

FARM OR SWEAT-SHOP?

The Slave of the Farm Has the Advantage of Fresh Air and That's All.

It has struck me that a parallel can be drawn between the slum sweat-shop and the prairie wheat farm; a parallel between the dark cold cellar and the bright warm open country; a seeming paradox! Is it possible?

We see first the picture of a family bending closely over its labors, straining its eyes and crushing its chest. Father and mother and babies working from early dawn to late at night for a few cents to buy enough to exist upon, and the second picture of sunshine, red-faced children, broad-chested father but perhaps weary mother, for she must be first up in the morning and often last to quit work at night. But if we look closer we will see that the children have so much serious work to do assisting their parents that they have hardly any time for school.

Let us look behind the pictures! The materials needed for sweatshop employment are always owned by the masters. It may be cloth, wool, buttons, silk, etc., all carefully measured and counted.

The materials needed to produce wheat are land and seed. The land is held perhaps by the farmer in his own name and with a clear title, but of this more later; and the seed is of small value comparatively, the government sometimes even providing it free.

The tools of the slum are sometimes provided by the worker and sometimes by the master, but they are never very valuable.

The tools of the farm are more complicated and need careful analysis. We will take first the permanent tools generally, plows, harrows, seeders, binders, mowers, rakes, etc., with horses or oxen. These are costly and as a rule are bought on time, the notes being backed by the land, house, barn, horses, etc. Besides this there is the threshing outfit, which is seldom owned by the farmer and must therefore be hired or rented, and the cleaning and transportation of the wheat—for, to complete the parallel transaction, transportation must be considered. Wheat, of course, may be a commodity before it is cut and threshed, or even before planting. We know very well it is sold ahead.

Now we have to consider the method of work and in this the two schemes are very similar. We find that in both cases

The Workers Are Apparently Free Agents

as to hours of work and the speed applied; that they both draw upon the entire family and that the hours of labor are sunrise to sunset or more; that all ages are exploited, from babies to grandparents; that there is no time for school for the children nor pleasure for anyone. They only differ in the fact that in one scheme the season is a year and the other it is nine months, and in one is early death from confinement and the other bestial good health.

What of the product? Again we have an easily recognized similarity. Each sweatshop is in competition with the next door neighbor, who being in a similar position to the next door neighbor receives as little as is possible to live on in payment for the work, and can in no way improve or even hold their position, for they must of necessity keep cutting each other in order to receive any work at all.

Each Farm is Also in Competition with the next door neighbor, who is in competition with all the wheat growers in the world, and therefore, as in the previous case, they must all receive as little as possible for their product, neither can they help cutting each other.

We will review up to their point, calling the sweat-shop "A" and the wheat farm "B." We have:

- 1.—Materials—
 - A. Owned by the masters.
 - B. Owned by the capitalist class through mortgage, etc.
- 2.—Tools—
 - A. Of little value (a few cents).
 - B. Owned by the capitalist class (Purchase on the instalment plan).
- 3.—Method of Work—
 - A. Total exploitation.
 - B. Do., (nine months).
- 4.—Product—
 - A. In competition with neighbor.

B. Do., (and the world market). The first, second and fourth cases relating to B are dovetailed into one another; for should the crop fall the instalments on the machinery also fall, and the mortgage is foreclosed, and the difference between A and B as regards their masters is merely that A deals directly with an exploiter and B with a class. A's transportation is nil and B's is a long haul.

The economics of case A is so simple that I think it is already explained in the paragraph dealing with the product, but in case B further analysis may be necessary.

As I said before, B has to deal with a class of exploiters. To start from the beginning, he applies for a homestead or pre-emption. This homestead will be, as a rule, far from civilization, and by the time means of transportation have arrived within a reasonable distance he may have land broken and a house built, but will also be himself broke, for he will generally have put up all his money to back his judgment. His exploitation then has already commenced, for he has assisted in settling up the country, and note that it is the Government That Has Exploited Him.

As sure as fate he will buy implements on time and the vendors are

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only too glad to take a mortgage on the house and land, for they have probably studied the law of averages which tells them that the homestead is as good as theirs.

The law of averages tells them this much, but to look closer than this shows that the farmer class can only make the cost of existence, and therefore our particular farmer has to be extraordinarily lucky—or rather his neighbors have to be extraordinarily unlucky, to escape the clutches of these exploiters.

Then supposing that he escapes these dangers and pays up for all his implements. Unless he is lucky and his neighbors are unlucky (and by neighbors we mean the wheat growers of the world), unless his crop matures and others fail, all he can obtain for his product is the bare cost of the keep of his family and should he hire out in the three months of season it will not benefit him in the final analysis, for it would have the effect of enabling him to cut down his neighbors prices and thereby lower his own. So though I spoke of B being exploited for nine months, in truth, it is the full twelve.

I have no information on hand regarding prices of wheat, so that I cannot compare the difference between the price paid the farmer for wheat in his wagon and the price on the Chicago Wheat Exchange, but I am certain that the price paid to the farmer is the average cost of production of that certain grade of wheat, which grade is in competition with other grades. To this must be added cost of cleaning, resacking, transportation, besides the handling in transshipment, to arrive at the market prices.

The competition of one grade with another is similar to the competition between a coal oil lamp and a candle, pure lard and compound, all-wool cloth and shoddy.

To Sum up the Two Cases:

The materials are either absolutely owned or are likely to be owned by the exploiting class; the tools are either of little value or are owned by the same parties; total exploitation occurs in both cases and the product is in free and open competition with the next door neighbor—and there is no paradox.

Might Not the Grain Growers' Association

help the farmers? How can they? A number of farmers join together so as to keep from underselling one another. Their product is bunched. What is the effect? The entire product then sells for as much (or as little) as possible, which is the same as before—in fact, it might sell cheaper, for they are avoiding some of the previous exploitation in cleaning and storing. The product is still in competition with the rest of the wheat of the world

RIGHTS!

By Will Gribble.

Don't talk about your "rights" to me, for if you do we'll disagree. Your rights are just what you can get, and not an atom more, you bet! I would not for a moment fight through sentimental sense of right—'tis but a mirage of the mind—I've ceased to satisfaction find in empty "justice," abstract "right"—in short, I long since saw the light, and now am out for things concrete with both my hands and both my feet.

Oh! keep your "rights" for all I care—I'm out good things of life to share.

Of "justice" one can't make a meal—his stomach empty quite would feel; one cannot clothe himself with "right"—'twould be too airy, cool and light.

I'm out for all things that are good—the best of clothes, the best of food, and home my labor can supply in which to live (and sometime die).

What I have mentioned is a start—I want some music and some art; as I am not quite aged yet, I also want some sport to get; for pleasure I would travel over, (not tramping for some work to do). I many other things could list, but you already have the gist.

I'm willing for these things to work (not to produce for those who shirk); I want to work that I might live; I want to work that I might give to those I love all that I could of everything in life that's good.

This world has plenty, you'll agree—then fellow-worker, join with me to take the world by combined might, for POWER is the ONLY right!

EATING DOGS IN SYDNEY.

At the Presbyterian conference in Toronto last week, Rev. Mr. Kinsale, of Sydney, pleaded the side of the work among the foreigners in Sydney. The charge of filthiness might be made against those foreigners, said Mr. Kinsale, but there were other sides to the question and that was that they were victimized by immigration agents. The poor, ignorant people were living in the most abject poverty. The speaker knew of cases where the people killed dogs so that their children might have food to eat. Filthy and poor they may be, said the speaker, but they are just as rich as John D. Rockefeller because they have an immortal soul. The speaker made a fierce arraignment of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company with regard to the foreign element in its employ—North Sydney Herald.

The master will not invite you to eat at his table, yet you are only too anxious to vote his ticket.

After the capitalist robs you he calls you to defend his right in the property he took—and you do.

In old days the slave used to run away from the master. Now he runs to get one.—Ex.

Don't think because you wear a white collar at your job that you are not a member of the working class.

If all men were economical and saved every cent they could wouldn't trade be deliciously dull?—Ex.

You think you are independent, do you? How can you possibly think so while you are dependent upon somebody else for a job? Or don't you ever think? The working class can never have independence until it owns the jobs.

RIGHT YOU ARE! YOU'RE WRONG!

"That's not right!" We squirmed in our seats. One hears the trite saying more often in these decadent days of capitalism, I think, than was the case heretofore. It is everywhere—it has become part of our existence, we are always talking it. For myself I loathe the very sound of the word. It may be a fine old English word, it may look well in print, but it is so frightfully hackneyed—it halts with senile old age, it stutters with chronic lameness.

The modern doctor advocates the use of "cultures" to cure physical ills; cannot some etymologist discover a serum to rid us of hackneyed words? They are discussing "rights" now in the next booth of our "hash trough." "Tain't right, I tell yer! The government ought to do something abut it; we leavin' good jobs over there and commin' to this 'ell hole and findin' nowt ta do." At the next table: "Well sir, believe me, these old country ginks are forever beefin'. Why, if they only realized it, coming to this country is the best thing they ever did. Why don't they get out on a homestead? It ain't right to let them hang around

and the only way possible to overcome the difficulty is to put an end to the world competition by doing away with profit throughout the world. This brings us into politics, and world-wide politics at that, and since the wage-workers in every country are joining together to abolish the profit system the farmers have a political party ready for them to join, i.e., the Socialist party.

Both the farmers as a class and the wage workers as a class receive the same price for their work—the cost of existence, and such being the case it would seem that they belong to the same class in present day society, and should look upon one another as comrades.

H. J. B. H.

'PIN ON THE STARS AND STRIPES'

The San Diego Labor Leader of June 6 contains the following in its editorial column:

"Some one has written a 'poem' to commemorate the heroic actions of the San Diego vigilantes on the occasion of Emma Goldman's recent visit. We have no idea who is the author and it was not printed at this office—both of which pieces of information will be hard to believe, in some quarters at least. The following is the last stanza. It will immortalize the brave dealers in real estate who are to supervise thought and some other things in San Diego:

Pin on the Stars and Stripes, boys,
A woman's coming here;
Oh, make your brag and wave the flag,
Let go a mighty cheer.
She thinks the earth might be better,
boys,
We've sworn to mob such types;
We're going to lynch a woman, boys,
Pin on the Stars and Stripes."

Civilization will never be worthy of the name until the people produce for use instead of for profit.—Ex.

The struggle for freedom is the history of the race, the fruit of the struggle, the development of man.—Ex.

Doing your share in perfecting the Socialist organization will be an incentive to cause others to do likewise.—Ex.

The real measure of civilization is the condition of the men and women who do the world's most necessary and useful work.—Ex.

We are now in the transient period between individualism and collectivism; between brutality and brotherhood.—Ex.

the City. Government ought to ship 'em out there whether they like it or not." Another voice in an injured strain: "Blime; ta fink I was going to 'ang my 'at up there on that perishta' homestead! No, sir, not yer little bruvver 'Enery; not me! Why we gits at there and the bloom'n' plice was all land and nutin' else; no plice to sleep nor cook yer little bit of bait, nuffin but miles an miles of blasted grass. That ain't farm'n', that's transportation. So-I ses to the missus, "Se 'ere, old Dutch, you pack yer duds up again and we'll 'op it back to tawn. 'Tain't right! Perish me if 'tis."

Behind us a male voice reading from a newspaper: "The farmers of the Swampville district have decided to go on strike, and at present are engaged in organizing this new movement. The attitude of these men is we confess baffling to the 'Weekly Tin-horn.' Just why a community of wealthy and prosperous settlers should take it into their heads to strike passeth comprehension." "Well! what do you know about that, let 'em go to it—do 'em a world of good. The lazy devils ony work four months of the year and then ain't contented. I'd run 'em out of the country, I would. Wonder the government puts up with them—the way they carry on is far from right."

Over there: "Say, we ye hear the latest? The pictureshow men are opening up on the Lord's Day! Why one does not know what the world is coming to nowadays, but in the interests of right and justice we will put our foot down on it. We cannot stand for such a thing."

A voice full of resentment and wrath: "Well! dam these sky pilots. The cussed fire-escapes are trying to stop the 'movies' on Sunday. What do they want, anyway? No one wants to go to church. Seems to me they want everything their own way and I say, 'tain't right; what do you think?"

A ROYAL MARRIAGE

"Blue Blood" Does Not Save the Victims When Capitalist Interests Need a Sacrifice.

Mark Twain once made the statement that he always felt much happier at a funeral than at a marriage, because, in the one, the troubles of life were only beginning, while, in the other, they were just about at an end.

This, of course, didn't apply to royalty. Mark didn't see the wedding of which we were told the other week in the Associated Press despatches, Ernest, Prince of Cumberland, and Victoria Louise, only daughter of Kaiser Bill, being the amalgamating companies. Here there was no necessity for the troubles of life to begin, and even if there was they could still live very happy, but not together. All Germany enjoyed a week's holiday, continued the report, and lined up along the principal streets to watch such a scene of dazzling pomp and overwhelming splendour as never before was witnessed in the streets of Europe.

How very delightful it must have been for the slaves of Germany, who, in the year just passed, were forced to kill and eat over

Ten thousand old horses to keep themselves and families from

NORTH BATTLEFORD.

June 10th.

It is with great regret that I have to report the death of Comrade Mrs. Collingwood, from cancer.

The funeral was today, and Comrades Dr. Somers, Len Budden, Chapman and Paterson acted as pall-bearers.

The Socialists of North Battleford district wish to express their sympathy to Comrade H. Collingwood and his four children in their great loss, through your columns.

Yours in the big fight,

ALEX. PATERSON.

starving, to have the pleasure of a week's release from their jobs, which weren't sufficient to provide them with the needs of life even when they were working steady, to see this display of royal pageantry and glittering magnificence, which was only made possible by the continued exploitation of the slaves who were now granted the privilege of looking on.

And such has been, and is still, the case in every country to which the capitalist system extends.

While from the hides of the slaves all surplus values are extracted to maintain an army of royal parasites, and all the forces of a state to defend them; yet, so complete and lasting has been the dogma instilled in their minds through the various channels of learning, that these same slaves consider themselves highly honored to touch the garment or shake the hand of these waxen mummies who never performed a useful stroke of labor in all the years of their worthless existence.

Among the many royal guests who attended this grossly commercial alliance, there were three who easily surpassed the others as a central at-

Alas! alas! that we should have to endure it. "Aw, Really, the antics of those bally suffragettes is something most bloody. One does not know when one's life is in danger over there now; really, the police should do something dwastic—deport 'em strikes me as being the best thing. It's opposed to all principles of British Justice to let them go free. What do you think, old chap?"

Then out of the blue, a woman well dressed and elegant, a creature good to look upon: "Are you interested in woman's suffrage? You know it is not right that we women should be ruled by laws made by you men only—the 'thing lacks even the elements of primitive right. We are—" but we had fled, and as we passed out of the clatter of working-class egg-shell china and the hurrying tramp of the waiters' feet we heard them still at it.

"Wot I wants to know is: by what right?"—and then we ran.

All of which goes to show that we have a long hard task to perform yet and have a hard row to hoe before we get the workers to tumble to the fact that the rights and wrongs of the case will be decided in the good old-fashioned way and in no other. That the struggle for existence will make all things right that assist the race to maintain itself, and that which has passed its usefulness will be relegated to the dust bin of "wrongness."

traction—the mental and physical Lilliputian who presides over the destiny of the British Empire; the timid, stupid, and isolated Czar of all the Russias, and the crude, ambitious dictator who sold his daughter to cement his empire. They didn't come to the wedding in the same manner as the others. They were escorted to their destination by a bodyguard of uniformed lackeys in one of the largest Dreadnoughts of their respective navies. Coming to pay a friendly visit, they found it necessary to come armed to the teeth, else a stray bullet from some embittered subject might find a resting place in their useless hides. And yet in the next few weeks the servile press in these various nations will incessantly harp about the "friendly relations" that exist among the leading powers of Europe, and the utter impossibility of any such thing as war. But it won't be for long. The British, Russian and German parliaments

Will still continue to vote

increasing supplies for naval armament; the manufacturers of arms and ammunition will by no means be induced to lessen their immense output; while the stock exchanges will still take advantage of every opportunity to create war scares when these will serve their purpose better than peace. Never was capitalist hypocrisy more openly displayed, and still the great army of the world's workers fail to grasp the significance of it all, and silently and submissively plod on.

The radical parties in some of these countries express their disapproval of warfare, and call on the workers to stick to their task of working and looking for jobs, and refuse to fight. But so long as the wealth of the world is increasing in value, so long as its safe-keeping demands more soldiers and police to surround it, so long as the workers themselves fail to understand their position and passively surrender four-fifths of what they produce to the masters who rule them, then just so long must those rulers enlarge their forces and continue their plunder.

Just what Ernest and Victoria

must think of the whole proposition is hard to say. Like the rest of their tribe, they are not asked for their personal opinions in the matter. Poet laureates and court entertainers will scribble pages of meaningless drivel extolling the love and sincerity of this royal pair. How they fell in love at first sight, vowing eternal devotion to each other, and similar piffle. But marriages in royal circles are arranged without the consent of those who should be most concerned, and who must unite whether they like it or not. Commercial ties must be drawn a little tighter; new territory must be added to what they already possess; diplomacy must be exercised even among thieves, so the sons and daughters are often the best instruments for performing this function. What the poets and philosophers of the past called "love" doesn't enter the question. Capitalism has wiped such a definition long since from the stage of events. All that is left is

A Cold, Cruel and Material

proposition, to hold together a system that is slowly but surely crumbling to pieces and making way for an inevitable change in social affairs.

To hasten such a transformation of society by showing to the toilers in every industrial concern throughout the land that they belong to a class that owns nothing, and produces all, and that only through class action on the part of the dispossessed can their shackles be broken, and their freedom achieved, the Socialist Party of Canada entered into, and continues, the fight; a fight that can never be ended till the emancipation of our class and the removal for once and all of the power invested in kings and kaisers is accomplished.

J. A. M'DONALD.

At the open-air meetings in Vancouver literature is being sold at a fast rate. Last Saturday nearly \$20.00 worth was disposed of, most of it being in bound covers. The Sunday indoor meetings average from \$15.00 to \$20.00.

The already tottering labor market in B. C. will receive another blow with the advent of 1500 Russians reported to be on the way from Siberia.

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SATURDAY.....JULY 5, 1913

EXIT STUBBS.

The official count of the election for new president of District 18, U. M. W. A., gives J. E. Smith, Stubbs' opponent, a majority of 1,238 votes over the former. Smith fought the election on the single issue as to whether Stubbs was justified in the action he took in the recent Alberta elections of supporting the Sifton-Labor combination when the Socialist Party of Canada had candidates in the field, in view of the fact that the miners had, by referendum vote, endorsed the platform of the Socialist Party of Canada.

In only two places, Coleman and Lethbridge, did Stubbs get a majority, being 16 votes ahead of Smith in each. Smith's majorities ranged from 193 in Canmore to 5 in Taber. Of the smaller camps many gave Smith an overwhelming percentage of their votes. Out of a total vote of 3,483 Smith received 2,333 and Stubbs 1,095, 55 ballots being split.

While on this subject, the readers' attention is drawn to the letter from Comrade O'Brien in this issue, which lays bare some of the methods utilized by this discredited gang to further their ends. The letter speaks for itself, and no comment is necessary.

"THE IRON HEEL" A Criticism

By Wilfrid Gribble

As the Clarion is about to start the publication of the above-quoted book by Jack London, it has occurred to this writer that a little criticism would not be out of order for various reasons, one of which is that the Clarion may possibly be criticized for publishing it.

It may as well be bluntly stated that this book, published some years ago, has been, commercially, by far the least successful of London's books.

This has not been for lack of literary style, because in that respect it is the equal of any of London's other works, and London is probably the greatest "stylist" on this continent.

Neither is it a comparative commercial failure because it is uninteresting, for it is absorbingly interesting from cover to cover.

Readers will be beginning to think: "Then why this lack of success?" It will take some time to answer that question, so I will start answering it right away:

The "Iron Heel" is frankly Socialist (heavy on the "ic.") It was the purpose of the writer to drive home to the workers the fact that the capitalist class would stop at no means in their power to retain their ascendancy, even if they had to get half the workers slaughtered to keep the other half down.

It is supposed to be published several hundred years from now from a manuscript written about our own time by the wife of Ernest Everhard, and discovered hidden in an hollow oak, by some citizen of the future in the year 2618.

The manuscript is supposed to be unfinished and the imaginary writer of the preface concludes that Avis Everhard perished in the First Slave Revolt, which is supposed to take place about our own time.

The book opens with a wifely eulogistic description of Ernest Everhard, a man of powerful physique and mentality, who, by virtue of these qualities, has forced himself into public notice. His wife makes him debate with and confound ministers (not a very hard job), university professors, (about as easy), and all and sundry. Everhard gets the best of them all in debate, but strikes a snag one evening in the person of a capitalist of the name of Wickson, who makes no attempt to answer Everhard's economic arguments, but frankly states that by virtue of the power his class had they would keep their power even if they had to do so by force of arms, by "whine of grapeshot."

"I am answered," says Everhard, "and I accept your challenge on behalf of the working class. Power. By our power you shall be dragged down. It may take a hundred years, it may take a thousand, it may take ten thousand years, but you shall be dragged down and it shall be done by power. Power. It is a kingly word!" (I quote from memory.)

The book goes on to demonstrate

the fallacies of reform, the uselessness of charity, and to deplore the divisions among the workers as compared to the unity existing amongst the capitalists. It gives the workers considerable success at the polls and shows the unscrupulous measures the capitalists adopted to offset that success (as they undoubtedly will in the future—if they have the POWER.)

At last, the capitalists, having decided to teach their revolting slaves a salutary lesson, isolate Chicago, which is supposed to be the hot-bed of revolt, surround and fill it with armed hirelings and slaughter the revolting slaves by wholesale. The slaves do considerable slaughtering in return, but not having sufficient POWER, are eventually subdued.

The revolt makes headway in other places, but at last those who have escaped the massacres have to content themselves with secret measures, hiding in the mountains and preparing for another revolt.

It will not hurt the story to state that the date of the "First Revolt" is about the present time, as that is merely a matter of date and not of principle. The moral of the story is that it is up to the capitalists to remain on our backs as long as they can by any means, and that they will; and that it is up to the workers to drag the capitalists down by any necessary means and that they must.

And yet, after all, the "Iron Heel," even to the slaughter, is already true. It is only in the degree of slaughter that it is not already true in the United States. Witness West Virginia and numerous other places where deliberate slaughter took place merely because profits were threatened.

Make no mistake, comrades: if the capitalists cause the workers to be slaughtered by retail when their profits are seriously threatened, they will be equally prepared to have them slaughtered by wholesale when their property is seriously threatened, if they have the POWER. Let us see that they haven't the power by ourselves having it in an organization of the working class whose one unmixt purpose is the destruction of the property rights of the capitalist class, an organization of men and women who are clear on this, using and encouraging the use of the ballot while we have it, but making no fetish of it; men and women who know that unless we are prepared to effectually back up our ballot in case of our getting a majority at the polls, the capitalists will throw our verdict out of court—and "effectually" does not mean brick-bats, emery powder or sweaty socks. It will take different kinds of musical instruments than those to play the tune that will be necessary if our ballots are taken away or disregarded, or if the capitalists think it necessary to precipitate matters by provocative violence.

The education of a Socialist does not consist of a knowledge of economics only, but also of history, and history teaches us that all ruling classes have been prepared to drown slave revolts in blood and to punish them with torture. If anyone thinks this is overdrawn, let the slaughtered hordes of Spartacus' army and the writhing forms of the six thousand crucified prisoners taken in his last battle answer for me.

Let the French Jacques answer. Let the slaughtered rebels of Wat Tyler's, of Jack Cade's, of Friar Ball's time answer.

Let the massacred rebel German serfs answer, those who Martin Luther said "ought to be hung like mad dogs," and who were.

Let the Paris Communards answer. Let the heaps of dead on the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg, on "Bloody Sunday" answer.

Let—but why mention more?—this, though but a little of the long, long tale of blood, should be enough to prove that the master-class, which has been so ready to shed blood in the past in order to keep their slaves down, will be as ready to shed blood in the future for the same purpose.

And now, comrades, to conclude: "The Iron Heel" is being run by the Clarion for a two-fold reason: (1) Education of the working class; (2) Popularization of the Clarion.

Understand, Comrade London has made a free gift, as far as he is concerned, of the serial rights to the S. P. of C., and doesn't stand to gain a cent in the matter, and this is something, considering that he is probably as highly paid a writer as any in the United States. Let us show our appreciation by putting up the circulation of the Clarion sky-high.

I was almost missing explaining that "The Iron Heel" was severely sat upon by the "Socialist (?) Leaders," the vote-catchers, the squeamish, and the Utopians, when it was first published. (Now you see the reason it didn't sell as well as London's other books.) London received protests and denunciations from "Socialists" without number. He was told that he had put back the Socialist movement in the States five years by writing "The Iron Heel."

"To tell the truth," he told me, with a twinkle, "I believe I put it ahead five minutes." Well, let the members of the S. P. of C., put the movement in Canada ahead five minutes (and a

good deal more), by securing readers for the Clarion.

London is, in my opinion, the most effective writer the Socialist movement has produced for stirring up and making virile the spirit of revolt that is latent in so many. He appeals to the strong and spirited, to those who will fight when they are shown reasons for fighting, and that's the sort we want in the Socialist Party of Canada. We may feel sorry for the weaklings, but we don't want them in the Party.

We may get some amusement out of the "Come along, Christian brothers" type, but we'll jolly well see they won't get voice or vote in the running of the S. P. of C.

The S. P. of C. is no Party for shyster lawyers, bum parsons, middle class failures, or maudlin Utopians, but is a party for many men and womanly women of the working class who are determined to be free or to make it as uncomfortable as possible for the ruling class till they are free. An increasing circulation of the Clarion, especially with "The Iron Heel" running in its columns, will increase the discomfort of the master-class, so GO TO IT!

GRIBBLE IN REGINA.

Not one per cent. of the working class ever get a decent bath, according to Wilfrid Gribble, Socialist, who addressed an open-air meeting in Stanley Park in front of the Union Depot last night.

"There is not a person in the world to-day who is practicing the Golden Rule, nor is there one who is able to practice it. It is not possible under capitalism. The time is coming, but not under capitalism," was another of the statements he made.

Mr. Gribble arrived in Regina yesterday and will spend a few days in the city giving lectures each evening at Stanley Park on Socialistic subjects. Practically all of last year he spent in lecturing in the States. He has a striking personality, throws all his powers into his assertions, and drives home every statement in a remarkable manner.

Spared No One.

In denunciation of capitalists and of the methods employed by them in their alleged crushing of the working classes, Mr. Gribble had some strong things to say and spared no one in making his points.

He declared that all the wealth in the world to-day was paid for by labor, in many cases by tears and sorrow; labor produced it all, and though the working class performed the labor yet it had nothing to show for it to-day.

"You are the cheapest things that are bought to-day," he said. "Did you ever see a want ad. read something like this: 'Wanted, so many images of God, brothers or sisters in Christ?' 'No," he said, "you never see advertisements read like that. They generally read: 'Wanted, So many hands—and they buy you at market prices."

Capitalists Prettier.

"Capitalists are bigger than we are, healthier than we are, and prettier than we are, but listen—they are softer than we are.

"They live one-third longer lives than we do," he continued, and painted vivid pictures of the luxuries of the "big men," and showed why they were healthier and stronger and lived longer.

"For one reason," he said, "they are able to get a decent bath once in a while, and as a result are more healthy and good looking."

He compared the tile paved bathrooms of the rich with the back kitchen method of getting a bath so common with poorer people, and made the assertion that there was not one per cent. of the working class ever got a decent bath in hot water, while the capitalist was able to enjoy his bath in luxury and ease every day in the year if he wished to. Under the conditions under which the working man was forced to take a bath, he said, it would take him a half a day to get a good scrub.

"We talk about being free British subjects," he continued, "and yet you says whether you can have a job or not? We are not free British subjects if that is the British liberty that you talk about. They are no freer on the other side of the line than we are here, and sometimes not as free."

The Worst to Come.

In regard to the present financial stringency and the number of unemployed in the country, Mr. Gribble did not hold out any too encouraging hopes for the future. In fact, he declared with emphasis that "the worst was yet to come." Things were not going to brighten up for two more years, he declared, and perhaps not then. There would not be much change, he thought, while the capitalists were in power. The workers would have to help themselves before there would be any change.

He pictured an amusing imaginary instance of a capitalist giving a man a job. After inquiring as to what wages the workingman wanted (this imaginary capitalist was pictured as declaring that he wouldn't consider giving the workman \$3 a day, as he

didn't see how he could live on that and bring up his family. It cost him more than that for his cigars in one day, and his wife spent more than what that would amount to every day in the year on her hats. He would give him \$10 a day to start on, and if he wanted more he must come to him, and he would see that he got it. "Now," declared the speaker, "if that were true it would be one instance of a man who was practicing the Golden Rule; but under our present system of capitalism it is simply impossible for anyone to practice the Golden Rule."

Some Statements.

Following are some of the other statements made by the speaker in the course of his address.

"All wealth on earth was paid for by labor, which produced it all. You working men have done it all, and now you have nothing to show for it."

"When labor realizes this they will put their hands on the means of production. We will have to own them in common and stand in awe of no one."

"When the means of production belong to everyone, everybody will have an opportunity to work."

"Socialism is the only growing movement on earth to-day."

"Our justification is our need."

"We have to have a little something to amuse ourselves with or capitalism would be unbearable."

"The drink habit is not a fundamental evil. The fundamental evil is class ownership of the traffic. Booze is manufactured to-day because there is profit in it. Socialism will not do away with all evils at once, but the evils will gradually disappear."

ABOUT SUB HUSTLER.

By a Monoline Slave.

About Sub Hustler (may his tribe increase) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room

An Editor writing—visage steeped in gloom;

Bent was his back, careworn his look, and old.

Exceeding peace had made Sub Hustler bold,

And to the vision in the room he said: "What writest thou?"—the scribe just raised his head

For one brief second; then he spake out thus:

"The names of those who hustle subs for us."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,

Though your name WAS on this list long ago."

"Just watch my smoke," said Abou, so next day

He tackled every one who passed his way;

As he entered once again his household door

His list had reached the century mark and more.

Next day the Ed. arose and called him blest—

About Sub Hustler's name led all the rest.

—International Socialist, Sydney.

There cannot be war unless the working class agree to it—Ex.

Subscribe for The Western Clarion.

LITERATURE

The Dominion Executive have the following literature for sale. (Published by the Party):

Table with 2 columns: Title and Price. Includes Manifesto S. P. of C., What is Socialism, Socialism and the Survival of the Fittest, The Way to Power, etc.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Due Stamps, Platforms, Dues Cards, etc.

VANCOUVER LOCAL NO. 1, S. P. OF C.

has the following cloth-bound books on sale. Make all money orders payable to J. N. Smith, 213 Hastings St. E., Vancouver, B. C.

Table with 2 columns: Book Title and Price. Includes Capital, vols. 1, 2 and 3, The Eastern Question, Critique of Pol. Economy, etc.

Socialist Party Directory

- DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets first and third Sundays, 3 p.m., at 516 Main St. J. H. Burrough, Secretary.
BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Socialist Party of Canada meets same as above.
ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every alternate Tuesday, at 429 Eighth Ave. East. Burt E. Anderson, Secretary, Box 647, Calgary.
SASKATCHEWAN AND MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every second and fourth Sundays, residing in these two provinces to communicate with them on organization matters. Address D. McMillan, 82 Main St. So. Hill, Moose Jaw, Sask.
MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Notice—This card is inserted for the purpose of getting "YOU" interested in the Socialist movement. SOCIALISTS are always members of the Party; so if you are desirous of becoming a member, or wish to get any information, write the Secretary, J. D. Houston, 493 Furby St., Winnipeg.
MARITIME PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every second and fourth Sundays in the Cape Breton office of the Party, Commercial Street, Glace Bay, N. S. Dan Cochrane, Secretary, Box 491, Glace Bay, N.S.
LOCAL PERMIE, S. P. OF C. HOLD educational meetings in the Mining Union Hall every Sunday at 7:00 Business meeting third Sunday in each month, 7:30 p.m. Economic class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Albert E. Hart, Secretary, Box 189.
LOCAL ROSSLAND, No. 25, S. P. OF C., meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E. Campbell, Organizer. Will Jones, Secretary, Box 125. Finnish branch meets in Finlanders' Hall Sundays at 7:30 p.m. A. Sebble, Secretary, Box 54, Rossland, B. C.
LOCAL SKEWEE, S. P. OF C., holds propaganda meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in Crahan's Hall. A hearty invitation is extended to all wage slaves within reach of us to attend our meetings. Business meetings are held the first and third Sundays of each month at 10:30 a.m. in the same hall. Party organizers take notice. T. W. Brown, Secretary.
LOCAL EVELTOWN, S. P. OF C., No. 7, P. of C. Business meetings at Sunday headquarters fourth Thursdays of each month. B. F. Gayman, Secretary.
LOCAL VICTORIA, No. 2, S. P. OF C., headquarters and reading room 575 Yates St. Business meeting every Tuesday, 8 p.m. Propaganda meeting Sunday, 8 p.m., Empress Theatre.
LOCAL SOUTH FORT GEORGE, B. C., No. 61, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock in Public Library room. John McInnis, Secretary; Andrew Allen, Organizer.
LOCAL CUMBERLAND No. 70, S. P. OF C. Business meeting every Sunday, afternoon at 2:00 p.m. in Socialist Hall opposite Post Office. Economic classes held Tuesday and Friday, 7 p.m. Propaganda meeting every Sunday, 3 p.m. Headquarters: Socialist Hall, opposite post office. Financial Secy., Thomas Carney; Corresponding Secretary, Joseph Naylor.
LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 1, S. P. OF C. Business meeting every Tuesday evening at Headquarters, 213 Hastings St. East. H. Rahim, Secretary.
VANCOUVER LETTICE LOCAL No. 58, S. P. OF C. Business meeting every second Sunday of the month and propaganda meeting every fourth Sunday. Open to everybody at Room 221, Labor Temple, 2 p.m. Secretary, J. P. Smith, Schagat, Box 1815.
LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., No. 1, S. P. OF C. Headquarters, 622 First St. Business meetings every Sunday at 4 p.m. sharp. Our reading room is open to the public free, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. Secretary, J. S. Smith, Organizer, Wm. McQuoid; Literature Agent, T. D. Pratt.

Rhymes of Revolt BY WILFRID GRIBBLE. Neat little volume of virile verse. Special price for quantities. 25c. For Sale at the "Clarion" Office

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 degradation.

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

The irrepressible conflict of interest 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 and the workers.
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.

Pamphlets NOW READY SOCIALISM AND THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST (By J. Connell, author of "The Red Flag"). THE WAY TO POWER. (By J. B. Osborne)

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

This page is devoted to reports of Executive Committees, Locals, and General Party Matters. Address all communications to J. H. Burrough, Secretary, 516 Main St., Vancouver, B. C.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Write on one side of the paper only. Do not put the words or lines too close together. Do not abbreviate your words. If sending more than two sheets, number them consecutively, leaving a margin on the left side for the purpose. Do this, and we will rise up and call you blessed.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Convened as above. Conner in the chair. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read. Comrade Schagat seated as representative of Local Vancouver No. 58 (Lettish). Routine correspondence dealt with. Bills—Secretary's wages to June 23, \$10; Dominion Express Co., \$1.70; P. O. Dept., (722) \$2.60; P. O. stamps, \$2.50; ins., \$2.00. Warrants ordered drawn. Secretary reported order for dues stamps from Local Temiskaming No. 10 (Man.) forwarded to the Saskatchewan and Manitoba Executive Committee, and secretary of the local notified. The corrected manuscript of "The way to Power" had been received from Com. J. B. Osborne, and would go on the press immediately, with "Socialism and the Survival of the Fittest." Action endorsed.

Financial Report

Receipts—(June 7-16)
Clarion subs. \$37.50
Clarion bundles 8.50
Clarion Directory 1.50
Total \$47.50
Clarion Fund 20.00
Literature sales 1.00
Expenses—as per warrants \$62.00
Adjournment \$18.80
J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

B. C. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Vancouver, June 16, 1913. Convened at 516 Main St. Connor in the chair. Present: Rahim, Connor, Karne, Reid, Pritchard and Secretary. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read. Comrade Schagat seated as representative of Local Vancouver No. 58 (Lettish) vice Com. Cook, resigned. Routine correspondence dealt with. Secretary reported that not sufficient funds being in hand, Com. Cassidy had been recalled from Vancouver Island. Action endorsed.

Financial Report

Receipts—
Local Cumberland No. 70, supp. \$5.00
Local Port Alberni No. 80, B. C. 5.00
Abe Karne, do. 10.00
Literature sales 1.50
Total \$21.50
Expenses—Nil
Adjournment. J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

B. C. ORGANIZING FUND

Balance in hand May 27 \$38.00
Local Port Alberni No. 80 5.00
Local Gibson's Ldg., No. 49 6.00
A. Karne 10.00
Total \$59.00
Org. Cassidy, grants 38.00
Balance in hand June 23 \$21.00
J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

CLARION FUND

(Maintenance)
Balance in hand June 7 \$17.55
British Columbia
Local Gibson's Ldg., No. 49 \$4.00
Local Vancouver No. 1 12.50
Mitchell, W. B., City 1.00
McNeely, F., City 1.00
Total 18.50
Saskatchewan
Patterson, Alex. 1.00
Local Moose Jaw No. 1 2.00
Total 3.00
Ontario
Gage, Sydney E. 2.00
Maritime
Fillmore, Roscoe, N. B. 2.00
Total \$43.15
Grant to publishing account 23.05
Balance in hand June 23 \$20.10

CLARION PUBLISHING ACC.

No. 723
Expenses
Printing and mailing \$100.00
Editing 10.00
Total \$110.00
Receipts
Subs 74.00
Bundles 8.45
Directory 1.00
Total \$83.45
Literature sales 3.50
Total \$86.95
Grat from Maintenance fd. 23.05
Total \$110.00
J. H. BURROUGH, Secy. D. E. C.

SECRETARIAL.

The response to the appeal to the B. C. membership to contribute to the provincial organizing fund, with the object of securing a motor-cycle for use in the province, has so far been miserably weak. If every member would make it a point to get \$1.00 from outsiders for two weeks in succession the machine would be ours. Once in our hands it would be self-supporting, a source of revenue and a money-saver, besides helping greatly to get this paper on a sound financial basis. By the profits from the sale of literature alone we would soon be able to purchase another, and with two machines on the road every summer we would be able to reach parts at present inaccessible owing to expenses incurred and the impossibility of covering them. The movement in the whole province would receive an impetus.

One thing is certain, and by contrast it does not rebound to the credit of the rest of the locals in the province. If all the locals in the province were made of the same mettle as Local Cumberland we would be in possession of the machine in thirty days after the call was made. This local is composed of miners who have been on strike for a matter of ten months, and in the line of getting subs for the Clarion and general activity they are in the forefront of the party. They are now busy with the organization fund cards recently sent out, and the result of their first canvass will probably be seen in the next issue.

Editor Clarion:—No doubt you will be interested in what we are doing in Moose Jaw. The comrades here are beginning to feel that perseverance is worth while, for although we have met, I daresay, with as much opposition as any Local, we have never once thought of leaving things to Providence, but have marched breast forward, every man to his post.

Comrade Gribble has been with us a week, and has now gone on to Regina. His stay with us will certainly be remembered, for he rendered splendid service and gave an impetus to the movement here. I enclose a newspaper cutting of the report of our Sunday meetings and you will be able to judge of their character and excellence. He arrived in Moose Jaw on the Tuesday night, which is the night we have our business meeting. We had an open-air on Wednesday night which was a success in every way. We arranged to have another

ONTARIO LOCALS, TAKE NOTICE.

Comrade Gribble is now in Saskatchewan, and reports great meetings, and getting splendid backing from an energetic membership. His tour in that province will come to an end at the latter part of this month (June) after which he will address meetings in Brandon and Winnipeg, and perhaps other centres in Manitoba. Then his movements will be arranged by Comrade Ph. Faughnan, secretary for Ontario and Quebec.

MOOSE JAW.

Editor Clarion:—No doubt you will be interested in what we are doing in Moose Jaw. The comrades here are beginning to feel that perseverance is worth while, for although we have met, I daresay, with as much opposition as any Local, we have never once thought of leaving things to Providence, but have marched breast forward, every man to his post. Comrade Gribble has been with us a week, and has now gone on to Regina. His stay with us will certainly be remembered, for he rendered splendid service and gave an impetus to the movement here. I enclose a newspaper cutting of the report of our Sunday meetings and you will be able to judge of their character and excellence. He arrived in Moose Jaw on the Tuesday night, which is the night we have our business meeting. We had an open-air on Wednesday night which was a success in every way. We arranged to have another

on Thursday, as Comrade Gribble said he was feeling good, but rain upset our calculations. Friday, we got another good crowd together, and had held them about an hour when we were politely but firmly reminded that the Socialists must not be allowed to hold meetings on the streets. We were informed that street meetings are prohibited according to the city by-laws. Some of the comrades asked that the by-law be produced, and it would appear from its rendering that it must have been passed for our special benefit. According to the by-law street preaching is permissible, but then, Socialist propaganda does not come under that head. Of course the lawmakers realize the vast difference—as it affects them—between preaching and teaching. It would never do to allow the workers to be instructed. If once they got contaminated with knowledge, well—one hardly knows what they would decide to do next.

We are holding our meetings in the Moose Theatre every Sunday. This is the fourth change we have been forced to make through pressure, whose source there is no need to guess at. But we have lived and thrived through it all, and what's more, we intend to go on. We are up against class ownership and the wage system, and we know it. Oh, what a difference it makes when we know the enemy!

Harry Peters is going out organizing for a few weeks to places within radius of where our funds will allow. We would like to be able to keep a permanent organizer in the field, but up to the present we have not found means of raising sufficient money. However, we are pegging away ourselves and hope that in those centres where there is a possibility of forming locals, comrades will settle down to business and get in touch with the P. E. C.

You fellows—yes, and women too—straighten up; be fighters. When you are worthy of your own respect you will not tolerate a master class.

Yours in revolt, GEO. GRAZIER.

HERE AND NOW.

By Little Yorkie.

The editor's appeal for subs. last issue was responded to, as evidenced below, by the gallant little band of Reds who are always in the thick of the fight. But much remains to be done.

Com. W. L. Phillips, of Fernie, realizes the necessity of rustling, for he sends us the names of seven more wage slaves who are anxious to see the light.

Comrade O'Brien, too, never misses an opportunity when talking to his fellow slaves of informing them that the Western Clarion is the best educational paper in Canada. He has located eight more this week to take the only dope for one year.

As Comrade Gribble travels eastward he leaves a trail of Clarion readers behind him. He sends in four from Alberta and three from Saskatchewan, and many more to follow.

Another live sub. rustler is Com. W. Green, who is still rustling among the Toronto wage slaves, and has done business enough to put ten more on the mailing list. But we have another comrade in Toronto catching all that Com. Green misses by keeping a live move on, and he is Com. D. Alexander who rustles three yearlies.

Com. Henderson (famously known as "Yorkie") has shown signs of regaining all his old enthusiasm for he has discovered four knowledge-seekers in Vancouver.

The following letter will show that we have hard workers on the Island as elsewhere:

Cumberland, B. C., June 9. Comrade:—Please find enclosed the amount of two dollars for subs. I might say that the seed I am casting does prove to be fruitful, as I add a couple more to the list, and that is encouragement to keep scouring the field for more, and propagate the teachings of this great working class movement, which will eliminate the evils that are the necessary outcome of this capitalist system.

Yours in revolt, A. GOODWIN.

T. Mellalleu, of Brandon, sends us \$2.00 for two yearlies with the encouraging note that there are many more to follow.

This is how they have come since last issue.

Y. H. Q.

W. L. Phillips, Fernie..... 5 2

W. Gribble..... 3 4

C. O'Brien..... 8

W. Graen, Toronto..... 8 2

H. Henderson, City..... 4

D. Alexander, Toronto..... 3

B. C., Beaverdell..... 5 5

J. Jenkins, City..... 2 1 2

P. J. Hunt, Flske, Sask..... 2

F. O. Shier, Kananaskis..... 3

A. Goodwin, Cumberland..... 3

T. Mellalleu, Brandon..... 2

C. G. Corbman, Vanguard..... 1

J. N. S., City..... 1 1

R. C. McCutcheon, Win'pg 1 3 3

W. Watta, City..... 1 1

J. Churgin, Calgary..... 1 1

F. Forst, City..... 2

Local Rossland No. 10, Sask. 1 1

H. Adie, Calgary..... 2 1

F. Hyatt, St. John, N.B..... 5 1

W. B. Bird, Regina..... 2 1 6

M. Lightstone, Ottawa..... 1 2

C. E. Scharff, Millett..... 2

Singles.

Yearlies—N. A. Withers, H. Seigfried, A. G. Ross, J. Pilkington, A. Beaton, J. H. B., T. Connor, N. Nelson, O. B. Surratt, W. L. Smith, C. M. Christiansen

Half Yearlies.—J. Joyce, J. R. K., A. R. Pearson, A. Budden, K. Johnson.

Quarterlies—G. Grazier, D. Dainvin, David Thompson, A. J. Machin.

FROM COM. O'BRIEN.

Comrade Editor.—If our membership was as active and as well informed as it could be, only the best informed would be elected to official positions in the labor movement, and there would be less deserters. It is worthy of note that those who tire of the struggle, drop by the way, and desert us, as a rule have been among our most enthusiastic and active comrades. True, most of them are not very well informed, which is perhaps the first cause for them not staying with us. Next, I suppose, is the periodical indifference of a considerable number of our membership, and the deliberate effort to shoulder all the work on the few who they know will do it rather than leave it undone. But there is a limit, and some get discouraged sooner than others; some have so little vision that they cannot appreciate the fact that in spite of apparent apathy the growth of the knowledge of Socialism among the proletariat is as rapid as it is healthy, always better than it appears locally and certainly exceeds the expectations of well informed comrades of this century. Such temperaments are apt to yield more readily than others to the temptations of the capitalist class puppets, when the condition of the market is most unfavorable for the sellers of labor power. Those of our class who are not Socialists (and even we Socialists at an early stage of our development) get discouraged with the unions, that, too, at the very time when organized effort is most needed. The more perfect the organization the more effectively we can retard the downward tendency of wages, and prevent the tyranny of petty bosses. In this age those that are not organized are at a great disadvantage.

This is only one of the many difficulties that absorb the time and energy of the union officials.

Then they must come in contact with the representatives of the capitalist class, who are always trying to discourage and to bribe them. Few of them ever get time to think beyond the whirl-pool of the struggle over the exchange of commodities; most of those who have been beyond that stage (even one-time worthy comrades) drop back, they develop the "trading mind" of the little business folk; usually they think they have advanced and that the working class movement has been standing still. They despair of ever uniting the workers, and lose sympathy for, and hope of, working class emancipation. To the enthusiast they scornfully retort: "If the labor movement ever moves."

In British Columbia Socialists have so exposed the hypocrisy of pretended difference (so far as the working class are concerned) between the Conservatives and the Liberals that for the last three or four years the elected political representatives of the rule of capital are all in one party. It is a straight fight between labor and capital. For the purpose of propaganda and with a determination to elect as many as possible the B. C. Comrades at the last election, as in former elections, nominated candidates in every constituency where they could rustle the money to pay the deposit and the other campaign expenses. It was thought we might elect several. Two of the officials of the B. C. Federation of Labor told me that they were offered campaign funds to run the election if they would nominate candidates in opposition to the Socialists, but they refused. Then the Conservatives (government) boasted that there would not be a Socialist elected. They spent an immense amount of money and did lots of political trickery, trying to make good their boast. We only elected two, though many of our comrades were disfranchised we polled 100 per cent. increase in votes.

It would appear that discouragements and temptations finally caused at least some of the officials of the B. C. Federation to regret that they had refused. Previous to coming in contact with the Socialist movement they, like myself, were ignorant slaves who had no influence, and at election could only get some cheap booze and perhaps a promise of a chance to work. Since then the labor movement picked us up, educated us, and placed us in positions of trust. Now that they are in a position to command the attention of the powers that be, had a chance to handle large sums of money (and, indeed, if they had accepted they might have been His Majesty's Most Loyal Opposition),

soon their new party could have extended to other provinces. Their official positions enabled them to live so much better than in days of yore, that they were almost out of touch with those whom they were supposed to represent. They seemed to overlook the fact that it was not they, but the organized labor movement that was forcing recognition. In the light of what we now know, it would appear that from then on they were preparing and seeking for another opportunity.

But they were, or had been members of the Socialist Party of Canada, and while it remained an aggressive educational and political working class organization, they could not, with any pretence of consistency, organize another political party.

The convention of the Trades Congress of Canada is an excellent place to lobby, to hatch schemes to catch the labor vote. A couple of the B. C. delegates took into their confidence delegates from other provinces whom they hoped to "capture." They unbosomed their scheme. "The S. P. of C. was being undermined. At an opportune time we will say it couldn't last because it was in advance of its time. We are taking advantage of the situation, and using the unions for a political party more in conformity with the prosperous conditions of this new country. Our former prominence in the Socialist movement may prevent us from being suspected, until we get in a position where we can act openly. At that time the Western Clarion (the official organ of the S. P. of C.) will cease to appear. Its subscription list will be filled by our papers" (not owned by the unions but edited by some of the officials).

The Western Clarion had ceased to appear, and the S. P. of C. was in rather a sad plight before some of us could be convinced that some of those who we supposed were doing most for the S. P. of C. were in reality doing the reverse. When the Alberta and B. C. Federationists took over the subscription list of the Western Clarion some of us were foolish enough to expect that they would become equal to the District Ledger, a worthy exponent of working class efforts—not so.

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It is sometimes difficult to resist the temptation to compromise, particularly when such temptation comes from a former comrade or comrades whom one does not suspect of having yielded. Very often these temptations have, for the time being, the appearance of not being a compromise, but most plausible propositions. In every

case they turned out to be different to what they first appeared. It requires something more than "good intentions" to always resist. The compass that enabled me to steer clear of the snares, traps and pit-falls of capitalist representatives is my contact with and the education I have derived from the modern working class movement. The former comrades who were used as candidates against us have had lots of experience, but have not made the best use of their time, for they are both very ill-informed. That is the chief reason why it was possible to use them, and almost all of those who supported them against us.

CASSIDY REPORTS.

Editor Clarion:—Having spent some weeks on Vancouver Island in the capacity of organizer it is now up to me to give a brief outline of my work there for publication.

Assisted at 28 meetings, visiting the following places: Victoria, Duncan, Ladysmith, South Wellington, Extension, Nanaimo, Brechin, Courtney, Cumberland, Alberni and Port Alberni.

Organized locals at Northfield and Extension, with 24 and 25 members respectively. In all of the mining districts especially I found the time very ripe for revolutionary propaganda. I was well received and my meetings were well attended.

Outside of Cumberland and Victoria I was surprised to find that practically no propaganda work was being carried on—always, of course, with the exception of a few old warriors who are always sure to be found, no matter where one goes. But concerted effort along this line was absolutely lacking.

There is another point which is worthy of note, considering the large Socialist vote which has been credited to the mining districts. Outside of Cumberland, the general sentimental misconceptions which one usually finds amongst the uneducated working class are prevalent to a large degree. Hence your humble servant had the "pleasure" of meeting on many occasions the products of the rotten opportunism and rotten literature which usually carries the name of Socialism, and invariably produces Christian, unchristian, industrial, reform, and various other kinds of Socialists, not forgetting the self-esteem "born democrat."

However, I did not waste any time with them, but proceeded to get busy delivering the straight goods. Undoubtedly I made a few enemies and lost a few reform votes, but I am of opinion that I knitted closer together and added a little ginger to the ranks of the revolutionary element, and after all, that is what counts. As you are aware, I have been withdrawn from this field of endeavor by your Executive, owing to the fact that finances were not forthcoming in sufficient quantity to keep me there. It might be well to say a few words in this regard, particularly as my expenses were comparatively heavy.

The population is extremely scattered and train service is very poor, making progress from one town to another very slow. Train fare is a heavy financial drain in itself, but the infrequency of the service adds still more to the expense in the form of room-rent and meals. To overcome this in the future I know of no better solution than that which was proposed in the Clarion of recent date, to become independent of the railroads by using a motor-cycle. This would eliminate train fare and give rapid and instantly available transportation to all points, at the same time allowing a large amount of literature to be carried. This would mean much to the comrades, not only in the towns, but in the outlying ranching districts and camps, which at the present time are almost impossible to reach.

Much more could be said in favor of this proposed organizing asset, but the points not mentioned will be quite obvious to all who give the matter a little thought. I am living in the hope that in the near future I will be able to return to Vancouver Island, and continue the work which lack of funds has compelled me to drop for the present. In closing, I wish to convey my thanks to the comrades who assisted me in making my work so successful, for after all an organizer is but human, and can fully appreciate any kindness which is shown him, although it may seem insignificant to the giver.

When thinking of those who did what they could to retard me in my work, I am forced to smile. Their methods were so obviously crude that they did nothing more than afford me a great deal of amusement. "Lest they forget," I would remind them that I will likely be back again in the near future delivering the same brand of goods, which is good for the rebel movement but poison for all and sundry of the reform elements, irrespective of the garb in which they may be cloaked.

Yours in Revolt,

THE UNPATRIOTIC IRISHMAN.

The only man who is ever really beaten in the game of life is the man who gives up. He beats himself.

Local Rossland No. 10, Sask. 1 1

H. Adie, Calgary..... 2 1

F. Hyatt, St. John, N.B..... 5 1

W. B. Bird, Regina..... 2 1 6

M. Lightstone, Ottawa..... 1 2

C. E. Scharff, Millett..... 2

Singles.

Yearlies—N. A. Withers, H. Seigfried, A. G. Ross, J. Pilkington, A. Beaton, J. H. B., T. Connor, N. Nelson, O. B. Surratt, W. L. Smith, C. M. Christiansen

Half Yearlies.—J. Joyce, J. R. K., A. R. Pearson, A. Budden, K. Johnson.

Quarterlies—G. Grazier, D. Dainvin, David Thompson, A. J. Machin.

FROM COM. O'BRIEN.

Comrade Editor.—If our membership was as active and as well informed as it could be, only the best informed would be elected to official positions in the labor movement, and there would be less deserters. It is worthy of note that those who tire of the struggle, drop by the way, and desert us, as a rule have been among our most enthusiastic and active comrades. True, most of them are not very well informed, which is perhaps the first cause for them not staying with us. Next, I suppose, is the periodical indifference of a considerable number of our membership, and the deliberate effort to shoulder all the work on the few who they know will do it rather than leave it undone. But there is a limit, and some get discouraged sooner than others; some have so little vision that they cannot appreciate the fact that in spite of apparent apathy the growth of the knowledge of Socialism among the proletariat is as rapid as it is healthy, always better than it appears locally and certainly exceeds the expectations of well informed comrades of this century. Such temperaments are apt to yield more readily than others to the temptations of the capitalist class puppets, when the condition of the market is most unfavorable for the sellers of labor power. Those of our class who are not Socialists (and even we Socialists at an early stage of our development) get discouraged with the unions, that, too, at the very time when organized effort is most needed. The more perfect the organization the more effectively we can retard the downward tendency of wages, and prevent the tyranny of petty bosses. In this age those that are not organized are at a great disadvantage.

This is only one of the many difficulties that absorb the time and energy of the union officials.

Then they must come in contact with the representatives of the capitalist class, who are always trying to discourage and to bribe them. Few of them ever get time to think beyond the whirl-pool of the struggle over the exchange of commodities; most of those who have been beyond that stage (even one-time worthy comrades) drop back, they develop the "trading mind" of the little business folk; usually they think they have advanced and that the working class movement has been standing still. They despair of ever uniting the workers, and lose sympathy for, and hope of, working class emancipation. To the enthusiast they scornfully retort: "If the labor movement ever moves."

In British Columbia Socialists have so exposed the hypocrisy of pretended difference (so far as the working class are concerned) between the Conservatives and the Liberals that for the last three or four years the elected political representatives of the rule of capital are all in one party. It is a straight fight between labor and capital. For the purpose of propaganda and with a determination to elect as many as possible the B. C. Comrades at the last election, as in former elections, nominated candidates in every constituency where they could rustle the money to pay the deposit and the other campaign expenses. It was thought we might elect several. Two of the officials of the B. C. Federation of Labor told me that they were offered campaign funds to run the election if they would nominate candidates in opposition to the Socialists, but they refused. Then the Conservatives (government) boasted that there would not be a Socialist elected. They spent an immense amount of money and did lots of political trickery, trying to make good their boast. We only elected two, though many of our comrades were disfranchised we polled 100 per cent. increase in votes.

It would appear that discouragements and temptations finally caused at least some of the officials of the B. C. Federation to regret that they had refused. Previous to coming in contact with the Socialist movement they, like myself, were ignorant slaves who had no influence, and at election could only get some cheap booze and perhaps a promise of a chance to work. Since then the labor movement picked us up, educated us, and placed us in positions of trust. Now that they are in a position to command the attention of the powers that be, had a chance to handle large sums of money (and, indeed, if they had accepted they might have been His Majesty's Most Loyal Opposition),

soon their new party could have extended to other provinces. Their official positions enabled them to live so much better than in days of yore, that they were almost out of touch with those whom they were supposed to represent. They seemed to overlook the fact that it was not they, but the organized labor movement that was forcing recognition. In the light of what we now know, it would appear that from then on they were preparing and seeking for another opportunity.

But they were, or had been members of the Socialist Party of Canada, and while it remained an aggressive educational and political working class organization, they could not, with any pretence of consistency, organize another political party.

The convention of the Trades Congress of Canada is an excellent place to lobby, to hatch schemes to catch the labor vote. A couple of the B. C. delegates took into their confidence delegates from other provinces whom they hoped to "capture." They unbosomed their scheme. "The S. P. of C. was being undermined. At an opportune time we will say it couldn't last because it was in advance of its time. We are taking advantage of the situation, and using the unions for a political party more in conformity with the prosperous conditions of this new country. Our former prominence in the Socialist movement may prevent us from being suspected, until we get in a position where we can act openly. At that time the Western Clarion (the official organ of the S. P. of C.) will cease to appear. Its subscription list will be filled by our papers" (not owned by the unions but edited by some of the officials).

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THE IRON HEEL

BY JACK LONDON

CHAPTER I. My Eagle

The soft summer wind stirs the redwoods, and Wild-Water ripples sweet cadences over its mossy stones. There are butterflies in the sunshine, and from everywhere arises the drowsy hum of bees. It is so quiet and peaceful, and I sit here, and ponder, and am restless. It is the quiet that makes me restless. It seems unreal. All the world is quiet, but it is the quiet before the storm. I strain my ears, and all my senses, for some betrayal of that impending storm. Oh, that it may not be premature! That it may not be premature!

Small wonder that I am restless. I think, and think, and I cannot cease from thinking. I have been in the thick of life so long that I am oppressed by the peace and quiet, and I cannot forbear from dwelling upon that mad maelstrom of death and destruction so soon to burst forth. In my ears are the cries of the stricken; and I can see, as I have seen in the past (2), all the marring and mangling of the sweet, beautiful flesh, and the souls torn with violence from proud bodies and hurled to God. Thus do we poor humans attain our ends, striving from carnage and destruction to bring lasting peace and happiness upon the earth.

And then I am lonely. When I do not think of what is to come, I think of what has been and is no more—my Eagle, beating with tireless wings the void, soaring toward what was ever his sun, the flaming ideal of human freedom. I cannot sit idly by and wait the great event that is his making, though he is not here to see. He devoted all the years of his manhood to it, and for it he gave his life. It is his handiwork. He made it. (3)

And so it is, in this anxious time of waiting, that I shall write of my husband. There is much light that I alone of all persons living can throw upon his character, and so noble a character cannot be biased forth too brightly. His was a great soul, and, when my love grows unselfish, my chiefest regret is that he is not here to witness tomorrow's dawn. We cannot fail. He has built too stoutly and too surely for that. Woe to the Iron Heel! Soon shall it be thrust back from off prostrate humanity. When the word goes forth, the labor hosts of all the world shall rise. There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. The solidarity of labor is assured, and for the first time will there be an international revolution wide as the world is wide. (4)

You see, I am full of what is impending. I have lived it day and night utterly and for so long that it is ever present in my mind. For that matter, I cannot think of my husband without thinking of it. He was the soul of it, and how can I possibly separate the two in thought?

As I have said, there is much light that I alone can throw upon his character. It is well known that he toiled hard for liberty and suffered sore. How hard he toiled and how greatly he suffered, I well know; for I have been with him during these twenty anxious years and I know his patience, his untiring effort, his infinite devotion to the Cause for which, only two months gone, he laid down his life. I shall try to write simply and to tell here how Ernest Everhard entered my life—how I first met him, how he grew until I became a part of him, and the tremendous changes he wrought in my life. In this way you look at him through my eyes and learn him as I learned him—in all save the things too secret and sweet for me to tell.

It was in February, 1912, that I first met him, when, as a guest of my father's (5) at dinner, he came to our house in Berkeley. I cannot say that my very first impression of him was favorable. He was one of many at dinner, and in the drawing-room where we gathered and waited for all to arrive, he made a rather incongruous appearance. It was "preacher night," as my father privately called it, and Ernest was certainly out of place in the midst of the churchmen.

In the first place, his clothes did not fit him. He wore a ready-made suit of dark cloth that was ill adjusted to his body. In fact, no ready-made suit of clothes could fit his body. And on this night, as always, the cloth bulged with his muscles, while the coat between the shoulders, what of the heavy shoulder-development, was a maze of wrinkles. His neck was the neck of a prize-fighter (6), thick and strong. So this was the social philosopher and ex-horseshoer my father had discovered, was my thought. And he certainly looked it with those bulging muscles and that bull-throat. Immediately I classified him—a sort of prodigy, I thought, a Blind Tom (7) of the working class.

And then, when he shook hands with me! His handshake was firm and strong, but he looked at me boldly with his black eyes—too boldly, I thought. You see, I was a creature of environment, and at that time had strong class instincts. Such boldness on the part of a man of my own class would have been almost unforgivable. I know that I could not avoid dropping my eyes, and I was quite relieved when I passed him on and turned to greet Bishop Morehouse—a favorite of mine, a sweet and serious man of middle age, Christlike in appearance and goodness, and a scholar as well.

But this boldness that I took to be presumption was a vital clew to the nature of Ernest Everhard. He was simple, direct, afraid of nothing, and he refused to waste time on conventional mannerisms. "You pleased me," he explained long afterward; "and why should I not fill my eyes with that which pleases me?" I have said that he was afraid of nothing.

He was a natural aristocrat—and this in spite of the fact that he was in the camp of the non-aristocrats. He was a superman, a blond beast such as Nietzsche has described, and in addition he was aflame with democracy.

In the interest of our meeting the other guests, and what of my unfavorable impression, I forgot all about the working-class philosopher, though once or twice at table I noticed him—especially the twinkle in his eye as he listened to the talk first of one minister and then of another. He has humor, I thought, and I almost forgave him his clothes. But the time went by, and the dinner went by, and he never opened his mouth to speak, while the ministers talked interminably about the working class and its relation to the church, and what the church had done and was doing for it. I noticed that my father was annoyed because Ernest did not talk. Once father took advantage of a lull and asked him to say something; but Ernest shrugged his shoulders and with an "I have nothing to say" went on eating salted almonds.

But father was not to be denied. After a while he said:

"We have with us a member of the working class. I am sure that he can present things from a new point of view that will be interesting and refreshing. I refer to Mr. Everhard."

The others betrayed a well-mannered interest, and urged Ernest for a statement of his views. Their attitude toward him was so broadly tolerant and kindly that it was really patronizing. And I saw that Ernest noted it and was amazed. He looked slowly about him, and I saw the glint of laughter in his eyes.

"I am not versed in the courtesies of ecclesiastical controversy," he began, and then hesitated with modesty and indecision.

"Go on," they urged, and Dr. Hammerfield said: "We do not mind the truth that is in any man. If it is sincere," he amended.

"Then you separate sincerity from truth?" Ernest laughed quickly.

Dr. Hammerfield gasped, and managed to answer, "The best of us may be mistaken, young man, the best of us."

Ernest's manner changed on the instant. He became another man.

"All right, then," he answered; "and let me begin by saying that you are all mistaken. You know nothing, and worse than nothing about the working class. Your sociology is as vicious and worthless as is your method of thinking."

It was not so much what he said as how he said it. I roused at the first sound of his voice. It was as bold as his eyes. It was a clarion-call that thrilled me. And the whole table was aroused, shaken alive from monotony and drowsiness.

"What is so dreadfully vicious and worthless in our method of thinking, young man?" Dr. Hammerfield demanded, and already there was something unpleasant in his voice and manner of utterance.

"You are metaphysicians. You can prove anything by metaphysics; and having done so, every metaphysician can prove every other metaphysician wrong—to his own satisfaction. You are anarchists in the realm of thought. And you are mad cosmos-makers. Each of you dwells in a cosmos of his own making, created out of his own fancies and desires. You do not know the real world in which you live, and your thinking has no place in the real world except in so far as it is phenomena of mental aberration."

"Do you know what I was reminded of as I sat at table and listened to you talk and talk? You reminded me for all the world of the scholastics of the Middle Ages who gravely and learnedly debated the absorbing question of how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. Why, my dear sirs, you are as remote from the intellectual life of the twentieth century as an Indian medicine-man making incantation in the primeval forests ten thousand years ago."

As Ernest talked he seemed in a fine passion; his face glowed, his eyes snapped and flashed, and his chin and jaw were eloquent with aggressiveness. But it was only a way he had. It always aroused people. His smashing, sledge-hammer manner of attack invariably made them forget themselves. And they were forgetting themselves now. Bishop Morehouse was leaning forward and listening intently. Exasperation and anger were flushing the face of Dr. Hammerfield. And others were exasperated, too, and some were smiling in an amused and superior way. As for myself, I found it most enjoyable. I glanced at father, and I was afraid he was going to giggle at the affect of this human bombshell he had been guilty of launching amongst us.

"Your terms are rather vague," Dr. Hammerfield interrupted. "Just precisely what do you mean when you call us metaphysicians?"

"I call you metaphysicians because you reason metaphysically," Ernest went on. "Your method of reasoning

is the opposite to that of science. There is no validity to your conclusions. You can prove everything and nothing, and no two of you can agree upon anything. Each of you goes into his own consciousness to explain himself and the universe. As well may you lift yourselves by your own bootstraps as to explain consciousness by consciousness."

"I do not understand," Bishop Morehouse said. "It seems to me that all things of the mind are metaphysical. That most exact and convincing of all sciences, mathematics, is sheerly metaphysical. Each and every thought-process of the scientific reasoner is metaphysical. Surely you will agree with me?"

"As you say, you do not understand," Ernest replied. "The metaphysician reasons deductively out of his own subjectivity. The scientist reasons inductively from the facts of experience. The metaphysician reasons from theory to facts, the scientist from facts to theory. The metaphysician explains the universe by himself, the scientist explains himself by the universe."

"Thank God we are not scientists," Dr. Hammerfield murmured complacently.

"What are you then?" Ernest demanded.

"Philosophers."

"There you go," Ernest laughed. "You have left the real and solid earth and are up in the air with a word for a flying machine. Pray come down to earth and tell me precisely what you do mean by philosophy."

"Philosophy is—" (Dr. Hammerfield paused and cleared his throat)—"something that cannot be defined comprehensively except to such minds and temperaments as are philosophical. The narrow scientist with his nose in a test-tube cannot understand philosophy."

Ernest ignored the thrust. It was always his way to turn the point back upon an opponent, and he did it now, with a beaming brotherliness of face and utterance.

"Then you will undoubtedly understand the definition I shall now make of philosophy. But before I make it, I shall challenge you to point out error in it or to remain a silent metaphysician. Philosophy is merely the widest science of all. Its reasoning method is the same as that of any particular science and of all particular sciences. And by that same method of reasoning, the inductive method, philosophy fuses all particular sciences into one great science. As Spencer says, the

data of any particular science are partially unified knowledge. Philosophy unifies the knowledge that is contributed by all the sciences. Philosophy is the science of science, the master science, if you please. How do you like my definition?"

"Very creditable, very creditable," Dr. Hammerfield muttered lamely. But Ernest was merciless.

"Remember," he warned, "my definition is fatal to metaphysics. If you do not point out a flaw in my definition, you are disqualified later on from advancing metaphysical arguments. You must go through life seeking that flaw and remaining metaphysically silent until you have found it."

Ernest waited. The silence was painful. Dr. Hammerfield was pained. He was also puzzled. Ernest's sledge-hammer attack disconcerted him. He was not used to the simple and direct method of controversy. He looked appealingly around the table, but no one answered for him. I caught father grinning into his napkin.

(To be continued)

(1) The Second Revolt was largely the work of Ernest Everhard, though he co-operated, of course, with the European leaders. The capture and secret execution of Everhard was the great event of the spring of 1932 A.D. Yet so thoroughly had he prepared for the revolt, that his fellow-conspirators were able, with little confusion or delay, to carry out his plans. It was after Everhard's execution that his wife went to Wake Robin Lodge, a small bungalow in the Sonoma Hills of California.

(2) Without doubt she here refers to the Chicago Commune.

(3) With all respect to Avis Everhard, it must be pointed out that Everhard was but one of many able leaders who planned the Second Revolt. And we, today, looking back across the centuries, can safely say that even had he lived, the Second Revolt would not have been less calamitous in its outcome than it was.

(4) The Second Revolt was truly international. It was a colossal plan—too colossal to be wrought by the genius of one man alone. Labor in all the oligarchies of the world, was prepared to rise at the signal. Germany, Italy, France, and all Australasia were labor countries—socialist states. They were ready to lend aid to the revolution. Gallantly they did; and it was for this reason, when the Second Revolt was crushed, that they too, were crushed by the united oligarchies of the world, their socialist governments being replaced by oligarchical governments.

(5) Oliver Lodge and other students in the new field of radio-activity.

(6) In that day it was the custom of men to compete for purses of money. They fought with their hands. When one was beaten into insensibility or killed, the survivor took the money.

(7) This obscure reference applies to a blind negro musician who took the world by storm in the latter half of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

(By Victor Edwards)

You mar a maid's life for your pleasure,
You rob a man's strength for your gain,
You heap up your wealth beyond measure,
From agonized muscle and brain;
You have squandered our life-blood for ages,
You have mocked at our travail and grief,
Starvation and tears are our wages,
Till Death brings relief.

Rejoice then, be happy, make revel
With the luxuries that you possess;
And heed not the slumbering devil
In the hearts of the slaves you oppress;
Go, pile up your gold and your treasure
Till your coffers shall burst with their weight,
You are heaping a mightier measure,
A measure of hate.

The hate of the famishing mother,
With the babe lying dead on her breast;
The hate of the father and brother,
When the fate of the daughter is guessed;
The deep, dumb, hate of the ages,
That soon shall burst forth like a flood,
Then, then shall you gather your wages—
A harvest of blood.

A harvest that drew its nutrition
From suffering, famine and tears;
That harvest shall reach its fruition
In the time of the fullness of years,
And the world-old truth be repeated—
"Ye meted out sorrow and pain,
That self-same woe shall be meted
Unto you again."

When your doom is fulfilled to the letter,
When at last the long debt has been paid,
Then the toiler shall break every fetter,
And no man shall make him afraid.
In the light of a glorious morrow
He will stand in the joy of his might,
And the ghosts of oppression and sorrow
Will vanish with night.

COMRADE

By M. GORKI.

(Translated by N. Nelson.)

Amid the obscure vanity of affliction and misfortune in the convulsive skirmish of greed and want—through the cloaca of petty selfishness—over the cellars of houses inhabited by the poverty that created the wealth of the city—single dreamers wandered unnoticed about. Full of faith in man they were—those strange and remote preachers of discontent—rebellious sparks of a distant flame of truth. Secretly would they bring with them into the cellars ever fruitful little seeds of a simple and a great teaching.

Now harshly with a cold glance in their eyes, now mildly and lovingly would they sow that bright, burning truth in the dark hearts of human slaves, of men that were turned by the power of greed and the will of cruelty into deaf and dumb tools of profit.

And the world of obscure and oppressed slaves under the music of the new words, music which their aching hearts had long and vaguely longed for—began to raise their heads—grad-

ually and slowly—tearing to pieces the nets of cunning lies thrown over them by powerful and greedy oppressors.

Into their life overloaded with profound animosity, their hearts poisoned by numerous insults—into their consciousness obstructed by variegated lies of the wisdom of the powerful—into that hard and gloomy life overburdened with bitterness of humiliation—was thrown a simple, serene word: COMRADE.

It wasn't new to them; they had heard it and would utter it themselves long before, yet it had sounded to them as empty and dull as many other known words, which one may forget with no loss.

But now—serene and strong—it acquired a new tone, another soul began to sing in it, hard and glittering like a jewel it became.

They received and began to utter it carefully, cautiously, lovingly rocking it, like an admiring mother rocks her child in a cradle.

And the deeper they looked into the clear soul of the word, the clearer, brighter and more significant it appeared to them.

THE POOR SAVAGE.

The poor ignorant savage ventured to put a few questions to the pious missionary who wished to save him from his benighted condition, and to confer upon him the benefits of civilization.

"You say that I should work?" "Yes, certainly, my good brother. Satan finds evil for idle hands to do!"

"Who is Satan?" "He is the devil."

"Does he live in your country, then?" "Alas, my sinful friend, he lives everywhere," said the good man.

"Well, he's never done me any harm," said the savage, "so I think I'd better stay as I am."

"No, no!" cried the good man. "Your life of idleness is wicked."

"Do all the people work in your country?" asked the savage.

"Yes."

"Work hard?" "Um—most of them."

And are all those who work hard quite happy?" "Er—no," replied the missionary, hesitatingly.

"Why is that?" "Well, you see, there is a great deal of poverty," the good man explained.

"What! Among those who work hard?" asked the poor savage in surprise.

"Yes, it is indeed so," admitted the good man.

"Then, I suppose those who do not work at all have an awfully bad time?"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact, they are so rich that they need not work."

The savage mused in silence for a time.

"What do you mean by poverty?" he asked.

"Not having enough to eat nor good houses to live in," the missionary explained.

"Why is that? Is there a scarcity of food in your land?"

"N—o," said the good man, slowly; "there is plenty of food, but don't you understand, they are poor, and have little money, so, of course, cannot buy much food, nor afford nice houses."

"But I think you said they worked very hard" said the poor savage, with patience at the other's stupidity.

"Yes, that is so."

"Why do they work so hard?" "To get money to buy food," replied the missionary with a touch of impatience at the other's stupidity.

"Well, why don't they buy the food?" said the savage. "Do they like being hungry?"

"Of course not, but they don't earn enough."

"And yet they work as hard as they can, I suppose?"

"Yes."

The savage pondered before he spoke again. "On this island," he said, "I do not have to work to any extent, and when I'm hungry I take my food from the trees or the sea. By the way, what do you call your country?"

"Civilization," replied the good man, blushing slightly.

"I don't think it would be good for me if your customs were introduced here," said the poor savage, thoughtfully. "You will pardon me, sir, if I say that I think your country is a fool of a place. Good afternoon. Mind the snake."—B. Trevallion in *Machinists' Journal*.

Comrade! would they say. It seemed as if that word had come to unite the whole world, to raise all men to heights of freedom and bind them with new and firm ties of respect for one another, respect for freedom of man for the sake of his freedom.

It sounded among the false words of the present like a joyful message of the future, of a coming new life, equally accessible to all—a new life distant or near.

Those who made known that word, and have put into it flesh and blood, calling with a Clarion voice to unite,—those men had faces beaming with a proud feeling of young creators. It was clear that the power—they had so generously planted into that living word—is immovable, imperishable, inexhaustible.

Already gray blind crowds of people gathered somewhere armed against them: thus the ferocity of oppressors prepared for setting back the wave of justice.

And in the streets of the huge city, between the silent cold walls erected by unknown masters, there grew and ripened a great belief in men—in the brotherhood of all.

Here and there shimmered a spark destined to become a flame that will cover the world with a feeling of kinship of all men,—a flame that will embrace the world and burn and turn to ashes animosity, hatred, a cruelty mutilating us,—it will embrace all hearts and unite them in one—the Heart of the World, a heart of just and noble men—one harmonious family of workers.

In the streets of the town created by slaves, in streets where cruelty reigned, there grew ever stronger a faith in man, in his conquest over himself and the evil of the world.

And amid the dim chaos of a rest-

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less and miserable life,—like a jubilant star, like a guiding fire of the future, glimmered a simple word, deep as the heart—
Comrade.

ST. JOHN, N. B.
Editor Clarion:—Herewith \$5.50 for Western Clarion, a dollar I sent last week making \$6.50. I am surprised that some of our Locals omit to patronize their official organ. Local St. John has contributed their quota for 13 weeks, making a total of \$15. If we can do this in this benighted city, why not others? If every member would patronize the paper we should be having a weekly. Buck up, comrades, and do your share.
F. HYATT, Organizer,
St. John, N.B.

NEVER RUN DOWN THE SOCIALISTS.

"Reggie, my boy, don't run down the Socialists. Remember, God made Socialists just the same as He made bugs, fleas, greybacks, worms, slugs, toads, lizards, snakes, microbes and all other slimy creeping things. What He made them for God Himself only knows. But never run them down, there's a good boy."
(The above was distributed in unorganized parts of the Rocky Mountain constituency before the election.)