WESTERN CLARION

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THE COLOSSAL POWER OF A RIGHTEOUS CAUSE

The Thing That Is Right Wins Standing Out Squarely and Alone.

The power of accumulated capital is a very great force in the world. Conservation is a great force—the disposition of many men to oppose progress, the control of the world's press by which every day millions of people are misinformed and misled is a great force. The two great political parties are a great force, dividing t he government between them and diverting attention from real issues by means of fake contests and shows.

Militarism is a great force.

The control of the courts is a great force—the power to interpret laws and to evade them.

The control of employment is a great force—influencing the votes of millions of men by the threat of disemployment.

The united railroads are a great force, exercising their influence upon their employees and upon the public.

The power of the united banks is a great force, compelling retail merchants to take such political action as will please the men that control the banks.

The universities and colleges are a great force, discouraging new ideas and educating young men to serve the masters with gladness.

The Associated Press is a great force, poisoning the news and directing the unconscious beliefs of the world.

Social prestige is a great force, ostracising all persons that do not hold conventional views and sedulously upholding the established order.

The Church is a great force, condemning the workingman to patience with his lot and working industriously as the handmaid of capital.

Chauvinism is a great force, constantly teaching that whatever is done in our country represents the best possible achievement and blinding all eyes to the progress made abroad.

Prejudice is a great force, closing the ears against the arguments of any movement that may have been misrepresented or lied about.

The power to create panics at will is a great force, terrorizing small business and workingmen with a constant threat of ruin unless affairs are managed to the satisfaction of the persons that hold the strings.

The control of the nation's money supply is a great force, insidiously and secretly influencing the actions of men.

The control of political preferment is a great force, showing young men that only by doing the bidding of the masters can ambition be realized or distinction attained.

The process of business consolidation and combination is a great force, always reducing more men to the condition of servants subject to the whim and caprice of the masters.

All these are great forces in the world.

But there is one that is far greater than any of these and greater than all of them combined.

It is the power of a moral idea.

The phrase is misused so much and bandied about by canting orators that one hesitates to lay hold of it; and yet it is perfectly good and represents a tremendous truth.

What I mean is that the greatest power in the world, incomparably the greatest, so much the greatest that all the rest are but pigmies, is the power of a protest against a fundamental wrong. I mean that but one man, standing by himself and steadily protesting, even if he protest unheard, is a greater force in the world than money and armies. I mean that nothing can stand before such power. I mean that it is like the microscopic jet of water, no bigger than the finest needle, that works its way unseen under the embankment and presently neither great stones nor masonry nor iron can withstand it, and the whole structure goes out.

The Irrepressible Protest.

About seventy-five years ago two or three obscure men in this country began to say that chattel slavery was wrong.

The very few that heard them laughed aloud. Chattel slavery was the established institution, rock-rooted and eternally based. If anything could be regarded as fixed and determined forever it was that chattel slavery was an inseparable part of the American republic.

"The foundation of the republic is slavery," said the ablest Southern commentators, and no one, except the two or three obscure mad men, ever thought of disputing the doctrine.

All classes of men accepted slavery as inevitable and unchangeable even when they did not think that it was divinely ordained and anybody that criticized it was an impious and profance wretch.

All the forces that I have enumerated diligently supported slavery and served it on the bended knee. Politicians, clergymen, educators, editors, statesmen, professional men, students, lawyers, judges, public officers, leaders of society, eminent persons in all walks of life, engaged in contests to see which could crawl the farthest before slavery, the supreme. A man's social rank and prestige was gauged by the extent of his service and devotion to slavery's great cause. To keep human beings in bondage was regarded as the most laudable aim of life, and any person not avid in its pursuit was looked upon as an undesirable citizen.

Against all this overwhelming tide, two or three obscure men stood and uttered protest. When they were not to be silenced by scornful laughter, the angered slave power began to shoot them, tar and feather them, and drag them through the streets of Boston and other places, with ropes around their necks.

They never ceased to protest.

Men called them pestilent agitators, denounced them as vile disturbers of the social order, broke up their meetings, chased them from one hiding place to another, called upon all patriots to assist in ridding the country of these public enemies. All the power of all the forces I have mentioned was exerted against them year after year. No respectable person would so much as listen to them. In the eyes of all right-thinking men they were a blot upon the country and a disgrace to its flag. But they never ceased to protest.

They had no money, they had no standing, they had no influence. They did not belong to the dominant parties, nor stand well in church. In the great world of business they were scoffed at and hated. A million men of greater strength drowned their feeble voices. And yet these few obscure ones steadily drove the entire nation before them. With nothing but their protests they forced the country to think. Year after year they went on, never accepting compromise, never yielding a point, always insisting that as slavery was morally wrong there could be with it no terms of peace, always protesting.

The time came when one of them cheerfully laid down his life on the gallows for the sake of his faith.

Then the world began to see that here was something vital, eternal, indomitable, basic, not to be escaped; that it must be settled and it could be settled but in one way, and that was on the ground of the moral issue it raised. For fifty years foolish persons have said foolish things to the effect that the guns of an army shot slavery to death. Others have loaded with praises the memory of this military hero or that. These had nothing to do with it. The power that ended chattel slavery in America was the power of the protest made by the few obscure men that continued always to say without ceasing that slavery was morally a great and hideous wrong.

Between eternal right and eternal wrong there can be no truce. When the Abolitionists had carried their agitation to the point where in spite of all the powers of darkness they were being heard, doughfaced persons wanted to compromise. "Let us get together for something that we can win now," said these worldly-wise ones. "Let us stand for a law limiting the extension of slavery, because we can win with that." And the Abolitionists replied that they recognized nothing as a victory short of the total extinction of the thing on which they declared war. And never ceasing to protest they went their way until at

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THE ONE-EYED IS KING.

By B. R.

In the rich folk-lore of Andalusia there is a quaint saying that "in the land of the blind the one-eyed is King." It is to say that he who understands the clearest is best fitted.

The Socialist's comprehension of public affairs is his armor and child. He despises rainbows of promise and the delusions of hope. He knows the public press is a journalistic bawd whose abominations would shame the apocalyptic whore of Babylon. He holds at naught the miserable moralities of the piety-peddlers and is not concerned about "a happy land far away."

He interprets disturbances in the social order most accurately, because, back of his philosophy is the profound learning and logic of all the exact sciences.

He analyses the doings of men in the light of the doctrine that we follow that thing which we conceive to promise us most substantial good.

Under a principle which he has discovered in the capitalist system of production, known in the Socialist books as the law or surplus values, he can tell you why ever so often the wheels of industry must stop, the factories shut down when men do want for the very means of comfort and life, and why when the bosom of bounteous mother earth is swollen and taut with plenty, yet must the little bellies of children be pinched and shrunken, and wolfish hunger stalk the lives and smite with wretchedness abject the laughing eyes of the innocents who dwell in the places of the evil smells.

His notion of the struggle for existence is a true accounting for the fact that the beauteous daughters of toiling sires must be fed like the Maid Andromeda into the insatiable maw of the world's chief monster, and the scarlet door mark the beginning of their joyless pourney down a tortuous and miasmatic path to the potter's field.

The Socialist is an incessant reader of books.

Open at least one eye!

THREE TIMES WIDOWED BY HORRORS OF MINES

This Woman Also Lost Father, Stepfather and Two Brothers in Accidents.

TRINIDAD, Colo., Jan. 24.—Three husbands, father, stepfather and two brothers killed in Las Animas county coal mines has been the terrible record of grief heaped upon Mrs. Julia Oliver of Starkville, who was made a widow for the fourth time when J. W. Oliver was crushed to death by a fall of rock in the Rugby mine of the Rapson Fuel Company, 30 miles north of here.

With the exception of her first husband and a brother, both of whom died of pneumonia contracted in the mines, all met violent deaths.

The long list of mine disasters in this county has already claimed its toll of other families in this section, but the tragic report of death that has followed the Sipple family has never been equalled in the history of western mines.

FREE SPEECH

A big demonstration is to be held SUNDAY, the 28th, on **Powell Street** football grounds, **at 2 o'clock**, to protest against the city authorities for putting a stop to speaking on the streets. Come in your **thousands**, all of you that uphold FREE SPEECH. The Trades and Labor Council are taking a hand in this also.

THE CAPITALIST PRESS ADMIT IT.

BERLIN, Jan. 23.—A call for the Reichstag to convene Feb. 7 was issued today, and from all indications the Socialists will be in control, with at least 110 members. The exact personnel of the body cannot be determined until next Thursday, when there will be re-balloting in 33 districts, in which none of the contestants at the general election of Jan. 12 received a plurality of the votes cast.

The Conservatives today admit that they fear that the Socialists, Liberals and Leftists will combine in an effort to control all legislation.

In the general election the Socialists were within seven votes of capturing Emperor William's home district.

SHOW US THE GOODS THEN WE'LL UNITE

"A united Socialist Party in Canada is what we want." The aforementioned exclamation was uttered with that direct finality which took for granted that everybody was unanimous on such a course. "Well!" I remarked, "I wasn't aware that there were any Socialists in Canada that needed uniting. Of course I was aware that five men and a half had met at Port Arthur with the intention of bringing together the Socialist Federation and the Socialist Democratic Party, and furthermore was not surprised that they had succeeded, for the simple reason that their action and its results were as much foreordained as the fit, style and general design of Eve's wedding costume, to say nothing of Adam's dress suit.

There are a great many well-intentioned but mistaken persons within Socialist circles who have visions of a great big solid numerical Socialist Party that will be able to strike terror in the hearts of all of the working class's oppressors. This ideal, or vision, is on a par with other Utopian pipe dreams and deserves as much consideration as Bellamy's lovely workshop.

Unity along certain lines is essential, especially when certain factions have been brought together and need time for their proper organization, but for one to say that all organizations are more efficient when brought into concentrated or compact bodies might be correct theoretically, but is at variance with facts.

Biologists are agreed that unicellar bodies maintain their existence by division, i. e., that each cell splits, or, rather, after it has attained a certain development, its growth depends on a part separating itself and forming an existence of its own. The same thing applies to a certain degree to animal groups, of which the human is one. Animal bodies or groups outside of the human instinctively perform the division of the troop, colony, herd, etc., to conform with a new environment. Generally speaking, the food supply, its scarcity or abundance, is the reason for herds to come together or separate again. In some cases it means protection to divide instead of unite.

Human groups are no more immune from the operation of universal law than are mosquitos, although we can to a certain degree foretell in advance their direction. Why it is at certain times that the human family finds it more advantageous to live in isolated groups and at other s to amalgamate is a matter that I cannot go into fully at present. Aristotle recognized the various divisions of classes and governments, and accounted for them in his "Politics." He remarked that democracies, oligarchies and tyrannies, etc., were necessary in Greece, and it depended on the division of classes which was most desirable.

The question is, "Is unity always and everywhere desirable?" I say decidedly, No! It depends on the organization, its virility, and the results. The Socialist Party of Canada is delivering certain education to the "working class" along lines which it deems correct. It refuses to dabble with reforms so far as its propaganda is concerned, consequently how can it merge, compromise, or mix with a few (half-educated in proletarian economics) so-called parties that never make an appearance except at the usual four-year voting competition.

This braggadocia talk about sixteen and eighteen hundred members is simply a con game to catch success. It's on a part with Cotton's 12,000 circulation.

If the Socialist Federation is no larger than the Social Democratic Party it certainly was a shame to spend the money on such a glorious manifesto. The Social Democratic Party has no existence outside of Winnipeg, and you can judge of its Socialist propensities when it needs a Liberal Single-Taxer by the name of Trueman to deliver an address. "Why the Roblin Government should resign?" Why? Because they had not lived up to their telephone policy.

Now, isn't that a fine subject for an address under the auspices of the So-

Continued on page three

THE WORKING CLASS AND MASTER CLASS

Mastership Consists of the Power to Make and Keep Others in Slavery.

One often sees the term, "the working classes" used by capitalist speakers and in the capitalist press.

There are no working classes.

There is a Working CLASS.

Why is there a Working Class?

There is a Working Class because there is a Class which doesn't work, for the most part, with which the Working Class is compared.

Why does not this Class work?

Because they have no need of working, because they are in a position to make the other class work for them.

They are in the position of owners of the means of production, the means of life.

This gives them the power of forcing those who DO NOT own the means of production to beg the owners for the opportunity to produce, and to get the opportunity when it suits the owners to let them have it.

It suits the owners to employ those who do not own when they can receive profit from their labour.

The Class line can only be clearly drawn between those who own and those who do not. It can only be drawn on property lines.

It can not be drawn on organic lines, for all members of the human species are organically the same.

It can not be drawn on lines of colour or race as we have Anglo-Saxon capitalists, German capitalists, Chinese capitalists, and negro capitalists; we have Anglo-Saxon workers, German workers, Chinese workers and negro workers.

There are capitalists of all races, and workers of all races.

The Class line cannot even (though we use the term "the working class" popularly) between the idle class and the working class because there are a number of the capitalist class who take part in industry and there are always a number of the non-owning class who are forced to be idle because the jobs will not go round.

Truly there are a number of those, whom we may term petty capitalists, in society, little business man and the like, those whom Kautsky speaks of as "unclassifiable hybrids, belonging wholly to neither class, and partly to both," those whose lives are a continual worry, who are despairably but fruitlessly striving to maintain their position, "hanging on by the hair of their eyebrows," but as they are bound to be shook off into the working class before long, they are a negligable factor.

Having endeavored briefly to make the matter clear, I shall now on use the terms "working class" and "capitalist class," or "ruling class" for reasons of brevity and popular usage.

The owning class has always been the ruling class, the dispossessed class has always been the slave class.

The owning class is the master class now.

Our class is the slave class now.

Owing to the improvement in the tools and method of production, the fashions in mastership and slavery have changed from time to time, but though the FASHIONS have changed the THING has always remained the same.

Mastership consists of the POWER to make and keep others in slavery.

Slavery is the condition of being forced by any means, to work for others.

The first class of slaves were forced to work by means of armed guards, they were chattel slaves, who could be bought and sold just the same as horses and cattle are now.

Sometimes they revolted (read "The Ancient Lowly," by Osborne Ward), but were always put down in the end.

When this system of slavery passed out of date, out of fashion, the slaves were forced to work for their feudal lords because these lords owned the land; this was a modified form of ancient slavery; sometimes the slaves revolted under THIS system, but were always put down in the end, armed force being used by the masters when necessary, as it is now. (Read "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" and "The Economic Interpretation of History," by Thorald Rogers, and "The Industrial History of England," by DeGibbens).

But, of course, we are free men now under capitalist regime, especially we who live under the sway of the glorious British Vampire, we are not bought and sold at the block, they cannot treat us to a whipping now. (How about the savage sentences of Magistrate Shaw, in Vancouver, of ten and fifteen years and twenty and thirty lashes, awarded to wage slaves driven by unemployment to robbery at the point of the pistol; did you ever see a flogging and hear the screams? The writer has).

Of course, all that our masters can do now is to force us to work by "economic pressure," that is, they have the goods and we have not.

So down we go into the mines and dig coal, iron, silver, lead, copper, etc., we go to the forests and cut logs, we slave in the saw mills and turn the logs into planks, boards and scantlings, we work the land, we work on the sea as seamen and fishermen, we build the houses, we cook the food, we take care of the houses, we make the beds of our lords, we wait on them hand and foot.

Let us take a typical capitalist, one who spends all his life in pleasure, one who does nothing in production.

He gets up in the morning (or afternoon probably), after his breakfast has been brought to him in bed; he has his bath, which has been filled by his valet; very likely his valet helps to wipe him after he has had his bath. His clothes, from hat to boots, have been already laid out by the valet, who assists to put them on.

He goes to his club, and is waited on hand and foot.

He has but to say the word and a motor-car, produced by the working class, driven by a member of the working class, is at his disposal instantly.

Every place he goes is built by the working class, every vehicle he rides in is driven by the working class, every preasure he enjoys is provided by the working class.

He is driven home in the evening to dinner (probably filled with champagne, also produced by the working class), he sits down to a mahogany dining table, covered with snowy linen, sparkling cut glass and silver, choice food and flowers, all produced, from source to table, by the working class.

A chair, produced by the working class, is pushed under him, when he gets into position, by a member of the working class, he is waited on by a member of the working class, the table is cleared, when he has finished his meal by a member of the working class.

Eventually, he retires to rest, to a luxurious apartment, to a bed made by a slave-girl—a member of the working class.

Can you deny this? You know you can't.

Briefly, the capitalist class is the class that is waited upon, hand and foot.

The Working Class waits on the Capitalist Class, hand and foot.

The function of the Capitalist Class is to receive presents.

The function of the Working Class is to give presents.

The Capitalist Class have their stocking hung up all the time.

That good, kind Santa Claus, the Working Class, is filling that stocking all the time.

At times the stocking gets too full, hence "the unemployed problem," which will never be solved while capitalism lasts, but will, on the contrary, become intensified.

Enough said: the only hope of the working class is to turn class property into collective property, by seizing what stands in the way—the powers of government—and using them on its only behalf as long as necessary, and then discarding them.

WILFRED GRIBBLE.

LOCAL VANCOUVER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27TH, 1912

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The last half century has witnessed the rapid development of one of the most striking characteristics of capitalist production, viz., chronic unemployment for an ever-increasing percentage of the working class. There has been no period within the past fifty years that an army of unemployed has not been in evidence. At frequently recurring periods the situation has become more acute owing to the impossibility of disposing of the surplus values accruing to the capitalists in the shape of commodities wrung from the exploitation of the working class. During the periods of "depression" large numbers of workers are thrown out of employment owing to the necessity of curtailing production until the market may take on a more healthy activity—from a capitalist standpoint. The ranks of the unemployed are thus augmented and the poverty and misery incidental to this condition of lack of employment, becofes so wide-spread and of such magnitude that it is forced upon the attention of even those who are the most reluctant to admit of its existence.

Vancouver is just now experiencing an unemployed agitation. To hear the average bourgeois tin-horn refer to the matter, either in person or through the columns of the profit managed press, one would be led to believe this condition to be something entirely unknown in this mailiwick, heretofore. The fact is that it has always been in evidence during recent years, although, perhaps not quite so pronounced as at present.

While it is undoubtedly true that the conditions of employment have not been so bad here in the West as in the older and more densely populated districts of the east, it need not be a matter of wonder that conditions here are rapidly sinking to the level of even the most congested portions of the capitalist industrial hell. This levelling down process has been ably expedited during recent years by a grossly material capitalist institution known as the Salvation Army, which, aided, abetted and bonused by the Dominion and Provincial Governments has shipped thousands of human bundles of labor-power into Canada from the terribly congested districts of the old country. If any relief has been afforded to those congested districts by this transfer of workers such information has not yet reached this office. From what we can learn labor conditions were never worse in the old country than now. What makes the Salvation Army business of wholesale shippers of human merchandise particularly obnoxious to those of us who are religiously inclined, is that the dispicable traffic is carried on in the name of Jesus. As we feel certain that Jesus has nothing to do with such an infamous traffic—and this feeling of certainty arises from reading the history of that gentle soul written by those who worked with him while in the flesh—it appears to us that not only is old Botoh's power obtaining business under false pretenses, but indulging in most reprehensible blasphemy, as well.

Be that as it may, howexer, the unemployed are with us, and as a permanent asset of capitalist rule. The end is not yet. This Army of unemployed working people must grow ever larger as the machinery of production is still further perfected and improved. Human progress is measured by the development of the means and methods by which the material needs of the race are satisfied, i. e. by the development of wealth production. The journey from primitive savagery when individual man depended principally upon his teeth and claws for his scanty sustenance, up to modern civilization where collective man, armed with gigantic and powerful tools, brings forth untold volumes of needful things, with but comparatively slight expenditure of human energy, has been a long and arduous one. But we have arrived and our class is even now thundering at the gates of privilege and demanding entrance to the bounties and abundance made possible by the industrial development of the ages.

The army of unemployed is but an evidence of the demand by our self-appointed rulers of the workers' right to live. Without employment, which in the last analysis means without access to the means of life, the worker cannot live. He must perish from want. And it is upon this denial of the right to live, except by permission of our capitalist masters, that the entire structure of modern civilization rests. This is the rule of capital.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Vancouver, the city on which thousands of eyes have longed to look; the noted single tax city; the real estate shark's second New York; the city which has been making history, is again making history of another kind. Thousands of unemployed roam the street. Street parades and meetings were held last week close on a thousand taking part in the parade, but now the meetings and parades are over. The police and detectives are ready to ride down and club the first attempt at a demonstration. Six men were jailed for speaking on the street and others arrested on other charges. The jails are full. Hold-ups and burglaries are as frequent as street cars passing by. Yes, Vancouver, whose capitalist papers boasted of $17,000,000 in building permits for 1911; Vancouver, whose bank clearings reached $450,000,000 in 1911; Vancouver, the working man's paradise; Vancouver, in whose steps several cities and towns in Canada and the States, are going to follow by Single Tax methods; yet in spite of all this we see an unemployed army, thousands strong, looking for work. Oh, some pig-headed working stiff will say, but they would not work if you give them work. No, it's only fools that want to work under such a system as this Call them what you will, they are the products of the system and the quicker you realize that no matter how big a city, how much so-called prosperity is there, how many schemes of municipal government are being worked, it will not better the condition of the wage worker.

Here you have on the one hand a class owning the machinery of wealth production, whose slaves are increasing the productivity of the machine, thereby eliminating unnecessary labor power, and throwing upon the labor markets countless thousands. Where are these thousands to go? To the big cities, to the little villages, anywhere and everywhere, in search of a job or a meal ticket. As vags they are hauled up before the judge, sent to jail or driven out of town. What a sensible remedy. Bread and water, dark cells, rock piles, lashes, chain gangs, will these remedy the cause of crime and poverty? No. Fill up your jails, drive out your vags, lash your hold-up men, it never has stopped it and never will until the present system is abolished. And who is to blame for all this? Nobody but the working man himself, who on seeing an unemployed parade, ragged, dirty looking and although in some cases unemployed himself, will say, "they don't want work." O, you poor fools, where is your reasoning power? Don't you ever stop to reason what would become of those that have the loan of a job if that bunch who "don't want work" should suddenly want to work? There are millions of them who as long as they can get a meal don't want work. Work is degrading as long as you have to beg of some one else to allow you to work, who learnt you to say, "they don't want work"? Why, the very men (your masters) who don't work themselves. Try and get a capitalist to give up his millions and go digging in a ditch and see what he'll say.

From now on, summer and winter, Vancouver and all big cities will have the unemployed problem to face until the workers get wise and abolish this system. Mayors and judges may use an iron hand; they may stop street speaking; they may keep their legalized murderers (soldiers) under arms, but the working class can beat them. The capitalist class and their pimps can go so far but no farther. Once they goad the millions that aim at changing the present system in a peaceful manner by use of the ballot; once they force them, I say, to use other methods, look out, bullets, clubs or bayonets will not stop them from getting what they want. Ten years ago you could taunt the workers, but today they number millions and at a moment's notice from all quarters the workers will rally round the red flag in spite of the cowardly millions who still uphold the present system. Yes, and we shall have in our ranks the soldier, the policeman, and the fireman. Beware!

WM. WATTS.

A man who is proud that he has never been without employment, and who sees nothing for labor to complain of, reminds one of the fellow who had a place upon a life raft and who watched with amused eyes the struggles of others, drowning men, who sought to reach it.

OVERPRODUCTION.

Every few years, as regular as the seasons themselves, we have constantly recurring periods of depression in many of our staple industries, and thousands of workpeople who can only just keep their heads above water in the busiest times are left without work. How they struggle through these terrible times is a mystery, for although the labouring population have little wealth a good number of them seem to have been blessed with a double portion of English pride, and they resent nothing stronger than even the mere imputation of poverty. It is only by some casual remark that one obtains an insight into the true state of things during these desperate periods: the constant state of semi-starvation; the heroic self-sacrifice; the days of bitter, blank despair; and then, often, after all that human nature is capable of, the breaking up of a once happy and comfortable home.

The general reply when one asks the cause of all this distress is the seeming paradox, "Overproduction."

Overproduction! Thousands upon thousands of half-clad men, women and children, in the country, and yet there is "overproduction" of shirts, boots, hats, and every other necessary and unnecessary article of clothing.

The anomaly is not new, but has become so common that it is looked upon as a matter of course and never questioned. Carlyle, in his day, seized upon it and poured forth his stormy indignation:—

"But what will reflective readers say of a Governing Class such as ours, addressing its workers with an indictment of Overproduction! Overproduction: runs it not so? Ye miscellaneous, ignoble manufacturing individuals, ye have produced too much! We accuse you of making above two hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind. Your trousers, too, which you have made, of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch-plaid, of jane, nankeen, and woolen broadcloth, are they not manifold? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with—Nay, what say we hats or shoes? You produce gold watches, jewelries, silver forks, and epergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas—Heavens, the Commercial Bazaar, and multitudinous Howel-and-Jameses cannot contain you. You have produced, produced—he that seeks your indictment, let him look around. Millions of shirts, and empty pairs of breeches, hang there in judgment against you. We accuse you of overproducing; you are criminally guilty of over producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes and commodities, in a frightful over-abundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed!"

We hear on every hand that people are becoming mean, sordid, brutal, and selfish, owing to the blind race for wealth; this nobody attempts to deny; and yet it is perfectly clear that the more raw material we can take from mother Earth and transform into articles of utility, the wealthier the community must be. But, alas! it is wealthier collectively and not individually, and the creed of present day commercialism is "all for self and none for commonwealth."

A stranger to our land, who did not know our social laws and manifold contradictions, coming here for the first time, would say to himself: "Surely I have discovered the most perfect of countries, and the happiest of peoples, for here there is plethora of everything, and every man has enough and to spare, for they have actually produced more commodities than they require."

Perhaps if he went a little further into the question and found out for himself that the mass of our labouring classes were only on half-rations and suffering indescribable hardships during this so-called "Overproduction," he would open his eyes in wonder, and when he returned to his own countrymen he would tell them that he had actually seen a land where they penalised their labouring classes for working too hard and put a premium on idleness. Such a pass as we are come to in a governed country is a blot on nature. It is not logical—for can it be logical that the greater the waste the better for the community? And yet if there were greater waste would there not also be greater demand for labour? It is not right—it cannot be right that an idle class who tie up the land for private parks, game, and such like, should live in ease, while those who create all the wealth, those who are the bulwark, the sinews, nay the very life of the nation, should be reduced to live in such a state that death is often hailed as a welcome release.

In the face of all this, political economists calmly say that it is a necessary evil consequent upon the "law of supply and demand." But why? The supply is there—even to overproduction—and Heaven knows there is sufficent demand. If this is the result of what they call the law of supply and demand, is it not high time that this law were thrown overboard and another tried in its stead?

But enough of "overproduction." Let us leave some ambiguous terms and come to the truth at once. Substitute "lack of purchasing power" for overproduction, and we come to the actual, bald fact. We, as a Christian nation, made great sacrifice of blood and treasure to help to bring about the abolition of slavery, and yet (although nothing is further from my thoughts than to advocate slavery) the slave was in some respects better off than the numbers of strong and willing people who are wandering about the country today in a futile search for work. The slave more often than not had a humane master—it was only a small minority who were habitually illtreated—and they would be well fed and kept in good trim by their masters from mere self-interest, for the owner could not expect as much or as good work from a half-starved creature as one who had a sufficiency of wholesome food. Moreover, if the slave fell ill it was to his master's interest to treat him well and get him in good health again as quickly as possible, that he might get back to work.

Now look for a moment at the position of the ordinary workman. He is usually paid such wages as will just provide him and his family with absolute necessaries, and, in some cases, with a few inexpensive luxuries. If his health should break down he is left to struggle along as best he may, and, as his income is cut off, he probably gets insufficient nourishment and attention, and often manages to hang a millstone of debt round his neck, which has to be paid off at a few shillings weekly when he recovers and recommences work—providing that his situation has not been filled in the meantime. As he becomes aged, and begins to lose vigor, a younger man will probably take his place, and he will be supported either by contributions from his children (who themselves have in many cases households to maintain) or he will be left to end his days in the poorhouse. And then, on the top of all this, forsooth, he must be punished for working too hard and producing too much! Truly the world seems out of joint.

JOSEPH ENTWISLE,
in the Socialist Review.

LLOYD GEORGE ON POVERTY AND SLUMS.

Mr. Lloyd George has discovered Poverty and the Slums. For over three years he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has been marvelously busy—but Poverty still reigns; and Slums still exist. And so Mr. Lloyd George talks about it and them. His speech at Cardiff, where 1,500 clergymen and lay workers attended to hear him, was so diverse and comprehensive that it might be said there was a crumb of comfort for everybody in it. One small portion of it, lifted bodily from Mr. Chiozzi-Money's writings on the distribution of wealth, would not be gainsaid, but rather welcomed, by the Socialist. But, after all, the Chancellor's speech led merely into the air—where we presume it was intended to lead. He appealed to the Churches, not to set themselves to any practical task—that would never do; but to "create an atmosphere." It sounds almost comic to appeal to the Churches, whose patrons live on Profit, and a great deal of whose revenues are derived from Slums, to expose the Poverty and the Slums; and to inculcate the spirit of self-sacrifice in the well-to-do. We get tidal waves of that kind of sentiment now and again. We suppose Mr. Lloyd George is after producing another. But if the Chancellor and the members of the Churches he was addressing are minded to deal with Poverty or with Slums (which are only a part of the poverty problem), then there is only one way—bold communal effort. Even Mr. Lloyd George in one of his rapid chameleon changes admits this—probably as another catch at the unwary Socialist. But neither Mr. Lloyd George nor his Churches will be prepared to adopt the logic of a more equitable distribution of wealth nor the need for stern communal effort to stamp out Poverty and its Slums. We don't know what Mr. George is up to now. He may be feeling his way for another impost on the workers, say insuring against Poverty by another poll tax of 4d a week, or at securing a greater modicum of house room with less of insanitation by putting another 3d. or 6d. a week on the rent. What these Social Reformers appear to be anxious to do is to make Poverty and its Slums appear respectable. Poverty is a horrible, body-and-soul killing monster, and howsoever she be clothed her teeth and talons tear just the same; her greedy lips drain the red blood from man, woman and child. When we Socialists war on Poverty we aim at her annihilation.—Justice.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES.

(To Locals.)

Charter (with necessary supplies to start Local)	$5.00
Membership Cards, each	.01
Dues Stamps, each	.10
Platform and application blank per 100	.25
Ditto in Finnish, per 100	.50
Ditto in Ukranian, per 100	.50
Constitutions, each	.20
Ditto, Finnish, per dozen	.50

Socialist Party Directory

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday. R. I. Matthews Secretary, 579 Homer-Richards lane. Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday, R. I. Matthews, Secretary.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday in Labor Hall, Eighth Ave. East, opposite post-office. Secretary will be pleased to answer any communications regarding the movement in the province. F. Danby, Secretary, Box 647, Calgary.

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, W. H. Stebbings. Address, 316 Good Street, Winnipeg.

SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL EXecutive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every first and third Saturday in the month, 8:00 p.m., at headquarters, Main Street, North Battleford. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. L. Budden, Secy., Box 101, North Battleford, Sask.

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

LOCAL FERNIE, S. P. of C., HOLD educational meetings in the Miners' Union Hall, Victoria Ave., every Sunday evening at 7:30. Business meeting first Sunday in each month, Miners' Hall at 2:30. W. L. Phillips, Secretary, Box 504.

LOCAL GREENWOOD, B. C., NO. 9, S. P. of C., meets every Sunday evening at Miners' Union Hall, Greenwood. Visiting Comrades invited to call. C. Primerile, Secretary.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, NO. 95, S. P. of C., meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E. Campbell, Secretary, P.O. Box 674. Rossland Finnish Branch meets in Finlanders' Hall, Sundays at 7:30 p.m. A. Sebble, Secretary, P.O. Box 54, Rossland.

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. A. S. Julian, Secretary.

LOCAL MOYIE, B. C., NO. 30, MEETS second Sunday, 7:30 p.m., in McGregor Hall (Miners' Hall). Thos. Roberts, 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 PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., No. 53, S. P. of C., meets every Sunday in hall in Empress Theatre Block at 2:00 p.m. L. H. Gorham, 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' Union Hall. Communications to be addressed Drawer K, Sandon, B. C.

LOCAL VICTORIA NO. 2, S. P. of C.— Headquarters and reading room, 1319 Government St., Room 2, over Collister's gun store. Business meeting every Tuesday, 8 p.m. Propaganda meeting every Sunday, 8 p.m., at Crystal Theatre.

LOCAL VERNON, B. C., NO. 38, S. P. of C. Meets every Tuesday, 8:00 p.m sharp, at L. O. L. Hall, Tronson St. W. H. Gilmore, Secretary.

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 VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 1, S. P. of C. Business meetings every Tuesday evening at headquarters, 133 Water Street. F. Perry, Secretary, 518 Hornby St.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 45, Finnish. Meets every second and fourth Thursdays in the month at 2237 Main Street. Secretary, Wm. Myntti.

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 from Com. W. Graham, Secretary of U. M. W. of A.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., NO. 1, S. P. of C. Headquarters 622 First St. Business and propaganda meetings every Thursday 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, A. Farmilo, 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, 429 Eighth Ave. East, between Third and Fourth streets.

LOCAL REGINA NO. 6, SASK., MEETS every Sunday, Trades Hall, 8 p.m. Business meeting, second Friday, 8 p.m., Trades Hall. B. Simmons, secretary, 1909 Garnet St., P.O. Box 1046.

LOCAL BRANDON, MAN., NO. 7, S. P. of C. Headquarters, No. 10 Nation Block, Rossar Ave. Propaganda meeting, Sunday at 8 p.m.; business meeting, second and fourth Mondays at 8 p.m.; economic class, Friday at 8 p.m. Secretary, T. Mellalieu, 144 Third St., Brandon, Man.

LOCAL LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., NO. 13, 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, 8 p.m. D. McMillan, Sec. Treas., South Hill P. O., Sask.; A. Stewart, Organizer, South Hill P. O., Sask. All slaves welcome.

LOCAL No. 1, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, S. P. OF C.—Headquarters 528½ Main Street, Winnipeg, room 2, next Dreamland Theatre. Business meeting every Sunday morning, at 11; economic class Wednesdays, at 8 p. m. Secretary's address, 270 Young Street. Propaganda meeting every Sunday evening in Dreamland Theatre, Main Street, at 8 o'clock. Discussion invited.

LOCAL OTTAWA, NO. 8, S. P. of C.— Headquarters, 36 1-2 Rideau Street. Business meetings the first Sunday in the month at 3 o'clock p.m. at headquarters. Secretary, Sam Horwith. Phone 277. Address, 322 Gladstone Ave.

LOCAL GLACE BAY, NO. 1, OF N. S. Business and propaganda meeting every Thursday at 8 p.m. in Macdonald's Hall, Union Street. All are welcome. Alfred Nash, Corresponding Secretary, Glace Bay; Wm. Sutherland, Organizer, New Aberdeen; H. G. Ross, Financial Secretary, office in D. N. Brodie Printing Co. Building, Union Street.

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 Ukrainian proletariat on the revolutionary class. The Federation is the autonomous part of the S. P. of C. and affirms to the program and tactics of the S. P. of C.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegience to and support of the principles and program 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 degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, 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 ina 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 program of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, 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 Part yis 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.

SUBSCRIPTION CARDS

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

CORRESPONDENCE

LOCAL OTTAWA, NO. 8.

Jan. 16th, 1912.

Dear Comrade,—

Kindly send me at once 200 due stamps. Our Local is going ahead fine now; decreased our debts $30, and our ranks are increased by four class-conscious workers. We can also boast of a paid-up membership of 30 members. On the first of January we moved into our new headquarters, 36½ Rideau street, where we are furnishing a small Socialist library, and where everybody is welcome.

Yours for the Revolution,
S. HORWITH,
Secretary-Treasurer.

MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Comrade Editor,—

Some more plugs want enlightenment. Send them The Clarion for one year. I get a Cotton's Weekly once in a while, but I find nothing of value in it. There is a bunch in this town that subscribe for it, but they never help us in our meetings. All they do is look at the sub. list. Well, we don't want them, as our time is fully occupied making Socialists and we don't want our heads filled with spicy articles from Cotton's. We want to change this damned system, not monkey with it. I am just home from the slave pen at 5 a. m. and it's about 40 below zero. Gee, it's something to be patriotic about. The same conditions exist here as everywhere. Seventeen girls applied for one job; some of them will soon be forced on to the streets to get a living. Ye gods and little fishes! When will the workers know enough to stop patching up the system. It is up to us to make Socialists and to strive only for the revolution and to push the Clarion for all we know how, for where the Clarion goes there you will find revolutionary Socialists.

Yours in Revolt,
A. STEWART.

STEWART VALLEY, SASK.

Jan. 15, 1912.

The Western Clarion,
Vancouver, B. C.:

Dear Comrades,—

The Appeal to Reason recommends you as carrying the brand of goods I need to help carry on the agitation. Please send me sample copies and club rates, and I will try to help you wake up the movement in Canada.

Yours for Socialism,
CARL C. HUSSEY.

SHOW US THE GOODS, THEN WE'LL UNITE.

Continued from page one

cialist Democratic Party of Winnipeg, and this vote-catching bunch of rummies had the nerve to ask the working class for its vote on the occasion of the last election.

I am of the opinion that a certain type of animal requires a reform organization through which it can voice its midget demands, and I will even go so far as to admit that some persons need a slow process of working class education of the usual sloppy variety, but to suggest, much less act, upon the idea of all forms of opinion coming together under one organization or party is certainly confusion worse confounded.

We of the Socialist Party of Canada have heard enough of uniting when you have nothing to unite to. The field for good sound education is open to all. The Socialist Party of Canada is the only Socialist Party in that particular field at present, although there are grazers in other pastures, and until such times as other organizations can demonstrate their ability to deliver the goods to the slaves for the slaves' emancipation, I guess we can manage to trot along alone.

Yours in Revolt,
W. H. STEBBINGS.

HOW THEY COME

You're doing fine, boys! If this is continued we shall make the plutes sit up at the next Dominion elections. The following are using the pick and shovel alright, alright:

W. Atkinson, Victoria	28
P. J. Hunt, Milden, Sask	6
S. Horwith, Ottawa, Ont	5
T. E. Mason, Montreal, Que	4
W. Davenport, Brantford	3
J. Pilkington, Enderby, B. C	3
Wm. McQuoid, Edmonton, Alta	3
A Stewart, Moose Jaw, Sask	2
W. K. Bryce, Demaine, Sask	2
H. G. Hills, Victoria, B. C	2
G. Beagrie, Calgary, Alta	2
F. Teeple, Brandon, Man	2
H. Hoet, Cardstone, Alta	2
F. Cobb, Youngstown, Alta	2
A. C. Tipper, city	2

SINGLES—E. Simpson, Victoria; G. Manke, Hamilton Lake, Alta.; H. A. Young, Eng.; A. C. Mills, Eng.; John Hough, Nanaimo; J. Rolls, New Westminster; J. C. Turner, Fernie; D. A. Maclean, Calgary; W. A. Dods, Otter Point, B. C.; A. Burke, Montreal; Maritime Ex.; George Rossiter, Toronto; J. Klein, City; D. G. McKenzie, City; N. Von, City; J. Sidaway, City; J. Fawcett, City.

BUNDLES—Tottenham Branch, S. P. G. B., 20; H. Salting, Naramaba, B. C., 15; John McInnis, S. Fort George, 10; Silverton Miners' Union, 10; J. C. Turner, Fernie, 5 yearly cards.

Brandon boys get one over Edmonton this week. Cumberland, B. C., jumps in. Montreal takes another leap. Ottawa climbs up. Fernie jumps in, and Brantford takes a place.

Vancouver, B. C	1
Victoria, B. C	2
Calgary, Alta	3
Brandon, Man	4
Edmonton, Alta	5
Winnipeg, Man	6
Toronto, Ont	7
Montreal, Que	8
Moose Jaw, Sask	9
Silverton, B. C	10
Nelson, B. C	11
Ottawa, Ont	12
N. Battleford, Sask	13
S. Fort George, B. C	14
Fernie, B. C	15
Regina, Sask	16
Cumberland, B. C	17
Ladysmith, B. C	18
Brantford, Ont	19
Britannia Mines, B. C	20

HERE AND THERE.

(By Watts.)

Comrade J. A. Austin of Nelson, B. C., has been elected alderman at top of polls in West Ward.

* * *

A committee has been formed in the House at Ottawa to look into the advisability of giving old age pensions. More political jobs.

* * *

One hundred and fifty thousand men are out of work in Chicago.

* * *

There are six Turkish Socialists in the Ottoman legislature.

* * *

Calgary is having lots of trouble getting efficient police and judges these days. If the workers were wise they would not be necessary.

* * *

Earl Grey in a speech in the city of London, said: "Canada, some day, is destined to be the controlling portion of this great empire." We say some day this great empire will be controlled by the workers of the world.

* * *

The Orangemen are protesting against home rule for Ireland. These superstitious slaves want to be ruled, but not by Catholics. What a joke!

* * *

A Russian, charged in the police court with swearing, said that in Russia he heard that Canada was a free country, but found it worse than Russia.

* * *

The miners in England by a vote of 445,801 against 115,921, decided to strike in March unless the operators consent to their demands of a minimum wage scale.

* * *

Scarcely has Rev. C. Rickeson confessed to the betraying and killing of his sweetheart than another minister is charged with killing a young girl in the States.

* * *

The Calgary Boy Scouts turned out five strong in a recent church parade, but they turn out strong to the drill halls. What about the Boy Scout leaflets?

* * *

Five or more yearly sub. cards at 75c each; 10 or more 6-month cards at 40c each; 20 or more 3-month cards at 20c each.

* * *

It is reported that hundreds of thousands of people in the eastern provinces of Russia have died through typhus and scurvy, while the lives of 20,000,000 are threatened by starvation through the failure of crops. The "little father" is not afflicted with the ills of the common people, and such being the case, there is no necessity for any cablegrams of condolence from Washington to the royal parasite of Russia.

* * *

It is reported that there are now 6,000,000 people in the United States without employment. Prosperity for 1912 will look somewhat cloudy to these people, who are anxious and willing to work, but who are unable to find a master. Some of the sages and philosophers who are continually yelling that "Socialism would destroy the home," should propose a remedy for the unemployed problem. It is to be hoped that they will not all speak at once.

* * *

Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race.—Charles Bradlaugh.

THIRTY THOUSAND MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FACE TO FACE WITH GATLING GUNS.

Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 15.—The striking textile workers in this city to-day were bayonetted and shot by militia hastily summoned by Mayor Scanlon at the behest of the mill owners.

Thirty thousand men, women and children, ordinarily employed in the mills are idle. Half of them are on strike, and the other half are idle by force of circumstances.

Not content with having brought all the local militia into action, Governor Foss was appealed to during the course of the day, and immediately ordered out five more companies of militia, making eight in all in Lawrence, whose sole duty is to shoot men, women and children at the order of the officers under the name of preserving law and order.

Soldiers Cause Fighting.

The fighting was precipitated to-day by the appearance at the struck mills of detachments from Companies F and L, M. V. M., under the command of Captains Donovan and Ranlest. The use of the uniformed and armed men in strike times always provokes disorder, and it accomplished its object again to-day.

The police, the strikers declare, had endeavored to interfere with pickets at the Pacific Mills, and several unimportant scuffles had taken place. The excitement caused by them, however, and the fact that they were in progres attracted a large number of other strikers, and the mills were surrounded by men bent upon maintaining the right to picket, despite the fact that the city and the police are run and owned by the mill owners.

Since Friday last feeling has been growing in bitterness against the conduct of the police. The strikers are striking, not merely against a reduction in their pay following a reduction of the working hours in accordance with an act passed by the Massachusetts Legislature. They are fighting for mere life.

Fight for Life.

The strike is a hunger strike.

Paid starvation wages at the best of times, overworked and exploited by greedy and unscrupulous mill owners, subjected to every indignity that poverty entails, and feeling that the entire city is run in the interests of the bosses and that the workers' interests are never considered, the people here have ben drivn into revolt.

They struck against a wage reduction, when wages were already too low to enable them to secure the elementary decencies of life. They struck against a system that has broken up home life, for all the family must work if the family is to live. They struck against a system that speeds women up until, exhausted, they are turned out upon the streets and driven to prostitution. They struck against a system that wrecks the lives of little children, leaving them old before their time, stunted and twisted in body and mind.

Against these things these people have struck. They are fighting for life, and they are fighting unscrupulous men whose sole interest and concern is the extraction of ever increasing profits.

Order is Restored.

Before such desperate people appeared the armed forces of the State, ready at a word to shoot, stab and bayonet. Immediately on arriving at the mills, the word was given to clear the streets. As the militia advanced at the word they were met by a shower of stones, and the first ranks were engaged in a hand to hand fight.

The officers then ordered the soldiers to fire, and several fell wounded. The order to fire was followed by the order to charge, and with fixed bayonets hired assassins rushed upon defenceless men, women and children, bayoneting many of them.

How serious are the wounds is not yet known.

In the meantime pickets had taken refuge in the mill yards, and as soon as the bloody work had been done outside, the order was given to clear out all pickets. Other strikers had taken refuge in the yards, and all were ejected by the military at the bayonet's point.

As they came out at the various gates the police fell upon them with batons, clubbing right and left without discrimination as to age or sex.

Order was restored, and the troops and police rested upon their bloody laurels.

In this massacre between fifty and one hundred were wounded. Whether any are killed is not yet made public.

Quick-firing guns were placed in

Quick-firing guns were placed in

position at the street corners, where they were able to mow down thousands of the people at a moment's notice, and the city is tonight under martial law in all but name.

Mayor is Responsible.

It was by Mayor Scanlon's own order that the militia was called out today. Under Massachusetts law the Governor's action is unnecessary, Mayors having authority to act by precept.—Chicago Socialist.

THE JOBLESS MAN.

The jobless man. This is one of the burning issues of the day. It is more than an issue; it is a problem. It is a problem that refuses to lay down of its own accord. It is one that keeps the place of politicians in constant jeopardy. The jarring rattle and clatter of the empty dinner pail is proving a haunting nightmare to their political dreams. The problem is fundamental. Its solution will incidentally solves many others.

The discrepancy seems to be that there are more jobless men than menless jobs, and the end sought is to strike a balance. But the embarrassing fact, that one column gets longer and the other shorter, still brazenly stares us in the face. All this in spite of our so-called unparalleled, unexampled, unprecedented Canadian prosperity.

But the job continues to be an elusive thing. It is an uncertain thing; as uncertain as death and taxes are certain. It is a hard thing to capture. Millions of men, women, boys, girls and children in this and other countries are continually on the search for jobs—jobs which haven't persons attached to them—jobs that are not in use. If perchance one of the searchers captures a job, someone else is thereby put on the search for another, because there are not enough jobs to go around. The increased use of the labor-saving machinery and the division of labor assures that the problem will get worse instead of better.

A man throws out his chest and in a spirit of pride says, "I've got a good job." O, delusion of delusions! He thinks he has a job, but has he? Is he sure that he will have it on the morrow? Is his tenure of that job subject to his own will or the will of another? Is it not a fact that he holds that job by suffrance of another? Is it not a fact that another OWNS the job? Is it not a fact that a whim of the owner of the job may put the user of the job in the jobless column at any time? The answers are patent. The man who uses the job is absolutely at the mercy of the man who OWNS the job, and he is usually a man of little or no mercy. What workingman is there who does not live in that awful dread that the morrow will find him added to the jobless column? What workingman is there who does not know that it requires eevry ounce of his energy and every atom of his effort to retain the possession of the job he is using? What assurance has he when he feels his energy, strength and vitality slipping away, that he will be protected and cared for in sickness or old age? What are his prospects for a job when he is no longer able to produce for the owner of the job the very maximum of profit?

These observations only complicate the problem. They offer no consolation or hope to the jobless man, the man with a job or the man who tries, by ordinary methods, to solve the problem.

A solution would be to decrease the number of jobless men. This can be done by war. That is one of the chief functions of war. It calls into action many of our surplus men and consumes them in its every hungry maw. It likewise detracts attention from local real ills and directs it to foreign imaginary ones. This affords, however, only temporary relief. But wars are not practical. Wars are expensive and impair the credit of nations. Nations are loath to enter into them. Besides it is getting to be against public sentiment. This was demonstrated in Germany recently. People are not as easily fooled by the affected cry of patriotism as they once were. They have learned that wars are for commercial purposes and not from patriotic motives.

A real solution, or rather THE real solution, would be to increase the number of jobs. Having done this, then make the users of the jobs OWNERS of them. Make it so that a man can have a job, suited to his qualifications, as long as he can fill it capably and efficiently.

Is this a new idea to you, Mr. Workingman? Is it news to you, Mr. Jobless-man? If it is it is clear that a very important part of your education has been sorely neglected. You are ignorant of that which is to your best interest. The sins of ignorance are very far-reaching indeed. They will be visited upon your children for generations and generations.

If this is a new idea to you, it is clear that you have not studied the philosophy of Socialism.

Now, don't let that word frighten you. Such a course will please only the owner of your job. Socialism will not harm you. It cannot harm you. It is not directed against any person; it is directed against a system—a system that has proved your undoing and that prevents you from owning a job. When once you have learned Socialism it will be the sweetest word in your vocabulary. It is to your present and future interest and to the interest of generations as yet unborn, that you should study it. Whether it is good or bad you should study it. If it is good you should study it that you may know how to work for it. If it is bad you should study it that you may be able to combat it. You cannot be a proponent nor an opponent of it if you are ignorant of it. In this day of knowledge and enlightenment you cannot afford to remain in darknes on so vital a question.

Socialism proposes to increase the number of jobs, thus giving all a chance to have a job. This it will do by making the worker the only owner—the only employer, in other words, the owner of all the means of production, distribution and communication and by operating all industries at their full capacity and giving to all the full product of their labor, less the cost of maintenance. To be more explicit, it will eliminate all profit now made on the necessities of life occasioned by private ownership of public utilities. Everything used in common will be owned in common; democratically owned and democratically managed. Further, it will increase the number of jobs by shortening the hours of labor. It will likewise eliminate waste by putting the middleman, the parasite the non-producing worker, at productive labor.

It will make a further saving by dispensing with competition, duplication, advertising and other modern methods of extravagance. It maintains that the wealth of the world belongs to those who produce it. It further proposes that they shall have it.

What other political party proposes such a program? From what other source can you expect relief? What other party can lay so just a claim to your support? Socialism demands that you inform yourself as to your self-interest. That you use your brains and your ballot in your own interest. You have let the politicians do your think long enough. They think for you and you vote for them. We ask you to think for yourself and vote for yourself. Is there anything unfair, unreasonable, unpatriotic or anarchistic in such demands? You gain nothing by voting for the other fellow. You lose nothing by voting for yourself. You have nothing to lose—but your chains—you have a world to gain. Think! Act!—act in your own interest.—O. M. J.

HUGGING THEIR CHAINS.

It seems that no matter how badly the workers are treated, there are always some of their number prepared to take sides with the masters against them. As a case in point, a "mass meeting" of Huntley and Palmer's employees was held inside the factory on Saturday to "protest against the unfounded statements relative to conditions of labour at the factory." Of course, the meeting expressed its sympathy with, and confidence in, the directors of the company—that was what the meeting was called for. We have little doubt that these sentiments will be reciprocated by the directors; but other work-people will only feel contempt and disgust for wage-slaves who could thus hug their chains, and so make the struggle for better conditions so much more difficult.—Justice

HOW THEY DO IT IN ST. JOHN.

St. John, New Brunswick, is the city of Loyalists, people who were loyal to the grand old flag of Britain, and who in pursuit of freedom to worship the British master-class, also an opportunity to escape the deadly bullets of American "patriots,"—who were likewise worshippers of another master class,—fled from the scene of war in 1776 and founded homes in the new country. These "Loyalists," whatever motives may have animated them,—whether the love of oppression or the hatred of bullets,—have left an army of descendants to overrun the country to the North. Wherever, you meet a descendant of a "Loyalist," you meet a snob, allee samee as the descendants of the Puritans, who have made Boston a by-word.

All of which is merely preliminary. A few weeks ago there was a by-election in St. John (and all elections are "buy-elections" in N. B. as in Maine). Honorable J. D. Hazen,—capitalist politicians are all honorable men,—was to be elected to the Dominion House of Commons. He was nominated by the Conservatives, and the Liberals, as if to demonstrate the truth of the Socialist contention that there is no fundamental difference between the old parties, decided not to nominate any candidate. Mr. Hazen was to go to Ottawa as the representative of a united people.

However, there was a fly in the soup. The Socialist party had been organized in St. John for two years, and they proceeded to get busy. They nominated Fred Hyatt, a man whose election would have occasioned some consternation in business circles.

A Canadian law, passed to keep Socialist candidates out of the field, makes it necessary for all candidates to deposit $200 before being allowed on the ballot. This money is returned if returned if the candidate secures two-thirds as many votes as his successful opponent. The money was secured with great difficulty, as no corporation seemed inclined to help the St. John comrades.

The Socialists appeared at the court house where nominations must be filed, but were refused admittance. Finally they entered the back door and reached the proper officers. The nomination was refused, the deposits returned, and the Socialist candidate arbitrarily shut off the ballot. Mr. Hazen was elected unanimously, and goes to take his place on the Borden cabinet, where he will continue to talk platitudes and preach "the gospel of good politics."

All of this goes to show that capitalism is the same the world over, that the franchise is more or less of a joke, and that the capitalist class, when it becomes necessary, will not hesitate to take from the workers those few "rights" which they think they have.

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THE COLOSSAL POWER.

(Continued From Page One)

last they carried the conscience of the nation with them.

An Assured Result.

It has been exactly so in every instance where there was a moral idea protesting against a fundamental wrong. Always the established order has received with scorn and contempt the suggestion of a change. All the powers and forces have united to suppress and destroy agitation. In the end the moral idea has overwhelmed all opposition and gone triumphantly to its goal.

Consequently we have nothing to fear. We have undertaken a cause that will free the world from all surviving slavery, abolish poverty, war and the slums, bring light in the place of darkness, and for the first time give mankind a chance to live and be decent. We make war against evil. All the forces I have enumerated here are opposed to us as they were opposed to the men that protested against chattel slavery. The opposition to us is as futile as was the opposition to them, for nothing can stop the advance of such a cause.

And does anyone ask concerning the means by which we shall win? Then I turn to the words that are the text for this little discourse and its inspiration.

"'Give me fifty thousand men in earnest, who can agree on all vital questions, who will plant their shoulders together and swear by all that is true and just, that for the long years to come they will put their great idea before the country, and those fifty thousand men will govern the nation."

So said Wendell Phillips, greatest of Americans and one of the first American champions of our cause. And you will find these words of his in a lecture on "The Labor Question" that he delivered in 1872 before an organization of shoemakers to whom with eloquence and logic he presented the faith that is in us to-day.

It is only the thing that is wrong that needs the assistance of bargain and compromise. The thing that is right wins standing out squarely and alone, and so standing is as certain to win as the sun to shin.—Coming Nation.

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

By Winnie E. Branstetter.

Several years ago I attended my first Socialist convention in one of the Western territories. Everything had been discussed and resoluted upon from the evolution of man to the marriage of Alice Roosevelt.

Naturally I felt a little strange and filled with awesomeness, especially when I heard a particularly revolutionary pharse bur-r-r from the tongue of an aspiring speaker. You all know how revolutionary phrases affect one, how the pleasing, shivery little tremulous sensations chase each other up one's spine, flooding the brain with clamorous, unintelligent approbation.

I made several attempts to speak, but each time my knees refused to support my eighty-seven pounds and proceeded to do a ragtime stunt under the protecting folds of my skirts. those blessed petticoats without whose rippling clingingness I should never have been able to stand erect! A silence fell upon the convention as my palpitating tongue and trembling lips framed the following memorable motion:

"Comrade Chairman, I move that the remainder of this session be given to a discussion of the attitude of the Socialist party toward woman suffrage." My motion received an immediate second.

Our dignified chairman, looking at me with kindly, but condescending, understanding of my lack of political knowledge, remarked: "Comrade, it seems to me that your motion is uncalled for. Our platform and constitution have alwsys stood for woman suffrage. There are three of you here in this convention. Certainly this is sufficient and any discussion would be a waste of time. However, seeing as you are a lady, I will proceed to put the question." So again my petticoats saved the day, and my motion carried unanimously with great and prolonged applause.

A cowboy preacher, recently converted to Socialism through the Christian Socialist, was the first speaker on his feet to defend womanhood.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "I have always been for the ladies, even if I ain't married. My mother was a woman. God bless 'em all, and I have done been saved by the grace of God and Socialism." Turning toward the woman delegates and visitors, he heaped praises upon them, his grey-haired mother, and women in general, for making him what he was. I looked to see what it was for which we were so praised, and saw top boots, corduroy trousers, a soiled flannel shirt and a flushed, unintelligent male person paying tribute to persons of the opposite sex. Glancing through the window into the yard next door, I saw a foolish red rooster strutting about a group of admiring, industrious hens.

The next speaker had been a prohibition lecturer. He wore a red tie, carefully groomed hair and mustache.

He did not tell us he was for the ladies, but his smirking smile as he looked our way, proclaimed the fact. He launched out into bitter denunciation of brute man, bestialized and degraded by alcohol, mentioned serpents several times, wept over the widows and orphans of drunkards, and closed his remarks by repeating a very touching poem about a woman, a reformed drunkard, and a pair of baby shoes in an old trunk. His exit was attended by vociferous weepingness.

As our prohibitionist left the platform, a tall, lank lawyer, in conventional county-seat garb, took his place. He was perfectly at ease, and spoke at length and with great eloquence to his spell-bound audience. He mouthed phrases about the ignorant chivalry of man to woman, said something about a weaker vessel, and the duty of a mighty oak to protect the clinging vine. Drawing a spotless handkerchief from the inside pocket of his frock coat with highly dramatic effect he stated that his mother also was a woman, and cited other touching incidents in history which proved beyond a doubt that the mothers of the great men of all ages had been women. Folding his arms across his breast, and resting his body upon his right foot, he struck the renowned pose of the conquering Napoleon—although in reality he looked like a vaudeville impersonator of Lincoln. He ended his speech by saying he was willing to die, if need be, to save Mayer, Haywood and Pettibone from the gallows.

A village preacher followed the lawyer. He was delighted to address the convention upon a subject—upon a subject—upon a subject which lay so near his heart. He advised us women to go right ahead as we had been doing, distributing "Appeals and giving ice cream socials," working always within woman's sphere. He assured us that in 1912 we would have the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and then woman—blessed womanhood and sacred motherhood—would come into her own. He said that he would give his life if the wife of his bosom understood Socialism like Sister Jones, and that she would have been right there by his side if peaches had not been ripe for canning. He closed his remarks by offering up the last drop of blood in his body to save helpless women and little children from the demon rum.

A cranky old fellow, and an active member of the Farmers' Co-operative Association, was opposed to reforms or remedies of any kind. He had read "Patching the Old Garment" and was for our sticking to the class struggle and emancipating the working class from wage-slavery. Anyhow, he had read that Mrs. Belmont was for woman suffrage and he was opposed to the Socialist Party having anything to do with anything that Mrs. Belmont was mixed up in. He "llowed as how" he would quit the Farmers' Union or the Woodmen of the World if that woman should join them. By way of closing, he said, "I jest want to go on record as objectin' to our speakers sellin' sech books as Bebel's 'Woman' and the 'Communist Manifesto,' which ain't teachin' Socialism at all." He subsided into his seat, expectorating an incredible amount of tobacco juice into a cuspidor, and continued to build the co-operative commonwealth by whittling toothpicks and matches.

I had been sitting very quietly during the session toying with a bottle of red ink, and loathing myself for having brought it all upon the defenceless heads of my women comrades. Weighed down by the hopelessness of the situation, and the dark, malignant glances of those women who had been my friends and comrades, I was trying to decide between an exit by way of the window or the red ink route, when a mighty oak towered aloft in the rear of the room. His twinkling eyes looked with understanding into my fearful, appealing face, as he said with quiet dignity, "Comrade chairman, I insist upon your confining the remarks of the next speaker to the question before the convention, 'What shall be the attitude of the Socialist Party toward woman suffrage.'"

This all happened several years ago in a western territory. Times have changed somewhat since then, but the woman question is still shrouded in the nauseous sentimentality of a past age. Even our Socialist speakers and representatives seem unable to strip from this issue the foolish chivalry of the Round Table. Many of our strongest men are content to mouth, with masculine bigotry, a mass of meaningless phrases.

Our recent experience in California and Wisconsin forces us to recognize the dual character of the woman question. It is not alone a sex issue, but it is also one of the most vital class issues, and as such the Socialist Party, in its championship of the working class, can no longer evade it.

Before the next convention, it is to be hoped that the feminist, and the masculine egotist will both have disappeared from our midst, and that we may discuss this important question in its social, economic and political phases with understanding and sincerity.

HOW UNEMPLOYED ARE CARED FOR.

Hundreds Housed in Old Church and Their Hunger Satisfied with "Mulligan"—Are Genuine Working Men...

Up at the city hall to-day the civic employment bureau is crowded with would-be workers. Occasionally somebody rings in for a man to do something about his house, but for every job there are a dozen men eager to take it. The same thing is true of the employment agencies.

Last night a hundred men crowded into a little old fashioned church, which once housed the Seventh Day Adventists. It stands on the southwest corner of Gore and Keefer, and last night, it bulged with the crowds who lay sprawled about the floor or stood in the corners to snatch sleep or keep warm.

Congealed misery was marked on the faces of those who turned up toward the lamp which a reporter used to light his way over their prostrate forms. They are hungry and cold and some of them are angry at the defiant "iron hand" message that the mayor sent them.

In a little room at the back of the church, where once the minister donned his surplice, a great cookstove stood on four bricks and sent its ames roaring up the chimney. Around about lay half empty sacks of potatoes and in between a half dozen men sat or lay prone.

They were the helpers.

Yesterday they served three hundred men with food. Common, but wholesome, was the food handed out to a long line of hungry men. At noon they served a mulligan, a delectable compound of meat and vegetables and much loved by hungry men. Bread and cheese and weak tea eked out the supply when it dwindled. And after that there was nothing.

The men who served are poor. Not one of them has as much as a dollar. They went out yesterday and got what they could for the others.

The Royal Bank of Canada collected $75.80. That for 300 men, but still there are more and still more, and as the cold damp days begin and end their hunger grows greater and greater.

Energetic committees, hustling around all day long found employment for fifty of them. Six hundred and fifty are left. Where will they go? What will they do?

This morning one great hairy chested fellow rolled over on the cold, hard floor, stretched himself and got up. He felt his pocket and instantly his brow clouded. To J. W. Hudson, who is helping, he stated that he had been touched.

"I had ten cents and it's gone, that's all I know," said the man.

To-day a committee is at work securing additional quarters. Last night they turned away a hundred or more who sought rest. They want the use of an old building or a new one. They want blankets if they can get them and mattresses and something anything, to eat. But most of all they want work and they will take it when they can get it.

They are honest men, the most of them Britishers, or at least the sons of Britishers, predominate. They ask for work.—Vancouver World.

ARE THE TIMES PROSPEROUS?

By John M. Work.

A metropolitan paper is authority for the statement that we are enjoying a season of great prosperity.

Is it really true that the times are prosperous?

Let's look at the matter very briefly from several different angles.

If the times are prosperous, no one ate a charity Christmas dinner.

If the times are prosperous, there is not a single beggar on the streets.

If the times are prosperous, there is not a worker out of a job.

If the times are prosperous, the charity organizations have gone out of business.

If the times are propsperous, prostitution is unknown.

If the times are prosperous, child labor has ceased.

If the times are prosperous, poverty has become extinct.

If the times are prosperous, there are no tramps.

If the times are prosperous, crime has become a rarity.

If the times are prosperous, suicide, insanity, drunkenness and disease are seldom heard of.

Now, answer the question yourself.

VAGS WILL HAVE NO MERCY SHOWN THEM

Sentences ranging from one to six months were dealt out by Police Magistrate South this morning to a number of men who had been arrested on the charge of vagrancy. No less than thirty vags toed the line, and the majority of them had the usual excuse to offer of no work, but could give no satisfactory account of themselves. Though the Provincial jail is crowded at present, His Worship said he would continue to impose heavy penalties in this class of cases until the city was cleared of undesirables. Several men will be sent south of the line tonight. —Vancouver World.

SERIOUS RIOTS IN STREETS OF PARIS.

Mounted Policemen Charge the Rioters—Many Persons Are Wounded.

Paris, Jan. 11.—A series of violent riots broke out in the vicinity of the Palace of Justice yesterday and resulted in a large number of rioters and several policemen being injured.

The demonstration was brought about by the trial of several trade unionists in the correctional court of the Seine on a charge of distributing circulars of a revolutionary character to the soldiers serving with their regiments.

When it was announced that trade unionists were to be brought before the court yesterday the General Federation of Labor called a four-hour strike in sympathy. Thousands of masons, builders and laborers now unemployed owing to the bad weather, gathered in the streets leading to the court of justice. The authorities fearing that they might penetrate into the Palace of Justice, ordered out a large body of police and a squadron of mounted municipal guards. The policemen and troops endeavored to keep the demonstrators moving, but at several places met with resistance, violent collisions occurring on the Place Du'Chatelet at the northern end of the Notre Dame boulevard.

A mass of men atacked the police with stocks and canes. The foot police were unable to drive them off and three policemen were injured in the mix-up. Municipal guards were then ordered to charge, which they did, eventually clearing the streets. A number of the rioters were wounded and numerous arests were made.

These unemployed members of the working class have no rights in capitalist society. By virtue of being without employment they are openly violating British law. If they receive some of the medicine we understand Vancouver's newly-elected mayor has promised them—they are to be arrested, driven out of town, etc.—they may solace themselves with the no doubt satisfactory reflection that they are merely getting a dose of "British justice," than which no finer brand is manufactured by any country on earth.

It has often been pointed out by Socialist writers and speakers that a plentiful supply of labor-power in the market was at all times a requisite to the successful conduct of capitalist production. With a surplus always at hand from which to draw any needed supply it were next to impossible for the workers to maintain wages at all satisfactory to themselves. With this surplus available, the employers of labor are at all times possessed of an advantage over the workmen, and are thus enabled to hold the wage at the lowest possible point, thereby insuring the most rapid expansion of capital possible. But it is possible to have too much of a good thing. It looks as though the surplus labor-power in the market is becoming too great for the safety of the ruling class. So long as the army of the unemployed was small in numbers it could not constitute any serious menace to capitalist rule. But when it runs up into the thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, in a single city, it becomes a menace to capitalist security that cannot be ignored by our precious rulers. It is easily to be understood how a few men may be awed into submission to actual starvation in the midst of plenty, but it is utterly inconceivable that such could be the case when the number becomes great. Sometime the army of unemployed will become so large that it will tax the repressive powers of our Great Empires and Grand Republics to the limit in order to prevent these outlawed ones from helping themselves to that which they and their fellow-slaves have produced.

It were well to observe that the Mayor of Vancouver, who, we learn, has promesed to use some drastic measures towards the local contingent of the army of unemployed, was elected to office a few weeks since by working class votes. Repressive measures are the only medicine that capitalist governments, either municipal, provincial or federal, can use in treatment of the unemployed malady. To remove the conditions of unemployment from modern society necessitates the transformation of the control of wealth production from the capitalist class—as at present—to the working class. In other words, it means that the working class must first gain control of the state and then use its powers to strike down the present capitalist control of industry and place that control in the hands of the people as a whole.

But this cannot be done so long as the working class is yet sufficiently ignorant to elect even a capitalist mayor in Vancouver.

YOUNGSTOWN, ALTA.
Jan. 7, 1912.

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