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SOAP, SOCIALISM, AND T. P. O'CONNOR

How Benevolence and Humanitarianism May Be Harnessed to the Car of Mammon.

Port Sunlight has been the subject of comment in our columns before, but there still remains much that can be usefully discussed in connection with the model suburb which graces one bank of the Mersey. One of the most curious facts concerning it is, that people will insist upon regarding the place as the outcome of the bubbling benevolence of Mr. Lever, and this in spite of the frequent disclaimers of the man who should know most about it—Mr. Lever himself. Time and again has he asserted that no feeling of philanthropy prompted his erection of Port Sunlight, but that, on the contrary, the scheme was dictated by sound business principles. That the principles were sound, the commercial success of Lever Bros. renders self-evident. Yet Port Sunlight is not without its lessons.

"Labor and Housing at Port Sunlight" is the title of a newly published book by W. L. George, and those of us who have neither time nor perhaps inclination to pay "Leverton" a visit, can by the aid of Mr. George's book form some sort of opinion as to its merits and demerits. One need not even waste one's substance in purchasing the book, for Mr. T. P. O'Connor has obligingly descended upon it at some length in the issues of his "Weekly" for March 19th and 26th. Apart from the feeling of nausea that T.P.'s own stogy comment inspires, the articles are worth a perusal. Here is an example of T.P.'s comment: "On almost every window sill you see proof of that luscious grace of spirit and of domestic idealism in boxes of flowers." Lower down in the same column—"the keeping of the garden is not an individual but a corporate duty. At first they were left to the care of the individual owner, but it was found that the system did not work, and that the plots were diverted to chicken-runs, and even dustbins." So that it would seem that "grace of spirit" and domestic idealism were equal to the circumscribed area of a window box, but when offered the latitude of a garden plot could only find expression in chicken-runs and dustbins! One is inclined to think that T. P. has sacrificed sense for sonorosity.

Another instance. T. P. laments that the girls he saw in the United States were scrawny, yellow-skinned, mere rags of that being of grace and beauty which a woman ought to be. "It wasn't because the girls didn't have wages enough to pay for good food; it was sheer ignorance, the childishness that girls often retain even when they have got to womanhood—above all, the want of organization and of some fine, kindly, and practical spirit such as he who presides over the destinies of Port Sunlight." Fine wind-up to that sentence. He speaks of the stupid, childish way in which the hard-worked girls took their food. It consisted of everything that was childish and unwholesome—sweets, creams, puff tarts and then perhaps pickles. And T. P. opines that this state of things is owing to ignorance—sheer childish ignorance. Not a word about the physical and mental condition of a girl who has done a day on the linotype, in a dressmaker's den, or in a soap works. He does not ask why a "fine, kindly spirit" employs girls at all when hundreds of men with families dependent upon them tramp the streets in search of a master. But we know. It is because he is not only "fine and kindly," but also extremely "practical." How does Mr. Lever deal with the feeding of his slaves? On the very practical principle of "the better the pasture the better the milk." A girl can have an excellent meal for fourpence, and can eat to repletion for fivepence in the "fine, kindly spirit," etc., Mr. Lever. Dear old T. P. observes, "This hall is run by the firm and it pays its way—which is all that is wanted from the most fraternal point of view, for

well-fed workpeople are far more productive to their employer than those who are starved or unhealthily fed. As is so often the case when one considers the problem, the interest of the employer and the employee is identical, though how comparatively few of either class recognize that dominating fact." After which there does not appear to be much to be said—but one can think a lot.

The interests of the butcher and the calf are identical because the more the calf eats the sooner will it be killed and the more will the butcher realize on its carcass. Excellent reasoning, Mr. O'Connor.

However, it is interesting to learn that the average death-rate of Port Sunlight is 8 per 1,000 as compared with the adjacent town of Liverpool's 20. Its birth-rate of 42 per 1,000 compares favorably with Liverpool's 30.7, Sussex's 21.3, and all England and Wales' 27.5. We are assured that the Sunlighter is very temperate, only one licensed house being allowed on the estate, although thirteen houses of refreshment flourish on the edge of the village. The annals of the sublime suburb are only beset by the record of one elopement, and illegitimacy is practically unknown. The infant mortality is 70 per 1,000 as against Liverpool's 140.

It is impossible in an article of this size to analyse all the facts and deal with them in extenso, but one moral we might deduce from the foregoing appears to be that even a very old state of settlement of the conditions of existence results in the development of individuals capable of greater productivity; possessed of greater power of resistance to disease; better men and women generally. Whilst admitting that the statistics quoted show Port Sunlight in a very rosy light, compared with the Paradise Alleys and courts of Liverpool and London, we do not hesitate to point out that that condition of things is intimately connected with and depends upon the primal factor—it is *money*. As we have said, Mr. Lever has disclaimed philanthropy of motive, but it would seem that he by no means adverse to that impression being current, as witness the following. T. P. says the purpose of Port Sunlight is, as its founder and master spirit put it, "to socialize and Christianize business relations, and get back again in the office, factory and workshop, to that close family brotherhood that existed in the good old days of hand-labor." We will now see how he does it.

The Birkenhead News for March 13th prints an account of the 15th annual meeting of the shareholders of Lever Bros. Mr. Lever in the course of his report made the following statement. Referring to the village institutions he said, "The schools continued to flourish and they had instituted a departure with reference to higher education. They certainly felt that they were justified in making a rule which they had made that every employee between the ages of 14 and 18 inclusive must attend continuation classes, and that otherwise they would not take them to work."

He thought the maintenance of a high standard of intelligence and efficiency was involved in this question of continuation classes. (Applause.) Many of their young people, if they were not forced into taking these classes, would very likely be forced out of their service later on by inefficiency, when they were shouldered to shoulder with the pick of the men the company were able to get from all over the country."

Here you observe the process of "Christianizing" in full swing. The employees are forced to attend the classes and attain a high standard of efficiency or they are forced into being invested with that eminently Christian institution—the Order of the Sack. Another instance of the plag-

ue and accommodating nature of Christianity.

Mr. Lever then explained briefly another embellishing influence which had been brought to bear upon the Sunlighters—the co-partnership scheme. "No words of his would be sufficiently weighty to express the great importance of the scheme on the future of the business. They would then have what they had always looked forward to—a feeling of brotherhood and partnership in that great undertaking. It was not enough to have benefit funds and nice houses. They wanted the direct personal responsibility which this scheme gave. He had always been opposed to profit-sharing, and was glad he felt that in giving certificates which would be perfectly valueless unless the business continued to prosper and to make more than 5 per cent. to the ordinary shareholder, in putting it on that footing and in making a man realize that the value of the certificates depended upon his own efforts and the united efforts of all the employees—he felt that they had been able to link less-sharing with profit-sharing, and it seemed to him that it was past the wit of man to adopt any other scheme with their employees. He commended the scheme most strongly to their favorable consideration (applause)."

Comment is almost superfluous. Co-partnership was dealt with in a recent issue of this paper, and is effectually shown to be a hollow sham from the point of view of the worker. Note in the above that the certificates are valueless unless the business makes over 5 per cent. to the ordinary shareholders, and that their value depends upon the strenuousness of the individual undergoing the Christianizing process. Are we to gather that when the Sunlighter has been educated up to the highest possible efficiency, strenuousness, and productivity (to his employer) then has he, or she, got back to the "close family brotherhood that existed in the good old days of hand labor?" Are we to

understand that the effort to Christianize business relations has thus been successful? If so we are inclined to think the claims of paganism have been neglected. If this represents the family brotherhood of the good old days of hand labor, then we cease to wonder why Columbus went in search of a new world.

It is just as true of Port Sunlight as it was shown to be of Dourville in a recent issue that the benevolence of the capitalist is akin to the "hall, fellow, well met!" of the professional sharper, who heartily grips you with his right hand while he goes through your pockets with his left. The Daily Chronicle's representative who visited Krupp's model village at Essen was no less struck with the beauty and order prevailing there than with the fact that all their apparent advantages were so many chains binding the employees to the firm—chains wrapped in cotton wool. The pension funds, cooperative tickets, cheap houses, private stores, etc., of the railways have the same object in view, besides incidentally cheapening the cost of living of the worker, and thus enabling him to exist on a comparatively small wage.

However, the lesson is there: it remains for the proletariat to learn it—and act. Do not lose sight of the inevitable consequences of efficiency and strenuousness—the much belauded capitalist virtues. Remember that even if a single capitalist controlled the soap market, or any other market of the world, his production will always be limited by the capacity of that market. The more efficient you are the greater the amount of wealth you will be able to produce. The more strenuous you become the sooner you flood the market. The harder you work the quicker you get the sack and the sooner do your energies fail and you become too fool. Simple reasoning, isn't it? If you think it is sound, join our party and tell your friends. If you don't keep but and tell us.—Wilfred, in Socialist Standard.

DAMN A BREADFRUIT

(By Amator Veritatis)

Appropos of the strike of Japanese plantation hands in Hawaii, I recall a bit of conversation I had on a train some time ago with one of the biggest sugar men in the islands. His point of view was certainly thought provoking and full of real value. Needless to say, the planter did not know my political complexion, or I wouldn't have loosened up as he did.

Our talk had drifted from one thing to another, from trusts to tariff and from panics to presidents, until (some what guided by my questions) it landed on that sore topic, labor.

"Humph!" growled the planter, pointing his Havana in midair. "Humph! Labor! Say, it's going all out to hell, down on the islands, do you know it?"

"How so?" I inquired, with interest.

"Well, this way: It's getting new-fangled ideas, imported from the States. It's beginning to get uppish and insolent—beginning to organize and demand things—to want shorter hours, more pay, and all that sort of thing. Even in about six weeks I think of that, will you? A strike in Hawaii! Say!"

"Too bad," I sympathized.

"Yes, sir," he continued, puffing excitedly. "And all due to labor union ideas creeping in there among those Kanakas and Japs. It's an outrage, I tell you! Why, years ago when I first started in the business, who ever heard of such a thing? But now it's everywhere. Oh, the place is going to hell, fast—all due to United States notions, every bit. It's just shut 'em all out, all American workmen and all. But no; they've been creeping in, creeping in, and Lord knows what'll happen there yet. Why, even the Kanakas may organize in time, and then where shall we be?"

"Terrible!" I murmured. "They've been dying off a bit, haven't they, those brown fellows? Rum and the white man's diseases have sort of thinned them out, eh? So Stoddard says in his books, ayuh?"

"So?"

"Yes. When the islands were dis-

covered I understand there were 200,000 or more natives, and now there are only about 39,000 of Hawaiian blood. Beside that—"

"These unions," the planter interrupted, not heeding my mild statistics, "are going to wreck the whole place, that's what. To say nothing of the climate and the damned oranges and bananas and breadfruit. Damn a breadfruit, anyway!" He gazed out of the car window with visible wrath.

"Why say that?" I asked. "The fruit's very good, isn't it? Very nourishing and dirt cheap?"

"Yes, hang it—that's just the point! No, not so!"

"No, not exactly," I admitted.

"Why, it's just this way. Suppose you have a bunch of men working for you, and they don't like the hours or the pay, and the woods are full of fruit—climate's mild—living's easy to get—what happens? The bloody rascals—simply walk out! They work when they please and they quit when they please, and they go and lie under a bush to be alone cause American. And profits go to the devil! Now, if all the fruit and stuff could be fenced in on private ground, there'd be some show, but as it is—rotten conditions, rotten, vile!"

"But you're speaking of the former days, I take it?" said I. "The land is being protected now, I infer?"

He smoked a moment in silence before replying.

"Yes, thank God," said he. "But just as we were getting the swine under a bush to be alone cause American labor and Japanese labor and all these new fool ideas and began to upset things again. Oh, it's hard luck, something savage."

The train thundered past a switchyard, then flashed by a large pile of iron rails, a car shop, a factory.

"Now, there," exclaimed the planter, with vehemence, "is something like! This country has certainly got things cinched. You turn men loose here and they'll find it blained poor pickling. Just let them try to sit in the shade of that factory, or gnaw

SLAVES YE ARE NOR CAN DENY IT

"Abject Mean and Vile, Begging a Brother of This Earth to Give You Leave to Toil."

Here and there we hear objections to Socialist speakers and writers calling the working-class slaves; not from outside the Socialist movement only, but often from members of the party. The evil, if there be any, must hinge on the truth of the assertion. If the working class are slaves, obviously their position must gall them, when they recognize that fact, for ignorance is truly bliss in this respect, because if the name so galls, how much more so must the condition; surely if they resent being called slaves they will also resent being slaves. If, on the other hand, they be free men, then do the aforementioned gentlemen malign and causelessly vex the workers.

What is a slave?

A human being bound to another and subject to his will. Shelly says of slavery:

"Tis to work and have such pay As just keep life from day to day In your limbs, as in a cell, For the tyrant's use to dwell.

So that ye for them are made, Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade; With or without your own will, bent On their defence and nourishment.

'Tis to be a slave in soul And to hold no strong control. Over your own will, but be All that others make of ye.

This is slavery—savage men Or wild beasts within a den Would endure not as ye do But such ills they never knew."

This covers exactly the position of the modern wage-earner. Burns speaks of his position as:

"Abject mean and vile, Begging a brother of this earth To give him leave to toil."

This he undoubtedly is, in his actions, not only in seeking a boss, but in holding down a job. I have lately visited camps where men simply dare not call their mind their own. They would, when the boss cracked a joke, like Goldsmith's children, "laugh at his jokes, for many a joke had he." And also:

"Full well the busy whisper circling round, Conveyed the dismal tidings that he feared, 'Those fellows do!'"

I have had men give a dollar to the Western Clarion, but would not hear of its coming to them in that camp, because if found reading it, it would mean the straight kick. I remember hearing one man go into hysterics, almost at finding a copy of the Clarion in his garden, saying, like the old Jewish farmer who found tares in his wheat field, "An enemy has done this." It may seem absurd but he actually made the assertion that some one had done it with the deliberate intent, "those fellows do!"

"Those ralls there, or bunch on bricks and mortar, and they'll devilish soon get enough and quit. But out in Hawaii, even yet, the bloody climate and the fruit and all make things pretty near impossible for us solid citizens. There ought to be something done about labor out there, that's what, sir, that's what!"

"I replied, confidently:

"'Lo's hope so! They need a lesson, those fellows do!'"

"They do," I concurred. "So does labor everywhere, to teach it certain valuable facts. Well, good-day. I've enjoyed your conversation tremendously. 'Good-bye.' I got up and went forward into the next car."

The last I heard of my planter was mutterings and grumblings of indignation, through which like lightning through thunderbolts, dived forth: "Damn an orange, sir! Damn a banana! Damn a breadfruit! That's what! Damn a blank blank breadfruit!"—Daily Socialist.

to get him fired. Anything more curiously servile it would be hard to conceive.

Certainly if similarity goes for anything the modern worker is a slave, but some times appearances are deceitful. So let us probe a little deeper.

Abraham Lincoln, when a young man, saw, while on a trip to New Orleans, some slaves sold at auction. We are told he got very angry and turned away with these words, "If ever I get a chance to hit that hellish custom, I will do so." To see the prospective buyer walking around feeling the limbs of the slave, looking at the teeth, etc., was more than he could stand. And when one comes to think of it, is it not the most degrading position a human being can occupy, to have some other individual handle and inspect one with the intent to purchase him? The form of buying and selling which caused the outbreak of Lincoln has passed away, but another scarcely less offensive, has taken its place.

It seems to me that this traffic is the true criterion of the worker's position, the definite reason for calling him a slave, and the actual proof of his slavery condition. Apart from the fact that he, himself, appears in the labor market and offers his energy for hire, we have numerous employment agencies which handle in human flesh a very filthy vulgar method. But the examining process is absent, and that fact makes the dose less bitter. The other day, however, I picked up a magazine, "The Hotel Monthly," containing an advertisement which for flagrant brutality and open disregard for appearances, equals if not exceeds the block and auction hammer of anti-hellum Japs in America.

"Microscopic Inspection."

In very large letters attracts the eye, and then one sees a stern-faced individual holding some men and women on one hand, and examining them through a powerful magnifying glass, while among other things one may read the following:

"Employees secured through us are of the right sort. They are not only criticized personally by us, but their records are invariably investigated for a period of least ten years, and only those of clean records are sent to fill positions of any kind. Thousands of the best men and women are listed with us and are at your service on short notice. None but capable, reliable, sober people are carried on our books."

The examination of the chattel slave, although while physical, stopped there. But here we have a bunch of slaves offered for sale whose records have been investigated for at least ten years.

This fact is significant enough, when considered socially, but when we come to contemplate it from the viewpoint of the individual, when I look at it and consider how it affects me, the effect is staggering. When there are thousands of such good and desirable slaves on the market, how am I, an undesirable, going to dispose of my energy. The situation is almost appalling.

Then we have the laborer appearing personally in the labor market, abstracted from his labor-power and selling it, and kick he never so vigorously by that fact selling himself, his wife and children, just as actually as a farmer sells eggs. The fact that he himself is the seller does not mitigate, though it may obscure the degradation of being sold. What matters that you sell yourselves year in and year out, at so much per hour, or are sold outright. Where is the difference between being the personal property of an individual and being attached compulsarily to the property of a class, providing you can produce profits, and if you can't, turned loose to starve, steal or slaughter?

J. B.

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THE VIRTUES OF THE POOR.

The poor have a number of regrettable virtues and a few redeeming ones. The rich frequently denounce the virtues of the poor and occasionally praise their vices, wherein they show much keener discernment than the poor, who, mistakenly, are somewhat ashamed of their vices and often inordinately proud of their virtues, for their vices are detrimental to the interests of their masters, while their virtues are detrimental to their own.

Among the most regrettable of their virtues are those of patience and forbearance. They have patiently endured their masters for centuries and have borne to exterminate them, which proves their patience and forbearance to be colossal. The poor, indeed, are as "a strong ass between two burdens." With patience and forbearance they carry the grievous burden of their own poverty and the vast herd of their master's wealth.

Other cardinal virtues of the poor are their industry and thrift, for either of which it is hard to forgive them. Were they not so industrious they would refuse to be worked so hard and so much, instead of which, so industrious are they that they clamor for work when there is no work to be done, and misguided enthusiasts, thoroughly convinced that industry is praiseworthy and deserving of encouragement, have sought, in the name of the poor, to have laws enacted to find ways and means to provide them with work, after they have already done all work that is necessary and a great deal that is quite unnecessary besides. There is little hope for the poor until it dawns upon them that their wealth is no more work for them, it is sure indication that they have at any rate done enough. If not too much, and that it is time for them to rest and enjoy the fruits of their industry.

As for their thrift, when it is considered how industrious they are, the very idea that they should need to be thrifty is absurd. They, however, seem firmly imbued with the idea that thrift is the secret of wealth, while in reality it is the hall-mark of poverty. Exactly how soon they can expect to be millionaires when they do well when they save \$6.35 in three weeks, we "venture to know." Their thrift makes them wear shabby clothes, and shocking bad victuals and fatal shocks. Whereas, were they unthrifty enough to insist on spending all they earn they would soon be the wealthiest people in the land for they earn every last dollar that is spent.

We didn't come here to work or to save money to buy us coffins. We came here to live and we should insist on living now. When we're dead we never can tell how long we'll be dead. So we should quit this business of running a charitable home for the corpulent and insist that we get as much to eat as our stomachs will stand for and as much to drink as our heads will; that the very best clothes and the most comfortable houses are not a bit too good for us and that, when we have worked up enough of these things to do us for a spell, we have a perfect right to go fishing, or to do anything else, except work. We should make up our minds to have these things coming our way, or know the reason why. And if we go trying to know the reason why, we will soon have things coming our way. Let us take a pointer from the rich. That isn't to say that we should let them give us a pointer. They have given us too many now and it hasn't been for our good. But let us take one. Are they industrious? Or thrifty? Or patient? Or forbearing? Not much. They are fat and well-clothed and jolly. They don't go around looking for work, yet they have a great deal more dignity than we have. They are not precluding any of the virtues they preach to us. In fact, the only thing that really worries them is that some day they may have to. They spend more in an evening than we save in a lifetime.

Why shouldn't they? We're easy and we foot the bill. And we're patient and forbearing and industrious and thrifty. They are out to enjoy life while they live. We'll furnish the coffins and take care of their widows and orphans. Of course, once in a while they put on that sad look and tell us that we don't do us bring happiness and that the poor are really much happier than the rich, and we are visibly impressed and make up our minds never to get rich. But did any of us ever notice any of them getting in a hurry to be poor and patient and forbearing and industrious and thrifty and happy?

SOLVED AGAIN. The knowledge that there is an "unemployed problem crying for solution" having penetrated even the wilds of British Columbia, a resident of that country by the name of Hope, has kindly solved it and has forwarded the solution to the Right Honorable John Burns, M. P., president of the Local Government Board, London, England, a gentleman who is reputed to be deeply interested in the "unemployed problem." Having received "only a non-committal reply" from that dignitary, he has now published his view in pamphlet form, no doubt for the edification of the general public.

It is one of the best solutions of the problem we have ever heard of, its chief defect being that, as it calls for an expenditure of a mere trifle of \$50,000,000, the unemployed cannot very well apply it and nobody else will care to try. After all, about the only people really interested in finding a remedy for unemployment are the unemployed. The general public certainly doesn't care a curse, and it would not matter if they did. The master class is very much opposed to the unemployed problem being solved, and rightly so, for if the surplus labor were absorbed there would be no keeping the workers within reasonable bounds in the matter of wages and hours. Reasonable bounds meaning, of course, the least possible wage for the longest profitable hours.

Hence we might suggest that, while solving the unemployed problem may be a harmless amusement and a useful brain exercise for Mr. Hope, chess problems would fill the bill quite as well, and avert the expense of a pamphlet. Of Mr. Hope's scheme little need be said after it is noted that the first thing necessary is a government loan of \$50,000,000 at 3 per cent. Such a suggestion is in itself absurd when the money is so badly needed for the building of Dreadnoughts in order that the shipyards may be enabled to declare dividends.

His idea is to settle the unemployed in Canada preferably, "for Imperial reasons," on ten-acre farms with the assistance of this loan, they to repay the cost with interest and a profit of say 20 per cent. to the fund, on the land, houses, etc. They are to be settled in some locality where they can raise fruit and cereals, etc., and on land that can be plowed up with a steam plow. Also there is to be timber at hand so that there may be a sawmill whence they can obtain the lumber for their houses, etc. They are also to be blessed with a number of jam factories, flour mills and such like. There are to be stores where they can purchase and sell for coupons, for money is to be interdicted until their debts to the fund have been paid off. The whole works is to be administered by "honest and disinterested" officials. How heavenly! We are almost tempted to resign two or three of our jobs and join the ranks of the unemployed. But that \$50,000,000 loan!

Mr. Hope's premises are rather naive. At the very beginning he asks us to "agree that every able-bodied man is entitled to work." Even this simple proposition is quite beyond our limited powers of comprehension. We should like Mr. Hope to demonstrate on what grounds any man, able or disabled, is entitled to work. Not that we are not deeply interested in the "unemployed problem and its solution." We believe every effort should be made to bring the unemployed prominently into notice and to insist upon work being found for them. For we know that work cannot be found for them without wrecking the capitalist system, and that the capitalist system will be wrecked if work is not found for them.

THE FOOLISH CORPORATIONS. Under the above caption the Calgary Herald, in quite a rather tone, recommends that the corporations appoint the wisdom of their ways. According to them they "seem to be blind to the trend of popular sentiment and doubly blind to their own share in fostering that sentiment, which is distinctly inimical to their own financial interests. Regardless of a movement which threatens to sweep away the privileges they possess, they go on defying the public instead of conciliating it." Just imagine a gentle shepherd securing a pack of hungry wolves on the folly of going on defying the public opinion of the sheep to the detriment of their own digestions. The corporations, so far from being foolish, are dead weight to the game. They hold cases and the right bower, so why should they not play for the limit? The gentlemen who, together with the usual "widows and orphans," are the members of these corporations, did not band themselves together for the benefit of the public or for the good of their health, but simply in order to grab all the surplus value they could away from anybody that had any, presumably that vague, uncertain and elastic beastie, "the public." It is hardly likely they expect the public to like it. In fact, it is altogether improbable that they took even a moment's thought of the public's opinion in the matter. They know very well that the public opinion they have nothing to fear so long as they have faithful political henchmen to serve them, and a judiciously subsidized press to point out how well they serve the public. So long as a stronger combination of widows and orphans doesn't get them on the hip, they have nothing to lose. It is idle to threaten them with "municipal ownership" or with "government ownership," for, as the shadow of unremitting prosperity lengthens, and dividends become more uncertain, they are moving in that direction themselves. For it stands to reason that their government will buy them out at their price, and, once sold out, their revenue will flow in much more promptly and unerringly as interest on bonds than it might as dividends on stock and the whole of their work in the matter of selecting efficient directors and capable managers.

For our part we are only too well pleased to see the public get all that's coming to it from these foolish corporations. The Herald's public is that cheese-paring fraternity engaged in the game, if no longer lucrative, occupation known as "business." The jacks of capitalism they are, and when the grey wolves get a few of them the howl that goes heavenward is music to our ears.

Soon there will be left only the proletariat and the plutocracy, shortly subsequent to which the plutocracy will be missing, and doubtless its widows and orphans aforesaid will be in deeper mourning than ever.

SURPLUS VALUE. Marx himself once wrote, "Labor is not the source of all wealth. Nature is just as much the source of use-values (and it is of these that material wealth consists) as is labor, which is itself the manifestation of a natural force—human labor power." And in distinguishing in this way between human labor power and labor, Marx cleared away a great difficulty at the beginning of his investigation. Marx in talking about surplus value was not saying anything that was new. Other political economists had said the same thing. But by differentiating labor power from labor and by insisting upon social labor incorporated in commodities as the constituent of value in exchange, Marx made a great advance upon his predecessors.

The remarkable part of it is that anyone should have ever had any doubt about the exploitation of labor under the wage system. There never could have been any doubt under slavery, for the whole of the product, less what it took to sustain the slaves, went into possession of the slave owner. The same applied to the serf under feudalism, with three or four days for himself and two or three for his master—the value of his labor over and above his own maintenance went into the hands of his feudal lord. Under the family system of production, it was only the surplus over and above the family's own requirements that went into exchange; but under capitalism production for exchange has become the rule and not the exception.

"That social labor embodied in commodities and the amount necessary for their reproduction does on the average govern value in exchange becomes very apparent if we eliminate the ups and downs of supply and demand in an given society and take the case of labor embodied in producing a particular commodity from the same raw material with simple hand labor and with perfected machinery. Assuming the articles turned out to be of exactly the same quality, it becomes apparent at once that they will exchange with other commodities on precisely the same level, though the one, deducting the raw material in both cases, may have cost ten or even fifteen times the amount of individual labor expended in producing it, as demanded by the other. This simple illustration taken from a writer in the Fall Mall Gazette shows how the social evaluation, relatively to other commodities, comes behind the producers, unknown to them, and establishes the value of their products in exchange.

We perceive then that it is the absolutely necessary quantity of abstract social human labor embodied in commodities that determines their value. Now it is perfectly clear that

on the average exchange is conducted on an equality, and it makes no difference whether money comes in to facilitate the exchange or not. No exchange producer can argue that equality of exchange produces wealth, neither does inequality of exchange produce wealth, unless it would be pretended that we increased wealth by passing it around. The circulation of commodities does not increase their value except insofar as increased labor is required for the circulation.

"Commodities sell, on the average, when distributing factors are eliminated, on the basis of the socially necessary human labor embodied in them. The capitalist is able to buy the materials, coal, oil and iron, and the rest of all, the labor power. Labor embodied in articles of no utility has no value. Labor is only of value when embodied in articles of utility.

The form in which the purchase of his labor power appears to the worker is somebody employing him and paying him wages with which to live. When the workers sell their labor power to the employer for a day, week or month, they are selling to their masters their power to work for that master, and they become wage slaves. That the present system is a form of slavery workers do not seem to understand. They are under the impression that they are free, because they are free to sell themselves as slaves. The slave of old who had to sell himself to pay his debts viewed the matter otherwise.

The basis of the sale of labor power is like that of other commodities, i.e. that in this case, of substance which can be used in a number of ways. Taking the case of iron, the raw materials, the tools and machinery, etc., there is no change as regards their value when embodied in the commodity. The labor power purchased by the capitalist is the only thing that can give more value than its cost of production and of the value given forth by labor the capitalist takes the larger part. If a man (getting twelve dollars a week for six days' work of ten hours) produces two dollars in the first 8 hours of a day, and he works ten hours he gives five hours' labor for nothing; if he could manage to stretch another hour, he would give six hours instead of five, an increase of twenty per cent. This accounts for the capitalist's desire for long hours and his opposition to any reduction.

An additional way of obtaining surplus value is by adulteration. This has now become the rule and not the exception. It has come to such a pitch that the very drugs used for adulterating are themselves adulterated. Yet another method of increasing surplus value is by the speeding up of machinery, by which a man nowadays takes more out of himself in ten hours than he formerly did in twelve. In the competitive struggle, the individual capitalist might lose, but the capitalist class always gains. Some argue that the capitalist advances wages, but any worker knows that he has to work a week or a month before he draws his wages. I have been in places in Canada where the workers' wages were five weeks overdue, and the capitalist does not subsidize him during that time. The capitalist, as can be proved, does not make any advances to the laborer, but it is the laborer that makes advances to the capitalist. It is the worker who advances his labor power. Labor power is a perishable commodity and unemployed men find their labor power deteriorate very rapidly and many are inefficient when taken into employment again, not because they are lazy, but because they are hungry. The worker is forced to sell his labor power whatever the state of the market may be and he has to go on selling it. Although in some trades the standard has been raised, yet there is a growing uncertainty of obtaining work, and the conditions have actually been lowered in most trades.

For its perfect functioning, the capitalist system requires a large number of unemployed in order to keep down wages. Some people say that a machine adds to the value of a commodity. It is precisely the other way about. Machinery cheapens commodities. Even the cost of the machinery, which gradually becomes embodied in the commodities, is often written off in a very short period. Machinery is not introduced except for the purpose of saving wages. The only variable capital used is wages, and the surplus value yielded by the wage worker is at least four to one, four for the capitalist and one for the worker. Surplus value is not only extracted out of men, but more of it out of women and children, with disastrous results to the wages of the men. Under capitalism with machinery we are obliterating individually, driving men down to the unintelligent dead level of the most unskilled workers. However, our class are beginning to understand what surplus value means and are being compelled to unite to demand the social enjoyment of the fruits of their labor.

Socialist Directory

- Every Local of the Socialist Party of Canada should run a card under this head \$1.00 per month. Secretary: Alice Scott.
- DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.** Meets every alternate Monday at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.** Meets every alternate Monday at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.** Meets every alternate Monday at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.** Meets every alternate Monday at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.** Meets every alternate Monday at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL VANCOUVER, NO. 1, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL VICTORIA, NO. 2, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL NAINAHO, NO. 3, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL BURNABY, NO. 4, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL GREENWOOD, NO. 5, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL VERNON, NO. 6, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL LADYSMITH, NO. 10, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL ROSHARON, NO. 15, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL COASTAL, NO. 9, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.
- LOCAL MONTREAL, QUE. NO. 1, S. P. OF C.** Meets every second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Vancouver, 400, G. St. Secretary: J. W. Lefebvre, Organizer.

Directory of Western Federation of Miners in British Columbia

Executive Board Member	Wm. Davidson, Sandon					
DISTRICT ASSOCIATION No. 6.						
President	Jno. A. McKinnon, Rossland					
Vice-President	Thos. J. McKay, Greenwood					
Secretary-Treasurer	A. Shilland, Sandon					
No.	Name	Meeting Night	Pres.	Secy.	P. O. Box	Ald.
125	Altham	Wed	Wm. Winshaw	C. Cairns	125	Discovery
130	Cambridge	Wed	Wm. Winshaw	James Tait	130	Cambridge
135	Grand Forks	Wed	Patrick Connor	Wm. Winshaw	135	Grand Forks
140	Greenwood	Sat	Charles H. Brown	Geo. Heintzen	140	Greenwood
145	Henday	Sat	C. Bennett	W. H. Rothemann	145	Henday
150	Keston	Sat	Mike McAndrews	H. T. Rainbow	150	Keston
155	Kimberly	Sat	Wm. Winshaw	E. Carter	155	Kimberly
160	Ladysmith	Sat	Fred McElroy	Chas. Shorrock	160	Ladysmith
165	Marxville	Sat	Fred McElroy	Chas. Shorrock	165	Marxville
170	Mt. Hope	Sat	B. Lundin	J. Hays	170	Mt. Hope
175	North Fork	Sat	Alonzo McNeill	Jones Roberts	175	North Fork
180	Phonix	Sat	Wm. Winshaw	Wm. Winshaw	180	Phonix
185	Rosland	Sat	J. A. McKinnon	W. A. McKinnon	185	Rosland
190	Sandon	Sat	J. A. McKinnon	A. Shilland	190	Sandon
195	Silverton	Sat	Robert Malroy	Fred Lefebvre	195	Silverton
200	Town	Sat	Robert Malroy	Fred Lefebvre	200	Town
205	Troxada	Sat	G. B. McIntosh	T. B. Butlerford	205	Troxada
210	Trail	Sat	Wm. Winshaw	Wm. Winshaw	210	Trail
215	Ymir	Wed	J. Burgess	W. B. McEneaney	215	Ymir

TVOLAISET CANADASSA
Jos tahdotte jotakin tietää tyvoaven puolesta ja sosialismin edistykseksi Canadassa, niin tilantkaa kohtia.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED
We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Write for Advertiser and more request. Marston & Norton, New York, U.S.A. Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

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NEW SOCIALIST GAME
"The Class Struggle" is a new and exciting game. It is a social and educational game. Write for rules and more information. CHARLES F. REHR, 601, 163 Kinross Street, Chicago, Ill.

Propaganda Meeting
Sunday Evening, 8 o'Clock
Cameraphone Theatre
58 HASTINGS ST. W. VANCOUVER, B. C.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

This Page Is Devoted to Reports of Executive Committees, Locals and General Party Matters—Address All Communications to D. G. McKenzie, Sec., Box 886, Vancouver, B. C.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE.

Meeting held June 28th, 1909. Present—Comrades Mongol (chairman), Karmo, Peterson, Morgan and the secretary. Minutes of previous meeting approved. Charter granted Dominion No. 6 N. S.

Correspondence dealt with from Ontario and Alberta; Executives; Locals Albert, N. B., North Battleford and Moose Jaw, Sask.; F. W. McWhirter, Camrose, Alta.; Finnish Publishing Co.; H. H. Stuart, Newcastle, N. S.; Organizers O'Brien and Gribble. Warrants ordered drawn for card in Clarion, \$1.00; postage and telegrams, \$3.50; Organizer O'Brien, \$50; secretary's June salary, \$15.00.

Receipts.

B. C. Provincial Executive... \$15.00
Local Albert, N. B., stamps... 5.00
Local Dominion No. 6 N. S. Charter... 0.00
Local North Battleford, Sask., supplies... 2.75
Clarion Maintenance Fund... 14.00
Member at large, dues... 2.00
Total... \$44.75

B. C. PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE.

Meeting held June 28th, 1909. Minutes of previous meeting approved.

Correspondence dealt with from Locals Ladysmith, Nanaimo, Victoria, Kamloops, Glaston, Grand Forks, Fernie and from Organizer Harrington. Warrants drawn for card in Clarion, \$1.00; to Dominion Executive for supplies, \$15.00; organizer Harrington for balance dues, \$24.00; to secretary's June salary, \$15.00.

Receipts.

Local Grand Forks, assessment... \$ 2.25
Local Matsqui, stamps... 2.00
Local Ladysmith, constitutions, 2.50
Donation from Michel comrades 3.50
Total... \$10.15

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE.

Meeting held June 28th. Present—Howell, Hyatt, Fradkin, Lawson, Foyes and the secretary. Correspondence dealt with from Edmonton, Pine Lake, Comrade C. Lester and Dominion Executive.

Receipts.

Pine Lake... \$1.00
Calgary... 45
Expenses... \$2.75
Telegrams... 65
A. J. BROWNING.

CALGARY NOTES.

Calgary is not the place at present for vendors of labor power. It is not often that we read such a give away as appeared in the press here last week. The laborers working on the sewer excavations in the city petitioned for a five-cent increase which was, however, refused, on which the Daily News prints the following: "Commissioner Clark is of the opinion that if the men do strike it will not make much difference as there are numbers of laborers walking the streets who will be only too glad to fill their places."

All this happens in golden Canada. (Obad Smith take note.) However, the wage plugs evidently took heed of this sad advice and the threatened strike is off. The Herald, however, in commenting upon the threatened strikes, says: "While sympathizing with the natural desire of city laborers to get more wages if they can, the commissioners could not properly pay more than the fair market price."

Another news item which appeared in one of the papers here runs as follows: "A record docket of 51 cases received the attention of the magistrate this morning. Of the above, there were twenty-one charges of vagrancy, men found sleeping in hay bunks, box cars, etc. Thirteen of these gentlemen of leisure were apportioned seven days each at the barracks, four were dismissed and the remainder held over for further enquiries."

The mounted police barracks here is crammed full of prisoners, and they can take no more. This means that the prisoners are now huddled together in the city police station and the city will have to bear the expense of their maintenance."—Daily News items. In the face of these facts it would be well for those persons thinking of coming West to pause ere they venture, unless they may meet the fate of some of the above. The London Clarion should also take note notwithstanding the letter of Mr. Obad Smith in their columns recently. F. HYATT.

BAWLIF, ALTA.

Comrade,—On the 6th inst. I had crawled to town with my oxen to barter butter for groceries, and was surprised to receive a note from Comrade O'Brien stating that he would come to Bawlf on route for Meeting Creek on the 11th. If I could arrange for a meeting in Bawlf, he would hold forth. I arranged for the hall, filled out the posters and had them tacked up in different places.

The meeting had to be held in the evening. Hardly a farmer was present, owing probably to the fact the milking of cows makes it very difficult for them to be away at night, or to prejudice. The lawn tennis sports started a game just as we were to open the meeting, and only seven were present as O'Brien took the floor. The audience kept on increasing until we had at one time about thirty. When towards the close the collection was announced some left, and from the balance we collected two dollars. The committee having charge of the hall said he would make the others accept what the collection brought.

At the close of the meeting several questions were asked. One old man about sixty, who has attained to such a height as to (in company with his sons) ran a store up on the G. T. P. and one here, and own a good sized farm, did not like the present system to be attacked. He said, "I have made property in Ontario, in South Dakota, and here in (frosty?) Alberta." He had also made money by mortgaging his farm. When asked if he had come through work, he failed to reply, and those present laughed. Two business men asked some questions and showed by their attitude friendliness to the movement. A farmer also opposed the old man on a point, taking the Socialist stand.

We adjourned after 11 o'clock. Comrades O'Brien and Beckman of Meeting Creek were the next morning to move on and deliver the goods at Meeting Creek, and I hit the trail for home to join my partner in matrimonial bondage.

Yours in revolt,
BULL PUNCHER.

REFLECTIONS OF A CRANK.

The intelligence of the working class may be judged by the following brilliant deeds, proof sufficient of their unerring judgment as a class in arranging their own affairs. 1. They elected '330 a month Bowser' to safeguard their interests in labor legislation in the Provincial House. 2. They elected "God Knows Fat" to legislate for them at Washington, D. C.

3. They opposed the "Eight hour in coal mines" law in the English Parliament last year on the grounds that it would reduce their pay. (Oh, ye gods and little fishes.) 4. They are opposed to a law prohibiting the employment of children in factories, and the "Socialist" Shackleton voted against the bill in the English House of Commons.

5. They are engaged in destroying machinery in French factories this day, looking upon the machine as the enemy of the worker.

6. They willfully shed their wretched blood and become cripples in my old war the master class may think fit to create.

7. They delight in shooting down their fellow workers at the bidding of the master class.

Thank all the gods it is not the intelligence of the working class which is to be expected will bring about the revolution, but the evolution of the machine and the consolidation of capital. F. M. T.

CLARION FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

(June, 1909)

Expenditures.	
Printing four issues.....	\$130.00
Mailing.....	8.00
Circulars.....	1.50
Total.....	\$140.15
Receipts.	
Subs.....	\$120.00
Advertisements and cards.....	16.50
Deficit.....	43.05
Total.....	\$100.15

THE LESTORS ARRIVE.

The Lestors have at length reached the coast and desire to convey their thanks to all the comrades who helped them along the line.

MARITIME ORGANIZING FUND.

Dear Comrade,—I have received the following sums for the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund: Previously acknowledged.....\$14.30
Comrade Woodhouse, Toronto..... 1.00
Comrade Cottam, Toronto..... 2.00
\$17.30

Comrade Gribble reports one new Local in Cape Breton and two more in sight. Good, eh?
Yours in revolt,
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE.

DAWSON, Y. T.

Dear Comrade,—A few more lines on the condition of labor in the Yukon. There are about four hundred idle men in Dawson at present and things don't seem to get any better. There has been a big lot come down the river in small boats, only to get fooled. It is very hard for the poor suckers that walked from Skagway, four hundred and forty miles through the snow and cannot find a master; how to get out they do not know. They are mostly broke and fairly bottled up because it costs a forty dollars to get to Whitehorse. A lot of the men are camping around the jobs waiting for some one to drop food so they can take his place.

Perhaps you outside do not hear about this state of affairs up here, but I can tell you it is something tough in the Golden North. They are seeing the Commissioner almost every day and he does not seem to do anything, because to ship the men out will give Dawson a black eye and they will not stand as many suckers next year. There is a tin-horn booster in Seattle sent by the merchants and miners' clique to boost the frozen north to lead a lot more suckers up here if his bait is good enough for them to bite. If he doesn't succeed, the merchants can pack up and get out. They wanted capital up here and they have got it now. The Guggenheims are here and they know about it, too. They have got the whole country that is any good. The Salvation Army are giving a few charity doles out, but they have not opened a doss house yet. I think there are a lot living on charity on the quiet. It is worse than the panic was in Vancouver, because there is no one to bum up here. It has cost some two hundreds of dollars to come up here to starve.

Any poor fool that brings money up here to invest is crazy and is a candidate for the funny house. The country has broken more men than it ever made. "Fine farming lands" up here! I want to know where they are. You could not grow enough up here to feed a jack rabbit. "Wonderful timber lands," too! Timber as thick as a walking stick. Two bits is the smallest price you can here, another graft for the business people; two bits for a box of matches. In fact, living is very dear up here; it is no place for a wage slave. I advise all men to stay away from the Golden North if they know when they are well off.

Yours for the red flag,
R. JONES.

GRIBBLE MOVED ON.

Considerable excitement was caused on Commercial street last evening Sunday after eight o'clock, when Mr. Gribble, Socialist organizer of Toronto, attempted to address a meeting of the citizens on Socialism. Mr. Gribble had been attending divine service at St. Paul's church, where the pastor, Rev. D. M. Gillies, preached a strong sermon against the Socialists. Mr. Gribble alleges that Mr. Gillies, during the course of his sermon, attacked him personally, and in order to square himself with the citizens he proceeded to address the churchgoers immediately after the sermon.

Mr. Gribble, in opening his address, referred to the sermon which he had just heard preached, and he said he would challenge the Rev. Mr. Gillies or any other clergyman in town to a debate on any public platform on the above subject. Mr. Gribble continued for a short time and the crowd became so large that traffic was interrupted to some extent.

Sergeant Dan R. McDonald arrived on the scene at this juncture, and requested the speaker to discontinue his speech as he was interfering with traffic. Mr. Gribble objected to being interrupted by the police, stating he had perfect right to speak on a private lot. Some of the crowd began to jeer, and cries of "Give him the book," "Put him out," were heard. Others were in favor of having the speaker continue. The officer insisted upon Mr. Gribble stopping, and declared that unless he did so he would be compelled to arrest him. Mr. Gribble refused to stop and told the officer he considered himself under arrest. Mr. Gribble, the officer and several others went to the police station where the point was argued out. Mr. Gribble and his comrades decided in order not to cause any more disturbance during the evening, they were not caused considerable excitement on the street, and had not the affair ended the way it did, various results might have taken place.—Glace Bay Gazette.

OUR MINISTER—WHAT?

Comrade Editor,—The Ontario Provincial Executive hearing that the comrades in Berlin would probably contest the election of MacKenzie King, decided to send me along to the scene of action, as they thought I might be of some use to the comrades in Berlin about seven o'clock, and meeting Comrades Gies and Martin, we decided to hold a meeting in the market square. The meeting passed off fairly well, and on Sunday night we had another in the same place.

Through a letter having gone astray in connection with the election, the comrades in Berlin decided that, having such a short time to find that two hundred dollar deposit, they would have to let the contest go this time. It was, and is a matter of much regret, that we were unable to make a fight, however the Berlin comrades intend never to find themselves in the same position. They intend to start a fund again, when the elections come along again, they will be prepared to give the opposition such a shaking as will let them know that the Socialists of Berlin have got their measure.

On Monday afternoon Comrade Martin and myself attended the courthouse where the nominations of candidates for election were to take place. Just before the "Labor Minister" appeared in the courthouse, we, with a number of others, fled into the seats to see how things would shape. When MacKenzie King did arrive, he immediately began to show that he was a good man for election by going around and shaking hands with almost every man present. Of course, as you all know by now, he went in unopposed, and being called on for a speech, he replied in a twenty-minute talk, some points of which I managed to get. Now, you workmen of Berlin, you objectors of strangling the common foe. The hardened hand is the mark of Cain, and laughs at imaginary racial distinctions. A red flag at a picnic! It seems to the bourgeois-minded to be almost as inappropriate as a coffin would be, for is not the red flag for street demonstration mass meetings of the unemployed and the Salvation Army?

These people must have some little means to be in a position to indulge in such luxuries. Why should they venerate the red flag to such an extent? For this reason, Johnny. Some of these workers are earning big wages and some small wages, but all, regardless of tongue, sex, social standing, religious beliefs or any such qualifying conditions, are alive to the fact that under the present capitalist system of production and distribution they are legally robbed of an immense proportion of the absolute results of their work.

They furthermore know that in a very short space of time their position in society will be worse, and that the time is near at hand when events will demand that they rescue themselves from the position in which they find themselves. Ironically, labor works in harmony with capital in one direction. They are each intent upon the killing of nationalism. Capital no longer is thrilled as the hand plays "God Save the King." Labor is somewhat blasé. Capital rushes to the land in which it can make most profit. An ice plant in hell would attract all the necessary capital from any country, were such a proposition feasible. Labor swarms to the land where it can labor the best wages. That is why, my Finnish and German friends are at Strathcona Park today. The bread question has called them here, not the climate. And here they are reminded of the lines: "Those behind cried, forward!" "Those in front cried back."

But once here, their hopes are finally and completely shattered, for they find themselves obliged to compete against Canadians from China, Japan and India; men who have the art of cheap living down to such a fine point that they can work more cheaply than machinery. Finally, after fleeing from the effects of capitalism from place to place, they find themselves in Vancouver, at the end of the earth, and like the fox at bay they turn upon their own capitalist. No man is hurt but his death will be the result. Hence the red flag is always with them. The emblem of hope for the oppressed; liberation of the enslaved.

You probably smile, Johnny, at this statement, but a few more years of capitalist prosperity will be the very best instructor you can have. Finally, as the boat arrives to take us home, we see a crowd of drunken brewers enjoying themselves by pouring bottles beer over each other. The stimulating effects of alcohol raised their patriotism to such a degree that they hold the company enthralled by their matchless rendering of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

M. T.

A man without a vote is classified with Indians, Inuites and dead men. Be a live one. See that your name appears on the voters' list. —H. P. P.

A LETTER TO JOHNNY CANUCK.

My Dear Johnny: I have just arrived home from a most instructive trip to a place near Vancouver, called Strathcona Park, in whose whose company I travelled. The occasion of my trip was a picnic organized by the Socialist Party of Canada, and although the morning of the day appointed threatened rain, a large crowd assembled aboard the boat which was to take us to our playground.

After a run of two hours we disembarked and there was unfolded a veritable chart of humanity. Palpable to the least observant was the fact that it was a workingman's expedition, other than a church party, as among all the countenances present there was not one sufficiently unctuous to suggest the word pulp.

Birds of a feather flock together, and true to the adage the party was soon separated into factions according to language. Here are our Finnish comrades, fat-haired, vivacious; there is a German colony, merry as can be. Last but not least the Anglo-Saxon, and English speaking comrades. Diversity of tongue cannot hide the fact that this is a body of workingmen, with their women folk. Finnish hands, German hands, Anglo-Saxon hands all tell the same tale. Work, work, work. Fine feathers make fine birds, but the claws betray the occupation.

And there is the red flag, Johnny, right here in Canada. What does it mean? Red flag, diversity of tongue, and hardened hand? Each of these three items denotes the disappearance of nations or internationalism. The red flag denotes the red blood in our veins common to all alike. The diversity of tongue demonstrates the union of the world's workers with the object of strangling the common foe. The hardened hand is the mark of Cain, and laughs at imaginary racial distinctions. A red flag at a picnic! It seems to the bourgeois-minded to be almost as inappropriate as a coffin would be, for is not the red flag for street demonstration mass meetings of the unemployed and the Salvation Army?

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Here and Now

By "LEEDS"

Comrade F. Hyatt, Calgary, writes as follows: "One of my friends, a Swede named J. Norrbon, on reading the appeal by Leeds in the Clarion, went out to-day (Sunday June 20) and canvassed and got the following six subs."

A bundle of Clarions go to Comrade C. McMahon Smith, Brooklyn, New York. He distributes them through the mails to friends whom it will do some good to read. Owing to some oversight on the part of the capitalists, our comrade has a surplus of \$5.00 on hand which he will donate to the Clarion if three other comrades will do the same. Subs are really what the Clarion needs, but under the circumstances all donations are acceptable. As soon as each comrade has given \$5.00 to the Clarion Maintenance Fund, Comrade Smith will do the same, so let us hope he will not have long to wait.

Comrade Gribble is still pounding away at the Atlantic coast notes and broke loose a bunch of three.

Do you wish to be condemned to poverty for life with or without hard labor. If not, get your name on the voters' list.

A list of two came bobbing us as the result of a stunt by Comrade William Staples.

Two extra Clarions will go to Fort Moody, B. C., thanks to the desire of Comrade John V. Hall to see the Clarion influence increased.

In B. C. an election will be held within the next twelve months. I would suggest that the best thing for every local to do during the next six months would be to concentrate their energies on booming the circulation of the Clarion. I believe that such a line of action would give best results on election day. Would be pleased to hear from readers as to what they think is the best method for vote making.

The following comrades are responsible for a sub. each this week: Is your name here?

F. Munts, Saskatoon, Sask.; Parker Williams, M.P.P., Ladysmith, B. C. M. H. Morkert, Richland, Neb. U. S. A.; G. Velze, Bella Coola, B. C.; Bob MacLachlan, Vancouver, B. C.; F. Larson, Union Bay, B. C.; F. Hyatt, Calgary, Alta.; J. Cottam, Toronto, Ont.; Nicholson, Hawt. Alta.; Alice Harling, Victoria, B. C.; R. Jamieson, Vancouver, B. C.; P. Barry Brown, Thurlow Island, B. C.; H. G. R., Sydney, N.S.; C. M. O'Brien, M.P.P., Meeting Creek, Alta.

Comrades should not forget to leave their new addresses at the post office when they move. If you do not know your destination, ask the postmaster to hold your mail until he hears from you. It is the postmaster's duty to notify the paper of your new address.

Have you made your donation to the Campaign Fund?

When you see the old party politicians engage in their usual sham battle before election time, don't butt in or take sides with any of them for it is none of your business if what they say about each other is true or not. Your duty as a working man and useful citizen is to get your forces ready to put both their pipes out and rescue that labor and not capital writes the law.

Experience seems to show that it is much easier for a man to break away from his religious superstitions than it is from his political superstitions.

Why are "reformers" called by some, "immediate demands?"

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LONDON LETTER

"The Tsar of Russia will visit England." Such was the official announcement which Sir Edward Gray made to the House of Commons on Thursday. In other words, it means that the discolored old monarch of England, commonly known as King Edward VII, will welcome to these shores a physically and mentally deformed wretch whose hands are stained with the blood of thousands of innocent men, women and children. This inhuman butcher, this archfiend who will officially visit King Edward at Cowes, Isle of Wight, during the first week in August, is to be received with hospitality and open arms.

The news of the Tsar's coming here was at first taken lightly by the public and it was not until the Socialist press called attention to the disgrace to a nation in receiving such a re-handled assassin that the people awoke. Now remonstrances are pouring in from all quarters protesting against King Edward's welcome, or even allowing, bloody Nicholas to set foot on these shores.

Even a few of the capitalist newspapers are making a mild protest against the nation's loss of decency and self respect in receiving such an inhuman brute even if he is a relative and personal chum of King Edward. However, it's a case of "birds of a feather, flocking together," and unless the capitalist press as a whole makes a determined stand and aids us in arousing the entire public against the Russian autocrat coming here, it is to be feared that the visit will come off as scheduled.

The coming of the Tsar should serve as an object lesson to every British worker in the whole Empire and arouse every person who has a red drop of blood in their veins. It should serve as an eye opener to many, for does it not show that no matter how debased, how low, or how inhuman an aristocrat may be he will always be received with open arms by his class, by capitalists and by the clergy. Such reptiles thrive and breed under our present system of society and the longer we workers allow it to continue the more numerous and venomous they become. The longer we perpetuate the rule of autocrats, tyrants, dough-headed kings, capitalists, etc., the stronger and more defiant they become and why it not be possible that the butchering, hanging, imprisonment, flogging and exiles which are now going on in Russia may some day be inflicted on us if we do not succeed in arousing our fellow-workers to realize the peril?

The 70 open-air meetings that were held by the various S. D. P. branches last Sunday were very successful despite the inclemency of the weather. At each meeting a collection was taken up and the proceeds turned over to London Committee to be used for further propaganda work.

This Sunday the Woman's Committee will hold a big meeting in Victoria Park, East End, and efforts will be made to interest more women in the Socialist movement. Mrs. Scott of the Popular Board of Guardians will take the chair promptly at 4 p.m., rain or shine.

Earlier in the afternoon the children belonging to the various Socialist Sunday schools will meet in the park and go through the various exercises and songs that they have been taught and at least 1,000 are expected to take part in the event. The strength of the Socialist movement over here is in the rising generation who are joining the cause in large numbers and whose enthusiasm and vigor are certainly very encouraging. Besides this, they learn from experienced teachers in the Sunday school what Socialism really is and consequently they become strong adherents to the movements.

The postmen's (letter carriers) Federation has just concluded its annual conference in Birmingham. Nearly 300 delegates were in attendance and while three days were required in which to transact the business of the conference nothing of much importance was accomplished. The membership of the Federation is now close on to 36,000 and shows an increase of 1,186 members during the past year. A sliding scale of wages was adopted ranging from 20 shillings per week for the minimum to 62 shillings for the maximum, but it is well understood that should not the postmaster general feel disposed to grant these demands, no strike will take place. Mr. Willson, on behalf of the London postmen, proposed a vote of sympathy for the strikers in the French postal service, and moved that a vote of 10 guineas be donated to the French strikers. After a lengthy discussion it was decided to organize a national subscription, with the object of mak-

ing a larger donation as it was thought that a contribution of 10 guineas (less than \$50.00) would look pretty small, coming from an organization of 36,000 members.

It seems that the Labor M.P.'s over here have acquired the travelling habit. Not content with the "froast" that was accorded to them by the German workers during their recent visit to that country, several of our Labor M.P.'s will do more touring. Mr. Will Crooks, so it is officially announced, intends to encircle the globe, while Mr. Arthur Henderson, chairman of the Labor Party, is going to inflict Canada with his presence. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is going to India, and Mr. John Hodge has resolved to go to Australia. All this travelling of the Labor M.P.'s will take place after the present session of the House terminates, providing there is no sitting during the autumn. As such extensive travelling is usually only done by wealthy persons and as the Labor M.P.'s are all supposed to be poor men, people are beginning to look surprised and are asking where the money is coming from. It would at least be interesting to know.

ROBT. E. SCOTT,

ANTICIPATION—REALIZATION.

My Dear Comrade—Have you ever paused to wonder how much pleasure the average human being really obtains during life? Has it ever occurred to you that nearly all pleasure is merely the anticipation of something better than we at present have? And consequently that when the day of dissolution comes to your particular self, you will have journeyed across a long, long plain with hope as your staff, only to find that had you taken each day as it came and "been not solicitous for the morrow" you would have at least the consolation of saying to yourself, "I have lived."

It passes the limited powers of my mind to comprehend why some of us are here, as there really seems to be no need of us, and all we can hope for is privation during life and a pauper's grave after death. We might just as well recognize that we are up against it and look around for the nearest and best way out.

Just think what "a peach of a time" a wage-earner has. The whole of his life is spent in the hope that he will in the end be a manager with a fairly large salary. We all start out full of hope, but year by year goes on and one by one we drop out of the contest, broken, disappointed, hopeless and homeless, until at last we dispense with anticipation and indulge in a little realization, realizing that although competition is the life of trade, it is the death of society and that we have been competed into the ranks of the unemployed. This condition of affairs comes to us at an earlier period in life than others owing perhaps to lack of physical strength or other reasons, but it is the ultimate end of all wage slaves. Sooner or later we are no longer of any use to the masters. That would be the psychological moment for death if things could be arranged that way, but unfortunately the slave has to live through a period of realization.

A wage slave's life may be divided into two parts. The period of anticipation and the period of realization. The period of anticipation, as I have said above, is composed of that time during which he finds easily a master. The incidents of love, courtship, marriage, parentage, etc., are all anticipatory pleasures. Finally we find him working like a good fellow to provide a home and food for his offspring, indulging in the building of air castles in respect to their future. Then comes the time when the children have to help to keep the wolf from the door.

The girls obtain situations in stores or become stenographers, the boys sell newspapers or work in factories. And now our wage-slave finds himself in the period of realization. "Too old—very sorry—he was a first-class man in his time." Anticipation has gradually faded to naught—realization is now the companion of his waking hours. He can now see how hollow life is, how he has slaved and worked all the spring and summer of his life only to be left to perish in the autumn. God help him, he cannot help himself. He is among the unemployed taking a well earned rest. He needn't work his jaws—the larder is empty. His digestive organs have a complete rest. But his mind begins to think. It knows no rest. The buoyant anticipations of youth have given way to the depressing realization of old age. He dies, for his sake the sooner the better, and is buried by the parish.

"A martyr" to capitalism—may he rest in peace."

F. M. T.

GENTLE JABS.

One method of improving the working man's condition and bettering his earthly lot, submitted by the capitalists whose paths are not usually beset by the thorns of poverty, is to analyze his daily life and extract therefrom all the material comforts which could be removed without resultant physical deterioration, and consequent decreased profit productiveness. Thus the Glasgow weekly Herald maintains that if the worker would wed and be happy, he should give up his many luxuries, wrap himself in gloomy asceticism and return to the tallow candles of his forefathers. How this would affect the working class doesn't matter much, as God only knows what he has in store for us. It is a "problem" for sociological professors and victims of philanthropic dementia to amuse themselves with anyhow. It would, however, have alarming results among the capitalists as is ably presented by one of their mouthpieces (Detroit News) in the following words:

"If everybody were to practice the strictest economy, half the world's business would vanish in less than six months."

Lord Rosebery gravely deprecates the barbarous action of other nations in building navies, and suggests that Britain should set them a civilized example by outdoing them in barbarism and building a bigger one. There is one consolation—he and the rest of his bunch, with their dreadnaught hysterics are furnishing posterity with plenty of amusement.

This is the land of the free and the home of the brave. Anyone desiring a chunk of liberty may always obtain same at the police court by jiggling up the required price. This is necessary in order to pay the expenses of those who have liberty in charge.

Comrade Pickup, who on June 13 exercised one of the inherent and inalienable rights of a Canadian citizen (at least that's what it used to be) by addressing a peaceful gathering of his fellows on Pacific avenue, was last Monday found guilty of having been listened to by nearly as big a crowd as that which gathers around the Salvation Army, and fined one dollar and costs. A point was raised during the cross-examination as to whether an individual vehicle cavorting about the city looking for something to run into, would be likely to meet with any obstruction. The question is still unsettled as these lines are penned.

When an evangelist hits a town, and immediately following his advent two or three of the inhabitants go crazy and try to fly off houses, catch their death of cold looking for Christ or some other religious action, why is it we hear nothing about "inflammatory teachings," etc. Not insanity, but awakened intelligence, is dangerous to the capitalist system. Therefore, the epithets which so fittingly describe their own system are hurled with infantile rage by capitalist menials at the exponents of Socialism. They think this to re-darken the clearing minds of the proletariat and hide the running sores of their own mental degeneracy; but their hour is nearly come, and soon men will remember their wanderings as a form of seasickness.

Bryan said: "All we have we owe to others." Yes, to Labor, and some day Labor will call around with its lit' bill.

That is to say, whenever it gets tired of running a charitable institution for the cultivation and support of irresponsible capitalists.

Quit your monkeying, don't go back on Darwin, you can prove his theory by evolving into a man yet—and joining the Socialist party.

SPES in The Voice.

A HOT FIGHT IN THE 'PEG.

On Thursday night unexpectedly matters shaped themselves into what must be a test case on the question of street speaking and the equality of all in respect to the city by-laws. For an hour and a half speaker after speaker mounted the chair on Market street, just off Main street, and as regularly the police took their names.

The affair came about in this way. It had been decided previously to hold a meeting in the Market square. When Mr. Rigg, president of the Free Speech Defence League, arrived in the vicinity he found the Salvation Army with a large and pleasant meeting in progress at the corner of Main and Market street. He decided to open his meeting there, with the intention of moving back to the square to continue it. As the Army moved off Mr. Rigg took up the vacated position and commenced a very interesting address. He opened by stating that he was not going to speak of heaven and the hereafter, but of Winnipeg here and now and of election days to come. After explaining the existence of the organization of which he is chairman and declaring his determination to exercise any rights on the streets which

were accorded others, he went on to deal with municipal questions in a very interesting and able manner. After a while three policemen appeared on the scene. They were already many friends watching that no obstruction was caused to sidewalk or pavement and quietly requesting people not to in any way impede traffic. The police asked the speaker for his name and he handed them a card which was in readiness without interrupting his remarks. The nearest approach to an obstruction was now caused by the police gathering the names of witnesses.

As soon as the speaker was finished another took his place on the chair which had now been prepared. It was getting interesting. The police took the speaker's name. Then another speaker, and the same performance repeated. Another and yet another. A Socialist orator got going and was doing fine, when the inevitable interruption came from the man in blue the speaker complimented him on the lack of ill-will exhibited, "you are functioning as a tool of the capitalistic class, but we all understand that a job is something a man has to jump at."

Then there was a change. An elderly speaker refused to give his name. Told the policeman that he had his mind made up about it so it was unnecessary to be in any doubt. The constable invited the speaker to go to the station, and the paid walk-off and another man took the stump. Down at the station the stubborn one proved to be Mr. E. Beisworth, a resident of the city for more than twenty years past. All the police had withdrawn for a time and the succeeding speaker could not succeed in getting his name taken although he talked (ill) he was dry. He asked the privilege of speaking again when the police returned, and gave place to another. He was accommodated later and gained his point.

Municipal politics, Dominion politics and economic subjects were aired profusely. The subjects changed almost as often as the speakers. "Fellow laborers and peddlars of labor-power" was one salutation, and there was no guessing as to what school he belonged to. His name went down with the rest. A land values taxation man was the next to speak, and so it went on till the police had eleven or twelve names on their score sheet.

A collection was taken up and the sum of \$10.46 was turned over to the treasurer of the Free Speech Defence League.—The Voice.

THE PUBLIC DECEIVED.

Trotter certainly has had a herculean task keeping the workers of Great Britain informed on the machinations of the Salvation Army. The "General" never misses an opportunity of advertising his "blessed" Army and the glorious schemes, originated by the officers, for the alleged purpose of raising the "submerged tenth." Every anniversary is used as a pretext upon which to gather a multitude of people in the hope of separating them from some of this world's goods.

The anniversary of the "Social" Department was celebrated recently by holding a meeting in the Albert Hall, London Eng. which had a seating capacity of approximately 7,000 people.

The audience, all forgetful that they were, in a measure, lowering the standard of living in the Colonies, lustily applauded a kinesthetic view of General Booth's transformation process.

Pictures were shown of the people as they came to the Army, ragged and dirty, the next view showed them after they had been washed and supplied with clean clothes, while the following scene is supposed to represent the cream of the nation (as stated on many occasions by Salvationists when defending their emigration policies) embarking for Canada. The final view shows the emigrants landing at Quebec or Halifax, where they are met by representatives of the Employers' Associations who kindly pay their fares to clean lucrative employment in different parts of the country, the larger number going to places where

There is no time wasted throughout the performance by going into a lay-out of detail, no mention is made of the Hanbury Street Elevator, the rag picking establishments or any of the many other sweat shops operated by the Army, neither is the condition of the Canadian workers taken into consideration, the whole scheme being the transference of large numbers of workers to Canada to assist the employers in beating down the standard of living of those already here.

Employment offices are usually content with the charging workers for the privilege of obtaining employment, when as a matter of fact they receive only the small sum paid by the men themselves, but in the case of the Army the emigrants are expected to pay their way, the railways, steamship companies pay a commission on the tickets sold by the Army officers and the Canadian Government pays a bonus for every emigrant landed in this country under the auspices of the Army.

The trafficking in human labor by this organization, however, cannot be

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-increasing stream of profits, and to the worker an ever-increasing measure of misery and degradation.

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

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads etc.) into the collective property of the working class.
2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.
3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

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D. K. McDOLAND, President.

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