and it would be right that it should go to pieces, for the election of such men shows that the people who elected them are unfit to be entrusted with self-government."

The above from the pen of Theodore Roosevelt, written just after the A. R. U. strike of 1894, we clip from the columns of the Iowa Socialist. Every person at all familiar with the history of the Paris Commune of 1871, knows the most striking feature of that affair to have been the brutal slaughter of more han 50,000 of the very flower of the Parisian working class, who were guilty of no other crime than that of endeavoring to incorporate into the municipal life of Paris some of those 'politico-economic ideas which promise to make for the social and industrial betterment of the workers. They were within their rights in so doing, by virtue of having captured the reins of municipal government at the polls. After declaring the Commune, which meant virtually self-government for Paris, and along the line of those principles upon which the freedom of labor depends, it is most notoriously a fact that these working men governed the city for two months, during which the minions of the brutal Thiers government of France poured their shells into the devoted city unceasingly, and resorted in their efforts to crush this uprising of the revolutionary workers, to acts of fiendish brutality that would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of a savage. Paris was never so free from crime either before or since as during the two months of the Commune, barring such as committed by the Thiers soldiery after having entered the city's gates. Eventually overpowered, they were ruthlessly slaughtered as above stated. Those who escaped were driven out of the country or sent to penal colonies. There was nothing in the strike of 1894 in any manner resembling the affair of the Commune. The strikers of 1894 made no threat of seizing the reins of government, much less any attempt to do so. In no way did they threaten vested interests.

Roosevelt's words must therefore be taken as an intimation that had the strike not been broken by Cleveland's action in sending federal troops to Chicago, the alternative would have been another slaughter of working men such as occurred at the downfall of the Commune.

Read in the light of recent events in Colorado under the administration of men of the Roosevelt type, it could not well be considered other than a threat as to what the workers may expect if they dare make any move which threatens the rule of capital. Let none be so foolish as to be led away with the idea that the American ruling class is less brutal in instinct than the French ruling class proved itself to be in 1871. If they are so foolish they are quite likely to be rudely awakened to their folly in the near future.

TOO MUCH CHORUS.

When a call was made for 250 chorus girls at a big Chicago theatre recently, more than 1,000 responded. Many of the girls had been out of employment for months, some of them not having had an engagement since the Iroquois fire. Such desperate straits were many of them in that in their eagerness to seize the coveted opportunity of employment the affair soon dveloped into a regular riot, out of which the stage manager barely escaped with his life. "Some of their stories are pitiful," said the manager; some of them have been without enough to eat all summer." And yet in the face of such circumstances there are those who will turn their hypocritical faces toward heaven, and with pious unction prate about virtue. Under the terrible economic pressure of the times, the only wonder is that a shred of virtue is still left in existence.

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CAMPAIGN IN VANCOUVER.

To All Practical Sympathizers,—

At the Vancouver Local S. P. B. C. business meeting a campaign committee on finance was elected to collect funds for the coming Dominion election.

The committee have now to announce that they are in order to receive monies for that purpose.

All sums received will be acknowledged in the columns of the Clarion.

Arrangements have been made whereby monies for the above may be paid in at the office of the Clarion, 313 Cambie street. Less amounts than one dollar may be sent in postage stamps. British, Canadian and United States stamps received.

Communications re above, address box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

J. A. PETERSON,
Secretary Campaign Committee.

Com. Ernest Burns was the speaker in Sullivan Hall, at last Sunday evening's educational meeting, his subject being "Socialism and Ethics." There was a fair crowd, the address was an interesting one, and the discussion which followed instructive. E. T. Kingsley will be the speaker to-morrow (Sunday) evening, while Com. Pettipiece will conduct the open-air preliminary.

The daily press of August 11th reports that: "After a heated discussion, the convention of the International Typographical Union today rejected a proposition that subordinate unions shall not allow proprietors to work at the trade,and prohibiting union members from assisting in any work being performed by proprietors.

Another attempt to have the amount of money allowed for the burial expenses of deceased members increased from $70 to $100, was voted down.

"It was voted to increase the salary of the president and secretary-treasurer from $1,800 to $2,500. The matter was referred to the referendum for final action."

The generosity thus displayed in granting permission to the proprietor to work in his own shop without being discriminated against is commendable in the extreme. The further action mentioned tends to confirm the old adage that it's better to be a live "skate" than a "deceased member."

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What is the best way to do this?

I have given it a great deal of thought and have decided that the best way is to take into partnership with me 5,000 socialists who are as earnest as I am. With their active assistance I can do many times more than I can now.

But, few socialists have any money to invest!

Very well, if I can get the men I want I'll give them the stock free—but on one condition.

If you want to know what the condition is, write me now and I'll tell you how to get a $10 share of my stock, with voting privilege, on which I will guarantee 5 per cent. annual dividend.

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