Owned and controlled by the Socialist Party of Canada

WESTERN CLARION

Published in the interest of the Working Class alone

NUMBER 727. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, AUGUST 30, 1913. Subscription Price PER YEAR $1.00

NOW!-YOU 20,000 B.C. UNIONISTS-ACT!

THE MINERS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND ARE LOOKING TO YOU

PATIENCE UNDER PROVOCATION

The Undisguised Mission of the Company Thugs and Government "Specials" Borne to the Limit of Human Endurance

(By Bob Walker, now in jail.)

The pass-word amongst the Provincial and specials has been for the last five or six months, "We will get Joe Naylor yet." To get him, every means and device has been resorted to, to incite the striking miners to riot, but all their efforts were futile.

A Few Days Previous to July Pay-Day, however, a rumor was current that the scabs were going to drive all the strikers out of the place. Although the strikers did not believe this story, they decided that if they were to be driven out, they would be exiled in a body and not one at a time. Sure enough, when pay-day came the scabs began to stream into the town. They were led by a hired thug named Cane, who began by

Openly Challenging the Strikers.

This was followed by insults from the scabs to the strikers and their wives, who were out doing their shopping. The Provincial and special police were repeatedly appealed to, to do their duty according to the law. But the applicants were

Answered by Further Insults from these Supposed Preservers of the Peace.

They ordered the strikers to get home out of the way; they pushed and some jabbed strikers in the ribs with their batons. In spite of all this the men kept saying to each other

Keep Cool, don't Commit Yourselves.

And at the same time these strikers were confident that if they so decided, they could clean the town out of all the scabs, specials and Provincial police in an hour or two's time.

Finally Cane and J. Naylor (who is the local president) met face to face, and words were exchanged. Cane assuming a threatening attitude and challenging Joe to fight. When one of the bystanders (a striker) struck at Cane, who struck back, both men were immediately arrested.

Scabs and Strikers Immediately Closed and the fun began. In five minutes' time there was not a scab to be seen. You talk about a marathon! Dorando or Shrubb would have been left in the shade. The strikers were left with the town at their mercy. The policeman who arrested Cane's assailant was glad to let his man go to escape a mauling by these now infuriated slaves. Cane was taken out of the way of the strikers and given his freedom. He has never been seen in the town since. The tables were immediately turned. The police were almost on their knees, appealing to the strikers to be quiet and go home.

Some days later, however, several arrests were made, amongst whom were Cane's assailant. He was charged with assault, convicted and fined $16 and costs, which he paid. He was arrested again and charged with resisting the police while performing their duty. He was again convicted and fined $50 and costs, or two months in jail. **No Attempt was Made to Arrest Cane.** The local officers (union) began to gather evidence, to charge Cane with inciting to riot, backed up by the municipality (which the strikers had captured at the last election). Things were looking pretty blue for Cane and so,

To Counter this, Joe Naylor and Other Strikers were Arrested

on a charge of unlawful assembly. It was expected that the prisoners would be given bail on arriving at Nanaimo, but it appears that the Attorney-General had telephoned up that no bail be granted anyone until the Attorney-General's councillor had investigated each case, as to whether bail would or would not be justified. This means they will keep the prisoners just as long as they think fit.

The Political Nature of this Struggle is very plain to be seen. The man who can't see it must be dense indeed.

As August pay-day is approaching, the same threat has been made by the scabs. As we presume they will be better prepared this time than they were before, we decided that we too must be better equipped, and so the City Council and police commissioners, who are mostly strikers or sympathizers, have sworn in a number of the coolest headed of the

Strikers to Act as Special Police.

So, if these again insist on repeating their mission, to attempt to clean out the strikers, they will be met by the political power of the class conscious proletariat. Had we taken this step before Cane made his debut in July, he and his colleagues would have been arrested, and if they had resisted arrest, then we could have given them a dose of what is in store for all their fraternity in the near future.

The rumor is now current here that nine strikers have been shot dead at Extension, and the cry is raised "On, boys, to Extension!" But the distance is too great to walk. Had it not been more than thirty miles, an army of armed miners in revolt would have been on the march to avenge their fellowmen, who, they had been led to believe, were being murdered wholesale.

It has transpired since, however, that all these stories of bloodshed are false and that not one man has been killed. The reason that the striking miners of Cumberland have peacefully submitted to so much abuse, insults and slurs from their enemies, is becase they were

Uncertain of the Support of their Fellow Slaves

throughout the rest of the province. Had they been assured of such support they would undoubtedly have assumed control long ago. As for the box of tin soldiers that have arrived here, they could have been, and would have been, disarmed and sent back to where they came from, to again serve their masters, or to throw in their lot with the slaves in revolt. But the truth of the situation is not of this nature.

As I left Cumberland this morning to investigate for the Clarion as to the truth of the situation in Nanaimo and elsewhere, a contingent of human butchers, who kill men for twenty-five cents a day, while they could get three dollars a day for killing hogs in Chicago, steamed into the station. What effect they will have remains to be seen. It is quite obvious to any intelligent observer that the issue here in this struggle is not so much higher wages, or recognition of the union, as,

Whether the Socialists are, or are Not to Remain in this District.

The mine owners, as well as the Liberal and Conservative element of this constituency, know full well that their only hope of holding this district lies in breaking this strike and driving the Socialists out. Long ago, the management agreed to meet a committee of the men,

Providing there were no Socialists, on such committee. Also, that if they could only get rid of about twenty of the strikers, the demands of the men would be granted.

But aside from this struggle for political power, this strike must be won. For the greed and avarice of the mine owners to increase their dividends, if the miners were to exist without an organization, would result in

Starvation Wages, Unsafe Mines, More Accidents, More Cripples and Corpses, More Widows and Orphans, who would never get any compensation; more misery and poverty, more daughters of working men driven to a life of shame, while it would mean **Greater Incomes for the Mine Owners,** who play no part in the production of coal but receive all the benefits.

Slaves, Attention!

The Flames of Revolt are lit on Vancouver Island, and no one knows where they will end.

Be Ready!

You don't know the minute you will be called on to take sides, for or against your class.

Yours in Revolt,
BOB WALKER.

A WARPLOT THAT FAILED

In 1905-6 the Norwegian and Swedish armies (working men, of course) were ordered to the front to butcher one another. They were assembled at the national boundary and everything was done to influence their hatred and excite their prejudices. Tens of thousands of homes were desolate. Fear was in the hearts of thousands of women and children of the working class. Reporters were present from all parts of the world to flash the news of the butchering around the earth. The capitalist coffin trust was delighted at the prospect, and gold-braided commanders were ready to shout: "Form! Charge! Fire! Slaughter!" Everything was ready, when a curious thing happened. The workers confronting each other said: "We working class men are brothers. Let us not spill the veins of our own class simply to satisfy the vicious pride of snobbish masters. Let us save our own blood and tears." This international cry had a wonderful effect. It was like an illuminating flash of lightning at midnight, and when men saw that they were brothers of the working class they fraternized and felicitated each other, and sneered at the frowns of their commanders. Realizing that the workers could not be made to butcher each other, the capitalists declared the war off, and the capitalist press closed like an oyster and kept the news from its readers. Only the Socialist papers reported the sublime event.

When France and Germany were almost on the verge of war a short time ago the socialists of both countries sent messages to each other stating that they would not fight, and did not. The international socialist movement with a vote of over twelve million will do all in its power to prevent war; and the only answer to the Canadian naval policy that the workers can give is, *"we want no navy—we want the full product of our toil."*

Have You Made Your Sub?

Propaganda Meeting
HELD EVERY SUNDAY EVENING
IN THE
EMPRESS THEATRE
Hastings St. East
In the Interests of the Working Class Alone
[illegible]
QUESTIONS — DISCUSSION

THE FIGHTERS' FUNCTION

J. A. McDONALD.

In the textbooks used in our schools and colleges we are given lengthy dissertations on the glory of war. There are, in fact, no heroes whose names shine so brightly in the pages of history as military heroes. In each great battle which was fought between the warring factions of the past the name of some general stands out almost as prominently as the battle itself. When we think of Bannockburn, we must remember Bruce; when we give our attention to Austerlitz, we cannot forget Napoleon; while Trafalgar had its Nelson, and Waterloo its Wellington. These were all leaders of armies or navies. They were very useful tools in the hands of a propertied class to seize new territory or defend what they already possessed.

Not one of the names I have mentioned, or the scores of others with whose marvellous achievements the histories of all countries are crowded, have ever performed a single thing for the benefit of

The Class to Which We Belong.

Their sole function lay in leading one faction of workers to hew down another portion of the same class; not because these workers had any grievances to settle between themselves, but to satisfy the whims of kings and rulers who desired larger dominions in order to exploit greater numbers of those who produced the wealth in every form of society. But useless as military heroes have ever been from the standpoint of an enslaved class, yet, in the bourgeois histories we are given to study, they are made to appear of far more importance than the scientists, inventors, philosophers and explorers. The names of Epictetus and Democritus are almost unknown to the college student of today, while those of Hannibal and Caesar occupy dozens of pages. How dull and obscure are the biographies of Darwin, Lamarck, Hegel and Dietzen, compared with those of even a Grant or a Sheridan; while tiresome admonitions are

Doled Out to Working Class Children to Follow

the example of these empire-builders, and be ready at all times to take up arms in defence of what they are made to believe is their country. Yet nothing is told them concerning evolution, economics or proletarian logic. Their minds are literally crammed with a kind of learning that can never be of any use to themselves.

That this should be so we cannot wonder when we begin to understand the whole situation, when we take into consideration that when classes were first divided on a property basis, placing the owners on one side and the producers on the other, that a portion of the dispossessed were necessary to

Keep in Subjection the Remainder of the Class.

In other words, when the slave first came into existence the soldier also made his appearance, and so long as the one is needed in the social systems that followed on that property basis, the services of the other are also required.

When this is understood we can clearly see the necessity of our masters instilling in our minds the form of education we receive in the different seats of learning.

So Long as Class Property Exists,

that property must, by all means, be defended. The master class being but a small minority in present-day society, they find it essential to their continued supremacy to drill and discipline an ever-increasing army of slaves to guard the plunder which is being taken every day from the world's producers in the mills, mines and factories of all nations. To successfully accomplish this task,

The Minds of the Children Must Be Impressed

with a sense of the duty they owe to those who claim to protect them. They must be told of how nobly Britons have ever fought and conquered; how the heroic leaders of the past have sacrificed all to shed renewed brilliancy on the land of their birth. Not only must this be taught in the books they read, but is also put into practice by the recent

Institution of the Boy Scouts.

They are shown how to march; how to handle guns; how to endure fatigue.

(Continued on Page Four.)

READY FOR THE HARVEST

Capitalism is getting over-ripe and rotten. It need not follow, however, that capitalists are rotten in the eyes of the people. The over-ripe apple is generally the finest looking apple in the orchard. The capitalists, those who do no useful work, but draw handsome dividends, are generally the most refined product of modern civilization, but because they are the most refined it does not follow that they are the finest—that depends on the meaning of the word finest. Assuming that finest means fittest, no doubt the typical capitalist, the man who draws dividends from stocks or bonds and knows nothing of the enterprises from which he draws his income, may be the fittest for his own peculiar environment. But strip him of his power to absorb surplus values, and put him into a new environment where he would have to earn a living, he would cut a sorry figure in the great majority of cases.

But capitalism is over-ripe. Capitalists themselves are rapidly becoming disgusted with the manifestations of the capitalist system. Even the capitalist newspapers give frequent expression to the growing dissatisfaction with capitalism, and also to the growing feeling that a change is impending. Judge Gary, president of the billion dollar steel trust, recently observed that the things that were being said today were very much like the things that were said just before the French revolution. At the St. George's Society banquet in St. John the Bishop of Fredericton declared that unless the men who controlled the sources of the world's wealth gave a better account of their stewardship there would be an overthrow of the existing social order by the oppressed masses. Mr. Culver, the United States Consul at St. John, spoke in a similar strain, deploring the oppression of the masses in his own country, and expressing grave fears that unless the public authorities rose to the emergency and curbed the power of the octopus, there would be a great revolution, a general overthrow of the cherished institutions of capitalism.

Such speeches delivered on such an occasion are significant. A banquet of St. George's Society is one of the most typical of bourgeois functions. But the warnings of the Bishop and Consul made little impression upon the gathering, [illegible] and mellowed by champagne. Subsequent speakers did not rise above the [illegible] to the heart of the infatuated bourgeoisie. The death-knell at the feast did not worry the ancient Egyptians. Eat, drink and be merry, etc. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad or blind.

Look at Germany now. Consider the revelation made by the Socialist, Liebknecht, in regard to the methods by which the armament makers seek to foment ill-feeling between the nations. Everybody must admit that their [illegible] tactics are good business from the armament maker's point of view. But even the bourgeois newspapers are constrained to condemn this kind of business. Witness the [illegible] comment of the Berliner Post of Germany, the Evening Post of New York, and many other journals, including Canadian organs of the bourgeoisie.

British and Canadian journals are of course highly indignant at the infamy of the Krupps. It makes some difference whose ox is gored. A short time ago I read a pamphlet published by the International Peace Society, an editorial from the London Economist, a well-known financial journal, accusing the British battle-ship makers of employing tactics similar to those of which the Krupps have been accused. So far as I know the British press was not excited over this charge, and few, if any, Canadian papers made any reference to it whatever.

Anybody who reads the papers with a discerning eye must be struck by the decadence of capitalist society. Scarcely a day passes without the papers reporting some event which indicates that the bourgeoisie are arrant hypocrites or merely mad. Everywhere, even in St. John, we see them madly discussing [illegible] problems, social evils and what not, exhibiting a sentimental and generally fruitless interest in reform. That merely means that they are dissatisfied and more or less disgusted with the civilization which their class has created.

But there is no reason to suppose the bourgeoisie can put a new spirit into their Frankenstein creation. Capitalism is beyond repair. The bourgeois nations, unable to trust one another, are irresistibly carried towards bankruptcy. Even so-called statesmen admit that the race for armaments is sheer madness. But every bourgeois nation is spurred on to more frantic efforts to hold its place in the mad race; the more they talk of peace the more strenuous becomes the race. Where will it end? It must end in bankruptcy. No nation can indefinitely keep on building battleships, or increasing its military forces, and a war between England and Germany would not settle anything—it would only lead to the more speedy bankruptcy of both nations.

The bourgeoisie, because they had no faith in God or man, are running headlong into a cul de sac. They cannot carry civilization any farther forward. Their rule must be broken. The capitalist system must be overthrown; the working class must take charge of affairs in the interests of humanity.—Colin McKay, in The Eastern Labor News.

THE GOVERNMENT OF B. C.

Bowser or Bower, whichever his name is, could not see his way clear to interfere between mine owners and miners to protect the interest of the latter and let them get a living wage. "That's not Law." But the mine owners can starve and run in miners and their families. What a difference when the miners touch the mine owners' pockets. Of course there is no Class Legislation in B. C.

POLITICAL POWER THE STAKE

The Dispute, Starting Over the Conditions of Servitude, Has Crystallized Into a Struggle for Political Representation.

I left Vancouver on Friday evening for Nanaimo, on board the Charmer, at about 7 p. m., and owing to the slowness of the boat it must have been somewhere about 10 when we arrived. The wharf was clear, no sign of life anywhere but we could see the slope at the top end of the landing-place a sea of faces that gleamed wierdly in the darkness. Just as the ship was moored an officer strutted down and shouted, "Have you any soldiers on board, Captain?" The captain answered in the negative, and the officer strutted away.

When I reached the crowd I had observed from the ship I was struck with the orderly nature of their bearing; each man seemed to thoroughly understand every other man, and when they marched down the street after observing who had landed, they moved like a regiment of veterans. Some of the soldiers were in the street, and they

Looked Like Scared Rabbits.

It was also plainly to be seen that many of them did not like their job. I was informed that when they landed some of them fell sick with fear; also that a miner went up to one of them and said, "Give me your gun!" the gun was instantly handed over. It is said, however, that when the miner asked for the soldier's ammunition he was informed that it was in the wagon.

The miners as a whole look upon them with undisguised contempt. There are over 300 South African veterans on the island and they make no secret of the fact that were they disposed they could treat the soldiers just as they treated the special police, but they do not desire to cause any trouble, having now carried out their object in driving the scabs away from the mines.

I was soon recognized and went to Concert Hall, where I found Bob Walker, and having obtained what information we could, we decided to go to Extension the following morning.

The next day was Saturday, and

Visiting Day at the Gaol

and so I went to pay my respects to Joe Naylor of Cumberland, who, with three other of the Cumberland boys, is held on a charge of unlawful assembly. Joe was pleased to see me. He was cheerful, but a blind man could see that Joe felt like a caged lion. Joe likes to be up and doing; he is one of the most active members of the movement, and to be chained up at a time like this is very trying. Bob Walker and I

Walked to Extension

in the afternoon, two of the Nanaimo boys accompanying us part of the way. It commenced to rain and the seven-mile tramp would have been miserable for any one but two Socialists. We started arguing the point, however, and we frequently found ourselves standing in the centre of the road laying the law down to each other and the rain running off our nose-ends.

We arrived at Extension eventually, and when we saw the mine manager's house

We Christened the Place "Extinction,"

for it had gone to that place "where oblivion broods and memory forgets," as old Val says. The soldiers were there, and when we saw them drilling in the rain and marching up the hill to camp on the top for the night, we almost pitied them, for the officer in command was a good Socialist propagandist without knowing it. If he doesn't make them kick they deserve to die in slavery.

We found a few of the boys, but we were a long time before we gained their confidence; they are suspicious of every stranger, and I don't blame them, either. We eventually convinced them, however, of our identity and then all was plain sailing. They found us an empty shack in which we spent the night, and gave us all the information and assistance they could. Walker and I are now writing in this shack, scribbling as hard as we can to get finished and walk back to Nanaimo in time to catch the post.

What do I think of the affair? It will strike every man who comes here that all

This is a Put-up Job—Not on the Part of the Miners but Some one Else.

Take this affair at Extension, for instance. A crowd of scabs came about the streets all night, then the next day they suddenly begin firing at a body of strikers—and shoot to kill at that. People in the distance, observing the strikers laying down, think that some of them are killed and send word down to Nanaimo. The strikers there raid a gun store and rush to Extension to assist and avenge their comrades. The scabs are driven out of Extension, but

Not a Man is Killed or Even Dangerously Hurt.

It is found afterwards, however, that the scabs were well armed and had a very large quantity of ammunition. Where did they get it from? And how is it that attacks are made on the strikers at Cumberland, Ladysmith and other places at the same time? The strikers were content. [illegible] of them found the strike a hardship; it was a holiday to them. You never saw a happier set of men in all your life. They were all desirous of keeping the peace and this attack was provoked by those who had

An Interest in Provoking It.

The paper here in Nanaimo, the Herald, deliberately roused the ire of the miners by its editorials. They compelled him to suspend publication during the short time they held control of the town. They should have compelled him to go on, and only give the people a cleaner idea of the true state of affairs.

In Ladysmith, McKinnon's hand was shattered by dynamite, and we had the capitalist press coming out telling of the brutal strikers trying to blow up his house and that he, defending his wife and children, picked up the dynamite the strikers had thrown and was trying to throw it back when it exploded. The real facts of the case are likely to be entirely different from this. We have it on good authority that

McKinnon Lighted the Fuse Himself,

that it was his own dynamite and that he got what he was trying to give some one else. McKinnon is a strike-breaker and is known as an extremely careless workman, having been burnt several times in the mine.

All the lies that have been circulated, all the moves made by the powers that be have had an effect those in authority never anticipated.

They Have Brought the Whole of the Working Class Together Here in One Solid Body.

The growing spirit of class-consciousness is almost awe-inspiring. These men are ready for anything, and if they don't get a "square deal" in this business we shall see trouble. The autocrat, Bowser, is up against a proposition that is stronger than he is, and he will shortly look like Towser worrying the dish cloth. The men on the island will control the situation; don't forget that, but they understand the capitalist system is the capitalist system, and they are marking time until they see what support is forthcoming from outside.

It is up to every man in British Columbia. It is up to every man in the Dominion of Canada or elsewhere—to spread the news broadcast that Socialism has grown to such an extent on Vancouver Island that the capitalist class are resorting to despicable methods to suppress it. This struggle has developed into a class affair. The capitalist class know full well that if the workers here can't sit tight until the next election, Cumberland as well as other seats on the Island will

Fall into the Hands of the Socialists.

They are determined to prevent such a contingency at all costs, and this affair is utilized toward that end.

Well! we are going to win and so, boys, fight in order that we may achieve success. The issue is not higher wages and better conditions. **The issue is Whether the Socialists on Vancouver Island shall remain on the Island to Cast an Intelligent Ballot at the Next Election, or Whether they shall be Robbed of the Power to do so by Being Driven to God knows where in Search of an Existence.**

I can truthfully say to every man who reads this that any one of you who could come here and see the facts as they really are would stand by these men to the last ditch.

The trouble is not yet over. It has, in my opinion, not yet begun; but we have got a spirit here that is ready for anything and the outcome of this [illegible] will be entirely contrary to what the powers that be anticipate.

Bob's report will supplement mine. We are now preparing to get back to Nanaimo, after which we go to Ladysmith and Cumberland.

Yours in Revolt,
LESTOR.

THE IDEAL SOLDIER

By Jack London.

Young man: The lowest aim in your life is to become a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in a human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not a brute, for brutes only kill in self defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment roll. His mind, his conscience, aye, his very soul, are in the keeping of his officer.

No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go. Keep the boys out of the army. It is hell.

The B. C. Federation of Labor are taking steps for the affiliation of a [illegible] to ascertain the willingness of the membership to throw their lots [illegible]

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, who seems to be debating whether or not to approach.

CHAPTER II (Continued)

"That man's name is Jackson," Ernest said.

"With that strong body of his he should be at work, and not peddling," I answered curtly.

"Notice the sleeve of his left arm," Ernest said gently.

I looked, and saw that the sleeve was empty.

"It was some of the blood from that arm that I heard *dripping from your* roof-beams," Ernest said with continued gentleness. "He lost his arm in the Sierra Mills, and like a broken-down horse you turned him out on the highway to die When I say 'you,' I mean the superintendent and the officials that you and the other stockholders pay to manage the mills for you. It was an accident. It was caused by his trying to save the company a few dollars. The toothed drum of the picker caught his arm. He might have let the small flint that he saw in the teeth go through. It would have smashed out a double row of spikes. But he reached for the flint and his arm was picked and clawed to shreds from the finger tips to the shoulder. It was at night. The mills were working overtime. They paid a fat dividend that quarter. Jackson had been working many hours, and his muscles had lost their resiliency and snap. They made his movements a *bit slow. That was why the machine* caught him. He had a wife and three children."

"And what did the company do for him?" I asked.

"Nothing. Oh, yes, they did something. They successfully fought the damage suit he brought when he came out of hospital. The company employs very efficient lawyers, you know."

"You have not told the whole story," I said with conviction. "Or else you do not know the whole story. Maybe the man was insolent."

"Insolent! Ha! Ha!" His laughter was Mephistophelian. "Great God! Insolent! And with his arm chewed off! Nevertheless he was a meek and lowly servant, and there is no record of his having been insolent."

"But the courts," I urged. "The case would not have been decided against him had there been no more to the affair than you have mentioned."

"Colonel Ingram is leading counsel for the company. He is a shrewd lawyer." Ernest looked at me intently for a moment, then went on. "I'll tell you what you do, Miss Cunningham. You investigate Jackson's case."

"I had already determined to," I said coldly.

"All right," he beamed good-naturedly, "and I'll tell you where to find him. But I tremble for you when I think of all you are to prove by Jackson's arm."

And so it came about that both the Bishop and I accepted Ernest's challenges. They went away together, leaving me smarting with a sense of injustice that had been done me and my class. The man was a beast. I hated him, then, and consoled myself with the thought that his behaviour was what was to be expected from a man of the working class.

CHAPTER III

JACKSON'S ARM

Little did I dream the fateful part Jackson's arm was to play in my life. Jackson himself did not impress me when I hunted him out. I found him in a crazy, ramshackle house down near the bay on the edge of the marsh. Pools of stagnant water stood around the house, their surfaces covered with a green and putrid-looking scum, while the stench that arose from them was intolerable.

I found Jackson the meek and lowly man he had been described. He was making some sort of rattan-work, and he toiled on stolidly while I talked to him. But in spite of his meekness and lowliness, I fancied I caught the first note of a nascent bitterness in him when he said:

"They might a-given me a job as watchman, anyway."

I got little out of him. He struck me as stupid, and yet the deftness with which he worked with his one hand seemed to belie his stupidity. This suggested an idea to me.

"How did you happen to get your arm caught in the machine?" I asked.

He looked at me in a slow and pondering way, and shook his head. "I don't know. It just happened."

"Carelessness?" I prompted.

"No," he answered, "I ain't for callin' it that. I was workin' overtime, an' I guess I was tired out some. I worked seventeen years in them mills, an' I've took notice that most of the accidents happens just before whistle-blow. I'm willin' to bet that more accidents happens in the hour before whistle-blow than in all the rest of the day. A man ain't so quick after workin' steady for hours. I've seen too many of them cut up an' gouged an' chewed not to know."

"Many of them?" I queried.

"Hundreds an' hundreds, an' children, too."

With the exception of the terrible details, Jackson's story of his accident was the same as that I had already heard. When I asked him if he had broken some rule of working the machinery, he shook his head.

"I chucked off the belt with my right," he said, "an made a reach for the flint with my left. I didn't stop to see if the belt was off. I thought my right hand had done it—only it didn't. I reached quick, and the belt wasn't off. And then my arm was chewed off."

"It must have been painful," I said sympathetically.

"The crunchin' of the bones wasn't nice," was his answer.

His mind was rather hazy concerning the damage suit. Only one thing was clear to him, and that was that he had not got any damages. He had a feeling that the testimony of the foremen and the superintendent had brought about the adverse decision of the court. Their testimony, as he put it, "wasn't what it ought to have been." And to them I resolved to go.

One thing was plain, Jackson's situation was wretched. His wife was in ill health, and he was unable to earn, by his rattan-work and peddling, sufficient food for the family. He was back in his rent, and the oldest boy, a lad of eleven, had started to work in the mills.

"They might a-given me that watchman's job," were his last words as I went away.

By the time I had seen the lawyer who had handled Jackson's case, and the two foremen and the superintendent at the mills who had testified, I began to feel that there was something after all in Ernest's contention.

He was a weak and inefficient-looking man, the lawyer, and at sight of him I did not wonder that Jackson's case had been lost. My first thought was that it had served Jackson right for getting such a lawyer. But the next moment two of Ernest's statements came flashing into my consciousness: "The company employs very eminent lawyers" and "Colonel Ingram is a shrewd lawyer." I did some rapid thinking. It dawned upon me that of course the company could afford finer legal talent than could a workingman like Jackson. But this was merely a minor detail. There was some very good reason, I was sure, why Jackson's case had gone against him.

"Why did you lose the case?" I asked.

The lawyer was perplexed and worried for a moment, and I found it in my heart to pity the wretched little creature. Then he began to whine. I do believe his whine was congenital. He was a man beaten at birth. He whined about the testimony. The witness had given only the evidence that helped the other side. Not one word could he get out of them that would have helped Jackson. They knew which side their bread was buttered on. Jackson was a fool. He had been brow-beaten and confused by Colonel Ingram. Colonel Ingram was brilliant at cross-examination. He had made Jackson answer damaging questions.

"How could his answers be damaging if he had the right side?" I demanded.

"What's right got to do with it?" he demanded back. "You see all those books." He moved his hand over the array of volumes on the walls of his tiny office. "All my reading and studying of them has taught me that law is one thing and right is another thing. Ask any lawyer. You go to Sunday school to learn what is right. But you go to those books to learn . . . law."

"Do you mean to tell me that Jackson had the right on his side and yet was beaten?" I queried tentatively. "Do you mean to tell me that there is no justice in Judge Caldwell's court?"

The little lawyer glared at me a moment, and then the belligerence faded out of his face.

"I hadn't a fair chance," he began whining again. "They made a fool out *of Jackson and out of me, too.* What chance had I? Colonel Ingram is a great lawyer. If he wasn't great, would he have charge of the law business of the Sierra Mills, of the Erston Land Syndicate, of the Berkley Consolidated, of the Oakland, San Leandro, and Pleasanton Electric? He's a corporation lawyer, and corporation lawyers are not paid for being fools. What do you think the Sierra Mills alone give him twenty thousand dollars a year for? Because he's worth twenty thousand dollars a year to them, that's what for. I'm not worth that much. If I was, I wouldn't be on the outside, starving and taking cases like Jackson's. What do you think I'd got if I'd won Jackson's case?

"You'd have robbed him, most probably," I answered.

"Of course I would,' he cried angrily. "I've got to live, haven't I?"

"He has a wife and children," I chided.

"So have I a wife and children," he retorted. "And there's not a soul in this world except myself that cares whether they starve or not."

His face suddenly softened, and he opened his watch and showed me a small photograph of a woman and two little girls pasted inside the case.

"There they are. Look at them. We've had a hard time, a hard time. I had hoped to send them away to the country if I'd won Jackson's case. They're not healthy here, but I can't afford to send them away."

When I started to leave, he droped back into his whine.

"I hadn't the ghost of a chance. Colonel Ingram and Judge Caldwell are pretty friendly. I'm not saying that if I'd got the right kind of testimony out of their witnesses on cross-examination, that friendship would have decided the case. And yet I must say that Judge Caldwell did a whole lot to prevent my getting that very testimony. Why, Judge Caldwell and Colonel Ingram belong to the same lodge and the same club. They live in the same neighborhood—one I can't afford. And their wives are always having whist parties and such things back and forth."

"And yet you think Jackson had the right of it?" I asked, pasuing for the moment on the threshold.

"I don't think; I know it," was his answer. "And at first I thought he had some show, too. But I didn't tell my wife. I didn't want to disappoint her. She had her heart set on a trip to the country hard enough as it was."

"Why did you not call attention to the fact that Jackson was trying to save the machinery from being injured?" I asked Peter Donnelly, one of the foremen who had testified at the trial.

He pondered a long time before replying. Then he cast an anxious look about him and said:

"Because I've a good wife an' three of the sweetest children ye ever laid eyes on, that's why."

"I do not understand," I said.

"In other words, because it wouldn't a-ben healthy," he answered.

"You mean—" I began.

But he interrupted passionately.

"I mean what I said. It's long years I've worked in the mills. I began as a little lad on the spindles. I worked up ever since. It's by hard work I got to my present exalted position. I'm foreman, if you please. An' I doubt me if there's a man in the mills that'd put out a hand to drag me from drownin'. I used to belong to the unon. But I've stayed by the company through two strikes. They called me 'scab.' There's not a man among name. Me onl da yy ryngb 'itr 'em to-day to take a drink with me if I asked him. D'ye see the scars on me head where I was struck with flying bricks? There ain't a child at the spindles but what would curse me name. Me only friend is the company. It's not me duty, but me bread an' butter an' the life of me children to stand by the mills. That's why."

"Was Jackson to blame?" I asked.

"He should a-got the damages. He was a good worker an' never made trouble."

"Then you were not at liberty to tell the whole truth, as you had sworn to do?"

He shook his head.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" I said solemnly.

Again his face became impassioned, and he lifted it, not to me, but to heaven.

"I'd let me soul an' body burn in everlastin' hell for them children of mine," was his answer.

Henry Dallas, the superintendent, was a vulpine-faced creature who regarded me insolently and refused to talk. Not a word could I get from him concerning the trial and his testimony. But with the other foreman I had better luck. James Smith was a hard-faced man, and my heart sank as I encountered him. He, too, gave me the impression that he was not a free agent, and as we talked I began to see that he was mentally superior to the average of his kind. He agreed with Peter Donnelly that Jackson should have got damages, and he went farther and called the action heartless and cold-blooded that had turned the worker adrift after he had been made helpless by the accident. Also, he explained that there were many accidents in the mills, and that the company's policy was to fight to the bitter end all consequent damage suits.

"It means hundreds of thousands a year to the stockholders," he said; and as he spoke I remembered the last dividend that had been paid my father, and the pretty gown for me and the books for him that had been bought out of that dividend. I remembered Ernest's charge that my gown was stained with blood, and my flesh began to crawl underneath my garments.

"When you testified at the trial, you didn't point out that Jackson received his accident through trying to save *the machinery from damage?*" I said.

"No, I did not," was the answer, and his mouth set bitterly: "I testified to the effect that Jackson injured himself by neglect and carelessness, and that the company was not in any way to blame or liable."

"Was it carelessness?" I asked.

'Call it that, or anything you want to call it. The fact is, a man gets tired after he's been working for hours."

I was becoming interested in the man. He certainly was of a superior kind.

"You are better educated than most workingmen," I said.

"I went through high school," he replied. "I worked my way through doing janitor-work. I wanted to go through the university. But my father died, and I came to work in the mills.

"I wanted to become a naturalist," he explained shyly, as though confessing a weakness. "I love animals. But I came to work in the mills. When I was promoted to foreman I got married, then the family came, and . . . well, I wasn't my own boss any more."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I was explaining why I testified at the trial the way I did—why I followed instructions."

"Whose instructions?"

"Colonel Ingram. He outlined the evidence I was to give."

"And it lost Jackson's case for him."

He nodded, and the blood began to rise darkly in his face.

"And Jackson had a wife and two children dependent on him."

"I know," he said quietly, though his face was growing darker.

"Tell me, I went on, "was it easy to make yourself over from what you were, say in high school, to the man you must have become to do such a thing at the trial?"

The suddenness of his outburst startled and frightened me. He ripped out a savage oath, and clenched his fist as though about to strike me.

"I beg your pardon," he said the next moment. "No, it was not easy. And now I guess you can go away. You've got all you wanted out of me. But let me tell you this before you go. It won't do you any good to repeat anything I've said. I'll deny it, and there are no witnesses. I'll deny every word of it; and if I have to, I'll do it under oath on the witness stand." ? ?
stand."

(To be Continued.)

DREAMERS ARE WE

J. K. Mergler

Dreamers are we called,
For with voices clear and sound,
We call upon the mass
Of wretchedness to
Lift their heads.

To hope, to long, to strive
For more than ugly greed
Can offer endless toil;
To climb to man's ideal,
To be, but man.

Dreamers are we called
For holding heads erect,
Pointing to maimed
And marred the goal of Hope,
Where pain is barred.

Where babies' faces mild
Could smile radiantly;
Where mothers pure and fair,
Could think with joy
Of a youngster's coming birth.

O road straight and clear.
We know, we see, we show
To living labor on the earth,
We say 'tis there. Our banner high,
We lead the way to life.

Yes, dreamers are we called,
'Tis true, we dream of scenes
So rich, that yet must be.
Therefore we fight, therefore
We live to usher in the day of light.

CONDITIONS IN ALBERTA

A dark cloud known to economists as "an industrial depression" is slowly creeping along the horizon of "Sunny Alberta," obscuring that mythical rainbow of prosperity and plenty so commonly used to delude the workers of this and other lands.

The West is young in its new birth in capitalism, therefore great in its need of support and nourishment. The great surplus values wrung from the toilers of Europe have been utilized to lay the foundations of capitalist development in the West. Here in the West we are still in the constructive stage of industry. Before production can commence the machinery of production must be planned, built and organized. The surplus workers of overcrowded labor markets have been cajoled to face the hardships incidental to the development of a virgin continent. Outside of agriculture and mining the major portion have been utilized to link up the fertile areas with a network of railroads, while building activities have absorbed a relatively large portion of our town population. When conditions are ripe and profits assured, capitalism will launch its resources in the field of production.

The foreboding of dark days ahead has caused the great capitalists of other lands to cease their activities in Western development, to tighten their purses and interest themselves in the more momentous problem of guarding their own strongholds at home.

Just as a boiler without fuel results in the gradual slowing down and ultimate stoppage of the machinery, so the withdrawal of capital results in the stoppage of modern economic development.

Calgary is typical of most Western towns. For years a large portion of its population have lived upon building activities. The fierce real estate boom of the last few years has resulted in the in-pouring of a flood of capital, which has been sunk in the brick and concrete of numerous buildings.

This building activity is not fathered by great capitalists; it represents in great part the puny attempts of small would-be capitalists, the scavengers of modern finance, who, realizing the coming activity of their superiors, seek to gather the crumbs which always accompany the feast. It represents, further, the introduction of departmental stores and huge distributing warehouses, the beginning of the end of the small, ambitious storekeeper.

The present cessation of building operations has a normal economic cause, though a factor that will influence conditions during the coming depression. Calgary is over-built, and over-production always precedes and induces a closing-down of production. It means that the West cannot recover from the effects of the coming depression without greater suffering than that which faces the great industrial centres of the world.

Commodities can be gradually consumed, and the equilibrium of the world's markets restored An abnormal supply of buildings can only reach its balance after general economic conditions have become stable and justify further building activities, especially when that field of exploitation represents the investment of surplus values obtained by those who make their profits slowly, and who are the last to recover from any upheaval in the world of finance. When normal conditions arrive again in the field of production the shingles of many of our smaller capitalists and storekeepers will have disappeared from their accustomed places, still further enhancing the over-supply of bricks and concrete.

The West Will Have To Realise

that only when the struggle for existence among our masters has been fought to a finish, not till that test of endurance—the panic and depression—has laid low the weaker in the world of finance, will our masters turn their attention from their own citadels and permit us to allow ourselves to be exploited to their advantage.

It is a Favorite Argument of

the man-in-the-street that "things cannot become so bad while crops are good." The fallacy of this contention is obvious. For many harvests the yield has been great. The greatest crop in the history of Canada will be harvested this year. Yet the news comes from the east that the International Harvester Co's works at Hamilton have been closed, with the prospect of short time when operations are resumed. Other machine companies are already working short time. Is the farmer overstocked with machinery? Hardly, for the board of trade in Calgary reports business slack in the country; there is a falling-off in all business with the agricultural districts, even in the distribution of the sheer necessities of life. Had the great harvests of grain resulted in a great harvest of profit, we should not have heard that hardy annual cry of a prospective shortage of harvest hands; for machinery could easily have been purchased and utilized to do the work of the hired man.

What is the Value of a Good Crop

to a farmer if his master's granaries are overstocked? He peddles his grain under the same conditions that the wage slave peddles his labor power in an overcrowded labor market. When for a succession of seasons nature smiles upon the fields, she increases the yield per acre and decreases the value per bushel. The harvester trust, backed by an enormous reserve of capital, can close down, dismiss its employees and wait till demand justifies further production. The small farmer has no reserve; mortgages must be met; his teams must be paid for, worked or not; implement companies demand their pound of flesh; he must continue to produce, and still further depreciate the value of the results of his own and his family's labor.

In the Dark Days to Come Many Farmers

and homesteaders will realise that their hopes of proprietorship and independence were based upon delusions. They will learn to realise that they are the mediums used by capitalism to most effectively exploit in the interest of capitalism the agricultural potentialities of a quarter-section of capitalist property. The mythical ownership, with which they joyfully delude themselves at the inception of their struggle on the land, is the illusion that blinds them to the hardships they suffer and to the knowledge that they are slaves. They will realize that nature is not the real enemy of those who toil upon the land (for surely nature has proved her kindliness in the harvests of the West), but that capitalism alone forms an insurmountable barrier between the producers of wealth and the wealth which they produce.

When the depression is over the farmers will find themselves more entangled in

The Meshes of Financial Shylocks,

banks, implement companies, and those capitalists who handle the profitable end of farming.

The harvest hands who garnered grain to feed a million mouths will take their place in the bread line to eat the bread of charity.

The workers who reared those mighty structures and palatial hotels will crowd in discomfort in the doss-houses provided by charity.

The workers from the camps will be driven from town to town by magisterial decree, hoboes, unable to settle down save when the jail opens its doors.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

More than half a million people took part in a demonstration in Paris against the new law raising the period of military service from two to three years.

Australian official reports show that since the year 1891, up to and including 1912, the nominal rate of wages had increased 31.7 per cent in Victoria, where the advance was the greatest, and 10 per cent. in Queensland, where it was the lowest. Enquiries into the cost of living elicit the fact that in the case of the six capitals there has been an advance of 10 per cent. in retail prices during the year 1911, while the wholesale prices have increased 17 per cent. The results generally show that since 1896 there has been no material improvement in the effective wages, while the productive activity per head of population has increased to a greater rate than has ever before been the case.

A strike has taken place on the Madras and Southern Railway (India) which has cut off almost all communication between Bombay and Calcutta during the last few weeks. The drivers, mostly Europeans, do not seem to have taken part in the movement, which is confined to the native workers. According to the latest information the company has been able to obtain sufficient numbers of strikebreakers, naturally with the help of the government. Railway strikes are taking place in other Indian towns.

The better understanding that is pervading the relations between the Socialist Party and the trade unions of France is giving the government great concern, for the normal development of the movement will upset their plans, and ensure peace and co-operation between the respective bodies. The government has accordingly introduced a cunningly devised bill which is calculated to play off one section of the workers against the other, and, by means of promises, decoy each separate group into supporting the government. Certain privileges are to be granted, the infringement of which will result in a judicial order of dissolution, with a fine or imprisonment for re-establishment. Regulations for the conduct of the internal affairs of the unions are also included.

There is a great and powerful employers' organization in Moscow whose field of activity covers the whole of the center of Russia. The following notice, which was published throughout the Russian press, gives some idea of the tendency of this organization: The Moscow employers have decided to communicate with foreign employers' organizations, with a view to obtaining information in connection with strikes and strike-breaking. To this end a representative (the vice-president, Poblanski) has been sent by the organization to Germany, France and Belgium. They are to learn how the workers in Western Europe are starved out, and how the press is set upon the indigenous workers in order that they may be branded as "Internationalists," and men to whom the "Fatherland" means nothing."

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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

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Mankind as a whole cannot live without labor. If a portion does so, it must necessarily be fed by others.

The working girl toils eight, ten and twelve hours per day in order that her sister of the wealthy class may play tennis, and golf, and motor. Yet the working girl's father often thinks the system all right.

In New York City 60 per cent. of the women work for wages, and 75 per cent. of these receive less than $5 a week. In London women work 9 to 14 hours a day, in some of the sweat shops, for less than $1 a week.

There can be no peace—no industrial peace—so long as working class robbery exists, and two classes present in society with interests diametrically opposed. Get this knowledge into your "noodles," and start out to build up the organized force of the social revolution and emancipation.

Socialists are not made in a day. It takes years of study to make a good socialist, so you had better start in right away and get read up on the subject. Subscribe for a paper and get some books.

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WESTERN CLARION

Published in the interest of the Working Class alone

NUMBER 727. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, AUGUST 30, 1913. Subscription Price PER YEAR $1.00

NOW!-YOU 20,000 B.C. UNIONISTS-ACT!

THE MINERS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND ARE LOOKING TO YOU

PATIENCE UNDER PROVOCATION

The Undisguised Mission of the Company Thugs and Government "Specials" Borne to the Limit of Human Endurance

(By Bob Walker, now in jail.)

The pass-word amongst the Provincial and specials has been for the last five or six months, "We will get Joe Naylor yet." To get him, every means and device has been resorted to, to incite the striking miners to riot, but all their efforts were futile.

A Few Days Previous to July Pay-Day.

however, a rumor was current that the scabs were going to drive all the strikers out of the place. Although the strikers did not believe this story, they decided that if they were to be driven out, they would be exiled in a body and not one at a time. Sure enough, when pay-day came the scabs began to stream into the town. They were led by a hired thug named Cane, who began by

Openly Challenging the Strikers.

This was followed by insults from the scabs to the strikers and their wives, who were out doing their shopping. The Provincial and special police were repeatedly appealed to, to do their duty according to the law. But the applicants were

Answered by Further Insults from these Supposed Preservers of the Peace.

They ordered the strikers to get home out of the way; they pushed and some jabbed strikers in the ribs with their batons. In spite of all this the men kept saying to each other

Keep Cool, don't Commit Yourselves.

And at the same time these strikers were confident that if they so decided, they could clean the town out of all the scabs, specials and Provincial police in an hour or two's time.

Finally Cane and J. Naylor (who is the local president) met face to face, and words were exchanged. Cane assuming a threatening attitude and challenging Joe to fight. When one of the bystanders (a striker) struck at Cane, who struck back, both men were immediately arrested.

Scabs and Strikers Immediately Closed

and the fun began. In five minutes' time there was not a scab to be seen. You talk about a marathon! Dorando or Shrubb would have been left in the shade. The strikers were left with the town at their mercy. The policeman who arrested Cane's assailant was glad to let his man go to escape a mauling by these now infuriated slaves. Cane was taken out of the way of the strikers and given his freedom. He has never been seen in the town since. The tables were immediately turned. The police were almost on their knees, appealing to the strikers to be quiet and go home.

Some days later, however, several arrests were made, amongst whom were Cane's assailant. He was charged with assault, convicted and fined $10 and costs, which he paid. He was arrested again and charged with resisting the police while performing their duty. He was again convicted and fined $50 and costs, or two months in jail. **No Attempt was Made to Arrest Cane.** The local officers (union) began to gather evidence, to charge Cane with inciting to riot, backed up by the municipality (which the strikers had captured at the last election). Things were looking pretty blue for Cane and so,

To Counter this, Joe Naylor and Other Strikers were Arrested

on a charge of unlawful assembly. It was expected that the prisoners would be given bail on arriving at Nanaimo, but it appears that the Attorney-General had telephoned up that no bail be granted anyone until the Attorney-General's councillor had investigated each case, as to whether bail would or would not be justified. This means they will keep the prisoners just as long as they think fit. **The Political Nature of this Struggle** is very plain to be seen. The man who can't see it must be dense indeed.

As August pay-day is approaching, the same threat has been made by the scabs. As we presume they will be better prepared this time than they were before, we decided that we too must be better equipped, and so the City Council and police commissioners, who are mostly strikers or sympathizers, have sworn in a number of the coolest headed of the

Strikers to Act as Special Police.

So, if these scabs insist on repeating their mission, to attempt to clean out the strikers, they will be met by the political power of the class conscious proletariat. Had we taken this step before Cane made his debut in July, he and his colleagues would have been arrested, and if they had resisted arrest, then we could have given them a dose of what is in store for all their fraternity in the near future.

The rumor is now current here that nine strikers have been shot dead at Extension, and the cry is raised "On, boys, to Extension!" But the distance is too great to walk. Had it not been more than thirty miles, an army of armed miners in revolt would have been on the march to avenge their fellowmen, who, they had been led to believe, were being murdered wholesale.

It has transpired since, however, that all these stories of bloodshed are false and that not one man has been killed. The reason that the striking miners of Cumberland have peacefully submitted to so much abuse, insults and slurs from their enemies, is becase they were

Uncertain of the Support of their Fellow Slaves

throughout the rest of the province. Had they been assured of such support they would undoubtedly have assumed control long ago. As for the box of tin soldiers that have arrived here, they could have been, and would have been, disarmed and sent back to where they came from, to again serve their masters, or to throw in their lot with the slaves in revolt. But the truth of the situation is not of this nature.

As I left Cumberland this morning to investigate for the Clarion as to the truth of the situation in Nanaimo and elsewhere, a contingent of human butchers, who kill men for twenty-five cents a day, while they could get three dollars a day for killing hogs in Chicago, steamed into the station. What effect they will have remains to be seen. It is quite obvious to any intelligent observer that the issue here in this struggle is not so much higher wages, or recognition of the union, as,

Whether the Socialists are, or are Not to Remain in this District.

The mine owners, as well as the Liberal and Conservative element of this constituency, know full well that their only hope of holding this district lies in breaking this strike and driving the Socialists out. Long ago, the management agreed to meet a committee of the men,

Providing there were no Socialists,

on such committee. Also, that if they could only get rid of about twenty of the strikers, the demands of the men would be granted.

But aside from this struggle for political power, this strike must be won. For the greed and avarice of the mine owners to increase their dividends, if the miners were to exist without an organization, would result in

Starvation Wages, Unsafe Mines, More Accidents, More Cripples and Corpses, More Widows and Orphans,

who would never get any compensation; more misery and poverty, more daughters of working men driven to a life of shame, while it would mean **Greater Incomes for the Mine Owners,** who play no part in the production of coal but receive all the benefits.

Slaves, Attention!

The Flames of Revolt are lit on Vancouver Island, and no one knows where they will end.

Be Ready!

You don't know the minute you will be called on to take sides, for or against your class.

Yours in Revolt,
BOB WALKER.

Propaganda Meeting
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QUESTIONS — DISCUSSION

A WAR-PLOT THAT FAILED.

In 1905-6 the Norwegian and Swedish armies (working men, of course) were ordered to the front to butcher one another. They were assembled at the national boundary, and everything was done to influence their hatred and excite their prejudices. Tens of thousands of homes were desolate. Fear was in the hearts of thousands of women and children of the working class. Reporters were present from all parts of the world to flash the news of the butchering around the earth. The capitalist coffin trust was delighted at the prospect, and gold-braided commanders were ready to shout: "Form! Charge! Fire! Slaughter!" Everything was ready, when a curious thing happened. The workers confronting each other said: "We working class men are brothers. Let us not slit the veins of our own class, simply to satisfy the vicious pride of snobbish masters. Let us save our own blood and tears." This international cry had a wonderful effect. It was like an illuminating flash of lightning at midnight, and when men saw that they were brothers of the working class, they fraternized and felicitated each other, and sneered at the frowns of their commanders. Realizing that the workers could not be made to butcher each other, the capitalists declared the war off, and the capitalist press closed like an oyster and kept the news from its readers. Only the Socialist papers reported the sublime event.

When France and Germany were almost on the verge of war a short time ago the socialists of both countries sent messages to each other stating that they would not fight, and did not.

The international socialist movement with a vote of over twelve million will do all in its power to prevent war; and the only answer to the Canadian naval policy that the workers can give is, "we want no navy—we want the full product of our toil."

Have wages made you rich?

THE FIGHTERS' FUNCTION

J. A. McDONALD.

In the textbooks used in our schools and colleges we are given lengthy dissertations on the glory of war. There are, in fact, no heroes whose names shine so brightly in the pages of history as military heroes. In each great battle which was fought between the warring factions of the past the name of some general stands out almost as prominently as the battle itself. When we think of Bannockburn, we must remember Bruce; when we give our attention to Austerlitz, we cannot forget Napoleon; while Trafalgar had its Nelson, and Waterloo its Wellington. These were all leaders of armies or navies. They were very useful tools in the hands of a propertied class to seize new territory or defend what they already possessed.

Not one of the names I have mentioned, or the scores of others with whose marvellous achievements the histories of all countries are crowded, have ever performed a single thing for the benefit of

The Class to Which We Belong.

Their sole function lay in leading one faction of workers to hew down another portion of the same class; not because these workers had any grievances to settle between themselves, but to satisfy the whims of kings and rulers who desired larger dominions in order to exploit greater numbers of those who produced the wealth in every form of society. But useless as military heroes have ever been from the standpoint of an enslaved class, yet, in the bourgeois histories we are given to study, they are made to appear of far more importance than the scientists, inventors, philosophers and explorers. The names of Epictetus and Democritus are almost unknown to the college student of today, while those of Hannibal and Caesar occupy dozens of pages. How dull and obscure are the biographies of Darwin, Lamarck, Hegel and Dietzen, compared with those of even a Grant or a Sheridan; while tiresome admonitions are

Doled Out to Working Class Children to Follow

the example of those empire-builders, and be ready at all times to take up arms in defence of what they are made to believe is their country. Yet nothing is told them concerning evolution, economics or proletarian logic. Their minds are literally crammed with a kind of learning that can never be of any use to themselves.

That this should be so we cannot wonder when we begin to understand the whole situation, when we take into consideration that when classes were first divided on a property basis, placing the owners on one side and the producers on the other, that a portion of the dispossessed were necessary to

Keep in Subjection the Remainder of the Class.

In other words, when the slave first came into existence the soldier also made his appearance, and so long as the one is needed in the social systems that followed on that property basis, the services of the other are also required.

When this is understood we can clearly see the necessity of our masters instilling in our minds the form of education we receive in the different seats of learning.

So Long as Class Property Exists,

that property must, by all means, be defended. The master class being but a small minority in present-day society, they find it essential to their continued supremacy to drill and discipline an ever-increasing army of slaves to guard the plunder which is being taken every day from the world's producers in the mills, mines and factories of all nations. To successfully accomplish this task,

The Minds of the Children Must Be Impressed

with a sense of the duty they owe to those who claim to protect them. They must be told of how nobly Britons have ever fought and conquered; how the heroic leaders of the past have sacrificed all to shed renewed brilliancy on the land of their birth. Not only must this be taught in the books they read, but is also put into practice by the recent

Institution of the Boy Scouts.

They are shown how to march; how to handle guns; how to endure fatigue,

(Continued on Page Four.)

READY FOR THE HARVEST

Capitalism is getting over-ripe and rotten. It need not follow, however, that capitalists are rotten in the eyes of the people. The over-ripe apple is generally the finest looking apple in the orchard. The capitalists, those who do no useful work, but draw handsome dividends, are generally the most refined product of modern civilization, but because they are the most refined it does not follow that they are the finest—that depends on the meaning of the word finest. Assuming that finest means fittest, no doubt the typical capitalist, the man who draws dividends from stocks or bonds and knows nothing of the enterprises from which he draws his income, may be the fittest for his own peculiar environment. But strip him of his power to absorb surplus values, and put him into a new environment where he would have to earn a living, he would cut a sorry figure in the great majority of cases.

But capitalism is over-ripe. Capitalists themselves are rapidly becoming disgusted with the manifestations of the capitalist system. Even the capitalist newspapers give frequent expression to the growing dissatisfaction with capitalism, and also to the growing feeling that a change is impending. Judge Gary, president of the billion dollar steel trust, recently observed that the things that were being said today were very much like the things that were said just before the French revolution. At the St. George's Society banquet in St. John the Bishop of Fredericton declared that unless the men who controlled the sources of the world's wealth gave a better account of their stewardship, there would be an overthrow of the existing social order by the oppressed masses. Mr. Culver, the United States Consul at St. John, spoke in a similar strain, deploring the oppression of the masses in his own country, and expressing grave fears that unless the public authorities rose to the emergency and curbed the power of the octopus, there would be a great revolution, a general overthrow of the cherished institutions of capitalism.

Such speeches delivered on such an occasion are significant. A banquet of St. George's Society is one of the most typical of bourgeois functions. But the warnings of the Bishop and Consul made little impression upon the gathering, gorged to repletion and mellowed by champagne. Subsequent speakers did not rise above the balderdash dear to the heart of the infatuated bourgeoisie. The death-head at the feast did not worry the ancient Egyptians. Eat, drink and be merry, etc. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad or blind.

Look to Germany now. Consider the revelation made by the Socialist, Liebknecht, in regard to the methods by which the armament makers seek to foment ill-feeling between the nations. Everybody must admit that their despicable tactics are good business from the armament maker's point of view. But even the bourgeois newspapers are constrained to condemn this kind of business. Witness the scornful comment of the Morgen Post of Germany, the Evening Post of New York, and many other journals, including Canadian organs of the bourgeoisie.

British and Canadian journals are of course highly indignant at the infamy of the Krupps. It makes some difference whose ox is gored. A short time ago I read a pamphlet published by the International Peace Society an editorial from the London Economist, a well-known financial journal, accusing the British battle-ship makers of employing tactics similar to those of which the Krupps have been accused. So far as I know the British press was not excited over this charge, and few, if any, Canadian papers made any reference to it whatever.

Anybody who reads the papers with a discerning eye must be struck by the decadence of capitalist society. Scarcely a day passes without the papers reporting some event which indicates that the bourgeoisie are arrant hypocrites or merely mad. Everywhere, even in St. John, we see them busily discussing housing problems, social evils and what not, exhibiting a sentimental and generally fruitless interest in reform. That merely means that they are dissatisfied and more or less disgusted with the civilization which their class has created.

But there is no reason to suppose the bourgeoisie can put a new spirit into their Frankenstein creation. Capitalism is beyond repair. The bourgeois nations, unable to trust one another, are irresistably carried toward bankruptcy. Even so-called statesmen admit that the race for armaments is sheer madness. But every bourgeois nation is spurred on to more frantic efforts to hold its place in the mad race; the more they talk of peace the more strenuous becomes the race. Where will it end? It must end in bankruptcy. No nation can indefinitely keep on building battleships, or increasing its military forces, and a war between England and Germany would not settle anything—it would only lead to the more speedy bankruptcy of both nations.

The bourgeoisie, because they had no faith in God or man, are running headlong into a cul de sac. They cannot carry civilization any farther forward. Their rule must be broken. The capitalist system must be overthrown; the working class must take charge of affairs in the interests of humanity.—Colin McKay, in The Eastern Labor News.

THE GOVERNMENT OF B. C.

Booser or Bowser, whatever his name is, could not see his way clear to interfere between mine owners and miners to protect the interest of the latter and let them get a living wage. "That's not Law." But the mine owners can starve and run in miners and their families. What a difference when the miners touch the mine owners' pockets. Of course there is no Class Legislation in B. C.

POLITICAL POWER THE STAKE

The Dispute, Starting Over the Conditions of Servitude, Has Crystallized Into a Struggle for Political Representation.

I left Vancouver on Friday evening for Nanaimo, on board the Charmer, at about 7 p. m., and owing to the slowness of the boat it must have been somewhere about 10 when we arrived. The wharf was clear, no sign of life anywhere but we could see the slope at the top end of the landing-place a sea of faces that gleamed wierdly in the darkness. Just as the ship was moored an officer strutted down and shouted, "Have you any soldiers on board, Captain?" The captain answered in the negative, and the officer strutted away.

When I reached the crowd I had observed from the ship I was struck with the orderly nature of their bearing; each man seemed to thoroughly understand every other man, and when they marched down the street after observing who had landed, they moved like a regiment of veterans. Some of the soldiers were in the street, and they

Looked Like Scared Rabbits.

It was also plainly to be seen that many of them did not like their job. I was informed that when they landed some of them fell sick with fear; also that a miner went up to one of them and said, "Give me your gun!" the gun was instantly handed over. It is said, however, that when the miner asked for the soldier's ammunition he was informed that it was in the wagon.

The miners as a whole look upon them with undisguised contempt. There are over 300 South African veterans on the island and they make no secret of the fact that were they disposed they could treat the soldiers just as they treated the special police, but they do not desire to cause any trouble, having now carried out their object in driving the scabs away from the mines.

I was soon recognized and went to Concert Hall, where I found Bob Walker, and having obtained what information we could, we decided to go to Extension the following morning.

The next day was Saturday, and

Visiting Day at the Gaol

and so I went to pay my respects to Joe Naylor of Cumberland, who, with three other of the Cumberland boys, is held on a charge of unlawful assembly. Joe was pleased to see me. He was cheerful, but a blind man could see that Joe felt like a caged lion. Joe likes to be up and doing; he is one of the most active members of the movement, and to be chained up at a time like this is very trying. Bob Walker and I

Walked to Extension

in the afternoon, two of the Nanaimo boys accompanying us part of the way. It commenced to rain and the seven-mile jaunt would have been miserable for any one but two Socialists. We started arguing the point, however, and we frequently found ourselves standing in the centre of the road laying the law down to each other and the rain running off our nose-ends.

We arrived at Extension eventually, and when we saw the mine manager's house

We Christened the Place "Extinction,"

for it had gone to that place "where oblivion broods and memory forgets," as old Val. says. The soldiers were here, and when we saw them drilling in the rain and marching up the hill to camp on the top for the night, we almost pitied them, for the officer in command was a good Socialist propagandist without knowing it. If he doesn't make them kick they deserve to die in slavery.

We found a few of the boys, but we were a long time before we gained their confidence; they are suspicious of every stranger, and I don't blame them, either. We eventually convinced them, however, of our identity and then all was plain sailing. They found us an empty shack in which we spent the night, and gave us all the information and assistance they could. Walker and I are now writing in this shack, scribbling as hard as we can to get finished and walk back to Nanaimo in time to catch the post.

What do I think of the affair? It will strike every man who comes here that all

This is a Put-up Job—Not on the Part of the Miners but Some one Else.

Take this affair at Extension, for instance. A crowd of scabs roam about the streets all night, then the next day they suddenly begin firing at a body of strikers—and shoot to kill at that. People in the distance, observing the strikers laying down, think that some of them are killed and send word down to Nanaimo. The strikers there raid a gun store and rush to Extension to assist and avenge their comrades. The scabs are driven out of Extension, but

Not a Man is Killed or Even Dangerously Hurt.

It is found afterwards, however, that the scabs were well armed and had a very large quantity of ammunition. **Where did they get it from? And how is it that attacks are made on the strikers at Cumberland, Ladysmith and other places at the same time?** The strikers were content. Not one of them found the strike a hardship; it was a holiday to them. You never saw a happier set of men and women in all your life. They were all delirous of keeping the peace and this attack was provoked by those who had

An Interest in Provoking It.

The paper here in Nanaimo, the Herald, deliberately roused the ire of the miners by its editorials. They compelled him to suspend publication during the short time they held control of the town. They should have compelled him to go on, and only give the people a cleaner idea of the true state of affairs.

In Ladysmith, McKinnon's hand was shattered by dynamite, and we had the capitalist press coming out telling of the brutal strikers trying to blow up his house and that he, defending his wife and children, picked up the dynamite the strikers had thrown and was trying to throw it back when it exploded. The real facts of the case are likely to be entirely different from this. We have it on good authority that

McKinnon Lighted the Fuse Himself,

that it was his own dynamite and that he got what he was trying to give some one else. McKinnon is a strike-breaker and is known as an extremely careless workman, having been burnt several times in the mine.

All the lies that have been circulated, all the moves made by the powers that be have had an effect those in authority never anticipated.

They Have Brought the Whole of the Working Class Together Here in One Solid Body.

The growing spirit of class-conciousness is almost awe-inspiring. These men are ready for anything, and if they don't get a "square deal" in this business we shall see trouble. The autocrat, Bowser, is up against a proposition that is stronger than he is, and he will shortly look like Towser worrying the dish cloth. The men on the Island still control the situation; don't forget that, but they understand the capitalist system is the capitalist system, and they are marking time until they see what support is forthcoming from outside.

It is up to every man in British Columbia. It is up to every man in the Dominion of Canada or elsewhere—to spread the news broadcast that Socialism has grown to such an extent on Vancouver Island that the capitalist class are resorting to despicable methods to suppress it. This struggle has developed into a class affair. The capitalist class know full well that if the workers here can't sit tight until the next election, Cumberland as well as other seats on the Island will

Fall into the Hands of the Socialists.

They are determined to prevent such a contingency at all costs, and this affair is utilized toward that end.

Well! we are going to win and so, boys, fight in order that we may achieve success. The issue is not higher wages and better conditions. **The issue is Whether the Socialists on Vancouver Island shall remain on the Island to Cast an Intelligent Ballot at the Next Election, or Whether they shall be Robbed of the Power to do so by Being Driven to God knows where in Search of an Existence.**

I can truthfully say to every man who reads this that any one of you who could come here and see the facts as they really are would stand by these men to the last ditch.

The trouble is not yet over, it has, in my opinion, not yet begun; but we have got a spirit here that is ready for anything and the outcome of this rupture will be entirely contrary to what the powers that be anticipate.

Bob's report will supplement mine. We are now preparing to get back to Nanaimo, after which we go to Ladysmith and Cumberland.

Yours in Revolt,
LESTOR.

THE IDEAL SOLDIER

By Jack London.

Young men: The lowest aim in your life is to become a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks, never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullets will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in a human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not a brute, for brutes only kill in self defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment roll. His mind, his conscience, aye, his very soul, are in the keeping of his officer.

No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go. Keep the boys out of the army. It is hell.

The B. C. Federation of Labor are taking steps for the initiation of a referendum vote, to ascertain the willingness of the membership to throw down their tools if called upon.

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.

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SATURDAY.....AUGUST 30, 1913

THE SITUATION IN B. C.

The appeal to the unionists of the province on the front page of this issue is not there as the product of hysterical excitement, but as the result of careful appreciation of the condition that exists on Vancouver Island, a study of what has happened, and what may probably happen.

The situation is without a parallel in the history of Canada, alike in the spirit displayed by the locked-out miners, the intelligent and effective organization which they have created in a single day to protect their own lives, and their women from insult at the hands of the hired thugs of the mine-owners and the government, and the brazen disregard by the latter of the statute laws of the province affecting the management of the coal mining industry.

B. C. has for some years occupied the unenviable distinction of having the largest death-roll by preventable accident of any coal producing area in the world. The percentage of fatal accidents in the coal mines of this province during the time the present Minister of Mines, Premier Sir Richard McBride, has occupied that responsible position (since 1901) is greater than the percentage of deaths in battle in the Franco-German war, or any conflict of modern times. All complaints to the department of bad inspection were met by the stereotyped phrase that "the government had perfect confidence in the integrity and conscientious manner in which the inspectors discharged their duties"—and the death roll continued to swell. All amendments introduced by the Socialist members from the mining districts with the intention of safeguarding the lives of the miners, have, almost without exception, been defeated by the smooth working of the government "steam roller." Orientals who could hardly speak six consecutive words of the English language were allowed to work at "the face" in flat defiance of the law, which requires a verbal examination on the details and dangers of the work, and the mines were allowed to be run as the mine-owners saw fit. The burning, crushing and maiming of the miners continued week by week. In allotting places to work at, the men were discriminated against on account of their political opinions, their ability to "suck," or by striking a bargain with the boss with (in some instances) the honor of their wives as the price. Claims for compensation for injuries received meant the black-listing of the claimant or his family. Organization was forbidden, and the faintest whisper in that connection was instantly reported by one of the horde of suckers which infested the industry, with the consequence that the victim soon felt the result in his pay envelope. The men were robbed on the scales, and in the measurements of the work done. Pay for timbering and removing rock and dirt was ridiculously small if it was forthcoming at all.

With the influx of many old-country miners, coinciding with the sale of the properties to the Canadian Collieries Co. (subsidiary company of the Mackenzie and Mann outfit) organization was started. (This applies to the mines at Extension and Cumberland, but the conditions outlined had their exact counterpart in the mines of the Western Fuel Co. at Nanaimo.) Recognition of the union was denied, and committees sent to the Premier were graciously received, and dismissed with the assurance that their recommendations and complaints would be "carefully considered"—and nothing was done. The situation reached a climax with the dismissal of two gas inspectors, appointed by the men, for reporting "gas in dangerous quantities" in Extension, who were denied work in the mines of the same company in Cumberland. Unable to secure the reinstatement of the men dismissed, their representations to the department ignored, the men took a day off to consider the matter, and were immediately told to take their tools out of the mine—locked out.

From that day, now twelve months ago, the whole resources of the provincial government have been openly placed at the disposal of the mine owners. Special police have been drafted into the districts affected whose behavior bears witness to the nature of the orders they have received. Strikers have been arrested and heavily fined on the most frivolous pretexts, while the imported strike-breakers have been allowed and encouraged to adopt the most aggravating and provocative attitude with impunity. The refusal of the police two weeks ago to arrest four of the latter for a murderous assault on two strikers going peaceably to their homes near Ladysmith, coming after a long series of similar incidents drove the miners to adopt vigorous measures to obtain that personal security which was refused them by the sworn officials of the forces of "law and order." They proceeded to run the special police and strike-breakers out of the district. They made a clean job of it. Some got hurt in the process. One strike-breaker, in hurling a stick of dynamite at a crowd of strikers from his window, blew his own arm off, and the capitalist press immediately distorted the incident into an attack by the strikers, and shrieking head-lines heralded the dawn of anarchy. The Attorney-General, acting, as has since transpired, and from his own statement, without the shadow of legal sanction, rushed all the available military forces on the coast to the different centres affected, and martial law, which has not been proclaimed, prevails in effect. Telegraph and telephone lines are under the control of the military. Open air meetings by the miners are forbidden. One hundred and forty-nine warrants for the arrest of as many strikers, have been issued. The claim is made that some of these warrants are for strike-breakers, but the immunity enjoyed by these gentry from the attentions of the courts since the commencement of the trouble discounts all protestations re the dispensing of "even handed justice." These miners are marked down for victimization for "the encouragement of others."

The reports from our correspondents appearing on the front page of this issue place the struggle where it belongs—a struggle on the political field, a class struggle. From these reports it is shown that the settlement with the owners would have been accomplished months ago if the miners would allow the Socialists in their ranks to be driven out. The representation of the districts in the provincial parliament is at stake. For many years Nanaimo and Ladysmith have sent Socialists to Victoria. The capture of the Comox seat, in which Cumberland is situated, was, in the normal course of events, a foregone conclusion. To prevent such an accession of effective strength to the clear-cut revolutionary movement, in this province is to be prevented at all hazards, and the whole political force of the government is at the disposal of the capitalist interests affected to prevent it. With the success of their efforts to drive the Socialist element from the Island the magnificent union organization which has been built up mainly by their efforts will fall to the ground, and thus two birds will be killed with the one stone. The miners will be stripped and helpless, at the mercy of the most conscienceless gang of labor-skinners that ever cursed this continent.

The fight is for economic advantage, and is being forced along political lines. The 20,000 unionists of the B. C. Federation of Labor have declared for Socialism and political action. They have now an opportunity to exercise a brand of political action that the capitalist interests of this province have not reckoned with. The crisis is the gravest they have ever faced, and the manner in which they face it will bear witness to the quality of their manliness as well as their intelligence.

If a single miner is shot by the forces of murder—STRIKE!

If those forces are used to cow the miners while the mines are flooded with Oriental labor—in contravention of the statute law of the province—STRIKE!

If the arrested men are railroaded to jail in the attempt to destroy the political and economic organizations of the workers—STRIKE!

And keep on strike until the military are withdrawn and the miners left to fight out their quarrel with the owners, pitting their endurance against the purse of the capitalists.

When it suits the interests of your employers, your agreements are not worth the paper they are written on. Tear them up, for if the miners go down to defeat you will follow them in short order.

The armory of political action is not exhausted by putting a ballot-paper in a box once in four years. A strike for these objects will be as truly political as is the action of the government in levelling rifles and machine guns at the striking miners, and, if it is carried out with a tithe of the wisdom and determination displayed by the latter, it will be more quickly productive of the desired result.

CAPITALIST EDUCATION.

We have been born and bred under the reign of the present industrial order, and to many it seems to be natural that the things that are are the things that have been and will be, "right," and he who doubts this is regarded by many a s a pessimist, or as an impracticable, dreary reformer. They have absorbed the education dispensed by the capitalist class, to whom the present order is the final step in the progress of the race. Right and wrong are class-concepts. Capitalists benefit by this system. To them it is therefore right, and any alteration that would lessen their benefits is wrong, to be prevented by all the means at their disposal, though the earth be drenched with the blood of the flower of the race. That is their conception of "right."

The workers derive no benefits, only miseries, from the operation of this system. As a result, they are rapidly formulating ideas of right and wrong that are in diametric opposition to those held by the capitalists. They conceive their position to be such that an alteration can only be of benefit to them, and would be "right." "Eternal justice," abstract principles of "right" and "wrong" are but figments of the imagination, that have no application in deciding the attitude of one class towards another. When class interests clash, abstract ideas give way to concrete might. Force is the final arbiter, "the mid-wife to every old society pregnant with a new."

The organized power of one class for oppressing another is political power. The dividing line between the classes is ownership of the means of life. On one side are the workers—dispossessed. On the other the masters—in possession, and retaining possession by virtue of the fact that they control the powers of oppression—the courts, police, and armed forces, naval and military, and the parliaments. Out of the storm and stress of the competitive struggle in the labor market, getting more and more intense as the months go by, the use of political power by the master class is, of necessity, becoming increasingly manifest, undisguised and brutal. The secret of their power, so long disguised by cunning lies and sophistries, is laid bare—and the workers are learning.

Class struggles take place over the question of class ownership, and must of necessity express themselves in political action—the struggle for political power, by which such ownership is guaranteed to one class and denied to another. The consciousness of their place and function in the class-struggle is growing apace, and, reinforced by the spirit of revolt inculcated by acts of brutal repression, is rapidly fitting the workers for the accomplishment of their historical mission—the overthrow of capitalist domination through the conquest of political power, and the erection of a social system in accordance with their conceptions of what is "right."

They will be able to make it "right" by virtue of the fact that they have proved their "might."

HERE AND NOW.

Subs. Received

	Y.	H.	Q.
W. Gribble, Toronto	7	2	0
R. C. McCutcheon, Winnipeg	2	3	3
C. G. Corbman, Vang'rd, Sask.	3	0	1
J. Jenkins, City	1	4	0
J. A. S. Smith, Edmonton	2	1	0
Jas. Cuthbertson, Greenwood	2	0	0
K. Johnson, Montreal	1	1	0
J. H. B.	0	2	0
M. Lightstone, Montreal	0	0	3

Singles

12 Months—H. Collingwood, A. B. Drygas, W. Davenport, P. A. Shogren, W. Wilson, J. Gibson, C. Steen, Matt. Campbell, Harry Somers, G. T. Warren, W. Skinner, W. Green.

6 Months—J. Lee, Local Vancouver No. 1; A. Stewart, J. Beckman, S. Larson, A. Budden, W. Watts.

3 Months—R. Chisholm, T. Whilde.

Things are looking serious again, and if the appearance of this column does not show a marked improvement in the next issue, we shall have to try publishing once in three weeks. As it is, the paper is still a burden and a cause of anxiety instead of a help, swallowing up funds instead of being a source of revenue, and it will continue so until the membership wish it otherwise, and take steps to make their wishes materialize.

B. C. has carried the burden about long enough. Present conditions demand active work by organizers, and little can be done. It is becoming a question with the writer if the sacrifices the provincial movement has been making for the purpose of keeping this paper in the field are justified in view of the consequent crippling of provincial activity.

J. H. B.

DEATH OF BEBEL.

Comrade Ferdinand August Bebel died on August 13 at Graubingen, near Zurich, where he was taking the water-cure. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the heart.

For the last forty-two years he was an active member of the Reichstag, being first elected in 1871, at the commencement of the Franco-German war. In consequence of his fearless denunciation of that colossal crime he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and on subsequent occasions suffered imprisonment for his outspoken criticism.

Born in Cologne in 1840, he early in life became a turner by trade, and as early identified himself with workingmen's organizations, out of which has been created the present Social Democratic Party, with a compact voting strength of over 3,000,000. A powerful and convincing speaker and a formidable debater, the announcement that "the Lion is speaking" was sufficient to fill every vacant seat in the Reichstag. He was an extensive contributor to the Socialist press of Germany, and has written books on some phases of the Socialist philosophy that have ranked with the classics of the literature of the movement.

At the time of his death he was 73 years of age.

SOCIALISM AND UNIONISM.

The relation of the union and Socialist movements to each other, and the function of both, is occupying an ever-increasing place in working-class literature. That is as it should be. The better we understand, the more effectively we can spread our propaganda. All comrades have freely made known that labor-power is a commodity, bought and sold in the market like lumber, pork, coal, etc., but some hesitate to admit that unions are commodity—organizations, struggling in the market to get in exchange for labor-power, the most that the conditions of the market will permit. This struggle over the exchange of commodities is not only to sell dear, but also to buy cheap, and it is to the interest of all, regardless of class, to struggle to sell dear, and to buy cheap. Therefore the commodity-struggle cannot take on the character of, or give expression to, the class struggle.

It is to the interest of the capitalists, as a class, to struggle to retain their ownership of the means of wealth production, and hold labor-power in the category of commodities. It is to the interest of the slaves, as a class, to struggle to obtain said ownership, so as to remove their muscular and mental energy, from the category of commodities. This is the class-struggle as expressed by the Socialist movement.

The members of the union and Socialist organizations are often the same individuals, but each organization has a distinct function to perform. Each may assist the other, but neither one can successfully perform the function of both.

For a more detailed explanation, study carefully the Manifesto and Platform of the Socialist Party of Canada.

C. M. O'BRIEN.

Five members of the West Virginia Legislature have been sentenced to six years in the penitentiary on charges of bribery in connection with the election of a United States Senator.

Nineteen miners were killed recently in an explosion at Pottsville, Pa.

MEMORABILIA

By "WAP."

Hardly had the sentimental slaverings of the sycophantic slaves, whose allegiance to the great power of the party at Victoria would even permit them to lick the blessed boots of the noble Bill Bowser, died away, when the infernal machine of capitalist repression, "H. M. S. New Zealand," moved from "our" sunny shores, than strange things happened in prosperous B. C.

The nominal head of the Province, who insistently lauds "our prosperity" to the skies, and just as insistently declaims against all those lawless loafers who can see nothing but red and talk nothing but blue, has betaken himself, together with his intellectual stock-in-trade and silvery plume, to the capital of "our great Hempire."

Rumor hath it that the purpose of this journey is to so interest "British" capital in "our wonderful natural resources" that said capital will flow in here and make "more work for the worker and more business for the business man."

We, whose only "business" seems to be "work," claim to understand a little of the nature of Capital, that wonderful entity, which, without enticement, always finds its way to the best possible investment obtainable. Why, then, the rush? If the resources are as open to capital in this Province as "our worthy Premier" states, then persuasion seems unnecessary. However, 'twould seem the noble knight is afraid that this prosperity of "OURS" will die of inanition.

But while our silvery-topped king journeys eastward in search of capital, the victims of Capital in B. C. are being treated to a wonderful display of political power. The miners in Nanaimo seem to have gone upon a rampage because work is being carried on in the mines affected by the "strike."

What can we learn from the situation? With companies of militia drafted into the "troubled area" from Victoria and Vancouver, many of whom, to their credit be it spoken, were averse to going, we see the great need of proletarian education, of class-conscious action upon the political field. Then the workers, standing at the right end of the gun, can use or discard it as circumstances demand, and taking over the means of wealth production will abolish classes and rid Society of the unsavory smell of useless persons and things, such as McBrides, Bowsers, militia and maxim guns.

In the meantime, watch the movements of those men, whom Colonel Leckie told "to do your duty at whatever cost, tho' many of you are going into ACTIVE service for the first time."

THE REAL ENEMY.

Mr. Editor:—Whisper the word "Judas" to one of our Christian friends and his brow will grow dark and his eyes flash fire. Whisper the word "Militia" to a class-conscious member of the working class, and he will curse the militia in no unmeasured terms. The "militia" traitors, men who are so blind to their own class-interests that they are ready and willing, for a pittance, to murder, shoot down in cold blood, members of their class, who have been forced by existing conditions to take up arms in defence of their own lives and homes. The greatest enemy of the working class, is not the capitalist class, but that part of the proletarian army which, consciously or unconsciously betrays it into the hands of its enemy. In all justice I must say that many of them do so unconsciously, and it is up to any class-conscious proletarian, who knows, or has any influence with a member of the militia, to point out to him his true class position. Explain to him that he is a Judas, a traitor. That the only patriotism worth while is a patriotic interest in the working class revolution.

H. COATES.

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	.25	.20
Platforms, Foreign	.50	.40
Dues Cards	1.00	.80
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 individuals	.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 (Kautsky.)
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 first and third Sundays, 3 p.m., at 516 Main St. J. H. Burrough, Secretary.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada meets same as above.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Socialist Party of Canada, meets every alternate Tuesday, at 429 Eighth Ave. East. Burt E. Anderson, Secretary, Box 647, 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, 530 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 504.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, No. 23, 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. Sebbie, 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. 2, S. P. of C., headquarters and reading room 573 Yates St. Business meeting every Tuesday, 8 p.m. Propaganda meeting Sunday, 8 p.m., Empress Theatre.

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. 58, S. P. of C.—Business meeting every second Sunday of the month and propaganda meeting every fourth Sunday. Open to everybody at Room 221, Labor Temple at 2 p.m. Secretary, John Schagat, 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, 622 First St. Business meetings every Sunday at 4 p.m. sharp. Our reading room is open to the public free, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. Secretary, J. 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 63, 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, 3.00 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, [illegible] 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, 106 Maple St. Organizer, A. Stewart.

LOCAL NO. 1, 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. 52, 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. 26, 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.

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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.

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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. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

(August 8, no quorum.)
Aug. 15th, 1913.

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

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from Wm. Clarkson, Locals Enderby No. 65, Fernie No. 17 (2), Cumberland No. 70, and Victoria No. 2 (3). Secretary instructed to make arrangements for Com. Baritz to hold a meeting in Victoria during his stay on the coast. Correspondence filed.

Bills—Dom. Exp. Co., 90c., Telegram 85c, car fares 50c. Warrants ordered drawn.

Financial Report.

Receipts.

Local Langley No. 73, stamps	$ 1.20
" Victoria No. 2, stamps	10.00
" Vancouver No. 58 (Letts) stamps	2.00
" Nakusp, No. 74, stamps	2.00
" Fernie No. 17, literature	4.50
" Vancouver No. 1, 10 Iron Heels	8.50
Jas. Teit, literature	.35
C. Lestor, literature	1.10
D. Livingstone, dues	5.50
Organizing Fund	1.00
	$36.15

Expenses—As per warrants, $2.25. Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Aug. 15th, 1913.

Convened as above, Sidaway in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence read from Thos. Hanwell, Brandon; J. B. Osborne, Ore., (3); Alta. Prov. Exec. Committee; (2) Local Edmonton No. 1; Will Barnes, Calgary; Ph. Faughman, Montreal; H. Radbord, Montreal; The Macmillan Co., Toronto; J. H., Winnipeg; Moses Baritz, Calgary and Moose Jaw (5); W. Gribble, Fort William; all of a routine nature. Filed.

Bills—Dom. Exp. Co., $2.71; Telegram, 75c; P. O. Stamps, $1.05; car tickets, 50c; total, $5.01.

Sec. wages, Aug. 8-15, $10.00; E. T. Kingsley, printing and mailing Clarion No. 726, $95.00; P. O. Dept., $2.47; editing No. 727, $10.00. Warrants ordered drawn.

Secretary reported arrangements under way for Com. J. B. Osborne's tour through the Boundary and Alta. Efforts were being made to have him speak in Edmonton under the auspices of the T. & L. C. of that city on Labor Day (Sept. 1), and if they could be concluded the tour would commence from that date, returning through the Boundary country. Report accepted.

Financial Report.

Receipts.

Ont. and Que. Exec. supplies	$ 2.25
Alta. Exec., supplies	2.60
Local Ottawa No. 8, literature	2.80
Thos. Hanwell, Brandon, lit'ture	2.50
Moses Baritz, literature	3.00
Clarion receipts, Aug. 8-15	71.85
Clarion Fund	Nil.
	$89.20

Expenses—As per warrants, $122.48. Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

THE FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

A Suggestion.

The question of presenting the mother country with a thirty-five million dollar navy or the building of a Canadian navy will in all probability be put to the Canadian electorate early next year. A better opportunity has never presented itself to the revolutionary working class in their work of education than will present itself during that campaign, so a few suggestions will not be out of place now in order to take the best advantage of the opportunity that is now knocking at our door.

In the past we have always been troubled with the difficulty of getting enough funds to run our candidates, but if a fund is started early enough I believe that we should have no difficulty in putting up a candidate in every constituency at the next election.

All that is necessary is for someone to make a start by sending in two-bits (or whatever they can spare) to the Provincial Secretary of the Province in which they now reside, the same to be published in the Western Clarion. From that time on the comrades can make a monthly contribution to the fund, and, as soon as the fund looks healthy enough to warrant it, a convention should be held and a candidate put up, and from that time on funds will roll in faster and propaganda work will be easier. After a decent start has been made the Dominion Executive might be persuaded to issue a series of leaflets dealing with the naval and Socialist question, thus enabling the comrades to get into the fight with more vigor than they have ever done before.

Who will make a start in their constituency?

Some comrades may not know the name of the constituency in which they reside, but that should not prevent them from sending in their little bit, for no matter where they live it is part of some constituency, and even though there be only a dozen Socialists in it, an attempt should be made to increase that number by taking part in the campaign.

The name and address of the Provincial Secretary will be found in the party directory on page two. Get busy.

W. WATTS.

Wealth is the mother of luxury, luxury the mother of vice, vice the mother of political corruption, which, if unchecked, ends in national death. Wealth is one of the most deceitful things in life. It deceives those who possess it, those who are in pursuit of it, and those who never expect to get it. All through the pages of human history avarice and luxury have been the ruin of every great civilization.

LETHBRIDGE.

Comrade Editor:—As I have not for some time, caught sight of anything in the columns of the Clarion from this burg, I thought it would not be amiss to drop a line or two to make it known that we are still in existence. Owing to the industrial depression many of the Comrades have left this city having found it necessary to endeavor to dispose of their labor-power in other markets; but still we are keeping up our business meetings and manage to make arrangements for propaganda meetings when speakers come along.

We had Comrade Jas. Fisher with us for a week, recently, and while here he delivered a number of lectures. He gave an address in the Monarch Theatre on Sunday, July 27th, on that subject, so vital to the proletarian under the present régime, "Have you a Job?" Then, during the remainder of the week, he held a number of street meetings.

These street meetings were, everything taken into consideration, a decided success. Some literature was sold, and the crowds which assembled or stopped in passing, were in the main quite attentive. Even the size of the crowds were, for Lethbridge, very good, when it is borne in mind that during the week Comrade Fisher was here we were visited by an amusement concern, with skin-games and side-shows galore. A great many of the wage-stiffs, quite naturally, were in a "hurry" when passing the corner where the soap-boxer was stationed, for they were on their way to view wonders as "The two-headed lady," "the girl in the moon," "Fatma," who weighs 682 lbs, etc.

Of course, we have here, as elsewhere, a great number who, at the thought of Socialism, are taken with convulsions much after the manner that his Satanic Majesty is supposed to be afflicted when the aroma of the holy water tickles his nostrils. A couple or trio of middle-aged, fossilized specimens of the genus homo will oft be seen plodding along, who, to judge from the hasty, get-away they make, have, when they hear Socialism mentioned, horrible visions of a dreadful band of fanatics whose sole aim is to break up their happy, cheerful bachelor home; that shack where three or four of them take turns at frying the bacon, or that eight-by-ten stall in some cheap rooming house which they must content themselves with in order to make their living expenses coincide with their incomes. Then, perchance, in a few minutes will come along a couple of those knights of the blue jeans—or jeans that were originally blue—and, on hearing the corner agitator as they pass, they will wax highly indignant that "these d——d calamity howlers should be allowed to run down our laws and Empire, and set the people crazy." What matters it, if on passing the "Dallas" a little further down, they recollect that the said jeans do not contain two-bits wherewith to purchase a thirst-quencher of the kind that made Milwaukee famous.

However, we were once as these, and the delinquents will, most of them sooner or later come into line. As the wheels of industry revolve, and as capitalism is brought nearer and ever nearer to its destruction, the jaws of the vise of oppression will continue to close in upon the worker, until his abdomen is co-incident with his backbone: and he will then, if not before, be forced to take up the fight for freedom, and make common cause with the rest of his class.

Well, we're here because we're here, and we are going to stay with it because it's the only thing to do.

Yours for the Cause,
SIMON FREESTONE.

St. JOHN, N. B.

Ed. Clarion—Colin McKay gave a very interesting account of conditions in the Maritie Provinces. The movement (as far as organization is concerned) is dead in New Brunswick. There is only one live spot, St. John. There used to be six locals, but through lack of speakers, friends and stamina, they have died out. It is approximately 3,600 miles from St. John to Vancouver, and about 500 miles to Glace Bay.

It appears to me that it is about time for Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia with Prince Edward Isl'd to form Provincial Executives, but the trouble is how can we get enough locals formed in each province to form the same?

I am sure the movement will always be lacking whilst we go on as at present. I think the Dominion Executive ought to try and devise ways and means to help us out up here.

In St. John a Labor Party is being formed, I happen to be Secretary for the Trades and Labor Council, I don't expect that this council will endorse our candidate as councils have done in other parts. I have pointed out to them our position, that the Socialists can only support trade unionists who are Socialists and men on a Socialist ticket. The laborites don't like that, they think we ought to go in with them, so up till now it appears as if at the next city election, there will be a Socialist as well as a Labor ticket, the same as two years ago.

St. John is the first Canadian city to try the commission form of government.

Miss Mushkat is in Halifax, but for lack of organization can hold no meetings. She will speak again for us shortly. I see Com. Baritz is making good, I wish we had more such speakers. Here's hoping Western Canada won't forget Eastern Canada in the making of the revolution.

Yours for Socialism,
F. HYATT, Organizer.

P.S.—We hold a meeting every Sunday at 97 Charlotte St., and an open air meeting on Tuesdays, corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

Locals in New Brunswick or individuals who can arrange meetings for Comrade Gribble, write me at 104 Moore street, St. John, N. B.

F. H.

S. S. NEW. YORK.

2nd Day out, July 20, 1913.

Comrades:—A few lines as promised.

I have been congratulating myself all the time that I did not come by cattle boat as a cattleman, that I did not even come as a steerage passenger, on this line. If one takes a holiday, it is best to let go, and take a holiday. So here I am, luxuriating in ease and comfort, compelled to rest because there is nothing to do, eating abnormally, because of the salt sea air, and sleeping well for the same reason.

I shall be just used to these conditions when it is time to leave the ship—but meanwhile my mind is not altogether at ease at the condition of things. Far beneath me in the stokehold are 250 firemen, stokers, greasers, engineers and others, working day and night to make the ship go through the water. For eight days and nights they will work and sweat in that inferno below decks until we gain port, and they then rest up until she starts on again. Receiving the smallest pittance possible to sustain their families, they fly to drink in despair, only to bind themselves more firmly to their terrible work. A captain will always prefer a drunken crew, for he can depend on them coming back.

"How terribly ugly! What a criminal looking lot!" remarked some of the passengers as these men filed past us on their way below deck. The condition of the steerage passengers though not working, is but little removed from that of the crew. Taking a cheap trip "home" to see the old folks, they are "cribbed, cabined and confined," restrained and bossed, eating the poorest food and wearing the shabbiest clothes. Those who have dug out the ore to build the ship, the coal to make her move, the oil to lubricate, grown the food-stuffs to sustain, meekly take the lower deck to sleep and the alley-ways to promenade, the boards to rest their tired limbs. How many among these are Socialists or even class-conscious is a query.

It is, however, some satisfaction that we have Mrs. Carrie Allen, State Organizer, S. P. of A., and Jack Gearity, writer and speaker, and organizer of the party, on board, both trying to escape the turmoil of agitation and recover their nerves from the effects of their recent work. Carrie Allen is out to get statistics on her work on the condition of the textile workers in Lancashire.

The portable labor commodity returning home to Mother is much in evidence. Here is one from Tampa, Florida, a shoesmith, after 20 years away from the old home. There, a miner from Minnesota, after 30 years. After a short stay all will return back to their job. The indispensible missionary going to convert the blacks in the interest of trade is also here. He has likewise had a short spell, and goes back to his work, together with his wife and numerous family, in the belief that it is all for the good and glory of God, unmindful of the fact of how necessary he is in the scheme of wealth production as a pioneer for the trading class, who is to level the road and train the savage, the better that he will admit the foreigner who want the natural products of the country in exchange for a few beads or brass nose rings.

Then there are the first-class passengers, who keep aloof from all the rest, for whose comfort and convenience the whole ship's company seem to use their best efforts. These, the "upper-crust" of society, living all the time off the wealth created by others, act the part as to the manner born.

More anon.

C. McMAHON SMITH,

The rich cannot be punished for crime, but how quickly a law will be found to punish them if they become poor! Broken heads and jail sentences for the workers, banquets and European trips for the masters.

B. C. ORGANIZING FUND

Bal. on hand Aug. 5	$54.90
T. Hyde	1.00
Local Vanc. No. 1	
(Collected by J. Jenkins)	
H. Rahim	$ 1.00
Surjin Singer	.50
J. Smith	.50
T. Terriss	.50
J. Klein	1.00
D. Allen	.50
B. McSporron	.25
R. Pratt	.50
Pimbery	.25
N. Lambert	.50
P. Garvie	1.00
Geo. Cook	1.00
J. J. Macdonald	1.00
J. Lobay	1.00
G. Davis	.50
	10.00
(Collected by W. Skinner)	
R. Crozier	1.00
John Ewan	.50
H. Smith	.50
W. Murray	.50
P. Capbell	.50
A. McNutt	.25
G. F. Jamieson	.50
F. Bobbett	.25
H. N. Kutchen	.25
	4.25
Bal on hand, Aug. 18	$70.15

CLARION PUBLISHING ACCOUNT. No. 727.

Receipts.

Subs	$27.50
Bundles	25.75
Directory	10.00
Ads.	6.00
	$69.25
Grant from Clarion Fun	$ 16.18
Grant from General Fund	24.42
	$109.85

Expenses.

Editing	$ 10.00
Printing and mailing	99.85
	$109.85

Clarion Fund (Maintenance)

Bal on hand, Aug. 2	$13.68
British Columbia—	
B. L. J.	1.00
Alberta—	
Beckman Bros	.50
Manitoba—	
Wm. Davenport	1.00
	$16.18
Grant to Publishing Account	$16.18

FROM A COLLECTOR'S DIARY

July, Thursday.—* * * It was my turn today in the colored district. Life seemed to have fled from there. Window shades all down. None of the inhabitants on the front porches, as usual. A few Galicians and other hungry-looking individuals passed, each throwing shy glances at the sombre dwellings; but, alas, no dusky female head peeped through to give them the hint, no inviting motion from within. I knocked at Edith Murray's. She looked scared, her newly-dyed hair straggling round her face like a Medusa's mane.

"Have you come today? Don't you know we are pinched?"

These were her words of welcome.

"I suppose you want money? Well, you cant get any. With all the cops on the watch, how do you expect us to make a cent? They kept me in jail for two days, and now let me out on bail. Tell them at the office that as soon as business picks up they'll have their payment."

After her stream of words ceased, I gave her to understand that we could not wait any longer, that so far she was already behind, and if money was not forthcoming within twenty-four hours we should see ourselves forced to proceed with the sheriff against her.

"You are tough," she cried, "as tough as the police. If for you, one would starve like a dog. If not for Kate across the road, the devil knows what would have become of me. She lets me use her back room whenever I fish somebody, but I must be very careful. They have their eyes on me. That's the last time I beg you to wait. I expect good trade tonight, and I'll try rustling outside tomorrow, so wait till next week. If only the damned police would give me a fair chance."

* * * * *

Through one of the half-open doors the low, soft tune of a mandoline reached my ear. "Down by the Sugar-cane." Soft and melodious. Afterwards a man's deep voice.

"Who's that?" I asked. "That's Bud," she said, "my feller." Her feller, in plain, workingman's English her pimp, or cadet. One of those who received sentences from one to twelve months for living on a woman's shame. One of the detested and despised. One who beats the woman up if she cannot supply him with enough money. One who beats, scolds, threatens to obtain money from an unfortunate. Threatens!—but was not I threatening a few minutes ago?—Was it not also for money? Did I not well enough understand that the only way she can pay me was by prostitution? The law convicts him for being a pimp, and I—well, I am regarded as an honest and respected citizen.

Strict logical deduction I find to be very enervating in our present society, and besides, we would, in order to be honest with ourselves, find too many reasons for deductions.

J. R. MERGLER.

WHO ARE THEY?

You are no doubt aware of the fact that one thousand mentally-shackled slaves are fulfilling their obligations as the watch-dogs of their masters' property, and right now Vancouver Island is the scene of their endeavors.

They have gone dressed in livery, as is quite proper for all low-caste lackeys of the master class, carrying tools in abundance—rifles, bayonets, swords and machine guns, necessary to perform their dirty work.

Eleven months ago the miners of Ladysmith and Cumberland called a meeting to determine on a course of action for the protection of their lives in the mines—and for that they were locked out, and denied access to those tools of production by which they produced wealth. During this time they have conducted a peaceable struggle, and since the first of May last have received the assistance of the miners of Nanaimo and vicinity, all being content to merely exercise the privilege of withholding themselves from exploitation under terms dictated by the master class, which threatened a repetition of the Bellevue disaster of three years ago, when scores of men were blown to pieces.

However, over a week ago, the special and provincial police, in the pay of the mine owners and the provincial government, evidently drunk with the power which they have exercised so long during the struggle, after continually refusing protection to the strikers and their women-folk from the strike-breakers, countenanced the stabbing and attempted murder by dynamite and bullets, of the strikers by the strike breakers. The latter were then compelled to take measures to protect their own lives.

Behold now, the Reigning Politicians! who are acting in the interests of the real rulers, the master class, order out the militia to protect—PROPERTY!

The butchers in this instance who are, for the most part, workers of the city of Vancouver, many of them members of labor organizations, have gone to, if necessary, shoot and murder the workers of Vancouver Island, with the instructions to display the essential (if not the only) requisite for a soldier—**to obey orders.**

Workers of Vancouver! Workers of British Columbia!

Have you not too long had your eyes closed to the class nature of this limb of the state, which is the organized coercive power of the master class? Let every worker (particularly those of Vancouver) make it his business to secure the name, address and place of employment of every one who is directly or indirectly connected with the militia, and send their information to THE WESTERN CLARION, where it will be given all the publicity possible.

In this way the workers will become acquainted with the traitors and enemies of their class. Get busy! Find that uniformed, uninformed watch-dog and show him up so that we can all view him as a typical specimen of twentieth-century barbarism.

T. S. C.

The Binghampton disaster, in which 32 workers, mostly girls, lost their lives, and some fifty were badly burned and injured, could have been avoided had the company spent the small sum of ten dollars apiece for its 125 employees, according to the New York Times.

POLITICAL POWER

(FROM "THE WAY TO POWER," J. B. Osborne.)

Political power is that power arising from the control of the legislative, executive, judicial and military forces of the State.

We have already shown how the intellectual development of the proletariat was made not only possible, but necessary, by the capitalist mode of production. Following in the wake of the intellectual development of the proletariat and the general diffusion of present-day knowledge came the extension of the franchise to the proletariat in the whole world of capitalism.

The development of the forces of capitalist production has prepared a material condition for the social ownership and democratic management of all the means of wealth production, and the intellectual development resulting therefrom has prepared a way, through the ballot box, for the peaceful transformation of capitalist property into collective wealth as a result of the widespread effect of the development of the Socialist view-point and the social concept.

That social concept which places the collective well-being above every other interest, together with the ever-increasing vote of the Socialist Party, has already had its effect on legislation by capitalist governments. In Germany, France, and nearly every other country in Europe, the governments have made many concessions to the working class, not only in the ever larger and larger increase of the suffrage, but in the economic conditions also. The recent legislative action in England, as well as in some of the American States, on the subject of the establishment of legal minimum wage and maximum hours, while voluntary, involves tremendous concessions on the part of the capitalist class.

Not that any immediate economic advantage can accrue to the working class as a result of such legislation. In California, for instance, a universal eight-hour law came within eleven votes of passing in the California legislature. Such a law is already passed in Australia and other countries, and such laws will be passed by various States with great rapidity in the near future. In California, two years ago, a law was passed establishing an eight-hour work day for women, and the present legislative session appointed a commission to investigate the wages paid to women with the view of enacting at the next session a minimum wage law for women.

Such legislation by a capitalist State is a plain admission of the power of the State to control capitalist property. In fact, such legislation is laying the foundation to undermine the power of the capitalist class, not only in the control, but even in the ownership of capitalist property. For if the State has power to say to the capitalist, "You shall only work your employees so many hours per week," and that "You shall pay your employees not less than so many dollars per week," it then logically follows that the power of the State can be legally extended to the point where it can say, in the interest of the social well-being, "What is now capitalist property shall be the collective wealth of all, in order that all may be able to appropriate their share of all the social progress of the past and present."

In taking note of the class struggles between different factions of the propertied classes in the past, it is evident that the wealth of one class has not been shifted to another class until the political power was first shifted, and the transformation of capitalist property into social wealth will take place by shifting the political power from the hands of the capitalist class to the hands of the working class.

For that reason the Socialist Party endeavors to constitute a working class political party separate and distinct from all parties of the capitalist class, finally getting complete control of the political power of the State and nation. "The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the reins of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

The plane of power for working class organization is in the political field, and every extension of the franchise to the members of the working class assists them in the class struggle. Hence, the recent general strike in Belgium for the extension of the working class suffrage.

The workers go into the bowels of the earth and bring out the precious metals, but leave them all at the mine; they go into shoe factories and produce shoes, but do not take any of the shoes home with them; they go into watch factories and make watches, but do not take away a single watch with them.

In fact, the workers produce all wealth, but do not own any part of their production. This is because the capitalists are organized not only industrially but politically, and this political organization and political power of the capitalist class enables them to maintain their ownership of the means of production, and the consequent power to appropriate the entire product of labor. If the workers at a mill, shop, mine or factory should start home with the production of their labor, they would be met with the political power of the capitalist class in the form of police, constabulary, militia, or the standing army. Knowing this, the working class quietly submits to its exploitation at the point of production, and knowing this, the working class has already begun the process of shifting the political power from the hands of the capitalist class to its own hands.

I was one time riding horse-back on a lonely and uninhabited trail through a prairie in western Texas. After riding all day long without seeing a living soul, late in the afternoon I sighted a horseman in the distance coming from the opposite direction. I decided that, as soon as we met I would stop him, rest awhile, and have a little social chat. We finally met, but no sooner had we dismounted than he drew two six-shooters, and covering me said: "Throw up your hands." I looked at him and then at his six-shooters, and proceeded to throw up my hands, not because he had a wife and family at home dependent upon him, or for any other benevolent reason, but because his six-shooters were loaded and he meant business. He proceeded to take what I had that he wanted and rode leisurely off. There was no blood spilled, no ground torn up, nor was any wordy argument necessary. The argument was all on his side. The separation took place just as quietly as a funeral or a wedding ceremony might take place. Why was there no resistance on my part during the whole proceeding, so peaceful and quiet Because that fellow was thoroughly organized, and counting his two six-shooters there were three of him to one of me. He was not only thoroughly organized, but organized on the plane of power.

When the working class has shifted the political power now in the hands of the economic masters into its own hands, the transformation of capitalist property into collective wealth can be legally and peaceably accomplished.

We have already pointed out that the political method is, by the very nature of things, the only method compatible with the intellectual development of modern times; for the very good reason that class antagonism in present society can only be ended when the material and intellectual development has prepared the way for the appearance of the higher social relations of a social democratic society, and the intellectual development necessary to make possible these higher social relations, in its process of preparation has produced the political method as the means to be used in social transformation.

To enter, then, into the concrete class struggle, organize on the basis of political class action—organize every precinct; that is the only way you can organize a city, a state, a province or a nation. As soon as the working class learns how to organize an efficient and powerful working class political party, based upon the fundamental tenets of social democracy, just so soon will it discover and travel the way to power.

First Automobile.

It is simply impossible to say when it was that men first commenced to travel on the highway by mechanical motive power. A patent was taken out in England in 1619 by Messrs. Ramsay and Wildgoose for a horseless carriage, and in 1770 M. Cregnot, in France, carried two passengers along the roads at the rate of two miles an hour in a three wheeled machinery-propelled vehicle. In 1784 an English inventor named Murdock used a new condensing steam engine successfully in a road carriage. It is, however, generally conceded that Richard Trevithick was the first to make mechanical road locomotion possible in 1901. A speed of ten miles an hour was achieved in 1803. From this time on inventors were busy in improving progress by motor cars, but were handicapped by restrictive legislation. For instance, it was not until 1896, that such road machines were allowed to use the English highways without being preceded by a man with a flag. Modern motoring took its rise, however, from Gottlieb Daimler, who, in 1884, patented the carburetted air engine as attached to a motor car. Panhard and Levassor acquired his rights and built the first Panhard in 1891. This was practically the car of today, though petrol or gasoline, shares the duty of propulsion now with steam and electricity. Many of the early records in motor racing were made by Panhard cars. Strangely enough Benz, working independently of Daimler, also developed the gasoline engine car in 1885.—Ex.

The owners of the new factory built on the site of the Triangle fire (where 147 lives were lost two-and-a-half years ago) have been hauled into court for disregarding the fire regulations. The two owners were caught smoking in their offices and when asked to open a fire exit door were unable to do so.

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.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

After my interview with Smith I went to my father's office in the Chemistry Building and there encountered Ernest. It was quite unexpected, but he met me with his bold eyes and firm hand-clasp, and with that curious blend of his of awkwardness and ease. It was as though our last stormy meeting was forgotten; but I was not in the mood to have it forgotten.

"I have been looking up Jackson's case," I said abruptly.

He was all interested attention, and waited for me to go on, though I could see in his eyes the certitude that my convictions had been shaken.

"He seems to have been badly treated," I confessed. "I—I—think some of his blood is dripping from our roof-beams."

"Of course," he answered. "If Jackson and all his fellows were treated mercifully, the dividends would not be so large."

"I shall never be able to take pleasure in pretty gowns again," I added.

I felt humble and contrite, and was aware of a sweet feeling that Ernest was a sort of father confessor. Then, as ever after, his strength appealed to me. It seemed to radiate a promise of peace and protection.

"Nor will you be able to take pleasure in sackcloth," he said gravely. "There are the jute mills, you know, and the same thing goes on there. It goes on everywhere. Our boasted civilization is based upon blood, soaked in blood, and neither you nor I nor any of us can escape the scarlet stain. The men you talked with—who were they?"

I told him all that had taken place.

"And not one of them was a free agent," he said. "They were all tied to the merciless industrial machine. And the pathos of it and the tragedy is that they are tied by their heart-strings. Their children—always the young life that it is their instinct to protect. This instinct is stronger than any ethic they possess. My father! He lied, he stole, he did all sorts of dishonorable things to put bread into my mouth and into the mouths of my brothers and sisters. He was a slave to the industrial machine, and it stamped his life out, worked him to death.

"But you," I interjected. "You are surely a free agent."

"Not wholly," he replied. "I am not tied by my heart-strings. I am often thankful that I have no children, and I dearly love children. Yet if I married I should not dare to have any."

"That surely is bad doctrine," I cried.

"I know it is," he said sadly. "But it is expedient doctrine. I am a revolutionist, and it is a perilous vocation."

I laughed incredulously.

"If I tried to enter your father's house at night to steal his dividends from the Sierra Mills, what would he do?"

"He sleeps with a revolver on the stand by the bed," I answered. "He would most probably shoot you."

"And if I and a few others should lead a million and a half of men into the houses of all the well-to-do, there would be a great deal of shooting, wouldn't there?"

"Yes, but you are not doing that," I objected.

"It is precisely what I am doing. And we intend to take, not the mere wealth in the houses, but all the sources of that wealth, all the mines, and railroads, and factories, and banks, and stores. That is the revolution. It is truly perilous. There will be more shooting, I am afraid, than even I dream of. But as I was saying, no one today is a free agent. We are all caught up in the wheels and cogs of the industrial machine. You found that you were, and that the men you talked with were. Talk with more of them. Go and see Colonel Ingram. Look up the reporters that kept Jackson's case out of the papers, and the editors that run the papers. You will find them all slaves of the machine."

A little later in our conversation I asked him a simple little question about the liability of workingmen to accidents, and received a statistical lecture in return.

"It is all in the books," he said. "The figures have been gathered, and it has been proved conclusively that accidents rarely occur in the first hours of the morning work, but that they increase rapidly in the succeeding hours as the workers grow tired and slower in both their muscular and mental processes.

"Why, do you know that your father has three times as many chances for safety of life and limb than has a workingman? He has. The insurance companies know. They will charge him four dollars and twenty cents a year on a thousand-dollar accident policy, and for the same policy they will charge a laborer fifteen dollars."

"And you?" I asked; and in the moment of asking I was aware of a solicitude that was something more than slight.

"Oh, as a revolutionist, I have about eight chances to the workingman's one of being injured or killed," he answered carelessly. "The insurance companies charge the highly trained chemists that handle explosives eight times what they charge the workingmen. I don't think they'd insure me at all. Why did you ask?"

My eyes fluttered, and I could feel the blood warm in my face. It was not that he had caught me in my solicitude, but that I had caught myself, and in his presence.

Just then my father came in and began making preparations to depart with me. Ernest returned some books he had borrowed, and went away first. But just as he was going, he turned and said:

"Oh, by the way, while you are ruining your own peace of mind and I am ruining the Bishop's, you'd better look up Mrs. Wickson and Mrs. Pertonwaithe. Their husbands, you know, are the two principal stockholders in the Mills. Like all the rest of humanity, those two women are tied to the machine, but they are so tied that they sit on top of it."

CHAPTER IV.

Slaves of the Machine.

The more I thought of Jackson's arm, the more shaken I was. I was confronted by the concrete. For the first time I was seeing life. My university life, and study and culture, had not been real. I had learned nothing but theories of life and society that looked all very well on the printed page, but now I had seen life itself. Jackson's arm was a fact of life. "The fact, man, the irrefragable fact!" of Ernest's was ringing in my consciousness.

It seemed monstrous, impossible, that our whole society was based upon blood. And yet there was Jackson. I could not get away from him. Constantly my thought swung back to him as the compass to the pole. He had been monstrously treated. His blood had not been paid for in order that a larger dividend might be paid. And I knew a score of happy complacent families that had received those dividends and by that much had profited by Jackson's blood. If one man could be so monstrously treated and society move on its way unheeding, might not many men be so monstrously treated? I remember Ernest's women of Chicago who toiled for ninety cents a week, and the child slaves of the Southern cotton mills he had described. And I could see their wan white hands, from which the blood had been pressed, at work upon the cloth out of which had been made my gown. And then I thought of the Sierra Mills and the dividends that had been paid, and I saw the blood of Jackson upon my gown as well. Jackson I could not escape. Always my meditations led me back to him.

Down in the depths of me I had a feeling that I stood on the edge of a precipice. It was as though I were about to see a new and awful revelation of life. And not I alone. My whole world was turning over. There was my father. I could see the effect Ernest was beginning to have on him. And then there was the Bishop. When I had last seen him he had looked a sick man. He was at high nervous tension, and in his eyes there was unspeakable horror. From the little I learned I knew that Ernest had been keeping his promise of taking him through hell. But what scenes of hell the Bishop's eyes had seen, I knew not, for he seemed too stunned to speak about them.

Once, the feeling strong upon me that my little world and all the world was turning over, I thought of Ernest as the cause of it; and also I thought, "We were so happy and peaceful before he came!" And the next moment I was aware that the thought was a treason against truth, and Ernest rose before me transfigured, the apostle of truth, with shining brows and the fearlessness of one of God's own angels, battling for the truth and the right, and battling for the succor of the poor and lonely and oppressed. And then there arose before me another figure, the Christ! He, too, had taken the part of the lowly and oppressed, and against all the established power of priest and pharisee. And I remembered his end upon the cross, and my heart contracted with a pang as I thought of Ernest. Was he, too, destined for a cross?—he, with his clarion call and war-noted voice, and all the fine man's vigor of him!

And in that moment I knew that I loved him, and that I was melting with desire to comfort him. I thought of his life. A sordid, harsh, and meagre life it must have been. And I thought of his father, who had lied and stolen for him and been worked to death. And he himself had gone into the mills when he was ten! All my heart seemed bursting with desire to fold my arms around him, and to rest his head on my breast—his head that must be weary with so many thoughts; and to give him rest—just rest—and easement and forgetfulness for a tender space.

I met Colonel Ingram at a church reception. Him I knew well, and had known well for many years. I trapped him behind large palms and rubber plants, though he did not know he was trapped. He met me with the conventional gaiety and gallantry. He was ever a graceful man, diplomatic, tactful, and considerate. And as for appearance, he was the most distinguished-looking man in our society. Beside him even the venerable head of the university looked tawdry and small.

And yet I found Colonel Ingram situated the same as the unlettered mechanic. He was not a free agent. He, too, was bound upon the wheel. I shall never forget the change in him when I mentioned Jackson's case. His smiling good-nature vanished like a ghost. A sudden, frightful expression distorted his well-bred face. I felt the same alarm that I had felt when James Smith broke out. But Colonel Ingram did not curse. That was the slight difference that was left between the workingman and him. He was famed as a wit, but he had no wit now. And, unconsciously, this way and that he glanced for avenues of escape. But he was trapped amid the palms and rubber trees.

Oh, he was sick of the sound of Jackson's name. Why had I brought the matter up? He did not relish my joke. It was poor taste on my part, and very inconsiderate. Did I not know that in his profession personal feelings did not count? He left his personal feelings at home when he went down to the office. At the office he had only professional feelings.

"Should Jackson have received damages?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered. "That is, personally, I have a feeling that he should. But that has nothing to do with the legal aspects of the case."

He was getting his scattered wits slightly in hand.

"Tell me, has right anything to do with the law?" I asked.

"You have used the wrong initial consonant," he smiled in answer.

"Might?" I queried; and he nodded his head. "And yet we are supposed to get justice by means of the law?"

"That is the paradox of it," he countered. "We do get justice."

"You are speaking professionally now, are you not?" I asked.

Colonel Ingram blushed, actually blushed, and again he looked anxiously about him for a way of escape. But I blocked his path and did not offer to move.

"Tell me," I said, "when one surrenders his personal feelings to his professional feelings, may not the action be defined as a sort of spiritual mayhem?"

I did not get an answer. Colonel Ingram had ingloriously bolted, overturning a palm in his flight.

Next I tried the newspapers. I wrote a quiet, restrained, dispassionate account of Jackson's case. I made no charge against the men with whom I had talked, nor, for that matter, did I even mention them. I gave the actual facts of the case, the long years Jackson had worked in the mills, his effort to save the machinery from damage and the consequent accident, and his own present wretched and starving condition. The three local newspapers rejected my communications, likewise did the two weeklies.

I got hold of Percy Layton. He was a graduate of the university, had gone in for journalism, and was then serving his apprenticeship as reporter on the most influential of the three newspapers. He smiled when I asked him the reason the newspapers suppressed all mention of Jackson or his case.

"Editorial policy," he said. "We have nothing to do with that. It's up to the editors."

"But why is it policy?" I asked.

"We're all solid with the corporations," he answered. "If you paid advertising rates, you couldn't get any such matter into the papers. A man who tried to smuggle it in would lose his job. You couldn't get it in if you paid ten times the regular advertising rates."

"How about your own policy?" I questioned. "It would seem your function is to twist truth at the command of your employers, who, in turn, obey the behests of the corporations."

"I haven't anything to do with that." He looked uncomfortable for the moment, then brightened as he saw his way out. "I, myself, do not write untruthful things. I keep square all right with my own conscience. Of course, there's lots that's repugnant in the course of a day's work. But then, you see, that's all part of the day's work," he wound up boyishly.

"Yet you expect to sit at an editor's desk some day and conduct a policy."

"I'll be case-hardened by that time," was his reply.

"Since you are not yet case-hardened, tell me what you think right now about the general editorial policy."

"I don't think," he answered quickly. "One can't kick over the ropes if he's going to succeed in journalism, I've learned that much, at any rate."

And he nodded his young head sagely.

"But the right?" I persisted.

"You don't understand the game. Of course it's all right, because it comes out all right, don't you see?

"Delightfully vague," I murmured; but my heart was aching for the youth of him, and I felt that I must either scream or burst into tears.

I was beginning to see through the appearances of the society in which I had always lived, and to find the frightful realities that were beneath. There seemed a tacit conspiracy against Jackson, and I was aware of a thrill of sympthy for the whining lawyer who had ingloriously fought his case. But this tacit conspiracy grew large. Not alone was it aimed against Jackson. It was aimed against every workingman who was maimed in the mills. And if against every man in the mills, why not against every man in all the other mills and factories? In fact, was it not true of all the industries?

(To be Continued.)

Chinese, negroes and one or two other nationalities that we hate to mention, now constitute the force operating the mines at Cumberland. A credit to Dick's "White B. C."

THE FIGHTERS' FUNCTION.

(Continued from Page One.)

and many other essentials that go to make up the perfect uniformed lackey and lick-spittle as we see him today.

Science has no fascination for the bourgeois mind except, in so far as it can be made beneficial in the production of commodities. A knowledge of variation and natural selection in the struggle for existence, dialectics, surplus value, or the intricacies of human brain work, would mean no increase whatever to the dividends which the capitalist manufacturer so greatly adores. The only scientific discoveries that interest him are those concerned with enhancing the productivity of labor; something that can show him how to make more cloth in a shorter time or with less wool; or a means whereby cheaper ingredients can be used in the manufacture of any commodity.

Such being the case, we are not surprised that this form of knowledge is not imparted in our public schools. All institutions are a reflex of economic conditions, and the school is no exception.

The Worker Must be Trained to Protect, to Fight, to Kill if Necessary, in Order that the Propertied Class May Wallow in the Wealth which Slaves have Produced.

That a sufficient number of those who are dispossessed can be found willing to take up arms—and also to use them—we don't have to search very long in order to see. Only a few weeks ago we read of troops being employed in South Africa to settle a dispute between master and slave. At the word of command they performed their function, and shot down large numbers of those who had the audacity to demand a little larger share of the wealth they produced. At Lawrence, Massachusetts, West Virginia and various other places we are given many other examples of what armies and navies are maintained to do. Some optimistic and enthusiastic individuals on the fringes of the Socialist movement point with pride to instances where the tools of the State have refused to obey their masters and fire on striking workers, but such instances are very like angels' whispers—few and far between; for while the forces of economic evolution are inculcating in the minds of all slaves a realization of their social position, yet we must not lose sight of the fact that so long as society is divided on the basis that it is today, just so long must the dominant portion continue to build up a centralized power to make secure their position, and so long as fighters are trained to do the bidding of their masters that the function of those fighters is to fight.

GRIBBLE.

Toronto, August 13, 1913.

Comrade Secretary:—No, Toronto is not altogether hopeless, as proofs of which statement I hereby enclose subs with money to match. Before this appears in print a charter application will be on the way. Some of the "old guard" have fallen into line after having been out of our party ranks for some time for various reasons. But that is ancient history now—and they meant well and will not make the same mistakes twice.

"Let the dead past," etc.

Have had huge meetings here, the biggest since leaving the coast, with the hearty co-operation of a number of comrades, notably Comrades Green and Rossitter, than whom there are no more earnest and dependable comrades in the party. The latter is temporary organizer and is working like—like—well, like Heaven, to perfect arrangements for organization. As for chewing the rag to the crowd, I am doing that for the most part, getting the applause and the "glory," but that wouldn't count for much if we hadn't the workers to do the spade work.

But we are out of literature—in the name of Karl Marx, rush on the order, as I have only my own poems? to sell and there is no stock here. Only brought my own stuff from Vancouver as I wanted to bring as much as possible to save express charges in future. However, they go like hot cakes, which will solve the railway fare problem when I start for Montreal, where I am somewhat impatient to be, as I know there is a big crowd of well-organized comrades there, but my duty is here just now, to help get things in shape.

There is another reason why we are in a hurry for the literature—this is the "cent belt" where coppers are in vogue, and whereas in the west if any do not like to let the hat pass them, they have to drop in a nickel, here a cent will make as much, or more, noise and we have a woeful lot of them, but they have to pay the same price for literature as in the west, so rush it on.

Glad to say I am in rugged health now, as I was not in Winnipeg, where I was a "failure" through being on the flat of my back, severely ill, most of the time I was there, one night collapsing on the box and being about carried over to the hotel by Comrades Armstrong and Watson, "coming back" however, and finishing when the spell was over.

Am working half of each day at my trade (strange experience after nearly five years away from it) for my health and hay and oats, and the other half for the movement, for my pleasure, with which personal remarks I will conclude,

Yours in revolt,
WILFRID GRIBBLE.

With about 35% of last year's wheat still in the elevators, every indication that the present will be the largest crop ever harvested in Western Canada, the god Capital has blessed its owners with glorious prosperity. Let them give thanks, and return at least one-tenth to their slaves. The farmers and many others of the slave class are horribly poverty-stricken, not because nature has failed, but because there is about 35% of last year's wheat to the good. Should there be a big crop this year, the poverty of the slaves may become unbearable.

What a glorious civilization! You slaves who are anti-Socialists must feel proud to fight, vote, and otherwise uphold the rule of Capital.

Read "Industrial Problems," by A. N. Richardson.

Labor is the substance and measure of all values.

FROM JOE NAYLOR, (Now in Jail.)

Comrade Editor: I would like to show the readers of our paper how this commodity-struggle here in Cumberland developed into a one-sided class-struggle. By that term I mean that the operators get all the assistance that is at the command of the capitalist class, that is, the Government.

This strike, or lock-out started on or about the 15th of September, 1912, through discrimination of two of the members of our organization. We elected four different committees to interview the management and were refused a hearing on every occasion, so we decided to take a holiday of two days in protest, thinking that the management would use a little diplomacy in future instead of despotism. We were rewarded for our trouble by further acts of tyranny, and were informed by posters that we were to fetch out our tools on the following day, or else we would be charged up with them. We had only one course to pursue, and that was to fetch them out and take up the challenge and fight. After this our district officers called a convention for the district. We met in Nanaimo, drew up a scale of wages, presented them to the operators, and have never received an answer yet.

Now up to this time this controversy had only assumed the role of a local commodity-struggle, a case of wages and better conditions. We were the sellers and the operators the buyers. The bosses, knowing that there was more labor-power on the market besides ours, refused to buy our commodity, and began to study how to buy cheaper labor power. Seeing it was useless, unless they called on some other part of their class for assistance, and knowing that they had only to ask for it (for the capitalist class are class-conscious to a man) they received assistance from the provincial government. About the 1st of November they started to ship in special police, for no other reason, to my mind, than to drive the Asiatics to work. Their labor-power being a cheaper commodity than ours, they think they can beat us into submission, for there is a continual stream of Chinks coming in here. They must have increased 300 per cent, and with the assistance of a few white strike-breakers they are able to put a little coal on the market.

Now I have shown the class-consciousness of the capitalist class, I will try and show the ignorance of the working class.

In the first place, why should a working man place himself as a tool to the opposite side, and be used as a thug—for they are all members of the working class. Shouldn't our fight be their fight? Are they going to continue to lick the feet of the masters and keep on clubbing the heads of the men and women that are fighting for more of what they produce? When they are too old to be of any more use to the masters, they will be turned down by the operators, for capitalism has no conscience, and they will be shunned as lepers by the working-class.

Now, workers, get wise. Read class-conscious literature, The Western Clarion in particular. Get Karl Marx' "Value, Price and Profit." Learn where you are exploited and the remedy.

NOTE:—Since the above was received word comes through the capitalist press that Com. Naylor has been arrested on a charge of unlawful assembly, and is at present in the Nanaimo jail, awaiting trial at the assizes. The threats made to him by the local police for months past that "they would get him yet" have been made good.

He is a member of Local Cumberland No. 70, S. P. of C., and holds office in the Miners' Union. He is only one of the active Socialists in Cumberland whom the coal-owners have picked out for removal. Other arrests on similar fake charges can be expected. It is the usual method employed to get the "leaders" out of the way, in the expectation that the organization will fall to pieces as a result. The miners, however, are showing plainly that they are not a flock of "follow-my-leader" sheep, and the owners' methods, instead of weakening, are calculated to strengthen the solidity of the organization.—Ed.

The socialist party is building the state of the future and that is why we are different to other parties. When another political party has gained a "convert," it is satisfied. But it is not so with the socialist party. We want an intelligent, fully equipped fighter who knows what he wants, how to get it, and how to utilize it when he has got it.

Four military officers and two civilians of the German Ordnance Department were found guilty of betraying military secrets to the Krupps. This is the result of the charges made by Dr. Liebknecht in the Reichstag recently regarding the inciting of war sentiments. The real offenders, the men in the higher circles, including Emperor William and Frau Krupp, the principal shareholders in the Krupp works, escaped sentence.

TO. B. C. MEMBERSHIP.

....A 1912 Indian Motor-cycle (in good condition) has been secured for $125, $75.00 down and payments. Com. Cassidy expects to be able to take the field immediately. Rush in your contributions to the Organizing Fund, so that we can pay it off quickly.

OUR FUNDS ARE EXHAUSTED. GET BUSY!

J. H. BURROUGH, Sec. Ed.

Labor Day Sketch AND BALL

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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

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Capital belongs to the wolf and shark tribe. It devours itself. It has no bowels of mercy, no patriotism, no loyalty. In spite of all the flag-waving, it will take itself to Hades if thereby it can obtain cheaper labor and greater profits. It feeds on rent, interest and profit, wrung from the marrow of the working class. Feed it and it is quiet. Stop feeding it, and it will turn and rend you.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

WANTED—500 Socialists to contribute twenty-five cents apiece towards the purchase of a motor cycle for organizing purposes. Address Provincial Secretary, B. C.

To Rent—The head of a workingman voting the capitalist ticket. Guaranteed completely empty and solid ivory walls.

Personal—Jack, if you would have your friend reason the same way that you do, introduce him to "The Road to Power" and I am sure he will savy.

For Sale, Cheap—The fellow who stays out of the Socialist Party because he don't like some of the slaves that are in it.

Wanted—The thousand mutts who went to the scene of "war" on Vancouver Island at the behest of Mackensie & Mann, to call at the Socialist Local and get information regarding the class struggle.

Agents Wanted—Rebels wanted to introduce the best working-class paper published on the American continent to likely subscribers, Address, Western Clarion.

Opportunity for Investment—Twenty cents will purchase one hundred copies of "The New Review" and if systematically distributed they will tend to increase the number of class-conscious workers.

For Sale, Cheap—Bowser's telegram ordering out 1,000 legalized butchers to shoot down men, women and children. Price, Political Death.

Rare Stamps—Sure to rise in price. Twenty years from now a dues card of the S. P. of C., dated 1913 and completely filled out on the original card will be priceless to the owner.