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"This Is a Fine Day For Work"

How the Slave Instinct Manifests Itself in the Country.

"It's a fine day for work." So my neighbor, Firstump, the rancher, greeted me the other morning as, pipe in mouth, I strolled over to the shack.

Comrade Andy who is likeminded with myself and somewhat of a philosopher. Also he owns a bushranch and thus has a steady job in the way clearing and grubbing, sufficient to last him one lifetime, and another if he had it. But Andy does not let the ranch bother him, and sits and smokes and philosophizes and endeavors to joy life to the best of his ability.

But not so Firstump. He is a steady industrious farmer, a credit to the community and a pillar of the church. He was hard at it on this fine bright morning, armed with crowbar and a grubhoe he was removing stumps with the dexterity which comes of long practice. He paused long enough to wipe the sweat from his brow and to remark, "A fine day for work," and resumed his occupation.

I passed on. "A fine day for work," what a triumph for the capitalist system; what a tribute to the teaching of our masters. The poor man, the worker has always been admonished to work, to be steady and sober and industrious. The wealthy, of course, don't need to. As the workers can only produce surplus values for their masters when they are working, it follows that the harder and steadier the workers work the more surplus values are produced. So that hobo who will sell his labor-power at the price offered, but prefers to shuffle through life as best he may, is pointed out as a dread example of human depravity. A lazy man is no use to the capitalist, at the least. Work is deified, the industrious man has his praises sung in press and pulpit; he is lauded to the skies; and skinned to a finish. The harder he works the better they like

This teaching has been well absorbed. "A fine day for work." The sky is blue, the air is fresh and pure, nature is beautiful with the promise of spring. All nature is rejoicing in the sunshine. It certainly is a fine, a glorious day. Fine to climb the mountain and ramble through virgin forests; fine for those of sporting inclinations to prowl, rifle in hand, after the furtive deer. A grand day to ride mile after mile in the swift automobile through ever-changing scenery, or travel over the steel road in the Pullman palace car. Glorious weather for lovers of the sea to cleave the foisted waves by sailing yacht or to dive over foaming billows in the mammoth liner. "A lovely day for lovers to stroll through leafy glades," as the poet says, altho' there are no leaves as yet on the trees, which, of course, makes no difference whatever to the enjoyment of love's golden dream. At the least, it would be pleasant on so fine a day to sit out on the verandah, to look out on the beauties of nature, and to indulge in intellectual conversation with a congenial companion. A fine day to enjoy oneself, so it seemed to me.

Why then, "Fine day for work?" Because the workers know no better. Work is their constant occupation, work is their long suit, work, all the time, work. A neighbor of mine was scantly praising the climate of this happy valley. "Why," he said, "the weather is so good a man can work every day in the winter. Of course, he might get a little wet at times, but he wouldn't freeze to death." What an ideal! Truly a docile slave.

Workers, wake up! This senseless industry is getting played out. The production of wealth for your masters is a foolish proposition from start to finish. There is something in life besides work; but not for you as things are now. Under a rational system the necessary amount of work per individual would be small indeed, production being carried on by the most economical process, and each member of

society receiving the full value of his or her product. An average of a few hours a day will suffice, and the necessary amount will grow less and less as further improvements in labor-saving machinery are adopted, and as the forces of nature are harnessed to the service of man. When that day comes, as come it will, and possibly in the near future, we may hope to hear, in place of the above idiotic remark, the more rational "It's a fine day, let us go out and have a good time."

A. J.

HOW DOES IT ESCAPE?

Where, how, and when, is the farmer robbed? Or as Comrade Armstrong would say, "Is the farmer robbed at all?" O'Brien, Gribble and Budden have in turn analyzed the horny-handed and horny-headed son of soil, and now we have Armstrong upsetting all former calculations and theories by asserting that the only problem confronting Mr. Cornstacks is: "How can I get rid of my antiquated methods of production?" O'Brien and Gribble have informed us that the farmer is not a producer of wheat and farm products but a producer of commodities of which his labor forms only a fractional part of the Social Labor of Society. But we must remember that to every producer, his unit of Social production is the only part of the division of labor that interests him, consequently we will assume for argument's sake that "Cornstacks" is a producer of wheat, but if any one objects to the procedure I will refer him to "Capital" (Kerr's edition), page 46.

We are indebted to Dietzen in his Positive Outcome of Philosophy for the teaching of Relative instead of absolute understanding. That we comprehend things and abstractions only as far as they are relative, and which relations are continually changing; a conception is correct today under given circumstances and wrong tomorrow under different conditions.

Hence the farmer's position cannot be absolutely solved under a Capitalist form of property, which property is continually modifying its functions and manifesting its exploiting operations as changeable as the hide of a chameleon. That something is desperately wrong with the farmer's position is evident to all, especially the farmers. There are three solutions that interest the majority of the Farmers, whether they are correct, is not the question, but they are universally believed and it is up to the Socialist Party to show their limitations. The first is Free Trade, second, government ownership of public utilities, and third, State control of monopolies. It is a very easy task for Socialists to point out where every one of these remedies fail to produce the prosperous conditions anticipated. They point to Free Trade England and its host of unemployed. Trust-controlled United States and Government-owned Germany with the same problem; but we must prove logically and conclusively, that the farmer's position in Canada does not differ fundamentally from the workers world over, and that if it appears that his Title Deeds necessitate a different solution as being a different agrarian question to European countries, we must prove to him if possible, that the capitalist class exploits the workers under many different disguises and invariably under free conditions.

It is not true to assert that the farmer in Canada is producing wheat under semi-modern conditions. It is correct to state that there are in all countries instances of Bonanza farms producing cereals with all the modern mechanical appliances, but Canada affords an example of farming, better than the average. Austria produces more wheat than the United States and Canada combined, but her agricultural operations are not far removed from the pointed stick and the yoke of oxen.

I repeat that the farmer's apparently hopeless condition is not due entirely to his antiquated method of production. It is true that his limited acreage does not allow him to hire wage-laborers, the only source of profit, but even if we take those isolated cases where a farm is free from a mortgage, we must still face the plain truth. He must deliver the result of his labor to Capitalist elevators and railroads, and the man or woman who is forced by particular forms of property to give to others the result of their toll are the slaves of that form of property.

If you mention that the farmer delivers his product to Capitalist property, you immediately incur the wrath of our orthodox economist who asserts that the farmer, being the owner of the commodity wheat, sells or exchanges it at its value and how can he be robbed if he exchanges things at their value. Surface appearances are not always true and when I say that farmers do not exchange wheat on the same basis as they receive transportation I am simply stating a condition which does not allow of the contrary assumption that the workers are robbed as consumers. To make my position plainer let me state the general formula that commodities exchange on an average at their value.

That formula does not include every commodity, for instance I know of one particular commodity that has peculiar advantages and which never did since its production in this country exchange at its value and that commodity is "borax." Let us take an example nearer home and around which has raged so much discussion, viz., C. P. R. I wish to draw your attention to a problem before entering on our C. P. R. illustration so that the point will appear plainer. Marx, in "Capital," Page 338, states "that merely quantitative differences beyond a certain point pass into qualitative changes. After capital accumulates beyond a certain point it obtains a strategic position and becomes invulnerable to the attacks of the competition of other masses of Capital." I do not maintain that as yet the phenomenon is universal, I only wish it was. We have, however, sufficient examples of this concentration of capital to study to some extent its methods, its power and its limitations.

It has been formulated as a general law and it has been proven to be true, that when a certain class of industry obtains a greater quantity of surplus value than the average, Capital, sooner or later, flews or is attracted in that direction, and eventually average profits are the result, but once assume that certain masses of capital continually absorb more than the general average and you have by that administration recognized industries that can and do prevent other capital masses from competing. The C. P. R. is an example of a partial monopoly and up to the present has practically the whole of the wheat carrying business. It is not only a theory but a well recognized truth that railroads exact from the producers who it serves for its own ends, all that the traffic will bear and that means, everything but a living for the farmer. We hear the squeak of the Capitalist farmer getting louder and louder, the manufacturer, both large and small recognizing by the dividends declared by the C. P. R. that certain bunches of thieves are getting swag which formerly went into their pockets.

No. We, the working class, have had enough of false scents and red herrings. The intelligent farmer of the future will know that as long as capital rules, that some form of exploitation will continue and he will also know that he is not a slave to an individual capitalist or to particular capitalist property, but to the capitalist class as a whole through the instrumentality of capitalist property.

Government ownership, free trade, and trust busting might be of some service to petty exploiters, but the farming section of the working class can never become exploiters, but must remain the furrow treaders of the dominant class in this glorious civilization of capitalism. They can have only one object—the unity of all workers independent of the master.

W. H. S.

Some effects can in themselves be causes, just as some finished products such as sugar, lumber, etc., etc., are considered as raw materials in any combinations they enter into.

Where the Job Is Steady

I did not expect that it was Comrade Harry Peters, the energetic propagandist, soap-boxer and S. P. of C. candidate for parliament in Guelph, Ontario, who said in reply to my query:

"I will arrange two meetings." His two boys with a pair of oxen hitched to a large lumber wagon met me. I used to drive oxen when I was a boy, and many times since I have been on this prairie, have ridden behind oxen to socialist meetings. In lots of places the snow was yet deep. The wind was cold but it was a bright, sunshiny day. Most of the afternoon I slept in the bottom of the wagon, then stood up and tried to dance, whistle and sing.

By the road side were a number of cattle (not oxen), of both sexes and various ages. Although oxen are common in this part, these cattle quit grazing and with a look of amazement or amusement, mixed with contempt, they watched the oxen, as with small-like speed, they tugged sluggishly at the wagon. Some of them turned around and with head and tail in the air, gleefully fled from such a disgusting spectacle—as though they were ashamed of their fellow creatures who bore the brand of slavery—work.

Then in my imagination I became quite eloquent as I lectured the oxen on the joys of work. I tried to cheer them by telling them that they would soon be dead and then they would have all the joys imaginable if they would patiently and a little more speedily bear their burdens here and now, and particularly if they would not covet the gay and easy life of their lazy fellow creatures we had just passed. All of which had no effect upon the oxen. Then I remembered that the human was the only animal that had ever been speeded up by such cheap methods, and only that class of humans that had been stupefied by work, and my appeal not to covet was uncalled for—that is only necessary while they are being taught the feline desire to work. After that the

humans and all other animals are too stupid and sluggish to covet anything except more work.

Finally we arrived at the home (slave-pen), where the Peters family have purchased a certificate to a steady job which used to be considered title deed to 160 acres of land, etc. "Welcome," said Comrade Peters, "This is my comrade slave (wife) and our eight children slaves—comrades in the making."

In spite of the large family in the small shack everything was neat and clean and inviting, a fit place for slaves to recuperate their labor-power so they can stay with a steady job ten miles from town, which usually means twelve, the closer to town the more these steady jobs are worth. Even where they do not want to sell (privilege the master class gives them, as it does not matter which slave is on the job) the slaves like to jolly themselves as to how much they are worth, that is, how much they might get for the thing if they ever wanted to (which usually means if they ever have to) sell it.

The Peters' clan are as eager to get each issue of the Clarion as the fellow with the auburn hair is to get his remittance. We held one meeting in the school near their steady job, the other in town, large attendances at both. It takes a Clarion reader to get the neighbors sufficiently interested to be sure of a good gathering.

Comrade Harry Peters is a good speaker and has a fine "savvy" of our movement. The Saskatchewan comrades ought to try and use him during the winter months. Melfort, Star City, Valparaiso and other nearby places might induce him to do them a stint any time. Success to the Peters' class, may their tribe increase.

C. M. O'BRIEN.

The receipt of a copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe.

The Struggle in the Crow's Nest

Position of the Coal Diggers Reviewed By One of Them.

Any struggle, whatever its nature, is of interest to the human animal. Most absorbingly interesting does a struggle become when the spectators have a little on the side. Sometimes, however, the finer phases of a struggle are lost through ignorance of the rules and conditions which regulate the game, and what would otherwise prove interesting becomes stale, flat and unprofitable. A struggle of some moment has been waged since the first of this month, in the Crow's Nest Pass coal regions. The workers in this field have quit work upon the expiration of the agreement under which they have been operating for the past two years.

While other trades have received from time to time advances in wages and betterment of working conditions, the miners of the Crow's Nest have failed to force any such concessions, notwithstanding several determined attempts on their part to obtain them. After two disastrous strikes they found themselves crippled financially and generally demoralized. At this time, conditions have become so positively rotten, that the hardships and privations of idleness lose their terrors when compared with the miserable standard of comfort obtainable by those who toil. Whether they succeed in bettering their condition or not, their struggle is of interest to every man who understands the rules of the game.

A brief outline of the struggle so far will not be without advantage and may enable many to read therein a lesson which is not entirely valueless. Two years ago, when the negotiations for a new agreement were being instituted, those mines not owned or indirectly controlled by the C. P. R. broke away from the Employers' Association and signed independent agreements with the Miners' Union. The C. P. R. crowd had a strike on their hands for some time after the independent mines had signed up. The fight at that time was over the union more than over wages, the general conditions of work and wages being much the same in either association or independent camps. The only real difference in the two agreements lay in the working of the check-off clause.

The check-off clause gives to the miners the privilege of having their union dues stopped in the coal company's office every month and turned over to the local secretary. All men signing the check-off book have their dues stopped in this fashion. When the miners and operators met at Calgary early in March to consider the

There are some Socialists who declare that the workers are not robbed by the capitalist class. They assert that it would be ridiculous to imagine that 90 per cent of the people are robbed by the 10 per cent. These comrades forget that the workers are not free-will agents but are creatures of their environment and are enslaved because they are not educated yet to the point of Socialising the ownership of the world, and freeing themselves from their slavery. The fact that they get enough coarse fodder to reproduce their capacity to slave for their masters does not in any way prove that they are not robbed. The very laws which allow the parasite class to live without working, prove that the workers are robbed.

VOTERS' LIST.

Every local should appoint one or more of its members to act as commissioners for taking affidavits from persons desiring to get on the voters' list. Locals in British Columbia can secure commissions for appointees by sending names to Comrade Parker Williams, Ladysmith, B. C. The time to act is now.

The May Day edition will be sent to any address at the rate of 75 cents per 100 copies, for bundles of 100 or over.

J. H.

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TAXES?

Our friend "Tired" had better rest up a bit and turns his brains loose or Charlie O'Brien will be diagnosing him as mentally lazy for not having dug up the facts on who pays the taxes. It matters, too, because if you don't know who pays the taxes, you don't know what wages are. If you don't know that, what do you know?

Supposing the capitalist class was incorporated into one company and you worked for that company at \$3.00 per. At the end of one month you got your statement, wherein you found that they had stopped off \$3.00 for taxes, also \$20 for rent, \$35 for store account, \$6.00 for coal, 99 cents for electric light, two bits for your wife's Easter hat, and the balance for sundries and advances which you blew the foam off. And supposing this performance lasted with variations for the term of your useful life. What difference would there be between that and your present mode of existence?

Again, supposing your cousin Jack worked for the same firm on the "all-found" basis, getting free house, free fuel, free rations, an occasional suit of hand-me-downs and an odd handful of beer checks and picture show tickets thrown in. What would be the most remarkable points of difference between the two of you? And which of you would pay the most taxes?

Taxes and tariffs come out of your hide sure enough, but it's after you've sold the hide. Poll-tax? Why, man alive, don't you feel the revenue oozing out of you every time you take a drink, and the customs tariff every time you eat a doughnut, or sit on a chair, or put on a hat? You must be exuding inland revenue at every pore!

But don't you worry. When you are properly dead it will be quite clear what you got when you were alive. So much fodder and stabbing from year to year as would enable you to come up (smiling?) at 7 a. m. by the clock every day the boss needed you.

You took your skinful of energy around to the boss and sold it to him, on the average, for what it was worth—the vittles and drink and so forth, which were required to fill up your skinful of energy again. That's all you ever really got though the kind-hearted boss did once in a while lend you a dollar so you'd feel like a sure enough British subject.

WHERE THE HAYBACK BELONGS.

In a recent issue, our amiable friend Cotton, dealing with the farmer question, asserts that it calls for careful thought. After a perusal of his article we are prepared to concede that he successfully proved that assertion if nothing else. But we cannot agree that the farmer is part capitalist, part proletarian. We don't believe that even a human being can contrive to be both these at one and the same time. Nor are we prepared to agree with our hyper-proletarian friends who insist that the farmer is a capitalist and that there are no proletarians but they, who are wage-workers.

The fact of the matter is that there are farmers and farmers, which further complicates the proposition. They vary from the gentlemen of ample means who indulge their agricultural propensities vicariously and buy automobiles and industrial stocks with the proceeds, to the overalled animal who pursues agriculture with an ox team when there is a slack spell at the mines. Again, in the East the mortgage is expropriating the farmer from the homestead hewed out of the woods by his hardy forbears, and tenant-farming is arriving, while in the West a large proportion of the homesteads are only lately becoming mortgageable. And almost on the entire continent, farming is passing through a transi-

tion period, in various localities, at various stages of the transition. So to lay down general formula on the farmer question calls for some thought all right.

Our own observation has been confined to the farmers of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and we cannot say that many of them had the appearance of being capitalists or even "part capitalist." Some of them, through a variety of happy circumstances, seemed to be getting a bit ahead, could hire help all summer and even, in odd cases, pay the help his wages. But, taking them by and large, we found that the generality of them did well to break even. They worked hard and long hours, their wives worked harder and longer, their children worked what they could. Their housing varied from, on the one hand, the ambitious frame dwelling of the prosperous ones, a dwelling which might fetch about twenty-five dollars a month in Vancouver, where there is a house famine, but would by no means be regarded as "modern and desirable," to, on the other hand, the sod hut of the homesteader, "making a start." The average was lower than that of the city workers of the West. Below that average also were the fare and the clothing, while recreation was an unknown quantity practically. From all we can learn, these conditions have not changed for the better sufficiently to cause remark.

It looks to us, therefore, that all the common type of western farmer is getting out of life a meagre living, even a more meagre living than the industrial worker. And what is that but the exchange value of labor power? The food, clothing and shelter socially necessary for the reproduction of physical energy. The same old slave's portion.

But the farmers work hard and create a great deal of value. Evidently they don't get it. Why?

The farmer's notion of it is, of course, that he is robbed as a consumer by excessive store prices, excessive machinery prices, excessive this and exorbitant that, which is as absurd as we might expect. But, on the other hand, we are disinclined to accept the proposition that his poverty is comparable to that of handloom weavers at the commencement

of the factory system when they were thrown into competition with the mills. The parallel is not there. Factory production was well enough established and sufficiently productive in quantity to determine the exchange values of woven products. But for a farmer to parallel the case of the handloom weaver, he would be compelled to revert to the scythe and the flail. Certainly the great mechanical farm system with which he is held to be in competition, can hardly be said to be either well enough established or sufficiently extensive to determine the exchange value of farm products. Its novelty is even yet certified to by the press comment it creates. Assuredly fifteen years ago it hardly can be held accountable for the farmer's poverty. To our mind the exchange value of farm products pretty closely approximates the amount of labor involved in their creation by the average mode of farming. And the average farmer does not get the equivalent of the value he creates.

If that is the case, then there is nothing for it but that the average farmer is exploited, and, exploitation of consumers being out of the question, that he is exploited as a producer. Which, whatever be the means of his exploitation, leaves no question as to what he belongs in, and wherein lies his salvation.

As for the means of his exploitation, only an exhaustive enquiry would reveal the process in its details and that is something somebody else will have to tackle. But, without making this screed altogether interminable, we might point out that the farmer, generally speaking, performs only a part in the process of food production, and that it is not necessary for the capitalist class to own the entire series of the means of production in any process, that so long as it owns some of the means of production essential to the process it can control the product and reap the surplus value therefrom.

Furthermore, in the fact that the present mode of agriculture persists, tempered even by a gradual transition, lies the proof that the average farmer still fills the bill to the best effect in creating and disgorging, that portion of the surplus value embodied in food products. Were it not so, he would be rapidly displaced by some new mode of agriculture, in place of being sought after and "encouraged" by capitalist governmental and other benevolent agencies.

It is natural for the cat to eat the canary and just as natural for the canary to watch itself and prevent the cat from eating it. There is no blame attached to the cat eating the bird or the bird getting eaten. We cannot blame the capitalists for enslaving us, nor blame ourselves for being the victims of our circumstances, but it is up to us to educate ourselves out of our slavery. Socialism is the only way.

WHAT THE COAL STRIKE MEANS.

The above is a simple question to anybody who knows anything about the matter. It means that the miners are tired of receiving a miserable small price for the only thing they have to sell—their labor power—a price which is constantly decreasing, considered relatively to the increased price for the means of existence, this fact being intensified by the increased uncertainty of employment. In short, the miners of the West have reached the point where they can endure present conditions no longer, and the miserable increase in money wages of 5.55 per cent. offered by the representatives of the owners of the mines is not enough to reconcile them, which is quite reasonable on their part, in view of the fact that the means of existence have increased in price about forty per cent.

These are the conditions which cause the strike, the strike in itself being the refusal of the miners to sell their power to work at the price offered by the owners. This they have a perfect legal right to do, and, if you like, a perfect moral right. Their labor power is their own property, and like all property owners they have the right to withdraw their property from the market. On the other hand, the owners, being buyers of labor power, have the right to refuse to buy if the price asked does not suit them.

That is the position, aside from prejudice, aside from sentiment; aside from silly talk of what this or that side "ought" to do, aside from still sillier talk of the "rights" of this or that party. The "rights" of the miners are what they can get; the rights of the mine owners are what they can get. To get anything one has to have power to get it. It revolves itself into a question of power.

It is not a question of representation, it is not a question of demonstration, it is not a question of argument, it is a question of POWER, the right of the strongest, the only right that ever was or is.

"The good old rule, the simple plan, That they may take who have the power,

And they may keep who can."

It would take a long article to deal with this matter adequately, but I will try to be as brief as possible, and yet deal with the gist of the matter. The strike will work out as a test of the state of the labor-power market; if conditions are favorable to the miners, that is, if the owners can be convinced that it will pay them better to give the demanded increase than to withhold it, they will give it, and the miners will win their point because the market is in their favor.

If, on the other hand, the market is in the owners' favor, they will develop the greater strength, and they will win, "and there y' are," as Mr. Dooley says.

Abstract ideas of right and wrong have nothing to do with the matter. Power is right. On the workers' side is resentment at conditions, desire to bring about better conditions, for themselves and those they love, a main determination to fight for those conditions, and organization for that purpose. That they may succeed is the heartfelt wish of the writer. On the masters' side is immense accumulated wealth produced by the very men who are striking, and the consequent control of the powers of the government or state, which does now, as it always has, and must, accrue to the owning class.

Disavowals of readiness to use the police and military on behalf of the master class look well on paper, but look at the facts. Take the strike at Glace Bay, for instance. Not a single striker had shown or threatened violence, but because a few women who had been through strikes before in the old country, enduring the misery and privation which falls most heavily on the women and children in these cases, maddened by the sight of strike-breakers taking the places of their husbands and brothers, showed themselves a bit unruly, the fact of their so doing was eagerly seized upon by the powers that be as an excuse for sending hundreds of soldiers, with two Maxim guns (capable of pumping six hundred bullets a minute) into Glace Bay the third day of the strike.

The writer was there at the time and saw the squads of armed men, with fixed bayonets, patrolling the streets, and the officers with revolvers in their holsters and the said holsters with their flaps turned back, exposing a goodly portion of their instruments of murder. The writer contends that their presence at Glace Bay was unwarranted, save with the view of irritating the strikers. Also at Springhill. Troops at strikes cause more violence than the prevent. The workers' organization does more to prevent violence than any armed body can do. The majority of these organizations are cool-headed men who know that violence will do more harm than good to their cause, and so are a more effective means of restraining those few who in any large body of men are likely to let their passions get the better of their judgment, than

the irritating presence of these men in uniform.

I have been in nearly every mining camp in Canada and know how anxious the miners are to avoid trouble in strike times. At Glace Bay where I was organizing on behalf of the Socialist party, they begged me to discontinue the street meetings. I was holding in order that there may not be the appearance of trouble, and I did so. To conclude this somewhat, I would like to say, I wish the miners complete and speedy success.

They will have every weapon used that can be used against them, misrepresentation, vilification, exaggeration of insignificant manifestations of resentment into riots; in a word, no means will be neglected to prejudice their case and to defeat their cause, but may they win in any case.

Whatever the outcome of this particular squabble, the ultimate end is not for a moment in doubt; the time will come when the workers of all countries will realize their true and common interests, and will combine in an effective way and in sufficient force to settle the matter for good and all and to end the era of strikes and the need of them forever.

I would like to add, with regard to the strike at Glace Bay, that the mayor of the town refused to requisition the troops, saying he saw no need for them, but they were sent notwithstanding. Let the government keep the troops out of the Crow's Nest Pass and there will be no trouble worth speaking of.

WILFRED GRIBBLE.

WERE THE GRAPES SOUR?

The Socialist party of Chicago has been exceedingly friendly with the unions and made especial efforts to get organized labor in line with the party.

All this friendliness toward the unions is commendable, but that friendliness became distinctive and therein lies the danger.

No effort has been spared to show organized labor the position of the unions in order to win them.

Leaders of the unions have been given prominence in the papers and their decisions sometimes endorsed silently or otherwise when they were rather open to question.

Up to the time of the campaign nothing in the world could have been done to add to the friendly and courteous treatment of the unions by the Socialist party and press.

There was, therefore, no excuse for the leaders who went over into the capitalist rank and indorsed Merriman and Harrison.

We have learned that catering to the unions is all foolishness. It is a waste of time.

Treat the unions as other workers, but not differently.

The Socialist Party must never make any distinction between union men and other workers in the treatment of them.

Encourage organization among the workers and treat all organized workers with all due courtesy, but never cater to the unions as organizations in any way different from the treatment accorded the unorganized portion of the working class.

A union card does not weigh a half ounce to a union man in his political choice. Look at Fitzpatrick. Rodriguez had a card and Merriman had none.

But the card did not count with Fitzpatrick. He went over to a non-union candidate, an enemy of labor.

Just when the unions could have taken a stand to their own advantage and supported their own party they went, with few exceptions, over to the cardless candidates.

All this shows that the Socialist party must never mistake itself and think that organized labor is different from other labor in political action, unless it be a little more backward.

The Socialist party is the party of the workers—all workers—and will refuse to cater to the unions more than to other workers.

The Socialist party does not discourage leadership, provided that leadership is guided by the rank and file. But whenever a leader goes off and by his action sells out his fellow workers he will be mercilessly exposed and his action sharply criticised.

We have learned that it does not pay in any sense to smooth over any rascality or treason committed by labor leaders. They only become more bold.

Let every worker unite for the overthrow of the capitalist system and for the securing of the rights that belong to every human being.—Daily Socialist.

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 1688, Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday in Victoria. G. McElroy, Secretary, Box 1688 Vancouver, B. C.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday in Edmonton. G. McElroy, Secretary, Box 1688, Edmonton, Alta.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday in Winnipeg. G. McElroy, Secretary, Box 1688, Winnipeg, Man.

SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every first and third Saturday in the month at 8 p. m. at the headquarters of the Party, Main Street, North Battleford. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. A. Gildemeister, Secretary, Box 201 North Battleford, Sask.

MARITIME PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every second and fourth Sunday in the Cape Breton office of the Party, Commercial Street, Glace Bay, N. S. Dan Cochran, Secretary, Box 491 Glace Bay, N. S.

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, George Rossiter, Secy., Box 647, A. Macdonald, Organizer, Box 647.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., NO. 1, 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, George Rossiter, Secy., Box 647, A. Macdonald, Organizer, Box 647.

LOCAL LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., NO. 12, S. P. OF C. Meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m. in the Miners' Union Hall, 10th Street, Lethbridge. Our Reading Room is open to the public free, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. Secretary, W. Stephenson.

LOCAL REGINA, SASK., NO. 6, MEETS every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. in Trades Hall, Scarth Street. Business meetings 2nd and 4th Fridays at 8 p. m. Trades Hall. Secretary B. Simmons, Box 1046.

LOCAL BRANDON, MAN., NO. 7, S. P. OF C. Headquarters, No. 10 Nation Block, Rossiter, Secy. Propaganda meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. in Crahan's Hall. A hearty invitation is extended to all wage slaves within reach of us to attend our meetings. Business meetings are held the first and third Sundays of each month at 10:30 a.m. in the same hall. Party organizers take notice. A. S. Julian, Secretary.

LOCAL MICHIGAN, B. C., NO. 16, S. P. OF C. Meets first Sunday in every month in Socialist Hall, Mar 2:30 p. m. Cyril Roscian, Recording Secretary.

LOCAL MOLES, B. C., NO. 30.—MEETS second Sunday 7:30 p. m. in McGregor Hall (Miners' Hall), Thos. Roberts, Secy.

LOCAL RENFREW, B. C., NO. 7, S. P. OF C. Meets every second and fourth Thursdays of each month. T. S. Cassidy, Organizer; B. F. Gayman, Secretary.

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 1688, Vancouver, B.C.

MARITIME EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Dear Comrades.—I herewith submit the financial report of the Maritime Executive for the six months ending December 31st, 1910. The movement in the maritime provinces is advancing slowly. Many of the locals organized by Comrade Gribble have become dormant. But it is encouraging to note the progress that is taking place in our industrial centers, especially Cumberland and Cape Breton counties, where we have candidates on the field to contest the coming provincial election which will come off early this summer. We have in the county of Cape Breton Comrade Sutherland making a house to house canvass of the riding selling and distributing literature and getting in touch with the wage workers and their families. We believe this method of propaganda will bring forth good results.

Yours in revolt,
DAN COCHRANE,
Secretary.

Glace Bay, March 29, 1911.

Receipts.

y balance, cash on hand, June 30	\$128.84
local Glace Bay, due stamps	19.00
local Sydney Mines, due stamps	8.00
local Sydney, due stamps	1.80
local Fredericton, due stamps	8.50
local St. John, due stamps	6.00
local Newcastle, due stamps	1.50
local Halifax, due stamps	2.00
membership cards80
constitutions50
contributions to organization fund	32.65
literature sold	7.00
	\$216.59

Expenditure.

Comrade Fillmore's tour	\$100.00
literature bought	3.95
literature expressage65
W. Sutherland, organizing	16.00
hall rent and carriage hire	6.00
Cotton's Weekly for Springhill	6.50
Six months' card in Clarion	6.00
Dom. Executive, due stamps	25.00
D. N. Brodie Printing Co.	21.00
Postage94
Telegram	1.00
Total	\$187.44
Balance on hand, Dec. 31, '10. \$29.55	

Examined and compared with the books of the Maritime Executive and found correct.

W. MCLEOD,
ALEX. MACKINNON,
Auditors.

REPLY FROM S. P. G. B.

London, Eng., March 13, 1911.
To the Editor,
"Western Clarion,"

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor:
Will you grant us space to answer two or three points referring to our party, raised in your editorial of Dec. 17th, 1910.

Under cover of a general review of the situation in Canada, called forth by the resolution from Local Toronto, you make certain statements against us that calls for a reply.

For the resolution and its contents we are, of course, in no way responsible; neither are we called upon to defend or explain any actions of Barz, while in Canada, though the cursus silence of the editorial on any of the specific points raised in the resolution is significant.

We are told:

"As for the S. P. of C. we confess we have never been quite satisfied with it, are not now, and don't ever expect to be. Nevertheless we are not without a suspicion that it is as far along the right road as any other Socialist Party we know of, not even excepting the impeccable S. P. of G. B."

And almost immediately following we are told that:

"As far as we can make out it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the S. P. of G. B. appears to have lost sight of Capitalism and is now fighting reform. It is certainly far more anti-reformist than anti-capitalist."

What this has to do with the Toronto resolution will doubtless puzzle the reader, particularly as the only reference to ourselves in the resolution is the following:

"If re-organization is assented to, we can stand side by side with the Socialist Party of Great Britain, and say we are worthy of Working Class support."

Apparently it is the latter portion of the sentence that the Editor objects to, as he claims we are more "anti-reformist" than "anti-capitalist."

Such a statement is worthy of credence in direct proportion to the amount of evidence brought forward in its support. What evidence does the editor adduce in support? His assertion. And why? Is he ignorant of the attitude of the S. P. of G. B.? The

answer is No.

The principles and policy of the Socialist Party of Great Britain, as laid down in its Declaration of Principles, its Manifesto, and in the pages of the Socialist Standard.

Yet with all these available for him to use he fails to give a single fact or quotation in support of his assertions. Take for instance the last issue of the "Socialist Standard" available for the Editor of the "Western Clarion" when he wrote the article for Dec. 1910 issue. Turn to its pages and note the contents. Front page—Election Manifesto, entirely anti-capitalist. Second page—Article on I. L. P. giving the Marxian standpoint of the Class struggle, and Materialist conception of History, and showing how the I. L. P. are supporters of Capitalism. Again entirely anti-capitalist. Third page—"The Revolutionary Proposition," and "Pot Pourri," both entirely anti-capitalist. Fourth page—leading article dealing with the capitalist use of the military in Welsh Coal Strike, and article on "Social Contrasts." Both of these, in different ways, show the slave position of the Working Class under Capitalism. Fifth page—article on cotton lock-out, showing how certain so-called Labor-leaders are but decoy ducks for the capitalist class. Sixth page—articles on Historical development of Society, anti-capitalist. Seventh page—article showing the position of the Working Class with relation to the armed forces, anti-capitalist. Article on Walthamston Election, showing the workers the Capitalist character and position of both candidates. Eight page—Standing matter.

In this issue there is not a single article other than anti-capitalist, and only one that deals in any particular way with a reform, i.e., the article on the anti-war campaign.

It may be urged that one issue of the Socialist Standard is not sufficient to back up our case, take then a year.

In the twelve issues for 1910, if we leave out Party notes, and answers to correspondents, there are 112 articles. Of these only 20 can in any sense be termed anti-reformist. And even then seven of them are a series dealing with the Salvation Army, and five are of another series replying to a pamphlet issued by the S. D. P. At this point, however, we come to the most misleading of the assertions of the Editor of the Western Clarion. This is the suggestion contained in the quotation we have given, that the anti-reformist attitude of the S. P. of G. B., so far as it exists, is not anti-capitalist.

On no other grounds has the statement any meaning. What evidence does the Editor offer for this statement? His assertions. Yet our only grounds for opposing the reforms referred to in the various articles is clearly shown in those articles, and is just because they are to the interest of the Capitalist Class and against the interests of the Working Class.

Further on in the article we are told: "To be a Socialist Party it has but to expose the Capitalist system, but to be the S. P. of G. B. it must expose the S. D. P. and I. L. P."

What pearls of wisdom!

And does the writer suggest that we could expose the Capitalist system, and leave the Capitalist Class out of sight? If so will he kindly inform us who manipulate the powers of government under Capitalism, and who exploit the Working Class?

If we are to keep the Capitalist Class in our sight we must also keep in sight all the supporters of the Capitalist Class, whether Lib-Lab., I. L. P., or S. D. P.

And is not the Propaganda of Socialism an important part of the work of a Socialist Party?

Moreover when further on in the article, the editor states that our opposition to the S. D. P. and I. L. P. is because they are reformist and Christian, he is evidently relying upon the majority of his readers being unacquainted with the Socialist Standard.

Those who do read the Socialist Standard, know well that the primary reason for our opposition to these parties, is because they are pro-capitalist parties. The reform and Christian sides of their activities are secondary in importance to this fundamental ground of our opposition. Our Manifesto also strongly emphasizes this point.

Another curious statement is made when it said:

"It (the S. P. of G. B.), is forced compelled to keep its own record spotless and be most select in the matter of its membership, which it can also afford to do as its recruiting ground is not among non-socialists but Socialists of sorts."

And further it says:

"The S. P. of C. recruits its ranks not from among Socialists, but non-Socialists."

With so many other of the statements of the editor, two different con-

clusions may be drawn from the above. The first is that the S. P. of G. B. does not carry on propaganda among the non-Socialists, while the S. P. of C. does. And again, the evidence in support of this is—the editor's assertion.

A glance at the back page of the Socialist Standard will show anyone caring to look that our propaganda is carried on by public meetings, and sales of our literature at those meetings. Even the Editor of the Western Clarion will hardly claim that the British Public are all Socialists yet.

So the first conclusion is baseless. The second is we do not take in as members, any who are not socialists. So far as we are able to effect this, the conclusion is quite correct.

We contend that our Declaration of principles contains the minimum requirements for one to claim to be a Socialist and we always tell our audiences that they are only expected to join our party when they accept this minimum.

But apparently the S. P. of C. does not demand such a standard. For on

the same conclusion they allow non-socialists to join their ranks. And this may well account for the difficulty of the editor when called upon by one of the Locals of his Party to answer certain specific statements, replies by indulging in a series of false statements, and baseless charges against the S. P. of G. B.

The Executive Committee,
Socialist Party of Great Britain,
W. Knight, Gen. Sec.

(Comrade Knight is slightly previous in his defence of the Socialist Standard, as we have said nothing against the Standard which we still consider the best Socialist paper extant, and we have no hesitation in recommending any of our readers who have the price to spare to subscribe to it—Address 10 Sandland St., London, W.C., Eng. Price 50 cents a year. They can then see for themselves in the Party notes, whether we were justified in our statements regarding the S. P. of G. B., which we are not inclined to retract just yet.

The latter part of his letter is also wide of the mark as it contradicts what we have neither said nor signed.—Ed. Clarion.)

ERSKINE, ALTA.

D. G. Mackenzie,

Dear Comrade Slave:—

On Friday evening, March 24th, organizer Budden held a meeting here and although the meeting was fairly well advertised, comparatively few of the farm slaves turned out to hear him. We usually have a good attendance in our regular meeting place, but on this occasion we conceived the idea of holding this lecture in a place where such strange doctrine was practically unknown, with the result that outside of the Comrades themselves who attended, the number was very small.

We regret that there were not more of these agricultural slaves out to absorb such a special brand of the dope as our Comrade dished out, their indifference must necessarily be of short duration, however, as there is other mightier forces at work which will eventually cause them to revolt, when capitalistic farming gets more general, and the cost of production is lowered to a point where the average farmer with his little dinky outfit cannot compete. Budden proved himself a veritable whirlwind and well deserves his title, the boy orator, being a farmer by occupation himself, he thoroughly understands the position of his fellow slaves, and can administer the dope in A.1. style.

Now that spring has arrived, the Comrades here contemplate starting an economic class on Sunday afternoons. More anon. Your Comrade slave,

A. A. McNEILL,
Secretary.

SANDON, B.C.

D. G. McKenzie, Esq.,
Sec. S. P. of C.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir and Comrade:—

We had with us last week Organizer Gerald Desmond, who addressed a meeting here on the 29th of March, and joined us in holding a Business Meeting of this Local on the following evening. The public meeting was fairly well attended and Comrade Desmond's address well received. At the business meeting we purchased literature to the extent of \$8.40 from Comrade Desmond, and two subs. to the Clarion.

In addition to the above we decided to insert a Card in the Western Clarion, the copy for which is on the following page. I got initiated into the mysteries and necessity of those quarterly report cards and will, in future, be punctual in attending to the matter. If there is anything else in which we are remiss please let me know. With best wishes

Yours fraternally,
PERCY W. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

A thorough understanding of scientific Socialism is as good to a working man as a rudder is to a ship.

With so many other of the statements of the editor, two different con-

BACK AGAIN.

Comrade Editor:

Have recently returned from a trip to the land of the recent encounter of Peers versus People. Getting outside the dock gates I saw a crowd of men whom plous, and other good folks, glibly speak of as the unemployed. Most of them seemed big fellows, hanging about after that desideratum of the worker, a job, members of an Imperial race, no doubt they were hoping to earn something so as to spend a "Merry" Christmas. They have big posters around in the cities with "Consumption can be cured. Will you help?" on them. The picture consists of a nurse with arms outstretched and in the rear of the nurse is a typical crowd of workers, illclothed and thin of face of course, whilst in the background is a modern factory. Evidently even these charitable institutions seem to see the connection between the factory and consumption, although, of course, what they will do with the money I can't say.

Strolling over one of London's breathing spots one day I espied a crowd of men at work with shovels and barrows, not quite understanding what they were doing I asked a bystander who replied "Oh, they are unemployed, you can see that, poor beggars," "yes," he added, "they are making an artificial lake." In the days of Rome 'tis said they used at times to give the workers free bread and circuses, but these free-born sons of Britain get work, digging a hole in the ground and filling it up again with water.

Much is being talked of these days of reciprocity and very recently they had in England, the great revolutionary democratic budget of Lloyd George. We in Canada are being told the benefits that will accrue to the workers from reciprocity and the same thing was worked on the workers in England as regards the budget. What is the result, well, of course what any Socialist would expect, nothing; the workers are in the same position as before.

Will the workers of England ever wake up? It almost seems at first sight they won't, but I think there is hope yet, the meetings held by our Comrades of the S. P. of G. B. around the metropolis are well attended and good interest seems to be taken in the movement.

A. J. B.

COME TOGETHER.

With the Dominion Convention in view, I should like to voice the sentiments of some of the Comrades in Eastern Canada. As far as can be seen, the Socialist Party of Canada ends after passing Winnipeg or Toronto. No serious attempts have ever been made to spread the movement in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. Gribble made a flying visit here once upon a time and Fillmore also did his bit, but what the comrades up here want to know is; do they belong to the Socialist Party of Canada, or are they on their own? The "Western Clarion" has latterly been made into the Vancouver News or the blow-off of the Victoria, or should I say the B. C. Gas House.

As far as St. John is concerned, we are miles away from the headquarters of the Maritime Executive and consequently seem to be out of touch with that body and very seldom do we ever hear of the Dominion Executive worrying themselves about Eastern affairs. Our members pay their per capita, so I suppose after all they must belong to the S. P. of C., but it is in name only and one of our members even suggested that instead of paying the tax we ought to use it right here in St. John, seeing that we get very little benefit.

If we are to be a united party it is time that the Maritime and the Dominion Executives did something to alter the state of affairs that now exists. Yours for a solidified revolutionary movement from Pacific to Atlantic.

F. HYATT,
Organizer,
St. John, N. B.
Local No. 6.

POLITELY DENIED.

Hibernicus is a wilful perverter of facts—if that is the polite way of calling a fellow a d— liar. Neither he nor anyone else ever heard me say that the exploitation of the farmers or agriculturists was simply because they did not control the railroads. Neither did I ever say anything to that effect.

C. M. O'BRIEN.

The church claims to have done the greatest work in moulding the minds of people and teaching them the truth. Result—we find 99 per cent of the people prefer fiction of any kind, rather than fact.

Don't Swear!
at your Dull Saw
take it to Elliott,
the specialist
REAR 481 DUNSMUIR ST.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

RUBBING IT IN.

Dear Mac:-

I've often, in reading the American Capitalistic papers, come across little bits of Socialistic philosophy, which led me to believe that perhaps after all these editors and writers knew a great deal more than they dared to express. I told a friend who moves among the bunch, my views, and he assured me that such was the case, that some of their picked men were Socialists. "Then why don't they speak out?" questioned. "Because they are just waiting for you rank and file to get strong enough," returned he, "meanwhile, until then, 'mum's the word."

Can you have any doubt that the enclosed cutting written up for a New York paper, with its veiled sarcasm ridicules F. T. Martin, while pretending to praise him up? Frederick T. Martin, bye the bye, is one of the smart set, well-known among the 400, no dinner party or high class function being complete without him. Here it is:

Mr. Martin Tells It All to the Bowery.

"Frederick Townsend Martin, in faultless evening dress, and the Bowery, in equally homogeneous undress and unkemptness, told each other at the Bowery Mission last night how sick and tired each had grown of their previous mode of life. At first flash Mr. Martin didn't look quite so sick and tired as the Bowery derelicts. The Bowery testimonialists, however, for the most part, announced that they had been saved. Mr. Martin, on the other hand, said he wanted to be saved; he wanted to help love and uplift humanity—but he didn't just yet know how.

"Oh, if you could only know what is in my heart—what interest, what sympathy, what love for humanity!" cried Mr. Martin, "and what hours and hours I have thought over the problems of the poor! My highest thoughts in this world have been to relieve the sufferings of the poor."

By way of beginning to solve the said problems Mr. Martin at the end of the meeting shook some two score gnarled and knotty hands of soiled and bumpy, fatigued, and not always liquorless individuals. Thereafter he was whisked in his waiting automobile back to his apartments at the Plaza. His brother, Howard Townsend Martin, also attended the meeting, also likewise, faultlessly attired, but did not shake hands.

"Mr. Martin kept the Bowery waiting almost an hour beyond the time scheduled for his arrival. He was detained at dinner at the home of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who, with some of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Col. and Mrs. William Jay, Judge Fawcett, and Judge Norman Dike, were likewise to have attended the mission meeting and hear Mr. Martin preach on the text: 'Charity is not the solution of the problem of poverty.'

At the last moment, however, the newspapers had somehow got wind of the social descent. So all except Messrs. Martin and Bertram Cuger, together with a few men and women who weren't at the dinner but were of the elite, stayed away. Of the Bowery missionaries, on the other hand, none stayed away, for the meeting had been advertised as "a most unusual gathering," which it was.

"At 9:30 o'clock Mr. Martin entered the mission, handed his fur-lined coat to one attendant, his silk hat to another, and, after waiting until the solo started by Francis Rogers and entitled "Song of Araby" was ended, walked up the aisle toward the altar. Before whisked one of the mission ushers, whispering hurriedly to the end-seat missionaries:

"Keep your feet in!"

"Mr. Martin wore a white silk waistcoat and his brother one of black silk, but the Bowery critics of fashion did not haggle long as to which form was in better style. They sat hushed and awed.

"Has he come?" inquired one knob-by person called 'Butts,' the donor of many a black eye, who had hitherto been sonorously snoring, except when the time came to raise hands in testimony to 'being saved.' Mr. Rogers, the soloist, finished one more solo, ending with the words, 'Sing when your trials are greatest.' Then Mr. Martin was introduced by Supt. Hallimond.

"Mr. Martin spoke with much feeling throughout, and his voice broke ever and anon with the intensity of his emotion. He was hoarse and per-spiring when he finished.

"I can't tell you the pleasure it gives me to be with you tonight," he said. "If I only had words to tell you what interest, what love for humanity and the men that do not belong to what you may call my fortunate sphere! If I could only tell you the hours and hours I have thought over the problems of the poor! You have no idea how it has absorbed me. My highest thoughts in this world have been how to relieve the sufferings of the poor. It seems impossible for me to say that and no doubt the world will say it is impossible. But I stand here tonight and say it is possible."

"Man is the greatest inhabitant on the face of the earth—the thinker the dreamer, the builder. From clay he constructs the most mighty edi-

ces. He catches the light and heat from the thunderbolt and from the sun. His work staggers the imagination."

"Now, if only all the world would serve each, and if each would serve all, nobody would be poor and poverty would disappear. Charity alone will never solve the problem of poverty. No one wants to live upon charity. What the laboring classes in this country want is not charity, but justice!"

"This evoked tremendous applause, which awoke the aforementioned somniferous Butts, who joined them.

"Talking from my own experience," continued Mr. Martin in a tone that carried conviction to all, "I may say that we don't really know how to live and do something for others until it is nearly time to leave the world. I shall preach and write as long as I have power to get the rich of the world to give interest and sympathy and brotherly affection to the poor. There has never been that brotherhood and love to make capital and labor pray hands and do away with discord and strikes."

"And don't get discouraged, my dear friends, and think the other class to which I belong is happy. I can tell you tonight that the happiest people on the face of the earth are those who gain their bread in the sweat of the brow."

"There were some in the audience who regarded Mr. Martin attentively and seemed doubtful of this.

"The curse that comes with richness," continued the speaker, wiping the perspiration and adjusting a collapsing collar, "is suspicion. The suspicion of one's own friends. Only recently I tried to introduce one of my friends to a man and he asked me sharply: 'What the deuce does he want to get out of me?' The only people in the world who are happy are those who forget themselves and work for their families. The greatest power in the world is not the power of gold, but the power of love. Gold takes away your happiness if you love it. If there is any good in it, it is because of my disappointments and sorrows. Each time I pull myself up after misfortune, it is because I love humanity and man. I want to do something for you all. There are thousands in the social world who want to help the poor, but who don't know how. Even so, however, they are already doing great work."

"The question of poverty is a great social question," continued Mr. Martin moving on toward his peroration, and raising his hand therewith. "It is a question that requires courage."

"Boom!" There was a blinding flash, and dense upcircling of smoke. Mr. Martin paled visibly, but it was only the flashlight photographer of one of the newspapers getting Mr. Martin's peroration, and when this was discovered loud cries and laughter resounded throughout the mission.

"That requires courage," resumed Mr. Martin after some hesitation, with a gradually successful smile. "You see, we require courage sometimes, no matter how low down you get, my friends, hold on to your courage, and your self respect. Stick to your oars and don't desert your ship. Face it boldly and with courage and manhood. Fan up your manhood and character, and it will make you noble and splendid men, and give you the greatest victory in life."

"My religion is the religion of keeping your heart pure and good and full of sympathy for all humanity. Oh, I could go on, my friends, and talk forever on this subject so dear to me (No applause). But before I say good-bye, I will add that I would like to say to each one of you and shake your rough hands as brothers. From my heart I say it."

"Mr. Martin ended, and again there was a storm of applause that swept the eye-blacking Butts into the smokeless present. It was nearly a minute before the enthusiastic benchers stopped slapping their huge hands upon their threadbare knees to prove how they appreciated Mr. Martin.

"With similar tokens of appreciation they met the salutes of James Brown, a single-taxer, who next addressed them on the topic 'The Idle Rich and the Idle Poor' and entreated them not to hold the riches of the other half against them."

"Those fellows can't help it any more than you can," said Mr. Brown. "They simply got the other end of the stick. Of course, if they'd really like to know what to do to help humanity, I could tell them if they came to me."

"Then he talked single tax. Others present besides the regular Bowery voters were the Rev. Dr. A. H. Evans of the West Presbyterian Church, Mrs. M. Minot Plimpton, Bertram Cuger, and Miss Anna Taylor Jones."

Yours in revolt,
C. McMAHON SMITH.

ON THE ROAD.

Landed at Zealandia and Comrade Isley bombarded and stormed a Chinese restaurant, and I had supper. After that I was bundled into a sleigh to face a journey of sixteen miles. It would have been all right but it was thawing and if the horses happened to get the least bit of the trail they disappeared in the

soft snow. We arrived in the early hours of the morning and the tireless Walter Menzie made haste to welcome us. The shack of sods was the home of Isley, and I shared the lot of him and his family, for most of the time I stayed in the district. The industrial worker has no conception of the difficulties of the Socialists in these out-of-the-way places. Menzies and Root, of Zealandia, are two of the best workers in the party, and the most courageous men I know. I addressed seven meetings and we drove altogether about 100 miles over very bad roads.

Cold, snow and poverty-stricken misery is everywhere seen to be the lot of the Homesteader. Sod shacks and desolation generally meet the eye on all parts of the prairie. The seven meetings called for more effort on the part of the comrades than some of our party give to the movement in a lifetime. The boys here are the right stuff anyhow and they will have more supporting them before many moons. From Zealandia I went to Harris and found the Blondins and the Gordons. Everybody worked hard to rouse the town and we soon had a good meeting. The movement in Harris is healthy and the hotel is in the hands of the Reds. I feel dry when I think of what has been. There was nothing too good for a Socialist when I was there.

On arriving at Dundurn, I was in a fix. The man I had written to lived seven miles out and he hadn't been for his mail. I hunted up Vogen and Day. Vogen was an Utopian before he read the Clarion. He said, "Do you know, I've been calling myself a Socialist for five years, and until I heard from you and read the Clarion I didn't know the slightest thing about it." Day also was loud in praise of the organ of the party. The latter is a student of evolution and has a sound knowledge of the proposition. These boys said that a meeting in town was impossible, as the only hall was engaged by a concert party. But the propagandist must never say die, and so I went to the telephone to see what the chances were outside. I could not get the only man I knew, but I got switched on to a farmer who knew me. We talked things over and decided to wait until morning. The rural telephone is a good thing sometimes when you are hard up for a meeting in these parts. The following morning a message came to the hotel and in an hour after receiving it a slave of the farm showed up. "A meeting for you today and one tomorrow." I stated. "How in thunder did you manage it?" I was puzzled, but it seems he had called up the farmers through the phone and also sent a boy on a pony to inform those not connected.

We were soon flying along the road behind two of the fastest ponies ever seen. My driver, Comrade Brown, treated me with great deference. It seems he had been a coachman in the old country and his manners are in his blood. He reads every line in the Clarion and believes Mac to be possessed of supernatural powers. He says, "That fellow can tell just what I think." Brown is a kicker and a worker from the word go. We eventually came to one of the best houses in the locality and there we stopped. I received a royal welcome, my coachman attending to my bag. "Force of habit," he said, and for the next two days I had a good time.

I addressed a meeting in the house that night that lasted about eight hours without one single member getting tired. We debated on Materialism and Idealism and went through all we could on Economics. The farmer is stronger than the industrial worker and will fight. He is the man we want because he is worth having. We had a splendid audience awaiting us at a school house the night after and at 5:30 a.m. the next morning my faithful henchman had me at Dundurn station in time to catch the train. "Comrades, don't think the spouters do what is done. It is such as Comrade Brown that keeps our movement growing."

The train took me to Prince Albert, where I stayed the night and the next day took the train going east. A man in the train attracted my attention and when he turned round to see who smote him on the shoulder I saw the map of Ireland smiling through the liquid blue. O'Brien was smiling so big I feared he would cut his throat. We talked shop. "How's the taciturn Gribble?" I said. "Fine," said he. "What's the sun of a gun doing?" He's drilling the boys in economics and I tell you he's going to turn out as smart a set in Calgary as he did in Toronto. You can imagine the rest of the journey. O'Brien got off at Kinistino and I went forward to Star City. The train stopped at Melfort twenty minutes and I hunted a Socialist out before it started and made him cough up a sub. Star City is my present place of abode. We held a meeting here last night, collection five twenty, four subs and \$1.50 literature. I speak at Valparaiso on Thursday, Melfort Saturday, and then to Kinistino to fill some dates. O'Brien will make them for me. Have addressed nothing but farmers on this trip. They are rotten ripe for Socialism and beat the industrial worker hollow as material to

work on. The circulation of the Clarion will be increased by fifty new readers by this trip.

It has been very uphill work to get in touch with friends to arrange meetings in this province. We, however, are making steady progress. I could form locals in a dozen places in the locality but Utopians are no good to us except to hinder the propagation of true Socialism. We must educate first and organize afterwards. Let the comrades in the province keep in touch with the new P. Ex. and help towards the desired end. The conquest of Saskatchewan by the Reds must be the watchword of the comrades one and all. We want workers, no others. The man who is not a missionary is cheap at \$100 a year. There are some things so easy to do that nobody seems to think of doing them, getting a sub, for instance.

The most puzzling thing to me in the movement is this fact. Some members of the party simply study Socialism for pleasure. They are well informed, but they never make the slightest use of what they know. They will split hairs till doomsday. They will find fault and sneer on all occasions, but they never have nor never will help to educate those whom we must teach in order to free ourselves. They obstruct and dishearten those who are willing and anxious to push things along. I do not care how much a man knows about the proposition if he will not help to teach those who do not know he is not a class conscious man. We want no man in the party in this province who is not prepared to work. The others can chew the fat outside.

LESTOR.

BARITZ RETURNS.

Notwithstanding the fact that Comrade Baritz has fallen from grace in high quarters, he returned to St. John, N. B., via the S. S. "Mount Temple" after a visit to Manchester, London, and Antwerp.

He addressed two meetings here and lectures such as our comrade put up, have never been heard before in St. John, even with visits from such undesirable citizens as Haywood, Fillmore and Gribble.

He certainly carries his audience with him and has therefore given the movement a fillip in this city. Another two records were broken, more literature was sold and more collection taken than ever before, which is proof enough that our comrade can give the pure and unadulterated revolutionary physic. To those who have never heard him, give him a show. He has now left for Toronto via Montreal, and his address will be 10-12 Alice St., Toronto.

Appended is a short report of the two meetings held in St. John, culled from the St. John "Standard" (Conservative).

"Moses Baritz Hands out Plain Talk to Two Audiences in the Socialists Hall."

"Moses Baritz, of Toronto addressed two meetings held in the Socialist Hall, Mill Street, yesterday. In the afternoon he argued that the capitalist system of production would break down as soon as the machinery of production was completed, a condition that was being rapidly attained in countries like the United States where the capitalists found there were more factories than they needed and were forming trusts and closing down factory after factory. As this condition was approximated the capitalists would be unable to find new fields to invest their surplus values, would be up against Ricardo's law of diminishing returns and having fulfilled their historic function would in accordance with a well-known biological law share the fate of all useless organs.

In the evening the speaker gave a sketch of the economic evolution of society, claiming that the capitalist society had reached a stage of development where the workers must perform, realize their historic mission, and in order to advance their interests seize upon the political power and utilize it to establish economic democracy."

F. HYATT.

DUNDURN, SASK.

Dear Comrade,—We have just had a flying visit from Comrade Lestor. He addressed two meetings ten miles east of Dundurn. We had a good bunch of intelligent farmers present and Comrade Lestor gave them the revolutionist dope, red hot from the mint.

The farmers are a strong-headed bunch of people to get Socialism hammered into. They imagine they are capitalists. They are educated along the little narrow groove of capitalism into poverty and don't know how they got there. They have been educated to honor God and Providence while the capitalist class steals away from them what they produce. But when daylight is put on the farmer's position he finds he has just bought himself a steady job. I say we have got to educate them and get them to vote for their own interest; they don't have to lose anything only their own ignorance.

The sooner the workers wake up to the fact that they have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the change the sooner will they be ready for it. They should bear in mind the words of Karl Marx: "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing but your chains to lose, and you have a world to gain."

E. FULCHER.

The capitalist tells the farmers Socialism stands for dividing up, while the capitalist is grabbing all the farmer produces. I think Mr. Capitalist should say his prayers, buy himself a set of overalls, get ready to play the man, get off the worker's back, and let every man have what he produces. We have given them warning that the time is coming when they will have to work.

Now, comrade, let us fly the red flag, and bury rent, interest and profit in a capitalist grave and give every man what he produces.

Yours in revolt,

WM. TRACEY.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

A wage slave contends that "absolutely" is confusing in the following analysis:

In the course of a lecture on the working class, their wages and productive powers, by —, the following statement was made, that the workers today received relatively less than they did 50 years ago, but "absolutely" they were receiving more? Should the comparison not read thus: That the workers today receive relatively less in proportion to their total product than they did 50 years ago.

A. G.

WHAT'S NEXT?

A contemplator, writing in the Cowansville Eyeopener, maintains that "unemployment" breeds and multiplies "itself." If such be the case, at what stage of civilization did it make its first appearance?

M. C.

EVOLUTION AND THE MATERIALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY.

Evolution is not now a disputed theory in the world of science. There are, 'tis true, various schools of evolutionists, but the thing itself is no longer in dispute. The law is acknowledged; all we differ on is the details concerning the working out of the law.

The old idea of things was an idea and a conception of stability, of fixedness, of sameness. The idea in brief of "always was and always will be." The present conception, based upon scientific knowledge and not, as at times, upon mere introspective speculation, is of evolution, of change, of mobility.

Evolution is a satisfactory doctrine to the revolutionist. Nothing is "sacred." Nothing is everlasting, save and except it be the law of change itself. Of the universe itself and of the minutest part of the universe we may say with the philosopher that, "Nothing is, everything is becoming."

To the evolutionist the acceptance of the Socialist philosophy and the principles of scientific Socialism holds no great difficulty. It merely involves the recognition and acceptance as applying to human institutions and activities of a universal law already acknowledged and applied in other realms.

The Socialist statement of the materialist conception of history is not an attempt to "prove" evolution as applied to human institutions—that was already acknowledged before its statement—but simply a conclusion based upon facts, as to the dominating factor in human life and therefore in the evolution of human institutions.

HIBERNICUS.

"As a man soweth, so shall he reap. Very true, and he will have to do both jobs for 17½ cents in the dollar. While his masters will get the 82½ cents in the dollar without soiling their soft hands by doing either the sowing or the reaping."

"Belief" implies doubt. Socialists want nothing to do with it. "Science," which implies positive knowledge, is the stronghold of the Socialists. Science accomplishes where "belief" and "faith" are still "waiting" and "hoping" and "trusting" and "praying" for results.

"Exercise" and work are by no means synonymous terms, though apologists for capitalism always endeavor to make it appear they are.

FEAR BORN OF FEAR.