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PRODIGAL ELECTORS.

Value of Franchise not realized by Workers

Of all those stories which mean nothing but may be construed to mean anything, commend me the one in which the candy-kid gets gay and demands his divy. This excerpt by some the parable of the Prodigal Son. After receiving his share of the kiddy, he hastens to that section of the city where the calcium bill is heaviest and the Juice meter standeth not still. In due course of time the kiddy of his high-heeled patent leathers ceases to hit the bright brass rails with its wonted confidence, and the strong stare of Mr. Bar-keep is sufficient cause for his new friends (male and female made he them) to remember that they had never been introduced.

"Alas for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the Sun. Oh, it was pitiful. A whole city full Home he had none." He repairs to one much skilled in the distribution of slaves, who for one dollar, giveth him a job. Hog rancher. Free Pass, SHIP TONIGHT!

Now it is apparent that Mrs. Hog Rancher did unsuccessfully wrestle with our young friend's voracious appetite, for he was caught eating the pig's hog's swill and departed his porcine habits with some bruises on that part of his anatomy upon which adults sit and upon which children usually allow their parents to vent their spleen.

He did not ask for his wages. Neath the 'hade of a water tank (not Bellamy's), he awaited the arrival of a fifteen mite an hour express and while she filled up, he made himself comfortable upon a bed of Pennsylvania feathers. Arriving home he secures the resentment of his more antlike but beloved brethren, by inciting the old man to kill the fatted calf, which had been kept for years and years and years.

Now the moral of this pathetic story has so far been unable to make any appreciable impression upon the granule of my upper stoep. Whether it is that if you squander your patrimony your dear old dad will fall on your neck and weep, incidentally increasing the butcher's bill, to the disgust of your more algardly relatives who never snored on polished mahogany while the fizzly went flat. Or whether it is showing that if you are partial to hog swill you should not indulge when the boss is around I know not. Sometimes I fancy it is an attempt to portray the meanest man alive. If this be so, I beg leave to go one better. If, in the interim, I cross the plain highway of talk and indulge in slips of prolixity I crave your gracious pardon.

When that aggregation of "foolishly compounded clare" known as man assumed a more or less perpendicular position stood permanently upon his hind hands, and used his front hands more exclusively for picking and stealing, and his tongue for evil speaking, lying and slandering he developed a proclivity, which is the sole line of demarcation which differentiates him from the other animals. The only characteristic which he does not share with some other animals. Cuvier's classification is of course based upon the physical structure and here man hath no pre-eminence over the brute. Carlyle and others have attempted to force distinction in social habits such as, a man is a tool-using animal. But other animals use tools and make them also. The distinguishing feature is that he votes. Man is the voting animal.

He acquired this voting habit subsequent to acquiring his feet, after he had discarded his tail and pointed ears and developed a conscience. Many, many years ago ere the turban and high plat style of hairdressing and Bertie-Willie collar engrossed the attention and consumed the leisure of the human family, man had more time to poke his nose into his neighbors' business and his knife into their ribs. Enter the ballot-box. It was not the complicated affair we

moderns know, but the race was young and clubs grow on every tree, nor were flint knives as scarce as machine guns nor as difficult to procure. When the votes were counted clubs and knives received due consideration. True, upon occasion some lusty specimen abnormally developed possessed a club worth a dozen ordinary clubs, and then "one bleeding man one bleeding vote" didn't count. Much to the joy of the I. W. W.

Well, in the course of time mankind evolved his complex social system, by which, after he has fed his master and his master's hirelings and himself and his dog, he has barely time left to get into his pants without disturbing the creases. Furthermore, the "club" which still blossoms plentifully in our forests no longer counts as a factor in the voting habit. Consequently man is, in some countries, entrusted with a vote. I being commissioned by the Supreme Court to swear in all those who have the necessary qualifications entitling them to vote, proceeded last month to round up such. To show how well capitalism does her work and how gigantic is our task, I give some of my experiences. One gentleman of Irish extraction informed me that he had been twenty years married and had never voted. I asked him did he want to vote now. "No," says he, "and if I am married twenty years more I'll never want it." Just where the marriage applies I fall to see, unless a wife and children being regarded as property, would qualify one in case of property qualification being required.

I passed on, another, Englishish this time, announced that he had been brought up in the Christian Faith and his children were being likewise brought up, therefore he could not see his way clear to have a vote. Again failing to make connection I rakes off. A third, from the land of canals and scratching posts upheld the reputation of his race by protesting that he had been paying other people's debts since he came to Canada and right here and now he was determined to stop. He was angry so I left. To my inquiry was he on the voters' list, a fourth replied me with eulogies of "Renolis" newspaper; that was good enough for him. Greatest paper on earth, etc. I passed on. Still another was anxious to know how much I got out of it, upon being informed I got heaps of abuse and some amusement he guessed he did not want a vote. And yet another was much concerned about the distribution of the Fernie Fire Relief. I passed them all up and now I come to my meanest man. While through history man has in sane moments and woman in insane moments, fought most strenuously for a vote, I find some who regard it as a most serious hardship. One of these upon whom I centered my entire attention, and after much endeavor convinced him that he should take some interest in his own slavery, finally decided to take a vote. Upon answering all the necessary questions correctly I asked him to sign the form. Whereupon he subjected me to some of the choicest terms man can apply to his kind. Losing my temper, I replied, "No blood was spilt and he read the form through, and every word, and then accused me of putting up a skin game on him and trying to get him into an anarchist organization. What would you have done?"

J. H.

NOTICE.

There will be a special business meeting of Local Vancouver No. 1, Tuesday next, October 11th, to deal with the question of securing new headquarters. It is of the greatest importance that all members attend.

The Slocan Record referred lately to a part owner of a mine in that district who had paid his "annual visit" to the property. No one can blame the gentleman for being slightly curious as to the source of his wealth. But is an annual visit an indispensable part of the operation of a mine?

A JAY.

By "Old Bill."

I met a man the other day, or, more correct, I met a Jay; his life in arduous toll he'd spent, his face was drawn, his form was bent; his hands were just two shapeless paws, his fingers just two bits of claws; but, two were gone from where they'd been—he'd ground them off in some machine; his narrow chest held but one lung, his feet were flat, his knees were sprung; he shuffled when he should have walked; his uttered nonsense when he talked. I sorry felt for this poor wight, and thought, "You don't look very bright, but still, there may be yet some hope to teach some revolutionary dope to you, so I will even try to show you where your interests lie." So, to this member of my class, a greeting ventured I to pass; I said, "How are things going, chum?" and he replied, "They're on the bum;" and when I asked him to explain, he just continued in this strain,—that everything was to the bad, that he had never justice had, that, though he'd worked hard all his life, he barely could maintain his wife and find his kids their daily bread; though striving hard to get ahead, he never yet had saved a cent, for, by the time he'd paid the rent and purchased some poor clothes and food, there remained nothing to the good. "Yes," he continued, "things are tough; in wages we're not paid enough, and then, whenever we go to buy, the price were asked is far too high." It tried my patience, I will own, to listen to his lengthy moan, for I'd heard many just as sad, so when he'd finished I was glad. He finished, "Something should be done." "Ah, yes," I said, "and you are one of those who should that 'something' do, it's up to such as me and you."

From that I went on to explain that every effort would be vain to beat the capitalist game, that we had got to change the same into a new society, in which the workers would be free from grinding toil and paltry wage; that we must start a brand-new page and Socialism was the pen to write new rights for workmen. At this he rose and pawed the air, and said it never would be fair to take the mas-

ter's "rights" away (I said before he was a Jay). "I won't stand for dividing up," he said, and with that filled my cup of rancour "went up to the brim, and so I simply 'righted' for" him. I said, "You may in ignorance stew, I waste my time on such as you, and I will straightway get me hence and try to find a man of sense."

ECONOMIC CLASS.

Vancouver Local No. 1 economic class will reconvene Sunday, October 9th, at 2:30 p.m., and continue each Sunday thereafter in headquarters, 151 Hastings street W. Anyone interested in the study of working-class economics and the application thereof, is cordially invited to attend. The class will study Marx's "Value Price and Profit" and "Capital." The former is at present in course of publication by the Dominion Executive Committee, at five cents per copy. This class having been granted space in the Western Clarion has decided to use this space in the publication of the opening chapters of "Capital," with a view to their future appearance in pamphlet form.

From experience in this Local, it is thought that other Locals might with benefit take up this course of study, and with this in mind a press committee has been appointed to present weekly in the Western Clarion a resume of the work done by the class, believing that in this way the work of the classes in various Locals may be co-ordinated. The co-operation of such other bodies as may be formed in utilizing this space will be welcomed and helpful suggestions gladly received.

EWEN MACLEOD, Secretary.

Box 1688.

During the past year the number of students in educational classes in the Y. M. C. A. increased by about six thousand, while those in the Bible classes decreased by about forty thousand. It looks as though the Bible may soon rest in peace beside the suit of mail and the catapult.

TOPSY-TURVEYDOM

I find it both amusing and edifying to think out the various topsy-turvy ideas which are drilled into our heads and which too often we accept as actual facts. We wage slaves have got into the way of believing just what our "betters" tell us, so some of us are beginning to do, but thinking on our own account; and just let the capitalist look to his guns when the working class succeeds in figuring out its exact position in society today. A certain medical man in Michigan stated the other day that insanity has doubled in the last thirty years, and at the present rate the whole population of the world will be crazy in the year 2178. Personally, I am inclined to think the world's population is crazy right now.

The system under which we live is crazy. Think of it! Cast aside the dope that has been drilled into you, and which prevents you seeing your position in its true light. Think of a society divided into two classes. One, the wealthy class, which lives in idleness, enjoying the best of food and the finest houses. This class does nothing whatever to produce the good things they enjoy. Truly they toil not, neither do they spin.

The other is the working class, which toils and sweats from morn till night, making all the wealth that is in the world. The huge machines of production are operated by this class alone, but, and here the crazy part comes in, the workers do not enjoy the wealth they make; THEY do not live in good houses, wear good clothes, or enjoy the choicest food. Oh, no! They turn the wealth they create over to the wealthy class. This working class lives in the poorest houses, wears shabby clothing, and often goes without any food at all. Does not that strike you as being a crazy system? Don't you think it is time to overthrow such a topsy-turvy regime? If you think so, come in and

help us. The Socialist Party is out to overthrow capitalism. It is up to you wage slaves to organize and agitate for the interests of your own class.

As long as the capitalist class owns those means of wealth production, to which we must have access in order to live, so long must we be slaves to that class. And this brings me to the pet delusion of the average wage slave. He thinks he is a free man. A slave! Not he. He is quite insulted to be classed as a slave. Now, just how much freedom does a working man or woman enjoy? We must have a master or we cannot live; therefore we are slaves. Not to one master, perhaps, because we can get away from any one master (provided we have another one in view), but we cannot get away from the master class. We think the tales of old time slavery very sad indeed; we weep over Uncle Tom's Cabin, and we sentimentalize the "Old Folks at Home." But are not we wage slaves of today, enslaved as soon as we are considered fit to work? And how many of us are "longing for the old folks at home"? Just as hopelessly severed from "the old plantation" as ever was the darkey of the song.

All this goes to show that working class today are slaves, bound to the master class as firmly as was the chattel slave of old. As wage slaves we may be a little better off than our predecessor, the chattel slave. The master of today cannot whip his slaves or beat them into submission (unless he calls on the military or police to do so), but the fear of starvation is a sharp enough whip to make docile slaves of us. Talk of incentive! More delusions. Starvation is OUR only incentive. Yet we are told that under Socialism the working class will have no incentive to work. Well if the workers mean to turn down the Party that will abolish starvation, let them vote for the parties representing

HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE

Atmosphere of Parliaments tames Revolutionists

The value of parliamentary action as a means of spreading Socialist thought may very easily be over-rated. By too great fervency at election times, or by seeming to adopt the methods of the old political parties in an attempt to capture seats, we may give some color to the false idea that parliamentary action is the only form of political activity open to the working class. Furthermore, there is the danger of concentrating the attention of the workers upon the personality of a candidate instead of upon the doctrines of the propaganda. This is altogether wrong and pernicious. It gives rise to the delusion that it is by legislators, by saviors that the working class is to be liberated; whereas without the intelligent and concerted effort of the slaves themselves, nothing can be achieved.

The evil effect of allowing economic principles to be overshadowed and dominated by attractive personalities, where the interests of the working class are concerned, is illustrated by so-called labor representatives in all parts of the civilized world. The process seems to be identical everywhere. A body of men, who adhere with more or less exactitude to the economics of Socialism, set out to conquer the public powers. The public utterances of the "leaders" leave nothing to be desired from the revolutionary point of view. Success is confidently predicted. But in the fact that the rank and file of the movement are affected to a far greater extent by the eloquence of its leaders than by the logic of its propaganda, lies the seed of reaction, the root cause of the inevitable retreat from revolutionary attitude. For the power of a political movement resides not in the ability or the eloquence of its leaders, but in the intelligence of the rank and file. A body of men who know what they want will always have the power to compel their spokesmen to voice their demands. They put not their trust in prices, and therefore, are never betrayed.

At the beginning of his career, the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain was doubtless to some extent a matter of their political views may be, and power thus delegated will often be exercised to the great detriment of the movement. Let us not be in too big a hurry to show astonishing results at the polls. Votes cast for a Socialist candidate are no reliable indication of the spread of Socialist ideas. It is true figures do not always lie, but they are often very deceptive; and particularly so when an attempt is made to gauge the strength of the Socialist movement by electoral returns. Much is made of the report that there are two million Socialists in Germany. Does anyone who knows how hard it is to make a Socialist, believe that statement? I hardly think so. The Winnipeg Comrades to whose opinions I am inclined to attach the greatest weight, to a man agree that the repressive methods of the German Bureaucracy have influenced a large number of people in Germany to cast their ballot for Socialism without their having the slightest real knowledge of what Socialism stands for. This is the general opinion of men who have been on the ground.

It should be kept steadily in mind that the object of our propaganda is to make Socialists, not to send men to parliament. The revolution, if it is to be achieved, will not be achieved by leaders or by legislators; but by the class conscious workers themselves; and the sooner they realize this the better. Our existence as a political party must be for something more than to provide men with opportunities for self-glorification. But we shall surely degenerate to this, if ever we allow ourselves to become more intent upon the number of votes than upon the quality of the voters. Any man who is elected to office by the votes of "sympathizers" should be regarded as an unstable quantity. It matters not who he is, he is not immune from the lust of power, nor from the insidious influence of a bourgeois atmosphere.

MEG MERRILEES.

which must inevitably influence them unfavorably, considered from a proletarian standpoint. Already the capitalist press is jubilantly commenting upon the "highly gratifying" spirit of conservatism and caution which is rapidly developing amongst the Socialist adherents in Milwaukee. It is said that this is the way revolutionaries always act when placed into positions of authority.

Victor Berger's remarks will show us how the wind blows. Says he: "The most dangerous part of the situation is that some of our Comrades seem to be forgetting that we are a Socialist party. They not only begin to get ways and methods of the old parties, but even their reasoning and their thoughts seem to be getting more bourgeois and less proletarian. To some of these men, the holding of office—whatever that office may be—seems to be the only aim of the Socialist party. And even some of the older men seem to have lost their class consciousness—if ever they had any. Instead of that, they seem to make it a point to be agreeable to the old party politicians. Their kindness extends even to the old Capitalist and grater regime."

And so it goes. The capitalist press in this respect is right: That to place ever so small a measure of control of capitalist affairs in the hands of never so ardent a revolutionist will draw his sting if anything will. A subtle hypnotic influence pervades all legislative halls, and too often the elected representative of the proletariat falls a victim to its baleful power. This influence quickly transforms a man into a useful ally of the bourgeoisie who will more effectively deceive the workers because he believes himself to be their true friend.

Knowledge is the only safeguard—knowledge by the working-class of the economics of socialism. This, it is my firm opinion, may be most successfully inculcated outside the houses of legislature. It is unwise to send men to parliament except by the votes of socialists, for the allegiance of the unthinking multitude is easily retained by men of powerful personality, no matter what their political views may be, and power thus delegated will often be exercised to the great detriment of the movement. Let us not be in too big a hurry to show astonishing results at the polls. Votes cast for a Socialist candidate are no reliable indication of the spread of Socialist ideas. It is true figures do not always lie, but they are often very deceptive; and particularly so when an attempt is made to gauge the strength of the Socialist movement by electoral returns. Much is made of the report that there are two million Socialists in Germany. Does anyone who knows how hard it is to make a Socialist, believe that statement? I hardly think so. The Winnipeg Comrades to whose opinions I am inclined to attach the greatest weight, to a man agree that the repressive methods of the German Bureaucracy have influenced a large number of people in Germany to cast their ballot for Socialism without their having the slightest real knowledge of what Socialism stands for. This is the general opinion of men who have been on the ground.

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A. PERCY CHEW.

WESTERN CLARION

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

A NEW FEATURE IN CONSERVATION.

The general public is confronted at every turn with some indication of popular feeling toward the advantages to be derived not only in the immediate future but in generations to come, by the careful guarding of the natural wealth which nature has spread so lavishly over the world.

A little problem in arithmetic might throw considerable light on the value of the work of dealing with prospective criminals during their days of childhood. The average working man has an earning capacity of \$600 per year. He gives to the world 20 years of service, which means that he accumulates in a life time the sum of \$12,000.

Not having been there recently we cannot testify as to the truth of the statement that the road to Hell is paved with good resolutions, but it does look as if the road out of this capitalist hell were fairly well strewn with bad ones. We say bad advisedly, for resolutions are bad as a rule, with the usual number of exceptions.

Men say "oh, that mine enemy would write a book," but let us be modest in our desires and pray that our enemies may formulate a resolution.

Ever since the Socialist movement first took form and substance, resolutions have been found in a stream, at times amounting to a torrent. Where are they now and what their effect upon the movement? By the blessing of bad memories they and their movers and seconders have been mercifully forgotten, and the movement has gathered momentum nevertheless.

On the whole, doing is much safer than resolving and of more lasting effect. That which we do counts; whether it counts for good or evil depends on the degree of our understanding and the continuity and direction of our efforts.

With a wealth-producing capacity, great beyond imagination, human society still wallows in the mire of poverty. For but a small portion of the race is famine a remote possibility. For the rest, it is a danger that renews itself in more threatening attitude with the coming of each day's sun.

Firstly, we find a denial of the Free Will theory, for "Children in foster homes are so placed that they must of a necessity follow the example which is set in that environment."

Secondly, that in this "free" country (as in all others) the average wages of the workers are not sufficient to enable them to properly rear their families, with the natural consequence that children are "overworked and propelled to the place of rebellion and revolt."

Thirdly, that the only way "our best citizens" can be appealed to is by threatening them of a danger which threatens their beloved property, by making them dance to the tune of a rattling can.

However, its failure or success does not concern the working class. Crime generally is a transgression of the laws of the capitalist class which are made to protect their property, and are consequently their lookout.

RESOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM.

Let us hope our opponents, in the light of the above will no longer accuse Socialism of aiming to give the workman's children into the care of the state.

Let workmen provide for their own families, by first securing to themselves the wealth which their labor creates.

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SOCIALISM.

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society has reached a point where but one step is necessary to place an abundance of wealth at the disposal of all its members, thus entirely removing the probability of want.

Since for that section of society who already own property in the means of wealth production, such a programme possessed no attraction, it must be carried out by those who are propertyless.

The transference of ownership from one class to another seems simple enough, resolving itself into a test of strength between a strong and a weak party. Preparation for the struggle, however, involves a knowledge of the workings of the capitalist system, which requires deep study, so great are the intricacies of that system.

In that education the science of economics takes first place, because by it the workers may learn how to combat the forces that would keep them in slavery. Without a knowledge of economics the working class has been constantly led into support of parties and movements that have promised it relief, but only succeeded in furthering the schemes of its enemies.

THE QUESTION.

Comrade—We decree reforms and show their uselessness. We show how the ever-increasing productivity of labor power results in a cheapened production of that labor power.

There is one question, however, that we will have to settle, and soon, too, if our party is to progress as a political party, and that question relates to our attitude toward reform.

There may be inconsistencies that are unavoidable, but let us face all problems squarely and let us bear in mind that we must keep on speaking

terms with those we wish to reach with our propaganda, and although we may regard them as off their bearings, fools, etc., the mere telling them of this will not make them look kindly on us or help them grasp the message we bring.

Yours for the shortest way to Socialism, PETER F. OLSEN, Rtd Deer, Alta., September 23rd.

O'BRIEN REPLIES.

The comrades from England who sign himself, "The Man on the Street," and any others who think the position of the S. P. of C. is contradictory because its members, when in parliament, sometimes take part in the commodity struggle, while the party will have none of it in the platform and propaganda, should do well to study carefully the difference between the commodity struggle and the class struggle.

C. M. O'BRIEN.

SOMETHING MISSING.

There is no use "beating bushes around," there is something missing in the Socialist Party of Canada.

In fact there are several things missing. First we want a brighter paper, what the devil's the editor about that he don't stick an instalment of some nice tasy serial in each week's number?

SMOKE "KURTZ'S OWN" OR "SPANISH BLOSSOMS" BEST IN B.C. CIGARS.

is the labor cost or wage of producing the commodity. Price is the selling value of the commodity or article, and profit is the difference between the selling value and the labor cost or wage. Profit, therefore, is the positive outcome of price.

No wonder the U. S. Socialists are all at sea. They don't know that a commodity is not produced until it is in its consumer's hands.

We read quite a lot in American Socialist (?) papers about robbing the consumer. It is dished up to us in all manner of ways, sometimes in Untermyer "vulgarizations," sometimes by lesser lights (?), quite sincerely, of course; that is—on the part of the lesser lights, who believe it is so.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We handle the business of Manufacturing Engineers and others who require the... Scientific American.

Socialist Directory

- Every local of the Socialist Party of Canada should run a card under this head. \$1.00 per month. Secretaries: Please note. DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Socialist Party of Canada, 120 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont. Every alternate Monday, 10 a.m. Secretary, Box 1633, 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 1688, Vancouver, B. C.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE.

Meeting held October 3rd, 1910.

Present: Comrades Peterson (chairman), Karme, Matthews, Mengel, Morgan, Stebbins, Cook (Lettish Local), the Secretary and Organizer O'Brien. Minutes of previous meeting approved.

Charters granted Locals Sellwood, Ont. (Finnish); Corbin, B. C. and Nanaimo, B. C. (Finnish).

Communications dealt with from Maritime, Alberta and Manitoba Executives; Locals St. John, N. B.; Toronto, Ottawa and Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and Brandon, Man.; Organizers Baritz, Fillmore, Desmond and Gribble.

Warrants authorized for Clarion: September card, \$1.00; September deficit, \$130.45; postage, \$5.00; M. Baritz, organizer, \$50.00; C. M. O'Brien, organizing, \$100.00; Secretaries' September salaries, \$30.00; printing pamphlets and constitutions, \$75.00.

Receipts.

Alberta Executive	\$25.00
Maritime Executive	5.00
Local Sellwood, Ont., charter	5.00
Local Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., stamps	10.00
Buttons—H. Bastable, \$2.00; J. Penoff, 50c	2.50
Literature—Brandon, \$1.00; H. Kaye, 50c; F. Hyatt, 50c	2.00
Clarion Maintenance Fund—Sault Ste. Marie, \$5.00; J. Baylor, \$1.25; E. Lothian, 50c; B. L. J., \$1.00	7.75
Total	\$57.25

B. C. PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE.

Meeting held October 3rd, 1910. Minutes of previous meeting approved.

Correspondence dealt with from Locals Nanaimo, Ladysmith, Nelson, Ymir and Moyie, and from Organizer Desmond.

Warrants authorized for Clarion: September card, \$1.00; desk, \$6.00; Gribble, organizing, \$50.00; Secretaries' September salaries, \$30.00; printing posters, \$4.00.

Receipts.

Local Vancouver (Lettish), stamps	\$ 3.00
Local Vancouver (Finnish), supplies	11.00
Local Victoria, stamps and buttons	11.00
Local Ladysmith, stamps and warrant book	2.25
Local Corbin, charter	7.00
Local Nanaimo (Finnish), charter	5.00
Total	\$39.25

CLARION FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

September, 1910.

Expenditures:	
Printing five issues	\$235.00
Mailings	16.45
Editing	25.00
Total	\$276.45
Receipts:	
Subs.	\$135.00
Cards and advertising	11.00
Deficit	130.45
Total	\$276.45

GRIBBLE REPORTS.

After holding five meetings at Regina and getting more success than anticipated at first, I proceeded to Moose Jaw, holding two meetings at this place with Stewart and other comrades' help. No Clarion subs here as Stewart had been too busy in this direction. Wish there were more like him. Got a sub for the Socialist Standard from Stewart himself, however, On to Swift Current where I met Comrade Haight, a whole-souled veteran, who was one of the founders of the Populist movement becoming a Socialist on the break-up of the Populist Party.

We had two large and successful meetings at Swift Current as the enclosed list of subs will prove. Again the police. Shortly after the first meeting started a young pup of a policeman approached and asked me if I had a "license to speak" (they'll be asking if one has a license to breathe next, told him none was necessary and was then told in his most authoritative manner: "Well, you get out of here," and he moved away. Found out afterwards this factum had only been appointed a fortnight, and that just previous to his interference, his pa, a bloated old bar-keep, had given him the tip to try to bluff me off the box. I didn't get out of here," but put it up to the crowd that there was no obstruction and was encouraged by cries of "you go ahead," "you got as much right to speak as anyone else." One farmer-comrade,

sleep and eat, usually spend any spare moments they have in pondering over the position they are in. The consequence is that when a speaker happens to hit a country town to instill into the inhabitants the way to freedom, the little schoolboys or other people sitting near him will be himself is usually well filled with an audience that, not only listens attentively to what he has to say, but gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to purchase any literature which he may have for sale. Not only that, but I have found from experience that even for months after, the question has been the chief subject of discussion where any of the farmers happen to congregate.

I was at a picnic in a small town in Alberta not long ago, and after we finished with our games and had refreshed ourselves, there was a programme pulled off in which little tots recited revolutionary verses and the young men and women sang revolutionary songs. There was also a subject for discussion which was: "The way out of the present labor problem." Taking part in it was a member of parliament, a preacher and myself.

The member of parliament said he was a working man, had worked at manual labor all his life, and I believed him; he looked the part. He was a man of middle age, who showed all the signs of having spent his days in drudgery; but he confessed that he had no solution to offer, that he knew no way out of the problem. The preacher came next, and as was to be expected, said everything and yet said nothing. I followed and told them in a few words what was the matter, as follows:

In the days of that great philosopher Aristotle, there was also a labor problem, to the cause of which he gave much thought. He looked upon the crude, slow methods of production used in the primitive tools that were used, and came to the conclusion that the way out of it, the way to solve the problem, was to improve the tools of production that more wealth could be produced with a smaller expenditure of labor. But his conclusion has long since been proved incorrect, for the tools of production have since been improved to such an extent that they enable wealth to be produced in abundance. Still this labor problem is still with us and all ways will be with us until the real cause is removed. That cause is slavery. Wherever we find slavery, we find a labor problem, irrespective of what conditions in any particular epoch in history may otherwise prevail. That was the disease which caused all the social ills which prevailed in Aristotle's time, and that is the disease which is the cause of the evils which confront society today. We, the working class, we, the slave class, are the ones who must remove the cause. It lies with us to establish a system of society by which we will be able to individually enjoy that which we collectively produce, when capitalism, that has about run its course, that is today racked with corruption and decay, falls to the ground.

Our efforts in this direction: every movement today that seeks power and gets it, finds its expression in political action irrespective of what outward appearances they may assume. A couple of years ago there appeared a series of articles in Everybody's Magazine by one Thos. Lawson, telling of fights between different corporations. These fights were of no interest to us, as they merely told us that there was a war on between different factions of the capitalist class over the division of the surplus value which had been taken from the working class. But Lawson showed one thing clearly. That was, that whoever got political power were always victorious. I can give you another instance which is told by Bill Heywood. The Western Federation of Miners went on strike in a western town for the eight-hour day. When the strike was called, the operators went to the governor, asking him to do, as he happened to be a union man. The fact that he was, reflected on the foresight of the miners, but an oversight on the part of the operators, who then appealed to the sheriff. He, being only too willing to do the bidding of his masters, got together a bunch of deputies, armed with clubs, storekeepers, etc., consisting with weapons of various descriptions and advanced upon the miners. The governor, hearing of this, had the troops out to protect the miners. The operators gave way to the miners and granted them the concessions they asked, but they had learned their lesson and the next time the miners went on strike they found that the operators had taken care that another governor was in power. This had the same troops, which were before called out to protect the miners, were now called to shoot them down.

The fight going on today in Canada between the Catholics and the Angelenes fits the explanation in politics. We find that the fight going on in Italy between the Pope and anti-Pope interests finds expression in the same direction, enlisting the in-

terest and support of a great number of the workers. It is worthy of note that when numbers of educators of the new school go amongst the workers and say: "We don't care what your religion is, you are slaves, you are not who your god is, you are suppressed and oppressed," they Catholics and Protestants then forget their religious differences and band together to keep the slaves from power. We have forced them to do the same right here in Canada more than once, and I expect that in future, we will more frequently drive them to act as one to defend the citadel of capitalism. Irrespective of whether their differences be religious or otherwise, they are of no interest to us; "we are slaves in subjection and freedom is our goal."

Three very important studies are the basis of the Socialist movement: First—The materialistic conception of history. The old conception said material progress in human affairs was caused by great men and great institutions. We say that human progress with its great men and great institutions are caused by material affairs.

Second—The theory of surplus value is a means of measuring value, something we cannot learn in any of the institutions controlled by the capitalist class, for it is not to their interest that we should know how to measure value.

Third—The class struggle. A struggle between masters and slaves for ownership of property. A knowledge of these three things will enable us to unite, then victory is ours.

The capitalist class are so few as compared with us. Their rule depends on them keeping us divided. Wage slaves who do not know their class position are usually on the side of the capitalists.

That was my fix. Ignorance of our class positions makes the rule of capitalist thrive, and us even more ering slaves. We urge you to study our movement.

THE UNPATRIOTIC IRISHMAN.

WAGES AND STEAM

Workers, do you think you actually get paid by the capitalists for the work you do for them? I tell you NO, you don't. Not by a jug-full! Your wages have the same relation to you as the steam has to an engine. Your wages turn to so much bodily energy each day, which energy is spent for the benefit (and sole benefit) of the capitalist class. The steam of an engine is the bodily ENERGY of the engine, which gets, all of it, embodied in the commodities produced each day, which commodities belong to the class who own the engines and machinery. At the end of the day the engine does not own any of the energy put into it during the day; when it stops working it is a dead engine. You workers are just the same. You have to keep working for the capitalist class or else die. However, "it is a long lane that has no turning," and thanks to the light of human intelligence, that turning has at last been sighted and is about within measurable distance. Nature always tends towards balancing things up, and every system of society that fails to keep that balance comes to its own end by evolution or gets ended by revolution. Any slave system carries with it, therefore, the seeds of its own destruction.

Men are being turned into the fag-ends of machines under the capitalist system or are being supplanted by machines and turned out to starve. Well the machine can do the work of a hundred men, but it cannot consume what a hundred men consume. So you see it displaces one hundred men on the one hand and they, being out of work, cannot buy what the machine makes; the machine is not able to buy the goods, and this is going on in every country in the whole world. Meanwhile, the capitalists themselves manage to keep on getting more and more up-to-date machinery and other capitalisms who get ahead of them will bankrupt them. So the mad race of capitalism is tearing along. Soon it will have so much goods produced and unmarketable that it will take a flying leap into "oblivion." Meanwhile the Socialists are spreading the philosophy of Socialism, so that when the end of capitalism arrives, instead of long periods of chaos (or disorder) ensuing, the world's industry will be taken over by all the workers and handled intelligently and harmoniously for the benefit of all who are willing to work. The shirkers will then starve, for we won't be so foolish in those days as to keep a lot of parasites fattening and latching on to the wealth the workers will produce. On the other hand, if the philosophy of Socialism gets spread quickly enough and the whole working class of course get politically intelligent enough, we can just take over

the reins of government and give capitalism its epitaph—"It did whom it could, but what was the use." Steam put into an engine is just as much "wages" as grip and overalls are "wages" to a wage slave. How long will you remain fooled and deceived?

"Might is right," as it always has been in past history and always will be. When the (working) cat is asleep the (capitalist) mouse constitutes might, and when he consumes all the pie he has the right; but how about it when the cat opens his eyes (Socialism) and begins to look around? How long, think you, will it be before Mr. Mouse moves to No. 23 Skidoo Street, and calls himself "mighty" (revolution); or else gets bowled over by the cat (revolution)?

A good many writers are fond of telling us about all the good things capitalism has done for the world. Personally I cannot agree. I cannot see that a damnable system of robbery which does nothing but take from 80 per cent. of the people all the values they produce during their lives, ever did or ever could compensate the world for what it stole from the world (of workers, of course). The very nature of the beast prevents the workers from ever benefitting from its operations, except in one way, and that way is in the lesson it is teaching the workers to value their freedom as a class, and it has forced them to investigate until they have discovered the only way to attain to their perfect freedom from slavery of all and every kind.

This state of perfect freedom is called SOCIALISM. And who is to say that if we had had Socialism 500 years ago, we should not be in vastly better social circumstances today than we are in. We could not possibly be worse off than we are at the present time under capitalism, and you be alive; and yet these chumps tell us of the good the "wolf" has done for the "lamb." If consuming the "lamb" constitutes good, their ideas of good and mine differ.

You don't throw the handful of grain to the hen in payment for the egg it has just laid; not a bit of it! You throw her that grain so that she can keep on laying eggs for you. That is precisely the object of wages, i. e., to keep you working and producing values for your owners.

REJUVENATION AT REGINA.

Comrade— In these "latter days" of class exploitation it is a treat for the rebel slave to hear a real exponent of Socialism. The slaves of Regina, Sask., were thoroughly "treated" during the greater part of last week by Comrade Gribble, in a series of open-air meetings in Stanley Park, which were well attended.

Comrade Gribble in his speeches ably dealt with the position occupied by the wage slave in present-day society. He clearly and impressively showed where the trouble lies and forcibly pointed the way to economic security.

The concessionist received some good hard jolts, as did the pure and simpler and other types of "labor slaves" who panderingly receive the palatable words of Socialism. It was good, clear, masterful propaganda we in this burg were treated to, and though a few handeroms may have had their egotism jarred a bit, the effect of Comrade Gribble's efforts can be plainly seen in the revival of the Local at this place.

A meeting, the first in several months, was held last Sunday night. Quite a number were there for instruction, and they got it from the revolutionaries who occupied the platform. Interest was keen and many questions were asked and answered. It is safe to say that Sunday meetings will continue, and from the applications for membership at last Sunday's meeting, a good live Local in Regina is an assured fact.

Would there were more of Gribble's type in the field for the S. P. of C., as the only "safe and sane" policy the Party can adopt is to adhere to its present revolutionary, no compromise policy. To depart from that policy is to cease to exist as a working class party. Better to build up surely and on solid ground than a rapid gain in membership based on the shifting sands of reform. The membership that would be gained by a surrender of principle is just the membership not wanted.

But I am digressing. I started out to tell of Com. Gribble's work here and the resultant impetus given the movement. The Comrades here feel somewhat elated and appreciate being stimulated into greater activity.

Yours for "immediate demand," in the shape of revolution.

M. B. Regina, Sask., Sept. 20, 1910.

UTOPIANISM.

There is a great belief amongst a good many, in fact the majority, that Socialism is Utopian or a pipe dream. I beg to differ. Such is not the case. Capitalism is as much of a dream as Socialism. The idea of everybody be-

Here and Now

Marvelous and multitudinous are the reptiles that crawl out into the light of day when, with the advent of September, the good God sends his rain. During the past few weeks Vancouver has been blessed in an inordinate degree by the assortment paraded for inspection. We will just mention the bigger ones, as they are generally the ugliest.

Firstly, as our old parson would say, we had the honor of entertaining Mr. Vivian, M.P., one of the shining lights of English Radicalism. Mr. Vivian left here with a due appreciation of the keen sense of humor obtaining in this enlightened burg. An audience of Vancouver citizens, whom he addressed, had the impudence to laugh like hyenas when he proposed to make more work for the workers. Generous Mr. V., ungrateful audience. The honorable gentleman did not see the joke.

Following on his heels came the Industrial Peace Association. Mr. Scullin, who, we believe, takes all the donations, and other little odds and ends in the way of bullion, assured us that peace between master and man was necessary if the worker was to get more work and the capitalist more profit. These are not the exact words, you know, but you can let them go at that. Since peace is necessary between capitalist and worker, war must exist, which is a very good start. Believing, as he does, that every nation should mind its own business, he came all the way from some Hoosier state, in the land of the free and the home of the slave, to organize the I. P. A. in Canada. The identity of interests between the worker and the exploiter call for the formation of just such an organization as this, and, being interested just more than a little, we have wondered who this outfit was boosted on the eve of its visit of the C. M. A., which means Canadian Manufacturers' Association, most of the members of which are on the mailing list of the Clarion (I don't think). Does anybody make any money out of it, we wonder? As we never did, we offer no prizes for solving the problem.

At the tail end of the procession, when everything was quiet and we were beginning to think it was all over, a bunch of twenty reformers appeared on the scene. Just why there are twenty and not a hundred and twenty is none of our business. And their object? Well, they are here to interest us in the White Slave Traffic (capital letters, please). Whether they wish us to invest money in what is probably a paying proposition, or whether they are acting as agents for some slave dealer, we neither know nor care. We've had enough fooling and only know that we are disgusted with the whole rotten bunch, and that all the evils the suckers are exploiting for a living are necessary corollaries of the prevailing system of wealth production, and that the cure for the rottenness can only be found in the utter annihilation of the whole stinking outfit that these people are trying to bolster up. Put an end to the profit system once and for all and set these cockroaches M. P.'s, peace organizers and white slave reformers to digging ditches for a living, so that they will cease to be a burden on the backs of those who both toll and spin.

Following is the roll of rustlers. Is your name here?

Moses Baritz	15
Wilfred Gribble	13
George Howell	12
J. C. Burgess	3
G. Waples, Steepleton, Ont.	2
A. Lyon, Copper Cliff, Ont.	1
Single	

A. H. Grewar, St. Catharines, Ont.; Eil Waterhouse, Salmon Arm, B. C.; H. Banbury, Hope, B. C.; J. Galloway, Herbert, Sask.; F. S. Faulkner, Great Falls, Mont.; F. Hyatt, St. John, N. B.; Miss Merrilee, Windpeg, Man. Gordon Brown, Winnipeg, Man.; Fred Woodman, S. Grimsom, Raynor, B. C.; Geo. Nickles, E. Lothian, W. Macklin, H. Norman, A. C. Webb, Vancouver, B. C.

coming rich some day is impossible. The would-be capitalist or capitalists are nothing less than Utopians or pipe dreamers; they tell their sons, they tell the workers "Get rich" or "Do the same as I have done." Supposing every human being on this globe were a capitalist, what would be the result? I leave it to my fellow thinkers to consider. Then I say: Utopia is a supply of enough coarse food as a Socialist. The amassing of wealth or great wealth is an ideal and is impossible among the working class. Drudgery or slavery and capitalism go hand in hand, socialism is a thing by itself, springing out of these two, and it means emancipation. It is getting to be a strong element everywhere on this earth. As soon as the working class are educated up to its full meaning, it will be realized. Ignorance and capitalism is what its followers have to fight.

R. J. PRATT.

WOMEN AND WAGES IN NEW YORK CITY.

This week the sub-committee on labor and wages of the city committee on the congestion of population held a hearing in which the wages paid women workers came up for consideration. The most significant statistics presented based on the last census, were as follows:

One out of every four wage earners in the city is a woman.

One out of every four women in the city is a wage earner.

One out of every ten women in the city works in a factory.

Fifty per cent. of the women factory workers work from fifty-two to sixty hours a week.

Forty-seven per cent. of the women factory workers earn less than \$6 a week.

The average yearly wage of the woman workers in the city is \$250.

The New York Times in commenting on these data states that "some surprising facts were disclosed," but cautiously refrains from committing itself any further. To the Socialist the above statistics, however shocking, are not in the least surprising. For Socialists have prophesied for many years the constant increase in the size of the proletariat, swelled not a little by the ever-growing numbers of wage earning women. Revolving as it is to learn that "one out of every ten women in the city works in a factory," or that "47 per cent. of the women factory workers earn less than \$6 a week," the Socialist cannot help but welcome publicity for such data, as well as the opportunity afforded of commenting thereon from the Socialist point of view.

With two such prominent world figures as Emperor William and Theodore Roosevelt shouting that woman's place is in the home, there to breed unlimitedly (males preferred for soldiers, of course, but more females for more breeding acceptable also), the fact that in the second largest city in the world, containing almost 5,000,000 inhabitants, one out of every four wage earners is a woman, and one out of every four women is a wage earner, comes with peculiar significance. Have these thousands and thousands of women become wage earners in revolt against the destiny laid out for them by their sex? Have they become wage earners because they loathed "homes" and were determined to escape the hated misery of maternity? The third sentence in the statistics quoted above answers these questions: "One out of every ten women in the city works in a factory." Is any one so insane as to assume that women will deliberately choose to become factory slaves, or for that matter, department store slaves, rather than preside over a cozy home, as a beloved wife and loving mother? Doesn't every sensible person know that woman naturally and instinctively wants her place to be in the home, in the largest and broadest sense of the term?

But the facts of the situation are that under our present capitalist form of society, the vast majority of people cannot make enough money decently to support homes. Where they follow their natural instincts and proceed to found homes, in spite of their inability to sustain them, the wreckage of the home is the inevitable result. The husband and father cannot earn enough to shelter, feed and clothe his family, and so the wife and mother must begin to go forth in the gray dawn also. Thus with the wife and mother absent all day from the home, the place where this aggregate of individuals constituting a family lives ceases to be a home. Now if Emperor William and Mr. Roosevelt were to say that this woman's place is decidedly NOT in the factory we should most decidedly agree with them. Emphatically, the factory is no place for a woman. But we deny that there rests upon this woman the shadow of personal responsibility for her presence in the factory, and we accuse society of the brutal crime of tearing her against her every natural craving, from her place in the home, which is her inalienable right as a human and social creature!

Thus is the working class denied, by those who now control its means of livelihood, the most potent and elemental needs of life. Under capitalism a tremendous fraction of humanity cannot have homes. And so in addition to the wrecked shelters, tragically termed homes, there are the thousands of women wage-earners, hungry for the love they dare not enjoy, and the thousands of men wage earners desperately seeking to satisfy their hunger for love by resorting to that final victim and supreme indictment of capitalist society, the prostitute.

The statistics tell us further that almost 60 per cent. of the women factory workers earn less than \$6 a week, and that the average yearly wage of women workers in general is \$250. Now in New York City with its enormous rents and correspondingly high prices for the other necessities of life, it is impossible for a woman to get a good warm room

with good food in a good neighborhood for less than \$10 a week. (We eliminate from discussion houses of relief societies, working girls' homes, etc., as being too few in number to affect the question.) We are aware that this seems a high figure, but we repeat that to live fairly nicely and eat only fairly well-cooked and nourishing food costs that amount in this city; making, per year, just for room and board, more than twice as much as the entire average yearly wage of the woman worker. There are still to be supplied clothes, doctor's and dentist's service, medicines, obligations of one kind or another (dues, assistance in support of family, etc.) and amusements. Thus if the average yearly wage were three times as much as it is, it would scarcely suffice to satisfy even the most modest needs of a woman living in New York City, who had only herself to support. We know, then, what it means to learn that almost half the women factory workers earn less than \$6 a week.

By far the most important statement that the Socialist has to make concerning the low wages paid to women is that in the ultimate analysis, their sex has little or nothing to do with the question. As the capitalist or profit system of industry developed more and more fully, and the wealth of the nation became concentrated into fewer and fewer hands; as the great industrial inventions took woman's home occupations, such as weaving and preserving away from her, causing her productivity to disappear, and as a natural result the cost of living of the family to increase it became inevitable that woman go forth to compete with man for a job, and being naturally regarded as less valuable than man in the labor market—to undersell him. Thus women are paid such shamefully low wages not on account of their sex, but because in the competitive struggle, their weakness and lack of skill and experience, can readily be turned into profits, exactly as the still greater weakness and still greater lack of skill and experience of children are also being turned into profits.

It is just here that the bourgeois suffragists, i.e., the entire organized woman suffrage movement, make their great mistake in their indictment of society. Society today is by no means engaged in a SEX WAR, but in a great CLASS WAR, which is daily obliterating more and more SEX DISTINCTIONS, while accentuating more and more CLASS DISTINCTIONS. The possessing class, beginning to feel itself insecure, is making ready to strike hard at the working class without any consideration of sex, and the working class, a sort of mass of exploited humanity, is unifying itself for the combat. Witness here the recent shirtwaist strike where the girls revolted, not as women, but as outraged members of the working class.

To come to the working woman, then, with the sex message of suffrage, alone is hopelessly unsound, and inadequate. To tell her, who is bowed down, as a unit of her class, under the yoke of economic and industrial slavery, that political equality will bring her freedom, is to incultate in her not only false hopes, but an utterly wrong conception of her real problem and her real relation to society today. For the woman who, by factory labor, earning \$250 per year, political equality is not as important as an understanding of her economic position and needs. Thoroughly class conscious she can win more for herself and her sex by a strike than by casting a vote in ignorance of her class interests. For the woman of the working class today the message of political freedom is not enough. She needs the message of industrial economic freedom, by which alone she can attain true sex freedom. And the only message which combines all the needs of the workingwoman—political as well as economic—is the message of Socialism. If she but hearkens to that, freedom shall indeed be hers.

A. C. B.—In The "Call."

THE FOOL'S PARADE.

The curtain's drawn, the show is on. First scene; just star your eyes upon The Fool's Parade. Each gleeful crank, will boost his rank, And pass with brainless chest-swelled brank, To show his grade.

The first—a slave—a mastered bravo, With one leg phantomed o'er the grave Who wanted to sell something, from Meek as a lamb, With hunger grand, And Pride, he cries: "Thank God, I am A Patriot!"

The next: please blind, the sight from mind, For on there tramp the mob-pent kind—

The boozed-dialed sot; His thought, the sup; his book, the book, A specimen of the master's pup— A Patriot!

With sword as God, the wastrel mob

Are marching to their hellish job, With ruthless plot; On wife and child—let hell turn wild, And ravage as the gods hath styled— A Patriot!

On, on, they come ('tis high-strung fun) The person with the virtuous nun, And Booth's weird band; And then the See of Canterbury, Is ranting hoarse: "Behold in me The Sky-God plan!"

With tambourine, and Calvin's theme, And all the master's holy cream, And dope from high, By telephone, straight from the throne All shouting out: "Up there my home, O, bye and bye!"

The Holy Pope, with one long rope, (To strangle all those minds that grope, For truth as king) Come ambling by, the chains that fit— The slaves, until they're fit to die— Then heavenward wing.

Pass on, ye slaves, pass on ye knaves, Pass on until ye reach your graves, (A place they'll grudge) Go labor, sell, but don't rebel; Revolt, and then you'll go to hell; O, precious 'drudge!

Pass Dem-o-crat, or any rat, That gnaws the slave to make gods fat, With lawul emirch; On Tory lord, with holy sword, (Obscure from me the hungry horde, That trends to church.)

There goes a man, Re-pub-li-can, The Christ of all, to Uncle-Sam, With demoned maw, He sees ahead a nation's glut Of prestige, honor, peace, but— 'Twas Gold he saw.

Surge on the crowd, whose heads hath bowed, To gods and kings, and chanted loud, The paen of Grab; Some day you'll feel that cursed kneel Will almost make you freedom steal— As once you had.

As slavery clings to priests and kings, Just see the march past Ignorance brings, O, what a sight! The dupe, the drone, the thief, the drone, The slave, the drudge, without a home, Not e'en a bite.

The cavalcade, with sweeping raid, That all a thousand gods have made, With sword and gun; With hellish sweep, the demons leap, And ravage homes, as inspired feat, And fendish fun.

The cringing fool, the flattering fool, The policeman from his master's school, With cuff and club, March by with crest upon his breast, Afraid to speak (the weak fool) lest He lose his job.

See how they troop, in one great group, Who slaves a-clutching for more soup, And Holy Ghost; Give soup and food to slaves who've stoop With bended knee and praying host, 'Monst' Booth's queer host.

The dismal tour of fools are o'er, (I need not picture human gore— I loathe its hue). Now, wake up, slaves, and don't be braves; Emerge like men from shackled caves, And start anew. —C. TABOR, Vancouver Local.

BRANTFORD ORGANIZATION.

At the tail-end of a strenuous summer's propaganda in this town, it behooves Brantford Local to take stock and see exactly where we are in regard to party organization. During the two years we have held our charter here, numbers have never been aimed at. We have felt that, as propaganda was our only function for some time to come, we did not need a large membership to do that, any more than a bee needs a large sting. The revolutionary and scientific character of the S. P. of C. soon becoming apparent, the organization was soon clear of those frenks and sentimentals who would otherwise hinder our progress. To be precise, I refer to the would-be leaders, religious guys who took their Socialism (?) from the Bible (which collection of yarns and literary curiosities one of these chaps used to bring round to business meetings), reformers, men who wanted to sell something, from bicycles to insurance policies. Men who wanted a "steady job" and such like truck. The Local when purged of these curiosities, went down the pike at a lively trot. With a paid-up membership of about 12 members who were all active, we set to work to run meetings and distribute literature. Toronto Local, No. 24, finding the speakers. Some of our boys blossomed out as introductory speakers on the soap-box, some, thanks mainly to Baritz, developed wonderful powers of salesmanship with regards to literature. Others laid low and said nuffin' in public; but are

doing their share among their work-mates. Two of our best and most consistent workers we have temporarily lost. Comrades J. W. and Herbert Fogal, father and son. The former has got the Western fever in a mild form, and is now located at Estevan, Sask. Comrades in the Prairie Province please note. The Junior has withdrawn 'to the "delights" of rural Ontario for a short time, the state of his health calling for some better environment than a molding shop. As our Comrade has not got a strangle-hold on the means of life, he did not go to Southern California, Florida, or the Riviera, but he took himself to a Brant county farm. Chief among his assets is a daughter, age three, who sings Gribble's "Workers Bound by Slavery's Band" in a manner to put to shame even the members of the now famous "Squeegee" outfit. So the Fogal family is all right—three generations all in the movement!

As both of the Fogals are charter members, and have never offered to "lead" anybody round here, nor left the movement in disgust because they couldn't, and moreover, as they are not troubled with that malady which calls for a large sized hat, it goes without saying that they are badly missed here in the Party. So to fill up the ranks to fighting strength again, we took a census of those chaps who were in touch with the movement here, subscribers to the Clarion, attenders at meetings, and associates of the Comrades. Care was taken to make sure that they were fully in accord with the position of the S. P. of C. They accepted its criticism of capitalism and realized how beneficial it would be to them as wage-workers to abolish the system. Then we got their reasons for not being in the Party. Here they are—ten of them. They will, we think, form a pretty good average to judge by, and we would like expressions of opinion from Comrades in other centers as to the conditions with them. Out of the ten "sympathizers" three gave their reason for not applying for membership as being on account of not being thoroughly versed in the science of Socialism. They were afraid that they could not hold their own in discussion with non-Socialist workmen.

Two were afraid of losing their jobs by identifying themselves with the Party. Two said that they would not consider joining the Party, because it was not possible for us to accomplish anything the way we were going at it. Man could not work out his destiny alone. Jesus must do the job for us. One lived too far out of the city to attend Party meetings. Another one could not afford the 25 cents per month for dues-stamps. Still another stated that he found that he could get a bigger following among the labor unionists than he could among the Socialists.

Now, all this gives us lots of things to study out. We have sent circulars to the readers of The Appeal, Wiltshire's, Cotton's and The Clarion, inviting them to our meetings. Out of 45 Appeal readers we got about four to turn up; one only became a Party member. Wiltshire's readers didn't seem to want to turn up at all. Cotton's readers are a little too young at the game to expect much of yet, but we will see how they develop. The same is true of the new readers of The Clarion, of which we have just increased the list by 100 three-months subs. We will watch these too, that is, if they all get the paper.

The postal authorities have some queer business methods here in Brantford. Sometimes one of the boys who lives near to the post office, gets a nice bundle of, say, a dozen or so cartons left at his place. The other fellows get none. More of this anon. Now, boys, what treatment do you suggest for those ten cases I have outlined? W. D.

MEDICINE HAT.

Comrade Gribble arrived here on Thursday, September 22nd. He was in great fighting form, winking up quite a few more slaves, besting those teaching the local comrades many things that would have taken him a hard study. The weather was not favorable for open-air meetings, though perhaps just open-air meetings was done by Comrade Gribble talking to the members privately. He spends his time with the men who work at night through the day, and with the day-men at night. On Sunday, Comrade Gribble delivered two lectures in one of the comrade's shacks. On Monday night the weather cleared and we had a good open-air meeting. We sold about two dollars worth of literature at it, and Comrade Gribble also got a few subs. for the Clarion. He left on Tuesday, September 27th, for Lethbridge. Comrade Gribble's value as an organizer cannot be over-estimated, but as boys in revolt is not gifted with a big vocabulary, all I'll say is that "he's the man in the right place."

Yours in the scrap, JAMES THOMSON, Secretary, Local 20, Medicine Hat, Alta.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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