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THE CLASS WAR IS NOW ON!

By E. T. KINGSLEY

Civilization is synonymous with human slavery.

The civilized period began with the birth of slavery and that accursed infamy still remains as the cornerstone upon which the entire superstructure of civilization rests.

Upon the one hand stands the class of masters and exploiters; the ruling class that governs the workers that it may rob them of the fruits of their labor, and rob them because it governs them.

Upon the other hand the working class, the producers of all wealth, driven like galley slaves to their tasks by the lash of necessity, and plundered of their products by the class that lives and thrives by rule and robbery.

For thousands of years the toilers of the world have been thus ruled and robbed, first as chattels, then as serfs and now as wage slaves, by the self-appointed rulers and ruffians who have forced the shackles of servitude upon them.

Government is now, as it always was, the instrument of the ruling class, the engine of oppression and repression whereby the rulers and robbers maintain their stranglehold upon the workers and complete mastery over the products they bring forth.

It is the sole means whereby masters can retain their mastery, and slaves be held in leash for that exploitation out of which alone can be built and maintained the empire of pomp, magnificence and vulgar ceremony so dear to the ruling class heart and consoling to the ruling class conscience.

With its armies, navies, its police, its parliaments, and its official staff of rogues and stool-pigeons from the great statesmen at the top to the lowest type of secret service sneak at the bottom, its terrific powers of oppression, repression and persecution are made to reach to the uttermost parts of the land, and from which no individual or fireside may escape.

With its absolute control of all legal means of education and the dissemination of information; with its control of all means of communication such as postal service, telegraph, cables, wire, less, telephones, etc., it becomes a most deadly influence against the extension of human knowledge, and a most

powerful factor in deepening the ignorance of human kind, through such dissemination of falsehoods and such appeals to prejudice as are well calculated to awaken to activity the baser passions of mankind.

Government is the very citadel and sole bulwark of class rule and power; it is the gun held at the breast of the victim while the robber goes through his pockets; it is supreme master of the field of industry from which is gathered the rich plunder that constitutes the boasted wealth and power of the class that now as truly chattel slave masters and feudal lords of old.

Government is master of the shop, the job, the slaves and the product of his toil, because government is the instrument, the servant, the agent, the orderly, the very "Rock of Ages" of the ruling class, and without which it would not and could not be.

There is nothing in common between master and slave. There can be nothing in common between them. There is no point upon which they can agree without sacrificing and destroying the interest of either one or the other. Their interests are diametrically opposed at all times and under all circumstances. The interest of the master is to hold the slave in subjection and rob him; the interest of the slave is to attain his freedom from such robbery. And there is no middle ground upon which they can meet.

Civilization all down through the ages has been but a thinly veiled civil war during times of so-called peace, and an open and unceasing slaughter of slaves during times of war, the grand culmination of which occurred during the last four or five years in the grandest slaughter of the kind for the purpose of a ruling class holiday ever recorded.

Slave revolts there have been at intervals during the civilized period, right down to the present time. These revolts have always been quelled by using loyal slaves to beat or shoot the rebels either into oblivion or submission. But out of the ruling class fury of the last four years, which resulted in the slaughter of millions of slaves, there has come a revolt that is not mere rebellion, but revolution. The exploited slaves of the earth are rising for the complete overthrow of the class that

has for so long ruled and robbed them.

The last dynastic war has been fought; the last sacrificial offering of millions of slaves upon the altar of ruling class fury has been recorded. The class war is now on throughout the earth. In Russia the blow has been struck and the capitalist and landlord abolished. The peasants and workmen are bringing order out of the chaos and misery that centuries of ruling class plunder and rapine have brought upon the land. The sorry remnants of the old brutal tyranny of class rule and robbery, that are left upon Russian soil, are maintained only by the bayonets of the western nations that attempt to camouflage their worse than Prussian autocracy by the flimsiest of hypocrisy and democratic pretense.

In Germany the same revolutionary uprising against the regime of slavery and plunder is slowly but surely forging on to victory. The capitalist and landlord robbers are doomed to extinction, as forces of plunder and rapine. The slaves will come into their own no matter what the cost. When Prussian militarism went down it pulled down the entire establishment of exploitation, trade and commerce that rested upon it, and the victorious "Allies" now stand aghast at the ruin wrought, for by the same token their own precious establishments of similar import are tottering to destruction.

In all lands of Europe the ghost of revolution is knocking at the outer gates and there is fear and trembling within the ruling class camp. The slaves are becoming restless and the rulers have no comforting medicine to soothe their excitement. They are making ever more pressing demands upon their masters and the masters find it ever more and more impossible to comply. The ruling class establishment of the entire world has been well nigh wrecked by the fury and blast of the bloody and destructive storm of war, a war that brought to a swift culmination all of the possibilities of impotence, for any other purpose than that of slaughter and devastation of a civilization based upon the exploitation and torture of slaves by masters. It brought clearly to the vision of millions just what such a civilization really is, as well as the sole function and purpose of governments of a ruling class, a function expressed only in repression, slaughter and rapine.

And the ghost of revolution hovers

over the scene here upon this western continent, affrighting the rulers by day and haunting their dreams by night. Never was there such alarm in the dovecote of ruling class democracy before. Never were the magicians of the mouth so busily engaged in verbal efforts to forefend the evil threatening the ruling class; never were the low stool-pigeons of authority more zealous in performing their nefarious task of safeguarding the interests of their masters; and employers evesdropping and peeping through keyholes. Never was the noble art of lying and the spreading of falsehood brought to such a high state of efficiency, as has now been attained by the paid liars of the press, pulpit and platform of capitalism, for the eminently worthy purpose of making the criminal ruling class appear white, while its now revolutionary victims are painted in the blackest of colors.

But it is of no use. The ghost, like Banquo's, will not down. The war brought forth the Nemesis of capitalism, the revolutionary proletariat of all lands. And nothing else could have come out of it, for the working class, the only useful part of human society, can no longer live under slavery. Its exploitation has become so intense, the efficiency of the mechanism of exploitation has become so great that neither masters nor slaves can longer continue it. The masters cannot dispose of the products except by war and that forces the entire establishment into irretrievable bankruptcy because war is non-productive and capital cannot grow upon that which is solely destructive. War thus hastens the end. The slaves cannot live under perpetual war, because it will in time exterminate them. They can no longer exist under capitalism because it can no longer give them employment and insure them sufficient remuneration to sustain themselves and families.

During war, while working people are killing each other by the thousands, capitalists are patriotically piling up wealth in figures, that is orders upon the future, beyond the dreams of avarice. They continue to exploit those who are not in uniform and they do it with the same degree of cheerfulness and aplomb that they feed the uniformed ones into the cannon's mouth. They go "over the top" in their particular line as gaily and with an intense love of country, as the soldier in the trenches goes "over the top"

(Continued on Page Four)



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E. T. KINGSLEY Editor

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THE SUPERSTITION OF TRADE

FOR THOUSANDS of years the more cunning rogues among human kind have preyed upon the ignorance and credulity of the rest by frightening them into submission to their nefarious purposes by ghost stories and weird tales of avenging gods whose wrath would be inevitably forthcoming if they refused to meekly submit to being enslaved and robbed. The old religious hoax found fruitful soil in the general lack of understanding of the laws of nature and familiarity with the reasons for the thunder, the lightning, avalanche and the storm. And this hoary old superstition still does valiant duty in holding countless thousands of slaves in docility to their masters and oblivious of their chains. Civilization is based upon human slavery. The higher the civilization the more complete and perfect the slavery. That is why western civilization instinctively boasts of being the most advanced on earth. In spite of everything that rulers and ruling classes can do to prevent it, knowledge and understanding slowly gains headway among the slaves. In time the old falsehoods that have been devised for the purpose of chloroforming slaves into submission to the lash of mastery and exploitation, become worn more or less threadbare and no longer sufficiently cover and camouflage the naked and brutal truth of slavery. New devices must needs be discovered to act as a blind or disguise for the fundamental infamy upon which our present civilization rests, or the slaves may get rebellious and the perpetuity of the delightful regime be endangered. No crime can be made to appear as a virtue by being camouflaged with the truth. Every pretense offered in its justification must of necessity be a swindle, a deceit, a falsehood, indulged in for the especial purpose of garbing the crime in the habiliments of virtue; of making it appear as something the very opposite of that which it actually is. The assumption that an all-wise creator can and does sanction this civilization is to directly charge such creator with being the same sort of creature, with the same brutal, ruffianly and murderous instincts as the mundane lords, rulers and robbers who are the sole beneficiaries of that civilization.

Another superstition that is as firmly fixed in the minds of slaves as the religious superstition was wont to be, is the superstition of trade and commerce. It is just now being touted for all it is

worth, not only by the class in human society that turns the swag it seizes through the exploitation of its slaves into the channels of its own use, but also by thousands of the very slaves themselves from whom that plunder is wrung. We are told that the very salvation of nations depends upon trade. Unless a market can be found for "our" surplus production "we" will perish. Specious arguments are offered to demonstrate the advisability of each individual specializing upon the production of some one thing and by selling that, obtaining the money wherewith to purchase everything else he needs. This is repeatedly urged upon farmers and wherever the hornyhanded agriculturist or any other is weak enough to follow the advice he finds himself hopelessly entangled in the net of exploitation from which he cannot escape. With the workman of the city and mine it is the same thing. Knowing how to do but one thing he is completely lost once the conditions of his particular trade or occupation are such as to deny him sustenance. Instead of being in a position to rely upon their own efforts for sustenance, the same as any free animal, both the farmer and the city slave find themselves the victims of a world system of exploitation that plunders them of that which they produce and depends upon trade and commerce to dispose of that plunder with sufficient rapidity to enable the exploiters to keep the delightful game of skinning slaves running continuously. And the safety of the slaves depends solely upon the continuous operation of the game. When trade and commerce can no longer dispose of the plunder, the game slows down and the slaves are either out of a job, or cannot sell their products, if they are farmers, until trade, commerce and business takes a more favorable turn. When things get bad, as they are at present and with every prospect of getting worse, the cry goes up from rulers and their superstitious victims, that "we must find new markets," "we must increase our foreign trade." Some silly persons even affirm that the producers suffer because "they have produced too much," when the fact is that they suffer because they have been robbed and swindled by their overlords and masters. No other sort of fool among all animal kind except the human one, would for a moment starve because he had produced too much food, and certainly none would look to a foreign or any other kind of a market for the disposal of the things that he had produced or gathered for himself. It takes the human fool to play the fool business for all it is worth.

No one lives by trade and commerce. All live, if they live at all, by production. All the food, clothing, shelter and everything else that mankind requires is brought forth by the labor of human beings. When those who produce these things are compelled to produce them for others than themselves, or are compelled to sell them into the market, those producers are slaves. That is all there ever was to human slavery. Business, trade, commerce and all that these entail, are merely incidental to the disposal of the plunder taken from slaves by their rulers and

exploiters, in such manner as to best conserve the interests and purposes of those rulers and exploiters. Neither business, trade or commerce—which are virtually three names for the same thing—were ever devised for the purpose of conserving the interests of producers of wealth. And they cannot conserve such interests. They are incidental to the robbery of slaves by rulers and masters. And no amount of camouflage can make the crime of slavery upon which they are predicated appear other than the crime it is, except to those who will not see. No country is fit for human habitation unless it can provide sustenance for its inhabitants. That is as true in regard to man as it is of any other animal. And no animal but a slave will attempt to live in a land or locality that does not afford such sustenance. A country, for instance, that is incapable of raising anything but sagebrush and jackrabbits is not fit for human habitation not even if the human so living there did attempt to keep himself by selling jackrabbits in a foreign market. Under salvery he may be driven to eke out such an existence, but only because he is a slave and therefore denied the right to live where soil and climatic conditions are suitable for human animals to live. There is no more valid reason why one person should gather food, etc., for another or others, while also depending upon others to gather things for him, than would be the case with any other animal, or other living thing for that matter. And it is only under human slavery that such a thing is even thinkable. It is then not only thinkable but inevitable, and the slave pays the bill and pays it dearly enough. In the last analysis every one must furnish his own market. The more completely he does that the nearer he is to the freedom of which poets and sages have sung and written ever since slavery came to curse the earth. But he will have to get the superstition of trade knocked out of him first, as well as numerous other equally absurd and even grotesque conceptions.

It is by no means necessary to look to the comic papers for real humor. It can be found aplenty in the columns of any journal that makes pretense of sufficient financial knowledge to speak with authority upon such matters as debt and payment. For instance, The Nation, in dealing editorially with the cost of the late war and the obligations that are to be met in consequence, says: "The war destroyed a large proportion of the accumulated wealth of Europe, and in addition created staggering claims against the incomes of the belligerent peoples." It would be quite interesting to know just what the "accumulated wealth of Europe" that was destroyed consisted of. Perhaps it consisted of the slaves who were killed, but if that be the case our authority need not worry, for that sort "accumulates" itself and it will not be long until all loss will be made good. From the looks of the industrial situation it appears as though instead of there having been a loss on account of the killing, the contrary result had been attained, for there are so many slaves still available that it is impossible for the masters to find work for them, although work

is the very breath of life to them. As to the "staggering claims" that are left against the incomes of some persons in the future, is that not also true of all capital, whether it be for the moment represented by currency, stocks, bonds, loans, mortgages and investments of whatever character? What is this stuff if it be not a charge against the production of the future? It is true it may first hit in many cases what is commonly termed income, but where does that income come from in every case, except from the producers of the wealth that is created? All of the so-called "accumulated wealth" of the world is, without exception, a charge against future production. It is all such a transparent joke that it is an unsolvable mystery how any one can either talk or write about it and at the same time keep a straight face. And no one could who was any more susceptible to the shafts of humor than a Presbyterian deacon.

ENOUGH OF MILITARISM!

A campaign has been launched in the United States against the whole American court-martial system, under which conscientious objectors have been subjected to torture and cruelties reminiscent of mediaeval times. The efforts of The New York World to secure the abolition of the system has met with great support. At Forts Riley, Leavenworth and Jay the torturers have been dragged into the light of day and two officers have been dismissed from the army by Secretary Baker for "undue severity." Is it not time to investigate the cruelties in Canadian military prisons? Only recently it was a frequent sight in Halifax to see soldiers, manacled, compelled to walk up and down before the public. We have drawn attention to alleged cruelties at Niagara Camp and Burwash Prison. It is the duty of the government to sift these accusations and to review the whole system of martial law in Canada. — The Statesman, Toronto.

STANDING QUERY OF BOLSHIEVIK

Allied troops in Germany having been instructed to arrest all Bolshieviks, there ensued great debate as to how the Bolshhevik was to be known when met with.

Some opined that he was a hairy animal with a red shirt. But an officer explained that there was an even simpler method of making certain. "You will soon know a Bolshhevik," he said, "he will likely ask you 'what are you fighting for?'"

WHY NOT KEEP HANDS OFF?

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—The Allies' position in Siberia is a hopeless one and nothing short of 1,000,000 men will whip the Bolshieviki, according to Capt. Herbert B. Holme of the Canadian Red Cross today upon his arrival on the Teypo Maru from Vladivostok. "The Bolshieviki are fighting us like the American Indians of early days," said Capt. Holme. "An Allied battalion rides through a town. Peasants come out of their houses and watch us ride by. Half an hour later those peasants have armed themselves and are attacking us in force from the rear."

HOW THE SOLDIER
SAW THE WAR

NOW that the fighting has ceased, it is possible to consider with something of detachment events of the last four years. We can throw the mind back to the early days, to the opinions that were then held, and see how far they have been justified. On the cause of the war and its process it is vain to dwell. They are so involved that it will take two generations to unravel them. They provide opportunity for little save conjecture; but on one point we can speak with a knowledge that is denied posterity, and that—the psychology of war.

For in what has it been urged that this war differs so greatly from every preceding war? Surely in that it was a war of righteousness. "Not for passion or power," clean-handed we went into the contest. The whole nation was aflame with ideals. In the great need we had proved ourselves worthy of our high destiny. This has been the constant theme of politicians; it has inspired the facile enthusiasms of the press, and the thundering invective of the pulpit. Through the light of this rhetoric the spirit of war glimmered like some rose-red revelation of the Grail, a universal panacea, the cure for all mortal ills. "Purged through fire," "Ordeal by battle," a nation that has found its soul, these have been the catchwords and yet how false, how patently false! Doubtless the civilian felt as he spoke. But for the fighting man this war has been as every other war. It has opened to him no sudden influx of ideals; instead of bringing him face to face with reality, which is another word for the spiritual conception of things, it has coarsened him, making him consider human life as a thing of little value. His daily work has been placed on the lowest and most elemental level, he has lived from day to day, satisfied as long as he had food to eat and a bed to sleep upon. We have seen countless pictures glorifying this routine of filth and squalor, we have been told that the inner flame rises superior to the external and incidental surroundings. But that is exactly what has not happened. Soldier after soldier has felt the soul-tide of him being gradually immersed, his susceptibilities have been deadened. Henri Barbusse, in the one honest piece of fiction this war has produced, draws with an immense sympathy the moral and intellectual degradation of battle. Individuality is lost. Politicians may talk of the ideals at stake, but to the soldier their fine phrases are without meaning.

"Tonight he's in the pink, but soon he'll die,
And still the war goes on, he don't know why."

It is in that spirit that men have gone to their death, dazed and miserable, conscious only of their own suffering, filled with regret, and longing for the calm days of peace. And for those who survived, courage sank to an habitual disregard of danger; they came to see war as the ordinary course of things. They merely transported their old values into changed conditions; they were no longer disgusted by filth.

And that is the most terrible thing

of all. The first time a man goes into battle he is horrified by what he sees. Through the cold of a wet night he stumbles along a duck-board track, on all sides of him are strewn signs of conquest, broken dugouts, half-buried guns, men, bits of men, horses. And with morning comes the blind terror of the barrage; the whistle and he plunges forward, frightened and gasping, among the unburied dead. But he will get used to it; sooner or later his nerves will go, he will jump at the least sound, will duck when an "Archie" goes over, but that horror will pass. He will look at the dead body casually, in a cold-blooded sort of way, wondering how long it took to die.

There is no sadder experience than to stand at night a few hundred yards in the wake of carnage. The landscape presents its invariable sense of desolation, the very lights fling across it unreal, fictitious shadows. The brown stretch of waterlogged shell-holes seems unending. Among the scattered bodies of the dead, dim figures are seen foraging the broken bodies, searching for souvenirs, diving their hands into pockets, preying on carrion. They are no longer shocked by the conditions of war, but are turning them to their own advantage. The scientific slaughter of human beings has become the natural setting for their daily life.

And it is because the horror passes so quickly, because the susceptibilities are so swiftly deadened, that we have so little literature and art that express the soul of war, that hold up the mirror to its immeasurable squalor. Mr. Siegfried Sassoon has written a few vivid poems; Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson has painted several significant pictures and some other artists have dealt faithfully with their material. The psychology of the soldier is still an untitled field. And the courtly ministers and courtier priests may still weave their fine web of words round this world-suffering. They can still talk of the men who went to death laughing gaily. They have never been undeceived. What little war they have seen has been from the safety of brigade headquarters. They still believe that men went into action aflame with the sense of a just cause, their blessed banners flapping against the storm.

But war is always war, and no collective emotion is strong enough to support for very long the individual who is sick for peace and home. It has always been the function of history to cover over the crime of war with tales of chivalry and romance. The siege of Troy comes down to us as a succession of heroic contests. Save for Euripides and his "Trojan Women," we hear nothing of the sufferings of the individual soldier, of the weariness and nostalgia, of the hunger for the white cliffs of Ithaca.

We learn nothing from our experiences, that is the saddest message history can bring us. A war is over in which the youth of Europe has been sacrificed. And yet the majority of the nation is as ignorant of what war means as it was before. Those who made the war, and those who continued the war, have seen nothing of it, and the soldier, his susceptibilities deadened, has lost his horror of it. There is the same foolish talk today as

there was in 1914. "The War of Righteousness," "The pride of dying in a just cause," "The Blessed Banners"—the old catchwords are being rolled out; already the events of the last four years have begun to take their place in the stately pageant of international feuds, and already the way is being paved for another and more disastrous contest. If only it were realized what is the true effect of war upon those participating in it, if only it were seen how its conditions degrade and deaden the spirit of the fighting man, if only psychology of the soldier were understood! But it is still believed that the armies fought for four years with an undiminished eagerness, and that every soldier was ennobled by the knowledge of the justness of his cause.

We have yet to learn the lesson.—Alec Waugh, in *The Nation*, London.

On with the social revolution!

What Labor in Canada needs immediately is more "business agents" in the legislatures.

The Irish problem, like the world-workers' problem, can but be settled by the Irish themselves.

Workers should remember that "government" is the revolutionists'—after they have won. Moral: Always win.

A working class organized industrially alone is only half organized. It must pay more attention to political action.

The world's workers are now to be let starve because they have produced too much wealth. Here's hoping they will refuse to do so.

Slowly but surely the workers are realizing that in wealth production for use, instead of profit, lies the solution of their problem.

During the period of the war, Canada was advanced £79,000,000 by the Imperial Government. Some "promise to pay" that! Most of the amount, it can safely be presumed, went to create those 135 new millionaires.

The soldiers' widows in Canada would probably prefer ready cash to the value of the proposed "croses of sacrifice." And not as the recipients of charity, either, but as a slight compensation for losses sustained.

All the Russian news coming to the local daily press comes from a London, England, news agency, owned and controlled by British capitalists. Hence the whichey. Ask the printer. He knows.

If the B. C. government would do for the workers what the C. P. R. did for Shaughnessy Heights it would be possible for large numbers to provide for themselves on lands adjacent to Greater Vancouver.

Now that the federal government has had to assume control of the G. T. P. why not "acquire" the C. P. R., and make it unanimous? The same administrative machinery could handle the whole as easily as a part, and a great deal more economically.

That "nationalization" reconstruction programme, said to be due in the Old Country, covering coal mines and railways, is still hanging fire. Why not make similar action unanimous the world over about May 1st?

The returned men, too, are rapidly learning that the way to get things is to demand them. That old "and-your-petitioners-will-ever-pray" stuff has gone into the discard. Even the B.C. Federation of Labor, now in session at Calgary, has apparently taken a tumble.

The B. C. Federation of Labor has decided, in convention last week, to seek no more legislation at Victoria but will rely on using its own power to enforce the result of its own decisions. The membership generally, it is presumed, will affiliate with the Federated Labor Party politically.

The Chicago food speculators, ably assisted by the governments of both Canada and the United States, hope to maintain or increase present prices by arranging for the exportation of the "surplus" to the "poor" in Europe. Good old Democracy! What an old lag you are, to be sure.

Ontario will initiate a provincial movement for the suppression and cure of venereal diseases and for the education of young and old in regard to it. This should assist Major (Dr.) MacIntosh at Victoria in his agitation along similar lines. It is a move in the proper direction. Better to teach the young to know themselves than to figure out the rent, interest and profit on a given number of "promises to pay."

And now the Russian Bolshevik government is going to drop leaflets over Great Britain. Aircraft is to be used for the purpose. While literary bombs will not be so terrifically destructive of life and property as those once dropped by the hated "Huns," it is safe to say that they will spread greater terror among the rulers and masters of the slaves who therein do attempt to escape starvation.

"COME ON 'VERMILLION' RED"

In reporting the proceedings of the B. C. Federation of Labor now in convention at Calgary, the hash-writer has credited some of the delegates from this city with making some weird admissions. Thus: Delegate Pritchard declared that he belonged to a school of thought which was prepared to readjust its methods and to use every means available to attain its objects. Since the appearance in the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council of those who held such views the policy of that body had changed from a pale pink to vermilion red.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notions;
What airs in speech and gait wad lea'e us,
And clen devotion!"

CAN'T GET AHEAD

OF THE GAME

(By J. S. Woodsworth)

"I've tried almost everything but do my best I can't get ahead of the game." So declared one of the workers as he reviewed his years of effort and failure. In that brief sentence he summed up not merely his own experiences but the experience of the great majority of the working class.

In this country the idea that every man has a chance, that if a man fails it is his own fault, has been so instilled into us, that if we fail at one thing we try again, and yet again. The man who has failed on a little ranch up country finds a job in the city; the man who has failed in a trade often is induced to see if he cannot become independent as a farmer. Of course a few individuals are fortunate and are able to rise out of their class. But the class remains down perhaps lower down because of this rise. Slowly it is being borne in upon the workers that something is fundamentally wrong—that whichever way they turn they are faced by a system which bars their progress.

Some of the workers are addicted to drink. Some grumble, some are lazy, but the most careful students confess that individual failing accounts for a very small proportion of our social evils.

Take the question of unemployment which is again becoming serious. The majority of men are not idle because they will not work, but because they cannot get work.

Under present conditions a man is really barred from work. He would like to farm, but he finds that farm lands anywhere near the railroad are claimed as private. If he buys machinery he mortgages his crop to the machine man. When he sells his produce the railroad charges him all that the traffic will bear—that is up to the point at which if they went further the man would throw up the farm. So our farmer finds himself up against a powerful and relentless system. He has, of course, a certain margin to work on, and by dint of hard work and good management, may get a bit ahead. But this is becoming increasingly difficult.

Suppose our man wants to cut timber. Again he is barred. The timber limits are controlled by the big corporations. He may perhaps lease a few acres. Again rentals and interest and transportation charges. So with mining.

If he resorts even to the most primitive manner of obtaining a livelihood—hunting and fishing, he will find that he is debarred by a license and closed seasons and all sorts of regulations nicely adjusted to enable him simply to eke out an existence.

If he would attempt to go into modern industry he finds himself helpless without capital. He is in competition with unlimited capital. Suppose he tries to start in a small way, say, to make shoes, he soon finds that he is deficient even for the leather or wholesale firms that will not sell to those outside the trade or sell at rates that make it impossible for him to compete with larger firms. Then if he should get the shoes made he finds the markets so controlled that he is helpless.

If he starts a little business he soon finds he is little more than an agent of the big concerns. The system is everywhere. Little wonder that the ordinary man can't get ahead of the game.

Yet this conclusion need not lead to hopeless despair. It may be the beginning of better things. We live in a social age. An age of social production. We have not yet learned that social production inevitably involves social ownership and control. Private ownership of the world's limited national resources means monopoly. These natural treasures must again be open to the people. Private ownership of the great public franchises means that the people are disfranchised. Public services must be available for the welfare of the people, not as a source of private gain. It is as hopeless for us as individuals to fight a world organization, as it would be for a savage armed only with bows and arrows to fight an army with modern artillery. Individual action is an anachronism. We must have united action. We must organize. We must control the system that crowds us back and keeps us down. Then and only then will the workers get ahead of the game.

THE CLASS WAR IS NOW ON!

(Continued from Page One)

for "liberty, democracy and the rights of small nations."

The interests of capitalists are alike in all countries. Capital is international. The ousted capitalists and landlords of Russia have the heartfelt sympathy of all of their precious breed and ilk throughout the world. They are all blood of the same blood, and flesh of the same flesh. The aid that is now being given by the capitalist and landlord governments of western Europe to this continent to the monarchist, capitalist and landlord remnants of the Czarist regime, affords ample proof of the fact. Were it not for that aid and support, by bayonets and munitions, the peasants and workers regime of Russia would be swiftly completed over the entire country and the blood-thirsty and rapacious remnants of the old tyranny would be swept into oblivion where they properly belong.

As capital is international, so is labor international. The interests of labor are identical all over the earth. The workers are no less slaves in Britain, France, Italy, Canada and the United States, than they are in any other land, in spite of the loud-mouthed assertions of "democracy" to the contrary notwithstanding. No matter whether they are exploited by capitalists of their own race and tongue, or by aliens, they are skinned to the quick with equal contempt for their squeals. They are as mercilessly ruled and robbed by their own countrymen as by any others!

An injury to the workers of one land is an injury to the workers of all lands. A shot fired at the peasants and workers of Russia is a shot fired at the working class of the world, no matter if that shot be fired by a Canadian workingman in the king's uniform, or a renegade Russian workingman under command of a Kolchak or other monarchist remnant who is struggling to reinstate the old regime. All workers

are equally guilty in being used as tools to crush their fellow slaves into subjection, it matters not what uniform they wear or whose orders they obey.

It is up to the workers of all other lands, that is if they are worthy to become men, to make imperative demands upon their precious governing authorities to withdraw such troops as they may have in Russia at once, and leave the settlement of the internal affairs of that country to those who inhabit it. And the workers of all countries have upon occasion laid down their tools for far less worthy purposes than for the enforcement of such a demand.

* * *

It should not stop there. A similar and equally emphatic demand should be simultaneously made by the workers of all lands, that all troops should be withdrawn from other countries immediately, and that without exception. A halt should be called at once upon all such ruffianism as the occupation of any country by the uniformed conscripts or volunteers of another.

* * *

The class war is on, and all the talk of verbose magicians of reconciliation about bringing harmony and understanding to capital and labor is so much moonshine. Oil and water cannot mix. The elements of cohesion are not there. Neither can the slave and his master be reconciled. Their interests are always in opposition, no matter how much verbal oil may be poured upon the troubled waters. It is war to the knife and the knife to the hilt between them. There can be no peace until the slave is free, his shackles and the authority of his erstwhile master thrown into the discard of oblivion, never to be resurrected.

* * *

The class war centres around the control of the state, the rulers to maintain it for the purpose of perpetuating their rule and robbery of slaves; the latter to gain control of it for the purpose of spiking its guns as against the working class, and using its powers to effect the transformation of civilization and society from slavery to freedom. With such transformation completed the state, as a repressive and coercive force, will die out, being resolved merely into an administrative process of the common affairs of a free people, a people no longer exploited by rulers and ruling classes.

* * *

Let no misguided disciple of "One Big Union," or other similar conception, delude himself into fancying that the hold of the ruling class can be broken without first stripping from its hands the control of that instrument (the state) solely by means of which it maintains its mastery over the working class and its products.

* * *

The class war is on. Line up, oh ye slaves, for the battle! Use the legal weapon of the franchise where and when ye still possess it. Where you have it not, struggle to get it. If that be denied you, then take whatever weapons the occasion may warrant and circumstances place within your reach.

* * *

But remember the class war is now on.

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