WESTERN CLARION

OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA — PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASS ALONE

NUMBER 687 — VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912 — Subscription Price PER YEAR $1.00

LIBRARY, LEGISLATIVE ... VICTORIA, B. C.

Legislative Library

EXPLOITATION OF LABOR

The Manner in Which the Producer Is Robbed of His Product Under the Wage System.

Thus far are we arrived that we see in society two classes, one of which exploits the other of wealth that it has produced.

This exploitation is accomplished in the society of today—the capitalist society by means of the wage-system, which is the cleverest piece of flim-flam ever perpetrated on the producers, in that, while it, to all appearances, frees the slave, that is, makes of his person no longer a commodity, a thing to be bought and sold, it in reality reduces him to a condition of yet more degrading servitude by making a commodity of his labor-power, his very life-energy, thus compelling him to peddle himself piecemeal from master to master in order that he may exist.

As this making of labor-power a commodity is the very essence of the wage-system, it is necesary to enquire somewhat closely into the nature of wealth under its aspect as

Commodities.

There are various ways in which a man may acquire the articles he needs. Of these the commonest under the present system is by **exchange**, that is, by giving something that he has in exchange for that which he requires. Of course he might make the things he needs, but individual production is today the exception and social production the rule, so for all practical purposes this method can be disregarded. As an alternative he might steal what he wants but this is the sacred and closely guarded privilege of the exploiters, and the practice of the art by anyone not licensed so to do leadeth to the house that is hard to get out of.

Therefore, the method of exchange is deservedly the most popular and an article that is produced for exchange is a commodity.

Primitive man **barters** one commodity for another; civilized man sells his commodity and buys the one he needs. Actually there is little difference. He exchanges the commodity for money which is based upon gold, itself a commodity, and then exchanges the gold for the commodity he wishes to acquire. So really he is exchanging commodity for commodity. Therefore, for convenience, the intervention of money in the transaction will, for the present be ignored.

In the exchange of two commodities the first thing to be determined is the basis upon which the exchange is to be made, that is, the comparative values of the two commodities. If the two commodities are alike, of course there is no difficulty, as they can be exchanged weight for weight or measure for measure; but there is generally no object to be served by exchanging commodities that are alike. Who would want to exchange oatmeal for oatmeal? But if it came to exchanging oatmeal for a new kilt, the trouble would commence. Manifestly exchange by weight or measure would not serve, and the two commodities mentioned have nothing material in common which could be used as a basis of comparison. But luckily they have in common an **abstraction.**

We have seen that there enter into the make-up of articles two things, raw material and labor. This, then, gives the common component of all commodities. However varied and unlike may be the raw materials entering into the composition of any given commodities, labor they all have in common, and on the basis of labor they can be compared and exchanged. The amount of labor contained in the kilt would determine how much oatmeal should be given in exchange for it.

Commodities, then, exchange with one another according to the amount of labor necessarily contained in each. This is known as their

Exchange Value.

Under individual production a man would be foolish to give for an article he wished to acquire more labor than it would take him to make it. It would pay him better to make it himself.

Under social production, however, greater complexity prevails, but nevertheless the same result is attained automatically. Wherever, by reason of its scarcity, a commodity exchanges for more than its exchange value, large quantities of that particular commodity are shipped into that place to take advantage of the increased profit. This often results in an oversupply, in which case down goes the price of the commodity till it is exchanging at less than its actual value. When this superabundance is general instead of local the production of that commodity must be curtailed or must cease till the proper level is attained. The normal tendency of commodities is to exchange at their exchange value, that is, the labor which is embodied in them.

Now, as we have seen, under the present system the only method of acquiring the commodities one needs is by giving something in exchange for them. This is well enough if you have something to give, but it so happens that the vast majority have nothing tangible to exchange. Their sole assee is their power to labor. They must, therefore, either go without the things they need or else sell their labor power. Usually they do a little of both.

Labor being thus reduced to a commodity exchanges according to the laws governing the exchange of commodities generally. Its exchange value is the labor that it takes to produce it, that is, the labor embodied in those things which go to make up the laborer's living, according to the prevalent standard of living. In favored localities the price of labor-power, wages, may fluctuate temporarily somewhat above its exchange value, but this circumstance attracts to that locality sellers of labor-power, laborers, with the inevitable result of a fall to the normal exchange value. In highly "civilized" localities, where there is overpopulation and an unemployed problem, the exchange value of labor power has a constant downward tendency. Owing to the oversupply of labor power, the price falls below the exchange value, consequently the standard of living is lowered and we have a new and lower exchange value for labor-power, below which the price is again forced, and so in a beautiful step ladder of descent highly gratifying to the employer. It is by no means necessary that the laborer should receive even the actual necessities of life, as in the "great centres of civilization" thousands of workers are actually starving to death at work.

This, then, is the wage-system. The result of it is this: We have seen seen that wealth is the product of labor-power applied to raw materials. The labor-power having been sold belongs no longer to the laborer, but becomes the property of the purchaser, the employer. In consequence the wealth produced by the application of that labor-power is also the property of the employer. **In this manner the wage-system robs the producer of all right or title to his product.**

The laborer, having sold his labor-power delivers the goods by applying it by working for his master. To the products of his labor he has no claim. He has received the market price for his labor-power and that is all that is coming to him. He has literally sold his brithright for a mess of pottage.

Several inquiries have been made by secretaries of Locals, for account books suitable for S. P. Locals. The Committee does not keep any such books in stock as it is considered better to spend whatever funds are available in organization, than to tie them up in stock.

* * *

The following suggestion may, however, prove of use to the secretaries. Keep a roll book. Starting on the left-hand edge of page two, enter the names of the members in alphabetical order. Leave room between those beginning with each letter for the names of new members. To the right of the names rule thirteen lines, about a quarter of an inch apart, up and down pages two and three. Between these lines, at the top of the page, write the months of the year. You will then have opposite the name of each member twelve spaces, corresponding to the twelve months. Whenever a membre pays dues put the amount paid each month opposite his name under the month he is paying for. It is then always easy to ascertain how many members you have in good standing. Thus, if you wished to know how many are in good standing now, you would merely have to put your ruler down on the line between February and March. All members having payments credited to them to the right of the ruler would be in good standing.

No. Percy, one meeting a week, however large, and practically no other systematic work, is not a good showing by a Local in a large city.

If you have anything to say or any accusation to make, say or make it openly.

EVOLUTION, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, VIOLENCE.

The process of social transformation as well as—under various names—those of every transformation in living organisms are evolution—revolution—rebellion—individual violence.

A mineral or vegetable or animal species may pass through, during the cycle of its existence, these four processes.

A long as the structure and the volume of the centre of crystalization the germ, or the embryo, increase gradually, we have a gradual and continuous process of evolution, which must be followed at a definite stage by a process of revolution more or less prolonged, represented, for example, by the eparation of the crystal from the mineral mass which surrounds it, or by certain revolutionary or vegetable and animal life, as, for example, the moment of sexual reproduction; there may also be a period of rebellion, that is to say, of organized personal violence, a frequent and well verified phenomenon among those species of animals which live in societies; there may also be instances of isolated personal violence, as in the struggles to obtain food or for the possession of the females between animals of the same species.

These same processes also occur in the human world. By evolution must be understood the transformation that takes place day by day, which is almost unnoticed, but continuous and inevitable; by revolution, the critical and decisive period, more or less prolonged, of an evolution that has reached its concluding phase; by rebellion, the partially collective violence which breaks out, upon the occasion of some particular circumstance, at a definite place and time; and by individual violence, the action of one individual against one or several others, which may be the effect of a fanatical passion or of criminal instincts or the manifestation of a lack of mental equilibrium—and which identifies itself with religious or political ideas most in vogue at the moment.

It must be remembered in the first place, that while revolution and evolution are normal functions of social physiology, rebellion and individual violence are symptoms of social pathology."—Enrico Ferri, page 139, Socialism and Modern Science.

JEWELS OF OUR MASTERS.

Gems valued at a quarter of a billion dollars are owned by the society lords and ladies of New York. One multimillionaire's wife has a $340,000 necklace, a $140,000 stomacher and a $45,000 tiara. Another has a $500,000 pearl necklace, each strand of which cost $100,000. Still another has a necklace of black pearls that represent $175,000. A diamond chain, seven and a half feet long, and once owned by Catherine of Russia, figures in the list compiled by an authority. The widow of a railroad king has a fifteen-strand diamond and pearl necklace valued at $160,000.

All this is in a city of sweatshops with a nightly bread-line and thousands of men, women and children who stifle and starve in summer and shiver and starve in winter.

The heart of the thinker pulses bitterly looking on this condition and his lips cry out: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The Trades and Labor Council of Vancouver wishes to see some ACTION on the political field and is putting it up to the Socialist party to take some and offering its support, not of an individual, but of the party. Now is the chance for those who wish to do something—arm chair critics and stove-warming philosophers, take no notice.

THE LITTLE BUSINESS MAN

The lot of the little business man, like that of Gilbert & Sullivan's policeman, is not a happy one, and he is by no means well-beloved. The consumer looks on him as his natural enemy, one who pilfers his purse and robs his stomach by charging too much for his victuals and clothes. Which, like most of the consumer's ideas, is baseless error. Mostly, the small trader is regarded as a capitalist, which is almost slanderous, and also he so regards himself, which is ludicrous. Were he paid a salary equal to the income he derives from "his" business, he would immediately appear in his true role as a slave and not a pampered one at that. But as it is he is a sort of hermaphrodite, a slave in the guise of a master.

The production of a commodity being incomplete till it reaches the consumer, here, over the counter of the retailer, it receives its final touches. So the little retailer figures in as merely one of the vast number of cogs in the capitalist's machinery of wealth production.

It is curious to note that at the two ends of the process of production of most foodstuffs and of many other commodities, we find two groups of individuals in very similar circum stances, the small farmer at one end and the small retailer at the other. The farmer passes the articles he produces into the hands of great capital and from those hands the retailer receives them. Like the farmer the retailer not only works himself but has often his wife and children helping him. Like the farmer he hires help to a certain extent, exploits his employees, and passes up the proceeds of exploitation to the master cuass. Like the farmer, his ownership in his buiness is the whip that drives him to greater exertions, that is, makes him a more efficient, productive and easily exploited slave, than he would be on a purely wage basis.

Herein lies the secret of the persistence of small businesses, as of small farms, in face of the constant tendency towards concentration. The small business man, laboring under the delusion that the business is his, will rustle up trade, worry and scheme more, and do it for less, than he would as a salaried manager. Furthermore, he will also furnish a part of the capital necessary for his own exploitation, which adds not a little to the convenience of his masters, besides adding greatly to the humor of the situation. Starting with a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, as the case may be, he procures credit to several times that amount and imagines that he is doing business on the borrowed capital of the kind-hearted wholesaler and the obliging bank, whereas he has in reality lent them his pile to help them exploit him.

Once launched upon his giddy career as an independent business man, no pirate that ever sailed the main could match him in the unscrupulousness and consciencelessness of his methods. He will skin his girls down to a prostitution-compelling wage and whittle his male clerks to a soup bone. He will joyously cut his competitor's throat and take the last cent off the widow and orphan, thanking his gods the while for collecting it. And then his payments, his interest and the necessity for expansion will force him to pass up to his masters the proceeds of his nefarious trade, and lucky indeed is he if he retains sufficient to support that superior dame, his wife, in the manner to which she apes to become accustomed.

Truly a caricature of a capitalist is he. Petty in his transactions; petty in his ideas; petty in his outlook; petty in his virtues; petty in his very vices. Often a pillar of his church or chapel, his deeds must keep the recording angel's department working overtime. Generally a member of "fraternal" societies, fraternity in his relations with his fellows would be equivalent to financial suicide.

Arrogating to himself a superior social status to the wage slave, he fawns servilely upon his "betters" and seeks to imitate, in the manner of all true toadies, their manner of living, of dress, and even of speech. Frequently he robs his belly to decorate his back, and in a forced straining after culture exposes his ignorance.

Of all the victims of capitalism surely he is the most to be pitied and despised. The proletariat hard-driven and sweated, stands at least upon the threshold of a better day. For the small trader the sun is setting, and the prospect becoming ever gloomier. The huge departmental stores and mail order businesses are cutting the ground from under his feet even in more remote localities, and the quondam victim, the consumer, is developing a happy knack of running his credit with the local merchant and sending his cash to Timothy Eaton and elsewhere. His commercial ability promises soon to have a new opportunity for its exercise, in the sale of his labor-power cheek by jowl with the proletarian he despises.

And this consummation is to be greatly to our advantage, fellow slaves we are told. These petty bourgeois, forced into our ranks, are to furnish the revolutionary proletariat with brains! Ye gods forfend!

THE DOCILE WAGE-SLAVE

The Only Really "Good Thing" That Ever Came Down the Turnpike of Time.

It is about time that all nonense was laid aside in regard to that interesting, though usualy stupid animal, who drags out a dull and monotonous existence working for wages. The monotony of his existence is only broken by the occasional loss of his job, which, as a rule, causes him to hop around lively in order to find another before he starves to death.

In polite language this worthy speciment is commonly dubbed a wage-earner. He is flatteringly referred to as the "honest workingman" and he is lauded to the skies during campaign times as the "bone and sinew" of the land. Though he does not realize it all of this flattery and smooth talk is ladled out to him for the purpose of keeping him in ignorance of the fact that he is the only really "good thing" on earth. Being such it stands the entire bunch of confidence operators who make a respectable living by taking advantage of such "good things" as blow along, to use all means at command to keep this particular "good thing" in blissful ignorance of his status, lest he humps his back and spoils the game.

To pat the wage-slave on the back and refer to him as as a wage-earner, an honest workingman, a "bone and sinew," though in many cases he is little else, is merely to "gold brick" the stupid donkey out of his fat. The size of it is that he is a slave pure and unadulterated. He is the legitimate successor to the feudal serf and chattel slave of olden times. He belongs to no specific master except temporarily. He belongs permanently to the ruling class, the capitalist class. By its ownership and control of the earth's resources and the machinery of producton the capitalists have a ring in the nose of every wage-slave on earth. They can thus command the services of these slaves whenever they so desire and that is all that could ever be said of any feudal lord or chattel-slave master of old.

To speak of the wage-slave as a wage-earner is a joke so transparent that nothing short of the thick-headed slave himself could fail to see through it. Of course he earns his wages, i.e., speaking of him as a class. If he did not how in the world would he ever get wages? Even the veriest human donkey knows that wages are paid in the products of labor, i:e., food, clothing, shelter, etc., that has been produced by labor. If these wage-slaves did not produce these things, or their equivalent in other commodities, it is dead certain they would soon be minus wages and everything else. Not only do they earn their wages, and are therefore wage-earners, but they earn all the wealth that is sucked up by the conglomeration of leeches, sapsuckers and parasites that constitutes the ruling class and its retainers, flunkies and other genus homo attachments. Their wages is what they earn and get. The balance of the wealth produced is what they earn but do not get. The latter represents what it costs the wage-slave to be a real "good thing."

An honest slave is an impossibility, whether he be of the wage-slave variety or not. If he is honest from the masters' standpoint he surrenders the last drop of juice in his bones without a murmur and refrains from appropriating to his own use a farthing or a crumb without that master's permission. But by so doing he is dishonest to himself, because he is robbing himself of his life force for the benefit of one who is an enemy of the working class and a curse to human kind. The nearest approach to honesty that can be made by a slave is to so shirk in labor as to leave the master in possession of as little profit as possible from his work.

The wage-slave is a "good thing" only so long as he remains docile, obedient and submissive. It is then that the confidence game can be worked to a finish and the last penny of profit gotten out of it. Therefore it behooves every participant in the plunder to do his utmost to keep this "good thing" in a frame of mind conducive to its thorough and complete exploitation. That is what "good things" are for, evidently, and sinful indeed is he who would fly in the face of providence by doing aught to spoil them.

At any rate the wage-slave is the corner stone of capitalist production. Out of his slavish sweat is coined the boasted wealth of capitalist civilization. The misery and suffering; the poverty and distress; the sorrow and degradation; the broken homes, the blasted hopes and the crushed ambitions of the workers is the price they pay for allowing the means of production to be held as the property of the capitalist class and, as a consequence, the huge volume of wealth they produce turned into the coffers of that class.

Awakened to an understanding of his status in capitalist civilization; aroused to a consciousness of the iniquities practiced upon himself and his class, and the means whereby these are made possible, the wage-slave becomes the salt of the earth, the evangel of a new order, the herald of an upheaval that will remove the incubus of capitalist property from the stage of human activity and usher in an era when the means of production shall be subservient to labor and no longer the means of its enslavement.

All honor to the wage-slave, the heir to the slavery of sixty centuries. In every part of the earth he is bestirring himself. The embers of revolt smolder in the ranks of his class, some day to be fanned into the fierce flames of revolution by the repressive measures brought to bear upon him to hold him in subjection to still further exploitation and misery. In that day will the proletariat—the wage-slave class—write history, although perchance it be in letters of blood and with an iron pen.

MINER SHOT DEAD IN CABIN CREEK STRIKE.

Killed by Militia—Several Wounded and Many Arrested.

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 8.—The first fatality since martial law was declared in the Paint Creek and Cabin Creek mining regions last Tuesday occurred near Oakley, on Cabin Creek, today.

Almost needless to say, the victim is a workingman. He is Samuel Altman, one of the striking miners, and he was killed in an "encounter" with the milita. It is significant that not a single militiaman was even slightly injured in the "encounter," while, besides the killing of Altman, several other miners were injured and a great many were arrested.

Altman is said to have met his death in the following manner: He was leaving the scene of the presence of the soldiers when he was called upon to halt. When the command was not complied with promptly enough to please the guardsmen, a shot was fired and the miner dropped in his tracks.

It is believed that no weapon was found upon Altman, and from all that can be learned it appears as though the killing was absolutely unprovoked and unwarranted. Some reports would have it appear that the miners have for some days past been fractious. Confirmation for these rumors cannot be had, and it is strongly intimated in many quarters that their purpose is to lend justification to the deed of the guardsmen who killed Altman.

The story to the effect that Altman was a sacrifice to either the carelessness or the blood lust of the militia and that the killing did not occur in self-defense seems to be borne out by the fact that the strikers have been consistently reported to be conciliatory to the soldiers, their difficulties existing principally with the mine guards.

The death of Altman at the hands of the militia has aroused the striking miners, who declare, upon the statements of eyewitnesses, that their comrade was murdered.

The strained relations, it is said, will be used by the state to send more troops to the strike zone to further intimidate the miners. Already additional troops have arrived in the strike region.—New York Call.

When a party member's soul soars above the distribution of literature and other spade work, that member is too much in the clouds to be any use to the revolutionary movement.

Lots of workingmen used to lay off during the winter in Canada but they are not doing it any more as they have to lay off too much during the summer and by the time the winter rolls around they have only the chain gang to look forward to. When there are enough of you put wise, you will be able to lay off any time.

When a cap is worn, it usualy fits.

THE WESTERN CLARION

Published every Saturday by the Socialist Party of Canada at the office of the Western Clarion, Labor Temple, Dunsmuir St., Vancouver, B. C.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS, LABOR TEMPLE, DUNSMUIR ST.

SUBSCRIPTION.

$1.00 Per Year, 50 cents for Six Months, 25 cents for Three Months. Strictly in Advance.

Bundles of 5 or more copies for a period of not less than three months, at the rate of one cent per copy per issue.

Advertising rates on application.

If you receive this paper, it is paid for.

In making remittance by cheque, exchange must be added. Address all communications and make all money orders payable to

THE WESTERN CLARION

Labor Temple, Dunsmuir St., Vancouver, B. C.

688—Watch the label on your paper. If this number is on it, your subscription expires the next issue.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912.

SAMSON'S STRENGTH.

In the days of our youth, away back on the Illinois farmstead, we were wont to regale our mental apparatus by the studious perusal of such literary treasures as came within the family reach, either by purchase, gift or inheritance. Those acquired by purchase consisted principally of copies of the county paper, the yearly subscription being paid in cabbage and other farm truck; those obtained by gift were Ayer's and Hostetter's almanacs and the inherited possessions were confined chiefly to a polyglot Bible. From the first we used to draw rich stores of local information relating to those multifarious activities peculiar to a pastoral existence; from the second astronomical lore and medical knowledge, and from the last a fund of satisfying humor, as well as a thorough understanding of the mystical and unknowable, that promises to last us for the rest of our life.

How the story of creation used to appeal to our youthful fancy, being such a lucid and convincing explanation of a ponderous problem that we had little or no interest in solving anyway, and then again the story of the ark and its momentous voyage under command of the most successful navigator of his time, the escapade of Jonah in the more or less narrow confines of the whale's belly, Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still so that he could butcher a few more of his enemies before nightfall, Moses hocuspocusing the Red sea into standing on edge in order to let himself and followers pass without getting their feet wet and cold withal; these and many other simple tales so impressed us with the overwhelming virtue of truth in story telling that we have since been able to read Munchausen yarns only with pain and never venture to voice an untruth where lurks the remotest possibility of detection.

Of all the true tales in this, our inheritance, those that most forcibly appealed to us in consequence of their simplicity, and, therefore, apparent truthfulness, were the tales of Samson, the strong man of the ancient circus. And his strength was no greater than his cunning as was clearly demonstrated by his foxy joke upon the Philistines, when he caught 3,000 foxes—or was it 300?—at any rate it matters not, for the difference between the catching of 300 or 3,000 would be, to Samson, merely that of a few moments of activity at the most. The catching of these foxes and tying them together by their tails, with firebrands between each two tails, and turning them into those Philistines' cornfields, though nothing particularly marvelous for Samson to do, was really a clever trick to play upon the rascally owners of the cornfield.

Our greatest admiration for Samson, however, came in consequence of his feats of strength. To slay a multitude of his enemies with the jawbone of an ass, was certainly going some, as even Canada's military genius, Sam Hughes, would no doubt admit, and the pulling down of the pillars of the temple was a fitting climax to his career as the champion strong man of all history.

It will be remembered that Samson's strength lay in the hirsute covering to his occiput. When the female barber cut his hair he found himself also shorn of his strength and this he regained only with the re-growth of his hirsute adornment. His enemies having discovered the secret of his strength and induced the female tonsorialist to remove his locks, took advantage of his weakened condition to perpetrate upon him acts of brutality that would have made the police of Vancouver turn green with envy. So long as his locks remained uncut, however, he was too much for the whole bunch of ruffians.

It is rather more than likely that this Samson yarn is a relic of the olden time when our illustrious ancestors were sun worshipers. Samson was probably a sun god and the strength he manifested was due to the power of his rays, which might easily be likened to human hair. With head uncovered, that is, with his rays falling upon the earth, his tremendous power would be felt by every living thing. With rays cut off by the cloud and fog of winter months, his benificent power wuold be lessened, his weakness felt by all things. After the passing of the winter months and his rays had once more manifested his power, his locks would thus have grown again. Whether sun god or pure myth, the seat of his power lay in his rays or hair.

Capital is the Samson of today, the strong man in civilization's circus. What feats of strength this giant displays! Does he so will it, a continent is spanned by lines of steel and the plunder of a continent is whisked away to place of safety, upon the wings of steel and steam. Chasms are bridged, mountains tunnelled, oceans ferried, distance annihilated and time abbreviated at his command. His mandate has covered the earth with prisons and penitentiaries, insane asylums and hospitals, almshouses and pauper's hovels, barracks and "bull pens" and a horde of ruffianly police, detectives, jailors, wardens, magistrates, bailiffs, sheriffs, soldiers, governors and other hounds in human shape, to enforce his decree and spread poverty, vice, crime, prostitution, misery, despair and moral pestilence throughout the length and breadth of the earth in order that his brutal rule may continue and his baneful sway be perpetuated.

And while this precious rule continues and its moral pestilence rots the heart out of modern society, a gang of pimps and apologists offer up unctuous prayer and fulsome excuse to the supposed ruler of the universe in justification of its existence and for a prolongation of its lease of life.

This modern Samson, capital, rules the world and walks roughshod over every worthy human ambition, virtue or attribute. Its sole mission is to rule and rob, in order that its devotees may wax richer and more powerful, while its victims become poorer and more helpless. Its creed is robbery and its decalogue a series of legal shackles upon the limbs of its slaves.

Where lies the power of this modern Samson? What can be done to strip him of that power and reduce him to the condition of helplessness into which the biblical strong one found himself as his locks were shorn? Let us see.

The working class produces all of the material things that enter into the life of modern civilization. The palace of the master and the hovel of the slave; the gaudy and expensive raiment of the rich and the coarse and shoddy covering of the poor; the costly food upon the table of Dives and the miserable crumbs that fall to Lazarus, all of these are the products of labor and of labor alone.

Not only does labor feed, clothe and shelter both master and slave, the former bountifully, the latter scantily, but also from the ranks of the workers, the slaves, are recruited all of the forces necessary to maintain the respective status of master, fat and arrogant, and slave, mean, lean and meek. Workers build gaols and penitentiaries and inhabit them. Out of the ranks of the workers are found the necessary thugs, police, detectives and other ruffians to throw the balance into these bastiles of capital and forfend their escape therefrom.

Workers build insane asylums and hospitals and go bughouse or cripple themselves that they may have inmates.

Workers erect barracks and "bull pens" and garrison the former so that a force is always available to fill the latter with any of their number that should too loudly cry out for relief from the miseries of their slavery.

Workers make clubs to be used upon their own craniums; bayonets to be shoved through their own inwards, and bullets to be shot through their own fool carcasses, and then wield the club, push the bayonet and work the gun.

These and many more are the fool things done by slaves. Without this the master class would be absolutely helpless. The master class could not maintain its mastery. Only by such folly can human slavery be maintained.

The answer then to the query: "Where lies the power of this modern Samson—Capital?" is easy. It lies solely in the ignorance of the slaves. Were this ignorance removed this power would be as completely gone as was that of the biblical hero when his locks were shorn.

Clubs can neither be made nor wielded, bayonets can neither be manufactured or pushed, guns and bullets can neither be produced or used, gaols can neither be builded or inhabited, and the same is true of all other implements and paraphernalia of class rule and tyranny, were it not for the insufferable ignorance of the victims of such rule and tyranny—the workers themselves. The working class not only furnish the victims, but the ignorant and brutal ruffians to carry on the murderous game.

The sole strength of Capital lies in the ignorance of its slaves. By pushing forward the education of ourselves and our class, we are shearing Capital of its strength even as Delilah did unto Samson of old.

Watch the number on your address label and compare it with the Number of this issue.

NO CHANGE IN POLICY.

If there are any persons in British Columbia or elsewhere who have feared that the death of that past master of the art of religious burlesque, "General Booth," would result in any change of policy upon the part of the "Salvation Army," their fears may be set at rest. "General" Bramwell Booth, who has succeeded to the chieftancy of the burlesquers, has cabled from London saying that the "Army will start at once to float the 'widow scheme.'"

It seems that the "General" has discovered something like one hundred and seventeen thousand "widows" and two hundred thousand "persons" in the old country that constitute excellent material for export to Canadian shores in the name of Jesus. The chief excellence that attaches to these "widows" and "persons" is, no doubt, the rich profit that may be gathered into the Booth "war-chest" through this traffic in human flesh. It has been noticed that the Booth zeal in the salvation of souls has, at no stage of the game, been more pronounced than the Booth keenness of scent for simoleons for the Booth exchequer. In fact many impious ones have dared to suggest the latter as by far the most striking characteristic of the Booth character.

At any rate, General Bramwell is to steer the ship of salvation along the old and well tried course. The world-wide traffic in human flesh and blood is to be continued and, presumably, increased to still greater and more profitable proportions for the further glorification of Jesus and profit of the "General."

Once in something less than a coon's age, some human nondescript raises to high heaven most woeful howls because some insignificant worm of the dust, perchance a Socialist worm at that, attacks religion, but surely the combined efforts of all who ever possessed the temerity to attack that ancient uncertainty have never accomplished so much towards holding it up to ridicule and contempt as this burlesque business of the Booths and their "Salvation Army." A huge commercial concern with its tentacles reaching to the uttermost parts of the earth, cold-blooded and merciless in its exploitations of human degradation and misery, that the material possessions of a callous and conscienceless old hyprocrite and his successors may be swollen to ever greater proportions, and all of this under pretence of being in the name and under the sanction of he who "had not where to lay his head," while living and in his death suffered the agony of crucifixion for having lifted his voice in behalf of the poor and down-trodden as against their rulers and oppressors. All of this he did "without money and without price." No rulers and rich ruffians praised him to the skies for his noble efforts along salvation lines. He was reviled and vilified by the tyrants and oppressors of his time, and suffered the ignominious death at their hands. But now the Booth burlesquers are lauded to the skies. Every church of christendom approves of their application of the Redeemer's name to the rankest and coarsest scheme of commercialism that was ever worked with the pauper and the down-and-out as its stock-in-trade. Every capitalist pirate on earth approves of the scheme, because it is akin to his own, and its salvation humbug tends to hold the slave in leash for the skinning process.

That a huge and world-wide traffic in the human flotsam and jetsam of the slave market can be carried on in the name of religion, is such a rip-roaring farce as to reduce the entire religious hoax to a burlesque and strip from its few remaining devotees the last shred of reverence for and fealty to it. The working of the Salvation Army and other similar "bum" schemes in the name of Jesus is either a profanation of that sacred name or a denial of its sacred character. It is a burlesque of religion and a travesty of decency.

This Booth bunch of vaudeville artists and burlesquers should be known for what they are, merely commercial rag pickers in the purlieus of Christian civilization and its slave market. Dealers in human flesh. Exporters and importers of slaves, from such points as have an over-supply to such parts of the earth as they may be required to beat down the wages of those slaves already upon the ground. And for those and sundry similar services not only doth great praise accrue to these bunco steerers and hypocrites, but much lucre in recompense for worthy work well done.

We shall welcome a shipment of "widows," as it is well known that Canada is yet suffering from a shortage in the supply in spite of the up-to-date killing capacity of "our" industries. If we can't make as many widows as we need, let us be thankful that we can be supplied through the agency of the house of Booth. Only let us be rid of the hypocritical pretence that this sort of thing is done with the connivance of Christ, or for his sake. That is the only change in policy we could reasonably suggest. Though our modest request be refused, we shall give hearty welcome to the widows." As to "persons" we have a plenty already.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Beginning with No. 690 a serial by Com. Gribble will appear in the Clarion. We can promise our readers there will be no sickly twaddle in this serial, as they may understand by Gribble's writings which have appeared in the Clarion for lo! these many moons.

All the characters will be drawn from real life, and all the events will be actual ones.

It is not generally known that Gribbie has done considerable story-writing for the general press, supporting himself in that way during a considerable portion of the time he has been engaged in propaganda for the Party.

We have seen these stories and can guarantee that the writer is fully qualified to write fiction in as interesting a way as he is able to write on economics in an understandable way. As this serial is being written with the desire of increasing the circulation of the Clarion, as the writer will be overtaxing himself in writing it, as he will be constantly engaged in speaking while doing so, it is up to the comrades to do their part by sending in as many subs as possible before the serial starts, especially as Gribble, though paid a good price for the stories and rhymes he has written for the general press, will certainly not get a cent for this one. Owing to the splendid support the Clarion, like all other Socialist papers, gets, it has nothnig to pay with.

The shortage of navy recruits for murder ships is getting so serious that he American Government will have to get women to take the place of the men. The shortage at present is 5,634—and growing.

How obliging the white man can be to the boss is shown in a recent strike of some Hindoo teamsters not far from Vancouver who went out for more wages, their places were immediately filled by white men, who received three dollars a day for a few days, after which the bosses let them out and the Hindoos in at the old wages. Beautiful, isn't it?

Sing a song of good times,
Belly full of pie,
Wage-plugs are all happy,
Labor's goose hangs high.
When the good times vanish,
Different tune we hum.
Some plugs get their pie cut down,
The rest go on the bum.

"The mission of the Socialist party of Canada is not to further the efforts of the commodity labor power to obtain better prices or itself but to realize the aspirations of enslaved labor to break the galling chains of wage servitude, and stand forth free."

We still have some leaflets on hand. These leaflets were printed for the purpose of starting some of the slaves thinking. They cannot do that if they are allowed to stick in this office. Why not jump in and distribute a few around your burg? They will cost you 20 cents a hundred. We have numbers 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 in stock.

Rockefeller and Morgan are lined up in a fight for the loaning to China of $50,000,000. When enough slaves who are producing those millions get wise it won't be necessary for the John D's and the Pierponts to scrap over who shall get the opportunity to exploit labor because the workers will have put an end to exploitation.

I don't care a d——, no, a blessing, if society is an organism or not. What seems important to me is that the capitalists have the goods and we have to get enough on our side to take the goods from them.

The Executive did quite right in the case of Parker Williams. No deliberate breach of the party pledge, whether due to weakness or to treachery, can be overlooked. Mistakes are excusable, but not conscious double dealing, however good the intentions.

Generally speaking, it is the people who don't work themselves, who are alarmed about other people not working, under Socialism.

Under Socialism, the factory will no doubt be immensely improved, but hardly to the extent that it will become as it now is, a summer resort for the people who work in it.

Forty Bibles per minute is said to be the output of the Oxford Press in England, and these Bibles go to the heathen of all lands on the globe. The cartridges that follow them up, however, are turned out at the rate of 400 a minute. And yet the heathen isn't grateful, though all his wants are attended to before he is even asked what they are.

Our old friend Laurier is out on the stump again. We have got to put a man in the field to cover the same ground as our old friend. What are you doing to help this scheme along? moralisingof all the ages.

Socialist Party Directory

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Socialist Party of Canada, meets second and fourth Monday. Secretary, Wm. Watts, Labor Temple, Dunsmuir St., Vancouver, B.C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada, meets second and fourth Mondays in month at Labor Temple, Dunsmuir St., Wm. Watts, Secretary.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Socialist Party of Canada, meets every alternate Tuesday, at 429 Eighth Ave. East. Burt E. Anderson, Secretary, Box 647, Calgary.

SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE, S. P. of C., invites all comrades residing in Saskatchewan to communicate with them on organization matters Address D. McMillan, 222 Stadacona Street West, Moose Jaw, Sask.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Committee: Notice—This card is inserted for the purpose of getting "YOU" interested in the Socialist movement. SOCIALISTS are always *members of the Party;* so if you are desirous of becoming a member, or wish to get any information, write the Secretary, J. D. Houston, 493 Furby St., Winnipeg.

MARITIME PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Committee, Socialist Party of Canada, meets every second and fourth Sundays in the Cape Breton office of the Party, Commercial Street, Glace Bay, N. S. Dan Cochrane, Secretary, Box 491, Glace Bay, N. S.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, No. 69, S. P. of C. Headquarters, Labor Temple, Dunsmuir street. Business meeting on first of every month at 8 p.m. Secretary, F. Lefeaux, Labor Temple, Vancouver, B. C.

LOCAL FERNIE, S. P. of C., HOLD holds educational meetings in the Miners Union Hall every Sunday at 7:30. Business meeting first Monday in each month, 7:30 p. m. Economic class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. H. Wilmer, secretary, Box 380.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, NO. 25, S. P. of C., meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E. Campbell, Organizer. Will Jones, Secretary, Box 125. Finnish branch meets in Finlanders' Hall Sundays at 7:30 p.m. A. Sebble, Secretary, Box 54, Rossland, B.C.

LOCAL MICHEL, B. C., NO. 16, S. P. of C., holds propaganda meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p.m. in Crahan's Hall. A hearty invitation is extended to all wage slaves within reach of us to attend our meetings. Business meetings are held the first and third Sundays of each month at 10:30 a.m. in the same hall. Party organizers take notice. T. W. Brown, Secretary.

LOCAL NELSON, S. P. of C., MEETS every Friday evening at 8 p.m., in Miners' Hall, Nelson, B. C. I. A. Austin, Secretary.

LOCAL REVELSTOKE, B. C., NO. 7, S. P. of C. Business meetings at Socialist headquarters fourth Thursdays of each month. B. F. Gayman, Secretary

LOCAL SANDON, B. C., NO. 36, S. P. OF C. Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. in the Sandon Miners' Unior Hall. Communications to be addressed Drawer K, Sandon, B. C.

LOCAL VICTORIA NO. 2, S. P. of C.— Headquarters and reading room 575 Yates St. Business meeting every Tuesday, 8 p.m. Propaganda meeting every Saturday, 8 p.m., corner of Yates and Langley.

LOCAL SOUTH PORT GEORGE, B.C., No. 61, meets every Friday night at 8 p.m. in Public Library Room. John McInnis, Secretary; Andrew Allen, Organizer.

LOCAL CUMBERLAND NO. 70 S. P. of C. Business meeting every Sunday, 10:30 a.m. Economic Class held twice each Thursday, 10:30 a.m. (for afternoon shift), 8 p.m. (for morning shift). Propaganda meeting every Sunday 3 p.m. Headquarters: Socialist Hall, opposite post office. Financial Secretary Thomas Carney, Corresponding Secretary, Joseph Naylor.

VANCOUVER LETTISH LOCAL No. 58. S. P. of C.—Business meeting every first Sunday of the month and propaganda meeting every third Sunday. Room open to everybody at 512 Cordova Street East, 2 p. m. Secretary, P. Anderson, Barnet, B. C.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 45, Finnish. Meets every second and Fourth Thursdays in the month at 213 Hastings St. East. Ovia Lind, Secretary.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No 1, S. P. of C.— Business meeting every Tuesday evening at Headquarters, 213 Hastings St. East, H. Rahim, Secretary.

LOCAL COLEMAN, ALTA., NO. 9. Miners' Hall and Opera House. Propaganda meetings at 8 p.m. on the first and third Sundays of the month. Business meetings on Thursday evenings following propaganda meetings at 8. Organizer, T. Steele, Coleman, Alta.; Secretary, Jas. Glendenning, Box 63, Coleman, Alta. Visitors may receive information any day at Miners' Hall Secretary, Wm. Graham, Box 63, Coleman, Alta.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., NO. 1, S. P. of C. Headquarters 622 First St. Business and propaganda meetings every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. sharp. Our reading room is open to the public free, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. Secretary, J. A. S. Smith, 622 First St.; Organizer, W. Stephenson.

LOCAL CALGARY, ALTA., NO. 4, S. P. of C.—Business meeting every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the headquarters, 134 Ninth Ave. West. S. K. Read, Secretary.

LOCAL REGINA NO. 6, SASK., MEETS every Sunday, Trades Hall, 8 p.m. Business meeting, second Friday, 8 p.m. Trades Hall. W. B. Bird, Gen. Del., Secretary.

LOCAL LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., NO. 18, S. P. of C. Meets first and third Sundays in the month, at 4 p.m., in Miners' Hall. Secretary, Chas. Peacock, Box 1983

LOCAL MOOSEJAW, SASK., No. 1, S. P. OF C.—Propaganda meetings every Sunday, 7:30 p. m., in the Trades Hall. Economic Class every Sunday, 3 p.m. W. McAllister, Secretary, Box 587. A. Stewart organizer.

LOCAL No. 1, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, S. P. of C.—Headquarters, Labor Temple. Business meeting every Saturday, 8 p.m. Propaganda meeting every Sunday at 8 o'clock in the Dreamland Theatre, Main St. Secretary, J. O'Brien, Room 12, 530 Main St.

LOCAL OTTAWA, NO 8, S. P. OF C. Open air meetings during summer months, corner McKenzie Avenue and Rideau Street. Business meetings, first Sunday in month in the Labor Hall, 219 Bank Street, at 8:00 p.m. Secretary, Sam Sturgess Horwith, 16 Ivy Avenue N.E., Ottawa. Phone 277.

LOCAL GLACE BAY, No. 1 OF MARITIME—Headquarters in Rukasin Block, Commercial St. Open every evening. Business and propaganda meeting at headquarters every Thursday at 8 p. m. Alfred Nash, secretary, Box 158; Harold G. Ross, organizer, Box 505.

LOCAL SIDNEY MINES NO. 7, of Nova Scotia.—Business and propaganda meetings every second Monday at 7:30 in the S. O. B. T. Hall back of Town Hall. William Allen, Secretary, Box 344.

UKRAINIAN SOCIALIST FEDERATION of the S. P. of C., is organized for the purpose of educating the Ukrainean workers to the revolutionary principles of this party. The Ukranian Federation publish their own weekly organ, "Nova Hromada" (New Society), at 443 Kinistino Ave., Edmonton, Alta. English comrades desiring information re the Federation, write to J. Senuk, Fin. Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION CARDS

5 Yearlies - - -	$3.75
10 1-2 Yearlies - -	4.00
20 Quarterlies - -	4.00

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

So long as the capitalist class remains 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 degredation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working class at the point of production. 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 reins 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 programme 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, railroads, etc.) into the collective property of the working class.

2. The 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.

SMOKE "KURTZ'S OWN" "KURTZ'S PIONEERS" OR "SPANISH BLOSSOMS" BEST IN B.C. CIGARS.

CORRESPONDENCE

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

September 23, 1912.

Present: Comrades Kingsley, Mengel, Anderson, Kavanaugh (chairman), and the secretary.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Application of J. T. Dempster, of Clayton, B. C., as member at large. Accepted.

Correspondence from S. K. Read, secretary of Local Calgary, ordered filed.

Correspondence from the secretary of Local Montreal re-organizing in that district. Secretary instructed to reply.

Adjourned.

W. WATTS, Secretary.

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Meeting September 23, 1912.

Present: Comrades Kingsley, Mengel, Anderson, Gribble, Kavanaugh (chairman), and the secretary.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Correspondence from Parker Williams ordered filed.

Bills for Clarion ordered paid.

Comrade Fitzgerald was appointed organizer for the purpose of organizing on Vancouver Island, where a strike of the miners is now in progress.

Comrade Gribble volunteered his services for a week on the island as organizer. His offer was acepted.

Adjourned.

W. WATTS, Secretary.

Comrade George Howell, late of Calgary, drops in with five dollars for the organizing fund.

Comrade A. G. McCallum, of Ottawa, sends in another five spot for the Clarion maintenance fund.

Comrade H. Norman, of New Westminster, B. C., fires two dollars into the organizing fund.

Comrade Hugh Mitchell, of Britannia Beach, B. C., sends in one dollar for the fund that needs it most. We have put it in the Clarion maintenance.

OVER THE LINE

Comrade Editor:

Having been over in the state of Washington for some months past, perhaps a few remarks as to my experiences while there would not be out of place.

I should like to say in the first place that I found the comrades there a very comradely crowd.

I served out the straight goods everywhere I went asd they like it. I found very few among the party members in favor of having any reforms on the party platform, but, as they say, the Eastern majority retains them there, and as they in the West do not wish to add one more to the numerous divisions in the working class movement, they ignore them. Among all the speakers I heard, I never heard one advocate of reforms. One of their speakers, Comrade Decker, in knowledge of economics and ability to expound them, is equal to the best the S. P. of C. has to show. But the rank and file of the party—they are workers, almost to a man, and woman. Perhaps this is because economic conditions are worse and the driving force is greater than in Canada.

I was a great deal among the farmers and the impression I received in Canada—that the farmers will yet be the backbone of the movement, was strengthened by my experience in the U. S.

Now, I don't want to take up more space, so will close by saying I was treated well over there, that my dope suited them down to the ground, but my speaking gear going wrong, I had to take a rest, but am going back again in a week or so, as I recken to be in fit condition by then.

Yours in Revolt,
WILFRID GRIBBLE.

Comrade H. J. B. Harper, of Hardy Bay, B. C., sends in for a bunch of sub cards and drops one dollar and twenty-five cents into the Clarion maintenance fund.

Better to do anything than to do nothing—you will at least learn by experience or failure, and get somewhere; the do-nothing merely stagnates and gets nowhere.

SUB-HUSTLERS (?) AND OTHERS—TAKE NOTICE.

Such a magnificent response has been made to our last offer of 50 cents worth of literature free with each one dollar sub received that we can no longer continue such prodigality. We have received about 50 subs in response to that offer. We are overwhelmed with gratitude in consequence. Thanks. That offer expires September 16.

Here is another. We are sure it will meet with an equally hearty response.

To the person sending in to this office, between September 16th and November 1st, 1912, the largest list of yearly subscriptions (or the equivalent in three months and six months subs), we will give a copy of "Webster's International Dictionary." This is the very latest edition, containing 2700 pages, and is the most complete dictionary of the English language extant. The publishers' net price is $12.00. It will be delivered to the winner, direct from the publishing house of G and C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., all charges prepaid.

To the person sending in to this office, between September 16th and November 1st, 1912, the second largest list of yearly subscriptions (or the equivalent in three months and six months subs.), we will give a complete edition of Capital by Karl Marx, 3 volumes, charges prepaid.

To the person sending in to this office between September 16th and November 1st, 1912, the third largest list of yearly subscriptions (or the equivalent in three months and six months subs.), we will give a bound volume of the Western Clarion for the year 1910, delivering same to the winner, charges prepaid.

We shall immediately proceed to enlarge our business staff in order to expeditiously handle the increased sub. list that will undoubtedly result from this offer. From our knowledge of the zeal with which the average man will push the circulation of publications that neither belong to himself or his organization, and his utter indifference to the success of those that do, we feel justified in anticipating an increase of the sub. list of the Western Clarion by at least 15 or 20, as a result of the above offer. If we are too optimistic we hope to be excused upon the ground that one optimist is less of a nuisance to tolerate at any time than half a dozen pessimists.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE MILLION

FIRST ISSUE OF 120,000 COPIES NOW READY

1. WHY I LEFT THE CHURCH.
   By Joseph McCabe. 48 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
2. WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC?
   By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 24 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
3. CHRISTIANITY'S DEBT TO EARLIER RELIGIONS.
   By P. Vivian. 64 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
4. HOW TO REFORM MANKIND.
   By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 24 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
5. MYTH OR HISTORY IN THE OLD TESTAMENT?
   By Samuel Laing. 48 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
6. LIBERTY OF MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD.
   By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 48 pp. and colored with portrait.

The Set of Six Pamphlets Post Free for 25 Cents

The People's Bookstore 152 Cordova Street West Vancouver, B.C.

HOW THEY COME

There is a little better showing this week in the sub hustling line, but you have got to do better yet if we are to survive.

Seeing that the Locals are now preparing for winter propaganda, it will be easier to get subs. Now, then, the best way to get subs is to get a bunch of sub cards from us and peddle them.

Make an organized effort to get subs and make it possible for the continued publication of the only revolutionary paper on the American continent.

Here are a few of the old standbys. When are you going to take a hand?

M. Lightstone, Montreal, Que.	8
C. M. O'Brien, organizer	7
D. McLeish, Castor, Alta.	5
W. H. Anderson, Dewberry, Alta.	5
L. R. McInnis, Sandon, B. C.	4
W. B. Bird, Regina, Sask.	4
J. Watson, Winnipeg, Man.	3
H. J. B. Harper, Hardy Bay, B. C.	3
S. Rodgers, Regina, Sask.	2
W. Davenport, Brantford, Ont.	2
W. Clunie, Montreal, Que.	2
E. Simpson, Victoria, B. C.	2
Local Toronto	2
S. K. Read, Calgary, Alta.	2
Jas. Cartwright, E. Wellington, B. C.	2
P. J. Hunt, Fiske, Sask.	2

Singles

W. Breeze, Winnipeg, Man.; W. K. Bryce, Demaine, Sask.; H. Mitchell, Britannia Beach, B. C.; A. Manson, Nelson, B. C.; Jos. Naylor, Cumberland, B. C.; A. Whyte, Beaver Mines, Alta.; A. Stewart, Moose Jaw, Sask.; A. Paterson, N. Battleford, Sask.; J. A. Moon, N. Battleford, Sask; B. Nelson, city; F. Halton, city.

Bundles

Local Calgary, 100; Local Toronto, 25; Local Brantford, 20; A. G. McCallum, Ottawa, 20; W. McCallum, Ottawa, 25; Bixby's Book Store, St. Catherine, 5.

Comrade C. M. O'Brien tops the list for the largest amount of subs; W. B. Bird comes next and L. R. McInnis, of Sandon, third. Now, then, boost her up good next week.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

I have been reminded strongly of these lines of Shakespeare these last few days.

Having lately come from across the line, where if knowledge of economics is not up to the Canadian standard, knowledge of spade work is, it was like coming into a new world to find myself among a bunch of philosophers whose chief delight appeared to be to seize hold of some phrase used by another comrade and analyze it, dissect it, tear it limb from limb as it were for the sole purpose of showing off their superior knowledge.

Hot arguments on every side as to whether society was an organism and if so, how could there be t class struggle inside it, etc.," and such like silly, useless hairsplitting, were rife.

Any mention of a speaker's name from outside, or of the doings of the S. P. of the States called forth superior smiles or harsh remarks as to their fitness to accomplish anything.

Now, as an outsider, I want to say this, regardless of whether I am scientific or not, I would rather work with comrades as I have been doing, who are willing to turn out at six in the morning and cover a city with literature, whose great differences and discussions are on TACTICS and methods of attacking our enemy, the master class, than stagnate in an atmosphere of philosophic dry rot.

I would rather be in a party that tries to do things, than in a mob of would-be critics who accomplish nothing, unless the amount of words they waste on each other be accounted as steps on the road to Socialism.

The trouble sems to me, somewhat like that of the small boy who had been accustomed to seeing the baseball game through a knot hole in the fence, and when treated one day to a seat on the bleachers, cried and asked to be allowed to go back to his knothole.

So it appears to me at all events, that a section of the S. P. of C. have been so busy looking through its own little peephole that it entirely overlook the fact that it is only a small part in a great world movement of the working class towards emancipation. Revolutions never were yet won by theorists or spittoon philosophers, but by the great earnest army of men and women who worked silently, but always and ever striving towards the goal.

Our goal is the social revolution and, thank goodness, the vast majority of us at any rate, are more determined on getting there than on disscusing how we got to where we are, and where and how and what we are, anyway.

There is hope for the future, but not among the rag chewers.

Yours for a change,
FRED S. FAULKNER.

Another useless parasite in the form of the Duke of Connaught visited Vancouver last week. As usual, a bunch of slaves could be seen almost licking the boots of His Nibs. Some of you may have objections to us calling him a useless parasite; if so, we will satisfy you by saying that he is a useful member to the capitalist class, which is correct, as he is used by that class to encourage flag worship and loyalty to capitalist institutions.

SHARPEN YOUR SWORD.

The Dean of Newcastle in His War Paint.

Canadian cadets have visited Newcastle, and there has been a large amount of slobber by capitalistic (?) defenders of the "Hempire." Both the Church and the Chamber of Commerce were well represented. The representaive of the Church was especially fulsome in his eulogies of the whole cadet system of teaching to murder in the defense of the empire. In his remarks, the Dean told the cadets that one of Australia's greatest assets was her coal, and they (the Canadian cadets) would very soon learn that one of the things Australia would have to consider was, "How are the coalfields of Australia going to be defended?" Apparently this dignitary is of the opinion that the rest of the nations, or geographical collections of people, are dying to lay hands upon our coal deposits. This is nonsense! The veriest piffle, and coming from such an educated luminary as the Dean, is surprising. Nature, or God, as you will, provided those stores of coal and preserved the same deep in the bowels of the earth, our coal beds being in very fact, indeed, bottled up sunshine. Neither man, or the labor of man, had any hand in storing up the great mass of wealth represented in the coal of this planet. But until labor is used in winning coal from the almost inaccessible positions it is just as worthless as the mud-banks in our navigable rivers. Man found a use for coal, consequently; man discovered a method of extracting coal from Mother Earth; and when won found means to use it to the best advantage for society. Then smart (?) individuals, realizing what a power coal was to become in the economy of the world, schemed so that they and theirs alone would derive the most pecuniary benefit from the ownership of the coal supplies stored by Nature. And they were successful.

Now, the people of the world collectively cannot burn a single pound of coal without permission of the owning coal barons. It is in the defence of this usurped right—the right legalized by the land robbers of the days gone by and still held by the same robber class. This robber class being small in numbers, when compared with the dispossessed class, were naturally afraid that the people would turn on them and take their own back again. Then there was enrolled from the ranks of the dispossessed class a body of retainers, or fighting men, who defended the interests of the land robbers, who promised them an easy, lazy life. The world progressed without the aid of this owning class, but its members were always quick to reap any advantage to themselves, and to defend themselves with the aid of their hired mercenaries. As time went on the hired mercenaries became a burden upon their employers, and as the owning class, which had usurped the power to make the laws at the time they seized the land, made it obligatory upon the country to support and maintain the late retainers of the robber class—and thus formed a standing army.

This standing army was definitely used in supporting the usurped rights of the dispossessed class. But education expanded. The ignorance of the dispossessed, viz., the working class, was gradually dispersed. And now we are not so ready to defend the stolen property of the owning class against ourselves.

So now a scheme has been evolved to compel the children of the working class to undergo military training to enable the owning class to still retain for a longer period their plunder. And the Canadian cadets are a few of the children of a geographically situated people trained to defend "their" country against other geographically situated people. But the fact of the matter is, the real object for training working class children is to defend the property of the capitalist class against their parents. This property-robbery of the people has always been upheld by the church, therefore, it is not surprising that the Dean of Newcastle spoke as he did, being a representative of the capitalist class.

Another statement from the Dean was to the effect that Australia was learning, and Canada was learning even faster than Australia, "That the prosperity and strength did not lie on the football field or the racecourse." How true he spoke in the latter connection. But did he mean it? Probably the Dean forgot, or else overreached himself. But the Dean must surely have meant the prosperity of the owning class, which is made more secure when built upon the ignorance of the People; a condition of affairs always supported by the church. It was not the prosperity of the people that troubled the Dean, but the prosperity of the class on which he lives as a parasite. Further, according to His Deanship, "Swords have got to be put to the grindstone, and be kept sharp, and "No man would be worthy of the name who would hesitate to draw a sword or fire a gun in defence of those he loved." Yet the Dean is a CHRISTIAN! He no doubt preaches about a Loving Father and a Crucified Son every week, and in his other public actions and words practically states that he knows much better than the God he preaches about. Is it not stated in the Book upon which the Dean bases his religious teachings, that "Thou shalt not kill"? But, forsooth! the Dean says: "We are not men unless we kill," and keep in physical efficiency and good order with that end in view. Again, is it not stated in that self-same authority used by the Dean, "He that liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword"? Yet he himself declares that our sons should train for these things—and it matters little whether they go to eternal damnation or not, so long as "His Ecclesiastical Majesty" and his friends are comfortable here and now.

The Dean of Newcastle is hereby advised that the Australians will eventually defend Australia, not against fancied enemies, but against the real enemy of the working-class. the class represented by the Dean and the Chamber of Commerce. And as the education of the people advances, as it will do despite the efforts of these of the privileged class, to hinder and side track. The world's masses are unrestful now, and are seeking that knowledge which means power, a knowledge and power when obtained which will not be used unjustly as has been taught and practised by the church, but in the direction as spoken by that Jesus whom the church worships: "He that will not work neither shall he eat." Socialism is advancing—and it behooves the enemies of the working-class to put their house in order and "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and unto the workers the things that are the workers'—which is all that labor produces.—The People, Sydney, N. S. W.

A PLEASING PROSPECT.

Human society today in all civilized states is armed with powers of wealth production such as were never dreamed of a century ago. To produce sufficient of the material things of life to provide for the comfortable existence of man today is a matter of the expenditure of such an insignificant amount of labor as to be scarce worth mentioning. If the powers of production were to be used to their limit such a volume of would would result that the markets of the world would be deulged with it and human society actually smother in its own products. And yet in the face of all this, industry is paralyzed, factories are closed or running with reduced force and millions of men are without employment and know not which way to turn for relief from their miseries. Poverty and distress are upon every hand and actual staryation is a thing by no means unknown in the congested districts where these conditions are most acute.

There is no use in blinding our eyes to the fact that things are going from bad to worse. From every quarter comes undisputable evidence that, as bad as conditions have been for the past six months, they are becoming intensified each day. The future is dark with foreboding of such a catacylsm of disaster that capitalist civilization will crumble to ruins. Even now it is rocking upon its foundation like a doomed building in the teeth of a gale that it cannot withstand. Even if capitalist production does weather the present storm it is safe to assert that no living man will ever see it again restored to that condition of activity and virility experienced during the past ten years. The powers of production have become too great to admit of the product being disposed of even in a world's market. Proof of this is found in the present world-wide industrial depression and stagnation. If the product could be disposed of there would not be an idle workingman in Christendom. Every factory would be running night and day. Every capitalist mug would be adorned with a seraphic smile along side of which a clown's grin would appear like the piously sombre frown of a Scotch Presbyterian church deacon, in comparison.

Everything must grow or die. Capital is no exception to the rule. Capitalist production cannot continue unless capital can expand. Its purpose is the augmentation of capital. This implies that additional markets, i.e., additional fields into which it may expand, must always be available. When such fields are no longer available the jig is up. Death must inevably follow. This, however, does not imply that its death need be sudden, like that of a packing house slave dropped into a vat of boiling lard. It will begin to decay. It will smell bad in spots. It will become irritable and savage just like an old dog, who, becoming blind with age, snaps and snarls at every one who points a finger at him.

It does not require much of a prophet to see that capitlist production is nearing its end. It can non longer be carried on except by fits and starts. Just now it is afflicted with the rickets. A little later on it will be chronic St. Vitus dance. Still later on the obsequies. Glory be.

In the meantime the proletariat must suffer untold miseries and hardships. Everything must be out of joint and where peace and decency should dwell there will be turmoil and strife, riot and bloodshed. Bloated affluence will automobile the boulevards while guant poverty skulks in alleys. A few million more wage-slaves of various ages and sexes will be ground into profit. A few million more women will be driven o lives of shame. Here and there a bunch of discarded slaves with empty bellies and heads with nothing in them worth mentioning, will have national anthems played upon their caputs with policemen's clubs. Take it all around it is a pleasing prospect.

IN THE DRY-DOCK.

By BENJAMIN P. JENNINGS.

The big tramp steamer rests in the drydock while the painters busily scrape and paint her rusty sides. Down in the semi-gloom under the ship's bottom confusion seems to reign; the air resounds with the deafening rattle of pneumantic riveting hammers and the discordant shouts of men. The new steel plates which are to replace the old ones previously taken off are rapidly being placed in position and the job is nearing completion.

To the casual observer this would seem to be a "rush job," but to we "roughnecks" of the repair gaing it is nothing unusual. All repair jobs are carried on with the same speed because every day a ship remains in dock for repairs means a loss in profits to her owners; even now, in their estimation her deep-laden hull should be plowing the waters of distant seas bound for the foreign market—the god of the capitalist.

Steadily, with the aid of my gang partner, I drive home the red hot rivets which make the steel plates part and parcel of the ship's structure. We have worked overtime until midnight for the last five nights, but as the job is nearly finished it is our hope that tonight we will be excused. This hope is soon blasted; the form of the boss riveter emerges from the gloom and his voice bawls in my ear:

"Your gang works tonight! Orders from the office."

I nod my head dumbly and he passes on. I break the news to my partner and note the lines of pain in his face as he thinks of the sick wife at home and longs to be with her. To me it means another night lost from my study of Socialism, another opportunity to spread the gospel of industrial freedom gone. We continue our labor and as I guide the hammer while it mashes the red-hot steel, I reflect that thus shall we of the social revolution deliver our smashing blows until the system of capitalism totters on its foundation; thus shall we rivet together, piece by piece, the structure of the Co-operative Commonwealth until the workers of the world receive that greatest of all luxuries—leisure time; time in which to get acquinted with art, music, science and the better things of life; time to really live instead of existing, the despised and abject creatures of a dominant class.

Inwardly I rage against my servitude which prevents me from taking the active part I would like to take in the fight for working class freedom, but as I think of my millions of comrades in every land and clime, ready and eager to work for the cause, a wave of exultation possesses me; the thundering roar of the hammer which I guide seems to change into a wild and joyous song of victory and I am at peace once more.

Comrade Gribble is having a number of his rhymes published. Look up his ad in this week's Clarion and send in for some, they are of the best.

2,000 miners are on strike on Vancouver Island. Comrades Gribble and Fitzgerald are going over there to help put the miners in shape for the complete licking of the mine owners.

What about advertising your propaganda campaign? We are able to supply you with dodgers at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per thousand, carriage paid. Four different kinds.

There used to be a time when the worker would take a vacation during the summer, but he is afraid to now because there are so many good men running around looking for jobs that he might not get the loan of his job again.

"There are 7,500,000 workers in England whose wages are sometimes as low as 9s. 3d., and never higher than 27s. 3d. per week. In London alone there are 2,000,000 people living as families, the total earnings of each family being less than £1 per week. While wages have practically remained stationary during the past ten years, the cost of living has materially increased."

The Liberal party of British Columbia is no more. The legislature consists of Socialists and Conservatives. Comrade O'Brien was the first to make an inroad into the Alberta legislature and in that province the Conservatives are almost off the map. Now, then, a little more pick and shovel work all along the line and we will have the capitalist party and the workers' party lined up for battle in a straight fight all over the Dominion.

BOOTH AND BUNCOMBE.

I suppose you have had enough of the life and death doings and exploits of the "late" General Booth. His death was quite a sensation, though it has been both desired and expected for quite a time. The death was heralded by some hideous and contemptible obituary notices, most papers giving the written history of his life to a certain extent, this being *contributed by members of the staff* of the Salvation Army, who bargained for the payment before the demise of the general. Yet to all that was contributed anent General Booth, none was so fine as the attack upon the Salvation Army in the "Saturday Review." Conservative as that sheet is, it trounced Booth and his army right and left and exposed the entire scheme as being vulgar commercialism.

Already a "life" of the general has been issued in "book form" by one of the greatest book publishers in the world, Messrs. Nelson & Son. In that book a review is taken of the "Social Work of the Salvation Army" and though the writer is a government official acting as "Director of the Labor Exchanges" in England, he certainly slates the army like hell The way the Salvation Army has been brought up and organized shows it to be a remarkable accomplishment. The religious side has apparently been the basis. But that has proven its most insidious trickery. Under the cloak of "Come to Jesus" mongery, the game of delusion and deception has been practiced not only here and in Canada, but in most countries in the world. From some countries it has been banished, or not permitted to get a hold, because of its transparent hypocrisy. It developed from God, Jesus & Co. unlimited, to its present condition of a strictly limited commercial concern. Though we hear a lot about the sacrifice of the gentle Nazarene, it is simply a guard to secure immunity from an attack upon its sweating and exploiting functions. The motto "Blood and Fire" could be well replaced by the famous "De l' audace, encore l' audace, et tonjours l' audace." Truthfully it may be said that the army's audacity is only excelled by its cool hypocrisy.

Let us just examine its effect and ideas of and upon society.

General Booth, like other social reformers, found that London was hell with the lid off. People were overcrowded, in thousands of cases families living in one room, which I may say, has not yet appreciably decreased, but rather is increasing. Booth came to the conclusion that England was overcrowded. He found that people were dying from starvation. He saw that thousands had no beds to go to in London. He knew that perhaps many more were without clothes. In all, that destitution is the common lot of the proletariat. He struck upon an idea; that of colonies. He wrote a work called "Darkest England." The great man said in 1890 that "Emigration was the only remedy for the social evil." His scheme was to first open a "shelter" where those who had "fallen' could get some food and clothing, rest and a belly full of nonsense about Jesus. From there they were to go to a farm colony, where they get more Jesus plus what a potato and a turnip was. After that they were to be sent to the colonies where they would be "laying the foundations, per chance, of another empire to swell to vast proportions in later times."

According to Mr. W. H. Beveridge, who is the writer of the "Social Work of the Salvation Army," the work of the Salvation Army has been unavailing for "the morass of squalor shows no visible dent." The reviewer of the work in the "Daily Dispatch," August 29, says that "Crime and pauperism maintain their general level." (think it has increased, but figures not at hand to support it today. M. B.)

"Drinking has increased, but the drunkard abounds. Though the army shelters are full, the casual wards are more crowded than ever."

To give an idea of the ineffectiveness of the Salvation Army's "social and rescue" work here's a quotation from their own statistical reports, which is printed as follows:

Midnight Work (Piccadilly)

"Number of girls spoken to on the streets 3,706
Number of isterviews with girls at Picadilly headquarters 2,214
Number of girls sent to Salvation Army homes 18

Though so many were approached yet about 1,500 refused to waste time with the army. Of those who consented to be interviewed, 2,214, only 18 were sent to homes, showing one of two things, that the Salvation Army cannot convince the prostitutes of their sincerity and divinely inspired work or else the prostitutes make a better thing and have a better time by hawking their wares. It is well known and a peculiar commentary on the social conditions under capitalism that most girls are prostitutes because they are not such slaves and get better money as a consequence. Let me be frank and say that invariably the reply of a prostitute to the question of why doesn't she go to work in a factory is that she can earn more in one hour as a prostitute than she could get in a week in the factory, shop or mill. It is because of economic conditions that women become prostitutes, and no other. The S. A. statistics show it, for out of 2214 women interviewed only 18 left the streets for "honest" labor. Whether any went back again is not stated. As effective has been their other work in their varied directions, I do not see how slavish submission to any God, Ghost or other mythical beings can elevate a man, and this Jesus business is about played out. The greatest work the S. A. is doing in the religious line is to persist in telling the people that it is better to have a hell on earth because we will have a hell of a time in heaven.

Though the S. A. have been unsuccessful in the religious line is a mere incident compared to the huge work it has done as "Emigration Agents." Booth asked for money to send workers out to the Colonies in 1903. He got no less than $227,815, and of that only $1000 was spent in passages to Canada. But note that the money was subscribed to SEND people out, yet the S. A. saw to it that the sums advanced, were REPAID. In 1906 the sum of $282,000 was subscribed for the same purpose, but only $900 was spent in "sendisg" people to Canada. In 1904 the amount spent in "sending" people to Canada was just below $1000 but the expenses of the Emigration department for that year was $6,300.

But soon the S. A. became agents for all lines for any place in the world. They saw how profitable the business was and actually chartered ships to send boat loads to Canada (not of human derelicts whose work for elevation they were paid for) but people who paid their own fares and were no doubt regaled with pork, potatoes, plum pudding and prayers on Sunday. It was the boast of the S. A. that when the "S. S. Kensington went to Canada in April, 1906, that there wasn't a prison case, not even a farm colony one, on board."

You see the primary object was making profits out of business, and not makisg prophets out of believers. In fact they realized they had been making prophets at a loss, and by losing the prophets they gained profits, all of which went to the pockets of "General" Booth. For you must realize that no balance sheet has yet been issued of the accounts of the Salvation Army. Perhaps they are afraid.

Each Salvation Army Citadel has been a booking office for Canada and Australia.

Their activities lay more in the direction of Canada because of the bonus the governments have given them there. Of that you are already aware. Its idle and lying attitude on its concern for immigrants in Canada can be best referred to those who surround you in Canada. The S. A. have as little regard for the wellbeing of its dupes in Canada as I have for the cow from whose body my yesterday's dinner came. The C. P. R. and G. T. R. and now also the C. N. R. have had the S. A. as the recruiting sergeant for the army of wage slaves they have mustered under their banner in Canada.

The development of Canada and the increase of profits was to be made by an increase in the population. This was soon attended to by the S. A. The latter deliberately deceived asd deluded thousands of people who went forth from England with the blessing of God. Even while there was wailing and shrieking because of unemployment in Canada, the S. A. persisted in carrying on its lying propaganda in order to still further flood the unemployed market there. That the S. A. has produced some clever immigration agents is seen by the selection of one of its Commissioners as Special Agent for the C. N. R. some time back.

The S. A. is only possible under capitalism. The very means that gave it life will be the means of killing it. It has taught more submission to King Capital than devotion to the God they prate about. The S. A.'s association with Canada has been of short duration, but it has brought sorrow and misery to hundreds of its dupes.

The S. A., instead of building up a religious organization, has turned into a sweating machine of the worst description. Instead of devotion to a God they sacrifice men and women in blood to the capitalists. As such, it deserves the uttermost contempt of the Socialist. Its lying propositions, and its continual hypocrisy will soon make for its breakdown. It dare not reply to criticism levelled at it. Well has it been said that "Religion only produces hypocrisy and liars." If there are superlatives to the words hypocrites and liars, for a certainty the S. A. stand supreme in that respect. The only reason I can tender for the success of the S. A. and "General" Booth is because it has suited the capitalist class. The latter has assisted because of its delusive character. It has taught the workers to pray, whilst the capitalist preys. It has been teaching the worker to look to heaven for relief and whilst in that position the capitalist can all the more readily despoil him. If emancipation is to be the lot of the worker, it is not to Gods and Ghosts he must look, not to humbugs of the type of Booth, but to realize that anything he needs he must do himself. The emancipation of the working class must be the work of the working class itself. God can't help you. If you don't do it yourselves, well—God help you.

MOSES BARITZ.

THE ONLY ENEMY.

By Wilfrid Gribble.

The other night I attended a discussion at which the subject was: "The Class Struggle," and was amused in a somewhat disgusted way at the lack of knowledge or clarity, or both, generally displayed.

A very few showed, if not a perfect (perfection is relative), yet a clear conception of what they were talking about, but the majority but exhibited a foggy state of mind that was pitiable.

Some seemed to think that lack of knowledge of the subject and lack of clarity of expression could be covered up by an air of profundity.

For instance, one "genius" gave forth the following gem of wisdom, with a great air of finality: "Some think the struggle between these two classes is a part of the class struggle. It is not."

Just fancy! A struggle between two classes is not a class struggle.

But this screed is not about the much debated subject of the class struggle, though it has a bearing on it.

Let us briefly review things as they are.

This is a world of plenty. All the human race are not receiving plenty.

Why?

Because there are classes in society. Why are there classes in society? How is it that human beings, organically the same, are yet divided into classes?

It is only possible to divide the human race into classes—on property lines—the class which owns, rules, robs, idles and enjoys, and the class which does not own, and in consequence, is ruled, robbed, and forced to work and suffer for the class which does own.

Stating the obvious, eh? But is it so obvious when one sees so many who profess to be clear on the matter merely "chewing the rag" about it, merely gathering day after day, week after week, splitting hairs, chopping logic (?), running down those who are trying to do something for the movement, either by speaking, writing, or, if unable to do either of these things, doing a little spade work, such as distributing literature, etc.

Those members of the working-class to whom it is obvious that there are classes in society, to whom the significance of classes is obvious, and who realize their own interest for good or ill is with their class, and have the manly or womanly spirit to resent, will glut their resentment in the only way posible, and that is by using every means within their power to educate their fellow workers to their class interests.

This will not be accomplished by splitting hairs sixteen times, or by arguing the point about the fourth dimension, but by pointing out and connecting up the simple facts of life of the past and present and showing the workers the significance of those facts.

Life is short and time is precious. We cannot know everything. We cannot even know much, so it is important that we know that which is of the greatest importance, to know that well and to tell it plainly.

"To know the most important facts,
And show our knowledge by our acts."

Now a few more simple facts. **The capitalist class is UP. The working class is DOWN. The capitalists are few. The workers are many.**

The capitalist class is potentially weak, but actually strong. The working class is potentially strong, but actually weak.

Why this great contradiction?

Oh, it's easy! THE IGNORANCE OF THE WORKERS TO THEIR CLASS INTERESTS IS THE STRENGTH OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

That ignorance is expressed in many ways. It is expressed in the generally mental attitude of our class. It is expressed in the readiness and even eagerness of so many of our class to swell about in a silly, gaudy, military uniform. And it is expressed in the unreadiness of so many members of the Socialist Party to do some active work in the movement. **I say right here that any member of the Socialist Party who takes no active part in the movement, other than "arguing the point," either does not know what the movement is for, or is distinctly a degenerate.**

The working class is superior to the capitalist class in every way but one.

Take a hundred capitalists (don't pick them) and a hundred workers (don't pick them), and match them in a fist fight.

Oh, the poor capitalists!

Take a hundred mine owners and a hundred mine workers and set them to mining coal.

Oh, the poor mine owners!

Put a hundred of the ruling class and a hundred of the working class on an island, in a state of nature, and there is no doubt the hundred workers would manage to exist longer than the capitalists.

Then why is it that the workers, really so much stronger, and, from a productive standpoint, so much more intelligent than their masters, allow those masters to remain masters?

Because, owing to the workers' ignorance in one thing, they allow the masters to make the rules—laws—of society, and they naturally make them to suit themselves.

It naturally follows that when the workers know enough they will make the laws to suit themselves.

I could knock Jack Johnson cold early in the first round; I could throw Gotch five times a minute; I could even lick Burgess at billiards if they would permit me to make the rules for the contests to suit myself.

Even so, when enough of the workers know enough they will make the rules of society to suit the workers.

THE ONLY REAL ENEMY OF THE WORKING CLASS IS THE IGNORANCE OF THE WORKING CLASS OF THEIR CLASS INTERESTS.

A CHEERING SIGN

Most farmers are sadly lacking in the knowledge of political econmy, although they are groping about on the political field trying to find a way out of their economic bondage, which is an excellent sign.

The wage workers have not got that far yet, which is proven by the abnormal amount of strikes and upheavals in the economic field of late. Farmers cannot very well go on strike because they bring their labor power to market in a congealed form, such as hay, wheat, oats, beef, butter, etc., and they are so well trained that rather than let these products go to waste they will dump them on the market at any price, and another thing, have they not got notes to meet, interest on mortgages to pay and lots of other channels to turn the little money they do get into, so that they will be able to hold the property they own, which is private property, (please mark, I say private property).

Most farmers think that they own capitalist property. For instance, a farmer once said to me that he did not think he could be a Socialist as he owned some capitalist property and he understood the Socialists were going to take it and make it the collective property of the working class. I told him that what he said was true, but I said, "Tell me what property you own," and he said, "I own a homestead, a team of oren asd sundry farming implements.' Then I asked him if he worked on the land with the aid of these tools or did he hire men to do the work while he lived on the proceeds and did nothing. This answer was: "I work darn hard myself and only get a bare existence out of it." "Well,' I said, "You don't own capitalist property at all. What you own is private property. "

Capitalist property is owned by those who certainly do not work it and perhaps never saw it and it is worked by those who do not own it. It is an historic fact that the owners of property (slaves included) always got surplus values out of their slaves because they were powerful enough to take it away from them and that power always came from the State and the master class will always get surplus values as long as they retain that power. It then naturally follows that if the workers are going to retain for their own use the wealth they create they will have to wrest the power of the State from the master class and use it for their own benefit. That is why I say it is a good sign that the farmers are groping around on the political field for they then may run across some socialist who will put them wise. Let us hope that the so-called socialist will be posted on scientific socialism. I think evry socialist should be up and doing while we have a little food left for I have not much faith in a starving proletariat bringing in the co-operative commonwealth.

Some people say that we are rather harsh in calling the capitalist a parasite. Those who make such a remark are not scientific. Everything in nature which does not fulfill a function becomes parasitic and withers away and so it is with the present system. When anyone ceases to do a socially necessary service (when they are able) they become parasitic, and will remain so until a united proletariat forces them off their backs and insists that they do a useful service or starve, for there is no wealth without labor.

C. W. SPRINGFORD.

A comrade asks if we will publish an article if he sends one. We will publish any article that is contributed by our readers provided that it is up to the standard of propaganda that is necessary for the education of the wage working class. A fairly good understanding of the principles of Scientific Socialism is necessary before anyone can put up a good line of dope. If you are not posted send away for some books.

Break your chains-

AND GO BACK TO THE LAND

160 ACRES HOMESTEADS and Pre-emptions

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

WE HELP YOU TO LOCATE

Western Farming & Colonization Company, Limited

5 WINCH BUILDING - - - - VANCOUVER, B. C.

LOCAL VANCOUVER

Propaganda MEETING

Every Sunday Evening

Empress Theatre

E. T. KINGSLEY

Printer Publisher

High-Grade Catalogue Book and Commercial

NEW LABOR TEMPLE VANCOUVER, B. C.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, $3.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

GREAT BOOKS BY GREAT MEN

Age of Reason, Paine.....25c
Origin of Species, Darwin.....25c
Ingersoll's 44 Lectures $1.00
Evolution of the Idea of God, Grant Allen 25
Life of Jesus, Renan 25
The Churches and Modern Thought, Vivian 25

All books postage paid.

People's Bookstore

152 Cordova St. W.

F. PERRY TAILOR

Removed from 58 Hornby St. to LABOR TEMPLE.

Brackendale - Cheakamus MOTOR STAGE

Leaves Squamish wharf daily, on arrival of Vancouver boat

Better Service Same Old Prices

H. JUDD, Prop.

A Good Place to Eat at

Mulcahy's Cafeteria

137 Cordova Street West

The best of Everything properly cooked

50 Socialist Songs with music, 25 cents. By Boucl White. Handsomely bound. For labor mass meetings, the home, etc. Propaganda on every page. New. Postpaid. Stamps or coin Address, Socialist Literature Co., "Dept. P" 15 Spruce St., New York City

LITERATURE.

We need money and we want to make way for new pamphlets. Therefore we make the following offer:

Manifesto of S. P. of C..... 10c
Socialism, Revolution and Internationalism 10c
Socialism and Unionism 5c
Slave of the Farm 5c
Struggle for Existence 5c
Summary of Marx' "Capital".....5c
The State and Government 5c
Value, Price and Profit 5c

50c

THE WHOLE BUNCH FOR 25c.

Party Lapel **BUTTONS**

Price: 50c each or 5 for $2.00

Dominion Executive Committee Labor Temple

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all Countries. Ask for our Inventor's Adviser. Marion & Marion, 364 University Street, corner St. Catherine Street, Montreal, and Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

DENTIST
W. J. CURRY

301 Dominion Trust Building Vancouver, B.C.

Rhymes of Revolt

BY WILFRID GRIBBLE

Neat little volume of virile verse

25c Special price for quantities OBTAINED AT CLARION OFFICE

The best and cheapest **WORKINGMAN'S HOME**

Cordova Boarding House

512 Cordova Street East

FOR SALE

25 Acres on the new extension of E.&N. Ry. (C.P.R.) Vancouver Isl.

Within a few hundred feet of the sea. Easy clearing. Excellent soil. Two steady streams flowing through property. Nice slope towards the water. Good fishing and hunting.

Price only $80 Per Acre
This is a snap. A townsite certain within two miles as soon as railroad is completed

TERMS — One-third Cash, and balance at 1 and 2 years. Interest 7%.

HANDLE THIS IF YOU CAN

W. W. LEFEAUX

Labor Temple Bldg., Dunsmuir St., Vancouver