



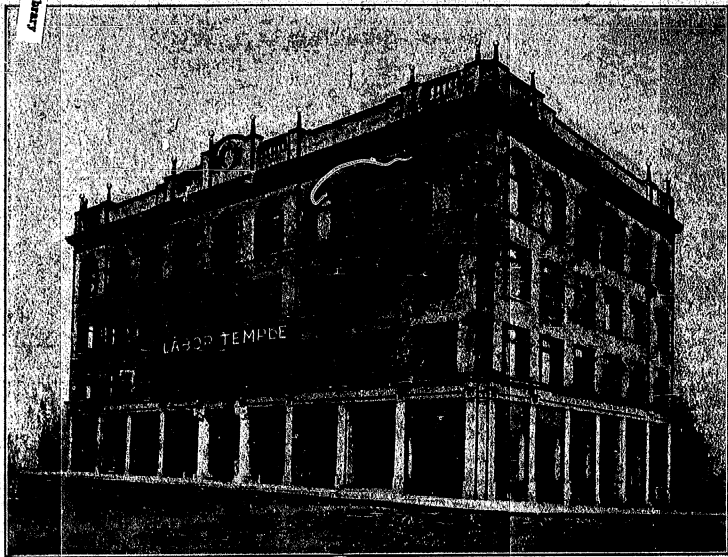
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PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASS ALONE

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Magnificent new home of organized labor, located at the corner of Homer and Duns-muir Streets, informally opened on International Labor Day, after over two years of persistent work on the part of the Vancouver Labor Temple Co., Ltd.

THE LAZY MAN GETS THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

The Socialist agitator, in his noble mission to the world, warning society of an impending danger, is often confronted by that frequently used interrogation of "What shall you do with the lazy man, the man that won't work?" When we look away back into the early ages of mankind we observe man slowly developing from one epoch to another, with increased methods of substitution he develops the idea of family, the idea of government and with that splendid idea of alleviating the painful operation of work he crawled forth from the higher stages of barbarism and created the lazy man, the man that won't work. With superior cunning and the most tiger-like acton the primitive chant-cleer bound and subdued hand and foot to the inevitable task of providing for the conqueror. The ancient lazy man arrayed in all the power and glory of a Messiah spurned at the very idea of the man that did work, the man that hoisted him upon his blazoned chariot and wheeled him through the whirlwind of centuries. All men are created equal was preached to the world by the Saviour and because of the inequality he whipped the money mongers and the lazy men out of the temple. Visions of horror haunted the patriotic craving sensualists night and day after their murderous assault upon the ancient workers, the weeping of the motherless and fatherless children, naked and bleeding, unlocked the door of compassion and with all the pride of repentance Pity built the primary charitable institution to protect the little ones, an institution that is copied to the very highest degree by the modern capitalist and used as a relief bureau for the man that wants to work and can't get work. Little does the factory owner know that not a wheel of industry can move today, not a home in Canada, can be illuminated by oil, without paying tribute to the lazy man. Little does he know that almost every home in the United States on being illumined, let it be gas, electric, or oil, begins to contribute to the coffers of the wealthy idler. If J. D. Rockefeller dies tomorrow his daughter will inherit 350 tons of gold without performing any function at all whatever. The newborn babe of the worker, brought into the world with nothing but its hands, may at an immature age have to strain its little muscles in order to live and still further add to the accumulations of this female hellress, whether she be an imbecile, lunatic or idiot. The position of the lazy man in the ranks of the proletariat is not to be envied. The system that creates the wealthy idler, created that much despised degraded and rejected lowly mortal, that deep, deep abyss excavated by the wealthy idler, engulfing the small competitor is now crying out for the remnant, leaving no choice but the ranks of those that have bore the burden of the world. We can see the trembling, grasping hand stretched forth in despair, we see the terrible glaring eyes staring back in horror at the sight of the competitive slave slowly and gently sliding away, leaving a great, wide sea that can never, never again be navigated. The pathetic appeal of the small farmer, manufacturer and storekeeper in their dying hours meet the ear of the reformer, but humilitates progress can never be stayed. The resting of mankind is not yet, and Socialists have no desire to return to the ways of forefathers. Socialists are asking for necessary control of all utilities that are necessary to sustain human life. Socialists are pleading for an advanced stage of civilization and when Socialism is realized a system will be established that will give every person of proper age an opportunity to work, the wealthy lazy man included.

THE MINERS' STRIKE AND THE WAY OUT

The Dismal Failure of Syndicalism in England Means the Workers Must Use the Ballot

The miners' strike is over. After a few weeks "holiday" the black diamond slaves have returned to work "like whipped curs." In a sadder and wiser frame of mind. Syndicalism has had its trial and signally failed. Capitalism has won out again and another quack remedy has been sent to the wall.

Just like an ignorant sufferer from some bodily ill, the miners and workers in general are always after a cheap cure and then get an overdose of medicine which makes matters worse.

Four miners: Are they? No, not a bit! But most ignorant miners. In the person who was sick had got some medical aid from a person who understood the disease, then a cure would or could be effected if it was possible at all. The same applies to the miners and other slaves.

A correct diagnosis is essential in both cases, and a study and knowledge of the makeup of the organism, whether it be the human or social organism, is of the greatest importance if a cure must be effected.

Take a doctor. Would he be worth his salt if he did not study physiology? Certainly not. The same can be said about the syndicalists. Some of them do not get wise in the least. Their leaders will say that these commodity struggles are part and parcel of the class war. What arrant nonsense of hypocrisy! The industrial syndicalists are supposed to organize on a class basis. They have certain forms to fill up and an answer is required as to whether the applicant believes in the class struggle. At the same time the syndicalists are taking part in the commodity struggles and the applicant for membership, looking only on the surface of things, mistakes the commodity struggle as part of the class struggle. Ask them what they mean by the class struggle and they will run away.

The industrial unions are as important as the ordinary trades organizations. They are only a bunch of commodity strugglers trying to raise the wages of one small bunch of slaves at the expense of the rest. Further, if all normal wages in one country increased the real wages would not be greater and might possibly be less. Wages that count are food, clothing, and shelter. So long as labor power is a commodity, it is useless as a class remedy to try to raise wages. It is against all economic laws and economic laws are always right and correct because they are stronger than a small bunch of kickers. The only intelligent remedy is political action through the ballot box. The struggle is and must be a political struggle. All class struggles are political.

Now what is all the class about? If not for "better wages," then what is it for? The answer is simple, because we can put "our hands on the cause." The cause is slavery, and the slave-owners are the capitalist class. They are capitalists because they live by exploitation, and the reason why they exploit us, is because they own the means of wealth production which we must have access to in order to live. This economic power is really political power. From this it will be easy to see that the capitalists exploit us and thrive because they own the means of wealth production. Therefore if we are to stop exploitation, we must deprive the master class of them. This is the class struggle. Nothing more or nothing less. It is simply the attempt to capture the mines, railroads, factories and land. The masters, using every art and device to hold them, come into conflict with the slave class. Hence the struggle.

The next question is: "What methods will we employ?" Shall we organize industrially or as a pure political party? Surely the latter is the best method. It is the only way that we can unite with the masses as they are as you can outside. The union barrier makes no difference, and in regard to the union that takes all the slaves in, I would say that competition for jobs would be very bit fierce, although all had joined the union. And that there is the army and navy. What can the industrialist do with these? Is he going to exclude them? If he does, then he is like the excavator who has no pick or spade. He cannot produce any good results.

Morse, the "ice king" and wholesale bank robber, was sentenced to serve fifteen years. He stayed in a little while and got awful sick. It was predicted that he wouldn't live but a few days, and he was promptly released. He is now doing a rushing business and living in ease, while thousands of poor offenders are punished to the full extent of the law.

LOCAL VANCOUVER Propaganda MEETING Every Sunday Evening Empress Theatre

FIVE MILLIONS OF SLAVES SEEKING WORK

The unemployed of San Francisco, through a committee, asked Mayor Rolf, Jr., the reform mayor, who defeated McCarthy, for employment, but the reform mayor was helpless before the stubborn fact that the committee represented 50,000 human beings who were hungry and penniless, and yet anxious and willing to accept the opportunity to earn the means of life. The vast majority of the unemployed of San Francisco were lured from eastern cities by the glowing promises that appeared in eastern publications and paid for by an oligarchy in California that has decreed that organized labor must be crushed and destroyed on the Pacific Coast.

In anticipation that the exposition of 1915 would make California the "promised land" for labor, thousands of mechanics in every part of America turned their faces to the West and wended their way to the Golden State, only to find themselves recruits in that growing army of idle men, whose wan and haggard faces tell stories of suffering that cannot be described in words.

Fifty thousand men of bone and brawn walk the streets of San Francisco with no ray of light behind their cloud of adversity. A reform mayor is powerless to meet the crisis, and can give no assurance that the homeless and starving thousands of San Francisco will be furnished employment at any time in the near future.

But this is not all. Were San Francisco the only city in America deluged with unemployed, the problem might be solved, but every other city of the nation is beset with men whose hands are chained in idleness, with but little prospect of brighter days to come.

Five millions of people in America are asking for work, but there is no employment. The problem of the unemployed must be solved, or there will be some history written that will cause "predatory wealth" to tremble on its throne of insistent power.

Men will not voluntarily die in the midst of plenty, and hunger sometimes nerves the arm of a coward to strike a blow for liberty.—Miners' Magazine.

RULE BY IDEAS.

While private property is the central idea of the bourgeois class rule, it is not conclusive in itself. There happens to be a great many other ideas no less violent than that of private property, which lend support to it without being a party thereof, and it is the incantation of those ideas that maintains class rule without constant and open violence which would undoubtedly be necessary did they not exist. It therefore becomes the duty of the proletarian to stifle them out; hold them in contempt, and finally make them for destruction.—Jesse Fales in May International Socialist Review.

THE NEW LABOR TEMPLE

The above is a picture of Canada's finest Labor Temple, wherein 8,000 union men meet. It occupies a 75-foot frontage on Homer and 120 feet on Dunsmuir and 75 feet on a lone. It is four stories high, with a foundation for six. It is entirely fireproof and contains 20 offices, seven stores, five well lighted basements and eight halls. On the top floor there are two large halls each covering 43x73 feet of floor space, with a seating capacity of 700.

The meetings of the Dominion and Provincial Executives are held here. Local 69 also has its headquarters here and E. T. Kingsley, printer of the Western Clarion and B. C. Federationist. The cost of the building was \$270,000. The shareholders are comprised mostly of wage workers and the different unions. Shares can still be obtained at one dollar a share of not less than five from J. H. McVety, manager, Labor Temple Company, Vancouver, B. C.

BE BRITISH, MEN!

At the Washington Titanic enquiry several seamen testified that a wealthy Englishman distributed large sums of money to sailors in one lifeboat and requested them to hurry away from the side of the sinking Titanic. In sworn deposition at Plymouth, Firemen Dilley and Hendrickson stated that Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon was the man who ordered them to get away from the Titanic when the boat to which they had been assigned had been lowered. Sir Cosmo said: "Row away; I am a man of money." The men received \$25 each.

Bushels of hot air have been blown away by silly babblers who would try and make us believe that a square deal was handed out to all after the Titanic struck the iceberg. They tell us that rich and poor were on an equality in the face of death. However, let us see.

Of the first-class passengers, 60 per cent. were saved; of the second-class, 44 per cent. were saved; of the crew, including, of course, those who had to man the boats, 22 per cent. were saved; but of the steerage passengers only 17 per cent. were saved. The prostitute press has had a lot to say about that bigamist Astor and a few other rich parasites who were lost, but it is evident that had they known the ship was really going to sink they would certainly have been saved. The working class never gets a square deal, not expect it, and we object to cheap orators trying to show where we did get a square deal when the facts show we did not. When we want a square deal, we will let you know.

LEBIEDS.

Revolutionary Socialism does not count capitalist reforms amongst the achievements. Nothing short of the complete abolition of the murderous and exploiting system of capitalism comes within its scope.

RUSSIA RENT BY INTERNAL TROUBLES

ST. PETERSBURG, May 3.—The Russian Government is making energetic efforts to get some news from the Lena goldfields, fearing that the entire detachment of troops stationed there have been massacred by the workmen in revenge for the killing of 180 and wounding of 300 strikers there two weeks ago. The goldfields are about 1200 miles from Irkutsk, and it would be impossible to send reinforcements there for another month owing to the condition of the roads. There are only 350 regular soldiers there and more than 10,000 workmen, who have made threats of vengeance for the treatment of their comrades. Many of these men are political convicts who have been in the goldfields since the arising of seven years ago.

The subject is agitating the Duma, and all parties who are coming up in the national elections this summer are taking the side of the workmen. The government is in a state of distress, not only because of the fear of a massacre of the troops, but because the Lena tragedy has turned the light on its plans for licking up all dangerous characters before the campaign was started. Troubles on a great scale like those which led to the general strike in 1905 are spreading all over the country.

The government's plan was to arrest secretly all the more active spirits in the factory colonies around St. Petersburg and Moscow, and even in the more distant districts in northern Russia just as soon as the winter began to break up. The reason for this was the government's alleged belief that the workmen of the country were preparing a great uprising to protest against the attempt by the Czar and the church to make capital of the centenary celebrations of the failure of Napoleon's Moscow campaign.

The police, acting under the orders of the department of the interior, began to seize committees of the laboring men, who were working to establish a combination of the trades unions in Russia, and this work is still going on, although not so extensively, the labor men having taken warning of the Lena shooting.

When police agents arrested a committee at Lena a genuine war was precipitated. The local governor placed the troops at the disposal of the management of the goldfields, and when a delegation of the workmen went to the manager to ask why the committee had been arrested, they were met with a hail of bullets. More than 3000 workers had accompanied the delegation, and volley after volley was poured into the crowd by the troops. The soldiers did not cease firing until their cartridge pouches were empty. What has transpired there since then can only be conjectured.

Local Vancouver 69 has changed its meeting night to every Friday, 8 p. m.

NAVY BADLY NEEDS SAILORS FOR SHIPS.

The government wants 4,500 men for the navy and marine corps. The problem is to get them. Never before in the history of this branch of Uncle Sam's service has there been such a scarcity of men especially sailors.

The situation has really become alarming to the militarists, and in the event of war or any trouble which would require the services of several fleets, there are not enough men in the service at present to man much more than half the vessels. This is apparent from the fact that eighteen or more of the big sea fighters are tied up at League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, with only skeleton crews.

GEO. PATON.

The government wants 4,500 men for the navy and marine corps. The problem is to get them. Never before in the history of this branch of Uncle Sam's service has there been such a scarcity of men especially sailors.

THE WESTERN CLARION

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SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1912.

A ROUND OF PLEASURE.

One of the most pleasing features of this sordid age lies in the pronounced determination of a multitude of human animals to squeeze a little joy out of life, no matter how great the misery and discomfort entailed in its realization.

Of course, anything like real joy of living is scarce to be thought of under the present system of slavery or any other slave system, as a matter of fact. Still, the noble efforts put forth by slaves, of both high and low degree, to cash a shoveler, however small, upon the bank of pleasure, are efforts laudable in the extreme and the returns, meagre though they are, afford the only glimpse of heaven the slave will probably ever get, either here or in the hereafter.

Fortunately for everyone concerned it does not require either great effort or expense to amuse the slaves. They are the most easily satisfied creatures, both as to physical comfort and mental recreation, in all the category of animal kind. With housing, in some cases even approaching the dignity and pretensions of a decent dog kennel, a modest quantity of hand-me-down trash as raiment, corned beef and cabbage on week days and liver and bacon on Sundays as a solace to his "Innards," a few slops of beer and a moving picture show for relaxation and amusement and a capitalist daily paper to afford him mental pabulum, the slave is in full blossom as the only genuinely contented asset that ever aimlessly meandered down the thorny pike of time.

With such satisfaction at his happy lot, life seems to him a continual round of pleasure, a sort of perpetual "joy ride," as it were. And it costs his masters such an insignificant sum that great is their joy thereat. Because of the slave's happy condition of contentment the master's seat upon his servile back is rendered secure, his heart is attuned to the heavenly harmony of "brotherly love" and his visage anointed as with the oil of gladness.

For all the joy of life garnered by the slave on his own behalf, his master reaps in kind a thousand fold. That meek submission that is the chief characteristic of the slave is the source of a satisfaction in the breast of his master and tormentor that cannot be measured in words. Voe to the master when the slave shakes off the apathy of ages, stand erect as a man and seeks for that freedom that can allow him peace and plenty to the earth and make life worth living.

AS TO SUBS.

We are frequently favored with requests from subscribers that we notify them when their subscription is about to expire, so that they may renew in time to avoid missing any issues. Occasionally we are in receipt of a generous note because such notification has not been given and the subscriber finds his paper stopped.

We fully realize that the average person is like unto the dweller in Missouri, i. e., has to be shown. We have therefore, always used the simplest method in keeping account with our subscribers, so simple, in fact, that it seems almost incredible that any one could be found who would fail to understand it. And besides it is a method whereby each subscriber is continually informed as to when his subscription will expire. As it seems there are persons on the mail list who fail to understand it, we will once more explain the matter, sincerely hoping that it will be unnecessary to go to the expense of personal interviews and verbal explanation.

Each issue of the Western Clarion is numbered, the number running consecutively. This number will be found at top of first column, page one. This issue is No. 668. Near the top of column one, page two, will be found a standing notice to subscribers, which in this issue reads as follows: "669—Watch the label on your paper. If this number is on it, your subscription expires next issue." Now as to this list. Each week a complete mail list up to date is printed. This list is cut into strips

and by means of a small mechanical contrivance known as a mallet, each subscriber's name is pasted to the paper going forward to him. Immediately preceding the subscriber's name on the address slip appears the number of the paper with which his subscription expires. If that number is 668 the sub. expires with this issue, if 669 it will expire with next week's issue, and so on.

This address slip is virtually a receipt for money paid. When it is renewed the number of weeks for which renewal is made is added to the number previously appearing upon the address slip. This is an acknowledgment to the subscriber of the receipt of his money and its application to the purpose intended.

No subscriber need ask this office when his sub. expires. All he needs do is observe the number on his address slip and compare it with the number of the paper to which it is attached. He can thus determine how many issues are still coming to him and act accordingly. Each week the mail list is gone over and all subs. expiring with the last issue are struck off. No paper goes into the mail unless paid for in advance, except in the case of bundle orders to Locals and dealers where other arrangements have been made as to payment.

AS TO COPY.

This office extends an invitation to comrades and friends to contribute matter for the columns of the Western Clarion. We prefer that such contributions be original matter as far as possible. If it becomes necessary, or in the judgment of this office advisable, to reproduce matter from other publications, our exchanges and the party literature enables us to obtain all the copy required.

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we do not undertake to publish anything and everything that may be sent in. We are frequently in receipt of stuff that is not suitable. In other cases matter of undoubted merit comes to us in such shape as to make it imperative that it be rewritten in order to be made presentable. This we decline to do. We have had so little to do for the past eight years at this end of the line in order to keep the paper going that we have contracted such a robust antipathy to physical exertion that we do not feel quite equal to the task of shaking it off.

To those who have hitherto thrown, or may hereafter throw, a fit because their productions do not appear forthwith in the Clarion, we would advise patience and fortitude. Perchance the matter offered was, in the judgment of this office, not worth publishing. Although we lay no claim to infallibility, still that judgment goes just at present. Then again, if matter does not appear at once this does not imply that it has been rejected. It might occur even to the dullwitted that more matter might come to the office of a paper than could be immediately used and consequently some of it would have to be held over to a later date.

We know from personal experience that talent and genius often fail to receive its proper recognition. Such experience is painful, extremely painful. We can vouch for this. We who thus suffer may solace ourselves with the reflection that if we "bluff off this mortal coil" are having our names emblazoned upon the scroll of fame, it will be due, not to our own lack of merit, but to the stupidity of our contemporaries which prevented them from recognizing a good thing when it happened along.

AS TO SUBS.

THE PRICE OF LABOR.

By Samuel W. Ball. For more than an hour a group of men had been forming. They were gesticulating and talking loudly, but an expectant hush came over them as a man, walking rapidly, came from among the buildings that lined either side of the drive-way. He had a hard and unympathetic face and he glanced searchingly over the group of three hundred applicants for a job. The eye of the seeker was practiced and determined and it was evident that he would not be influenced through sentiment to select any but the particular type of man he wanted.

Any morning at the gate of the Hammond Packing Company, Chicago, one may observe the above proceedings. One having authority, and exhibiting a consciousness of it, comes from the main building, walks rapidly to the time-keepers' shanty, picks out a man from among five or six hundred, has the time-keeper give him a number and hurriedly leads the man away. All sorts and conditions of men congregate at the packing house gate every week-day morning looking for that elusive job. They come from all parts of Europe and they speak a variety of languages. Among them are Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, English, French, Germans, Italians and Greeks; large men, small men, fat men, lean men and all sizes from sixteen to sixty. At some time during a month every trade, craft or profession is represented

by some one who has come here during a month of hard luck seeking a dollar at menial labor. Here only the large and strong and healthy are ever selected. The weak, the small, the deformed, and the anemic are rejected. There is no blinking about wages. The applicant asks no questions when pay-day comes he accepts the wage that is given him. He may consider it small, but if he has worked here before he says nothing. Perhaps he senses, while not fully understanding, that his labor is a commodity; that the power of his arm and the skill of his hand are bought and sold on the market like pigiron, chewing gum or salted fish. A publisher of bibles, when making a price on his product, considers the cost of paper, printing, binding and distribution. The cost of mining and smelting determines the price of pig-iron and the chewing gum manufacturer estimates the cost of the raw material in determining the price of a penny stick of chewing gum.

With labor the process is the same. The raw material out of which labor-power is produced is food, clothing and shelter. In order for the workman to renew his energy from day to day he must have these three things. Dead men do no work and therefore do not produce profits; so it follows that one who employs the worker must supply him with wages sufficient to buy food, clothing and shelter.

Labor, being a commodity, sells on the market for about what it costs to produce it. What a horse or mule gets in the way of food is not determined by the amount of work he does, but by the necessity of keeping him alive. In Oriental countries a workman can live on a bowl of rice, eat with a stick and sleep in a knot-hole. His wages average perhaps twelve cents a day.

In England the average wage is about six dollars a week and we find that it costs approximately six dollars a week for a workman to live in England. If bread, meat and potatoes were to drop in price, wages would go down in consequence. Were clothing cheaper, wages would be lower. When a house rent is reduced to ten cents a month, the wages of the workers will fall to a point where they will still not be able to save anything.

Where the cost of living is low, wages are low, because wages are determined by what it costs to live. If a workman happens to be getting two dollars a day when it only costs \$1.75 to live it will not be long until some fellow in greater need or with a lower standard of living will offer to do the same job for -1.75 and will get the job.

In the western portion of the United States the cost of living is about twenty-five per cent higher than in the east, and it is also true that in the west wages are about twenty-five per cent higher. If for any reason the price of bread should soar to a dollar a loaf or house rent be increased to a thousand dollars a minute, wages would have to be raised to cover the increased cost of living, to keep the workers alive. With workers dead or incapacitated, the owners would have no source of profit, so they necessarily.

We see, therefore, that whether wages are high or low has nothing to do with which political party is in power or whether we have high tariffs or free trade. So long as there are men out of work, labor will be bought and sold on the market in the same way as tea-kettles, candy or carpets. When a man buys any commodity he pays no more for it than he is compelled, whether he is buying labor at the Hammond Packing Company or buying the Hammond Packing Company's ham and leaf lard.

The principle is not altered because of the fact that skilled labor receives higher wages than unskilled. Skilled labor requires training and education and these form a part of the cost of living. In the case of the skilled laborer the employer must pay for as much education as is required for efficiency. Where the cost of living is two dollars a day, these laborers receive from three to ten dollars a day in accordance with the cost of their training or apprenticeship.

Under the wages system the worker is not regarded as a man. He is a commodity and his emotions, aspirations or feelings are not considered. The thing of prime importance is how much does it cost to live. If the day should ever come when the working people would learn to live on grass, their wages will be reduced accordingly, by the competition of workers for jobs.

The man that employs the worker is not concerned about your national-ity, religion or politics. He cares nothing about your needs, your aspirations, your hopes or your ideals. He wants his work done so that it will bring a profit to him. If a mule or a monkey or a machine would do it as well and as cheaply he would as readily employ it. Whether you are a human being or not is of small consequence. The buyer of labor at the gate of the Hammond Packing Company wants to know only one thing and that is "Does the man appear

large and strong enough to do a prodigious amount of work without groaning tired?" If the man that happens to be fortunate enough to be selected, raises any objection, or complains about the wages he is to receive, the boss wastes no time in argument. He looks over the crowd of applicants again and selects one who is willing to work and ask no questions.

As long as the wage system maintains, just that long will men be bought and sold; just that long will men be a commodity; a chattel; a thing; subject to the fluctuations of the labor market. As long as the wages system continues, that long will the worker be without any chance of taking his place as an equal member of the human family.

The only hope for the working-classes lies in the abolition of the wage system. This is the aim of Socialism—International Socialist League.

BELOFD CONDEMNS ALL TO PERDITION.

Forced by the activities against him of the local Socialists to explain his recent statement in his parish paper, the Nativist Mentor, to the effect that the Socialist was the "mad dog of society," and that he ought to be "silenced with a bullet," the Rev. John L. Belford, of the Church of the Nativity, in Brooklyn, spoke Sunday night from the pulpit of the Church of St. Peter and Paul, Wythe Avenue, near South Second Street, Brooklyn, at the invitation of the Long Island District of the Knights of Columbus.

The lecture had been quite extensively advertised and this, in conjunction with the fact that the reverend gentleman and the Socialists have figured quite prominently in the Brooklyn courts and newspapers as a result of Belford's incitement to shoot a Socialist with the same unhesitancy that one would dispatch a frothing dog, brought an audience to the Church of St. Peter and Paul that taxed its full capacity. A regiment of cadets occupied a large portion of the church.

Father Belford began his talk, which continued for more than an hour and a half; by citing as an argument against Socialism and Socialists the fact that Karl Marx was a Jew. This was the opening shot in his fastidious and was evidently calculated to deal a death blow to the Socialist philosophy. "The hope of the Socialists," he said, "is the misery of the masses. Their strength depends upon how widespread is the starvation and want of the many. They thrive on their degradation. He omitted to explain how it is that the misery of the masses is constantly on the increase.

Haywood and Victor Berger came in for a portion of the late reverend's onslaught. Haywood, he announced, did not believe in law, had been once a prisoner, and that, although he was acquitted of the crime with which he was charged, there are a great many who are convinced of his guilt. This was another of the best shots in his anti-Socialist arsenal.

Victor Berger was next selected as Belford's target. He said that the Socialist Congressman had once stated that every man ought to be prepared to back up his ballot with his rifle. "The ecclesiastical said that he could not understand how the other Congressmen would permit a man to remain among them who had made such a recommendation." Victor Berger ought to be kicked out of the House of Representatives by the other members, Belford told his hearers.

Referring to the Call, Belford said that it had been misnamed; that it ought to be named the Call to Murder. "Another crushing blow was next administered." How can the Socialists answer the fact that both Karl Marx's daughters had committed suicide? There is something in this, insisted Belford.

He then resorted to the tried and true, and called the Socialists adulterers and free lovers. "During his lecture," Belford approached a mood such as he must have been in when he wrote his intemperate to murder in the Nativist Mentor, for he completed his tirade with the fulmination "To hell with the Socialists." He did not expatiate whether they were to be sent to hell by being "silenced by a bullet" like a "mad dog" or whether they were to go by way of a "legal execution," New York Call.

Have you wrote to the Provincial executive telling them that you will guarantee a small sum to the organizing fund yet?

Are you on the voters' list? If not, you had better get busy and get on.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES.

- Due Stamps, each...100
Platforms, English, per 100...250
Platforms, Foreign, per 100...250
Due Cards, per 100...\$1.00
Resolution, each...5c
Receipt Books, each...10c
Warrant Books, each...25c
Buttons, each...40c

Socialist Party Directory

- ALBANY SOCIALIST PARTY, LOCAL NO. 1. Business meeting every Sunday, 8 p.m. at 121st Street, Albany, N. Y.
ALBANY SOCIALIST PARTY, LOCAL NO. 2. Business meeting every Sunday, 8 p.m. at 121st Street, Albany, N. Y.
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SUBSCRIPTION CARDS
5 Yearlies - \$3.75
10 L2 Yearlies - 4.00
20 Quarterlies - 4.00

CORRESPONDENCE

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Meeting of May 13, 1912.
Present: McVety, Mengel, Karne, Anderson and the Secretary.
Karne in the chair.
Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Communication read from Secretary of Alberta Executive Committee referring to organizing work of Comrade Alf. Buckden, also the matter of Local Bellevue (Finland), having returned its charter.

Applications for charters were received from Langley, B. C., through the B. C. Provincial Executive, and from Kingman, Alta., through the Alberta Executive Committee. The applications were approved and charters ordered issued.

Financial report for month of April was rendered as follows:
Balance April 1.....\$199.35
Receipts April 1.....138.75

Expenditures.....\$338.10

Balance April 30.....\$271.72

The report was received and warrant covering the month's disbursements ordered drawn.
Adjourned.

E. T. KINGSLEY,
Secretary.

PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Meeting of May 13, 1912.
Present: McVety, Mengel, Karne, Anderson and the Secretary.
Karne in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

An application for a charter was received from A. R. Meek and others of Glenwood, B. C. The application was approved and referred to the Dominion Executive Committee, the new local to be known as Local-Langley No. 73.

A communication from Myntill, Recording Secretary of Local Vancouver 45 (Finland) was read showing that a small minority had tried to turn the local over to the Canadian Socialist Federation, but had failed in the attempt. The majority having decided, the Secretary was instructed to advise the local comrades to continue the local and make demand upon the seceders for any property of the local that might still be in their possession.

As no reply to the committee's ultimatum to Local Vancouver No. 1 in reference to the organization of a branch in North Vancouver, the matter was ordered referred to the Dominion Executive Committee meeting to be held on May 27, for final action.

Financial report for month of April was rendered as follows:
Balance April 1.....\$179.55
Receipts April 1.....25.70

Expenditures.....\$205.25

Balance April 30.....\$86.90

The report was received and warrant covering the month's disbursements ordered drawn.
Adjourned.

E. T. KINGSLEY,
Secretary.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Meeting of the Executive, held May 7, 1912; Comrades Danby, Read, Burge and the Secretary being present.

Correspondence read and dealt with from Dominion Executive Committee, Wm. Watta, Thomas Hooker, A. W. Love and Locals Medicine Hat, Markerville and Red Raven.

The financial report read by the Secretary as follows:
Receipts.
Balance on hand last meeting, \$26.91
Local Medicine Hat, due stamps on a pamphlet.....2.00
Local Markerville, due stamps.....3.00
Local Calgary, buttons and stationery.....8.00

Expenditures.
D. H. C. for letterheads.....\$8.50
Stationery......35

Balance on hand \$26.06
BURT E. ANDERSON,
Secretary Alberta Provincial Executive Committee.

LESSONS FROM SAN DIEGO

San Diego may congratulate herself on being the instrument by which two socially valuable bits of education have been given to the world: First, the world has come to know the extremes to which an overbearing capitalism will go in its efforts to crush labor, and second, it is being demonstrated that, under certain conditions, revolutionary and conservative branches of the labor movement will line up together solidly and unitedly.—Hartwell A. Shipley in the May International Socialist Review.

FOR YOUR LIBRARY

Here is a chance for some Locals to show what they can do in the sublimating this booklet, getting 'out of the cellar.' I have in my possession the two volumes of "The Ancient Lowly," by C. Osborne, Ward complete. These I will present postage paid to whichever of the following Locals that successfully coming nearest to No. 1 from now until the 30th of June next. Every week there is published in this paper a list of Locals and their standing in regards to the number of subs. going to each, No. 1 being the highest and 20 the lowest. These two volumes will make a fine addition to your library. You can sell them for \$2.00 each or \$4.00 for both. Now who gets them? The Locals entitled to compete are: New Westminster, B. C.; Vancouver, B. C.; Local 6, Catharines, Ont.; Local 2, Thea, Gilmour, Mildren, Sask.; George, B. C.; Silvertown, B. C.; North Battleford, Sask.; Ottawa, Ont.; Regina, Sask.; Glace Bay, N. S.; South Hill, Sask.
Note:—Every sub. you send in counts on this one.—Laeds.

If you get a bunch of leaflets, it is an invitation to distribute them in your town and then send for more.

HOW THEY COME

It tells its own story
W. Hribble, Cambridge, B.C. 4
F. Redford, So. Vancouver, B.C. 4
Local 6, Catharines, Ont. 4
Thea, Gilmour, Mildren, Sask. 2
A. E. Tipper, City. 2

Singles

W. Dingle, Edmonds, B.C.; A. Osterburg, New Westminster; John Kelly, Ladysmith, B. C.; Parker Williams, Ladysmith, B. C.; Nels C. Nelson, Quatsino Lighthouse, B. C.; M. Lightstone, City; F. Tipping, Calgary; Wm. McQuoid, Edmonton; A. Farnilo, Edmonton; C. E. Scharrf, Millet, Alta.; Viola Wood, Mountain View, Alta.; Wm. Koelling, New Michel, B. C.; A. Stewart, Moose Jaw, B. C.; Wm. A. Wegar, Brandon, Winnipeg; Wm. Crank, Brandon, Winnipeg; Wm. H. Hellingher, Montreal, Que.; H. E. Nelson, Victoria, B. C.; Wm. Marshall, City; Sydney A. Lewis, Naroma, N. S. W.

Bundles

Alf. Johnson, Silver Creek, B. C. 5; Alex. Taylor, Toronto, 10; T. Carroll, Westboro, Ont., 10; E. C. Oldham, Westboro, Ont., 10; A. G. McCallum, Ottawa, Ont., 15; Sam Horwitz, Hull, Que., 15; Chas. B. Taylor, Sydney Mines, N. S., 10.

South Hill, Saskatchewan, gets on the list again. Cumberland goes forward one. North Battleford goes ahead also.

This is how they stand:—

Vancouver, B. C. 1
Winnipeg, Man. 2
Calgary, Alberta. 3
Victoria, B. C. 4
Toronto, Ont. 4
Edmonton, Alta. 5
Fornie, B. C. 6
Cumberland, B. C. 8
Brandon, Man. 9
Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. 10
Montreal, Quebec. 11
New Westminster, B. C. 12
North Battleford, Sask. 13
Nelson, B. C. 14
Silvertown, B. C. 15
South Fort George, B. C. 16
Ottawa, Ont. 17
Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. 18
South Hill, Sask. 19
Brandon, Ontario. 20

Send in for mailing list and ruse up the expiring subs.

WHO ARE WORKERS?

All persons who make, distribute or actively manage the products of modern civilization are workers. To this great army should be added all those who teach or care for others. All art workers and should be Socialists. They should be willing that all workers should receive the full social value of their toil. And this is Socialism. Call it selfishness, if you will, but intelligent selfishness teaches us that we cannot get the full social value of our individual toil unless we assure the same to all workers. For this reason we have organized the Socialist party and have entered the political field.

The greatest enemy of Socialism today is a false hope, taught by pulpits, press and public school, that we can collect and store up some of the value created by the toil of others. This ability to collect from others and to keep what we collect is termed success.

Whenever anyone owns too much, many own too little. Such success is unworthy of the highest type of womanhood and manhood.

The organized workers themselves will soon end the era of capitalism.

WANTED

We are in need of several copies of No. 826 of the Western Clarion, so as to complete our sets of bound volumes. We will give one gratis to any individual to the Clarion for any single copy of that number sent to us. Remember the number—826.

WANTED

At YmC. General Hospital a duly qualified Physician and Surgeon to take charge June 1, 1912. For further information write W. B. Molsand, Secretary, P. O. Box 606, YmC. B.C.

HERE AND THERE

Seven undesirable of Langley, B. C. have signed an application for a charter in the S. P. of C.

I will give twenty-five cents a week to the organizers' fund. There you've said it, now do it.

A. S. Julian has been appointed secretary of Calgary local in place of F. Tipping, resigned.

The I. W. W. agitation in San Diego is reported to have been broken and all I. W. W. men have been driven out of the city.

"Many a poor slave who gets a bare living wage is afraid he will have to divide his slave's wage with some one else under Socialism."

Over one hundred thousand adult workers on British railways are in receipt of less than a sovereign per week.

The "dissolving" of the steel trust has begun and as the Standard Oil trust and the tobacco trust have been "dissolved" we shall soon be happy now.

A Provincial bye-election is to be held in Edmonton on the 27th of May. Local Edmonton No. 1, S. P. of C., have nominated Com. J. R. Knight as candidate to contest the seat.

No leaflets were sent out last week on account of not being able to get them printed. When the Socialist party is able to have its own printing outfit it may be possible to get things out on time. Nuff said.

Leonard Oleson, a Socialist, had had his citizenship papers cancelled in Seattle on the ground that he committed a fraud when he swore that he was attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States.

A big coal strike seems inevitable in the states. The miners have refused to abide by the concessions made by their leaders. The state militia and police are out in several districts and things are looking bad.

Winnipeg authorities apparently mean to keep all I. W. W. men out of that city, as a news item states that as soon as a C. N. R. striker landed in Winnipeg he was arrested and received a sentence of two months.

In the financial news column of a daily paper it states—Hogs today, 2,000 less than last year. That must mean that there are 2,000 less capitalists today than last year. How the working class does grow!

Two thousand men and boys are on strike in Scranton, Pennsylvania. The state troops and police are on the scene and clashes between the police and miners are taking place every day. Two miners have been killed and several boys, several others wounded and several men and women arrested.

The Salvation Army has made an application for assistance in establishing a home for "down and out" in Calgary. Why the necessity for a "home" in such a prosperous city as Calgary? By some slip or other the Calgary Albertan admits they need one all right.

It gives us much pleasure to advertise the fact that the government training ship is badly in need of boys, only one being on it at present. If you want your son to become a target for some other fool's bullet send him along to Vancouver and we will gladly escort him to the ship.

The sum of \$25,000,000 is in the hands of the British government waiting to be claimed by the rightful owners.—News Item.

The sum of \$99,000,000,000,000,000 is in the hands of international capitalists waiting to be claimed by the producers of the same.

Once more the capitalists' papers are talking of the bright outlook for the farmers of this country. Eighty per cent. of the crop now, plenty of moisture and with the continuation of the fine weather and plenty of "hunger" there will be a good harvest—for the capitalists. Hence the application of so many farmers for membership in the S. P. of C.

There's something doing in the Mexican revolution these days. Some 16,000 men are engaged in the conflict, but it is hard to say just now which side is getting the best of it. The government troops are reported to have poisoned all the wells from which the rebels get their water. The United States government look as though it intends to take a hand in it.

THE ISSUE

Confession, or restitution—what does it matter what you call it? Call it what you like. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." What do we, the Revolutionists, care what it is called?

The simple, material fact is that we have to take it away from them. Take it away, whether it's right or wrong from their standpoint. Might is right, in the only way anything can be made right—by the power to make it right.

But, your nose about "the ethics" Socialists are identical with the ethics of Christianity.

What do we rebels care about abstract ethics, we can't out them, drink them, clothe ourselves with them, house ourselves with them, or amuse ourselves with them.

We want the goods! Understand? We want the beef! We want our share of the best out! We want the good houses. We want bathrooms in them. We want pianos. We want billiard tables; we all want good clothes, we want the best of everything for us and ours, and we don't want to work any harder than is necessary to get these things.

That's what we want! We're not greedy—we only want all we produce.

There is only one way to get all we produce and that is to own what we produce with the means of production.

We can't buy them, we couldn't scrape up enough money from the whole of the working class to pay a millionth part of their value.

Of course we have already paid for those things by the real price that has to be paid for the production of all wealth—the labor that produced that wealth.

But we won't make a strong point of that! It isn't a strong point, anyway, to advance to our masters. The only argument they understand is power. We can demonstrate that labor produces all wealth, we can prove it conclusively, but that is no argument to them.

So long as they have the power to remain in possession of the means of production, they will remain in possession; demonstration will have no effect; force is the only method of making them "fork over."

The only way we can develop enough force, enough power, if you like that word better, is to educate our class. Their ignorance is the capitalists' power, and their ignorance alone. How shall we educate them? By telling them that "Jesus Christ was a Socialist, God himself is a Socialist," as the Rev. J. Madison Hicks (what a mouthful) did? By telling them that "the Messiah would come riding on the ass of economics," as the Rev. J. Stitt Wilson, B. A., N. G. O. D., etc., (another mouthful) did? Not by a damned sight! Those wolves, or rather foxes, in sheep's clothing, are merely, knowingly or unknowingly, deceiving the workers. Take it or leave it, fellow workers, your justification is your power. There is no need of your being a Socialist. Teach the worker the material facts of life and he will soon have no use for the Catholic Church—the greatest trust in the world—or any of the rest of them.

Don't try to reconcile irreconcilable things. Don't try to mix oil and water. Stick to the facts. First learn the facts, learn their significance, then pass on what you have learned to your fellow workers in the best way you know how. Have faith in yourself, have faith in your class, and in its mission to free itself. Be very careful of accepting recruits from the henchmen of the capitalist class, such as lawyers and parsons, at their face value.

"The ministers are flocking to Socialism," so Cotton's Weekly informs us: Why didn't they come when the movement was weak. That's easy. No pickings! "Where'er you spread the honey the buzzing flies will crowd," said Micauley. The movement is strong now, but there is a large half-educated element in it that can be worked by fine words and sentimental twaddle.

"Don't you, my comrade, be one of those who are worked this way." Realize it is a question of facts, realize it is a question of educating the working class to their material, their class interest; realize it is a matter, not of reconciliation with existing arrangements, but of getting enough of our class to realize the facts we realize; that it is not a matter of prayer, but of getting enough of the job by wrenching the means of production from the present owners, without apology, explanation or excuse.

The issue is: Shall the capitalist continue to own or shall we abolish class ownership?

The only real argument on this, as every other question is POWER. THAT'S ALL.

"GINGER" GOODWIN,

FREE to every SOCIALIST

Every socialist in the world should get FREE this thrilling story of the "Ball and Tyler Revolution"—a stirring of the people against the nobles and church in medieval England. Not one in a million has ever seen this rare document which is merely one of thousands of wonderful "original documents" in the

Library of Original Sources

which ALL socialists can get on an eye-co-operative plan. This marvelous library is an eye-opener—it gives the TRUTH for ages capitalistic influence has kept from the people to keep them under subjection. Here you see the gradual rise of the people that 7,000 years from slavery, serfdom, feudalism to capitalism, all of which shows you as plain as a cross-road sign how the Socialist Republic is developing out of the present system.

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The old capitalist papers and politicians are beginning to bring notice of the fact that the comrades there are now being called on to help in the preparation of a new book, "The Socialist Republic," by the author of "The Ball and Tyler Revolution." This book is a masterpiece of research and will show the world just what Socialism is and the reason for it. It is a masterpiece of research and will show the world just what Socialism is and the reason for it. It is a masterpiece of research and will show the world just what Socialism is and the reason for it.

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T. Edwin Smith.

A man once said to me: "I am something of a Socialist myself, but I am this much of a capitalist—I have my homestead over here, and I have worked pretty hard for it, too, and now I want to keep it. You say the agencies of production should be made the property of the entire society, and you admit that land is one of those agencies, so to be consistent you would have to take my farm away from me and make it the common property of the entire working population."

"This man had the notion that is common among the farmers throughout the country, and one of the hardest things I find to combat is the idea that he has in his head that he is a landed proprietor, and that his little farm is in danger of being taken away from him.

As a matter of fact the ordinary farmer who owns his own land (and the mortgage) and does his own work, is not a property owner at all. His little deed to his quarter section of land is not a certificate of a bit of this earth, it is merely a title to a steady job as long as he can stay with it. He does not have to hunt for a job but he has a hard job getting any money for his year's work. It is true he can keep his neighbor off his little patch of ground and prevent his neighbor using his tools without his consent, but this does not remove him from the ranks of the workers.

He has a place in which to work, and he can not be forced off except by process of law. The miner has as much. The miner has his room in which to work and as long as he works steadily and hard he can not be dispossessed. The miner can be deprived of the privilege of working in his own particular room if he absents himself two days or more without leave. If the homesteader absents himself without leave for more than six months he is crowded out of his place of working and another man is given the place. If the miner is not working as hard as the boss thinks he ought, he can be kicked out and another man put in the room. If the farmer does not work hard enough to produce as much as his bossess think he ought, he's put out too. If he can not make enough to pay his mortgage, the notes at the bank and a few other things, he is dispossessed and another man gets his job. In one case the miner is put out by order of an individual acting under orders made by someone over them both. In the case of the farmer he is put out by a group acting under orders made by some one above them, too. Neither the miner nor the farmer have anything to say about the conditions under which they may be compelled to look for another job.

It is true the farmer is not paid directly for his work as at so much per day. He is a piece worker, and as such is paid by the bushel, just as the miner is paid by the ton. The farmer thinks he sells wheat when he sells his labor power, and is merely paid for the bushels that go through his hands. The coal miner is paid by the ton, but no one would say that a miner sells coal. He sells his labor power and is paid for the tons that go through his hands. The weaver in the cotton mills is paid by the yard, but she does not sell cotton cloth. She sells her labor power and instead of being paid by the day she is paid by the piece in order to make her work faster.

Some farmers may think still that they are sellers of wheat and that their struggle is one of commodity sellers like the struggle between rival grocers, but they can be easily shown that it is not so. If a farmer were a seller of wheat, his reward would be determined by the amount of grain that he raised. The more his productive capacity increased, the more money he would have for his year's work. However, we see that in spite of the great increase in his productive power that has taken place in the last sixty years, the farmer's reward for his year's work has remained stationary. He gets his living and no more. He has always gotten the same. Our grandfathers sixty years ago could by their own efforts care for a twenty-acre field and have as the result of the year's work perhaps five hundred bushels of grain worth in dollars and cents perhaps two hundred dollars. The farmer of today, with a full complement of horses and machinery, can care for a quarter section of land and as the result of his year's work have perhaps grain worth, say, two or three thousand dollars. The productive capacity of the farmer has increased about ten times in the sixty years, but his reward is the same. He gets his living and only in rare cases any more. In spite of the fact that he raises ten times the amount of grain that he did then, he gets the same for his year's work. If he were selling grain he would get ten times as much for his work. The very fact that his pay is the same proves conclusively that he is a seller of the commodity labor

power. Therefore his place in the struggle is in the ranks of the wage slaves.

The coal miner has seen the same thing happen in his case, and he can see that he is simply a slave. Thirty years ago the average production of coal was 2.3 tons of coal, and the miner got a living and enough besides to raise a slave to take his place. In 1910 the average per man per day was 4.7 tons or twice what it was thirty years ago. Yet the miner of today, in spite of as much coal in the same time, gets a bare living, the same as he did before.

Up to ten years ago the weavers in the cotton mills used the old style looms and one girl watching over four or five of them could do her share of the production of five hundred yards of cloth. Today with the use of the improved Northrop looms, one girl can tend twenty-four looms and five thousand yards of cloth passes through her hands. Her productive capacity has increased ten times, yet her wages have remained stationary. She gets a bare living for her work. She got the same when she only produced a tenth as much.

Some may say that these other workers were using another man's machines, but the farmer uses his own. The farmer, it is true, calls his tools his own, but every day brings forth proof that he merely rents them. He buys on long terms and as a general thing his implements are worn out by the time he has them paid for. He pays rent at a rate determined by the master for whom he is working. The coal miner goes into one of the Alberta mines is charged up for his tools, and if he stays long enough in the mine he pays for the very picks the boss lets him use.

Looking at it from any point we choose, we find that the wage worker and the farm worker are in exactly the same condition. Each takes a part in the production of all things. Neither produces anything solely by his own efforts. Each gets in return for his year's work enough of his product to enable him to go on producing, but neither gets in wages nor prices for grain, the full product of his labor. This being the case, the farmer's only salvation is to join the wage worker on the political field and take human blood, flesh and brains off the market.

VANCOUVER'S PROSPERITY.

The following is a clipping from the correspondence column of the World. Apparently he has been a good slave and proud of it. Now he is appealing to his masters, who find business so rotten have formed a progressive club to boost business. He is not a laborer, oh, no, could not think of such a come down, and apparently thinks he is too old. It's so sad, you know, but he thanks God he can work if the bosses will give him some. We would suggest that Hon. Mr. McBride give him a job as a party member.

Give Him a Chance.

Editor World—I was present last night at the smoker of the Progress Club, where, in addition to the 1,000 members already enrolled, over 500 joined their ranks at a moment's notice, which shows the great prosperity of the city of Vancouver.

Now, I appeal to these 1,500 business men in particular, and any other men in general, to give a fellow who is very much up against it a permanent job.

I have been in Vancouver nine months, and before that I was 22 years in the old country, with three firms only, whose excellent references I will be pleased to show you.

I am not a laborer and therefore cannot find a place in that line. I have a large experience in shipping, forwarding, freight, commission, cotton, rubber, insurance, etc.; also I have book-keeping, typewriting, cashier and general office work in addition to which I speak and write English, French, German and Dutch fluently, having lived in the various countries. I am an soldier and industries, as my references show, but, being 42 years of age, the city is I am too old and I find it therefore impossible to get a situation.

Thank God I am well and healthy and am able to do any office work. I do not want charity but a permanent situation, and for this purpose I appeal to the gentlemen of Vancouver.

Any information required I will be pleased to give by applying to the undersigned. W. A. ROBERTSON, 822 Howe Street, Vancouver, April 30.

The Victorian government runs a state coal mine on strict profit-making lines. It drives the miners and sweats them and robs them just like John Brown does. The Vic. State mine is a glaring instance of state capitalism. The other day the miners went on strike and the Sydney D. P. declared that the miners were "striking against Socialism." Which shows that the D. P. ought to dip its head in sheep-wash and have another look at the encyclopedia.

WHY NOT A CANADIAN SOCIALIST HOLIDAY CAMP?

Camping at the Socialist Camp at Calster-on-Sea, near Yarmouth, is one of my happiest English memories. It was a joyous experience. I feel like throwing my hat in the air at the very thought of it. Imagine being able to think and feel and say and do exactly what one wanted for a couple of weeks at the mere cost of making a gallant bid for the same.

The fragrance of many flowers wafted into the country lane and the Red Flag flying from each were my first impressions of the camp.

The next morning I left my tent and turned up in the dining-room, and sought out the vegetarians' table. The vegetarians seemed to fancy they were the people! They did think they were "advanced." Talk about class distinctions! I found myself among a crowd who gave myself to dismal groans when a strong whiff of kippers announced the breakfast fare for the "corpse eaters." And when one unfortunate lady (a recent convert) cast longing eyes in the direction of the delicacy, all the table began to vivaciously recount a catalogue of horrors—about the catching and killing of the same, which one gentleman with an abnormally solemn face, finished up by: "And they pull their tails off one by one!"

As that merry breakfast proceeded and the waiters bustled up and down waiting upon their friends, with such an air of good comradeship, and Mr. Dodd's kind presence moved among it all, and the calls and counter calls went up, decidedly, I thought, I had come to the right place.

When certain ladies and gentlemen began to bustle about after breakfast, and busy themselves with the washing up, I began to understand the inner meaning of an ear-plugging bugle blast and a loud yell for "Committee" that smote my ears at 7 a.m.

To the uninitiated it must be explained that every camper goes on "Committee" once a week and gives a hand in the light work of the camp, such as setting tables, arranging flowers, washing dishes, preparing vegetables, cleaning knives, and so on. It was one of the principles of the camp, and a very wholesome one. Most of the campers did it willingly. Work was such a lot of fun at camp. For one thing, there wasn't too much of it! For another thing it was so happy to be working to make our friends comfortable when there was no degradation attached. We could all stop any time we wanted to, if we were willing to face the freely expressed opinion of the campers concerning "shirkers." Besides one somehow made friends more quickly on "Committee." I have seen a happy group shelling peas on the lawn at Calster, and animatedly ranging through every topic under the sun.

But the whole camp hummed with life. The tennis players, the cricket players (making appropriate remarks), children shouting with delight on a see-saw, people strolling off to bathe, a gentleman (a city doctor) explaining to the secretary with a face of strong distaste, that a city dweller found it difficult to find "little beetles in his bed," and funniest of all, one of the tent washstands set out determinedly in the field to allow for better execution and a father vigorously scrubbing a small boy's neck.

The women at camp, especially the married women, seemed happy. It must have been a relief to be rid of houses and furniture, and tolling and molling and responsibility for a while. There was also something childish as well as beautiful in the way the children stuck to their fathers. One would see a man patiently going down to bathe with a little chap contentedly holding on to his coat tail and chattering away to him. Pioneer people are sometimes supposed to forget the joy and romance children bring, and it was a pleasure to see so much in such a place and treated with respect.

I spent one day on the Broads and landed at a farm and had lunch in an orchard. After lunch the farmer gave us free access to his harvest-field, where the ripe grain stood in stooks. It made me laugh now to think of that afternoon. We had reports. Tugs of war! Vegetarians vs. Meat Eaters. The women vegetarians and meat eaters hopped on one foot with excitement and yelled, "Pull! Pull! Pull!" while the men tugged, and the men went on even worse when the women's turn came. The men meat eaters rejoiced in a member who was prodigiously heavy, not to say fat. They trotted him out with unholly joy and the vegetarians said it wasn't fair.

And all the gay spirits of the camp edged each other on to further mischief and everybody surpassed themselves.

To wind up, that section of the party who walked instead of driving the four or five miles home from the Broads, being now absolutely beyond the restraints of convention, made themselves into a band and was a general vaudeville camp, held up every motor car trap and pedestrian to the cry "Votes for Women! Hurrah!" They then rejoiced exceedingly in the various expressions this conduct

evoked. Some of the passers-by enjoyed it as much as we did, others could not sufficiently express their frigid disdain. But the ordinary common or garden holiday maker, having a stogy holiday, looked after us with positive hunger.

When we got home to camp we felt so lively we demanded a dance, and danced that night to our heart's content.

The suffragettes made a great deal of the fun in camp. Those attending were old-time Socialists and loved the Party and were unwilling to let it. They would have been back double quick, and given their precious votes.

They turned the camp upside down and inside out. Wherever one went there was one of them "withstanding Peter to his face." They made even getting one's meal a matter of difficulty. I have a vivid mental picture of one dinner time and Mrs. Dodd even, stirred from her wonted calm, with the very serving spoon arrested in her hand, to argue with an "anti," and the waiters who were suffragettes, joining in the fray, and Mr. Dodd coming up behind to bring the recalcitrant one to reason, and the dimwitted ones setting up a great shout for their dinner.

Then a party of irreverent young men, who delighted to tease the suffragettes, had the brilliant idea of singing, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," and finishing up with three boos for "Votes for Women." To which the suffragettes, cheerful and irrepressible, chimed in, "Votes for Women!"

They inveigled pretty nearly the whole camp into going down into Yarmouth to hear Mrs. Pethwick Lawrence and Mrs. Brailford speak.

In the meeting the campers all sat together in one compact mass and looked ready for anything. One of the camp suffragettes confided in me that it was like being out with a lot of children. One was uneasy as to what they would do or say next. They were chewing over their "adult suffrage" theories, and getting ready for those dreadful "middle-class" women. Most Socialists seem to dread the state of mind known as "middle class" above everything! The middle-class Socialists, I have observed, hate it more than any. And if any unfortunate suffragette had that evening exhibited any middle-class airs and graces, wouldn't she have caught it! The campers were just in the mood to tackle her.

One could see them as the meeting went grudgingly, admitting to themselves that the women had a stronger need than they had thought, but they couldn't get rid of the fixed idea that Socialism would cure all woman's ills and what on earth did she want to vote for? So they were feeling aggrieved out of it until Mrs. Lawrence made some diplomatic reference to the Labor Party. This delighted them and they clapped and clapped and clapped and other local comrades in the audience turned round in astonishment and delightedly joined in the clapping. They finished up with three cheers for the labor party, and certain sections in the audience began to look blue; they imagined the revolution was already upon them.

After that they felt a bit more satisfied. How they bubbled over with questions and queries! One fuzzy haired youth with true Socialist skepticism delighted the assembly and the speaker by robbing Mrs. Lawrence for being unable (so he affirmed) to substantiate her statements.

I only wish I could convey the mischievous alert, bright, "young" atmosphere there. One tires of the ordinary world after it.

The English camp was founded by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Dodd as their contribution to the cause. Their secret as organizers were given voluntarily and at the time I attended the camp had paid its expenses and was handing over a substantial yearly cheque for propaganda purposes to the I. L. P. This is worth noting, as those really in the fray know that funds are necessary to overthrow capitalism, and set up a better order.

Then the camp brought people of like mind in social touch and heartedness. It was a camp of refuge, too—possibly the exiled Russian revolutionist who visited it found it so. One year they dubbed one of the big tents the "International," as it held representatives from so many different lands. That is worth while in an international movement like Socialism.

The greatest value of the camp, however, was the scope it gave, even in its small fashion, for social experiments. It was interesting to talk to the founders concerning the practical difficulties of organizing the camp. To give one small example: The farmers and other employers in the neighborhood were paid more than the standard wages, while some of the workers sneered at Socialism if they weren't. Certain people also seemed unable to work satisfactorily in the camp atmosphere, being used to an atmosphere of compulsion. It all made one realize that Socialism schemes must be national to be satisfactory and that the initiative and good feeling are the most precious things on earth, the people who have it stand in need to be protected by good laws and good organization.

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Thus the practical difficulties of organizing such an experiment as the camp have a distinct social value. Why not, then, a Canadian camp? Practically every other body seems opposed to the cause.

COSMO.

THE REAL PROBLEM OF OUR CITY

The first duty of a city is to those who by their labor bid up that city and give to it what it is.

To give to those men and women, and to the children of those men and women, an opportunity to enjoy the things created by their labor is the problem which confronts us today.

It will be solved rightly only by those whose very lives depend on its proper solution.

In that fact lies the secret of the success of the Socialist party in dealing with city affairs.

While the Republican and Democratic parties and all of our so-called "reform" and "business administration" movements are dominated by capitalist interest and consequently are not serving the interests of the great majority in the people, the Socialist party, in sharp contrast to them, makes the welfare of the working masses, who constitute the majority, the very object of its existence.

Its every candidate is pledged to the service of the working class; every measure advocated by it is conceived to help the working class; and it will not rest until it has made the working class dominant in all public affairs.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

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Can anything more glaringly intolerant be found in the darkest pages of history to transcend the savage and malicious denunciation and calls for brutal and cowardly repression displayed by certain hyena-headed monstrosities called editors towards working-class agitators?

Denied the right to think or act as their conscience (even a jackal has one) dictates, they apparently care not one jot how low their abject mental debasement may reduce them. Sold to the "pillars of capitalism," they earn their pay by viper-like stabs against all those who dare raise a voice against present-day inequalities. The human mind conceives of nothing more base than that of a fellow creature endeavoring with snake-like cunning, to pour venom into the public mind and poison it against fearless souls whose crime is that they are endeavoring to destroy poverty and all its attendant evils.—Labor Call.