Owned and controlled by the Socialist Party of Canada

WESTERN CLARION

Published in the interest of the Working Class alone

NUMBER 729. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1913. Subscription Price PER YEAR $1.00

MELO-DRAMATIC BLOOD AND THUNDER!

OUR COMIC-OPERA RULERS

The Funny Side of the McBride Bowser Troupe of Barn-Storming Politicians

A scribe on the 'Frisco "Examiner," while bringing his meal ticket up to date, lets loose the flood-gates of a "Waterman's Ideal" in lamentations that the Billicans should have decreed to British Columbia the person of Sir Richard the Beauteous—which emphasizes the old saw that a prophet never fails to land the bacon save in his own back alley.

Sir Richard, So Beauteous, Yet So Wise

So gentle, yet oh! so courageous! (God's wounds! Do I not remember, in Fernie it was, some years ago, at a public meeting, when the president of the Conservative Association of Coal Creek, having imbibed more of Hiram B. than the preacher ordered, insisted upon interrupting the Knightly One's speech? Sir Richard, there, in the full glare of the calcium, before all men's eyes, bellowed at his tormentor, "If you want to start something, I am ready," and I remember how the Conservative ink-pots resounded with the praise of him for thus halting the Socialist movement!)

In days to come, when men shall boast of what they have seen and heard; when one shall say: "The awful Tragedy of 'Frisco unfolded itself before my eyes"; when another, that Pelee vomited forth her fiery deaths within range of his vision; and others similar super-stupendous tales shall relate, I can say: "Ah, gentlemen, indeed, indeed have you seen strange and wonderful things! BUT I HAVE HEARD SIR RICHARD ROAR!" and if that don't get their goat may I never hold better than two of a kind.

How my heart was affrighted when I heard he was to sail to England, alas! perhaps never to return. Who then would defend our coasts? But in that darkest hour arose Bottom the Bowser, saying: "Let me play the lion! I will roar, that I will make the people say, 'Let him roar again! Let him roar again!'" "Ere morning," roared he, "a thousand things in His Majesty's uniform shall be on the ground. This is my answer," etc., etc.

When the last vestige of bolstered, re-buttressed, cement-anchored human construction shall have become a shapeless mass, and the pyramids have disappeared a hundred fathoms beneath the desert's dusty face, with tongues unborn and accents yet unknown shall children lisp those forceful words! Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes shall out-live that mighty roar! Where can we find a parallel? Not in the recorded annals of time. Way back in the heroic days of Homer we have Ajax defying his mother-in-law. Centuries later we have young Ammon doing the Oliver Twist [illegible] over unconquerable worlds. Centuries later still we have a man-god cursing a fig tree which was so inconsiderate as to refuse to bear fruit out of season. But these are but the cooing of turtle doves compared to the

Thunder-roll of Bottom the Bowser!

and have approximately the same resemblance to it as have the feeble rays at the southern-most end of a lightning-bug unto the glorious splendor of a tropic noon-day sun.

Never was there such a sample of exalted patriotism, of complete self-abnegation, of unswerving honesty of purpose!—except perhaps, the historic occasion when an obstreperous and unknown Mick threw the overalls into Mrs. Murphy's chowder. Nor could the consternation have been greater in that classic event than that which was occasioned by the advent of those thousand half-nude human clothes-horses upon the war-harried plains of Vancouver Island.

It is said of these bold warriors that they quaked with dread with landing, but surely this is a calumny! Doubtless they quaked; but could even gallant Bottom the Bowser have stilled the spasmodic tremors of his limbs when every nerve in his system bespoke the unseemly and unprotected condition of his knees and upward? I trow not.

Thoughtless people declare that Bottom the Bowser dealt unfairly with the striking miners. But consider, gentlemen. Could he desert his friends and acquaintances? Show me the striker that has ever bellied-up to the same bar with him, or fraternised in the same gentlemen's club.

Think of that other histrionic utterance of his—how he desired to be buried on the shores of Burrard Inlet, among the rank and file of the Conservative and other spineless creatures whom he loved (during elections, and in soup). Are the strikers of the rank and file of the Conservative party or invertebrata? Irrefutable evidence to the contrary is procurable. Be reasonable, gentlemen! Consider the circumstances. Isabella, harrassed by lust-provoked angels, has declared that

Man Dressed in a Little Brief Authority
"Most ignorant of what he most assumed,
This glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep."

True enough of mankind in general. But no man could with justice apply it to Bottom the Bowser. No, Siree! No one could honestly assert that this great man's antics resembled in the slightest degree those of an angry ape.

Take his latest utterance. He claims to have information that the operators will not discriminate against any striker who will return to work, and anticipates an early resumption of operations. He calls for a "common-sense view" of the situation, in order that the mining industry may not be temporarily injured. Now, were we discussing an ordinary human, we might suspect that our gallant Bottom had been reprimanded by his boss, and told he was expected to get a ten-cent move on. We might even believe he was prostituting his office by using his influence to divide the strikers, by instilling suspicion of each other into their minds, thereby causing a stampede.

While we know that the abnormal distance between his bejewelled stomach and that spot in the human anatomy where a special policeman's spine ought to be was not developed by swinging on a pick, we also know (although we cannot prove it) that he is not the hireling of the coal-owners. We "need men in Western Canada," as the "Examiner" scribe says, and if Sir Richard could do much for the United States, what could not Bowser do? Ere the "manana" he would have Mexico as quiet as a tied ball game in the last innings, with two men out and the bags all occupied. He would drain the Pacific to knee depth (more would be superfluous) and with his gallant half-clad warriors and their valiant colonel would cross over, jiu jitsu Japan, and never wet a kilt. From whence he would proceed to the Sulu Sea, and mounting a small volcano, would emit one roar, and the Moro warriors would subside, as subsided the walls of Jericho before the bugle-band of the god of blood.

Nor would his X-rayed skirted warriors tremble, for in that favored land the sun shines on both sides of the banana grove, and the dusky warriors go to battle clothed in nought but chastity and blamed little of that, yet tremble not.

And after all, is it not better, in whatever latitude and under whatsoever government, to be "cauld wi' the kilt" than "kilt wi' the cauld"? We should worry.

Well, Sir, 'twould be a grand plan to trade off Bowser to the States. They could give his talents scope. If asked for a preference of what we trade him for, I should suggest the Katzenjammer Kids, who if less amusing, are much more dignified.

—J. H.

Holland has just elected its first Socialist to the Senate.

Knowledge and oppression cannot exist together.

Fools argue whilst wise men talk it over.

It is the worker who inspires the scholar. Action has outsped Theory. The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.

The French Socialists have scored a new victory in the District of Charolles, where they elected a National Deputy over the Progressives and Radicals.

If a sufficient number of locals or comrades will guarantee to take a certain quantity of leaflets for free distribution, every month or week, paying for same as ordered, a start can be made this fall. The Executive has no money available for the purpose.

There are only three ways of acquiring wealth: first, to create it with your own labor; second, to have it given to you; and third, to steal it. Those who create it with their own labor rest their case here; the multi-millionaire can now take the stand and explain how he got his'n.—Ex.

"The dawn of a better day is drawing nigh. So let us struggle and strive onward, regardless of 'where' and 'when' the boundary posts of a new and better age for mankind will be raised. If we should fail in the course of this great struggle for liberation, others will take our place. We will fail with the consciousness of having done our duty as human beings, and with the conviction that the goal will be attained, no matter how the powers hostile to humanity may oppose and resist the triumphal march of progress."

Over fifty Nanaimo "citizens" joined the newly formed militia corps that is to defend "our" empire. But why form it whilst a strike is on if it is only to defend some foreign enemy?

The first serious accident occurred at the newly opened Jingle Pot mine last week when a union miner was badly injured by a shot. During the "operation" of the different mines on the Island by strike-breakers dozens of these would-be miners have regretted the day they put foot into a mine because of the accidents that have befallen them. The hundreds of gravestones in the district bearing the words "killed in the mines" are silent witnesses of the price that miners or would-be miners must pay in the production of wealth.

Propaganda Meeting
HELD EVERY SUNDAY EVENING.
IN THE
EMPRESS THEATRE
Hastings St. East
In the Interests of the Working Class alone.
Doors open 7.30.
QUESTIONS — DISCUSSION

FROM THE MAYOR OF CUMBERLAND

Sir:—

During the past few weeks there have been so many conflicting reports regarding industrial conditions in this vicinity, that I feel called upon—although with reluctance because of the official position I occupy as Mayor of this town—to give what appears to me, an accurate account of the more important features of the miners' strike as it has affected the peace of this city, and the chief events connected therewith. As to the cause of this strike and the arbitrary powers the officials of the Colliery Company have taken occasion to exercise I will not dwell upon; instead, I shall endeavor to show that the strikers, who from the inception of this trouble have numbered between four and five hundred persons not including any members of their families—are and have been—notwithstanding the fact that they have had at times to suffer the most extreme provocation and insult—one of the most peaceful and orderly communities in this Province. I shall also show that the invasion of this city last September by twenty or thirty mounted police, and one hundred or so special and provincial police, also the entrance into this peaceful city by three hundred and fifty of the militia and soldiers with two maxim guns are instances of imbecility, not to say insanity, that would be difficult to find paralelled in the history of the British Empire. If the same act was perpetrated in any part of Great Britain for so little cause, no Government could stand the ridicule that would be heaped upon it.

The fact should be continually borne in mind that at no time since the beginning of this strike have the Police Commissioners or the City Council seen any occasion in which it was necessary in maintaining the peace, or preventing the destruction of private property. When the Provincial authorities last September saw fit to cause the invasion of this city by a horde of special and mounted police, a few days sufficed to show that they were not required, which caused their removal, excepting a few individuals who were left for the most part to guard the Colliery Company's property.

From that September day almost one year ago, when the strike commenced, to July 19th, the court records will show that there was not one case of serious disturbance or one dollar's worth of property destroyed. When this fact is remembered and the uphill battle the men have had to fight against destitution, provocation, insults from within and without, and the knowledge that they need expect no assistance or sympathy from those who have the power to cause an investigation of their grievances, serious though they be, it is a remarkable fact that these men have so much control over themselves as to respect the law.

This peaceful state of affairs continued to the 19th of July, which date happened to be the Company's payday. Because of an occurrence which took place in the evening of this day, an event which in most places would be the rule rather than the exception, under like circumstances, the Provincial authorities saw the necessity of sending a regiment of militia and soldiers with maxim guns to maintain the peace.

A week or so previous to the above mentioned date rumors became current that a number of strike-breakers would raid the town. It may be explained that not less than 90 per cent. of the Company's present white employees live on the outside of the city (Chinatown, Negrotown and Japtown, also some distance from the city comprise a population of approximately 3000). As these rumors were rather vague little credence was put in them by the authorities. However, on the evening of the 19th, and as rumored, a procession of these strike-breakers marched into the town, headed by a fellow whose very appearance was sufficient to be a menace to the peace of the city under such circumstances. As would certainly be expected, a crowd quickly gathered, but apart from a little excitement, and as the employees already mentioned quickly dispersed, the trouble was over within fifteen minutes.

Now as a sequence to this, it would be expected that the ringleaders who started this disturbance would have been the first to be arrested. The strikers have maintained that the Provincial Police have exerted their power against them unreasonably, and in the light of recent events one is inclined to believe that the accusation may be correct; if otherwise, why have these police not arrested a single one of that gang who ostensibly came into the town for the purpose of creating a disturbance? What is their motive in having a charge of unlawful assembly laid against Mr. Naylor, the President of the local miners' union? He is accused of inciting the men to riot on this night; does any one who knows this man believe this monstrous accusation? Do even his defamers believe it? For a considerable time I have known Mr. Naylor intimately, and from that intimacy a respect has grown greater than for any one in this town. Repeatedly I have known him to warn the men to be careful, to keep away from the booze, and not give cause to their enemies to lay a criminal charge against them. One of his favorite expressions was: "This strike is to be won on the strength of union principles, and not by breaking the law." His control over himself and over the strikers has earned him the respect of every thinking person in this town. May there not be considerable truth in the prevailing suspicion that there is a concocted plan to ruin this man, as thereby a long step would be gained towards destroying the cause he represents?

So long as the miners will elect men to their Executive Board of the same principle, judgment and calibre as those on the present Board, so long will they continue to have the sympathy of the constituted authorities of this city. And in the same manner until the Provincial Government elect men who are able to discern right from wrong, and do their duty without fear or favor, so long will that government continue to deserve the contempt of every right thinking individual.

People should be slow to accept all the statements regarding this strike, particularly those as reported on the front pages of newspapers. On three different occasions it has been reported that the Trent River bridge over which it is necessary for the Company's shipments of coal to go in order to reach Union Bay, was blown up. Presumably a miner should have considerable knowledge of powder and the amount required to destroy a bridge of this description. Has any serious damage been done to this structure so far? The miners here treat these reports simply as a joke. A few weeks ago it was blazoned from one end of the country to the other that two I. W. W. men were caught red-handed attempting to set fire to the wharves at Union Bay. One of these is now working for the Company, the other was told to leave the town. It was said that two hundred men were on their way to this town from Nanaimo with the intention of committing all kinds of depredation. Is it not obviously evident, as to how these reports originate and their purpose?

It is unfortunate that people living in the country and the larger cities do not understand the miners as a class, realize the conditions under which they labor, or the tremendous odds which they have to fight in their endeavor to secure better living and working conditions. The Labor Commission who were here recently for the purpose of investigating conditions realized before they left that a miner's pay is totally inadequate for the work he performs, to say nothing of the danger to life and limb to which he is continually exposed. Although the population here is very cosmopolitan, it would be difficult to find a more intelligent, generous, or law-abiding people. Having lived in this town continuously for over twelve years, I have an intimate knowledge of the life of the inhabitants, and existing conditions. I also know that because of their intelligence, they shall gain the end they clearly have in view, notwithstanding all the intimidation put in force by all the powers that be, an end that shall ultimately be gained in its fullest measure at the ballot box.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

WOMAN AND SOCIALISM

The question of women, or the Woman Question has been agitating the minds of thinking people for some years past. Whenever men foregather to discuss modern society there this bogey of today thrusts itself forward, obscuring or retarding for the time being the discussion of any other subject.

There seems to be a perfect mania for analyzing woman and her "peculiar" actions and point of view. Woman, unfortunate creature, is being examined from all possible angles and apparently without the examiners arriving at any thing satisfactory. The ordinary man seems determined to regard her as a supreme mystery, the biologist examines her as a collection of molecules, the physicist as a dissipator of energy, the psychologist as a mental monstrosity, the ethnologist as a social vandal and the religionist as something created by God in a fit of mental abberation and for which he has ever been regretful. Even from the women themselves we fail to get any satisfactory citation of the "question." The statements of the Suffrage League run for the most part to falsification of history. Foolish reasons why a woman should have a vote, declarations instead of proof, and in some cases mere violent attacks on the "tyrant man."

They demand votes, aye, even fight for them with a heroism quite feminine, not that they may touch anything fundamental but that they may legislate child labor, the drink traffic, prostitution and unemployment out of existence, and all the time their leaders know full well that such things can no more be removed without first erasing the cause than the moon can be made to stand still by commanding it so to do.

The male creature is no better. Witness the schools of thought devoted to a programme of vilification while others snivel and wallow in the most obscene of sticky ecstacies, calling high heaven to witness that their mother was a woman and that their sister still is, and so forth. Fatuously frivolous, they take the sum total of their miserable little "affairs" as symbolic of the actions of woman as a social animal, they fix upon some woman of modern times or of antiquity, and her antics are not for them part of the general movement amongst the social creatures, but she is made to serve as a reflection of them all, as a true type of the "monstrous army of womanhood." They separate woman from man with walls of steel and cannot realise that any attempt to treat the condition of women must of necessity include the state of man. They fail to realize that women are what they are, because men are as they are; some of the slave class, some of the master class. Their sexual joys and sorrows color all their mentality; sex morbidity runs rampant, unrestrained; for which of course there is a reason, as we shall show later on.

Apart from the sexual coloring, however, at bottom the sum total of expression on the subject will be found to group itself around the class viewpoint of the various schools and, sympathetic or hostile, the modern defender of capitalism can be depended upon to "keep woman in her place." Some human sign post is always to hand pointing woman to "the home" as her natural sphere; always someone can be found to pronounce in unctuous words the scriptural injunction, "She was the first in transgression, keep her always in subjection."

The writer realizes to the fullest extent the nature of the task before any one who seeks to unravel a little more of the tangled skein and makes no pretense at giving an unbiased view of the position. To coldly weigh, analyze and pass judgment upon the subject unswayed by adherence to class or sex instinct calls for a monumental mentality altogether detached from the mundane sphere, and a perfect hermaphroditism as yet undiscovered and to which the writer lays no claim whatsoever. It would appear that as yet man has not succeeded in thinking with a woman's brain, that he seems for a long time condemned to look upon the question with a man's eyes and as a consequence the sex re-

(Continued on page four.)

COUNSEL AND WARNING

Misapprehensions and Lack of Knowledge Can Only Be Removed By the Study of Socialism.

"We are all Socialists, we all vote the Socialist ticket, though we are not members of the organization. We agree with all you say about Socialism, but—we must keep it out of our unions."

Such expressions are common, especially in time of strike. The labor-leader says the same thing, but in other words, viz.: "We must keep politics out of our union." Such statements are evidence of ignorance of the movement of which they are a part. There is not one single phase of the labor movement that can be explained correctly without the application of the science of Socialism. I do not mean to say that trades unions are Socialist institutions. They are not. But to understand the origin, growth and function, not only of trade unions, but of all our social institutions, necessitates a knowledge of Socialism.

While visiting the various districts affected by the strike, I was told repeatedly by men who declared themselves Socialists, that "the militia was here to protect the strikers," and that "a contingent had been sent up to Cumberland to deport all the scabs": that "we would all be back to work in two weeks' time, and all our demands granted." However, they awoke from this dream one night, when they found themselves, while transacting a regular business meeting, completely hemmed in by this militia and every one of them, 1,000 in all, placed under arrest. With such actions, the idea that the army is an institution for the protection of society as a whole is losing its hold on the minds of the working class.

Had These Miners Discussed Socialism

more in their unions they might have been informed thereby, instead of having to be taught by their own bitter experience that the army never was, nor can it ever be, under the present regime, an institution for the common good; but that it always was, and still is, an institution, organized by the ruling class, to protect the interests of the ruling class, whose interests are directly opposed to those of the working class.

Another law of capitalism that is very successful in deluding Socialists who would keep Socialism out of their unions, is the courts. The workers are learning, however, that not only the army, but also

The Courts Are Class Institutions

and that it is not the interests of the working class they defend. Broken heads, long terms in jail, and too often human life itself, is the price paid by the working class for prohibiting Socialism from their unions.

For a man to start out to explain the labor movement, without a knowledge of the science of Socialism, is as ridiculous as to start on a sea voyage around the world without a compass.

How can you explain, or understand the cause of a rise in the price of commodities you must buy, while the price of the commodity you sell remains constant, thus reducing your living?

Since the capitalist class do not extract their profits from the working class by force and the working class do not hand it over voluntarily, how do you account for their getting it?

How is it, that in spite of all that Lloyd George has done for the working class in England, the condition of the workers of England never was worse than at present?

As simple as these questions are, to answer them necessitates a knowledge of Socialism.

There is no intention on my part to belittle the striking miners. I never met a better set of men. All good union men. All fighters from the word go. As Roosevelt would say, they are not only willing but anxious to fight; not for pay, though, but for freedom; not with guns and bayonets, but with facts. There are many things they may learn, though, by the struggle in which they are at present involved. The drastic measures which the employing class have resorted to, is suggestive of what they may do, when they feel the political power slipping from their hands by

The Intelligent Use of the Ballot

by the working class. It is also evident that something more than merely voting for Socialism is necessary. We have got the numbers. There is sufficient discontent. There is sufficient spirit of revolt. There is sufficient courage displayed, and sufficient energy spent to overthrow any system. But there is one thing we possess too much of; that is—

Ignorance of Our Real Enemy.

We only lack knowledge. The world over the working class is struggling, writhing, fighting and rebelling against they know not what. To fight intelligently, the working class must first know their enemy. Before they can rise, they must know what holds them down. Before they can prevent their products being taken from them, they must know how the robbery is committed. Or, as Marx puts it: "Before the social revolution can be accomplished, it must become a vivid reality in the minds of the working class." We learn how to fight by fighting, watching others fight, and by reading the records of the struggles of our ancestors. We learn much by actual fighting. But we can learn as much by watching others, and at a much less cost, and by reading the accumulated experience of our ancestors, the truth of which is to be found in the literature of the working class alone, sufficient knowledge is to be acquired to overthrow capitalism and establish the co-operative commonwealth with a minimum of pain to the working class.

The more we refuse to study and understand Socialism, the more will we suffer as a consequence.

Two Things Are Necessary

for the change. The material conditions must be present, and this condition must have mirrored itself on the minds of the working class.

The material conditions are rotten ripe for the change, but by the manifold methods of an interested ruling class, and a bull-headed working class, the latter are hindered from recognizing the conditions as they really exist.

Workers in general! Strikers in particular: Make the best of your holidays. Possess yourself of some Socialist literature, read and study it.

The need of the hour is more Generals for this proletarian army—not to lead, but to point out to them the conditions as they really exist, that they may become mentally prepared to perform their historic mission, and rescue society from the canguinary vortex to which we are blindly but surely drifting.

Yours in revolt,
BOB WALKER.

Never in the history of the human race has a class of oppressors freed their victims from subjection.

"The future belongs to Socialism—that is, primarily, to the worker and to woman."—Bebel.

The Social Democratic party of Germany now has 800,000 dues paying members and 110 members in Parliament.

The Government is still giving away free homesteads. One fellow spent forty days and nights on the steps of the Saskatoon Land Office in order to get one, and he got it. Lucky devil.

The lode and coal mines of British Columbia have returned to the investors in them dividends to the amount of $20,000,000 during the few years that metal mining has become an industry.—Ex.

Every male in Canada between the ages of 18 and 60 is liable to serve in the militia forces of this country. We don't think that law will work very good if they attempt to enforce it. The plugs are getting wised up pretty good these days.

The Belgian Parliamentary Commission is now considering the ballot reform promised as a result of the recent general strike. The Socialists are watching with hawk's eyes, and preparing for another strike if at any time it becomes apparent that the commission is likely to balk or hedge.

The Daily News of San Francisco publishes a powerful cartoon, in which three central figures, labelled "German exploiter, American exploiter, British exploiter," are represented as surrounded by their money-bags and bawling loudly: "Help! Help!" Under them, with imperiously out-stretched arm, towers the figure of a peon, who is saying: "If you don't like it here, why don't you go home?" Note that, although the peon is in rags, in his left hand he carries a most efficient rifle. The man who drew that cartoon understood.—Ex.

WESTERN CLARION

Published every two weeks by the Socialist Party of Canada at the office of The Western Clarion, 516 Main St., Vancouver, B. C.

Subscription
$1.00 per year, 50 cents for six months, 25 cents for three months.
In U. S. single subscriptions $1.00 per year.

Strictly in Advance.
Bundles of 5 or more copies, for a period of not less than three months, at the rate of 2 cents per copy per issue.
Advertising rates on application.
If you receive this paper, it is paid for.

In making remittance by cheque, exchange must be added. Address all communications and make all money orders payable to
THE WESTERN CLARION
516 Main St. Vancouver, B. C.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1913

THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

The labor-power of the worker is a commodity which he is forced to sell in a competitive market with all the others of his class, because all the means by which it can be exercised—the mills, mines, factories, railroads, etc., in short, all the avenues by which he can get access to the elementary necessities, let alone the luxuries, of life—are the property of another class than his. To them he must go, and figuratively grovel in the dust for permission to—what? Produce for his own use and the benefit of those dependent on him? No. To work for the benefit of those who own. To still further increase the wealth and luxury and social distinction of the masters of his bread. To pile up in ever-increasing measure the things that minister to the power and enjoyment of a class that is the most vulgar, arrogant and useless of all ruling classes in history, and to see the condition of all the other members of his class—men, women and children—getting worse in inverse ratio to the prosperity of his masters. He makes the best of everything, and the worst and cheapest of everything is his portion. When he, co-operating with his fellows, has filled the granaries and warehouses to bursting point with all the good and desirable things of life, produced with the aid of machinery of the most marvelously productive power, he finds himself turned adrift to fend for himself, starve, steal or suicide, and his women give the additional option of eking out a living by prostitution, until the surplus wealth has been disposed of in the vortex of the world's market.

The enormous concentration of capital in the leading industries has compelled the workers to organize along similar lines, tardy though the action be, to protect what they have already secured and resist further encroachments on the part of their employers. The international craft unions are becoming industrial unions, and the day of the international strike is almost here. But what avails it? After the most severe, prolonged and bitter strikes, the workers go back to the same old grind, and in a year or two the very conditions against which they fought have reappeared. The respective positions that obtained before the strike still prevail. The workers still have to sell their life-force for the cost of its production, the owners of the avenues of employment are still the owners, the workers are still their slaves. The rapidly swelling army o the unemployed forms a barrier to the efforts of the organized workers to maintain their standard of living that is getting more insurmountable every year. The unions cannot secure employment for their membership. In exact proportion to the decline of effective strength of the workers is the power of the capitalists increasing. As the jobs get scarcer the number of the workers searching for them gets greater, and the competition in their ranks get more bitter. On the other hand, the numbers of the capitalists are getting fewer, and internal competition amongst them is disappearing.

That the workers are rapidly realizing these unpleasant truths is a sign of good augury. By turning their attention to the question of who shall own the means of wealth production they are getting down to fundamentals, and uncovering a field of action which renders their numbers a source of strength in the struggle with the exploiters, for on this, which is the only ground upon which can be fought the class struggle, the interests of all workers, employed or unemployed, are reconciled and identical. The brutality of the capitalists in handling the modern strikes is evidence of the terror with which the growing intelligence of their victims inspires them.

To the revolutionist the prospect is more encouraging than it has ever been, for the reason that the respective positions and functions of the organizations that are battling for the workers, for their immediate needs and their ultimate emancipation, are being viewed in their proper proportions.

WHAT THEN SHALL THEY DO?

By J. K. Mergler.

From kitchen to dining room is a long, long walk, extremely so when one has to walk it many hours in succession daily. But yet they tramp on, the blistered feet of the little waitresses. They step lively to the music of plate and fork, to the rhythm of masticating jaws and the melancholy whistling of the hot water boiler.

Strange men to wait on, none but strangers. Some as irritating as thorns, grumbling at everything, espying flies, hair, and all other particles invisible to the untrained eye, but so easily detected by cranky bachelors. Others of the more pasonable class of patrons, sizing her up from ankle to crown, weighing her physical merits with the keenness of hunters who know where to look for prey. Proprietors of cafes are generally keen enough to understand the attraction card a nice looking waitress serves for. "They are fast changing our hands here," said a head waitress of one of the busy cafes. "Some leave just to have a change, a few of them get married but usually go back to their old trade, and others, well, you know . . . ?"

Yes, I know . . . for men often discuss the waitress. "Virtue and a waitress—impossible! She is usually on sale, or, she's a cinch." All men know that, but how many have ever taken the trouble to examine the life of a waitress more closely, how many have ever endeavored to find the real reason for the greatest number of prostitutional recruits to be steadily drawn from the ranks of the waitresses? A young girl in one of the most active eating places of Calgary, to the question whether she was pleas- with her occupation, replied that many a time she felt overcome with the desire to

Jump into the Bow River.

Imagine a young girl, French descent, eyes like burning coal, a fiery southern temperament—imagine her working without interruption for ten hours at a long stretch daily. Think of the cold despair when every night, or every morning, as the case may be, she comes "home" to an unfriendly room, too tired to wake, and too overstrained for sleep.

Think of her nascent womanhood, steadily demanding its own, a woman's passion, a woman's desire to be well dressed. Then picture to yourself eager male eyes, hunting her, beseeching her into the seductive jungle of physical bliss, where all the plates and forks could be forgotten. For this French girl, if I may be allowed to use her as example, the luring meshes spun around her were too tempting to be avoided, and in she plunged, into the foul quicksands of shame, where Stepmother Vice reaps an ever greater harvest from her adopted children. For I saw her the other night the shadow of her former self, an ugly expression about her mouth, a cut-glass look in her eyes, the prostitute stamped on her features.

And Now, Ye Moralists, Ye Preachers for the Common Good!

I dare ye to speak on "contentment." Blabber off your whiskered proverbs on work, honesty, purity, but at the same time bid also the roses to bloom without sunshine, without rain, without care, and see what success you will have.

Honesty and Purity!

See how far they go when handled by waitresses. Mostly repaid by sinister days of a gloomy spinsterhood, by years of dull, monotonous routine, by abject servility to patron and manager, by a slavelife in a public kitchen, by the acrimony of isolation, sexually as well as socially.

But, you will ask, why they do not marry? Because men, especially such that would appeal to them for conjugal partnership, are difficult to attract. Because, in most cases, such men are well aware of the hardships that follow marriages of working couples. It is exceedingly cheaper for a wage-earner to have a "good time" with the girl than lead her to the altar, although in his heart of hearts he may feel inclined to do so. Moreover the girls today know too well what hedges of thorns await them when married to poverty stricken men. They have had opportunity enough to view the distressing conditions at "home," mother's cheeks sunken over toothless gums, hair gray at a comparatively young age. It was impossible for them to overlook the avalanches of destruction hurled in their midst, whenever father, with hanging head, uttered the two despicable syllables, "No job." Can any one with common sense blame these women for preferring a "gentleman friend" with money, to the dreary lot of a working man's incubator? It is perhaps well to preach contentment and self-control to those that have had a cultured training that they may at times (and only at times) in spite of drudgery and poverty, intoxicate their minds in an upbearing ideology. Then the reading of Ibsen, Strindberg, Victor Hugo and others would enable them to establish for themselves a philosophy of contentment, at times replace for them to a great extent the shallow pleasures so much longed for by the uncultured.

But these waitresses are generally illiterate, their minds untrained, untutored. Whatever literature they read is of the quality that dupes and does not enlighten, the sort that makes them feel more strongly the gnawing desire for vicious recreations, to stifle the morbidness of their occupation. No, not in marriage, nor in the idle vain preaching of moral improvement, lies the remedy for the dastardly conditions of waitresses all over the world, but in the teaching of working-women's classconsciousness, that they may sometime join the ranks of the revolutionary workers' army, fighting for the emancipation of all workers, male and female, from modern wage-slavery, unlimited in torture and human misery.

CAPITALISM

Like landlordism, capitalism cannot be defended as a system which is socially desirable. The system places the workman virtually at the mercy of the employing class. A workman cannot feed his family unless he can get a master to allow him to work. This places the workman in the power of the employer, who is in a position to dictate his own terms. Under such a system the workman is never assured of a day's work. He has to depend for a livelihood, not only upon the willingness of an employer to give him work, but upon the employer's ability to provide work. The workman, though he has no part or lot in the management of the business, has to share the consequence of the employer's misfortune or incapacity. The system places the commodity at the mercy of rings, combines and other devices by which capitalists seek to increase their profits by the exploitation of the masses. The system is anarchical, because of the conflict of interests between the employers and the workmen, strikes and lockouts are frequent.

The capitalist system is indefensible on moral grounds. It injures those who conduct its operations and those who are brought within the influence of these operations. * * * * * * Unhealthy industrial and social conditions spring from the want of harmony between things which are essentially and vitally connected. Just as there must be co-operation between all the parts of the human body, if physical health is to be enjoyed, so there must be co-operation between all the different parts of the industrial system. It is to the lack of co-operation in certain parts of the industrial system that Socialists attribute the evils and inequalities that exist in society.

Get the revolution into your heads.

(From "Socialism and Syndicalism" by P. Snowden.)

CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

A class-conscious person is one who thoroughly recognises and understands the class to which he belongs.

The civilized part of humanity is divided into two parts or classes.

They are (1) the capitalist class, or those who own the machinery used in producing the wealth of the world.

And (2) the working class, who own nothing but their power to work.

The capitalist class is class-conscious. They know where their interests exist. At present it rests in the continued ignorance of the workers and their lack of class consciousness.

On the whole the workers are not concious of their own class interests. They believe that theirs and their master's interest are the same. It is easy to see that this is wrong by noting the condition of the two classes. The capitalists in luxury and idleness and the workers in toilsome misery. So it is evident that the interests of the two classes are not identical.

For the worker to become concious of his class interest it is necessary for him to know something about his own class history.

He should learn about the struggle between slaves and masters, that has been going on through the ages, right up to the present time, and now that we are approaching the climax of the struggle it is more than necessary for the worker to know his true position.

The class-concious worker knows that he has nothing to expect from the present order of society. Whilst his masters hold the power of state just so long will the worker hold his position of slavery.

He knows that it is useless to struggle for better conditions whilst his class is in a state of subjection. The class-concious worker knows that his class must become the dominant class in the political field before slavery, poverty, vice and disease can be utterly wiped out. With the machinery of production and the resources of the earth in the hands of the people, then and then only can society live as it should.

W. S.

CONTENTED SLAVES.

I stood at the entrance to Queen's Park, Toronto, and watched the Labor Day procession as it filed out after receiving the blessing of Sir James Whitney, the Ontario premier.

The principle thought in my mind as I looked at the pitiful spectacle, was one of admiration for Walt Whitman's sublime optimism when he exclamed, "Liberty! let others despair of you, I never despair of you." It would have been interesting to have heard our poet's exclamation if he could have been present at Toronto's "Labor" Day procession. Interesting indeed would have been Walt's utterances, also unprintable, I fear.

Everything in the garden was lovely. Whitney did not exactly kiss the slaves, but they took away his blessings, I know. They proudly marched forth, the bricklayers with their spotless duck suits, new caps and polished trowels, to prove to the good citizens beyond doubt or cavil the truth of Carlyle's philosophy anent the dignity of Labor. As they marched past, my thoughts would keep straying to a horse and harness show I had once seen. The electricians had very pretty overalls on, but surely they won't be so lacking in taste as to soil them with labor? I trust they will preserve them in moth-balls for next year's show. Some of the slaves wore little toy monkeys on their hats, while others exposed their bald spots to the flies as a protest against non-union made caps. When, I wonder, will they start protesting against wage-slavery? It appears they take a delight in chasing the shadow to the exclusion of the substance.

I mustn't forget the musical part of the programme. There were present in the parade the bands of the Forty-eighth Highlanders and the Queen's Own, charming the mob with such democratic airs as "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," and "The Maple Leaf Forever!"

One chariot in the parade was crowded with a galaxy of beauty in the shape (or shapes) of burlesque actresses from a local "show." This show has for its title "The Follies of Pleasure," and doubtless the slaves will profit by the sight of the follies and ever strive after the "Wisdom of Work."

Altogether the parade was very entertaining and certainly instructive, and I do so hope the bricklayers and electricians will use lots of moth-balls. Labor must be respectable.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

CAN YOU DO IT?

Did you learn at your school or college how value is determined? Among the many things you learned, useful and otherwise, did you learn why and how things have value or price? No, of course you did not. The master class sees to it that you do not learn how to measure value. They know that just so long as you cannot measure value, you will be satisfied with your wages.

When you understand the law of value, you also learn what creates value.

You find that the source of all wealth is labor, that labor is the unknown something that makes value, as it is expressed in the prices of things that we buy in the stores.

The main item in the price of a pair of shoes is the cost of the labor that made them. The only way to measure the value of anything on the earth that is for sale, is by the socially necessary labor time that is in the article for sale. Labor can not be measured by the yard nor by weight, so value has to be told by the labor time. If two dollars in gold is a day's wage and the cheap skate that gets the two dollars can buy a pair of bum near-shoes with two dollars, these three things are equal in value—two dollars, one day of labor, and a pair of shoes. They will exchange one with another because they are all worth one day of labor.

The reason you do not have this explained at school is because that with the machines at hand now, labor can produce so much more value than it is permitted to have that if the workers could measure the difference between what they get in wages and what they produce, why, there would be a riot.

The average slave thinks when he has his dollar six bits in his hand that his boss has paid him all he is worth.

Instead of that the fool slave has let his boss take away about four times as much as he gets in wages.

For every dollar the workers get, their masters get four.

That is why value is not in the education curriculum of any capitalist country.

W. S.

THE MOVEMENT

In this country the power of the proletariat is slight. Although the Capitalistic economic life exhibits highly developed forms, the class consciousness and organization of the workers are still immature. Bourgeois ideas and individualism still have possession of their minds. But everything indicates that the immediate future will bring great advances. The increase in the number of votes in elections, the great mass struggles of the unskilled workers, the internal changes in the old labor unions—are all signs of this evolution. The great duty of the Socialist party is to urge forth this evolution by proper tactics. But that can only be accomplished by keeping itself free from the narrowness of pure and simple Parliamentarism as well as from the narrowness of Syndicalism. Only by means of a revolutionary struggle on all fields, a struggle which upholds in the legislature as well as in the workshop all the immediate interests of the workers, which at the same time is filled with the spirit of Socialism, a class struggle upon the solid foundation of the Marxian science, can the power of the proletariat increase and become capable of overthrowing the rule of Capital.

"SOCIALIST."

PATERNALISM.

By Wilf Gribble.

Paternalism makes me sick. I always feel inclined to kick when I am told I must be good, and what I shouldn't do and should. Good people tell us what to think, and what we must and mustn't drink, and how we must and mustn't vote—it never fails to get my goat when talk like this at me they fling—and so I do the other thing.

I've no use for paternal laws good people make for others' flaws.

If two men wish to have a scrap, why should this jasper care a rap if they each other pummel, maul, within the precincts of some hall—there's naught compels me to be there if for such sights I do not care. I've every chance to stay away, to go to church, to sing and pray (of course I will not do such thing—I will not pray, I cannot sing), or do what's possible to choose, so let them go ahead and bruise each other to their heart's delight—I need not go to see the fight.

Though you are lord of ten thousand acres of land, when you are dead you will become lord of three or four cubits.

LITERATURE

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

	To Locals per 100	To individuals a copy
Manifesto S. P. of C.	$6.00	10c
What is Socialism?*	6.00	10c
Socialism and the Survival of the Fittest (J. Connell)	$2.75	5c
The Way to Power (J. B. Osborne)	2.75	5c
Socialism and Unionism* 25c per dozen.	1.00	5c
Struggle for Existence* 25c per dozen.	1.00	5c
State and Government* 25c per dozen.	1.00	5c
Value, Price and Profit* 30c per dozen	2.00	5c

*Express charges added.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES

	To Locals	To Executive Committees
Due Stamps	$0.10	$0.05
Platforms, English	.75	.50
Platforms, Foreign	.50	.40
Dues Cards	1.00	.50
Constitutions	1½c each	1.00
(Above prices per 100)		
Receipt Books	.10 each	$1.00 doz
Warrant Books	.25 each	1.50doz
Buttons (party)	3.50 doz.	3.00doz
do. to individual	.50 each	

VANCOUVER LOCAL NO. 1, S. P. OF C. has the following cloth-bound books on sale. Make all money orders payable to J. Sidaway, 213 Hastings St. E., Vancouver, B. C.

	Each
The Iron Heel (London)	1.25
History of the Commune of 1871 (Lissagary)	1.00
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Engels)	1.00
Industrial History of England (Gibbon)	1.50
Capital, vols. 1, 2 and 3	$2.00
The Eastern Question (Marx)	2.00
Critique of Pol. Economy (Marx)	1.00
Ancient Lowly, vol. 1 and 2 (Ward)	2.00
Ancient Society (Morgan)	1.50
Materialistic Conception of History (Labriole)	1.00
Philosophical Essays (Dietzgen)	1.00
Industrial History of England (Gibbons)	1.50
Students' Marx (Aveling)	1.00
50-cent Books	
Science and Revolution (Untermann.)	
The World's Revolutions (Untermann.)	
Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome (Bax & Morris.)	
Socialism for Students (Cohen.)	
Evolution of Property (Lafargue.)	
Right To Be Lazy, Etc. (Lafargue.)	
Class Struggle (Kantsky.)	
Militant Proletariat (Austin Lewis.)	
Value, Price and Profit (Marx.)	
Revolution and Counter-Revolution (Marx.)	
Memoirs of Karl Marx (Liebknecht.)	
Origin of the Family (Engels.)	
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific (Engels.)	
Germs of Mind in Plants.	

(Prices include express charges)

Socialist Party Directory

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Socialist Party of Canada, meets every Friday, 8 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 Socialist Party of Canada, meets every alternate Tuesday, at 429 Eighth Ave. East. Burt E. Anderson, Secretary, Box 1196, Calgary.

SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, S. P. OF C., invites all comrades residing in this province to communicate with them on organization matters. Address, D. McMillan, 32 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, R. C. McCutcheon, Room 4, 539 Main 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 FERNIE, S. P. of C., HOLD educational meetings in the Miners' 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. W. L. Phillips, Secretary, Box 304.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, No. 26, S. P. of C., meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. E. Campbell, Organizer. Will Jones, Secretary, Box 125. Finnish branch meets in Finlanders' Hall Sundays at 7.30 p.m. A. Sebble, Secretary, Box 54, Rossland, B. C.

LOCAL MICHEL, B. C., No. 16, S. P. of C., holds propaganda meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 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 REVELSTOKE, B. C., No. 7, S. P. of C. Business meetings at Socialist headquarters fourth Thursdays of each month. B. F. Gayman, Secretary.

LOCAL VICTORIA, No. 3, 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. J. C. Turner, Secretary.

LOCAL SOUTH PORT 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, oposite 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 LETTISH LOCAL No. 82, 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, at 2 p.m. Secretary, H. W. Cook, Box 1616.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., No. 45, Finnish. Meets every second and fourth Wednesdays in the month at 2215 Pender St. East. Ovia Lind, Secretary.

LOCAL GIBSON'S LANDING, B. C., No. 49, S. P. C. Meets first and third Sundays of each month in Socialist Hall. J. N. Hintsa, Secretary, Gibson Heights, B.C.

LOCAL CALGARY, ALTA., No. 4, S. P. of C.—Business meeting every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the headquarters, 134 Ninth Ave. West. H. Adie, Secretary, Box 647.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., No. 1, S. P. of C. Headquarters, 522 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. A. S. Smith; Organizer, Wm. McQuoid; Literature Agent, T. D. Pratt.

LOCAL COLEMAN, ALTA., NO. 9, Miners' Hall and Opera House. Propaganda meetings at 8 p.m. on the first and third Sundays of the month. Business meetings on Thursday evenings following propaganda meetings at 8. Organizer, T. Steele, Coleman, Alta.; Secretary, Jas. Glendenning, Box 43, Coleman, Alta. Visitors may receive information any day at Miners' Hall. Secretary, Wm. Graham, Box 58, Coleman, Alta.

LOCAL REGINA No. 6, SASK., MEETS every Sunday, Trades Hall, 8.00 p.m. Business meeting, second Friday, 8 p.m., Trades Hall. W. B. Bird, Gen. Del., Secretary.

LOCAL LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., NO. 13, S. P. of C. Meets every Sunday at 3:30 p.m. in Miners' Hall. Secretary, Sam Larson, 1411 3rd Ave. N. Wm. Devoy, Organizer.

LOCAL MOOSE JAW, NO. 1, S. P. of C. Business meeting and economic class every Wednesday evening at Com. D. McMillan's, 32 Main St., So. Hill. Propaganda meeting every Sunday, 8 p. m., at the Moose Theatre. Secretary, Wm. Harrison, 166 Maple St. Organizer, A. Stewart.

LOCAL NO. 2, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, S. P. of C. Headquarters, Labor Temple. Business meetings every 2nd and 4th Thursday in the month at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 8 p.m., Market Square. W. Breese, Secretary, 122 Edmonton St.

LOCAL OTTAWA NO. 8, S. P. of C.—Business meetings the first Sunday in month in the Labor Hall, 219 Bank Street, at 8 p.m. Secretary, A. Benensohn, 281 Laurier Ave. Organizer, A. G. McCallum. Recording secretary, Wm. McCallum.

LOCAL MONTREAL NO. 1, S. P. OF C., meets Sundays at Socialist Hall, corner St. Urbain and Prince Arthur Sts., at 3 p.m. Business meeting, Wednesdays, 8 p.m. Secretary, Ph. Faughnan, P. O. Box 148, Station B., Montreal.

LOCAL GLACE BAY, No. 1, OF MARITIME—Headquarters in Rukasin Blk, Commercial St. Open every evening. Business and Propaganda meeting at headquarters every Thursday at 8 p.m. Harold G. Ross, Secretary, Box 505.

LOCAL CANMORE, ALTA., No. 56, S. P. of C. Headquarters at Miners' Hall. Business meetings every first and second Sunday in the month. N. D. Thachuk, Secretary, Box 167, Canmore, Alta.

LOCAL SANDON, B. C., NO. 38, S. P. OF C.—Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. in the Sandon Miners' Union Hall. Communications to be addressed Drawer K., Sandon, B. C.

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

Subscribe for The Western Clarion.

A World Review of Socialism

By the best writers in Europe and America will be found in THE NEW REVIEW which deals in an authoritative way with all phases of Socialism—not for agitation, but education. Published monthly, $1.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions, $1.20. Send 10c for a sample copy.

NEW REVIEW
150 Nassau St. New York City

Rhymes of Revolt
BY WILFRID GRIBBLE

Neat little volume of virile verse
25c. Special price for quantities

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.

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

To Locals, $2.75 per 100
35c per dozen
REVISED PRICE [Includes Expressage]

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.

B. C. PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE

Vancouver, Sept. 5, 1913.

Convened at 516 Main St. at 8 p.m. Present, Rahim, Pritchard, Reid, Sidaway and secretary. Reid in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from Locals Nakusp No. 74; Cumberland No. 70, and Victoria No. 2, H. Mickie, A. Gill, R. Walker. Routine. Filed.

Bills—Grant to Organizer Cassidy, $10.00. Cape, $1.75. R. Walker, expenses, $5.00. Warrants ordered drawn.

Secretary reported Organizer Cassidy starting for the Island in the morning.

The political situation was discussed as affecting the province.

Financial Report.

Receipts.

Organizing Fund	$33.05
Literature sales	1.35
	$34.40

Expenses.

As per warrants	$16.75

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

September 5, 1913.

Convened as above. Reid in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from Local Calgary No. 4, J. B. Osborne, Portland, Ore.; C. M. O'Brien, Calgary; J. Watson, Winnipeg; Geo. Rossiter, Toronto; M. S. Fumich, Wanckville, Alta. Routine. Filed.

Bills: Printing and Mailing Clarion No. 728, $94.60; 3500 extra No. 727, $21.00. Warrants ordered drawn.

Stationery, $9.25; Organizers' report sheets, $10.35; Literature from Local Vancouver No. 1, $3.50. Bills accepted.

Secretary, wages to Sept. 12, $10.00. Sundries, $5.78. Warrants ordered drawn.

Financial Report.

Receipts.

Literature sales	$20.00
Clarion bundles	21.05
" subs.	27.25
" Fund	5.35
	$73.65

Expenses.

As per warrants	$131.38

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

B. C. PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE

Convened at 516 Main St., at 8 p.m. Present—Sidaway, Reid, Pritchard, Rahim, Karme and Secretary. Rahim in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted at read.

Correspondence — From Organizer Cassidy, Nanaimo and Victoria; F. O. Shier, Fort George; Local, Nakusp No. 74; Victoria No. 2, Cumberland; Northfield, and Local Fernie No. 17. Routine. Filed.

Bills—Dom. Exp. Co., 50; Com. on M.O., 5c. Warrant ordered drawn.

Secretary drew attention to the fact that the $5.00 previously sent Com. Walker for the trip to Nanaimo for the purpose of reporting on the situation would not more than half cover his expenses, and a warrant for an additional $5.00 was ordered drawn.

Secretary produced copies of the deed and Declaration of Trust from Local Gibson's Landing, by which a plot of ground was secured to the Socialist Party of Canada. Copies accepted and ordered filed.

The question of the committee organizing open-air meetings in the city for the winter was discussed, and laid over pending the return of more speakers.

Financial Report.

Receipts.

Local Nakusp No. 74, literature	$ .95
Local Fernie No. 17, literature and supplies	7.75
Organizing fund	3.75
Literature sales	.20
	$12.65

Expenses.

As per warrants	$5.55

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE

Vancouver, Sept. 12, 1913.

Convened as above, Rahim in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from Roscoe Fillmore, N. B.; M. L., Ottawa; F. N. Lewis, Alta.; W. Gribble, Waterloo, Ont.; Locals Lethbridge No. 13, Winnipeg No. 1, Victoria No. 2, St. Catherines No. 30; George Rossiter, Toronto; A. A. Cronk, Alta.; Moses Baritz, Comaplix, B. C.; J. J. Gibbons, Ltd., Toronto; J. A. Smith, Edmonton, Alta. Exec.; C. M. O'Brien, Calgary.

The Calgary correspondence dealing with the proposed extension of the Lyceum Bureau of the S. P. of A. to Canada, was considered, and secretary instructed to reply to the effect that as the bureau was under the direction and control of the reformist wing of the S. P. of A., it was not considered advisable to enter into the arrangements suggested. All correspondence filed.

Bills—Dom. Exp. Co., $3.64; P.O. Dept., $5.18; Sundries, 25c; Editing No. 729, $10.00. Warrants ordered drawn.

Secretary was instructed to draw attention of the party to the probability of a general election next year, and the desirability of getting busy on the voters' list now, in view of the uncertainty of the date at which the election will be called.

Financial Report.

Receipts

Local, Winnipeg No. 1, two "Iron Heels"	$ 1.90
Clarion receipts	59.80
Clarion fund	4.00
	$65.70

Expenses.

As per warrants	$19.07

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

CLARION FUND.

(Maintenance.)

Bal. on hand, Sept. 2		$10.50
Maritime.		
Roscoe A. Fillmore		3.00
Manitoba.		
R. Isles	$1.00	
J. Watson	1.00	
		$ 2.00
British Columbia.		
B. L. J.	$1.00	
Will. Jones	.50	
R. J. Pratt	1.00	
		$ 2.50
Bal in hand Sept. 15		$18.00

CLARION PUBLISHING ACCOUNT.

No. 729.

Receipts.

Subs.	$ 53.10
Bundles	41.75
Directory	10.00
Ads.	3.00
	$107.85

Receipts.

Editing	$ 10.00
Printing and mailing	91.65
Cut	1.90
	$103.55

B. C. ORGANIZING FUND.

Bal. on hand, Sep. 2 (corrected)		$34.15
Chas. Bowie		.50
Local Cumberland No. 70—Collected by J. M.—		
L. Cawthorne	$1.00	
R. C. Richards	1.00	
J. McAllister	1.75	
A. Goodwin	.50	
Clark	.50	
		$ 4.75
Vancouver Local No. 1—Collected by W. Skinner—		
J. Lott	$1.00	
Ed. Jack	1.00	
Trevelyan	.50	
Unwept	1.00	
H. Pearce	.25	
		$ 3.75
Grant to Org. Cassidy, Sept. 5	$10.00	
One cape	1.75	
		$11.75
Bal. on hand, Sept. 13		$31.40
		$43.15

NEW BRUNSWICK.

During the past month we have had Comrade Miss S. Mushkat with us, and she was a very useful acquisition. This comrade gave several lectures, the subjects being "The Class Struggle," "Socialism and Unionism," "The Materialist Conception of History," etc.

On August 29th I arranged with Comrade W. S. White of Whites Mills, N. B., for a meeting near Bayswater, about 12 miles up the St. John river. Comrades Goudie, Zatzman and Mushkat made the trip with the result that about a hundred people attended the meeting, mostly farmers. Comrade Goudie acted as chairman (first time) and Comrade Mushkat did the talking, and by all reports the meeting was very successful. I expect a local will be formed here shortly.

On Labor Day the Trades and Labor Unions held a parade, garden party and sports, but am sorry to relate that the provincial politicians, the 62nd Militia band and at least one employer of labor were included in the parade.

No speaking arrangements were made as the Trade Unionists here think apparently that this is unnecessary.

However, the Socialist Party filled the gap, and Comrades Taylor and Mushkat gave interesting addresses on the barrack green at the garden party. A good crowd listened and took the message like babies taking milk. The meeting lasted an hour and a half.

On Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, Comrade Mushkat left for Fort William, Winnipeg and Calgary. We greatly enjoyed her visit and we are anxiously awaiting the coming of the one and only Gribble.

We have recently been adding members (Canadian) to our ranks, but I should like to see more actual wage-workers in the local. There is plenty of work to do up this end of Canada. Will any one help us? Any contributions to aid us with Gribble's tour would be gladly welcomed and received by F. Hyatt, organizer, 104 Moore St., St. John, N. B.

WINNIPEG, SEPT. 12.

Comrade, Editor.—From the standpoint of a Socialist the situation in the city of Winnipeg at the present time is well worth our most careful consideration.

The past two Dominion elections have shown us that we can depend on a vote in this city of between 2500 and 3000 and the thought naturally arises in my mind that a new method of organization must be commenced to get this vote or at least a reasonable percentage of it organized.

In the past the S. P. of C. have tried hard to keep a headquarters going but in the last year or so there has been no place where one could go to read Socialist papers and meet other Socialists and, as a natural result, there has been little accomplished this summer.

Meetings are held on the market square every Sunday and the meetings addressed by Moses Baritz went to show that the people of Winipeg were eager for the dope.

The question of the moment however, is: How are we to carry on effective propaganda this winter?

It has been proven in the past that a local of around 30 in membership cannot pay for decent headquarters, equiping them with the necessary amount of spittoons for the philosophers of the movement and at the same time pay the rent of a theatre every Sunday night for a propaganda meeting.

Notice appears elsewhere in this paper of a meeting to be held in the Labor Temple on Thursday, Sept. 25th, for the purpose of trying to equip comfortable reading or club rooms to be used as permanent Socialist headquarters for this city.

All the famed 57 varieties of Socialists are invited to this meeting, so that we expect to see S. D. P'er's, S. P'er's, S. L. P'er's, Industrial Socialists and especially our friends (?) the Christian Socialists.

Turn out boys and try to get a good headquarters to protect us from the 40 below zero weather that will so soon be here.

ALEX. PATERSON.

A FIGHTING BUNCH. SOME OF LOCAL MONTREAL NO. 1.

(1) P. Faughnan, Prov. and Local Secy.; (2) Kent, Treas.; (3) Fay, Organizer; (4) Heighinger, (5) Robertson, (6) Radbord, (7) Johnson, (8) Moore, (9) Breton (10) Manion, (11) Buckholdt, (12) Scarborough, (13) McCormick, (14) Robertson.

MONTREAL.

Dear Comrade,—Things in Montreal are moving; we are holding four meetings a week and some of them are so successful and so much of the revolutionary stuff is put into the talk that at practically every meeting we are being interferred with by the police. We wrote to the Chief of Police asking him to request his men to cease molesting us at our meetings, and the reply from Assistant Superintendent of Police Herbert stated that orders had been given, that provided our meetings did not contravene any by-law or cause any disturbance, that the police were not to interfere. Yet every meeting since we have had them asking us for permits, "why don't we get a hall," etc. They have all got the same remarks to make—use the same words, etc., so we have concluded that they must be instructed by those who have the cause of the dear working class at heart to stop us quietly if possible, but stop us. One factor is that we always show what the police and army are for—protecting the property of the master class while the empty bellies of the working class compel the workers to go back to slavery, in many cases glad to be allowed. I fear if some of our "betters" were to hear, as they must do, what we say, their ears would tingle somewhat. We are almost sure to have serious trouble with the police yet. If so we will try and organize a free speech campaign.

We are holding our best open air meeting at the corner of Phillips Square and St. Catherine Street, on Sunday nights, when the meetings last from 8 p.m. to 12. So you can see the interest displayed and there is nothing but straight educational dope handed out. This year we started our meetings in Pt. St. Charles, corner of Magdalen and Wellington streets, and htve met with success, all things considered. This is a working class neighborhood entirely. We have been stopped about four times by the police here, including last Saturday. We shall be there again, however, tomorrow night. We also meet on the Mountain on Sunday afternoons, and get in touch with people who never heard of Socialism before.

On Thursday night we go into the East End—the French district. Of course we speak only in English, but there is also a French Local which does a large amount of good work in the winter. Sixty-six per cent of the population of Montreal is French, who are gradually coming under the influence of industrial conditions. Today they are under the influence of Mother Church. We will have them with us yet. The language is the great difficulty, but Capitalism is solving that as it has solved many other difficulties in the way of the Social Revolution.

On the 17th, next Sunday, we are having a Picnic to Ahuntsic Park, where we hope to get the comrades to know each other better and consequently work harder for the movement, instead of "letting George do it."

Our great boast is the development of our young speakers. We have seven or eight speakers now who have sprung up, right from the bloomin' working class, donchernow. Their remarks have almost a smell of the factory, the shop and the railroad. They are not out to express themselves, or to talk rot to the workers about buying out the capitalists, as some of our self-styled revolutionary Socialists who are Capitalists do, they are out to get the wage slaves wise. When they succeed, I fear it won't be compensation that the caps. will get. When the worker knows, it is more likely its the toe of his boot he will be presenting to the capitalist, instead of bedewing his brow with kisses and calling him a "lost brother." (This will be sabotage, Fay says).

Yours for the Revolution,
PHILIP FAUGHNAN,
Secretary.

HERE AND NOW.

Subs Received.

	Z	Y.	H.	Q.
W. Gribble, Toronto		6	1	7
T. S. Cassidy, Victoria		3	4	0
G. Boriand, Montreal		0	3	3
M. L., Ottawa		1	1	3
Moses Baritz, Nelson		3	0	0
James Carson, Telka, B.C.		2	0	0
J. A. S. Smith, Edmonton		1	2	0
Local Vanc., No. 1		0	2	0
W. L. Phillips, Fernie		0	2	0
D. Thomson, St. Cat's, Ont.		0	1	2
G. Rossiter, Toronto		0	1	2
W. G. McCluskey, Calgary		0	0	2

Singles

12 mos.—Geo. Walton, Will Jones. J. F. Johnson, Alex. Beaton, F. Hyatt, J. Sidaway, D. M. Coutts, J. C. Turner, Chas. Bowie, L. M. Cooper, B. Simmons.

6 mos.—J. Jenkins, J. T. Stott, W. Shaw.

3 mos.—Chas. Rogers, A. E. Fay.

If we are not in the hole again this time, the thanks are due to Local Calgary, which came through with $20.00 for arrears on Bundle account.

A Dominion election is coming on next year, and we ought to have the weekly again some time before that, but it seems to be all we can do to make the fortnightly stick.

The point has been mentioned before, but it will bear repeating. Are you a member of the party, and if so, do you subscribe to the party organ? If not, why not? If you all did so, it would help considerably.

It was noted in a previous issue that Local Vancouver No. 1 makes every applicant for membership subscribe to the Clarion as an initiation fee, whether he or she is already a subscriber or not. That is an example which all locals should follow.

The following comrades, having sent in $10.00 worth of subs, are entitled to the premium of $1.00 worth of books from Kerr's list. Send the order to this office.

J. Jenkins, City, total, $37.50; M. L., Ottawa, $14.50; R. C. McCutcheon, Winnipeg, $17.50; A. Gill, Riondel, B. C., $10.00; C. M. O'Brien, $15.00; W. L. Phillips, Fernie, $10.00.

The following comrades have sent in subs to the value of $5.00 and over: H. Adie, Calgary, $6; W. B. Bird, Regina, $5.25; D. Christianson, Dickson, Alta., $5; W. Clarkson, Kelowna, B. C., $7.25; C. G. Corbman, Vanguard, Sask., $5.50; W. Green, Toronto, $7.50; F. Hyatt, St. John, N. B., $7.50; C. G. Johnson, Carmi, B. C., $5.50; S. Larson, Lethbridge, $6.25; J. Meldrum, City, $6.50; J. McGillvray, Dominion, N. S., $6.00; M. W. S., Beaverdell, B. C., $5.00; D. Thomson, St. Catherines, $9.00.

TO WINNIPEG SOCIALISTS.

You are requested to attend a meeting to be held in the Trades Hall, James St., on Thursday, Sept. 25th, at 8 p.m. for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a Socialist Club or permanent headquarters for the City. All socialists are invited to attend so that the matter can be fully discussed.

Yours, etc.,
ALEX. PATTERSON.

"DEFENDERS" NOT FREE.

The defenders of "our" glorious free empire now doing strike duty on Vancouver Island are almost in open revolt, and according to the capitalist press are ready to "strike" and go home. But, says our worthy politicians, they dare not, for it is 'mutiny,' and is one of the worst crimes on the calendar. Thus we see the brave militia, keeping slaves—who would be free—in subjection and themselves disgusted with conditions, yet not daring to kick because a few men who control the powers of government say they must do as they are told or be thrown into jail.—W. W.

NOTHING BUT CASH.

By Berton Bradley.

Cut down the laborers' wage, raise up the rent if you can,
Hire a cheap child if there's ever a chance—a child works for less than a man,
Make weary slaves of the children, give them no leisure to play,
Doubtless they'd waste all the time that they had and it wouldn't help business to pay,
All of this agitation is verily bosh and trash,
The mothers don't count and the babies don't count — there's nothing that counts but cash.

What of the girl who struggles, what of the girl who fails?
None of your business, of course, we know; but somehow her fate appalls.
And the little wraith-like children, who toil in the roaring mills,
None of OUR business, of course, you say—and ever the toiling kills.
But one must have an income and wonderful gems that flash,
The mothers don't count and the children don't count, there's nothing that counts but cash.

What of the crowded houses, what of the fetid slum?
What of the reeking courts and sinks where the great white scourge will come?
What of the children, born there, with never a chance that's fair,
Who die or grow to a half-starved life in the poisoned tenement air?
Oh, let us be calm and patient, and let us do nothing rash,
The mothers don't count and the babies don't count, there's nothing that counts but cash!

—Young Socialist's Magazine.

Material interests are stronger than the ideal in man unless a new form of education comes in vogue.

Some people are so drunk with prosperity that they cannot see the writing on the wall.

THE WAY TO POWER

J. B. OSBORNE.

(Continued from last issue.)

But there was hardly room for each of the partners to be a manager, superintendent, etc. The next step came about in the same natural process as the last, and we find that these companies and corporations, also, and for the same reason, associated themselves together in still larger combinations called the trusts, and the trusts have likewise grown and merged into one another until we have capitalist property owned collectively by the capitalist class.

The individual capitalist of a half century or more ago could say, "This is my shop, my factory, my mill or my mine." Today, these lines of individual ownership have been eliminated to such an extent that it is almost impossible for any particular capitalist to claim ownership of any particular piece of capitalist property. For instance, who can claim the ownership of any particular piece of property of the Canadian Pacific Railway? What individual can lay his hand upon freight car No. 3984 of the Southern Pacific Railway system and say, "That is my property"? Who can point out a water tank on the Illinois Central or the Pennsylvania Railway and say, "That is my water tank"?

Just as it is impossible to distinguish the owner of any particular piece or part of railway property, likewise it is impossible to distinguish the individual owner of any particular piece or part of capitalist property.

This evolution from individual ownership of capitalist property by the individual capitalist to collective ownership of capitalist property by the capitalist class as a whole, has been necessary to prepare for the collective ownership by all the people of what is now collectively owned by the capitalist class. Just as it has been the mission of the capitalist class to develop collective ownership of the means of production, so it will be the mission of the working class to assist in the evolution to collective ownership by society.

The evolution of the capitalist form of production has not only prepared the means of production for collective ownership, but at the same time it has prepared the way for the disappearance of the capitalist class by eliminating any useful function performed by that class. With the large and ever larger organization of the forces of capitalist production, the capitalist performs smaller and still smaller functions in production, until at the present time the capitalist plays no part as foreman, superintendent, manager, etc. It is no longer necessary for him to furnish either brains or muscle in the process of production. The foreman, the superintendent and the manager of industry today are all hired men, and the capitalist method of concentrated and associated production has been an education to the working class in collective or co-operative production. So much so, that the working class surveys the route for the railroad; builds the grades; bores the tunnels; cuts the ties; lays the rails; builds the cars and locomotives; digs the coal to furnish the motive power; mans the trains; collects the fares and freights; pays the expenses; figures out the dividends; and mails the same to the owners.

Perhaps no better test could be offered as to the accuracy of this general statement than was furnished in the case of the Standard Oil Company when the government was trying to collect $29,000,000 from that corporation. Mr. John D. Rockefeller was placed upon the stand. Counsel for the government asked Mr. Rockefeller for certain information about the affairs of the corporation. His reply was, "If you want to know anything about such facts, you should ask one of the bookkeepers of the company, and he will tell you." Mr. Rockefeller said he had not been in the office of the company for eight years. What is true in the case of Mr. Rockefeller is true of the owners of all the larger capitalist properties.

In the development of the forces of capitalist production, the intellectual development to follow in its wake was far greater and of more far-reaching consequence than the intellectual development from all other modes of production in the past. So great, in fact, are the intellectual developments springing from the necessary development of the capitalist forces of production, that the working class under capitalism is the first working class, or slave class, ever prepared to be the only useful or necessary class in production.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTION RESULTING FROM THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FORCES OF CAPITALIST PRODUCTION.

Unlike ruling classes of past societies, the capitalist class, in order to develop the productive forces of its mode of production, was compelled to use the intellect of men as an important factor. In fact, the capitalist mode of production has been directly responsible for the development of our modern school of physical science. All parts of the earth had to be discovered anew and the component parts ascertained before they could be exploited. Every department of physical science has furnished some knowledge in that direction, and contributed its part toward making possible the development of the forces of modern production.

Capitalism was interested in astronomy, while the feudal nobility allowed the persecution of the early astronomers. Capitalism was interested in that line of research because upon its discoveries was built the science of navigation. The development of the science of navigation was necessary to the establishment of the world's markets and the transportation of large quantities of commodities as rapidly as possible. The science of geology and mineralogy likewise became necessary in order to more effectively extract the precious and baser metals from the earth. The science of chemistry and all other physical sciences in their development contributed their quota to the development of the forces of capitalist production. The interest of the capitalist class was not only in the direction of the development of physical science, but in as widespread a diffusion of that knowledge as possible.

This general diffusion of scientific knowledge consequent upon the development of capitalist production has produced an intellectual revolution—a revolution in the philosophy of history, in fact, the philosophy of social democracy itself, as the direct result of capitalist development industrially and intellectually.

The development of schools of technology and of the free school system and compulsory education were also necessary factors in the development of the forces of capitalist production. As this intellectual development sprang directly from the economic basis of capitalist society, therefore it is called an effect, yet it is easy to see that this intellectual effect has already become a powerful cause in hastening the evolution of the economic formation of capitalist society. This intellectual development will be a still larger and more potential factor in substituting for capitalist collectivism the collectivism of the whole.

Under feudalism it was not necessary for a feudal serf to have an education, while under chattel slavery the education of the slave was not only unnecessary to production but was considered a social danger. In the State of Georgia, just previous to the civil war, only a little over fifty years ago, a state law provided that any person convicted or found guilty of teaching a negro how to read or write the English language should pay a fine of not less than five hundred dollars or serve a sentence of not less than six months in prison. Practically the same view-point maintained throughout the Southern states—at that time agricultural slave-owning communities.

But with the disappearance of chattel slavery in the Southern States came the development of mill, mine, shop, factory and furnace throughout the South, and the consequent transformation of slave-labor into wage-labor. An intellectual revolution has also taken place, and the State of Georgia five or six years ago passed a compulsory education law, compelling the negro boys and girls, as well as the white ones, to attend school so many months in the year. The same law had been previously passed in several of the other Southern States.

It is true that the compulsory education of the negro proletariat of the South met with considerable opposition from members of the old school of Southern aristocracy, but the capitalist method of production, in order to develop its productive forces, demanded in the Southern States as it demands everywhere else, that the proletariat shall have some degree of academic education. By the very nature of capitalist production, the wage-working class which operates the plant of industrial society, in order to maintain the standard of productive efficiency required, and ever increase its productive efficiency as a working class, is compelled to be able at least to read, write, and figure. Hence, compulsory education grew naturally out of the needs of capitalist production.

Education in the past had been the private monopoly of the aristocracy. Capitalism invaded and dissipated this special privilege, and placed it at least in some degree within the reach of all. This has been of especial advantage to the proletariat.

(To be Continued)

THE IRON HEEL

BY JACK LONDON

Synopsis of Previous Chapters:

The story is supposed to be published about seven centuries hence, and copied from MSS. found in the heart of an old oak at Wake Robin Lodge, and purport to be written by Avis Everhard, wife of Ernest Everhard, who lost his life in the first proletarian revolt in 1932. They tell of the failure of this first uprising of the workers, which was suppressed by the thoroughly organized and merciless coercive forces of the ruling oligarchy of that time. They tell also of a second revolt in contemplation, which, in the opinion of the authoress, will prove a success. This, too, proved to be a failure, and it is supposed to be at the time of this second suppression of the workers that the MSS. were deposited by the fleeing Avis Everhard.

The story opens with the account of the first meeting between Avis and Ernest Everhard, which takes place in her father's home in the year 1912, when he is invited to a dinner at which the majority of those present are clerics. During the repast, Ernest is drawn into the conversation of the parsons, who rather look upon him with disdain. However, he attacks them fearlessly and clearly, and in the verbal battle he shows himself more than able to hold his ground. Bishop Morehouse is the only one of the clerics who expresses his willingness to again meet the champion of the cause of labor. He is again present on the occasion of Everhard's second visit, when Avis accuses Ernest of teaching class hatred in a book which he has written. This he denies, and during the conversation defines the difference between "class-hatred" and "the class-struggle."

Finally he challenges the Bishop to follow him through the industrial hell, and to afterwards expose the conditions which he will find there, warning him that to do so will result in his discharge from the Church. Avis comes to the assistance of the Bishop, and Ernest calls her attention to the fact that she and her father are living off dividends derived from the Sierra Mills, and that the very clothes she wears are dripping with human blood.

During the break in the conversation caused by his remarks, there appears at the front of the house a large, poorly dressed man carrying a load of rattan and bamboo handiwork. Ernest points him out as Jackson, who previously worked in the Sierra Mills until he lost his arm in the machinery, and, owing to the smart legal talent at the disposal of the mill-owners, and the concocted evidence of the mill foreman, etc. he was defeated in his attempt to gain compensation. Avis investigates the case on her own account, and receives more than sufficint proof of the slavish position of all the mill workers and the ruthlessness of Capital. Sick and shuddering from her experiences, her opinion of Everhard undergoes a change.

Everhard is invited to address the Philomaths, a club of the most wealthy and exclusive circles on the Pacific Coast, the expectation being that he will provide them with good sport.

CHAPTER V. (Continued)

He went on and traced his life in the mills, the learning of the horseshoeing trade, and his meeting with the socialists. Among them, he said, he had found keen intellects and brilliant wits, ministers of the Gospel who had been broken because their Christianity was too wide for any congregation of mammon-worshippers, and professors who had been broken on the wheel of university subservience to the ruling class. The socialists were revolutionists, he said, struggling to overthrow the irrational society of the present and out of the material to build the rational society of the future. Much more he said that would take too long to write, but I shall never forget how he described the life among the revolutionists. All halting utterance vanished. His voice grew strong and confident, and it glowed as he glowed, and as the thoughts glowed that poured out from him. He said:

"Amongst the revolutionists I found, also, warm faith in the human, ardent idealism, sweetnesses of unselfishness, renunciation, and martyrdom—all the splendid, stinging things of the spirit. Here life was clean, noble, and alive. I was in touch with great souls who exalted flesh and spirit over dollars and cents, and to whom the thin wail of the starved slum child meant more than all the pomp and circumstance of commercial expansion and world empire. All about me were nobleness of purpose and heroism of effort, and my days and nights were sunshine and starshine, all fire and dew, with before my eyes, ever burning and blazing, the Holy Grail, Christ's own Grail, the warm human, long-suffering and maltreated but to be rescued and saved at the last."

As before I had seen him transfigured, so now he stood transfigured before me. His brows were bright with the divine that was in him, and brighter yet shone his eyes from the midst of the radiance that seemed to envelop him as a mantle. But the others did not see this radiance, and I assumed that it was due to the tears of joy and love that dimmed my vision. At any rate, Mr. Wickson, who sat behind me, was unaffected, for I heard him sneer aloud, "Utopian."

Ernest went on to his rise in society, till at last he came in touch with members of the upper classes, and rubbed shoulders with the men who sat in the high places. Then came his disillusionment, and this disillusionment he described in terms that did not flatter his audience. He was surprised at the commonness of the clay. Life proved not to be fine and gracious. He was appalled by the selfishness he encountered, and what had surprised him even more than that was the absence of intellectual life. Fresh from his revolutionists, he was shocked by the intellectual stupidity of the master class. And then, in spite of their magnificent churches and well-paid preachers, he had found the masters, men and women, grossly material. It was true that they prattled sweet little ideals and dear little moralities, but in spite of their prattle the dominant key of the life they lived was materialistic. And they were without real morality—for instance, that which Christ had preached but which was no longer preached.

"I met men," he said, "who invoked the name of the Prince of Peace in their distribes against war, and who put rifles in the hands of Pinkertons with which to shoot down strikers in their own factories. I met men incoherent with indignation at the brutality of prize-fighting, and who, at the same time, were parties to the adulteration of food that killed each year more babes than even red-handed Herod had killed.

"This delicate, aristocratic-featured gentleman was a dummy director and a tool of corporations that secretly robbed widows and orphans. This gentleman, who callected fine editions and was a patron of literature, paid blackmail to a heavy-jowled, black-browed boss of a municipal machine. This editor, who published patent medicine advertisements, called me a scoundrelly demagogue because I dared him to print in his paper the truth about patent medicines. This man, talking soberly and earnestly about the beauties of idealism and the goodness of God, had just betrayed his comrades in a business deal. This man, a pillar of the church and heavy contributor to foreign missions, worked his shop girls ten hours a day on a starvation wage and thereby directly encouraged prostitution. This man, who endowed chairs in universities and erected magnificent chapels, perjured himself in courts of law over dollars and cents. This railroad magnate broke his word as a citizen, as a gentleman, and as a Christian, when he granted a secret rebate, and he granted many secret rebates. This senator was the tool and the slave, the little puppet, of a brutal uneducated machine boss; so was this governor and this supreme court judge; and all three rode on railroad passes; and, also, this sleek capitalist owned the machine, the machine boss, and the railroads that issued the passes.

"And so it was, instead of in paradise, I found myself in the arid desert of commercialism. I found nothing but stupidity, except for business. I found none clean, noble, and alive, though I found many who were alive—with rottenness. What I did find was monstrous selfishness and heartlessness, and a gross, gluttonous, practised, and practical materialism."

Much more Ernest told them of themselves and of his disillusionment. Intellectually they had bored him; morally and spiritually they had sickened him; so that he was glad to go back to his revolutionists, who were clean, noble, and alive, and all that the capitalists were not.

"And now," he said, "let me tell you about that revolution."

But first I must say that his terrible diatribe had not touched them. I looked about me at their faces and saw that they remained complacently superior to what he had charged. And I remembered what he had told me: that no indictment of their morality could shake them. However, I could see that the boldness of his language had affected Miss Brentwood. She was looking worried and apprehensive.

Ernest began by describing the army of revolution, and as he gave the figures of its strength (the votes cast in the various countries), the assemblage began to grow restless. Concern showed in their faces, and I noticed a tightening of lips. At last the gage of battle had been thrown down. He described the international organization of the socialists that united the million and a half in the United States with the twenty-three millions and a half in the rest of the world.

"Such an army of revolution," he said, "twenty-five millions strong, is a thing to make rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. The cry of this army is: 'No quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you, and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands!"

And as he spoke he extended from his splendid shoulders his two great arms, and the horseshoer's hands were clutching the air like eagle's talons. He was the spirit of regnant labor as he stood there, his hands outreaching to rend and crush his audience. I was aware of a faintly perceptible shrinking on the part of the listeners before this figure of revolution, concrete, potential, and menacing. That is, the women shrank, and fear was in their faces. Not so with the men. They were of the active rich, and not the idle, and they were fighters. A low, throaty rumble arose, lingered on the air a moment, and ceased. It was the forerunner of the snarl, and I was to hear it many times that night—the token of the brute in man, the earnest of his primitive passions. And they were unconscious that they had made this sound. It was the growl of the pack, mouthed by the pack, and mouthed in all unconsciousness. And in that moment, as I saw the harshness form in their faces and saw the fight-light flashing in their eyes, I realized that not easily would they let their lordship of the world be wrested from them.

Ernest proceeded with his attack. He accounted for the existence of the million and a half of revolutionists in the United States by charging the capitalist class with having mismanaged society. He sketched the economic condition of the cave-man and of the savage peoples of to-day, pointing out that they possessed neither tools nor machines, and possessed only a natural efficiency of one in producing power. Then he traced the development of machinery and social organization so that to-day the producing power of civilized man was a thousand times greater than that of the savage.

"Five men," he said, "can produce bread for a thousand. One man can produce cotton cloth for two hundred and fifty people, woollens for three hundred, and boots and shoes for a thousand. One would conclude from this that under a capable management of society modern civilized man would be a great deal better off than the cave-man. But is he? Let us see. In the United States today there are fifteen million people living in poverty; and by poverty is meant that condition in life in which, through lack of food and adequate shelter, the mere standard of working efficiency cannot be maintained. In the United States to-day, in spite of all your so-called labor legislation, there are three millions of child laborers. In twelve years their numbers have been doubled. And in passing I will ask you managers of society why you did not make public the census figures of 1910? And I will answer for you, that you were afraid. The figures of misery would have precipitated the revolution that even now is gathering.

"But to return to my indictment. If modern man's producing power is a thousand times greater than that of the cave-man, why then, in the United States to-day, are there three million child laborers? It is a true indictment. The capitalist class has mismanaged. In face of the facts that modern man lives more wretchedly than the cave-man, and that his producing power is a thousand times greater than that of the cave-man, no other conclusion is possible than that the capitalist class has mismanaged, that you have mismanaged, my masters, that you have criminally and selfishly mismanaged. And on this count you cannot answer me here to-night, face to face, any more than can your whole class answer the million and a half of revolutionists in the United States. You cannot answer. I challenge you to answer. And furthermore, I dare to say to you now that when I have finished you will not answer. On that point you will be tongue-tied, though you will talk wordily enough about other things.

"You have failed in your management. You have made shambles of civilization. You have been blind and greedy. You have risen up(as you to-day rise up), shamelessly, in our legislative halls, and declared that profits were impossible without the toil of children and babes. Don't take my word for it. It is all in the records against you. You have lulled your conscience to sleep with prattle of sweet ideals and dear moralities. You are fat with power and possession, drunken with success; and you have no more hope against us than have the drones, clustered about the honey-vats, when the worker-bees spring upon them to end their rotund existence. You have failed in your management of society, and your management is to be taken away from you. A million and a half of the men of the working class say that they are going to get the rest of the working class to join with them and take the management away from you. This is the revolution, my masters. Stop it if you can."

For an appreciable lapse of time Ernest's voice continued to ring through the great room. Then arose the throaty rumble I had heard before, and a dozen men were on their feet clamoring for recognition from Colonel Van Gilbert. I noticed Miss Brentwood's shoulders move convulsively, and for the moment I was angry, for I thought that she was laughing at Ernest. And then I discovered that it was not laughter, but hysteria. She was appalled by what she had done in bringing this firebrand before her blessed Philomath Club.

Colonel Van Gilbert did not notice the dozen men, with passion-wrought faces, who strove to get permission from him to speak. His own face was passion-wrought. He sprang to his feet, waving his arms, and for a moment could utter only incoherent sounds. Then speech poured from him. But it was not the speech of a one-hundred-thousand dollar lawyer, nor was the rhetoric old-fashioned.

"Fallacy upon fallacy!" he cried. "never in my life have I heard so many fallacies uttered in one short hour. And besides, young man, I must tell you that you have said nothing new. I learned all that at college before you were born. Jean Jacques Rousseau enunciated your socialistic theory nearly two centuries ago. A return to the soil, forsooth! Reversion! Our biology teaches the absurdity of it. It has been truly said that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and you have exemplified it to-night with your madcap theories. Fallacy upon fallacy! I was never so nauseated in my life with overplus of fallacy. That for your immature generalizations and childish reasonings!"

He snapped his fingers contemptuously and proceeded to sit down. There were lip-exclamations of approval on the part of the women, and hoarser notes of confirmation came from the men. As for the dozen men who were clamoring for the floor, half of them began speaking at once. The confusion and babel was indescribable. Never had Mrs. Pertonwaithe's spacious walls beheld such a spectacle. These, then, were the cool captains of industry and lords of society, these snarling, growling savages in evening clothes. Truly Ernest had shaken them when he stretched out his hands for their money-bags, his hands that had appeared in their eyes as the hands of the fifteen hundred thousand revolutionists.

But Ernest never lost his head in a situation. Before Colonel Van Gilbert had succeeded in sitting down, Ernest was on his feet and had sprung forward.

"One at a time!" he roared at them.

The sound arose from his great lungs and dominated the human tempest. By sheer compulsion of personality he commanded silence.

"One at a time," he repeated softly. "Let me answer Colonel Van Gilbert. After that the rest of you can come at me—but one at a time, remember. No mass-plays here. This is not a football field.

"As for you," he went on, turning toward Colonel Van Gilbert, "you have replied to nothing I have said. You have merely made a few excited and dogmatic assertions about my mental caliber. That may serve you in your business, but you can't talk to me like that. I am not a workingman, cap in hand, asking you to increase my wages or to protect me from the machine at which I work. You cannot be dogmatic with truth when you deal with me. Save that for dealing with your wage-slaves. They will not dare reply to you because you hold their bread and butter, their lives, in your hands.

(To be Continued.)

A widow of San Francisco, twenty-one years old, with an infant son, offers her body for medical experiment in return for a living for herself and son. This is the kind of incentive that Socialism WILL destroy.

WOMAN AND SOCIALISM.

(Continued from Page One.)

lations play their part in the drama of the class struggle. This is a deeper question than many Suffragettes realize and the Socialist accustomed to measure all things by the "food, clothing and shelter" formula needs to remember that he is but seeing half the conditions of growth.

To the bourgeois intellectual the subject presents itself as an insolvable riddle. He endeavors to take the machine apart and having done so cannot see the whole of the parts; when he gets it assembled again he is no wiser as a rule; his class adherence cramps the free investigation of any subject just as that very class loyalty clears the vision of the working class thinker. For observe, we occupy the most fortunate position, intellectually speaking. Critical analysis is our plan of attack; we are called upon to defend no archaic and time-worn ideologic trappings. The harness of the past does not gall our intellectual shoulders. We have nothing to defend; our position is to stand forward and probe and probe and shrewdly question gleefully.

The defender of Capitalism finds himself between the deep blue sea and the devil; under fire all the time from the proletarian attack, hard pressed and many times routed by those very weapons he has himself helped to forge—positive science—and which gave to his master social power; fearful lest his master should discover his impotence and withdraw monetary support, in other words, fire him—he writhes this way and that and knows no peace.

It is no part of the master or possessing class to attack. Their historical position has been and in the very nature of things must always be one of defence. If they have struck out against an antagonist it has been because the antagonist has become unbearable and really menacing, for the ownership of property around which any master class must build its forts makes poltroons of us all. The free savage fears only for his hide; modern man for his own or his master's property.

Thanks to the Marxian school it has long since been understood that the intellectual activity of any period will be dominated by the methods of wealth production prevalent at that time, and we should be surprised to find it otherwise today. The master class apologist must defend in all branches of science the ownership of the means of production as we have it at the present time. He must use every weapon to defend his master's position. A dominant ruling class will quite naturally look to retain that enviable position as long as possible, will come in time to regard it as heaven directed and blessed, and any school of thought rising under its influence will quite naturally reflect that desire. All the play of ideological forces will be brought forward in defence of the plunderers, for since the present ruling class lives by plunder we shall find its apologists measuring all things in terms of plunder.

Although equipped today with scientific knowledge of astounding profundity, although masters of so many natural forces, although heirs to power Olympian Jove never dreamed of, still their class position as plunderers compels them to distort the most obvious scientific truths in defense of the continuation of the appropriation of that plunder.

Good reason then for the fearful muddle they are making of this so-called woman question. What hope to look for light on the subject from the brains of the bourgeois, who still measures woman on the plunder basis? How expect anything but confusion worse confounded from a class whose very position makes them in one breath affirm and deny that man is the product of his environment! "Laziness, not class ownership, has produced the slums; a bad heart, not scant food and despair, a criminal; a filthy mind, not grim necessity, a prostitute; a saintly soul, not the need to live, a clergyman."

Unfortunate woman may well ask to be spared the attention of such scientists as these and will only find her place and some clarity of vision upon, not her problems (for she has none apart from society as a whole) but upon her class position, upon her slavery, in the Socialist movement.

A. BUDDEN.

REDISTRIBUTION

According to the reports of the capitalist press the Dominion parliament will meet in session early next year. The Naval bill is not likely to be brought forward, but a bill for the redistribution of seats. This is the most likely move of the government, as they will then be able to "go to the country" about the Naval bill after having feathered several new Conservative nests.

At the last Dominion election the Socialists had fourteen candidates in the field and polled a total vote of 5-365. We should have at least thirty candidates in the field next election, as that is the most favorable time to do our propaganda work. A start to put candidates in the field and get up a campaign subscription list should be made right now.

Below is a list of the districts which were contested and in the next issue of the Clarion I will endeavor to have another list of what seem to be favorable districts. In the meantime there is nothing to stop you from putting a quarter into a campaign fund for your district, so as to get that $200 deposit. A start is wanted for these districts: Vancouver, Victoria, Yale-Cariboo, B. C.; Calgary, Edmonton, Macleod, Alta.; Regina, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Montreal, St. Lawrence, Que.; Toronto East, Ottawa, Hamilton West, Ont.; Cape Breton South, N. S.; Inverness, N. S.

Forward all monies to the Provincial Secretaries. W. WATTS.

The Liberals have started nominating candidates for a provincial election in B. C. We don't see any necessity for such a move but we should prepare, too.

Have you donated your mite to the Federal Campaign fund yet? Only fourteen seats were contested at the last election. We ought to double that anyhow. Get busy.

SECRETARIAL.

All locals that intend running candidates in the next Dominion elections had better be getting busy on the voters' lists. Although no intimation of the exact time of the elections can be gleaned from the capitalist press, all are agreed that it will come along next year. B. C. comrades have but six weeks to get names on the list before it is suspended for the November Court of Revision, and if the elections come off before next May, all who have not registered before the November Court of Revision sits will not be eligible to vote. Nuf sed.

Attention of literature agents is drawn to the fact that there are still 76 copies of THE IRON HEEL in stock, and we want the money. The book is good, both outside and inside, and retails readily at $1.25. Vancouver Local has disposed of ten without any particular effort, thirteen have been sold on the streets, Local Fernie has just ordered three, Winnipeg two, and Nakusp has just ordered a single copy to try the effect. Order a sample copy and try it at the propaganda meetings.

The large amount credited to the receipts from bundles in this week's statement is due to the fact that Local Calgary came through with $20 arrears. They are having an up-hill fight against economic conditions, with the additional handicap that most of their best workers have been forced to leave in search of the elusive job. Those that are left are the stickers who are always at it.

It will be noticed that Com. Cassidy has started to turn in the subs.; $6 worth and a bundle order of $1.20 for the three months, (being two days' work in Victoria,) is not bad. Comrades are requested to turn all the subs his way they can, as he gets a small commission on each that helps out on the hay and oats problem.

On Sunday, Sept. 19th, he expects to be in Port Alberni, where the recently organized local has been putting up a howl for speakers.

While we are on this subject, don't forget to turn in the money for the coming payment on the cycle. We have only $50 more to pay, and the sooner we get it the better we will feel. Com. Cassidy has been supplied with monthly report sheets from which the efficacy of this means of helping on the movement will be guaged. They will be published as received for the information of the party, and it is up to the members and supporters on the Island to make the showing as encouraging and creditable as possible.

Com. Sheir, late of Kananaskis, Alta., has jumped off in Fort George, B. C., and writes for a copy of the "Critique of Political Economy" as his premium for sending in $10 worth of subs. The book has been forwarded, and he starts after the next one with a dollar to the good. Com. Goodwin of Cumberland has been sent copies of Kautsky's "Ethics" and "Class Struggle." Com. Green, of Toronto, has ordered a copy of "The Workers in American History." Under the "Here and Now" column will be found the names of those who have earned the premium to date.

While the B. C. comrades are fairly active in sub getting, the locals, as such, are not. Some of the locals in Alta., Sask., and Ontario are steady rustlers—not forgetting Montreal.

As samples of what can be done by collective effort in educational propaganda work Locals Montreal and Cumberland are shining lights in the Socialist movement in Canada. The former local is isolated from the other organizations of the party by our "magnificent distances," and has to rely almost entirely on the material at hand. That they have made good is evident from the report submitted on another page. They have produced their own speakers—and good, sound ones at that. They hold more street meetings than does Local Vancouver No. 1, and are receiving the compliment of petty interference from the police authorities. Subs come in a steady stream.

Local Cumberland is in a somewhat analogous position. Formed at a time when the affairs of the party were at the lowest ebb they have ever reached (February, 1912), they also have had to rely on their own resources as to speakers, etc. On top of that they have had to face the task of keeping their organization in financial shape and a steady fire of propaganda in the face of one of the most long-drawn-out and bitter strikes in the history of Canada. It is an open secret, and a splendid compliment to the quality of the membership of the local, that the mine-barons would have been willing to settle the strike if they could drive these comrades out of the district. The steel of which they are made will be refined and hardened by the test to which they are now being subjected. Thus does capitalism produce its own grave-diggers.

Comrades are requested, when sending in money to this office, to send it in money orders or postal notes, or Dom. Express Co.'s cheques; several amounts have gone a-missing owing to this precaution being neglected.

An explanation of the reasons for the failure of the arrangements for Com. J. B. Osborne's tour in Alta. and the Boundary has reached this office from Com. Burt E. Anderson, secretary of the Alta. Prov. Exec. After all arrangements had been made, the wires despatched to Com. Osborne, the Edmonton T. & L. Council decided that they could not meet the guarantee required by Com. Osborne, which was necessarily high owing to the distance he would have to travel without a stop in order to speak on Labor Day. It has since transpired that Com. Osborne did not get all the telegrams, owing to his movements in country districts in Oregon. It has meant considerable financial loss to him, as he cancelled his dates in Montana for the purpose of going to Alta., and spent an appreciable sum on telegrams for which there was no return.

A Good Place to Eat at
Mulcahy's Cafeteria
137 Cordova Street West
Best of Everything Properly Cooked

EVERYBODY
Is Reading Them
Ingersoll's 26 Lectures ..... $ .75
Aristotles' Masterpiece $1.00
Origin of Species, Darwin 25c
Riddles of the Universe, Haeckel 25c
Wonders of Life, Haeckel 25c
Evolution of Man, Haeckel 75c
Postpaid
The People's Bookstore
152 Cordova St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver Island
ACREAGE
(Alberni District)
W. W. LEFEAUX
Labor Temple Bldg.
Vancouver, B. C.
Phone Seymour 4108

STRIKE ON
STAY AWAY
The strike is still on at the Queen Mine, Sheep Creek, B. C., also Silver Dollar, Salmo, B. C.
All workingmen are urged to stay away until this strike is settled

MERRIE ENGLAND
Robert Blatchford
MAILED FOR 15c.
SASKATOON NEWS AGENCY
310 First Ave.
SASKATOON - - - SASK.

The only shop in B.C. using UNION-MADE PAPER
PRINTING
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention
E. T. KINGSLEY
LABOR TEMPLE

DENTIST
W. J. CURRY
301 Dominion Building
Vancouver, B. C.

INTERNATIONALISM

Viscount Hove—"Yes, ye know, the bottom has dropped out of hawf of my blawsted investments, ye know. Dem those Mexican Mines, Argentine R.R.'s and German Chemicals."

F. von Dritzel—"Donner! It iss the same mit me. I haf vot you call, Manchester Indus, B. C. Coal and S. African Gold, ant they haf stop too!"

Viscount H.—"They tell me, don't ye know, that the confounded men have stopped working, out on strike, ye know. They seem to bally well rather starve than work."

F. von D.—Dat iss so! Der governments must make them work someway perhaps!"

THE WORKING CLASS MUST STRIKE THE BLOW

You remember Victor Hugo's story of the devil-fish; how the monster put forth one tentacle after another and coiled it around his victim; how the hero recalled that there was but one vulnerable spot in his brute enemy; how at the strategic moment he struck a blow at that spot, and that terrible demon of the deep shuddered, released his grasp and fell dead.

Capitalism is a monster seizing the body politic. One tentacle is put forth to grasp the major part of the earnings of the working class; and another has seized the working-woman; another reaches forth to the child; another has fastened upon the government and made that the instrument of the powerful classes; still another has turned the pen of the journalist into a weapon by which the injustice of capitalism is praised and defended; and still another has seized the pulpit, silenced those who profess to speak for God and man, or turned their phrases into open apology and defense for the crimes of capitalism.

But there is one vulnerable spot in capitalism. If the working class of the world can see that spot and strike they may be free.

The fundamental wrong, the basic injustice of the capitalist system, is that the resources of land and machinery, to which ALL THE PEOPLE must have access, in order to live and labor, are owned by the few and are conducted by the few for their private profit.

Socialists, follow your course and let the Capitalsits talk.

Slavery proper is the ownership of men and women for compulsory labor.

Material conditions nave always shaped human thought which resulted in historical events.

FOR RENT—At 532 Prior Street, 2 room cabin apartments, furnished for housekeeping. Sinks, free electric light, rent 8 and 9 dollars per month.

FURNISHED ROOMS to rent, suitable for two Socialists. Use of stove and utensils for batching if desired. Apply 1021 Homer St., City.