

POWER

Situation as Outlined by Gribble at Fernie

(Wilfrid Gribble in Fernie Ledger.) In the last analysis the only valid argument is power. We may talk as much as we like about justice and injustice, right and wrong, but they are but abstract ideas after all. Without the power to maintain those ideas, or having the power, failing to use it, of what good are the mere ideas, or, what argument are they in themselves? None whatever. In case of dispute the parties to the dispute always start talking about right and wrong, but when it comes to a show-down the strongest side wins every time and maintains its right by virtue of its power to do so. Power is right. It is no law as in times past vellel as it is to some extent: "The good old rule, the simple plan, That they may take who have the power, And they may weep who can."

This may sound brutal, but it's true, and we must find out the truth, for "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you Free."

For example: We will imagine a strike taking place. The men approach the employers with the usual arguments of increased cost of living, etc., the necessity of better working conditions, shorter hours, or higher money wages, in all of these or any case after all they are demanding higher real wages. They are endeavoring to get more of what they produce than formerly. Of course they ask for more because it would suit them to get more, quite naturally, and THEY THINK IT IS RIGHT BECAUSE IT IS IN THEIR INTERESTS. On the other hand, the employers, having opposite interests, have opposite ideas; if the workers get more (real) wages they will get less profits, so getting their ideas from their interests, THEY THINK IT IS WRONG FOR THE WORKERS TO GET HIGHER WAGES, and go on to explain how unreasonable the workers are to ask them, that the state of trade will not permit them, and so on.

In short, the workers say higher wages are right, and the employers say higher wages are wrong.

Which is right? We'll see. We say a strike takes place. Here are two sets of human beings, one a small set, a handful of men—employers; here is the other set, a great mass of workers. Organically they are the same forms of life. Yet they maintain opposite ideas of right and wrong. Why? Because the small set are buyers of labor-power, and the large set sellers of labor-power, the buyers wanting to buy cheap and the sellers to sell dear. They have been unable to come to an agreement, or effect a compromise and the strike has taken place, and it has come to the real argument at last, a trial of strength, a fight, and in a fight the strongest always wins; and by strongest is not meant the strongest in muscular power, nor in numbers, but whichever side can show the greatest strength for the particular kind of a fight in which they are engaged.

Now, a strike is not won by strength of numbers; numbers are a weakness as far as the strikers are concerned. This is shown by the eagerness of the men who are striking to keep other workers away from the locality. Nor does it matter how big and husky a lot of strikers are, their muscular power will not win THIS kind of a fight. Not forgetting the fact that a strike is only a test of the state of the labor-power market, that, if the market is favorable to them the strikers will win, and, if not, they will lose, a strike is, in itself, a financial fight, and if it suits them, the employers can always win in the long run and usually do. They have merely to fight the fight of a sit-down-and-wait.

A strike is a game of matching the pennies of the strikers against the dollars of the capitalists, and when the last cent of the strikers is gone, the capitalists have lots of dollars left. In other words, if the strikers get a little trouble, the unemployed plug-uglies which are at the disposal of the bosses, are used to shoot and club them up a bit.

WORKERS, STOP MATCHING PENNIES AND MATCH VOTES INSTEAD.

The capitalists have the most pennies, but you have the most votes. On the industrial field your numbers is your weakness; on the political field your numbers give you matchless strength.

Learn how to use that strength. The majority of you have used it hitherto for your masters. You have voted for the same thing you struck against. You have voted for the class you struck against. You have fought for your interests on the field where you are weakest, and voted against your interests on the field where you are strongest. With splendid courage, with admirable devotion, with wonderful fortitude, you have carried on strikes, you have hung out for long periods, enduring cold and hunger, eviction from homes, and all kinds of misery and privation, you have done this again and again, and then when you have gone to the ballot box and it would have been so easy for you to mark your ballot in the right place, you have voted against your own interests.

Picture a worker going to the ballot box and helping to vote a capitalist party into power, a party whose funds are supplied by his masters (who don't supply those funds for sentimental reasons), later that same worker takes part in a strike and the same government for which he voted turns loose, at the master's behest, all the unemployed plug-uglies and government assassins that are considered necessary, and if he is not mighty careful he'll get his alright, "and where the policeman's club descends upon his head he hears the echo of the vote he cast at the last election."

WORKERS! STOP HITTING YOURSELVES ON THE HEAD! Realize that whoever holds the reins of government in their hands dominates society. Realize that YOU have the power to take hold of those reins. Realize that there is a party which you may use as a means to that end. Realize that it stands for the working class alone.

Such a party is the Socialist Party of Canada, which stands for the workers owning the means of production and thus controlling their own lives and destinies.

That Party has already two members in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia.

If you know your own interests you will make it three tomorrow. J. W. Bennett is the nominee of the Socialist Party, the chosen champion of the politically organized workers.

A vote for Bennett is a vote for yourself, for it is a vote for the class of which you are a member and with which your interests are.

Your vote is precious; use it for yourself and the only way you can do this is to vote for Bennett.

THE BUSY BEE.

Once upon a time—or it may have been earlier—a hive of Bees became agitated over the presence of Drones, and met in conference to consider the question. Thereupon a Wasps arose and delivered himself of a stinging attack. "My friends," said the Yellow One, "I'm sick of listening to those disgruntled, dissatisfied, and blasphemous bees who are continually denouncing the dear Drones. They have no respect for the sacred Hive Life; they are friends of every hive but their own. Consider, my friends, ere you are misled by these crafty agitators. If it wasn't for the Drones you'd starve! You haven't enough Drones; that's what's the matter; that's why you can't cope with that horrible Overproduction which throws you out of work. (Cheers.)

I brought in.") Take no notice of that bee! I know him to be a Won't Work and Disgrace to the Community and a Socialist.

"What do we find? I ask. It's as simple as stealing pollen: the more Drones you have the more Honey is eaten. The more Honey that is eaten, the more work you have to produce more Honey. And it's work we—I mean you, that is—want, isn't it? Do you follow me? (Loud applause.)

"Now, my friends, suppose for a moment that not a single Drone stayed in the hive; suppose everyone left the country to escape these continual grumbings. ('Shame') What would you do with all your honey, I'd like to know? (Gloomy bee: 'eat it ourselves.') (Cries of 'Order,' and 'Buzz him out!')

"Why, my dear deluded friends—(applause)—if you didn't have Drones, you'd have no one to give you Charly, no one to be kind to you. If you didn't have Drones—"

Gloomy bee: "If we didn't have Drones we shouldn't need any Charly!"

At this juncture the bees began to fight each other, and the Drones thereupon remarked, "As Usual," and proceeded placidly to appropriate of the Remanuder of the Honey.—Ex.

MR. DOOLEY ON CAPITAL AND LABOR.

It was different when I was a young man. Hinnley. In thin days capital an' labor was friendly or labor was. Capital was like a father to labor, givin' it board and lodgin's. Nayther interferred with th' other. Capital wint on capitalist's an' labor wint on laborin'. In thin gilden days a wurkin' man was an honest artisan. That's what he was proud to be called. Th' week before Hinnley he had his pitch in th' funny papers. He wore a square paper cap and a leather apron, an' he had his arm aroun' capital—a rosy, bliviolint old guy with a plug hat and eyeglasses. They were going to the polls (together to vote for simple old capital. Capital an' labor was content to be capital, an' labor was used to being labor. Capital comes around an' felt the arm iv

labor wanst in a while, and ivry year Mrs. Capital called on Mrs. Labor an' congratulated her on her score. Th' pride ivry artisan was to wurruk as long as his task as th' boss cud afford to pay th' gas bill. In return for his fidelity he got a turkey ivry year. At Christmas time, Capital gathered his happy family around him, an' in the presence iv th' ladies in the neighborhood give thim a short oration. "Me brave lads," says he, "we've had a good year—(cheers)—I've made a million dollars—(sensation). I attribute this to my supeeryour skill, aided by yer earnest efforts at th' bench an' at th' forge. (Sobs). Ye have done so well that we don't need so many iv us as we did. (Loud and con. fluous cheering). Those iv you who can do two mil's wurruk will remain, an', if possible, do four. Our faithful sarvinis can cum back in th' spring," he says, "if alive," he says. And the bold artisans tossed their paper caps in th' air, and gave three cheers for Capital. They wurruked th' old age crept on thim, and thin retired to live on the wish bones and kind words that had accumulated.—Amalgamated Journal.

FERNIE RESULTS.

Again the wage-plugs of Fernie District have waltzed up to the polls and endorsed the skin game which they will probably amuse themselves roaring about for the next three years. W. R. Ross, Conservative, was returned over J. W. Bennett, Socialist, by a majority of 249. Local comrades as usual failed to send in the exact figures.

FERNIE CAMPAIGN FUND.

Kindly acknowledge the following contributions to the Fernie election fund, which I have despatched. Receipt No. 37.....\$ 25 Receipt No. 38..... 50 Receipt No. 39..... 1.00 Receipt No. 40..... 1.00 Receipt No. 41..... 25 Yours in the scrap, J. H. BURROUGH. Ladysmith, B.C., Oct. 22nd.

A Socialist (?)

(By "Old Bill.")

Yes, Comrade, I'm a Socialist too. And I wish the Cause success; no doubt our mission's right and true; we'll win in the end, I guess. The present system's wholly wrong and its end I hope to see. I feel convinced 'twill not be long ere class rule cease to be.

I've often sat at home and mused on the down-trod workers' needs, when I see the way they are abused, I tell you my heart near bleeds, and I feel as if I'd anything do this system vite to end; you may depend my heart's with you in the work you do, my friend. You're organizing a Local, you say? Well, that is news of cheer, that it will meet success I pray; no, I can't be there, I fear.

You see I've something on tonight, I surely must be there, at the Royal Ancient Sons of Light I weekly take the chair.

You're holding meetings all this week? Now, really, that is fine. I'd surely like to hear you speak and see you too the line, but tomorrow the Bungalow Trimmers meet, to their union I belong; you're holding meetings on the street? Well, let them have it strong!

Shall I have on the following eve an hour or two to spare? Well, really now, it makes me grieve, but I have to take the chair at a meeting which is being held by the Local Option folks; they pressed me to, and I felt compelled, so hard did they plead and coax. Then the Sabbath day we reach. Comrade, I'm really vexed, that twice that day I'm called to preach—the Golden Rule my text.

The Queerfellows meet on Monday night, an event I cannot miss; the Lomonnen meet, honor bright, on the evening after this. The Y. M. C. A. my next night claims; I cannot pass that by; last week I spoke on "Hopes and Aims." "The Wherefore of the Why" the subject of my next address.

I always get a crowd, in view of which, I must confess, I'm gratified and proud.

Though your meetings I can't attend, I feel I do my part by wishing you success, my friend, from the bottom of my heart.

They're hard to wake, those working dubs, to show them false from true; for Socialist papers you're taking subs.? Ah, that the work will do. You say from me a sub. you seek? I do my share I feel, for I get, steadily each week, the Weakly and Repeat.

You say the Clarion's best of all? I beg to disagree, for it is what I certainly call too revolutionary. Well, now, I really must be off, the date I've made to keep. WHAT! At my Socialism you scoff, you say I'm still asleep? Either asleep or else a fraud? You are unjust, unkind; when next I kneel and pray to God, I'll keep you in my mind, and pray that you may pardoned be for the cruel things you've said. Bless you! Good-bye; I heap, you see, hot coals upon your head!

TO PICK A MORAL AND ADORN A TALE.

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts. Act 1.

Scene: Public Auditorium. Large audience gathering to hear prominent Socialist speaker.

Conversation, at back of audience: Interested spectator.—"There is one thing to be said for the Socialists, they are strong in their beliefs."

Socialist.—"Why shouldn't we be, when we have the world to gain and nothing to lose?"

Another Scene, same place: Enthusiastic minister, at close of meeting rushes up to speaker and congratulates him on his truthful presentation of facts.

Curtain.

SLAVES

Blacks Lose Nothing in Comparison With Whites

Being in a financially embarrassed position (a by no means exceptional state), it became incumbent, that I should seek the workman's nightmare, a job. Said job happened to be in the vicinity of a concrete mixer. As I have seen the chattel slaves on the Queensland sugar plantations and noted how they were driven to work, a comparison of these slaves with the modern free-born British subjects (who repudiate the fact that they are slaves) whose efforts kept the concrete mixer going, is in order.

The slaves on the Queensland Sugar plantations was taken to Queensland from the South Sea Islands in vessels that were called labor-vessels by the Government officials, and blackbirds by the vulgar mob. The latter name is very expressive of the way in which the blacks were secured, that is, they were trapped, being enticed into the trap by an alluring lot and held there by force. The plantation owners contracted with the owners of these vessels for so many slaves at so much per head, the price varying according to the physical makeup of the slaves. The vessel was also under obligation to return them at the expiration of their term of slavery (3 years). The reason they were not kept for life was because modern civilization, disease, etc., made such inroads on the constitutions of the blacks that, on the average, they were not fit for a much longer period of slavery.

All vessels occupied in the blackbirding business were compelled by the government (which the sugar barons owned) to carry a man called the Government Agent, whose duty was to see that the blacks got fair play. As a rule this person did not know the first word of any of the "lingoes" spoken in the different islands from which the savages were obtained, which goes to show that the "Government Agent" was only there to sanctify the proceedings.

Arrived in Queensland, the slave was put to work on the sugar plantation and, as he was the property of his owner, he represented so much wealth, therefore it was to his master's interest to see that he had sufficient food, clothing and shelter to keep him in a physical condition to produce wealth. If the master neglected to take these precautions, he lost out on the transaction.

There were several ways by which the slaves were kept in captivity. First, the State had its police to club them when necessary, and to hunt them down when they escaped. The militia could also be used when convenient. Then, that noble ally of capitalism, the church, took a hand and sent missionaries out to the islands to teach the savages to be

Act 2. Scene: Methodist Church. Rapt congregation. Minister, now somewhat repentant of his rashness, in course of his sermon:

We hear a great deal about Socialism these days, but there is no Socialism that will beat God's Divine Plan. For there you have in the verses I have just read to you, Socialism, with the promise of God's blessing. And all nations shall call you blessed for ye shall be a delightful land. That is the only kind of Socialism I have any confidence in—that which honors God, and makes a delightful home.

Act 3. Scene: Socialist local meeting. Discussion under way regarding the full ticket nominated for the fall elections. Speaker on floor:

I say, let us try this time to elect one or two candidates to office if we can't get the electors to vote the full ticket; let us get out and boost Comrades——to office.

Sits down amid applause and the concurrence of the unthinking rank and file.

The weary worker: Whom shall I trust, Priest, Politician, or shall I at last trust myself?

F. R. F.

meek and lowly, so that when they got to the Queensland plantations they would be nice obedient slaves. They also sent missionaries around the plantations to dish up the old hash about God and His all-knowing wisdom placing the slave in that position, with prospects of greater reward in Heaven, etc., provided they obeyed their masters in everything.

The slave was not, as a general rule, beaten, though the general impression is that he was. The only time any of these slaves were beaten was when one would not work hard enough to suit the master, then he had to whip him as an example to the other slaves, so that they would know what to expect if they did not do the master's bidding.

We see from the foregoing that the slaves were lured into captivity and, if reports are true, in many cases they were taken and held by force. The slave of the present day is free to the extent that he can leave a certain fraction of the capitalist class if he so wills, but he is a slave nevertheless to the capitalist class as a whole, and he is held in captivity by his own ignorance and the fact that his labor-power is a commodity in the market and he must sell it or starve. The slaves who were lucky enough to have jobs around the concrete mixer were whipped up, not as a slave on the sugar plantation, but by the fact that they knew there were other slaves on the sidewalk ready and anxious to take their places. The foreman got the mixer working at the required speed and then told his slaves to keep the feed full and the dump clear, "no need for you to kill yourselves working too hard, take it as easy as you can boys." It is almost needless to state that the mixer was working at top speed and that there were just enough slaves on the job, so that only by their unceasing efforts were the feeds kept full and the dump clear.

When a slave without a master came along, these noble free-born British and Americans seemed to realize the fact that he was in competition with them for the job and the feed. The muskets would be driven a little harder, each slave trying to outdo the other and not fall behind. For was not the master's deputy watching team and were there not other slaves ready and anxious to take their places?

The result of this special effort was that the hoppers were full to overflowing and they continued to pile it on until the master's deputy had to graciously tell them they were working too hard, just to keep the hoppers full. The slaves then heaved a sigh of relief for they still retained the job; had they not demonstrated to the boss that they were as cheap as any slaves he could get?

When the day's work was done it was a very ignoble gang of slaves that wended their weary way to their respective hovels, there to recuperate the expended energy. Their step and general aspect was anything but dignified for their master had bought their labor-power and had used it to the limit. No need for him to see that he had not overworked the slave; if he was only able to stand the strain for a few days, what matter? Were there not plenty more to take the vacant place, and as the wage-slave is not bought like his black brother, therefore he does not represent so much wealth to his master and there is no need for his master to see that he is not overworked.

Just so long as labor-power is a commodity will the slave be whipped to work by the fear of starvation, and ever harder will become his lot, for with every improvement in the tools of production, more wage slaves are thrown into the ranks of the unemployed to compete with those that have jobs.

The only solution of the problem of slavery is the abolition of class property in the means of wealth production, and the ushering in of a system of society wherein there will be no masters and no slaves, and in which man will receive the full product of his toil.

J. C. BURGESS.

WESTERN CLARION

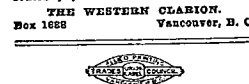
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1910.

WINTER.

We now approach that season of the year when autumn, having given once more of her brilliance, doffs her radiant apparel and prepares to make way for sterner times; when the sun's rays, having caused the north to bloom, and seen it fade, withdraw to bestow their warmth on other climes. Soon another winter will gather us in its chilly embrace.

These things are not mentioned as being in any way remarkable, as they occur with more or less regularity every year. Much has been written by poets and others on the delights of winter. Who in this country has not heard in various ways of the invigorating atmosphere, jingling sleigh bells, sparkling snow, etc., of winter. Much of it is the product of those who view these interesting phenomena from a safe distance. The ordinary wage-worker, whose vicissitudes of the labor market have placed in touch with them is inclined to regard them as less inviting.

To the working class the season of frosts and snows holds out nothing but hardships intensified. Employment falls off, fuel and clothing bills increase, the children get cold and other expensive things, and altogether the outlook begins to don an aspect of gloom. "This makes you think of what you have done with your summer's wages," is a common but significant remark. That is the great question, has enough been earned to ensure existence until spring?

Looking for work is an occupation that possesses but little charm at any time; in winter especially it is the reverse of gleeful. Imagine the man whose happiest moments are spent in huddling over the stove in some vile-smelling saloon; who, denied that comfort, must perforce face the icy blast or bow to charity's bitter insult. To such a man the sleighbells chime no cheerful melody; they but mock his misery. He has no time to be invigorated by the air before it freezes him, and his only thought on the sparkling snow is to wish he might dive off it.

Such is the lot of those whose lives are cursed with wages. Uncertainty haunts them, while they make clothing to shield the shoulders of others. Poverty, that ugly fiend of civilization, stalks constantly near them and hovers over the heads of their families, even as they work to pay a master's way to some pleasure resort.

Is this pessimism? Call it what you will; we know it from experience to be the truth. And, judging by the activity of charitable organizations, the Salvation Army and other varieties of "fraternal" societies in winter, others know it also. These outfits are all very "optimistic." Why shouldn't they be? Their existence depends on the desperation of others; therefore their optimism increases in inverse ratio to the pessimism of those who suffer.

This is not, however, an appeal to those in affluent circumstances to have compassion on the poor. It is an effort to cause the poor to take some thought of the cause of their poverty. Upon the working class falls all the wretchedness that assails society; from the working class flow all the benefits that society enjoys. In the light of its great strength that class should think with shame of its condition. When it does its members will cease acting in the service of others who are idlers, and will take and enjoy the wealth which their labor create.

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EQUILIBRIUM.

Walter Wellman, the man who has made many successful starts in airships, in his recent attempt to cross the Atlantic sought to secure steadiness in his dirigible by means of an "equilibrator," which trailed in the water. After shaking the spray of the mighty deep from his hair, he said that the equilibrator had failed to equilibrate, had shaken things to pieces and been the means of exploding the venture.

Human society has also its equilibrator, if it is permissible to compare so old an institution as society to no new a thing as an airship. The capitalist class depends for its existence on profits secured from the wage-slaves. In order that they may obtain labor at a price sufficiently low to ensure profit, it is necessary that the laborer be constantly filled with "fears" laborers looking for jobs, in other words, the unemployed. The out-of-work constitute the "equilibrator" upon which the labor market depends for steadiness. They, unfortunately for the capitalists, however, are human and subject to irritation at being tossed about on the ocean of unemployment. It is extremely likely that at some future time they may break all bounds and cause the wreck of the present social organization. Thus the capitalist will find his equilibrium upset and his craft destroyed by the very thing upon which he depended for an even keel.

A GODSEND.

Last May the Philistine, reputed to be Elbert Hubbard but more probably his hired hand, if we are to judge by the humanly impossible volume of output purporting to come from the Fra's pen, unburdened himself on Socialism. The article was the same one usually written by anti-Socialists except that its vehicle was that pleasing mixture of slang and impertinence which is supposed to mark the Philistine. Incidentally we gathered the information that there are fifty-seven varieties of Socialist. We have never counted them, but that will do.

Kipling says "there are five and forty ways of writing tribal laws and every blooming one of them is right," or something to that effect; anyway, that is near enough to remember Kipling. Hence, in regard to our fifty-seven varieties, we have precedent for assuming that every blasted one of them is right. And precedent is everything; if you don't believe us, ask our legal adviser.

It all depends on your definition of a Socialist, and we can't remember ours just now. The dictionaries will provide one to fit almost any case. So there we are, fifty-seven varieties of us and every one of us right. However much these divisions in our ranks may be deplored by our enemies (which is itself humorous and peculiar) we can see no serious cause for repining, and what good would repining do anyhow? The divisions are not lamentable accidents which might have been avoided, but are due to perfectly natural causes and are quite invariable and conceivably beneficial. Everything works for the Social Revolution, even that which deliberately aims to work against it, let alone that which merely appears to work against it.

For instance, in Vancouver there is the S. P. of C., with three flourishing locals; two opposing camps of revolutionary Industrial Unionists; the untrifled S. L. P.'ers have discovered that they are seven, so they are bent on reconstituting their section; and there are rumors, though very faint, of resurrectionary possibilities even in the famous S. D. P., which once you can, all these five varieties united in one great organization! It would sprang into the field with the avowed intention of massacring the S. P. of C., but died in the attempt.

Regrettable is it not? Conceive it to be magnificent, and exciting. But being a peace-loving individual by nature, though an editor by occupation, we would not attend business meetings except from the spectators' gallery.

No. Guess we will put up with our fifty-seven varieties. Between the bunch of us, and with the aid of the capitalists and their friends and the connivance of unwearied economic laws, we will presently arrive.

In the meantime is merely necessary a moderate insistence, tempered with a saving sense of humor, that any serious members of one particular organization as is humanly probable should be pulling in one particular direction.

THE LAZY.

What will Socialism do with the lazy man? This is a burning question with a great many people, and one that a large number of Socialists labor strenuously to answer. The laziest man with whom we are acquainted and about whom we know the most is ourself. About this person we are enabled to speak with some authority. The problem of what to do with him, were the Co-operative Commonwealth ushered in to-morrow, is easy of solution, although it is seldom we are active enough to think

about it. We should continue to be as lazy as our appetites would allow, in a much more artistic manner than at present we trust, as we hope the unpleasant sensation of being caught at it will be eliminated.

It is said that the Capitalists are a hard-working lot. If this is true, and we wouldn't be so bold as to doubt it, it is because, poor fellows, they don't know any better. Descended of a race of petty shop-keepers whose noblest aim in life was to corral large flocks of dollars, they, instead of properly enjoying the wealth which a contented working class bestows upon them, persist in blindly working to get more. That, among other things, is the reason why we shall soon cease to present them with unappreciated gifts.

This involves another question, "What would the workers do with the wealth if they had it. In all probability they would do what suited them, and if they couldn't make a better job of amusing themselves than the present wealthy class, they don't deserve it. Speaking for myself, if I got the full product of our toil, we should enjoy the novelty of minding our own business, which is something no working man can do at the present time; the test of a good employee being his ability to look after somebody else's.

PATRIOTISM.

Working in one of Rockefeller's & Co. towns, a town in which all the working class are owned by the one company, which is cursed by the poisonous fumes from sulphur, where grass is unseen for a distance around, and where the lot of the workers is ten hours a day of that monotonous grind known as work (which they have such a degrading passion for), where one often hears "the cough due to the inhaling of sulphur fumes, which in time leads to consumption, it would seem strange to find patriotic Canadians and Britishers, driven from the old land, true to their country and King; men willing to fight for "the grand old flag," brave fellows.

Patriotism seems to be an hereditary disease to many. The master class have seen fit to aid and abet this malady by educating the youngsters along a certain line in school, where they are taught that history is a series of bloody wars and Kings (without the cause of wars, which teaching develops race prejudice. When they grow up nowadays, some of them join the "boy scouts" with such a remarkable brave fellow as Baden-Powell for a leader. Thus the youngsters are taught in their infancy to become assassins. In the church, especially the Church of England, they are taught flag worship, and to obey the King and Royal Family (a gang of Parasites). The "good church" line, just recently shown that they are coming over to the Socialist position by sending cablegrams of faithfulness to King George. As long as Kings exist so does slavery.

Being a Britisher myself (that is if Scotchman can be called a Britisher), I'm anything but proud of a flag or people who have lived under the Union Jack or encouraged it, for it is stained with the blood of the working class, who have foolishly and ignorantly fought their master's battles. It tells of nothing but murder, robbery and land grabbing, and to be proud to belong to a nation of plunderers is degrading. The old political parties, Liberal or Conservative usually have a Union Jack and Maple Leaf at their meetings and the patriotic band playing such tunes as "See the Conquering Hero Comes." This is usually true, for they are certainly conquering heroes, the speakers, for don't they own the mills, factories, etc., and well the workers have learnt the lesson.

Now, why should we workers be patriotic? Is it to defend indefensible hovels we live in? What country do we workers own to defend? We, proprietors of workers are only lodgers upon our masters' territory which they depend upon for our living, by virtue of their ownership of the means of life, which we have to get access to in order to live. When we ask them for permission to work, we simply mean: Kind master, can we stay upon the earth a little longer? They are masters, we are slaves, and a slave's duty in life is to produce wealth so that his masters can revel in luxury.

How has the master class shown its patriotism to the Crimean veterans after using them as their lackeys? Pick a paper up and you usually read: Another veteran gone, died in such and such a workhouse. How many got crippled in the Boer war, fighting for a gang of millionaires, and what has become of them, how are they living (inquire at the workhouses). What has become of the widows and orphans of the men killed (inquire at the sweat-shops in Britain). Yes, and perhaps worse.

After the master class has used you for their own nefarious end they sling you in the gutter. If the Germans invade England to-morrow, what have the workers to protect? Their poverty, that's all, and goodness knows they have had that long enough. We have nothing to protect, why then fight our master's battles. It is one gang of plunderers after the property of another gang, then let the parasites

do their own fighting. Does a boss study his own countrymen when he orders the police and volunteers to shoot you down when you are on strike? Not on your life. Does he study patriotism when he can buy a "foreigner" cheaper than a Britisher? Not on your life. Does he study patriotism when he sells ammunition and guns to a foreign foe? I guess not; he's after profit. Then let them do their own dirty fighting. Too long have the workers been their lackeys.

Our interest as workers is to sling the master class off our backs. The interests of the working class of the world are identical. We are wage slaves, living in hovels, wearing degrading clothes, doing all the hard things of life, doomed to sickening, monotonous drudgery from dawn till dark, or looking for it—and that is worse. By our tired bodies and suffering wives and children we keep masters in luxury off our labor, because they own the means of life, thereby owning us. So let the master class and their press shout war. Our mission as Socialists will be to tear the veil of hypocrisy from the eyes of the ruling class and to preach war, the class war, between the working class of the world and the master class of the world. A war not to get workers crippled, but a war that ere long must come to a finish through the working class getting political power and by so doing transform the means of production into collective property. The workers will then be masters of their own destiny. The end draws near.

"THE STOWAWAY."

WHAT IS THE MATTER.

The Ferris Election has resulted in a defeat by over 300 votes. Why? The Conservative party never held a meeting, not a solitary one. They knew they would win, to them victory was a foregone conclusion. Did any member of the Socialist party have any solid ground except the result of the last election on which he based a calculation? Our men worked hard, meetings galore were held and unquestionably good propaganda work was done, but when the Socialists spoke of winning the seat, how the conservatives must have sniggered in their sleeves.

The Socialists are bad organizers. The capitalists can beat us hollow. This is a fact. Give a Liberal or a Conservative candidate the same chance in the constituency as the Socialist, and the enemy will win every time. We must endeavor to remedy this, and the only way that I can see is to devise ways and means to make our political machine more efficient. A question whether we have one first class election agent in the whole party. We should have one in every division.

The ordinary business meetings of the average local have one prevalent feature. Every member tries to get out of a job. If a committee has to be formed to execute any special business, the old hands look around for suckers. Most of the members of a few years' standing try to do as little as possible, unless it is in the limelight. Any son of a gun, whether suitable or not, struggles to appear in full view at propaganda meetings. There are, of course, some noble exceptions, but the show-rags of centifone fillers generally predominate in most of the old established locals. We are all cursed with constitutional laziness to a more or less extent, when it comes to doing what should be done, and what the capitalist class regard as the one thing needful.

We do not want votes that are not ours. We want only the votes of class conscious men; but if we have these men, we are fools not to use them as far as possible these votes are recorded. Some of the comrades say, "If they are class conscious they will look after that themselves." They seem to forget that a little assistance facilitates matters, especially amongst those who are new to the country and its registration laws. The Socialist movement is not the Socialist Party and it is the duty of the party to make things simple and plain to the wage-slave, that now often confuse him, in regard to getting on the list, etc. If he is a discontented slave, you bet your life the agents of the capitalist class won't help him, and many, new to the country, who have grasped the fundamental principles of our proposition, have great difficulty in wading through the tangle of red tape, etc., to the ballot box. Some of them say, "Well if the Socialist Party don't care I don't."

The whole political machinery, if we have any, wants overhauling, and means should be used to simplify matters for everybody; and if it is necessary to go to the expense of paying organizers for this work, go to it. It's the only way. The party has to regard itself as a political party and its members must submit themselves to a discipline which we have all previously endeavored to avoid. We don't like to work for the movement. We like to talk about the cut of its pants and put off everything until capitalist bursts itself. What is the good of all our propaganda if we are too lazy to forge weapons out of the material we have already made.

LESTOR.

Socialist Directory

Every local of the Socialist Party of Canada should run a card under this heading \$1.00 per month. Secretaries please note.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday, 21, Vancouver. Secy., H. C. McKenzie, Box 1688, Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday, 21, Vancouver. Secy., H. C. McKenzie, Box 1688, Vancouver, B. C.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday in Labor Hall, Eighth Ave. East, opposite postoffice. Secretaries will be pleased to answer any communications regarding the movement in the province. F. Danby, Secy., Box 417 Calgary, Alta.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Meets first and third Tuesdays in the month at 12-1-2 Adelaide St. W. Meets every second and fourth Sunday at Conrad McKinnon's, 441 St. James St. W. Secy., H. C. McKenzie, Box 491, Glace Bay, N. S.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 1.-Canada. Business meetings every Tuesday evening at headquarters, 2237 West Broadway. Secy., H. C. McKenzie, F. Perry, Secretary, Box 1688.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 45.-Finnish. Meets every second and fourth Thursdays in the month at 161 Hastings St. W. Secretary, Wm. Myntti.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 58.-Lettice. Meets every second and fourth Sunday in the month at 161 Hastings St. W. Secretary, Wm. Myntti.

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To Canadian Socialists

On account of increased postal rates we are obliged to make the subscription price of the International Socialist Review in Canada \$1.20 a year instead of \$1.00. We can, however, make the following special offers: For \$3.00 we will mail three copies of the Review one Canadian address for one year. For \$5.00 we will mail ten copies of any one issue. For \$5.00 we will mail the Review one year and the Chicago Daily Socialist for one year. CHARLES H. WEBB & COMPANY 154 West Kinzie St., Chicago.

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SCIENCE AND THE "SOCIAL

PROBLEM."

The Logic of the Socialist Solution. A Common Error.

Emile Zola, in his realistic novel, "Work," pictures science as the peaceful means by which the "evils" of modern society will be removed. He tells us that the continued application of science to industry will solve "the social problem," the political action of the working class being unnecessary. Zola's attitude has been adopted by others, and the popularity of contemporary science has led many intelligent workers to hold aloof from social and political movements and to occupy themselves with natural science. It is opportune, therefore, to consider the relation of science to the interests of the workers.

The greatest living biologist, Prof. Haeckel, opens his work "The Riddle of the Universe," with these words: "The close of the 19th century offers one of the most remarkable spectacles to thoughtful observers. All educated people are agreed that it has in many respects outstripped its predecessors, and has achieved tasks that were deemed impracticable at its commencement. An entirely new character has been given to the whole of modern civilization, not only by our astounding theoretical progress in sound knowledge of nature, but also by the remarkable fertile application of that knowledge in technical science, industry, commerce and so forth.

"On the other hand we have made little or no progress in moral and social life in comparison with the earlier centuries; at times there has been serious reaction and from this obvious conflict there has arisen not only an uneasy sense of dismemberment and falseness, but even the grave danger of catastrophes in the political and social world."

In his later essays, "The Wonders of Life," the same writer describes thus: "Misery and want are increasing among the poor as the division of labor and over-population increase; thousands of strong and active men come to grief every year without any fault of theirs, often precisely because they are quiet and honest; thousands hungry because with the best will in the world they cannot find work; thousands are sacrificed to the heartless demands of our iron age with its exacting technical and industrial requirements. On the other hand, we see thousands of contemptible characters prospering because they have been able to deceive their fellows by unscrupulous speculation or because they have flattered and served the highest authority."

The Capitalist Squire. After having shown the great contrast between the advance of science and the terrible state of the mass of the people one might have expected this leading thinker to inquire into the cause of this phenomenon. But the bourgeois professor looks at things from the capitalist standpoint, and will get from him is a tilt at the Catholic Church—as though poverty was absent from Protestant England, as though Japan or France with Secularists at the helm!

Sometimes, also, over-population is hinted at as the cause of the trouble, but the facts provide a crushing refutation of this claim. Misery is widespread in France, where a falling birth rate gives rise to the cry "race suicide," and has prompted the suggestion that parents of more than three children be given a bonus by the Government. The population of Ireland, 2 1/2 millions in 1850, is now only 4 1/2 millions, yet distress abounds in the land. Many examples could be given, but these suffice; the fact remains that poverty exists to-day in the very midst of plenty "such as was never seen on earth before."

Why then has social life lagged behind while signal progress has been made in other fields? Simply because science has not been applied in dealing with the "social problem." Science is systematized knowledge, and it teaches us that all effects have an adequate cause. This teaching is acted upon when treating most subjects, but the men of science do not adopt scientific methods when dealing with social questions—perhaps because they know that it would menace the interests of the ruling class.

Reform is Fatuous.

View the "social problem" scientifically and we see that it is useless to continually attempt to end the evils that exist by merely palliating the ills ceaselessly produced by the system of society itself. The revolutionary policy of the Socialist is, then, in strict accord with the message of science, because, seeing that the awful

condition of the working class is caused by the robbery of the workers by the class that owns the means of producing wealth, the Socialist seeks to overthrow that class and abolish this system, and so remove the cause from which the social evils spring.

Consider some of the methods proposed toward many phases of industrial and social life, despite the volume of scientific knowledge acquired in this "wonderful century" (as Alfred Russel Wallace calls it). Consumption and kindred diseases find their victims chiefly among the working class, owing to the conditions under which they work and live. This is admitted by the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, and was clearly indicated at their Edinburgh Conference in July. They state that "the prevention of consumption raises the whole question of poverty," but (like all reformers) they shrink from considering the question further.

The awful sufferings of those stricken by "the white scourge" is beyond description here. Seventy thousand persons die annually from it in the United Kingdom, but myriads linger on, bravely struggling to win subsistence for their dependents. A few may be "fortunate" enough to be sent to a sanatorium, and after a few months treatment are returned to the factory hells and slams, thence once more to the relentless grip of their foul foe. Many of the best of their race devote years to tending the afflicted, but these votaries of medical science are blind to the necessity of acting in line with the logic of science; that is, to abolish the miserable conditions of the worker's lives, which are such a fertile source of disease.

Prostitution of Science.

That science is prostituted to the service of the capitalist class was made plain at the recent Food and Drugs Exhibition at Caxton Hall. The display showed how the ingenuity of the chemist was used to adulterate the food of the workers in order to increase the profit of the manufacturers. Bread, coffee, milk, jam, etc., are so laced as to be detrimental to health. In the large factories (Packington is a flagrant instance) chemists are employed to give a false appearance to rubbish in order to make it saleable, regardless of the injury it inflicts upon the toilers. A recent case of poisoning demonstrated that the cheap boots which the workers are only able to afford, are dangerous owing to the chromic acid used in preparing the "leather." All along the line the same thing occurs. Reflect upon the fact that medical science is called upon to treat those people who suffer from the use of science in industry by the capitalist class. Science used by the possessing class is uniform in its effects upon the working class. Inventions and discoveries are pressed into the service of the profit-hunters and are used to increase their profits by saving wages, with the consequence that able-bodied men are flung into the street to starve. The undeveloped bodies of the children—the potential parents of the race—are brought into the factory and workshop to operate the machines. When, as an inevitable outcome, physical deterioration sets in, the "healing art" once again comes on the scene to patch up the effects of the ever-potent cause!

The application of science to industry to-day enables the masters to speed up the toilers with the result that last year, for instance, the casualties in the British factories numbered over 328,000. Here again surgical science is ever busy tending the maimed and wounded, who, upon recovery, are compelled to go back to the death-trains and capitalism.

The question now arises, if science is applied to the "social problem," what system of society does it point to, as the solution? Let us turn to social science for the answer.

Herbert Spencer showed that this system of society, like every other manifestation of life, has evolved to its present stage. That great thinker refused, however, to follow the logic of his own teaching, and the sorry spectacle was witnessed of the talented author of "Synthetic Philosophy" stooping to write such poor stuff as "Man versus the State" and "Facts and Comments," in which he defended private property in the means of producing wealth, and sought to show that this institution must remain in the future. Though Spencer proved that society has developed to its present position from lower forms, he did not inquire into the laws of social change. That was done by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

Already in 1847 Marx and Engels, in studying and criticizing the philosophy of Hegel, had come to the conclusion that the method of producing and distributing wealth, and the social organization arising from it, formed the basis upon which the political, legal and religious institutions are built up. They prove that throughout history the development of economic forces had rendered inevitable changes in the forms of social life. Since civilization began the property conditions have led to the division of society into classes, with opposing interests, and the class struggles that ensued resulted in political revolutions with the rise of a new class to power each time. An analysis of the capitalist system of society showed that the capitalist class obtained their wealth by employing workers to use the instruments of production which they (the capitalists) owned, returning to the workers just sufficient to keep them just on producing, and appropriating the difference between the wages paid and the value created.

The economic focus in society have developed to such an extent that thousands of workers co-operate in a factory, where the use of the most modern appliances and methods result in a vast mass of wealth being produced by a lithe of the men previously required. The private ownership of these great productive powers causes each individual owner to try and sell to an ever larger number of buyers, with the outcome that at frequent periods a large number of toilers are thrown out of work, the goods they have made being unsold. The machinery of industry is brought to a standstill during these "economic crises," those capitalists unable to tide over the period of stagnation "go under," and thus the field is left to the larger concerns. These periods of industrial anarchy are becoming longer and more frequent, and if the development of society is to proceed, the ownership of these productive forces must pass from the few individuals to the whole of society; the method of ownership must be brought into line with the co-operative character of industry—Socialism must be established.

Many leading anti-Socialists have borne testimony to the truth of Marx's teaching. Mr. W. H. Mallock says ("Nineteenth Century Review," March 1909): "His survey of economic history broadly corresponds so far as it goes with facts, and must be accepted as forming one of the most important contributions to economic thought in the course of the 19th century." Professor Flint, of Edinburgh University, whose work "Socialism" the anti-Socialists describe as the "best book written against Socialism," says: "Where alone he (Marx) did memorable service was in his analysis and interpretation of the capitalist era, and there he must be admitted to have rendered eminent service."

Many opponents of Socialism pose as being scientific, and urge that Socialism is contrary to Darwinian teaching. They say that the struggle for existence between individuals and for the survival of the fittest—through natural selection—is a permanent feature of human existence. These people falsely interpret Darwin's famous theory in order to combat Socialism.

That the Socialist position is based upon the facts of life is, however, clear. When man lived almost in a "state of nature" and the power of obtaining food, etc., was consequently limited, the struggle for existence was fierce. Frequently man fought against man for sustenance. But experience taught men that by co-operation they could better protect themselves against hostile forces and increase their power of getting the means of life. That co-operation had played a large part in social progress is admitted by leading biologists. Haeckel in "The Wonders of Life" (page 139) states that "the association of individuals is a great advantage in the struggle for existence." Huxley (Evolution and Ethics, p. 33) points out that "every forward step of social progress brings men into closer relation with their fellows and increases the importance of the pleasures and pains derived from sympathy." Professor J. Arthur Thompson, a prominent scientist of to-day, says ("The Science of Life," p. 199): "But even when the phrase (struggle for existence) is literally appropriate, we must remember the attractive colouring of many facts of life, attraction between mates, reproduction, sacrifice, parental and filial affection, the kindness of kindred, gregarious sociality and mutual aid."

The control of humanity over nature now enables us to produce wealth sufficient to assume comfort, and even luxury for all. Therefore the real necessity of a struggle for existence

between man and man has long since passed; but the fruits of industry are today monopolized by a few, with the consequence that men, women and children of the working class are forced to fight like animals for the opportunity to earn the necessities of life. The spectacle of a father competing with his children for a job, brother against sister, husband against wife, is not by Nature ordained, but is the result of the economic condition imposed upon the workers by those who see in cheap and numerous wage-slaves, a chance of ever-increasing profit for themselves.

It is important, too, to realize what the phrase "Survival of the fittest" implies, because many of our unscrupulous opponents twist its meaning. Mr. Mallock, for instance, in his "Aristocracy and Evolution," endeavors to show that because the great capitalists survive and flourish, they are, therefore, the "fittest" of the race. A definition from one of the leading biologists of the nineteenth century will be useful here. "In the living world one of the most characteristic features of this cosmic process is the struggle for existence in the competition of each with all, the result of which is the selection, that is to say the survival, of those forms which are best adapted to the conditions which at any period obtain and which are in that respect and only in that respect the fittest." (Huxley, "Evolution and Ethics" p. 4).

Under capitalism those who rule are not the best intellects, the "men of ability," or those possessing qualities fraught with the greatest happiness for the many, but it is the favored few who, by inheritance, spoliation and fraud, come into possession of the means essential for producing the necessities of life. Herbert Spencer himself was often financially embarrassed when desiring to issue the products of his facile pen. Compare him with a linen draper, Mr. Ch. Morgan, who last year let a fortune of over 13 millions! Grant Allen, whose remarkable works drew praise from Herbert Spencer, embodied over twenty years patient study and investigation in "Plant Life," "Physiological Aesthetics," "Evolution of the Idea of God," "The Hand of God," and other works, yet this cultured author had a bitter struggle to provide for himself and wife. The pitiful story of how he had to turn to and write novels such as "The Typewriter Girl," and engaging all their time. Taking an interest in the study of the sciences, they can then help to extend the boundaries of human knowledge and increase the harvest in fields where the labourers have been all too few. Science is to-day cultivated by a minority, but Socialism provides the means of leisure for all to take part in the work of wresting from nature secrets of infinite significance for human welfare.

Many sciences to-day are in their infancy and provinces such as psychology and "the problem of heredity" are really virgin fields awaiting cultivation still. Even one of the leading opponents, Dr. Schaffé, says of Socialism: "The very fabulous quantity of leisure would favor the rise of the more industrious as well as the more highly endowed individuals both in science and art, even if they were all obliged to spend 3 hours daily in manual labor. Taste, natural gifts and love of art would still remain unalterably various." ("Impossibility of Social Democracy," p. 161-2).

It is hoped that the necessity has been made plain for organizing to speedily end this system and to institute Socialism. That Socialism is possible was admitted by the arch-individualist Herbert Spencer, who, in every instance, without a single exception, the authentic facts amply prove this. And also—speaking in a broad sense—there does not exist a fortune, large or small, but what some element of fraud, deceit or imposition does not enter into it; the retailer, selling by light weight or short weight, or by conscious false representation, differs from the big magnates in degree only.

When the people are prepared to assume control of all of the resources of the country, they will be taking back only what has been stolen from them.—Progressive Journal of Education.

Author of "The History of the Great American Fortunes."

Ruling classes invariably impose their mastery not merely by armed force, through government, but far

more so by the diffusion of certain ideas. The effect of these is to render the subjugated acquiescent in their own despoliation, and even make them praise and fight for the very system that enslaves them.

The capitalist class, like the old titled nobility, and like aristocracies and kingcraft of all times, has a large hold on the reverence with which people have been taught to look up to it. Not without deep reason have swarms of retainers, including the clergy, writers, editors and college professors, continually eulogized the great capitalists. The masses have been told that the capitalists are indispensable, and that without their whole structure of society would go down in chaos. And particularly have the lords of our resources been presented as extraordinarily able men whose colossal fortunes have been the result of superior capacity, probity and constructive genius.

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.

are so sunk in ignorance, with intelligence blunted and minds cramped, the every-day question of getting bread and butter filling their whole horizon and engaging all their time. Taking an interest in the study of the sciences, they can then help to extend the boundaries of human knowledge and increase the harvest in fields where the labourers have been all too few. Science is to-day cultivated by a minority, but Socialism provides the means of leisure for all to take part in the work of wresting from nature secrets of infinite significance for human welfare.

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TO HOUSEKEEPERS

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Telephone your address to our office and we will send a man to measure your premises and give you an estimate of cost of installing the gas pipes.

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Propaganda Meeting

Empress Theatre. Sunday October 30 E. T. KINGSLEY