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# "Hunting With the Hounds"

By E. T. KINGSLEY

THAT movement of manufacturers and dealers in the basic commodity from which all other commodities spring, i.e., the commodity labor power, like all other merchandising movements, breeds an officialdom that instinctively manifests a more or less sympathetic concern in the doings and activities of other movements of like character. And it is quite to be expected that there should be a sort of affinity between trading fraternities that at least would express itself during normal times, when no extraordinary circumstances had arisen to disturb the trading family life. At times there occurs trouble in the otherwise happy family of capital and labor. Perchance the laborers

vided at the family table, thinking the fare too meagre. On the other hand the capitalist may deem it too plentiful and rather tending to induce gout or fatty degeneration of the soul amongst the laborers. A family row results and the ordinary peaceful and orderly family life is often violently disturbed. In the heat of passion either one or the other brother, either capital or labor, may refuse to listen to the voice of reason and confer with the other for the purpose of settling the dispute and restoring harmony. But after awhile the feud burns itself out and the quarrelling brothers become reconciled. They are once more on friendly terms. At least they are no longer in open hostility. Then the "labor leader" once more appears in the limelight of capitalist favor. He is called upon to address meetings of the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, Manufacturers' Association, Rotary Clubs and other similar organizations for spiritual uplift by way of the trade route to earthly glory. He becomes a great man again in the happy family of the exploiter and the exploited, the ruler and the ruled, the robber and the robbed, the master and the slave. Everything is lovely until the next row breaks out, and the same old tale has to be retold.

There is nothing at all out of place in our "labor leaders" getting their shins under the banquet board of Rotary clubs, manufacturers' associations, and similar worthy institutions of like character. What could be more appropriate and well calculated to strengthen the bonds of fraternity and goodfellowship between trading organizations than that their respective officials and members should meet to-

gether in friendly concourse and draw inspiration each from all and all from each? From such feasts of reason and flow of soul great good may come in the way of establishing permanent, pleasing and profound harmony between the profit-hungry skimmers and the oftentimes grub-hungry ones who are skinned.

Local celebrities in the labor world are no less prone to shed their effulgence upon gatherings of capitalist pirates or grace their banquet boards with their illuminating presence, than are the higher-ups in the "collective bargaining" business, which is but another name for wholesaling and retailing slaves upon the instalment plan.

This close affiliation of traders in different lines. Trading in the commodity, labor power, is no less noble and uplifting than trading in the other commodities that come forth as a result of its consumption. As labor power is the commodity that functions as the raw material from which all other commodities are manufactured it would appear that the organizations of manufacturers of that particular raw material or commodity should be among the most highly-honored and honorable in the land. Such being the case it seems rather grotesque that the officials of the organizations of commodity manufacturers and dealers, whose merchandise is in reality the parent of all other commodities, should always be the ones to be patronized to the extent of being asked to grace the meetings of the dealers in inferior commodities with their august presence. But such is the case, although it would appear far more appropriate and fitting if the "collective bargaining" organizations were to do the patronizing, by inviting their capitalist brethren to sit at their feet.

How the mouths of local talent in the fine art of appeasing the capitalist beast by gracing his banquet board with their noble presence and soothing his sordid soul with tuneful piffle played upon the harmony string, must water when they read of the splendid opportunities afforded the higher-ups in their business, who are allowed to sit at the feet of the great at the capital of the nation and profusely anoint them with the unctuous bull-con primarily intended to act as a soporific to the wage animal, but found equally pleasing and soporific to the least that devours him. The presi-

dent of the Trades and Labor Congress—which, by the way is a sub-committee of Sam Gompers of Washington, D.C.—was recently the "guest of honor at the manufacturers' dinner" at Montreal. His name is Thomas Moore, but in the headlines announcing the epoch-making event he is affectionately referred to as "Tom." The Montreal Daily Star rapturously proclaims that "capital and labor are more friendly," the proclamation being induced evidently by "Tom's" presence at the festive board. "A splendid spirit of friendship and appreciation was in evidence." The stunt was pulled off at the "Ritz-Carlton." This hostelry is not a cheap joint whose patronage is in manner confined to

sidered, however, as eminently calculated to afford the necessary inspiration to enable duly qualified "labor leaders" to speak eloquently and convincingly of the hopes and aspirations of those who neither eat nor sleep there, and also to set forth, in a manner not at all offensive to brother Capital, the proper means to induce brother Labor to sit up straight and keep his nose wiped, without forcing unnecessary expense upon his always well-behaved and loving brother. And "Tom" accepted the inspiration and spoke as none could were they not inspired. He "thought it was an indication of a more friendly attitude between labor and capital in Canada today when he, the head of trade unionism in Canada, was the guest of honor at a banquet of an association which was supposed to be the strongest opponent of trades unionism." What else "he" could think under the circumstances of the "banquet" and himself as the "guest of honor," is not altogether clear. But the "head of trade unionism in Canada" hastened to assure the misguided members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, whose "guest of honor" he was, that "in opposing trades unionism too strongly, the association and other kindred bodies of employers are really hurting themselves in the eyes of the workers, who have reason to look upon their trade union as the court which gives them justice if they are ill-treated." Of course "the workers" are, as is always the case, greatly disturbed lest the employers do something to "really hurt themselves." That is about the only thing that workers ever lay awake nights worrying over. As for themselves, if they are "ill-treated" their trade union will give them

"justice." It's a wonder the assembled banqueters didn't either throw up or burst their buttons with laughter.

The speaker made a powerful appeal for the association to back up the unions in their fight against bone-dry temperance legislation, and asserted that those who were the strongest advocates of such a measure were the ones who preached Bolshevism and social revolution." And there should have been uproarious applause. No doubt there was. The assembled employers were also told "that the enemies of organized society were the very ones who sought to stir up friction between employer and employee, and sometimes in the past such men as members of the association helped him tonight, had suffered (just think of it—Ed.) from the mistakes of unions led by such agitators, but that the responsible trades unionist was the capitalist's strongest bulwark, if only a friendly co-operation was extended to him, since the trade unionist and, indeed, the worker fully realized that the downfall of the capitalist and the cessation of the work in the factory spelled his own idleness and possible starvation." The balance of Moore's twaddle, as far as reported in the daily press, was of the same dull and innocuous type. Pleading for better housing for the workers, for unemployment insurance which would keep the temporarily-discarded slave from completely starving to death, the doing away with child labor, liberating married female slaves from industry so that they could stay at home and mind their kids, and a sickening mess of similar bleatings for mercy at the hands of the gang assembled thereat, constituted the balance of the intellectual menu provided by the "guest of honor." When he got through with his piffle there was "great cheering," all of which may be either taken as an expression of hearty accord with the aforesaid piffle, or extreme joy because he had finished. The next speaker was a legal sharp who spoke eloquently and convincingly about a new "Insolvency Act." We are justified, however, in feeling sure that it was in no way intended as a reference to either the intellectual solvency or insolvency, as the case may be, of the illustrious "head of trades unionism in Canada."

If there is a worker in Canada or elsewhere, either a member of a trade

(Continued on Page Five)

## THE EDUCATOR AND HIS "TOOLS OF PRODUCTION"

[By J. S. Woodsworth]

The manual worker has often been so intent on his own particular problems that he has failed to recognize that other groups are faced with problems similar to his own.

If distribution is in reality a part of production as many economic theorists are driven to hold, then the "business men" are in reality producers. In any case the small business men of today are as much victims of the system as are the industrial workers. They think they are independent but as in the case of the farmers, their independence does not go very far. They are in the grip of wholesale men and bankers who limit their "profits" to about what on the average, will induce them or someone else to keep open their doors. The small business man must work through an organization controlled by others.

So the doctor is no longer independent. He comes under the laws of our association whose operations are rigidly controlled by law. He must take certain classes of his patients to the hospital—the hospital with its expensive equipment is under the control of the same group that controls all other institutions. The surgeon is generally classed as a "brain-worker"; he might rather be considered as the most skilled of all hand workers. At one time his "tools" were very simple—confined to instruments for blood-letting. Today his "tools" include X-ray machines and the whole elaborate equipment of a modern hospital. He like the manual worker can no longer own his tools. Woe to the doctor that attempts to buck the system!

It is much the same with our educators. In our English-speaking countries we have had three leading educational institutions. The schools and universities, the pulpit, and the press. Up till a hundred years ago the schools were private and the universities under what might be called private control. A pedagogue was free to sell his services direct to some patron or to organize a little school of his own. Today our boasted school system has become pretty much a part of our industrial system—and almost as mechanical. We have still a semblance of democracy in our system of electing trustees, but after all the trustees have little control of our policy. There is the privilege of raising funds. The "department"—like other government departments—is under the control of the powers that be. It decides the course of study, licenses the teachers, and passes judgment upon their work. If the teacher wants a "job" he must go to the big factory—the school, in the management of which he has no voice. As much as the manual worker whose children he instructs he is separated from his "tools of production." The teacher of university standing is even a worse plight. He can no longer as in the days of ancient Greece gather a few disciples about him. He can no longer as in the middle ages enter a fellowship of scholars supported by some "foundation" under the management of scholars. He must go cap in hand to the big university supported by the millions of the state or the big industrial magnates. The policy of the institution is determined not by scholars, but by "successful business men." As in the case of the doctor, woe to the professor that dares buck the system!

For generations the pulpit has been one of the most influential educational forces. Again and again it has attempted to break from state control. In this country, though free from the state, it is largely dominated by the commercial interests that dominate the rest of our social institutions. The organized church seeks to maintain the biggest monopoly that exists in this country—

## "WE WANT THE EARTH"

We want the earth to call our own;  
We want the earth to dig and sow,  
To reap the harvest we have grown,  
And all the joy of living know.  
We want for all our women-kind  
A home within a garden fair,  
With peace and joy and well-content  
And happy children playing there.

We want no kings or wanton knaves  
To loaf in idleness and vice,  
While workers sink to paupers' graves  
And pay a life's toil for the price.  
We want an end of cant and creed,  
Of epaulet and nodding plume,  
Of honors given for bloody deeds  
That fill a thousand homes with gloom.

We want an end, for once and all.  
The business creed of sordid gain  
That makes a thousand workers thrall  
Like links and fetters on a chain.  
We've bought our freedom out of war,  
We've paid in blood and toil and sweat.

As there is God, so is this law—  
"Who dies to live has paid his debt."

If you must idle years of time,  
This land is not for you—  
The peace bells ring your funeral chime  
Unless you work as others do.  
A task for each, a task for all;  
A share in sorrows as in mirth.  
Our all is in the sentence small:  
"We want the earth; we want the earth."

—E. Whittaker, in Maoriland Worker.

the exclusive use of one day in seven. Suppose a man feels that he has some great truth to give to the people. If he wishes a pulpit he must seek admission to a great ecclesiastical organization—where probably he will be less free and independent than a "hand" in a modern industrial plant. Let him, in despair, try to work independently. He attempts to preach on the street. He will probably be arrested. He attempts to rent a theatre. In many cities, the theatres are not permitted to open on Sundays—the only free day—or not during the hours of church service—the most suitable time. If he utters anything out of harmony with existing ethical or theological or social beliefs, he has the whole might of the organized church hurled against him. As easily might a local butcher successfully compete with Pat Burns or a weaver with a great textile factory. The press which is itself a child of the industrial revolution has been fighting a losing battle against the system which seems best summed up in the word capitalism. The press—whether the daily newspaper, the magazine, or the successful "best seller"—is increasingly coming under the control of the big interests. The modern newspaper with its far-reaching news service and elaborate plant is a very expensive proposition. It must depend upon its advertising for finances. Who controls the advertising? Then the newspaper is so potent an instrument for influencing public opinion that it would pay certain interests to run it at a loss. Who subsidizes the newspapers? Thus the writer must like others go to the big print factory to obtain work. He can no longer publish an independent daily. Like his brother proletarians he is divorced from his tools of production.

The educators are beginning to feel this. To use the conventional phrase of the Socialist, they are becoming "class-conscious." After all the working class movement is only a part of a greater movement that is as wide as society itself. It is for us who are in the labor movement to be quick to recognize Allied movements in other groups.

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**TRUTH NOT GIVEN OUT**

Keddie Presents Revolting Russia in a New Light. Large Audience Listen Eagerly to Description of Conditions There.

Presenting down-trodden, war-ridden, revolting Russia, in a new light, Frank Keddie, of Scotland, was listened to with rapt attention by a large audience in the Friends' Meeting House last evening. Many prominent citizens were present, including clergymen and sociological workers.

Mr. Keddie has been in Russia during two revolutions and clearly defined the aims and aspirations of these people whom he declared were only asking for the right to live in freedom and happiness. He showed that although illiterate, they were a liberty loving, democratic people, who revolted in order to rule themselves and not remain under the heel of the land proprietors, whom he declared to be despots.

The system of land tenure, he said, was very trying, few peasants being able to buy land, while the landed proprietors owned as much as two million acres of land, which often were not cultivated. He said that about ninety-five per cent of the population belonged to the peasantry, while five per cent. ruled the country. That such a rule had not been a progressive one, and that no thought had been given to the education and uplifting of the masses, was brought out, culture and comfort being only for the chosen few.

Under the new system instituted by the Bolsheviks each citizen is granted five acres of land. Rich and poor share alike. Each man, regardless of class, is required to work his own plot, as no one is allowed to hire help. It is thought, Mr. Keddie said, that in time education and culture will be the outgrowth of the new system. Mr. Keddie gave a complete resume of the history of Russia during the war. He told of

the work done by himself and others, clothing, feeding, and providing work for the refugees, while the country was in a tumult. He spoke of the terrible shortage of wheat in 1916 and 1917. The great need of libraries and how eager people were for books and learning was also mentioned by the speaker.

Following the lecture Mr. Keddie called for questions. Several were asked, including one as to whether it was true that the Bolsheviks were killing off all the intellectuals and professionals. This he declared to be untrue.

The story of the twenty decrees on marriages which has been spread broadcast in the Allied countries, he declared to be a fabrication. He also declared that the truth had not been given to the American people as to conditions abroad.

He contended that the Allied troops should be withdrawn from Russia and the people left to govern themselves. That the American boys are being made Bolshevik, he declared, through their desire to come home, and yet being unable to. — Trenton "State Gazette," Feb. 21, 1919.

Why cannot the workers enjoy the wealth they are producing? Because they are producing it for those who hire and pay them. They must produce for themselves if they wish to enjoy what they produce, and they cannot do so as long as the means of production are in the hands of other people.

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Labor cannot longer be regarded as a commodity, which, like rubber and wheat, can be stored on the shelf or in the bin in slack season for times of greater demand. Working men and women are living souls—hungry in times of famine as in times of plenty—and they come to realize that they are souls, and not merchandise, and must be treated accordingly.

**LIBERTY LOST AND LAMENTED**

We have often warned our legislators that they were going too far. We have from time to time issued the most solemn remonstrances against the autocratic and irresponsible encroachments upon civil liberty committed by our officeholders, prophesying the inevitable revulsion and the emergence of the spirit of '76. Now it has come. The hoarse cry of revolt, the rebel yell, is sounding all over the land. We hear it in the business districts, in the labor unions, in the clubs. The raucous score of the Carmagnole has its libretto new-written in the editorials of metropolitan dailies. Capital and labor, arm in arm with the idle and erstwhile filthy rich—their little superficial differences forgotten, their unusual asperities mitigated, and their vivacities subdued—are standing at last in a noble and resolute solidarity in defence of the constitutional principle of liberty.

How patient they have hitherto been—so much more patient, we admit in contrition, than we ourselves! They too have beheld, as we have, a series of infringements upon minor rights guaranteed to citizens under this principle, and have exhibited in general a calm tolerance and in some cases a spirit that might superficially pass almost for acquiescence. They have seen freedom of speech abolished with freedom of press, freedom of assembly, freedom of petition, freedom of movement; they have seen the authority of conscience overridden and its devotees undergoing cruel and unusual punishment. Yet such was their patriotism, such was their sense of the unique and desperate situation in which civilization found itself placed, that they were able by a great effort to stifle the instinct of repugnance which had been bred in them by all the cumulative force of our glorious traditions; and they looked on and gave no sign.

But endurance has its limits and

they have now been reached. It might have been thought that our officeholders would exercise appreciation of this extraordinary loyalty and find some way to avoid laying the last straw on the camel's breaking back. But such is not the way of officeholders; autocracy ever itches to extend its jurisdiction. And now the revolt has come, precisely as we knew at some point, it was bound to come. No, say these devoted and overburdened spirits, you may take away our right to speak, to publish, to assemble, to go about, to petition, to obey our conscience—c'est la guerre. But we hope we know when it is time to put down our foot, and that time has certainly come when any government on earth undertakes to tell us that we can't take a drink!

All hail, harassed and heroic continuators of the spirit of Boston harbor! Any previous derelictions from full support of the sacred principles of liberty we fully and freely forgive. Nay, we are even prepared to confess that we may have judged too harshly in making any suggestion of American apostasy from those principles. This new rally to the flag of freedom we welcome as copious evidence that we are not degenerate sons of noble sires, and we reject with scorn the suggestion that this magnificent outburst can be actuated by any motive save devotion to the principles of freedom for which heroes have suffered, bled, and died. It remains only for every true American to pledge to the cause his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor. Then, at least, all our liberties will again be safe. — The Nation.

There is never a worker jailed, but a worker builds the prison—There is never a worker shot, but a worker fires the gun.

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Vancouver, Thursday, March 6, 1919

## HOW TO COLLECT MONEY

OF COURSE every one knows that "Kaiser Bill," or ex-kaiser if you please, is the miserable criminal solely responsible for the war. There is little doubt about that. And it was really some war. As far as that goes the kaiser pulled off a big show, about the biggest and most gorgeous on record. It was certainly some grand performance. No suspicion has as yet arisen that any of the Entente Allies that were pulled into this war, were in the least actuated by sordid motives. They never wanted to fight anyway, for they had long since discovered an easier route to the money. They would much rather do business with other people than to fight them. And who can blame them? Who, forsooth, would be so foolish as to insist upon holding people up at the muzzle of a revolver upon the highway, when more money and far easier could be gotten by the three-card-monte route? Perish the thought that either Britain, France, Italy, United States, or any the rest of them ever were prompted by other motive than the "preservation of liberty, democracy and civilization" from destruction at the hands of wicked "Prussian autocracy." It may be true that some and perhaps all of these high-minded Allies did have a few guns and perhaps a little powder and shot, but these were kept for the purpose of shooting rabbits and other similar ferocious beasts at home, rather than for destroying civilization and incidentally frightening their neighbors out of their wits.

The "peace congress" that is now in session for the purpose of re-establishing justice throughout a terribly disturbed world, seems to be getting along fine in its most noble work. It has been in session for something like two months, and in that short time has cleared away much of the fog and confusion that has clouded the public mind as to what the war was about anyway and what sort of peace and justice the victors are capable of bringing to a world surfeited with the blood and gore of the last four-and-a-half years. It seems from current news despatches that the peace congress has concluded that the Germans should at least pay a moderate sum for having pulled off the glorious show without permission of the rest of the performers. As the kaiser, and through him the Germans, got all the notoriety and fame, out of the affair, it does not seem unreasonable to expect that they should at least pay for the advertising. After carefully going over the accounts, the "peace congress" has

decided that the modest sum of \$24,000,000,000 will about square the bill. As this would be approximately equivalent to \$120,000,000,000 it may be readily seen what a mere bagatelle it is. This trifling sum is to be paid to the Allies and their friends and it may be assumed by some captious and cantankerous individuals that these Allies are not quite so disinterested in regard to grossly material things while fighting the late war as they made believe. We do not believe that any such inference is warranted, however. It may be all right for saints to ignore the jeers and taunts of the wicked; it may even be quite commendable that when swatted upon one cheek by belligerent sinners they should turn the other for a smash there also, but when it comes down to the evil, the wicked, the sinful ones destroying the property of the saints, we are inclined to draw the line. We feel they should be compelled to pay the damage. In the case in point we feel that the Allies will have repudiated the lofty sentiments and noble purposes that really actuated them in the gallant spiritual struggle against the sinister and sordid forces of the gross materialism they so courageously and soulfully grappled, unless they enforce payment in full down to the last farthing that can be gotten out of the wicked sinners who would have conquered the world for pelf.

But some will be led away with the delusion that it will be impossible for the Germans to pay the sum in question. Late information clears away all doubt of the ability of Germany to pay in full. It is far easier than most people suppose. It is so easy in fact that it will not be at all surprising if the method of paying debts outlined in the following dispatch should be generally adopted:

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Economists attached to the Paris peace congress have discovered a method of exacting an immediate indemnity from Germany by compelling the German government to float a bond issue in the Allied countries. This is a new departure in war payments. It presents the paradox of the Allies paying to themselves the indemnity owing them by Germany. Nevertheless, the proposal can be effectively worked out and is probably the only means whereby the immediate necessities of the victorious nations can be fastened upon the shoulders of the German people.

By this novel experiment in national financing, if the United States share of the first indemnity were a billion dollars, the German government would offer a billion dollars of bonds for sale in the American market. The bonds would bear a high rate of interest—perhaps 6 per cent. They would be guaranteed in the final analysis by the ultimate ability of all the Allies to prevent Germany from repudiating her debts.

After reading the above dispatch the reader can no longer plead ignorance of all there is to modern finance. The Germans can only pay by borrowing. That is the only way that any one can pay, for that is all there is to that

which is termed payment. The things produced by enslaved workers may be seized and sold, but they can never be paid for. There is nothing where-with to make payment, because the workers produce all the value there is. The things, no matter what they are, are sooner or later consumed. That is the end of them, but the figures of credit called into being in order to "pay" for them remain forever upon the books unless removed by repudiation. And there is no other way in which they can be removed. All nations are now virtually bankrupt, because of the enormous magnitude of the accumulation of these figures of debt against the future, and which cannot be paid no matter how much may be produced by the workers of the world. And no more striking exemplification of the asininity of modern finance and its financiers could be wished than the information contained in the despatch quoted. Confirmation of such colossal ignorance can be found in copious volume in any issue of any financial journal in the land, and no financier opens his mouth on financial matters without furnishing still further evidence that the working plot is not the only ignoramus in town. The idea that any debt could be paid by the debtor borrowing from the creditor the money wherewith to make payment, could originate only in the cranium of a creature whom to term an ass would be to offer a gross insult to a certain quadruped better qualified for hearing than speaking in his own defense. But at any rate the wisdom of the "peace congress" evidently points out to creditors who hold doubtful bills a means whereby their collection may be made certain and easy. And what a devil of a fix the world would be in were it not for statesmen, financiers and similar wise guys, anyhow.

## THE GREATEST ATROCITY OF ALL

WHEN IT COMES to the possession of a vivid imagination the ablest writers of impossible fiction never had anything on the fiction artists who function as alleged news correspondents for the capitalist press. They can write more impossible falsehoods and repeat them more times, after everybody has discovered their falsity, than any previous cheap liars that ever drew the breath of life. But while they lie persistently about things that are happening in the world, and in so doing conserve the interests and purposes of their masters, from whose hands they as gratefully receive their "pieces of silver" as did their distinguished prototype Judas, they occasionally blurt out a fact or two that it were better to not have uncovered, and would not have been were they half as wise as they are untruthful. Of course these liars are at their best when picturing the shortcomings of the slaves of modern civilization during periods of tranquility and their awful atrocities during the days of rebellion or revolutionary uprising against their kind and gentle rulers and masters. They shine gloriously during these days of working class revolt and turmoil, that are unfortunately following upon the heels of the profound peace, order, tranquility, spirituality and beatitude that was brought to an abrupt and painful ending with the signing of the

"armistice." The revolutionary working class of eastern Europe, and more especially that of Russia, affords a theme for their debate that brings to full flower all the possibilities for bloodcurdling fiction that are wrapped up within their miserable souls.

Falsehood is indulged in only where the truth will not conserve the purpose and end in view. No good and worthy cause can be bolstered up and defended by it. The entire establishment and purpose of the ruling class of this, and of all previous ages, rests and has always rested upon the fundamental crime from which all lesser crimes have followed, the crime of human slavery. Ruling class civilization relies solely upon falsehood and deceit to maintain its sway. Falsehood and deception become the sole stock-in-trade of the "statesmen," spokesmen, apologists, and defenders of the ruling class and its criminal civilization. Lying becomes a fine art. Proficiency in befooling the multitude, and thus keeping the easy marks that constitute it in ignorant submission to the conscienceless exactions of the rulers and ruffians of the land, is considered statesmanship of a high order. To those who attain to extraordinary proficiency in the art of hypocrisy and falsehood great honors are given. Base slaves by the million vociferously proclaim their great worth while living, and when colossal hypocrites and falsifiers "shuffle off the mortal coil" a vast multitude of ignorant and befooled human cattle do reverence to the exalted remains by such moans and groans as to lead the unsuspecting stranger to believe them afflicted with a real bellyache. But as they lied without rest while living it is hardly to be expected that defunct statesmen can rest without lying after they are dead. Let us hope so anyhow.

A few days since one of the hired liars of the capitalist press, one of these "special correspondents," so-called, and they no doubt are specialists in their line, made a very bad break. After diligently recounting the threadbare old lies about the Bolsheviks and the terrible conditions they had brought to Russia; how her cities had been ruined and her best men killed; how "women had been nationalized" and the "higher classes from the age of 6 up been exterminated," and how this reflected "an orgy of ignorance, brutality and cruelty" that was something damnable, our profound liar fell down and, unwittingly perhaps, gave hint of the greatest "atrocities" among the terribly long list of atrocities to be charged to the "ignorant and atrocious" workers and peasants of Russia. It seems that conditions are no better on the Siberian side of the Ural mountains than they are on the Russian, although the Siberian side is "policed by Allied troops." In spite of the presence of these spiritually minded and even altruistic defenders of the true faith of a "world safe for democracy," the peasants, by far the largest element in the population, have in the troubled period gradually broken away from the state idea and drifted into the communal system. Serenely contemptuous of the clash between the Bolsheviks and bourgeois, the peasant in his village makes

(Continued on Page Five)



(Continued from Page Four)

his own clothing and produces his own food and lets the world wag as it will." And now listen to this: "Conditions in these villages now would make the angels weep, for there ignorance, brutality and sordid debauchery are flourishing to a degree hitherto unknown even in Russian villages."

\* \* \*

So the peasants are producing their own food and clothing, and therefore, not purchasing them from the bourgeoisie. If the peasants are so doing, then it logically follows that the bourgeoisie are no longer privileged to first steal the food and other things from them in order to have this stuff to sell back to those who produced it. It is easy to see why "conditions in these villages now would make the angels weep," that is, of course, if they are bourgeois angels, and undoubtedly the vast majority of them are in view of the tremendously large numbers of the precious bourgeoisie that have been sent to heaven by the wicked Bolsheviks, according to press reports. But the atrocity of the peasants in "producing their own food and clothing." That is the crowning atrocity of all. It is an "atrocity" that if persisted in and made general will put the entire bourgeoisie regime of exploitation, trade and commerce on the shelf of history as discarded things. It will make it no longer possible for masters and slaves to exist upon the earth, those two noxious things whose presence has resulted in a civilization that never was anything above the moral, intellectual and spiritual level of a stinking nuisance. The production of food, clothing and other essential things of life by the workers only for their own use, means freedom for the human family. Freedom from exploitation, and that is all the freedom worth while. But what an "atrocity" to be perpetrated upon the soulful bourgeoisie. Just how the production of their own food, clothing, etc., could result in plunging the peasants into a greater "ignorance, brutality and sordid debauchery, than that previously provided for them by the monarchists and bourgeoisie of Russia, is not altogether clear. Can it be that if a peasant raises his own food, and makes his own clothes and other necessary things, that he will thereby lose the wisdom he previously possessed, become brutal where he was formerly kind and decent, and sink into drunkenness where he was formerly sober and well behaved? That sort of a yarn will hardly go down. The "awful atrocities" witnessed by the eminently truthful correspondent must have thrown him into a mental strabismus. He is seeing things upside down. Or more likely that is the way he is paid to see them. But the action of the peasants is certainly "atrocious." It is the worst on record.

#### CIVILIZATION IS IN PERIL

ACCORDING to press accounts Lloyd George has been recently addressing the joint committee of employers and employees. This committee, it seems, was appointed or constituted by a something termed an "industrial parliament." The premier said: "Civilization, unless we try to save it, may be precipitated and shattered to atoms. It can only be saved by the triumph of justice and fair play to all classes." He did not ex-

plain that if "civilization" be threatened with being "shattered to atoms" from just what direction the threat is coming. As nearly as we can learn the only threat yet made looking in the direction of such a shattering is that might be termed the threat of dying by its own hand. It certainly has received some severe jolts and shocks during the last four or five most glorious years, but not a blow has been struck at that civilization by other than its own hand. That brilliant spectacle of blood and slaughter so joyfully staged by the ruling class of the earth was of such gigantic magnitude and marked with such splendid efficiency, that it is almost a marvel that there is anything left of the delectable civilization that reached its supreme achievement in that magnificent butchery. And to tell the truth about it the civilization responsible for the climactic spasm of suicidal madness, or rather that reached its climax and realized its supreme attainment in that spasm of self-destruction, is apparently doomed, no matter how diligently the Lloyd Georges of the world may "try to save it." It does not require a particularly searching scrutiny of the world situation to corroborate the statement.

\* \* \*

What is the civilization that Lloyd George says will be "shattered to atoms"? It is the civilization built upon human slavery. It is the civilization that for the last ten thousand years has rested upon that criminal foundation; a foundation that could breed nothing but war, ever increasing in magnitude, until eventually the fury of its storm would be so terrific as to wreck the entire criminal establishment. The last outburst of ruling-class fury—that ruling-class family row that broke out in Europe in 1914 and is not yet ended—has all but put the finishing touch to that age-long curse and crime that has made of the earth a hell and a shambles ever since the first slave was shackled and the regime of rule and robbery established. The advent of slavery and the beginning of what is termed the civilized period are identical. Civilization and slavery mean the same thing. They are but two different names for the same crime. The development or the evolution of civilization from its birth down to the present time is but the history of the development or evolution of human slavery from its primitive beginnings to its present powerful and murderously-efficient state. It has reached its climax, and that climax has most convincingly expressed itself in the history and happenings of the last four years. Therein was registered the highest attainment of which it is capable. From now on there will be but chaos and collapse until the vulgar edifice of ruling-class empire shall have fallen to complete ruin. And all hell-aided and abetted by all the eminent statesmen and other blind and hypocritical henchmen of the ruling class—cannot save it from its fate.

\* \* \*

There are reasons for this. The discovery of how to harness the forces of nature to do the bidding of masters and thereby greatly speed up the exploitation and torture of their slaves, though it enabled the masters to realize an empire far greater in power and splendor than they ever dreamed

of before, nevertheless so hastened the attainment of all that is possible under a slave civilization, that it has brought that civilization to the precipice of its own ruin.

\* \* \*

Lloyd George is undoubtedly correct when he admits that "civilization may be shattered to atoms." The art of skinning slaves and creating a ruling-class empire of vulgarity and brutal magnificence has been brought to its completion under its beneficent sway. Its mechanism of industry so-called, has been developed to a degree that makes it no longer possible to use it either for open warfare or a peace which at the best is little less deadly and destructive than war itself. Masters can remain masters only so long as they can employ or feed their slaves. They can no longer do either. The ruling-class mechanism of industry practically applies only to the production of things essential to the ruling class itself, and absolutely non-essential to the welfare and comfort of the slaves, the producers of all wealth. And these alleged instruments or industry cannot be made to conserve the interests of the producers of wealth, for the very simple reason that they cannot be used in the production of food, clothing, shelter and the other essential things of life, except for a ruling-class market. Almost in its entirety the industrial mechanism of capitalism is usable only for the production of further capital, so-called, and it can be used under no other dispensation or for any other purpose. As the magnitude of this so-called capital is now so great that all reasonably-promising avenues for investment are pretty thoroughly covered, it is no longer possible to continue the operation of ruling-class industry to the extent requisite to keep all the slaves employed and consequently tame and docile. Hence the swelling tide of revolution in all lands. Civilization is indeed in "serious peril." In fact the peril is not only serious but deadly. In other words slavery is swiftly approaching its end. And no wonder Lloyd George and similar attorneys and watchdogs for the ruling class are affrighted thereat. No wonder they are doing all they can to "try to save it."

#### THE REAL ISSUE IN BRITAIN

Premier Lloyd George was a few weeks ago elected by the people of Great Britain to hang the kaiser and secure indemnities from Germany. He descended from the lofty plane of British statesmanship to that of an ordinary political demagogue in securing his power, and as a result the great problems of the nation were put into the background. But these problems would not stay where Lloyd George put them; they will not even wait until the kaiser is hanged; they are clamoring even now for immediate settlement, and the premier has been forced to leave the peace conference in France to another kind of peace conference in England. This is the usual result of stampede elections. The men who were ignominiously defeated by Lloyd George's cheap election cry are the only logical leaders in the present industrial crisis. The real issue in Britain is industrial democracy, and this will be opposed by a Tory cabinet.—Calgary Non-Partisan.

#### 'HUNTING WITH THE HOUNDS'

(Continued from Page One)

union or not, who does not know that he and his class are slaves, he is by no means well enough informed to be safely allowed out of sight of a jail or an insane asylum. If he knows that he and his class are slaves, he will then be fully aware of the fact that there is no common ground between his class and the ruling or master class. He will recognize the truth of Moore's assertion and assurance that the "intelligent trade unionist," of the type of Moore, and who can doubt that he is himself the type that he refers to as "intelligent," is "the capitalist's 'strongest bulwark!'" If there was anything at all dangerous in the type of "intelligent trade unionist" like Moore, that was in any manner dangerous to the master class, does any sane man think that they would be received as "guests of honor" by any association or aggregation of exploiting brigands or commercial bandits on earth? There is nothing, and there can be nothing, but deadly enmity between masters and slaves, unless the slaves have lost all trace of manhood and become as veritable cringing curs to lick the boots of their tyrannical and brutal overlords. It is evidently the mission of the Moores and such creatures to keep the rank and file of their unions in leash for the employers and masters. If that be not their mission and purpose then their actions and words belie their professions of faith to those whom they are supposed to represent. In the first place no organization of labor, if it be genuine, can consort with masters' and employers' organizations without stultifying itself. No man who is known to be true to the working class and immune to the blandishments of the employers, will ever get any invitations to officiate as "guests of honor" at their gatherings. And no man who is really loyal and faithful to the cause of labor in its struggle to break the chains of bondage to rulers and masters, will ever so far forget his manhood as to have anything to do with these associations and organizations of the ruling class, except to fight them to the finish and fight them in the open. When slaves or their representatives officially break bread with the rulers and robbers of labor, and pour the oil of gladness upon the raw nerves of those robbers, the nerves that inevitably run down into their pockets, there is no danger of the condition of the slave class being improved in the least. "No man can serve two masters." He can not "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." And he who as a "labor leader" attempts to do it should not be flattered by being considered an object of suspicion. His guilt is too apparent. So much for Moore.

\* \* \*

Talk about the devil rebuking sin. Sir Sam S-Hughes is in a class by himself. How about that pretty stenographer who pulled down a \$50,000 rake-off?

\* \* \*

Profits are what the workers earn but fail to take home with them when "time" is called.

\* \* \*

What is it that those British statesmen inoculate "our" public men with when they get them overseas?

**Parm's Pertinent Paragraphs**

If it wasn't for the rebel workman who declares that he wants nothing less than the full product of his labor the poor simp of a "conservative" trade unionist would be still working a twelve-hour day for about \$1.10.

Did you ever notice that as soon as the "agitator" convinces sufficient of his fellow workmen to go after an increase in wages or shorter hours that his "same and conservative" associates of the work-room are the first to extend their mit on pay day?

If the huge sums that now go to employers in the form of profits were added to the workmen's "wages" there would be little difficulty in shortening the workday hours and making provision for everybody to participate in useful labor.

Profits are the price the workers have paid for the privilege of earning their own wages.

A great deal of the railroad transportation system in Canada has been nationalized. The remaining portion, including the C.P.R., should be added. The more "government ownership," the easier will be the worker's task when they decide to own the government.

Pat Burns et al has organized in Canada and made it all ready for collective ownership. That is, as soon as the electors are ready to do their part.

So long as there is profit in boot-legging there will be boot-legging. If the distilleries and breweries were owned and operated as collective property, and the product sold at cost, under proper supervision, there would be no need for "prohibition."

It will take something more drastic than the prosecution of a few jobs on "public works" to meet the unemployment prevalent throughout Canada.

The only legal and logical way to control industry is to own it. The easiest way to own it is to "acquire" it by legislative enactment.

Why work about two hours a day for yourself while earning your own wages—and all the rest of the day for the boss? The latter being the price you pay for the former.

Organize and make ready for election day, with the conquest of the law-making powers as an objective.

The fishing industry of British Columbia should belong to British Columbia, not to a trust. It should be operated for us; and not for the sole purpose of making a rich corporation rich.

Alberta farmers are selling their butter in the Antipodes markets. New Zealand butter in plenty is marketed in British Columbia. The transportation octopus gets the cream.

When it comes to stool-pigeons, secret police and spying, Germany at her worst, had very little on the system being build up in Canada.

Let the workers of Canada keep pace with the workers of the old land! We'll have to hurry.

Are the workers going to permit the political prisoners to rot in the jails of Canada?

Remember there are thousands of political prisoners right here in Canada—not Russia. Demand their immediate release.

Every worker in Canada should demand the immediate cessation of government by orders-in-council. We are about "fed up" with that brand of kultur.

Is the establishment of a Royal Northwest Mounted Police force in Canada the first instalment of the democracy we were fighting for? Or is it just a plain everyday transfer of Hun kultur and kaiserism?

Just fancy the writers of orders-in-council in Canada squawking about a "proletarian dictatorship!"

Hands off Russia!

Withdraw the troops and leave the Russians alone to work out their own destiny in their own way.

Until the workers elect their own representatives to legislative houses, to write and enforce their own laws, they have no legitimate kick coming. If the lawyers and other hired help of the ruling class soak them good and plenty, its the price of political stupidity.

A disfranchised working class will ultimately prove a real menace to the 135 new millionaires created in Canada through four years of war profiteering.

The "alien enemy" in Canada is to be disfranchised for twenty years. Inasmuch as these "aliens" constitute about one-third of the entire population, it means the ruling class need have no fear of this portion of the working class on election day—the day that makes all ruling classes possible.

The socialist believes in "dividing up"—the hours of labor.

**Worse Than Old Southern Plantation**

"Memorandum of agreement made between \* \* \* of the first part; and Wilson Limited, (a Vancouver firm, don't forget—Ed. Star) of the second part. The party of the first part hereby agrees to enter the employ of the party of the second part as \* \* \* at a wage of \* \* \* dollars per week. And it is hereby agreed and understood that the party of the first part shall be liable to dismissal at any time without notice and without cause. And it is hereby further agreed and understood that all the terms of hiring above referred to are included in this agreement; and that Wilson Limited will not be responsible for any oral statements made to said party of the first part by any person acting for them in connection with said hiring. Dated at Vancouver, this—day of—191—. Witness:—"

Before the workers of the world can enjoy the fruits of their labor they must collectively own the tools they work with.

People are not hungry because of any scarcity of foodstuffs in the world. It is because the big corporations—who own the earth—have the "visible supply" under lock and key.

The Honest John bunch of mediocrities at Victoria have "solved" the "company town" problem! After while one will be permitted to stand on a public street within their confines. But the aforesaid companies still own the plantations—and jobs.

Democracy is government by public discussion; discussion, therefore, is the voice of democracy. When you suppress discussion, you gag liberty and throttle democracy. These facts are understood by wise men, among capitalists and workers alike.

**Every F. L. P.  
Local in  
British  
Columbia  
Should Make  
a Special  
Effort to Send  
a Delegate**

## To the Membership of Federated Labor Party

Comrades: The first convention of the Federated Labor Party will be held at headquarters, 510 Dominion Building, Vancouver, beginning at 10 a. m. Thursday, March 20.

It is now twelve months since the Party was launched at an informal gathering following the 1918 convention of the British Columbia Federation of Labor.

During the past year the success which has attended the organization of the Party throughout the province now warrants the holding of a provincial convention to determine immediate and future policies in accordance with the general desire of the membership of the various branches.

Representatives will be on a basis of two delegates for the first two hundred members of a branch and one for each

additional hundred or a majority fraction thereof. Branches will make arrangements for transportation of their delegates.

As the B. C. Federation of Labor convenes at Calgary on March 10, to be followed by a Western Conference in the same city, the holding of the F. L. P. convention March 20 may assist some branches to secure representation.

Forward to the Provincial Secretary the names of delegates as early as possible.

E. T. KINGSLEY, President.  
R. H. NEELANDS, Vice-President.  
MISS H. GUTTERIDGE, Treasurer.  
W. R. TROTTER, Secretary.



# A LAY SERMON

[Nemesis]

TEXT: Thy kingdom come;;  
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

My Dear Brethren: I am not a parson and therefore you will understand that I am somewhat handicapped in my work of addressing you on such a subject. You see, not being a wearer of the cloth, I am not in ethereal, wireless communication with headquarters and so cannot address you in the confident and positive manner of the professional cleric and therefore you may find my discourse somewhat unorthodox. I trust, however, that it may not appear to your minds to be illogical.

"Thy kingdom come."

How many millions of pious capitalists and poor working people have, during the last week, sent that prayer to high heaven's gate in earnest or hypocritical supplication it would indeed be difficult to say, and how many times since the year 1 A.D. this same prayer has been breathed against that granite gate who can tell?

It would be interesting also to be able to visualize the pictures in the minds of these people as that prayer left their lips: "Thy kingdom come!"

Probably the poor distressed capitalist would have a vision of a world of unnumbered and unlimited rich markets with a superabundance of contented slaves and profits rolling in, in a perennial stream like the current of the Fraser river, and the poor working man might humbly with much longing and many sighs wish for a world where "jobs" were not so hard to get and wages were more adequate to meet the charges of the plundering profiteers, and their wives less anxious and weary and their children fatter and better clothed. Thy kingdom come.

Al! It has ascended from the lips of men billions and billions and billions of times and let us see what "has" come.

You are of the world and you know but you sometimes forget, especially when God has given you a "steady job" and so I will draw your attention once more to what has come.

We see the wide world over congregations of human beings living in the poisoned atmosphere of great cities which, of course, is a contradiction of the natural laws which govern us.

Semi-darkness reigns in the polluted alleyways. The wretched dwellings are overcrowded and disease in all its revolting forms takes an ever-increasing toll of the unfortunate denizens. Bodily pain, mental anxiety, work-weariness and strife are the chief experiences of their miserable lives.

Women and children toil the hours of the semi-daylight through, in revolting and insanitary dens of industry from which all the decencies of life are excluded and where their nervous systems are shattered beyond repair and each year those nervous wrecks supplement the long lists of the insane.

Prostitution with its inevitable foul diseases add to the horrors of those wasted lives.

In contrast to this dismal picture we see a smaller portion of humanity leading contented and selfish lives with a plethora of life's necessities at their command. Thus on the one side semi-starvation, misery, emaciation and discontent; on the other gluttony, extravagance and smug complacency.

Greed and selfishness, my brethren, are the great social forces at work to-day and the devil rules the world. Strife is the keynote of the world's activities—strife between nations and strife between individuals. The struggle for a bare existence grows fiercer as each year rolls away and the fittest, that is, the craftiest and most unprincipled, grow rich and powerful at the expense of their fellows and discontent grows greater each day that flies and the desire and determination to change the

whole revolting business grows in proportion.

The old standards of honor and justice—mere catch-words at the best of times, have entirely gone and cheating and robbery have become the recognized means to the selfish ends.

The earth is overflowing with treasures and commodities and unemployment and want are growing to an unprecedented extent and the tortures of Tantalus are being enacted as a world drama.

The statute books are filled with laws made originally for the good of humanity but the carrying of them out has developed into a travesty. Law is a luxury only for the rich; the poor have to submit to indignities and injustices for the scandalous charges of the law are far beyond the spheres of their meagre earnings.

War, plotted and planned for the aggrandizement of the rulers of the earth, has filled the world with hopeless cripples and millions upon millions more sleep in unhallowed and premature graves and their festering corpses have impregnated the world's atmosphere with a terrible and nameless pestilence which is now raging in every land and has claimed more innocent victims than the war itself. Our prisons and dungeons, those relics of the age of savagery, are overflowing with criminals, created by an autocracy in the form of "orders-in-council," while their brothers and sons were fighting and dying on the bloody fields of Europe to overthrow that same autocracy. The rapid increase of insanity, venereal diseases and tuberculosis is causing despair to fill the hearts of every human being who is not, like the savages of profiteering, obsessed by the unnatural and debasing ambition of mere money-grabbing.

Discontent is general the wide world over and strikes and revolutions are breaking out in many lands, the preliminary tokens that herald a world eruption.

In regard to all this rot and ruin: this starvation and gluttony: this slaughter and mutilation, this insanity and disease: this robbery and exploitation: this world in moral ruin, the churches are dumb and only the weary and old world platitudes come droning and drowsing from their pulpits. Their religions are not free but are state-controlled and the captains of God have crept into the camps of Mammon.

They remember their God in their wordy platitudes but their feet tramp over the roads that lead to the Golden Cal!

My dear brethren, has it not been inscribed on the holy tablets of stone, "Thou shalt not kill," and yet, when have you heard a captain of the church raise his voice in protest against the killing and maiming of those millions of unoffending boys or against the use of bayonets and machine guns, turned on defenceless strikers demanding a truce more of the total which they have created by their life-blood and sweat.

Think of all these things ye fat, complacent dames and pompous gentlemen, ye pulpit drones and all ye scribes and Pharisees when next ye mumble up to heaven's gate those pregnant words:

"Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

My dear brethren, nearly two thousand years ago Christ was born into the world and He came with an idea which ultimately is destined to regenerate wretched humanity and make the world a safe and fit dwelling-place for it. This idea was, work for others and by so doing find true happiness and make your own heaven upon the earth. With this end in view He taught us to say, "Thy will be done," and for this terrible sedition the capitalist savages of His day nailed Him to a cross on which He died after hours of unimaginable agony.

We have progressed since those ter-

rible times, my brethren, for today they would mercifully have shot him to pieces with their machine-guns.

Then the whole Christian world, my dear brothers and sisters, began to repeat "Thy kingdom come," and diligently and faithfully have they kept it up to this day, and I have tried to show you what has come.

That granite gate has flung back their prayers century after century and, my brethren, I am going to tell you why.

Our prayers are useless, mere meaningless sounds and foolish mouthing unless we do something at the same time to make those prayers effective.

In that last sentence, oh! ye self-servers of the churches, ye have the whole secret of that two thousand years of your rejected prayers.

My dear brethren, yet another man was born into the world and he also had an idea which arose directly out of the great idea of the crucified Christ.

His name was Karl Marx, and he saw that the misery of the world was caused by the unjust and un-Christian social system which had grown out of the darkness, ignorance and savagery of the past and was preventing men from knowing aught but bodily strife and soul-weariness and was creating all the sin and sorrow, darkness and despair of our modern world.

Now the great idea of Karl Marx was, in as few words as I can put it, that the evil and robbery of the profit system should be abolished and that men should work and produce for the good of all, so that as a man toiled he would know that the commodities he was engaged in producing would go to benefit his fellows, well knowing also that at the same time his fellows were working to produce something that would benefit himself: in other words he would know that he was producing for use and not for profit.

Karl saw that such a system would drive from the world nearly all the ills by which it is afflicted today. War would disappear for the great cause of war would be no more.

Asylums and prisons and courts of law would remain as mere relics of the dismal past. Strife would vanish altogether. Disease and pain, anxiety and weariness would shrink to a minimum whilst man's mentality would grow ever to its maximum: and Karl, like Christ, suffered at the hands of the capitalists of his day. He was driven from place to place like a thing unclean and his reward was the martyr's crown and in the time to come the acknowledgment of posterity, that, he it was who stood at the cross-roads and pointed out to man the way to civilization.

But, my brethren, surely Karl's vision of a regenerated world comes very near to the kingdom which has yet to come and for which we so continuously pray. It is time, don't you think, that in addition to our prayers, "Thy kingdom come," we began to act, to do something, to bring about so desirable a change—to free ourselves from slavery and let Christ enter into his kingdom. Awake, ye brain sluggards, and think and think and think. Christ and Karl have given you the material for thought and there is no longer any excuse for your mental slumber.

Awake! for the reveille has sounded and the fight has begun for the kingdom which has not come.

"Thy kingdom come!" Amen and amen.

The Star specializes in bundle orders, to be placed on sale at public meetings by various labor organizations. Order a bundle today—3 cents per copy.

Organize public meetings and sell literature—then organize for election day!

Address all communications to The Labor Star, Suite 510 Dominion Building, Vancouver, B. C.

# Federated Labor Party

MEETINGS FOR NEXT  
SUNDAY EVENING

VANCOUVER BRANCH  
ROYAL THEATRE  
8 p.m. Sharp

Speaker..... E. T. Kingaley  
Pianist..... Julian Haywood

School for children and adults,  
2:30 p.m., at 641 Granville street.

NORTH VANCOUVER  
K. of P. HALL  
3 p.m.

Speaker..... Chas. Lestor

NEW WESTMINSTER  
COLUMBIA THEATRE  
3 p.m.

Speaker..... R. P. Pettipiece

VICTORIA  
K. of P. (Labor) HALL  
8 p.m.

Speaker..... Miss Gutteridge

NANAIMO  
DOMINION HALL  
8 p.m.

(Local Speaker)

OFFICERS OF  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
BRANCHES  
OF THE  
FEDERATED LABOR PARTY

are requested to send THE STAR announcements and reports of all meetings held, including educational public meetings, organization work, and such other news items as will be of interest to all Western Canada wage-workers.

## LETTERS FROM STAR READERS

### The Alien View

Editor Labor Star: Wonderful it is to see the spouting going on in the newspapers of Canada and United States about "justice, liberty, international law," etc. In Paris the delegates of many nations are in conference to frame new and better laws on the same subjects. But how are the old international laws obeyed on this North American continent now, not to mention when the war was going on? Every right

of foreigners has been violated. By arrogant and arbitrary orders-in-council all international laws have been declared null and void. As, for instance, the nationalities of the old Russian empire, now all independent, have been forced to sign a petition—according to international law, they had a right to demand—to be deported to the lands of their nativity.

Having no representatives here, not even the Russians, the aforesaid nationalities had to

take the case in their own hands. What the so-called Russian consul here, C. Ragosine, is babbling in the Daily Province has no weight because he does not represent even Russia—which the Russians have duly told him—and with the other states he has nothing whatsoever to do.

According to the laws of Canada, a foreigner who has been here three years can not be deported. Knowing this we still are willing to be deported, not only to save ourselves from starvation, but also to ease the situation for the returning soldiers. The soldiers seem to have forgotten that we kept on producing while they fought but never mind that. As I said, we are willing to go, because tens of thousands of us have tried to get out and failed.

The great Italian poet, Dante Alighieri, said that there was a writing on the gates of hell: "He who enters here must leave all hope behind him." So it has been for most of the immigrants who entered this continent. There is nothing more to say but we will be happy when we can breathe freely the air of liberty, in our native countries, among free men and equals. With utmost pleasure we will leave this country, with its shirkers and workers, to stew in their own juice of arrogance, hypocrisy and injustice. As a man soweth, he also reaps.

JOHN PAASONEN.  
(Finlander)

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### THE INTERVENTIONISTS

Throughout last summer there was a good logical, if a bad moral, reason why the American press should have given acres and acres of white paper to the misrepresentation of Russian conditions. We were about to intervene, or were actually intervening, and nobody could say how far intervention might go. In obedience to the principle, My country, right or wrong; and if she is wrong, let not us her sons acknowledge it, a great many Americans, not in any way connected with the paid interventionist propaganda, made a duty out of blackening Russia. What is the use of doing that now, when it has been officially agreed upon, among the Allied governments, to withdraw from Archangel as soon as the spring opens the Arctic seas? Intervention was a folly; it is now a dead folly, whether the senate committee and the press are willing to see it or not. Even the French have begun to see that if they wish to exert any influence upon the future development of Russia they will have to drop their extreme views. The British are busily knitting friendly relations with the Russian people. If we do not take care, we, who set out to be the truest and most disinterested of the friends of Russia, will find ourselves in the end hated by the Russians as their most designing and implacable foe.—The New Republic.

The Great War Veterans' Association in Vancouver is rapidly developing into a sort of Bowser political soup-kitchen, and no longer represents the returned men.

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