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WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

WESTERN CLARION

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Legislative Library

A HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM

Whereunder the Workers Welter "Like an Egyptian Pitcher of Tamed Vipers"

Comrade Editor,—Labor-power is a commodity and its value is determined like that of other commodities, temporarily, as expressed in its price by demand and supply, permanently and on the average by cost of production. Generally speaking the supply of labor-power always exceeds the demand, consequently the competition is always on the side of the sellers; that is to say, the wage-workers compete with each other and sell themselves dirt cheap. The wage workers, to quote Carlisle, are "weltering like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers each struggling to get its head above the others."

The capitalist consciously or unconsciously carries ot the law of natural selection. He selects those laborers best suited to make him profits. There is nothing sentimental about it. The efficient are chosen; the inefficient are not chosen. And when he has selected his efficient wage slave, the one who will give most for least, even then the efficient wage slave has to be deferential and servile. He dare not be an oak; he has to be a willow. If he asserts his independence he is dismissed because there are always others at the beck and call of the capitalist.

The wage slave adapts himself to the will of the capitalist. He is gentle, meek, mild, submissive. Holy, holy, holy Humility is counted a virtue, independence a vice. "Thou, O Capitalist, art superior. I, thy obedient servant, am inferior. I crawl and cringe to thee. Give me the spurs and insolence of office; I bow my head to your authority."

Our poor wage slave goes through life a crawling, abject wretch. He must not even think for himself. He does not know his forefathers fought bloody battles for freedom to worship Jehova in their own way. He does not realize that the descendants of those forefathers are now fighting for political freedom. He can sing "Dare to be a Daniel," but he dares not sing "The Red Flag."

I used to think the battles for liberty had all been won. There is an air of finality about histories that gives you the impression that everything has been accomplished. Wickliffe, John Ball, William Longbeard, Cromwell, Bunyan, Milton, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, these men had fought by sword and pen for liberty; some of them endured martydom; the dead bodies of some were exhumed and hung on gibbets. John Bunyan for 12 years was imprisoned in Bedford gaol, and out of that foul dungeon came that sublime poetical allegory "The Pilgrim's Progress."

I used to think that these men had fought and won the victory, but, no; the struggle between tyranny and liberty is still going on. The wage slave dare not be a Socialist, then where is this boasted freedom? This glorious liberty? The Socialist is scoffed at abused. He is accused of all the sins and follies common to humanity. He survives it all and so does Socialism.

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The wage slave by studying economics becomes transfigured. Hearing, he understands, and seeing, he perceives that capitalism stands for selfishness, Socialism stands for justice—his justice.

Let us glance at political economy and read the analysis of profit. We read "the cause of profit is that Labor produces more than is required for its support," therefore profit resolves itself into unpaid labor, therefore somebody must be giving something for nothing. Who is it? Why, the laborers, of course. Who gets the profit? The capitalist; therefore the capitalist is a thief and a robber, and further, the capitalist has the colossal impudence and audacity to accuse the Socialists of being predatory animals. Do you wonder that the Socialists become cynical, and laugh them to scorn?

The wage slave lives in fear and trembling. All his days he is an hireling. But the day will come when the capitalist will fear and tremble. Do you quake, O Capitalist! The Socialist will laugh at your calamity. He will mock when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind. When dire distress and anguish cometh upon you. You can roar and bellow but the Socialist will not heed you.

How long will the wage slave love simpicity? If he only would have an anxious and inquiring mind there would be some hope for him. Poke him, jeer him, scoff at him, irritate him, arouse his latent manhood; then he will no longer submit to the tyranny of capitalism. Man has the capacity for co-operation. The order to the wage-slave army is, "Mobilize."

In the old country they hold fairs and statutes. At these statutes the farm laborers and "merry little milkmaids full of glee" and dumplings, sell themselves for twelve months to the highest bidder. The farmers and their wives buy Jack and Jill on the principle of most for least. At the same fair other people are buying and selling stinking fried fish and frizzling sausages "all 'ot." The sellers of these two latter commodities bawl at you through a megaphone: "You pays yer money and you 'as yer choice." How little did I imagine in those days of yore when I was an impartial, disinterested and benevolent spectator of this buying and selling that poor Jack and Jill were bought and sold also.

On the morning of the statutes Jack and Jill would shamble up to the railway station—Jill shy and bashful and Jack ponderous and clumsy.

"Hello, Jack, where are you going?" Jack, his eyes shining with excitement, would reply: "I'm going to the statutes to get hired." At the statutes the farmer and the laborer would meet together. The Lord is the maker of them all, so says "the Book." Was this taken into consideration? Was the bond between the former and Jack one of a common manhood, or brotherly love? Of course it was. As soon as John Bull saw Jack Hodge he ran and fell on Hodge's neck and kissed him. "Hodge," quoth he, "come here thou fatted calf, I love you." Hodge melted with tenderness, lifted up his voice and wept copiously—like a crocodile. Each particular hair on his head stood up like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Even they were numbered for John Bull wanted every part of Hodge but his squeal.

Perhaps our farmer, John Bull, was one of those stern Puritans "who loved all that were godly, much misliking the wicked and the profane." His bond to other men was not the sense of a common manhood, but the recognition of a brotherhood among the elect. Without the pale of this saint was a world hateful to him because it was the enemy of his God. (This class are in Canada today.) There was no ecstacy obout him.

"Hodge, the Lord hath deputed me to be your keeper. Come here you

(Continued on Page 2)

which swore to act towards each other as brothers. If a workman was injured "a brother" was deputed to look after the stricken man's family until he should recover. Mutual aid was the general law of social life in the free cities.

In the provinces the laborers were bound to the soil, in serfdom, of course, and yielding up tribute to their masters. Yet the rural population appears to have suffered none of the hardships so general among their descendants in the European states today. There was often a personal relation between feudal lord and serf, that in some degree softened down the distinctions of class. Sometimes the serf followed his master to the wars, and there existed a real affection between them. The worn-out toilers were not left to starve as now.

At a still earlier period, before the rise of feudalism in Europe, not only were there no poor people, but in many places there were not even inequalities in wealth. The idea of property in land was unknown, the common right to the use of the earth being fully recognized. Crops were gathered into the common storehouse, and each took therefrom according to his needs, without jealousy and without strife. Even where the notion of private property did hold sway, and where, as a necessary consequence, there were differences in the wealth of individuals, no one humbled himself because he had not so much as his neighbor. It was a common saying among these primitive folk, says Kropotkin, that "poverty was a misfortune which might visit anyone," and when it did everyone stood ready to help.

Oh, no! These people did not live in the garden of Eden; they were merely barbarians, knowing nothing of the arts of "civilization," and entirely ignorant of the ennobling and regenerating influence of the Christian religion. Doubtless they had their troubles also, but they were wise in their generation, and they toiled hard to keep peace among themselves. They knew that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

And now, in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ten, what do we find? We find many things. We find that one man's labor will produce probably a hundredfold more than would the labor of his barbarian ancestor. But we do not find that this laborer is a hundred times better off. Quite the contrary. Despite the increased productivenes of labor, the man who works has a harder struggle for existence than formerly. Indeed, so hard has the struggle become that in London one-quarter and in New York one-tenth of those who die must be buried at public expense. They work sore, as Carlyle says, and gain nothing, not even enough to pay for a deal box and a decent burial.

In Britain twelve million people are constantly in poverty, that is, they are not adequately supplied with the necessities of life. In the States, with double the population of Britain there are ten million in the same condition.

You know the cause of this fellow worker, if you are not entirely a fool. You know that we, the world's producers, have suffered our means of life to fall completely into the hands of a small but cunning portion of the race, who graciously permit us to work, when by so doing they can gain profits; but who stop our fodder immediately they cannot do so. As this same fodder is all we get, we are in a queer pickle when the wheels of industry stop.

You are a queer, superstitious, chuckle-headed chump, fellow worker. But because we are one of you and don't like it a little bit, we'll tell you, in confidence—out of our love for suffering humanity, which is ourself—that this coming summer you'll have another chance at the ballot box to say whether you like it or not.

Possibly the Labor party will ask you if you'd like a little salve on the places where your chains are galling you. Socialism offers to smite them from your limbs. Decide now, O slave descendant of generations of slaves.—A. Percy Chew, in The Voice.

THE BEAM IN OUR OWN EYE

If any historical fact has been established with more certitude than another of recent years, it is that since the middle of the seventeenth century the condition of the working class has steadily deteriorated. Not only are there more poor people in the world now than there were at any previous time in the past hundred years, but the poor are more wretchedly poor, are sunk deeper in the mire of misery and degradation than ever before.

We have the testimony of Prince Kropotkin to the effect that in the free cities of the middle ages there was absolutely nothing that could be called destitution. There were poor people, of course, but they were poor generally because of some sudden misfortune, or unforseen circumstance, which passed away as a rule, leaving them on the high road towards comfort again. And never were they left unprovided for. At that time the different trades were organised into guilds, the members of

Pot And Kettle

The antagonists of the Socialist movement are never more righteous in their denunciations than when they expose the danger to which the morals of humanity at large will be exposed.

The statement that Socialism will destroy the home is in line with the action of the pot calling the kettle black, for whether the accomplishment of Socialism will see the final and absolute disappearance of the home as at present constituted, is a matter which the future alone will reveal. One thing is certain and one thing alone, viz., under our present social conditions the word home has practically no meaning at all.

Taking the word in the meaning implied in the denunciation hurled at Socialism in general, one can very easily conclude that, broadly speaking, the average man who works for wages, knows little of the joys of home. Is he not for the most part away from his dwelling house? Is he not separated from his wife and children sometimes all day and every day, sometimes all night and every night, sometimes for weeks, months, even years at a spell. Are not most people utterly forbidden the joys of home merely through the lack of the means to support a family.

Capitalism is the greatest enemy to "the home" which has ever appeared in the history of the human race. Drink, etc., are mere flea bites in comparison with that arch fiend Capitalism.

Bank clerks are obliged to remain single until such time as their masters say, 'You may marry."

Children in England are classed as "incumbrances." Take up any English newspaper and scan the want advertisements. Situation vacant; wanted, so and so, so and so. No one with incumbrances need apply. In Australia married couples with children are not wanted. A fruitful marriage is the curse of love under capitalism.

Not alone on the home of the wage-earner does capitalism lay its merciless hand, but even its most devoted servants, royalty in general, know only too well its devasting touch. However much or truly a royal prince may love his lady fair, he must marry that woman and that woman alone whom his capitalist masters choose for him. Consequently we find Christ's apostolic ministers, priests and bishops, aiding in the consummation of morgantic marriages, an arrangement by which the prince in question raises a family by one wife to oblige capitalism, and raises a family by another to oblige himself. With the sanction of capitalism and the Church this is quite as it should be and so can pass. The tremendous ambition of Napoleon (which cloaked the commands of his masters) to leave an heir to himself to his throne, caused him to divorce a woman whom he loved and who loved him, to replace her by another woman from whom he hoped to obtain a son.

More prominently still in the eyes of the public to-day stands the case of our present king, George V. At a time previous to his becoming heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain, he contracted a marriage with the daughter of an English admiral. But unfortunately for him his brother died unexpectedly, thus leaving him heir to the throne. Capitalism now stepped in and insisted that he should put away his loved wife and contract a royal mariage, with no other person than his lately deceased brother's fiancee. Even princes must bow to our powerful master. George V.'s home was shattered to the very foundations. Vows were violated and his love, his wife, his mate was flung aside to vacate the royal couch for Princess May, now Queen of England.

And yet we are told how Socialism will destroy the home. If it is any more exacting than capitalism in its terrible demands he must indeed be bad.

Even kings have no security in their homes at present.

Popes assent to morgantic marriages. Love is scoffed at as merely a theme for fiction and children are now called incumbrances. How long, O Lord, how long.

F. M. T.

PASSING OF THE PIONEER

A Howl From a Homesteader Being Squeezed by the Factory-made Farm.

There will soon be no free homesteads in Canada (now boys, do not all rush off at once to the nearest government land office with a ten-spot in one hand and the number of section, range and township in the other.) Bearing in mind the danger a prophet is in (Jonah you know was a prophet), I will yet risk my reputation for veracity by making the above statement. Anyhow, think it out for yourselves.

The Clarion has frequently pointed out how the small storekeeper is being put out of business by the big departmental store, the small farmer with his family and hand tools is eclipsed by the one with more modern machinery, who in turn is being consigned to oblivion by the large Bonanza farms with steam plows and huge threshing outfits. All the way through it is a case of the big fish swallowing the little ones, until there will be a clear distinction between the classes of employer and employee. This latter is a euphemism for wage-slave.

However, there is a creature so insignificant that he has hitherto escaped much competition and all attention from everyone, politicians at election times alone excepted. He is soon to be relegated to the scrap-heap amongst the things of the past, and will be come as extinct as the buffalo. I refer, of course, to the homesteader.

This individual, usually a bachelor, imbued with the desire of pursuing happiness "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" having deposited his ten dollar bill with a generous government, takes himself off to some remote spot on the prairie or in the bush, where he puts into practice some of those capitalistic virtues—Thrift, perseverance and energy, and sets out to make a living by opening up, for capitalist exploitation, new districts, in an individualistic way. He builds his shack, digs his well, bakes his bread, does his own washing and mending, plows his fields, harvests his (?) crops and pays (or works out) his taxes. This last is something the rich railway companies and some land companies do not do.

Things are done on such a small scale that one may be tempted to ask "where can the exploitation come in?" Allow me to explain a few things. He has to improve the land which forms his "farm" and in doing so he improves and renders the neighboring land more valuable. He constructs a road to his homestead and also of necessity to the land alongside him—an odd-numbered section belonging to the C. P. R. Having made a "farm" after three or four years of solitary confinement with hard labor, he becomes the proud possessor of a steady job for life! The aim of all wage slaves—the steady job, and very steady indeed is the farmer's job. He may then purchase from the C. P. R. on generous (?) terms, the land across the road, which he has helped to improve. Or he may enter the real estate business, sell out, and then go elsewhere to make another farm.

There is not much meat on the homesteader's bones after a prolonged diet of flap-jacks and jack-rabbits, so the C. P. R. has decided to enter into the business and put him out of it. I see by the highly respectable news paper the "Standard" which comes to me every week, that "the first batch of British Settlers have arrived at St. John, N. B., and will remove on to the C. P. R.'s ready-made farms near Calgary." A high official in the employ of that company has discovered that the "better class of British settlers cannot put up with pioneer conditions." Apart from the slur which he thus casts upon the much-vaunted colonizing abilities of the Britisher, one wonders what makes these settlers "better" than anyone else. At what are they better if they are no good as homesteaders. It is to be presumed that he means "richer" so that the parasitical C. P. R. stockholders may thrive better on him than on poor homesteaders. This is, however, by the way.

A tract of land in the irrigated district has been "opened up" and made ready for these "better-class" persons, by building on each quarter-section, a small house and barn, sinking a well, putting in a small crop and partly fencing the land so that these settlers may move on at once and start right in raising crops to enrich the railway, elevator and mortgage companies. If, we are told, the experiment is successful, the scheme (lot of old schemers aren't they?) is to be carried out on a larger scale. You may bet your last dollar that the experiment will be a howling success (for the blood-suckers).

Hitherto these "better-class" people if they went into the farming industry on arrival in the Golden West, if they did not take the trouble of clearing and breaking virgin land, had the option of buying an old farm in a well-settled district and clearing it of weeds, or of buying a homestead whereon a few improvements had been done. They have now, however, another alternative, and to my mind there is no doubt which one they will by judicious boosting, be induced to take.

I do not, of course, know exactly how the improvements on these ready-made farms have been done, but I can picture to myself the flat prairie, long roads, as straight as a surveyor can see when assisted by a telescope, and on each side small houses, half a mile apart, as much alike as those in a row of houses in a London suburb; each barn exactly the same size and pattern and so forth, in fact a thorough exhibition of the manner in which individuality is cultivated and guarded under capitalism. The breaking and improvements will be done by gangs of men in much the same way as a railway is constructed.

"The farm as a factory" has been prophesied by the Clarion and I venture to predict the factory-made farm." The homesteader will be frozen out (Socialism will destroy the home say the croakers) and he will become one of the "hands" in the employment of the "Golden West Farm Construction & Development Company, Limited," while the pioneer with his "grit," his knowledge of the bush and his skill with axe and saw will become so rare that he will be considered a curiosity, fit to put in a museum alongside of the beautiful specimens of the handiwork of the Red-men.

ABLETT.

LADYSMITH RESOLUTION

Whereas the Canadian Collieries company (Dunsmuir Ltd.) has published its intention to apply for a Federal charter of incorporation, the same to include power to the said company to promote, assist and engage in the business of immigration, when it is in the interest of the country to do so, and

Whereas the only interests of the Canadian Collieries company in the country are the profits to be derived from the operation of the said collieries, and

Whereas the only period during which the profits to be derived from the said collieries could be increased by promoting or assisting immigration would be during a strike or lockout, or other industrial dispute, and

Whereas there is an abundance of surplus labor in the coal mining industry in this district, and in the coal mining districts of the province as a whole, and such unusual powers, if granted, would only intensify the already precarious condition of those workers by increasing the competition in that portion of the labor market,

Therefore be it Resolved that Ladysmith Local No. 10, Socialist Party of Canada, do place itself on record as being opposed to this or any other corporation being equipped with special powers to rig the labor market in its own favor; and

Be it Further Resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Western Clarion and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

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HITCHING TO A COMET

"Hitch your wagon to a star," adjures some bourgeois apostle of the gospel of lifting one's self by the bootstraps, but nothing less than a comet would serve the new-born Winnipeg "Labor" party.

Whatever it may lack otherwise, its ideals are certainly high enough, if height of ideals is to be gauged by difficulty of attainment, for the most of its "demands" (for so we disguise what, *with the orthodox politician, would be* catch-vote promises) are altogether impossible of fulfillment under this or any other social system. The one possible feature of its platform is the declaration for collective ownership of the means of production, and this, with characteristic "labor" practicality, is postponed to a date in the dim and distant *future after the more* "practicable" but perfectly impossible items have been realized.

Moreover, it is extremely doubtful whether the inclusion of the declaration aforesaid was due at all to any belief in its validity or enthusiasm for its accomplishment, for even a desultory perusal of the rest of the platform *demonstrates most clearly a complete* lack of understanding of the meaning of that declaration, which naturally suggests that its inclusion was inspired by no other motive than that of bidding for the Socialist vote. A subterfuge wherein mighty poor generalship is displayed, for not only will it antagonize the anti-Socialist but it will earn nothing from the Socialist except contempt.

The balance of the platform consists of the usual string of eccentricities that have been hashed and rehashed by every "Labor" party that has been born and died within the memory of man. One item will suffice to demonstrate its impossibility of achievement and the blissful economic ignorance of its midwives.

It calls for a minimum living wage based upon local conditions. Nothing impossible about that? They have it in New Zealand you know. Eight bob a day and no less—except, of course, you are willing to admit that you are not a competent worker, then you can work for seven bob or six, if your necessities so dictate.

But aside from that and from the suggestion that the effort necessary to attain political power sufficient to pass such a measure in Canada, would also be sufficient to secure the expropriation of the capitalist class. There is another detail which our friends of the "Labor" party might have taken into consideration, were the consideration of anything but election any object to them.

Would it not be also necessary, in *order to secure us this minimum* living wage, to legislate against any rise in the prices of such things as we buy with our wages? Without raising the question of how much of a boost the enaction of a minimum wage law would give the prices of commodities, we can call attention to the fact that right now they are rising steadily at the *rate of about 11 per cent.* per annum, so that no minimum living wage would remain a living wage very long.

For our part we are glad we have no such problem to vex us. Being an impractical impossibilist, we hold that when the working class can win ten cents, a real ten cents, from the capitalist class, it can win the whole dollar. And we can safely ask to be shown anything in the past which will controvert that statement, and feel secure in the conviction that everything in the future will attest to its correctness.

CLASS AND CLASS

The usual and accepted method of dividing the human race into groups is to divide them vertically, so to speak, along the lines of differences of race, color, nationality, creed, or thuslike. Of course such a method will give a pleasing diversity of groupings, but it can hardly be said to serve any very useful purpose except that of distracting attention from the inconvenient significance of classification horizontally, that classification which draws the dividing line between those who live by labor and those who live on labor. Such a classification could not be expected to recommend itself to the latter, and, as it is they who rule, it is but natural that their ideas should rule also.

Nevertheless, the actual fact of the division of society into two classes is steadily compelling a yet grudging, but ever-growing recognition. The old methods of grouping did very well in the past, when each nation was, or appeared to be, more or less sufficient unto itself. But that day is past. There is now nothing of moment but what is international in its scope. The warp and woof of nations is inextricably interwoven, so much so that not one of them of any note could cut itself off from the others and continue to exist. And so the world is divided into two nations—the international capitalists and the international workers. Between these two the gap grows ever wider, while within each, at the same time, the bonds become more closely knit.

The capitalist class, on the one hand, owns everything, but no capitalist owns anything. The earth and its resources, the tools of industry, in short, the entire means of production are the common property of the capitalist class, directly or indirectly. Individual capitalists own not this, that or the other specific property, but only a share in the common property of their class. Private property in the means of production there is none.

By virtue of its ownership of the means of production it exploits the working class. Yet no capitalist exploits any worker or any group of workers. *The fruits of of the toil of* one worker flows in driblets into the coffers of many capitalists and into the coffers of any one capitalist flows the coined, but unpaid, labor of a host of toilers.

On the other hand the working class creates all wealth, but no worker creates anything. Not a commodity is *produced but, one might say, the en*tire working class had a hand in the making of it. The labor incorporated in it, a fraction here, a fraction there, could be traced round the world and back again. The "made in Germany" on a child's toy is a fable. To discover in how many lands and by how many hands that toy was "made" would be a task of monumental proportions. "Made by the working class" would be nearer the truth.

As the bonds uniting the members of each class become more close, the chasm dividing the two classes becomes more wide and impassible. The identity of interests within and the conflict of interests between the two classes become more apparent.

The mechanical process of social evolution arrays the two classes against one another, trains them for the conflict, arms them, inspires with hatred for one another, deploys them on the field, impels them to the fray. The struggle neither can avoid, for it is a death struggle for the means of life.

Whose the victory? There is no call for prophecy to foretell. We are many; they are few. They are the old, we are the new.

THE KING IS DEAD.

We don't care if you are sick of reading about that. We are too, that is why we feel like writing about it. It's fierce. No, not the death of the king. There is nothing fierce about that. We never heard of a king who didn't die. But every catch-penny inkslinger and salaried psalm-singer from here to Whoopup has thought it incumbent upon him to display his "loyalty" by out-doing his fellows in beslavering the dead monarch with nauseatingly fullsome and utterly unmerited praise.

Not that we have anything in particular against the king, except that he was a parasite upon our class. But he was only one of a whole horde of parasites, and his death does not even mean one mouth less for Labor to feed, *for his place is at once taken by an*other with equal appetite and opportunities.

It has been the fashion among radicals to pander to their own vanity and to their public's mania for sensationalism by shedding the light of their tallow dips upon sundry "racy" episodes in his private life. But being *no radical and having learned to value* bourgeois morals at their real worth, his "indiscretions" are matters of no concern to us. Particularly as it would be difficult to find a radical in the whole herd that is not tarred with the same brush and might well have borne a blacker coat of tar, given the same opportunities.

As kings go, we are free to admit that he was a pretty good king by comparison. He might have been a blatant charlatan like the uncrowned "Teddy," or a swashbuckling absurdity like the Kaiser, or a thorough paced lascivious money-grubbing old blackguard like the late king of the Belgians, or a murderous, half-demented coward like Nicholas. Instead of that he turned out to be an entirely colorless nonentity, performing his functions to the perfect satisfaction of his proprietors.

That function amounted to adorning, with his somewhat unstatuesque presence, a pedestal at which toadies at home and abroad might bow the knee, and, by presentation at which, social climbers, chiefly British and American, might be raised to the pinnacle of "high society." And, most important, the paying of "Royal visits," when required, to other potentates whose national credit was in need of rehabilitation to the end that their bonds should rise in the market to the profit of the international association of pawnbrokers.

That he performed these functions satisfactorily there is no reason to doubt, but when that is said, all is said. There is absolutely no excuse for all the sycophantic drivel that is being puked up about "the delicate tact with which he handled difficult diplomatic situations," diplomatic situations with which he had nothing whatever to do, and with which everybody knows he had nothing whatever to do. And, when nobody generally is at all moved by his decease, is it anything short of a felony to commit the like of the following, taken from the Vancouver World, containing neither an atom of truth, a grain of sense, nor the faintest dilution of poetry:

"Now the Nation mourns and weeps—
in long-drawn lamentation—
The heart of Empire sobs today, and
tears come to the Nation.
The King is dead, beloved King; a
kingly monarch he—
A sovereign loved by subjects all
throughout an Empire free.
The King is dead, the Empire mourns,
the flags of sorrow wave,
A people stand with tear-stained
eye beside a loved King's grave."

THE HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 1)

Saxon porker. Can you plow, sow, reap mow?"

"Yes, Master John; give me 'osses, ses I."

So John hires him for twelve months and stick's a ribbon in Jack's hat to indicate that he is sold and is no longer for sale. Go to the cattle market at the same fair and you would probably see a fat bullock labelled "Sold to John Smith, butcher." The bullock would be chewing the cud with the sublime indifference and stoical fortitude of an ancient philosopher.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. The bullock wore a label, Hodge wore a ribbon; that was the only difference. Both were sold. If life is worth living only on the assumption that the pleasures exceed the pains, probably, on the whole, the bullock had a happier life than poor Hodge. There is something heroic in enduring pain and hardship, isn't there? Forget it.

Hodge would be flaunting his ribbons and having three shies a penny at old Aunt Sally. In the window of a classy restaurant in London, Eng., years ago, daily they exhibited a live turtle labelled "Soup tomorrow." Poor Hodge was in the soup all the time. He came to the fair deleriously drunk with excitement. He went away blind, gloriously drunk and pugnacious—full to the brim with Burton ale. For twelve months after Hodge would recite poetry:

"Beer, beer, glorious beer;
Fill yourself right up to here.
Don't be afraid of it,
Drink till you're made of it;
Beer, beer, glorious beer."

While Hodge was toiling and moiling in the fields exposed to all weathers, laying up for himself a supply of rheumatism for his old age, as the just reward of his labors, his Puritan boss would come along and he, too, would recite poetry:

Hodge: "The trivial round the common task will furnish all we need to ask."

Hodge is puzzled. He does not understand what it means, but he is very docile when he isn't drunk. "Yes, master," says he.

God help the wicked and all canting hypocrites when Hodge and his class wake up. For wolves in sheep's clothing there will be no mercy. We shall harry them out of the land.

One of the most striking things in these days is the glaring contrast between beliefs and conduct. How can we reconcile Christianity and capitalism? They seem to me to be diametrically opposed to one another. I do not say people are fools or simpletons, but I cannot understand their lack of consciousness of incongruity between beliefs and conduct. The parson accepts a large salary to preach about a man who was an agitator, a man who was considered a misleader of the people by the authorities of his day; a man who had the courage to think and speak what he thought; a man who had not anywhere to lay his head. Behold the disciple of this man clothed in ecclesiastical splendor.

We hear learned disquisitions on points of doctrine, ponderous theology and no simplicity, but the point is this, the parson accepts a large salary and this implies that in the business of life personal welfare is the primary consideration. Behold our mellifluous and ebullient parson is a materialist in reality, however strongly he may object to the word. The laborer looks for wages, the capitalist for profit and the parson calls the scene of his ministration "a living." It is common sense to be a materialist. We have to be Then why do these spiritualists deny materialism? Every curate would rather be a sanctified and consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury than the poor parson of our village "passing rich at forty pound a year." An archbishop, with all his odor of sanctity, is only a forked radish.

Take another illustration of confusion of ideas. I was listening to a gentleman admiring a tabernacle recently built in this vicinity. With ecstatic and benignant countenance he said: "What nath God wrought! Eight months ago where this stately edifice now stands there was nothing but a city lot covered with scrub."

"Excuse me," I said; "you should say, 'What hath Labor wrought.'"

He was dumbfounded for a moment.

"Ah, but," he says, "what about the money that paid for it?"

"Labor wrought that also," I replied. "Perhaps some of the money devoted to building this temple properly belongs to the hired man who sweated and toiled for it."

Our orthodox friend didn't like my view of the matter one little bit. If he had listened he might have heard the "brickies" cursing the awful cold. If he had stood under the scaffold he would very likely have had some tobacco juice squirted in his eye. Plack! Not much divinity about that I trow.

We have seen how Hodge is sold in *the old country, let us see how he is* sold in Canada. I can vouch for the truth of the following:

A respectable young Englishman of my acquaintance told me how, when he and his young wife landed in Canada, they came west to Manitoba and were dumped down at a small outlandish place. They were homesick and feeling like strangers do in a strange place. It was early spring and the snow covered the earth. They viewed the dismal situation, waste and wild. They thought of the loved ones far away. Life was a tragedy. The wife was in tears. The man also felt very unhappy; absolutely wretched. They had left a refined home in old England. They had been sent to this place by the immigration authorities at Winnipeg. A farmer was to met them and purchase them. He came. He looked them over just the way as if he was buying a horse. He cross-examined the man and this divine Puritan asked the man among other questions:

"You are married, of course?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been married?"

'About six months."

"Have you any children?"

"No."

"Is there likely to be any?"

The man who asked these questions was a devout Presbyterian. To what depths have we descended.

You that have studied economics, will you still support this capitalism, and to the wage worker who reads this article, don't you think it is about time you became a Socialist?

Help us to hurl this system into its own hell by voting for the Socialist candidate.

Yours for Socialism,
CLIFFORD BUTLER.

AS IT WERE.

"When supply and demand equal each other, their effect is Nil."—Marx.

When Trusts have regulated supply to meet the demand and so "stabilized prices" as per Guggenheim, instead of creating "monopoly value," they will simply be conforming to the social law of value. Capitalist development proves Marx to have been correct better than a thousand pamphlets.

One hundred and seventy mounted police easily "handled" a mob of strikers in Philadelphia, riding the workers down in the good old way. Yet you can't tell the same plugs who were trampled on how to "handle" a ballot.

By the way, will the Capitalists expect to be compensated for this "handling" business.? Not likely, but the unexpected happens.

The C. P. R., is conceded to be the only corporation with a soul. This is a matter of intense satisfaction to C. P. R. slaves; who will now proceed to present it with enough coin to buy a paradise sub-division for its soul to reside in.

Simple Rockefeller, Jr., is an horrible example of the atrophied Capitalist. Imagine a being whose principal object in life is to dump the superstitious dry-rot of medievalism before a bible-class of "society" mummies, and you have the gentleman whom the working classes of America say they can't get along without.

"But Henry, the Capitalist, is the man who gives you work."

"Exactly, my dear, for which we have already presented him with nine residences, some automobiles, aeroplanes, etc., besides a $2,000,000 titled curiosity from Europe. He has, I belive, also a small balance at the bank. In future, it is our earnest purpose to take less of the poor fellow's work and have a little something besides pork chops for dinner on Sundays and holidays."

SPES.

Socialist Directory

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

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday. D. G. McKenzie, Secretary, Box 536, Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday. D. G. McKenzie, Secretary, Box 536, Vancouver, B. C.

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

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Committee. Meets first and third Tuesdays in the month at 120½ Adelaide St. Any reader of the Clarion deriring information about the movement in Manitoba, or who wishes to join the Party please communicate with the undersigned. W. H. Stebbing, Sec. 316 Good St.

MARITIME PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every second and fourth Sunday at Comrade McKinnon's, Cottage Lane. Dan Cochrane, Secretary, Box 1 Glace Bay, N. S.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, NO. 1, S. P. OF Canada. Business meetings every Tuesday evening at headquarters, over Edgett's Store, 151 Hastings St. W. F. Perry, Secretary, Box 536.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 45, Finnish. Meets every second and fourth Thursdays in the month at 151 Hastings St. W. Secretary, Wm. Myatti

LOCAL VICTORIA, NO. 2, S. P. OF C. Headquarters and Reading Room, Room 1, Eagle Building, 1318 Government St. Business meeting every Tuesday evening, 8 p.m. Propoganda meetings every Sunday at Grand Theatre. R. Thomas, Secretary.

LOCAL NANAIMO, NO. 3, S. P. of C., meets every alternate Sunday evening in Foresters Hall. Business meeting at 7:00 o'clock sharp. Propaganda meeting commences at 8:00 o'clock. Jack Place, Rec. Secy., Box 326.

LOCAL FERNIE, S. P. of C, HOLDS educational meetings in the Miners' Union Hall, Victoria Ave., Fernie, every Sunday evening at 7:45. Business meeting first Sunday in each month, same place at 2:30 p m. David Paton, Secy, Box 101

LOCAL GREENWOOD NO. 9, S. P. OF C., meets every Sunday in Miners' Union Hall at 7:30 p.m. Business meetings, 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month. Geo. Heatherton, Organizer; R. J. Campbell, Secretary, Box 124.

LOCAL VERNON, B. C., NO. 28, S. P. OF C., meets every second and last Friday in each month. Chas. Chaney, Secretary, Box 127, Vernon, B. C.

LOCAL PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., NO. 52, S. P. of C.—Meets every Sunday in hall in Empress Theatre Block at 3:00 p. m. Angus McIver, Secretary.

LOCAL REVELSTOKE, B.C.S.P.C.—Propaganda and business meetings at 8 p.m. every Sunday evening in the Edison Parlor Theatre. Speakers passing through Revelstoke are invited to attend. B. F. Gayman, Secretary. W. W. Lefeaux, Organizer.

LOCAL MICHEL, B. C., No. 16, S. P. of C., meets every Sunday in Graham's Hall at 10:30 a. m. Socialist speakers are invited to call. V. Frodsham, Secretary.

LOCAL MARA, B. C., NO. 34, S. P. of C. Meets first Sunday in every month in Socialist Hall, Mara, 2:30 p.m. Cyril Rosoman, Recording Secretary.

LOCAL LADYSMITH NO. 19, S. P. OF C. Business meetings every Saturday 7 p.m. in headquarters on First Ave. Jabez Williams, Sec., Ladysmith, B. C

LOCAL MOYIE, B. C., NO. 30—MEETS 2nd Sunday 7:30 p.m. in McGregor Hall (Miner's Hall), Mrs. Thornley, Secretary.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, No. 36, S. P. OF C., meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. E. Campbell, Secy., P. O. Box 574. Rossland Finnish Branch meets in Finlanders' Hall, Sundays at 7:30 p. m. A. Sebbie, Secy., P. O. Box 765 Rossland, B. C.

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

LOCAL PHOENIX, NO. 3, S. P. OF C., meets every Sunday at 3:30 p.m., in Miners' Hall. Matt Halliday, Organizer. H. K. MacInnis, Secretary.

LOCAL CALGARY, ALTA., NO. 4, S. P. of C. Meetings every Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Labor Hall, Barber Block, Eighth Ave. E. (near postoffice). Club and Reading Room, Labor Hall, T. H Machin Box 647. Secretary, A. Macdonald, Organizer, Box 647.

LOCAL BELLEVUE, ALTA., NO. 18, S. P of C., meets every first and third Sunday evenings, Bellevue Town Hall J. Oliphant, Secretary.

LOCAL COLEMAN, ALTA., NO. 8, Meets every Sunday night in the Miners' Hall and Opera House at 8 p.m. Everybody welcome. Socialist speakers are invited to call. H. J. Smith, Secy.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., NO. 1, S. P. of C. Headquarters 632 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. F. Blake 649 Athabasca Ave., Secretary-Treasurer, T. Bissett, 322 Fourth St., Organizer.

LOCAL WINNIPEG, S. P. OF C. HEADquarters, Kerr's Hall, 190 1-2 Adelaide Stree opp. Robin Hotel. Business meeting every Sunday morning 11 a. m. Propaganda meeting Sunday evening 8 p.m. Everybody welcome. Secretary, J. W. Hilling, 270 Young St; Organizer, D. McDougall, 424 Jarvis St.

LOCAL TORONTO, ONT., NO. 84, S. P. of C.—Business meetings 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in the month, at the Labor Temple, Church St. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3:30 o'clock at the Labor Temple. Speakers' class every Thursday at 8:00 o'clock at Labor Temple. J. Stewart, Secretary, 62 Seaton St.

LOCAL OTTAWA, NO. 2, S. P. OF C. Business meeting 1st Sunday in month, and propaganda meetings following Sundays at 8 p.m. in Roberts-Allan Hall, 76 Rideau St. A. G. Mc Collum, 68 Slater St., Secretary.

LOCAL COBALT, NO. 9, S. P. OF C. Propaganda and business meetings every Wednesday at 8 p.m. in Miners' Hall. Everybody invited to attend. Arthur L. Botley, Secy., Box. 446.

LOCAL BERLIN, ONT., NO. 4, S. P. of C., meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings, at 8 p.m., 55 King St. E., opposite Market Hotel. V. A. Hints, Sec., 98 West Lancaster Street.

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.

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Propaganda Meeting
Sunday Evening, 8 o'Clock
City Hall
Vancouver B. C.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

This Page Is Devoted to Reports of Executive Committees, Locals and General Party Matters—Address All Communications to D. G. McKenzie, Sec., Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

UP TO OTTAWA.

Dear Comrade:

I am instructed to write you stating that Comrade McGuire's case be voted on by referendum. To explain briefly, Com. McGuire, when in Ottawa Socialist Party Local made the statement that the struggle of the workers would have to be an industrial one as well as a political one. He denied the Socialist Party's conception of the Class Struggle as being only half a truth and for this he was suspsnded.

Trusting this will meet with a speedy and satisfactory answer, I remain,

Your in revolt,

E. JONES.

Cobalt, Ont. Fin.-Sec.

UNIONISM AND SOCIALISM.

Comrades and Fellow Workers:

While recuperating from the effects of exhausting all your labor power, I want you to spare a few moments to give a thought as to where you stand on the above heading. It is such an important question to the average working plug that I must try my humble pen at coming to some conclusion, and, if there are any of you can do better, well, now is your chance.

In running amuck amongst you human machines one hears some funny questions but an everlasting question or I may say, a thoughtless outburst of vituperation is "a d——d lot of good you are doing with your Socialism, why don't you have a good union." Should you ask them to answer their own question they are simply non-plussed or pussy-struck.

What ideal humanitarian and courageous pictures are drawn by these apostles of the pulpit preacher type. Their cry is, look what the unions did and are doing in the States, in the Crow's Nest Pass, in the Old Country, etc., etc. "You've got nothing here (meaning Vancouver Island). Down there, or up there, we just call a meeting and demand what we want, if we don't get it, you bet your skin there's something doing." (God help those poor corporations when they are at the mercy of a handful of union men. No wonder they send for the Police, Militia, Magistrates and Gunboats, to protect themselves against the savage onslaught of those bunches of merchandise) "Yes, my boy, we just stick right to it; the other camps are levied so much per head to keep us out; we are determined to win."

You do win? You silly asses. Your union constitution is on a par with the capitalist class when it comes down to levying upon your fellow workers' labor-power and spurring him on to keep you also. Looking back over the field of industry I fail to see anything you have won. Look back for yourself, will you, and count how many have been brutally murdered, starved, imprisoned, torn from home and shelter, through your winnings. What have you won after all your miserable suffering? Not a red bean. The constitution of your unions are wrong. The method of your procedure is wrong. The whole darned organization is built upon a false and treacherous foundation. So where is the possibility of your winning. Your leaders have had a good time acting as mediators between you and your lords and masters; buying and selling; think of it.

The modern industries each have a union of their own operating by themselves, and for the life of me I can't see where you can organize while these hundreds of unions parcelled out means a divide. When one has trouble it is left to the tender mercies of the enemy, and should any of those parcels strike, they are left to strike so long as they are peaceable and don't interfere with the corporation property or other packets of merchandise who take their place or interfere at all by look, word, or deed, with anything or anyone. They can strike until they are tired, but when these imitation wolves begin to show their teeth through hunger, and start to bite, how easy they are driven to their dens. They are soon brought to their senses by the lash in the form of police, militia, magistrates, gunboats and prison. Is that not so? Are not the police, militia, Dreadnaughts, magistrates, prisons, politicians, all at the bidding of the corporations? Are they not fed, clothed, housed, and given every luxury and pleasure out of the surplus-value that is wrung from your hide?

You bundles of human commodities, why don't you take a tumble, and get your think-tanks to work, don't take it all in as gospel that the other fellow pumps into you. Get down and solve it for yourself and for yourself alone. The unions as they stand today are a dead-letter and a blot on civilization, and Socialism has come to take its place. Take notice that these clamorous unionists very seldom or never turn up at a Socialist meeting where there is scope enough for discussion. What would they do if they had a union? Socialism goes all the way. Unionism did not go half. Socialism goes for the overthrow of this blood sucking system. That is what I want and if I could get it without your help I would not be sitting here writing this appeal to you. But I can't get it without you. I want the full product of my labor. I want to enjoy my life as nature ordained that I should. I want to see a better race of people, physically, mentally and morally. I want pure food stuff, not this d—d adulterated pig grub. I want pure drink, not the workhouse mixture with a drop of hydrophobia that is doled out to us today. I want a home or house to live in, not an erection that some of the big ladies would not allow their pet dogs to smell, much less enter. I want the earth and all her bounteous nature back to you and I, to whom it rightly and justly belongs. Do you want all these? Well, get in line with yours for the Revolution,

MATTHEW STAFFORD.

RED HERRINGS

The desire is father to the thought and to the most of working men the scraps af legislation which tend to lift them out of the rut has no meaning, only to the few who are busy spreading discontent are these sops of any great interest. It will no doubt be a surprise to many to learn that the crumbs which fall from the table of the great god Capital are of more importance to the agitator than to the "meek." True, the "meek" get their share of the crumbs, but will they ever stop to think why it is that they did get (for simplicity's sake) more crumbs? Will they ever stop to find of what ingredients these crumbs are composed? Speaking for myself, I generally find that these sops are "bad eggs"; to the agitator this dropping of "bad eggs" is a hopeful sign.

The most popular opinion of any given period is predominant, all other opinions go to the wall for the time being. The workers being in the vast majority, their opinion, if general, will be supreme. Today the workers are being pestered by all kinds of political and labor fakirs. The political trickster will tell you that such and such a company or "gentleman" is making far too much money and for your vote he promises to bring before the house of legislation a bill to shorten your hours of toil, or any other little tittle tattle which in the opinion of the workers they require. Possibly another political guy will come along and tell you that the other fellow was ony drawing a red herring across the track. The political trickster recognizing that the workers are clamoring for a "suck" knows well that he must satisfy the longing of the workers or risk the extermination (rudely) of the class who do nothing and enjoy all, hence he draws a red herring across the track, which smells sweet to the worker but, alas, filleth not the stomach.

The labor fakir, if he should be a Labor M. P., will tell you that by the prestige of the Labour party in the House of Parliament the condition of the workers has been materially improved. He will paint in rosy colors what the Labor party has achieved and what they are going to do to help the workers. It often happens that union officials peddle the same sort of guff. They have visions of a seat in the house.

In Britain today there is a great cry of "Down with the House of Lords." Why, sure; put them out of business. It is a wonder to me that our kind masters have allowed these old feudal barons to remain so long in a position where they could retard capitalist industry, "red herring from which the workers get a pleasing smell." It is the opinion (seemingly) of a great many of the people in Britain that when this old curse is gone they will have less drones to combat. True, but will their position be better? Think for a moment. The Liberals in Britain are, as here, parasites. Now here is a spectacle, one parasite telling the other he has no right to exploit the workers, and the workers, who are in a vast majority, are content to express themselves as being in favor of being skinned by one parasite only. This parasite is in business for one reason only and that is profit. And as he is in a position to say what is and what is not a fair day's work or a fair day's wage, you can take it for granted that a fair day's wage is about as much as will keep your flesh from leaving your bones. As the barons must go by the will of the workers, may the workers get it into their heads to put that other house out of business also.

Yours in the fight,

JASPER RUTHERFORD.

MANITOBA CAMPAIGN FUND

Labor party launched on a sea of trouble. We got rid of one or two deadheads and sore heads. We are waiting for campaign to open up in July so that we can get some sport.

Hope you are in no need for stuff for the Clarion as I have enough to do now.

The following additions to the fund:

Stranger, Stettler, Alta.....$	1.00
James, Wpg., doesn't like our tactics, but o u.....	1.75
W. J. Boughen, Valley River, C. N. R. didn't take it all....	2.00
Fund to date is.....$	290.15

W. H. STEBBINGS.

" THE HIGHER EDUCATION"

By George Allan England.

In past issues of this paper I have at various times had a thing or two to say regarding the way in which our universities hand out "fixed" knowledge and carefully sterilized economics to the rising generation. Safe and sane professors of the "retainer" type preside over every department which may by any chance touch upon the class struggle. Truth is all very well in a course dealing with ancient Greek dithyrambs, or in a study of the inter-relations between the Tactile Syzygee of the pre-Etruscan Flapdoodles and the exian Prognosis of the Latymer Kurds. But whenever, in economics, history, government or political economy any truly vital phase of life arises, there you will find clever and oily-tongued savants to steer the young idea safely away from radicalism into the calmer shallows of conservative thought.

Looking over some old papers the other day, I came upon an essay of mine, written seven or eight years ago, while I was at that deah Hawvawd—before I had become a Socialist, of course, though even then I had highly dangerous leanings. This essay so aptly illustrates the point I love to dwell on, that I am going to take it as a text for the following item.

Its title is "Three Types of American Partnership." Upon its attaining a high mark my degree of M. A. entirely depended. The course which called for its preparation was one on the "Ethics of the Social System," ably administered by a sleek, elderly person, who shall be nameles here.

This course, beside much other work, required the presentation of two theses. The first of my two dealt with "The Amusements of the Poor." It was so radical, so horridly shocking to the sensibilities of the professor that it received a very low mark. Whereupon it was I who became shocked. I saw my degree slipping away from me, after five years' hard grinding. (The essay, by the way, hardly altered at all, was printed some time ago in The Call. So it must have been a terrific bomb to have exploded under classic elms!)

I was warned about Essay No. 2, and took counsel with myself. The result was a touching piece of conciliatory writing that would have done credit to the Civic Federation or to Ralph M. Peasley himself. I blush when I look over its pages. But it got a high mark. It won my degree for me. And, best of all, it helped me understand a little better than I might otherwise have done just the modus operandi of university methods. So perhaps it was worth while after all.

Let me quote you a few of the things that, eight years ago, I was saying—under compulsion of the greatest American university, for, verily, had I written FACTS, I should have been plucked to the bare and bleeding quick.

The essay begins with some scripture: "And shall he not render to every man according to his works?" "Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother." Then follows the truly Peasleyesque and straddling introduction:

"The relations between capital and labor * * * have for so long been at best those of an armed neutrality, that we find it difficult to realize the extent to which, for some time past, progressive and satisfactory adjustments of the various conflicting claims have been taking place. * * * While it is true that the general condition is still one of profound discontent on the part of the great body of men and women who support the industrial world by labor; while it is indisputable that the steady rise in wages * * * has done little to allay the indifference and hostility felt by each of the two main industrial classes for the other * * * * there are yet here and there to be seen manifest signs of change and betterment. From time to time employers, recognizing that the solution of the problem can never be reached save through economic science enlightened by the spirit of the Gospel, are abandoning their disparagement of the laboring classes * * * and are adopting the policy of either admitting the workers to some share in the profits which their labor has produced, or are compensating them in a variety of ways, by 'welfare work,' for the difficult life they must of necessity lead.

The workers generally, though not invariably, responding to this change of front, are here and there showing a disposition to relinquish their favorite creed that 'capital' is exploiting them for its own ends, and are meeting the advances made to them with good faith and renewed energy (!) Friendliness arising from kindly association in a common work * * * is becoming steadily more and more common. Business men * * * are beginning both to lose their fear of tempering business with philanthropy, and to discover that certain forms of philanthropy possess in themselves a very sound commercial basis (!). That, of the whole apparatus of production, the most important part is the 'living machinery,' the human energy under their control; and that in precisely the degree to which reason and good will prevail, will the ideal industrial condition be attained."

This is rather rich, is it not? No comments of mine could heighten the effect, for the discerning; therefore I omit remark and pass on.

"The means to bring about this ideal have been numerous. Some reformers have been practical, others visionary, still others have proclaimed the conflict between labor and capital a permanent and normal one, an inevitable result of the existing classes. For these later economists there are but two solutions, the one unsatisfactory and the other impracticable—one the degradation of the poor beyond the point of resistance, the other a total abolition of class distinctions and the possession in common of all land and property."

Very shocking, this. By the way, in a recent speech Charles W. Elliott, President Emeritus of Harvard, is quoted as saying that the best way to avert strikes was to make the workingman afraid to strike. Solution number one, as above, eh? As for number two—but there, that would break up the family.

The essay then goes on to describe with great detail the schemes put into effect by the Steel Trust, the National Cash Register company, and the J. B. Stetson Hat company. Oblivious to the manifest desire of those companies to sandbag the workers with anti-strike measures, it lauds them to the seventh heaven. Later events, as at McKees Rocks, or at Dayton, Ohio, or again as exemplified by the strict open-shop policy of the Stetson company, have made the essay even more absurd than it was even then; but none the less it was, when written, both nauseating and ludicrous. I suppose no more notorious swindle was ever put through on labor, than the Steel Trust profit-sharing fraud. The Cash Register Company, too, open a veritable Pandora's box of trouble, with its paternalistic and tale-bearing futilities its kitchen gardens and leather medals. The hat company's work is patently a fence against unionism. But of such are the kingdom of fullsome praise, in University Economics and Labor courses.

I quote a few more gems:

"Profit-sharing employers consider the sharing of gains with the employees a presumptively and practically better arrangement, both from an economic and moral standpoint * * * * * * claiming that more wealth will thereby be produced and that a more equitable distribution of the same will be effected then formerly.

"Those who have once used and have abandoned the system, give for their industrial retrogresion causes like the following: Lack of interest of employees, their intrusion into the affairs of theh firm, extravagance, jealousy or failure to respond in zeal or care to the stimulus (!). Bad times, Socialism and anarchy are also blamed.

(Naughty, naughty Socialism, Harvard will slap it on the wrist so it will!)

"It is claimed by some employers that the wage system needs no expansion, since the payment of wages constitutes per se a kind of industrial partnership, in which the larger part of the uncertainties and risks fall on the employer, and the larger portion of certain and regular return falls to the men."

Miserable, wretched Trusts! Happy, thrice-blest, beatified toilers! Who would be a care-worn Plute, when there are luxurious blast furnaces in front of which one may daily for twelve hours a day, seven days a week?

"It is feared that the 'providential' character of help given the men may induce them to cease making efforts for their own welfare, and to abandon prudence, economy and thrift."

Awful fear! Wasteful, highliving and sportive proletaire!

"The point is clear that the extra reward so given is more than regained out of the increased earnings due to additional efforts on the part of the employees. As Leclaire himself said: It is better to earn 100 francs and give 50 to the workmen, than to earn but 25 and keep them all for one's self. * * Profit-sharing advances the prosperity of a house by increasing the quantity of its product, improving its puality of its product, improving its quality, promoting care of implements and economy of materials, and by diminishing labor difficulties and the cost of superintendence. From a strict industrial standpoint it is bad policy to neglect such a means of prosperity."

The professor's constant watchword, by the way, was "Philanthropy and Five Per Cent." Again, and also by the way, he was a Christian minister and a professor of Christian morals, A rare type, truly. Some day he must go into a novel. But I digress. To the essay a bit, then I am through.

"Most important of all are the moral and ethical aspects. * * * * Any and every step taken toward an harmonious and satisfactory relation between masters and men is a distinct advance toward the moralization of the world. * * * If a workman labors only hard enough to retain his position in a factory and takes no interest in his employer's welfare; if during a strike, he goes no further than refraining from violence, and in defense of that employer makes no independent effort, then * * * he is imperfectly moralized."

This, as a result of teachings at the university where Scabolator Eliot then reigned supreme. Verily, I say unto you, you know not what dope is ladled out to the younger generation, what scabby doctrines taught and enforced, crammed down the throats of our college men under pain of losing their degree if they gag, squirm, or make an effort not to swallow.

"'Where the banner of welfare-institutions is firmly erected and persistently followed, the jealousy of Ephriam departs and the enmity in Judah is at an end.' The share-holding workman, is the most desirable link between capital and labor, partaking of the interests of both. * * *'

"Such methods as profit-sharing are applicable only by employers who feel that life consists not only in abundance of material possessions, but in capacity for service in the common cause of humanity; who regard stewardship as nobler than ownership, and who see in the ultimate outcome of all true work an issue reaching beyond the limits of the present dispensation.' * * * The duty of the present generation, as Bishop Fraser has said, is not so much to Christianize Socialism as to socialize Christianity and profit-sharing furnishes * * * perhaps the best method of bringing Christian principles into daily working life of society. * * * Better workers. Better masters, is its claim; and between the two classes a welcome peace.

"Peace is the one great aim in moralizing the industrial situation, a peace that oversteps the boundaries of class distinctions and unites the man at the machine with the man in the director's chair in the bonds of a common humanity. * * * The commercial spirit must be tempered by the Christian doctrine, * * * and in no better way can this doctrine be inculcated * * * than through participation, where both morally and financially it is to the interest of the employer to recognize his men as men. The Christian gospel * * * has had a rebirth in more than one age of doubt and vexation. In no other philosophy can the labor trouble of the perplexed twentieth century find a more effectual solvent."

There! How is that for high? Such shown by a few quotations which, however, indicate the character of the whole, was the thesis that won for me my degree. At the time of its writing, I vaguely realized its hypocrisy, its twaddling Pecksniffianism and its hog-washed cant; but I was (like all other students) up against the necessity of turning out something satisfactory to the Powers and to the reverend "philanthropic and five-per-cent" clerical who presided over my destinies. So I excised the previous radicalism, the attack on rank abuses and injustice, and substituted the finest brand of soft-soap I could lay hand to. Economic determinism, in the form of an A.M.! "They were all doing the same," as the song hath it; and today, likewise, they are all doing the same, or failing. Of such is the Kingdom of Higher Education.

They don't want modern up-to-fact-proven truth about economics, politics or labor, in our universities. They want platitudes and religious drool and Slinky Federation harmonics. Those are what they teach; those are what they get. The student body issues out into the world of actualities, crammed to the callow muzzle with mothy antiquities or with backing-and-filling theories about the Identity of Interests between Slave-driver and Slave. Do you wonder, after all, that so little aid and sympathy come to you from the educated and "better" classes?

Ghent's "You Retainers" gives the key to the whole situation. It is so far ahead of anything I could do that my additions to this subject are, indeed, mere impertinences. Yet, having seen the thing actually at work. I have on a few occasions given testimony to the practical, vital truth of that classic exposure. "You Retainers" stands high on my list of necessary books. I only wish I might have read it before ever entering Hawvawd; then perhaps, I might have clearly seen and understood the process which, asit was, I only dimly and half-consciously perceived.

More anent this subject, at a later date. For the present, let this confession suffice.

"The Higher Education," forsooth! Oh farce supreme!

Oh jest and mocker of true understanding!

Here and Now

By "Smith."

The deficit on the working of the Clarion during March was $87 and last month $10. $77 better for April than the previous month is pretty good; $77 better for May than April would look look amazing, wouldn't it? Can you do it? Make a try anyhow.

• • •

Alberta Executive hands in $8.60 for bill.

• • •

The workers' paradise, a steady job, is gradually receding from their grasp. Abolish the wage system and some ideas of paradise will become conceptions of hell.

• • •

A. Percy Chew sends in two subs and a change of address. It's peculiar how the revolutionaries change their addresses. They ought to give more thought to the poor postman and not move around so much. They don't have to move. What?

• • •

The slave in the Roman Empire wore around his neck an iron collar, the badge of servitude. It was fastened by another slave, a smith or armorer. Today we no longer wear such a useless ornament. We, however, carry on our person, for the most part, the sign manual of the slave in one form or other. The woodworker has several fingers missing, the boilermaker has a glass eye or is deaf, the coal miner filches from his master chunks of coal which he hides under the skin of his face, the trackman has left a foot or a leg somewhere on the line, and so on. These are more lasting ornaments than any paltry little collar of brass or iron and they are not so expensive to the property-owning class.

• • •

People's Book Store on Cordova pays up for a bundle and ad.

• • •

Capitalism is decaying, in fact it is now tottering, but a rotten tree, although dead, will stand a long time till some outside force pushes it over. Capitalism is a rotten tree and the education of the workers is the outside force that will send it rotten and and decadent, crumbling to its death.

• • •

Local New Westminster sends along a five spot for 125 a week for a month.

• • •

The masters nowadays need no lash of leather to spur the workers to greater efforts. The economic lash is much more scientific and effective and though more stinging the wielders are concealed from the unenlightened proletariat.

• • •

J. C. Burgess puts another two on in Winnipeg. Next.

• • •

The class that owns the machinery of production cannot handle it. They buy the ability of the workers, brain and brawn. They cannot protect it, they come to the same class again. The only thing they can do is grab hold of the profits accruing from their ownership and they do that well.

• • •

Local Toronto pays up for bundle and card.

• • •

The United States Supreme Court is making a bluff at dissolving the Standard Oil Trust. Say, fellow workers, would you sooner be skinned by one bunch or several. The fewer the better, for there will be the less for us to upset on the day of reckoning.

• • •

Wearing a red tie and voting the Socialist ticket is not the acme of revolutionary Socialism. Spread the propaganda wherever and whenever possible.

• • •

Singles: H. Noakes, Victoria, B. C.; E. J. Thompson, North Battleford, Sask.; Clifford Butler, Brandon; Helen Armstrong, Winnipeg; Arthur Taylor, Toronto; A. Way, New Westminster; G. W. Hale, Nelson, B. C.; John Pilkington, Enderby, B. C.; J. M. Tyler, Mission City, B. C.; J. F. McVey, Victor, Alta.; C. Lestor, Vancouver; P. C. Young, Fort William, Ont.; Local Goldfield, S. P. A., Goldfield, Nevada.

TORY SOCIALISM.

It is not sufficient to denounce Socialism; we must be able to show that what the Socialists vaguely desire can be actually achieved by progressive and democratic Conservatism.—Standard.

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A Proletarian in Politics

The first session of the second Legislature of the Province of Alberta was unique, and its record will become historically valuable to the student of the changing order of society, inasmuch that, for the first time, the interests of the working class were directly represented.

The man who was elected to become the first mouthpiece of the wage-slaves of Alberta was Comrade C. M. O'Brien, who was elected in the Rocky Mountain riding. He was not returned on promises—such as are handed out by the candidates of those parties, who by their very nature are pledged to uphold the rule of Capital—not by *promises of good roads or bridges, not even on* a policy of government-owned elevators, so that the hardworking, deserving farmer might escape the voracious maws of greedy corporations. Not on any of these was Comrade O'Brien elected. The platform upon which he stood, which he presented to the electorate of the constituency for approval or rejection, was the Platform of the Socialist Party of Canada, his electioneering literature was the Manifesto of the Party and its official organ, "The Western Clarion." When I told O'Brien that I was preparing this leaflet he said: "Tell them to read the Manifesto, that contains most of it."

With the exception of "The Ledger," the organ of the miners, the Western Clarion was also *the only paper which published a true account* of this comrade's efforts in the House.

That Comrade O'Brien is now a member of the Legislature and the fact that he took part in the great debate over the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Co.'s deal with the government is sufficient evidence that his methods of electioneering, and the platform he stood upon, were eminently satisfactorily to those whow ere its judges.

The opening of the Legislature on February 10th, 1910, with all its attendant ceremonies and show of force and power, proceeded without the presence of Comrade O'Brien, who did not take his seat till the second day of the session. The impression created in the mind of one "knight of the pencil" is as follows, which is an extract from the "Edmonton Daily Capital," of February 14, 1910:

Socialist Takes His Seat.

Calmly and dispasionately C. M. O'Brien, M.L.A., Socialist representative for Rocky Mountain, took his seat in the Legislature yesterday for the first time. The opening ceremonies with the social frills appertaining thereto had proceeded without him, and he seemed to enter the House only when he thought it meant business. His presence to the extreme left of the speaker behind the leader of the Opposition and near the door was conspicuous. He wore a heavy projecting jaw, a soft shirt and a bright red necktie. Altogether he looked the Socialist, but the curtain has not yet gone up on the part he is to play."

On March 1st the debate on the Great Waterways deal having lasted several days, Comrade O'Brien caught the Speaker's eye and proceeded to define his position as below:

"Mr. Speaker, for several days past I have been listening to this debate, not with interest, but with a good deal of forbearance. We have heard a great deal about this agreement between the government and the Alberta & Great Waterways Railway Co., and, I suppose, will hear a great deal more. To most members here this appears to be a matter of great importance, in fact, one has said that "This is the most momentous question in the history of the Legislature.' If that be so, then, sir, I can only say that from the workers' point of view this Legislature has not justified its existence.

"Throughout this discussion, the interests of the employees, the men who will actually build the road, have been completely ignored. The Opposition, who so loudly proclaim that they speak in the interests of the public have clearly shown in whose interests they are working by the fact that they have never once criticized the few clauses in the agreement relating to conditions of *employment of the workers, which are so indefi*nite as to be almost meaningless. The government, too, has told us that they are working in the interests of the people, but in the face of these clauses it is easy to see that neither side consider the working class as being a part of the people or the public.

"Consciously or unconsciously, every member here is representing definite material interests, the interests of the C. P. R., the C. N. R., the A. G. & W. R and other corporations are being carefully wached. I, too, am representing material interests. I am here to voice the interests of they who are slaves to the rule of capital.

We do not care whether the government guarantees $20,000, $40,000, or $100,000 per mile. True, it all comes from my class, but when it has once been taken from us, and is in your possession, it matters not to us how you spend it or divide it among yourselves, our mission is to stop you from getting it. What we want you to do is to have this and other roads built as speedily as possible, the quicker this and all other countries are developed the better for us, as we will be taking them over in the near future.

"In order to be understood, Mr. Speaker, it must be remembered that I represent a distinct political party, very different to any other in this country. This Party—the Socialist Party of Canada—has a Platform and Manifesto very different to that adopted by any other party. Nothing in this platform or manifesto has been used by either Liberal or Conservative, for the very sufficient reason that it contains nothing they could use.

"If it is my privilege, sir, I feel it is my duty to clearly define my position in this House, so that the members may know in what relation I stand to them and they to me. To do so will not be speaking directly to the question under discussion, but that has already taken a very wide range, from growing onions in the month of February near the North Pole, down to Kansas City in the south, thence east to New York City, where they evidently had a good time, and I don't think I could very well get beyond this range.

"Before my election, I was and I am now, one of the national organizers for the Socialist Party of Canada, whose mission it is to point out the inevitable ultimate collapse of this present commercial system, and to seek to establish in its place a system whereby the man who produces shall receive the full product of his toil, or its equivalent, and where production shall be for USE instead of for PROFIT, and where every man, if he would enjoy, shall first produce; therefore, as one of its organizers I am authorized and empowered to speak in its behalf.

"There was a time when slavery did not exist, but that period of human development is so far in the dim distance that it leaves very little historic trace; but, by piecing together such knowledge as we have of that period, with what we know of the races still living in a primitive state, we attain such knowledge as is possible of that time. The feature that most distinctly stamps that period of human freedom from that of to-day is the fact that at that early time property was non-existent in the true sense of the word.

"Personal possessions these primitive people had, but as the natural resources of the earth were free of access to all, they were, therefore, the property of none, for owning property is not so much the assertion or claim of the individual *or individuals to ownership as it is the exclusion* of all others from it. Natural resources were not always property, for property is merely a character imposed by definite conditions, the few claiming ownership and excluding the non-owners except on conditions laid down by those self-styled owners, and those conditions always spell slavery in some form for the non-owners."

At this point, **J. W. Woolf** (Lib.) rose to a point of order, claiming that O'Brien was not speaking to the question, but giving a lecture on Socialism.

Attorney-General Cross thought that the Hon. member for Rocky Mountains was leading up to the question, and it was natural that he should wish to define his position as a member of the House.

R. B. Bennett (Con.) in a sarcastic vein of humor wished to know if the Hon. Attorney General had also become a disciple of Marx; he asked that question as he had seen a set of Marx's "Capital" in the Attorney General's office?

Attorney General Cross: I have read a good deal of Marx's writings, and I can assure the Hon. junior member ofr Calgary that a close study of them would do him no harm.

J. R. Boyle (Lib.) thought that O'Brien was leading up to the question—and—

M. McKenzie (Lib.) thought that they all would like to hear the Hon. member for Rocky Mountains lecture on Socialism, but that was neither the time nor place for it.

The Speaker ruled that the Hon. member for Rocky Mountains must speak closer to the question.

O'Brien said it was very difficult for him to know where the Speaker was drawing the line, and proceeded:

"If we trace the growth and development of property we find it has taken on different forms or characters, at different times. At one time communistic property predominated, out of that grew private property and out of private property has grown capitalist property.

Every social system has had for its foundation property endowed with some peculiar characteristic; to remove that characteristic from property is to remove the foundation from that social system, in that way we account for the destruction of previous civilizations and social systems. The present social system has for its foundation property endowed with the peculiar characteristic of capital. To remove the characteristic of capital from property is to remove its foundation.

"Every member of this assembly, Liberal, Conservative or Independent (I do not know what this independent means; he may be independent of the Liberals or the Conservatives, or even both, but he is not independent of the rule of capital). I say every member of this assembly, except myself, was elected to defend and uphold the present social system, to defend its foundation—capital, and therefore to justify the capitalist class in their ownership of all the essential means of wealth production.

"We Socialists have in our platform "The transformation of capitalist property into the collective property of the working class;" so, Mr. Speaker, it is easy to see that the interests represented by the other members of the assembly are absolutely opposed to the interests I represent, and vice versa. True, we are all interested in having good weather in Sunny Alberta, in being free from pestilence, disease and natural calamities, but economically and politicaly we are enemies.

"We Socialists do not blame individuals for social conditions, for we believe the individual to be a creature of social conditions, no matter how much he or she may subjectively raise himself or herself above those conditions. I have no ill-will for individual capitalists or representatives of capitalists, and when I refer to individuals, I do so only because I believe them to be the expression or personification of definite class interests. The social system that the other Hon. members of this assembly were elected to defend had a great historic mission to perform, and we believe that it has about completed that mission.

When capitalism came upon the scene of human development, it found the workers for the most part an ignorant, voiceless, peasant horde. It leaves them an organized proletarian army, industrially intelligent, and becoming politically intelligent. It found them working individually and with little co-ordination. It has made them work collectively and scientifically. It has abolished their individuality and reduced their labor to a social average, levelling their differences until today the humble ploughman is a skilled laborer by comparison with the weaver who tends the loom, who has become so mechanical in action that he is indeed but a mere part of that machine. In short it has dulled the working class.

"It found the means and methods of production crude, scattered and ill-ordered, the private property of individuals, very often of individuals who themselves took a part in production. It leaves them practically one gigantic machine of wealth production, orderly, highly productive, economical of labor, closely inter-related, the collective property of a class wholly unnecessary to production. A class whose sudden extinction would not alter the speed of one wheel or the heat of one furnace.

"It found the earth large, with communications difficult, divided into nations knowing little of one another, with prairies unpopulated, forests untrod, mountains unscaled. It has brought the ends of the earth within speaking distance of *one another, has ploughed the prairies*, hewed down the forests, tunnelled the mountains, explored all regions, developed all resources. It has broken down all boundaries, except on maps. It found the human family divided into several classes, third, fourth, fifth and even sixth estates. It has ruthlessly abolished all estates, although in the early part of its development it produced a middle class of its own; but, as it grows older it just as ruthlessly destroys that middle class—the child of its own womb. It has brought the human family into two distainct classes. The international capitalist class, and the international working class, with a common interest the world over.

"The modern class struggle is a struggle between masters and slaves for ownership of the means of production, for they who own that which I must have access to in order to live are my masters, and I am their slave. The capitalists are struggling to retain their ownership and mastery, that they may hold us in slavery. We slaves are struggling to break the rule of capital and secure freedom by obtaining ownership. We believe that the slavery of the past and present, with all its evil effects, was necessary to fit us to individually enjoy what we will collectively produce; we believe all the ages of chattel slavery were necessary to pave the way to make possible feudal society, also, that all the ages of feudal serfdom were necessary to pave the way and make possible capitalism; but in a few generations the rule of capital has not only paved the way and made possible, but it has brought us to the very threshold of a new social order. The co-operative commonwealth—and, Mr. Speaker, I am proud to be its first representative in this legislative assembly of Alberta.

"Having defined my position in this House, Mr. Speaker, I want now to deal for a few moments with the question directly before the House. One honorable member severely criticized the agreement because it provides that prairie loam may be used for balast instead of gravel or stone. My reason for criticizing it is because, although it contains certain clauses in relation to the employees, they are so indefinite that, as I said before, they are to the average lay mind, almost meaningless, for the wording is such that it requires a brain trained to the solving of legal intricacies to make anything out of it at all; how then are the workers going to understand them? Just imagine, Mr. Speaker, a laborer in *the construction camp trying to wade through* that mass of legal phrases, vainly trying to find out what wages the government has said he should receive, but that appears to be the beauty of it—it looks big and means nothing.

"Now, Mr. Speaker, in place of this mass of jargon, I have drawn up a few clauses here which are simple and clear in language, and state definitely what is meant. I would like to be able to get this before the House, either in the shape of a motion or as an amendment to the existing motion. I have already asked several members to second this for me, one of whom, during his election campaign signed an affidavit that he would support any and all labor legislation that was brought before the house, but he, with the others, refused to second this amendment, being afraid, I suppose, that they might incur the anger of their masters by so doing.

"Mr. W. R. Clark, president of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, has sent a letter to *the government saying that as it appears some* of the members are not satisfied with the terms of the agreement, he is willing, as a concession, to construct the first fifty miles of the road without drawing any money for it until the line is completed. The government has brought in an amendment to the amendment to the motion asking the House to accept this concession, and further that the sum of $1,000,000 of the contract money be retained for five years after the completion of the road as a guarantee of equipment and operation. This amendment brought in by the Hon. member for Cardston (J. W. Woolf) is in effect a motion to open the agreement. I shall probably vote for that amendment to open the contract in order to introduce the amendment *which I have framed.*

"I would like to say a few words in regard to railway construction camps, Mr. Speaker. We have been told that contractors experience difficulty in getting all the men they require. I am not going to contradict that statement, but I want to say that the conditions the workers live under at these camps makes me wonder how they get as many men as they do. The workers do not go to the railway construction camp to work for the pleasure, indeed the conditions at the majority of these camps are such that men will not work in them until they are absolutely forced to it by economic necessity. As a matter of fact these construction camps are a last resort to men who have any sense of decency and respectability. My object in trying to get an amendment before the House is not so much that it will make the condition of the workers much better, for I realize that I can do nothing, and I don't suppose for a moment that you will accept it in its present form, if you accept it at all you will probably mutilate it to such an extent that its usefulness will be lost, but it will have this effect, that the hon. members who sit here will go on record as being either for or against the workers.

(Concluded in Next Issue.)

The above will be published in pamphlet form. Price 5 cents. One dollar per hundred to subscribers to the publishing fund.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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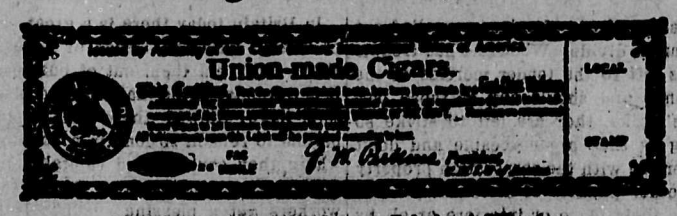

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