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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1912.

NOTHING BUT LABOR.

"At a gorgeous dinner of manufacturers given in Philadelphia," said a member of congress (Congressional Record, page 1435), "Charles M. Schwab is reported by the press to have said:

"Fifteen thousand wage earners depend for their bread and butter upon the Bethlehem Steel Company. You are there in reality nothing but an extra into the cost of manufacture but labor. Materials? Analyze materials. You will find that material means nothing but labor. Freight and supplies? Analyze them. They mean nothing but labor; just so much labor."

If our memory fails us not, we have been dining something like the above into the ears of Clarion readers for the past eight years. Whether our wisdom has been of such penetrative power as to work its way through the thick cranium of any wage-slaves, we do not pretend to know, but when such wisdom is promulgated by so prominent a personage as Schwab, it should be readily absorbed by the contumacious ass who accepts truth not for itself alone but because of the notoriety of its promulgator. Schwab, being a "great captain of industry," great because he has snatched millions from the modern industrial stew-pot, which is kept at boiling point at the expense of the fat of wage-slaves, is surely a more reliable authority upon the source of value than any one who is not worth a hundred dollars, let alone millions.

As wisdom impresses itself upon the average dub only as it is voiced by persons of wealth and position, it seems exceedingly meritorious upon the part of Schwab in this unbecoming himself.

All value, expressed in terms of exchange, springs from labor, and labor only. Capital has nothing to do with the production of such value, as Schwab evidently well understands. The values created by labor take on and assume the function and character of capital, only as they become a means or instrument, in the hands of their possessor or possessors, whereby additional or new values may be acquired from the producers thereof. The function of labor under capitalism is to produce exchange values. The function of capital is to appropriate such values. The former deals only with production; the latter solely with appropriation.

There is no such thing as raw material in exchange. Resources of the earth, as yet untouched, it is true, are bought and sold, but not because they constitute raw materials, but because they afford a means of converting the potential value of labor into actual value in exchange. Resources of the earth, no matter how great the magnitude are, whether value either potential or actual. Such resources cannot be transformed into either use values or values in exchange without labor, therefore, labor alone carries all value, either potential or actual.

The wealth of the world is produced solely by labor. By the wealth of the world is meant that which is measured in terms of the market, in terms of exchange. Of this huge volume of wealth the workers own practically nothing. They have no control over the things they have created. All control devolves upon those like Schwab, who, because of their position in the industrial game, are enabled to possess themselves of ownership and mastery of all the means of production and the products of industry.

With such ownership of the means of production also goes an equally absolute ownership of the working class itself. All workers must apply to these masters (capitalists) for permission to labor, and this is equivalent to permission to live. It is a matter of life and death with the workers and no ownership can go farther than that, none can be more absolute and complete.

Thanks, Schwab, old boy, for telling us the truth. All there is to it is labor. The Bethlehem Steel Works has been builded solely by labor; it is operated solely by labor; its valuation is merely the valuation of the number of slaves necessary to operate it. Its capitalization is the money term expressing the market value of those slaves, a value upon which they

can produce the nominal rate of profit after their wages (hay, oats and stable), have been deducted. From Schwab's own statement, he and his class and its hangers-on, are an utterly useless class. They take no part in production. If they do anything at all it is in the line of stealing and secreting that which the workers make. That is the only deduction to be made from Schwab's remarks, and Schwab is correct. Whether he spoke the truth because of loyalty to his mandate or because the hinges of his (Schwab) had been well oiled with Mumm's extra dry, we wot not.

SOCIALIST SPEAKS AT MINERS' HALL.

"Why they that produce the world's wealth do not own any of the world's wealth, and why the class that enjoy all the wealth of the world's production do not produce anything," were social problems discussed by C. M. O'Brien, M.P.P. for the Rocky Mountain riding, Alberta, at a largely attended meeting in Miners' Union hall last night.

"In seeking to find out the causes," said Mr. O'Brien, "Reformers take up the tariff question, which does not help to solve the problem. In England, the land of free trade, there was poverty and social unrest, while in Germany, the land of high protection, conditions were no any better. Another strongly debated subject was the drink question. But those who do not drink are not any better off than those who do drink. No matter which way the subject was viewed, it was clear that the 'human animal slaves' had but a very small percentage of the wealth they produced. The noble axiom, 'Britains never shall be slaves,' was a horrible shock to those who took the trouble to investigate facts about workers."

The speaker quoted the Canadian Pacific railway as an illustration. That company represented the capitalist class which controlled the product of labor. In its employ there were 70,000 slaves. As a result of their toil the company paid dividends of anywhere between \$14,000,000 to \$40,000,000 in a year. Some on the payroll were drawing high salaries, but the vast majority had but a miserable wage. Wages the world over were badly adjusted to the slaves' condition. As the wealth was concentrated so the army of slaves widened. Never before in the history of the world were there so many unemployed in the great labor markets of the world.

A representative of British capital, the Duke of Connaught, had just passed through the west. In the speaker's opinion the duke had never performed a useful act in his life. He performed no useful function except to the class to which he belonged. Hypnotizing the slaves of labor, the duke had passed through the country in luxury with 14 cars to carry his wife and daughter, while immigrants from the old country and harvesters from eastern Canada had travelled under worse conditions than cattle. There was always room for one more human animal, while the regulations prevented the overcroding of cattle and swine.

Politicians told the electors to pass reciprocity because it would lighten the cost of living. "Reciprocity," declared Mr. O'Brien, "had nothing to do with it whatever. Dick McBride and all the other tricksters worked for the capitalists and did nothing for the workers." Lloyd George with his minimum wage act was as bad. The underground and slave in the old country were getting desperate. But there was no getting to go far away. The railway construction in this province. The conditions under which the work was carried out were deplorable. The life force of the working class was a merchandise, bought and sold in the labor market.

Indications were that Laurier was about to force the country into an election, and if Robert F. Green were appointed minister of mines there would be a bye-election in the Kootenays. There was going to be a Socialist in the fight, and it was up to the workers to see that they were represented. The only solution to the labor market merchandise problem was to remove it. If reform meant anything it meant more wages and a higher standard of living. Workers must equip themselves with facts. To get away from the present conditions they must do away with the capitalists and ownership. Power of knowledge was necessary. If they were to defeat the sleight-of-hand politicians. Both Liberals and Conservatives were working for the capitalist class, but Socialists were the only people to protect the wage slave class against the international capitalist class. Statistics from Ottawa showed that the average worker in Canada produced an average of \$3,000 a year, while the average wage was represented by about \$400. The difference went to make the millionaires and multi-millionaires.—Nelson News.

1911 BOUND CLARIONS.

Don't wait till they are all gone before sending in for a bound volume of the 1911 Clarions. First come first served, at \$2.50 a volume. Only a few left.

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As members of the working class we are ready to appreciate the efforts of those of our number who always show willingness to fight against the rule of Capital; but at the same time it is a matter of much concern to us to note how our forces are continually meeting with rebuffs and in fact, always seem to be getting the wrong end of the stick.

If there is anything that should teach the workers a lesson it is the struggles that the I. W. W. and kindred organizations are continually engaged in, "clinking against the pricks," but themselves being the ones who come out of the conflict bleeding and sore. We can all admire the dogged determination of such men as Eitor, Giovannitti and Emerson and could really wish that their efforts might be productive of more beneficial results for the class they represent. But do not the results up to date only go to prove how futile and obsolete are the old methods of attacking the anomalies of the capitalist order of things? If we would defeat the present masters of the situation, we can only do so by robbing them of their weapons, and using them in our own interests. Potentially, the workers are all powerful, but they misdirect their energy.

Ownership of the means of production by the workers is the economic foundation of freedom. Any proposal short of that is a misnomer and a sham.

The working class will always be a subject class as long as it is content to bargain with those who at present own the means of production. A true understanding of the working of economic law under the present form of ownership will convince us that there is no escape from servitude for the dispossessed as long as it continues.

The conditions under which the worker is allowed to produce is that he surrender the whole of the product of his toil to the owning class and to receive in return a token of value which on the average is barely sufficient to purchase the necessities of life for himself and those who are to take his place when he is worn out. There is no getting away from the fact that none of us would be allowed to produce if it were not that profit could be made out of our toil. The whole industrial system moves around this centre—surplus value. It is the pivot, without which the present system is unworkable; cut it out and capital itself is no more; to do that is the mission of the working class. Let us see to it that we each render our mite of power. It is no use waiting for Socialism to come. If we want Socialism we must get it in the movement and work. Idle loggers-on are worse than useless. It is not the business of the working class to cringe and seek favors, but it is their business to manifest their uncompromising hostility to the system based upon capitalist ownership.

An enlightened working class will calmly but firmly relegate the capitalist system to the scrap-heap. There will be no need for sentiment. Mr. Capitalist will have the opportunity of becoming a useful member of society, for that he might be to truly thankful, because no one knows better than himself that at present he is but a parasite.

GEO. GRAZIER. Moore Jaw, Sask., Oct. 17, 1912.

So long as the nation's resources and productive and distributive machinery are the private property of a privileged class, the masses will be at their mercy, poverty will be their lot, and life will be shorn of all that raises it above the brute level.

True individualism will only arrive when the laws which now bridle a side individualism will no longer be necessary? The sweater, burglar, light thief, adulterator have to be shackled under Capitalism. Abolish Capitalism and these people won't exist.

Socialism will give to every child equal opportunities for mental and physical development; good food, good clothes good housing bright schools, situated among the flowers and the fields, where the morning song of the rising lark shall gently wake it from slumbers instead of the horrible buzzer of the factory bell, where during the school hours its mind will not be maimed, where it will learn to seek truth instead of fleeing in terror at it approach, where it will learn that it is more important to live well than to do well, and at the day's close wander amid the glowing corn or watch the sun pass through the gateway of the golden west.

A great many people are making a campaign against Socialism. Without exception they are misrepresenting it, telling what they think Socialism might be, or declaring what they imagine it to be, that it stands against the homo and religion. It is only fair, before you judge a matter, that you investigate it. You would not want to be condemned in court with only the evidence against you submitted and nothing in your favor. Be as fair relative to Socialism and study what it really is before you condemn it.

(Continued From Page One.) This comrade, whom we hope will soon delight our intellect with his vigorous and original pen, remarked to use something after this manner: "Man is something more than a glaz on a stick." Privately we confess we were so flabbergasted by this totally unexpected, belated theological thunderbolt that we nearly sank through the floor, but having acquired a measure of self-control as a result of previous encounters and hair-raising escapades, we managed by a supreme effort to pull ourselves together and we hope presented a fairly tolerable counterforce to the not totally annihilated being we were far from feeling. But in the meantime our theologian had marched away with the laurels of victory. Hence this tale of woe.

Now if any comrade can put us next to a greater incongruity than a naturally intelligent man who accepts biological evolution while balking at materialism, the writer would be highly pleased to hear of it. But the explanation is easy. A single glance at a case of this kind reveals the cloven-hoof of theology protruding as big as a house. This discredited impostor having been put to utter rout on the great battlefields of astronomy, geology, physics, biology and sociology, makes a last despairing charge on the plains of psychology and finally breaks his thick skull against the adamantine wall of materialistic science.

The truth of the matter is that our head pressed anti-materialist is ransacking the cosmos for an unexplored corner in which to hide his mysterious and elusive gods, having sensed the fact that science will exterminate them the moment he risks these precious hallucinations in its sight. He will find, however, that science has now turned her blazing searchlight on every nook and cranny and as a result the spooks have vanished with the darkness which was their habitat.

The great La Place, in answer to Bonaparte's inquiry as to where the Creator functioned in his "Mechanique Celeste," (Nebular Theory), is said to have replied: "Sir, I have managed without that hypothesis, and more recently Haeckel voiced the truth by saying, 'Science has wrested the whole cosmological domain from theology. God has been conducted to the cosmological frontier and thanked for His provisional services.'"

The militant anti-materialist is flogging a dead horse. The only materialism he knows is the gross, perverted, restricted thing of the beginning of the materialist period. The cause of this form has already been shown. The cause of its death is obvious. It denied the existence of the soul and of spirituality, both of which are now known to exist, but they are but the manifestations of material things. This materialism is purged of its objectionable features and its foundation placed upon bedrock. The spirit which is chiefly manifested in the human race by the thirst for cosmological knowledge and an intense desire for a higher plane of living, is a form of materialism which might be termed the Idealistic.

Everything in existence is natural—physical—materialistic. The supernatural—metaphysical— theological exist only in the imagination. The truth of this is proven by the simple fact that when once anything is understood it is universally no longer considered supernatural. The echo of the human voice for instance was supposed to be of supernatural origin until its cause was discovered. Science with gaoler-like progress has rolled the cosmological veil of mystery over the backward with relentless hand. The latest citadel of metaphysical superstition has capitulated to its inexorable advance. Anti-matter exists is dead. Everything that exists is material. The cosmos is material. The laws governing the movements of the planets are material. Man's mind as well as his body is material. Consciousness, thought and religion are material and all that the metaphysicians claimed as being foreign to materialism are demonstrated by science to be the finer manifestations of material things and there is no life apart from matter. Idealistic, materialistic monism is the most elevating and highest form of thought which evolution has yet produced in man. Yes, decidedly man is now something more than a "glaz on a stick"—thanks to evolution—the study of which, as a theology combated with all its superstition and ignorant power as long as it was able.

In addition to the anti-materialists we also have materialists more or less gross in the Socialist movement. Those who think Marx was one may be surprised to learn that those who know him intimately assure us that the gross materialist filled him with infinite horror. He was a wonderful example of that rare avia, the practical idealist—a well-nigh perfect idealistic materialist.

May we all strive to be such! W. H. ANDERSON. Economic slavery is the world's greatest curse today. Poverty and misery, prostitution, insanity and crime are its inevitable results.

Socialist Party Directory

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LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C. NO. 92, S. P. OF C.: Business meeting every Tuesday evening,

CORRESPONDENCE

THE RIGHT DOPE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

West Rand Mines, Krugersdorp, Sept. 14th, 1912.

To the Editor Western Clarion: k Dear Comrade—Enclosed you will find a money order to the value of 10s., which I forward as a yearly subscription for the Western Clarion. As the subscription is only one dollar a year, you might be so good as to utilize the surplus in forwarding a bunch of your literature, particularly four or five copies of the Manifesto of the S. P. C. of a few of Summary of Marx' Capital, "Value, Price and Profit," and "Struggle for Existence."

I have been a Socialist for a few years now. I became one through reading Blatchford's Clarion and other Socialist literature and doing a little thinking for myself, but, Mr. Editor, until introduced to your paper and subsequently to Karl Marx I never got down to the base on which the real Socialist doctrine is built. I was always confused in my thoughts and easily cornered in an argument. This used to annoy me greatly, as I was firmly convinced that the Socialist doctrine was right, yet here was I unable to defend or even properly define it. But one day I met a comrade from British Columbia and he introduced me to your paper and to Karl Marx and Paul Lafargue, and he lent me a copy of Manifesto of S. P. C. and then I began to see the light, and get down to the economic base of society and the materialistic conception of history and now no more confusion for me.

And now, Mr. Editor, wishing "the only Clarion" that deals out the right stuff for the workers every Sunday and the same to the S. P. C. I remain, Yours for the Revolution, Thomas Shooter.

West Rand Con. Mines, Krugersdorp, Transvaal, South Africa.

BOOKS FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

We can supply you with the books mentioned below from the office of the Western Clarion, postpaid, at the following prices:

- Boelsche's The Evolution of Man .50
- Boelsche's The Triumph of Life. .50
- Dietzen's Philosophical Essays. 1.00
- Dietzen's Positive Outcome of Philosophy .100
- Engels' Socialism, Utopian and Scientific .50
- Engels' Feuerbach .50
- Engels' Landmarks of Scientific Socialism .50
- Engels' Origin of the Family .50
- Ferri's The Positive School of Criminology .50
- Ferri's Socialism and Modern Science .100
- Fitch's Physical Basis of Mind and Morals .100
- Franco's Germs of Mind in Plants .50
- Kautsky's The Class Struggle. .50
- Kautsky's The Social Revolution. .50
- Kautsky's Ethics and Materialist Conception of History. .50
- Labriola's Materialist Conception of History. .100
- Labriola's Socialism and Philosophy .100
- Lafargue's The Evolution of Property .50
- Lafargue's The Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies. .50
- Lafargue's Social and Philosophical Studies .50
- La Monte's Socialism, Positive and Negative .50
- Lewis' (Arthur M.) The Art of Lecturing .50
- Lewis' (Arthur M.) Evolution, Social and Organic. .50
- Lewis' (Arthur M.) Marx vs. Tolstoy (Darrab Debate) .50
- Lewis' (Arthur M.) Ten Blind Leaders .50
- Lewis' (Arthur M.) Vital Problems in Social Evolution. .50
- Lewis' (Austin) The Militant Proletariat .50
- Leibknecht's Memoirs of Karl Marx .50
- Marx's Capital, Vol. I. 2.00
- Marx's Capital, Vol. II. 2.00
- Marx's Capital, Vol. III. 2.00
- Marx's Critique of Political Economy .100
- Marx's The Poverty of Philosophy .100
- Marx's Revolution and Counter-Revolution .50
- Marx's Value, Price and Profit. .50
- Marx and Engels' The Communist Manifesto .50
- Morgan's Ancient Society. 1.50
- Myers' Great American Fortunes, Vol. I. 1.50
- Myers' Great American Fortunes, Vol. II. 1.50
- Myers' Great American Fortunes, Vol. III. 1.50
- Plechanoff's Socialism and Anarchism .50
- Telchmann's Life and Death. .50
- Ward's The Ancient Lowly, Vol. I. 2.00
- Ward's The Ancient Lowly, Vol. II. 2.00
- War, What For? Kirkpatrick. 1.50

The appeal of the Socialist Party is to all the useful people of the nation, all who work with brain and muscle to produce the nation's wealth and who promote its progress and conserve its civilization.

HOW THEY COME

Just a few done their share of the work necessary for the continuation of the Western Clarion this week. Here they are:

- G. O. Venneland, Granon, Alta. 13
- D. M. Couette, Vernon, B.C. 4
- C. M. O'Brien, Organizer. 4
- G. Beattie, Calgary, Alta. 3
- O. J. Johnson, Westridge, B.C. 3
- J. Watson, Winnipeg, Man. 2
- J. C. Turner, Victoria, B.C. 2

Singles.

- Ray Gadsels, Comaplik, B.C.; Ed. L. Ruak, Harrison Mills, B.C.; J. P. Harper, Hardy Bay, B. C.; J. T. Dempster, Clayton, D. C.; F. B. Bishop, Medicine Hat, Alta.; J. Stewart, Moosejaw, Sask.; J. Heaton, Keewatin, Ont.; D. Alexander, Brantford, Ont.; D. Thompson, St. Catharines, Ont.; C. Foster, Sydney Mines, N. S.; Thos. E. Mason, Montreal, Que.; J. Sidaway, Vancouver; Mrs. T. Mott, Vancouver; Thomas Shooter, Transvaal, S. A.

Bundles.

R. Taylor, Sydney Mines, N. S., 5.

PREMIUM WITHDRAWN.

We have been compelled to withdraw the premiums that have been offered to the comrades sending in the greatest amount in subs during the month on account of the lack of enthusiasm in that direction. When we made that offer we expected to get a fairly decent bunch of subs, but we have received less than before, so we cannot go to the expense of getting the premiums. Those comrades who did make an effort will be remembered when we make the offer at some other time, if we live through the present slump.

DOMINION ORGANIZING FUND.

- Local Edmonton No. 1— Per Wm. Stevenson..... \$ 3.60
- Per J. R. Knight..... 13.00
- Per H. Geary..... 1.75
- Per Christ Peterson..... 1.00
- Per Wm. McQuoid..... .50
- Local Barons No. 47— Per Elviri Antijuntti..... 1.25
- Local St. John No. 6— Per D. Bassen Z..... .65
- Local Montreal No. 1— Per K. Johnson..... 3.10
- Local Ottawa No. 8— Per E. S. Oldham..... 3.00
- Per A. Bennenson..... 1.25
- Per S. Horwith..... .35
- Per R. Burns..... .45
- Previously acknowledged..... 174.85
- Total..... \$204.70

LAWFUL THUGGERY.

The police, not content with their present vain attempt on Sept. 7 to stop Socialist propaganda, again showed their claws on Saturday October 5.

On the night in question Local No. 8 held its regular open meeting, but this time at the corner of Bank and Sparks Streets, after the Salvation Army and its crowd had dispersed, Comrades Roberts McCallum and Burns taking turns at speaking. After the second speaker had finished he was accosted by a policeman "on the outside of the audience," and asked if he had a permit from the chief to speak? Upon being informed that no permits were issued for such and that anyone could exercise the right of free speech, providing they did not cause an obstruction, the policeman ordered those around him to move on.

Comrade A. Leckie who was standing near, chance to remark "Why did you not move the Salvation Army who were here half an hour ago? Their audience was three times as large as this one."

Policeman: That is none of your business." When Leckie again remarked that he was a ratepayer and approved of lecturing on the street, the policeman clutched his interrogator by the throat, doubling him to his knees. Leckie in this position caught hold of the law by the legs bringing him to the ground thereby saving himself from strangulation.

On Monday, Oct. 7th, the case was tried and of all the fool and lying evidence ever given by a policeman, Finnigan gave it. Gordon Henderson, K. C., who acted for the prisoner, along with comrades and other witnesses, had no trouble in proving that Ottawa was a fool and a brute. The case was dismissed.

This is the third time in four weeks that the "right of free speech and peaceful assembly" has been assailed by the very ones whose duty should be to protect and assist same. Three times have the police made law abiding citizens play the role of criminals, detaining them overnight on charges of obstruction, assault and previous bad record, and this with not a vestige of evidence in sight, other than that they were any Socialists. The press in relating my interview with the authorities states that street speaking is a contravention of By-law No. 3387, which will in future be rigidly enforced. Whether this applies to the Salvation Army or other expressions of economic depravity, remains to be seen. One thing is sure, the comrades here are not set back by the recent examples of "immaculate justice." They have learned to look upon such manifestations of might philosophically, knowing full well the treatment that has been dolled out to the members of their class elsewhere, when they had the courage to express their opinions regarding existing conditions in this our (?) free country. It has more than convinced some that the cartoon which appeared in February 17 issue was a stern reality, not only in Vancouver, but everywhere under the rule of capital, and that we must look for these reflections of the "ass in the lion's skin," till the workers rise as a class and assert their might to the only right worth while, namely, the "product of their toil." To this end let us all play our part and speed the day.

F. S.—The police and the press of late have given us lots of publicity, in that they have done more real propaganda than ever we hoped to do ourselves. For this they ought to be thanked.

A. G. McCallum, Organizer.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A SATISFIED SLAVE.

Enderby Oct 20th 1912

Dear sirrs As your paper the western Clarion has been coming to my address in Enderby unobscured by me and owing to the fact that I am not in sympathy with your atheist teachings and Ideas. So please have my name scored from your list and discontinue to send your trashy reading to me Yours sincerely JAMES NICHOL a labour slave.

SOCIALISM IS IRRELIGIOUS.

(Mgr. Giovanni Donzani, New Roman Catholic Apostle Delegate to the United States.)

Socialism is irreligious. Socialists say they are attempting to establish a paradise on earth. They are not interested in the life that is to come. Scoffing at things of the spirit, they dwell wholly in the present. They are anti-Christian, and in Europe practice the hideous doctrine of free love, thus striking at the home and at the very foundation of civilization. Socialism is coarsely materialistic. It destroys human character. Moreover, Socialism attacks property—not alone the mills and factories of the rich, but the cottages of the poor, which were raised up by thrift, industry and self-sacrifice.

DOCTORED AND DOCKED.

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?" "Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currysomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here boss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years." "Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven-dollar salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued?" "H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the boss, but they just docked my pay."—Woman's Home Companion.

LOOKING FOR A COMMISSION.

Proud and pompous, the doctor was strolling down the street, when he was accosted by a poor woman. "Good morning, sir," remarked the latter. "Good morning, madam," replied the medico. "I expect you're making a good thing out of attending to that rich Smith boy?" suggested the lady. "Oh, yes, a fairly good fee," replied the doctor, angrily. "Well," whispered the lady "I hope you won't forget that it was my Willie who threw the brick that hit him,"—Exchange.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION

(Continued from last week)

Suppose we admit all of this, is not our case still strong? Capital does not harm to the worker's family that the drink does and more. Capital deprives a man of all but the barest necessities of life and in cases where the man has met with some accident even these. Capital crowds the worker's family into the noxious tenement, ten to a room and keeps them herded together like sheep in a pen where there is every invitation for all the diseases that plague civilization. Mr. Lee Welling Squier in his book, "Old Age Dependency in the United States," shows that a least 6 per cent. of the workers in America receive less than a living wage. In other words more than half of the people are deprived of sufficient food and adequate shelter. When we consider that these people are allowed to starve when the warehouses and stores are bursting with plenty, the enormity of the offense is at the more amazing. Yet Capital does this. Capital poisons the very food they are allowed to have. Capital adulterates the medicines they take to cure the chill brought on by the cold and damp imposed by the conditions under which they live and work. Capital mixes the wool in their garments with shoddy. Capital fills the soles of their shoes with paper. Capital drives the mothers out into the shops to work for bread while the baby wails. Capital drives their children into the crime of the streets. Capital drives their daughters into the brothels. Capital does all this and there is none who can resist. There is nowhere in this world that we can flee to be free. Bond slaves from the day we are born, tied to the wheel all our lives, and at last broken in the masters' service.

But is the charge they make against drink wholly true? Drink is not the whole cause of the added brains and dullness as well as the weakness. Dr. Thompson of the Royal College of Science in Dublin made the statement publicly that the chief cause of laziness in workmen, is lack of nutriment. The Chicago School Board found that by giving the children one good wholesome meal a day the standard of scholarship was appreciably raised and the number of defectives was reduced greatly, thus demonstrating conclusively that lack of decent food is one of the causes of backward children and the great and increasing number of juvenile delinquents.

Capital denies us good food although there is food in abundance for us all and more than that we made the food ourselves. This is a greater harm than drink ever does. The reformer should fight Capital. The Evolution of Intoxicating Liquor is absolutely impossible under our present system of society. It might be possible to get the most stringent prohibition act ever devised by man pushed through the legislature, but we are not done with the matter then, for the prohibitionists have the idea that all that is necessary to put an end to their pet abomination is to pass a law forbidding it. They forget that, law is of no value unless it is enforced. Our statutes are crowded with laws forbidding this and that. From cover to cover they are crammed with acts that if carried out in the spirit with which they were passed would make this world a paradise, yet this poor old world goes on getting worse and worse every year.

No law can ever be enforced until there is a majority at least who want it enforced. And as a general rule a bare majority will not suffice, but an overwhelming majority. In North Dakota there is a good thing, a majority of the people who want prohibition and they have got it, yet that law does not prohibit. The bare majority is not able to force their ideas upon the rest of the people, though they may write their wishes upon the statute books. With regard to prohibition there are two groups of people who do not want the selling of booze curtailed. Those who manufacture the stuff and those who drink it. These two groups make up far more than one-half of the total population and, therefore, as long as they are in the same position and as long as they have the ideas that they have today, prohibition is impossible.

Most of the drinking in this world is forced upon men by circumstances beyond their control. Most of it by men who have a financial interest in their drinking. These men are they who make a profit of the production of liquor. By the term production we mean the complete process of making the article and getting it to the people who want to use it. Production, speaking literally, is not complete until the article in question is brought to the point of ultimate consumption. The production of Intoxicating Liquor then takes in not only the brewers and distillers, but the wholesalers and the retail sellers, whether sold in hotels, saloons or blind pigs. The reason these men want other men to drink to excess and to their own detriment is that they are able to make a profit off the production. If we examine all the steps in the pro-

duction or even analyze any one step completely we may find something that will help us out later. We are now considering only those people who make the booze. No one will deny that the main spring of their action is the profit made out of the manufacture.

How is the profit made? By selling the article at a price higher than it has cost to produce it. No one will deny this, either.

What are the elements of production? Barley, hops, etc., the plant and the human labor power. All of these elements give value to the finished article. The profit can be made only in one of two ways. Either by buying the elements at less than their value or by some of the elements giving values to the article greater than they have cost. Mark well these two possibilities. There are no other.

Let us consider the barley, for instance. It might be possible at different periods of time for the owner of the brewery to buy barley at less than its value but he could not depend upon doing so. As surely as he were able to buy it for less than its value at one time at another he would be compelled to buy it for more and in this case the extra profit made on the former transactions would be swallowed up by the latter. As a rule the price of the barley will be almost exactly its true value now fluctuating above and again below. The buyer must make provision for buying his barley at its true value.

This same thing applies to the hops and other materials he uses. So we can not assume that the profit is going to be made by purchasing his materials at less than their values.

Our next point to examine is can these raw materials give to the finished article values greater than themselves? They can not. By the brewing and malting the brewer changes the form of the materials and whatever value they had before is transferred to the new substances. It has taken added value, but not from the material. We see that the profit is not made off the materials the brewer uses.

Let us examine the factory through which the material passes while taking on new form. The plant is so much crystallized labor. This labor is used up in the process of manufacturer and the value of it is given to the material. However, as the plant can be used over and over again the value is not all transferred at once but the transfer takes place gradually through a period extending over a number of years. If the plant is so built that on the average it will last and be useful for ten years it will have transferred all its value to the products going through it in ten years' time. If we had had out the number of gallons of beer that passes through that plant in ten years we can find out the value the plant gives to each gallon of beer. We know that the plant can give no more than this because it is only so much material in another form.

If we lay a stick of wood out of doors it will never increase in form, shape or usefulness to humanity. Therefore it will never increase in value no matter how long it is left, but on the contrary it will begin to rot and gradually lose form, substance and usefulness, consequently its value will depart. It is the same with every other commodity, but one. The materials and the plant can not give to the beer any values greater than themselves. The manufacturer buys them at their value so that there is no profit made on these things.

There is one other element in the production of beer that we have not touched yet, that is the human labor power applied to the various machinery in order to change the form of the materials and make them more valuable to man. Human labor power is a commodity bought and sold on the world's markets exactly like wheat, wood or coal, but it differs from all these other things in that it can give back values greater than itself. The price of human labor power is the cost of living. The amount of food, clothing and shelter that is necessary to keep the man in shape to work the next day. By the use of modern machinery the productive power of a man has been so increased that today one man can produce more than sufficient to keep him fit for work. As a rule his powers are sufficient to maintain about five men.

Table A. Wines and Liquor Profit.

No. of establishments.....	168
Capital.....	\$20,487,885
Wage earners.....	1,801
Wages and salaries.....	1,870,771
Product.....	0,191,700
Depreciation at 5 per cent.....	450,588
Materials.....	3,192,690

Table B. Formulas. Products minus materials plus depreciation equal profit of labor, \$9,191,100 — (\$3,192,690 + \$469,688) = \$5,688,419.

Product of Labor minus Wages equals Profit.

\$5,688,419 — \$1,870,772 = \$3,817,647. If we examine this table we will see that after all expenses are paid and a reasonable allowance for wear and tear of the plant is made, there is left \$5,688,419. We maintain that this has been produced by the men actually engaged in the plant itself. We include every man who takes part in the operation, and not merely the manual laborers. But these men did not get all of this. They were compelled to accept \$1,270,723 and give the rest to the shareholders or the plant, who probably never saw it, or cared about it only as a dividend producer. The men who actually did the work were allowed to keep 21.1 per cent of what they made and give the rest, 78.9 per cent, to the masters.

It is the possibility of taking this wealth from their employees that urges men to go into the brewing business and to do all in their power to increase the drinking capacity of other workers in order that there may be a greater field for the exploitation of their own workers.

The workers divided up what they had made with others who had done nothing. Now these workers did not divide up because they had more than they could use themselves. They only received an average \$386 per year, or about \$1.30 a day, and that is not enough to support life decently in most parts of this country. They did not divide up because they were charitable. They do not know, the masters even by name and not knowing them they could have no interest in them. They did not give it up because they wanted to. They do not want to. They all have unions for the purpose of increasing the portion the masters allow them to keep. They gave this up because the master compelled them to or he would not allow them to work at all. They were obliged to be content with that amount or they must keep away from the factory, and the police, the courts and the militia are ready to back the masters up when they say "Keep off!" The factory owners say their possession of that factory as a club to make them divide up. The fact is that they could use the factory as any other kind of intoxicating liquor because they want to, but because the making of it gives them the power to exploit men to their own benefit.

Booze is the product of our system of production for profit. If we had production for use only we would have very little booze of any kind at all and that only for proper use. If we were to do away with production for profit we would do away with one group of people who stand in the way of temperance.

CLARION QUESTION BOX.

From time to time we receive letters from Clarion's readers asking information about subjects of general interest. The great majority of these we have been obliged to leave unanswered because other and more pressing matters in connection with editing and getting out the Clarion have taken up all our time and attention. However, a comrade has volunteered his services for this particular work and can be relied upon to give every question the consideration and attention its importance may warrant.

Questions must be written on paper separate from other correspondence, with the questioner's name signed thereto. In answering questions initials only will be used.

R. G. Comaplik, B.C., asks our advice as to joining a certain "fraternal" society. We cannot advise you to join that society or any other. If you at present belong to one and are a student of Socialism you may be able to do good educational work when opportunity offers. As you are evidently a beginner in the study of Socialism, by all means stay out if you intend to continue your studies, for to join will subject you to disappointment and to your leaving it in disgust eventually. This is especially true of the society you mention, which fosters religious differences and is really, in so far as I have been connected with it, merely a political club. If you feel you ought to do something and there is not a Socialist Local in your riding, become a member at large by forwarding your application to the secretary (W. Watta) of the Provincial Executive Committee, Labor Temple, Vancouver, B. C. You can also order, say, a bundle of ten Clarions per week and distribute them around to those whom you think would be interested. You will thereby become an active member in the greatest movement the world has ever known, besides which those so-called fraternal societies fade into absolute nothingness.

THE POT OF GOLD

By Wilfrid Gribble.

(Continued from last week)

I fear I am putting my hero in bad for the start, but you, reader, have got to take him as I had, as you find him.

And so the day passed and that first evening at last, and at last George went to his berth to be lulled to sleep by the gentle vibration caused by the beat of the engines, to awaken in the morning to the brief wonder and a quick realization of where he was. The hearty meals (it was calm weather and George wasn't cast) the deck games, the new acquaintances, the exchange of experiences, all helped to pass the time away, day by day.

The sorrow of leaving the old land was rapidly giving place to the anticipation of arriving at the new, but, for all that, the trunk was often opened and a look taken at the photograph of his mother and of his dead father and of one other, which George did not kiss, for George was a sensible chap, who realized that a bit of pastebored could not appreciate a kiss, and who knew that, though the photo pleased his eyes, it could never satisfy his lips.

When the shores of Canada came in view his letters were all written ready for mailing home, full of his experiences on the voyage and full of hope for the future, and once more he leaned over the liner's rail, looking ahead of him instead of astern, watching the shore becoming more clearly defined instead of more dim, and with a swelling heart and eager eyes rather than an aching throat and misty vision, for this was the promised land that he was nearing; this was the country where there was room and work for everyone. He would be able to "make money" here; he would be able to send money home; he would be able to bring his mother out and see that she did not slave to make both ends meet, as he had always known her to do in the old land, and, in due course, he would write and ask "the girl" to join him, for though there had yet been no expressed understanding between them, he knew she but wanted the word to share his lot in the new country. It would not take long, the "big money" he would be able to make, would enable him to accomplish his object within a year.

Perhaps he would go home himself and fetch them out; perhaps it would be better to save his own passage money home and back and send the money to bring them, instead of going himself. Anyhow there was plenty of time to think of and arrange for that. The first thing to do now was to get ashore, find work and save money.

In this spirit George stepped ashore as many others have stepped ashore in Canada, as many there will step ashore, to learn that there is no more security in employment, no more certainty of a decent living on this side of the Atlantic than on the other; that, at best, "the soup is possibly a little thicker" here, but, as this is early in the story we will, for the present, leave George Lowden as he was then, not as he is now, ashore in Halifax, with his little English tin trunk containing his clothes, his keepsakes and his photographs; with eyes eager with anticipation, spirit strong with determination and a heart filled with hope for the future.

CHAPTER TWO.

Everything happened according to the schedule of George's anticipations when he struck the mining town of Glassy Sound. He hoped to strike work at once, and he did—he was given a place in one of the mines as soon as he asked for it. As he wasn't to start work till the following morning he spent the rest of the day in "looking around," getting acquainted, and renewing acquaintances with some who had come from the same town as himself in the old country. His mates who had come on the same ship had been, mostly, as fortunate as himself, and were also "looking around," noting and remarking the points of resemblance and of difference between this mining town and a mining town in "their" country. The chief difference they noticed was the number of "foreigners" here, with their various types and languages. They had been used to hearing nothing but the English language, or that dialect of it known as "Lancky"—short for Lancashire—but here were Italians, Belgians, Germans, and a number of other "foreign" nationalities, together with Scotch, English, Welsh, native-born Canadians, and a few Americans.

Another point of difference was that that scarcely any of the buildings, even of the "better class," were made of brick or stone, but of wood, where as in the old country wooden buildings are practically unknown. Some one proposed a drink, and here they discovered another strong point of difference from a mining town in "old" country—there wasn't a drink to be bought in all the town, nor in all the country round, for Glassy Sound was a Godly community, which had been voted "dry."

They were to discover later, however, that there were ways and means of getting liquor, and such liquor,

even in Glassy Sound, when one became "known."

The impossibility of getting a "drop o' beer" seemed to this group of exiles the only thing to grumble at, and they did grumble at it. The very fact that they couldn't get it made them wish for it the more. Here was everything else wanted but not here. However, as the day passed they became aware that everyone else was "on the grumble" too, but not about the fact that there was no beer—the burden of complaint was the "Com'ny." Conditions were bad, wages were too low, too big deductions were made for stone, and so on.

George and his chums, however, did not take much notice of these complaints. They had been used to hearing them constantly at home.

So the day passed, and George went home to his "lodgings" a cheerful man, got his "bit clothes" out of his trunk, and turned in to get a good night's rest in preparation for going on the "morning shift," which was to be his introduction to the underground industry of Glassy Sound.

Never did George, or any other man, rise in a more cheerful mood to go to a day's work than he did the next morning.

Never did any man work the day through in a more cheerful mood than did George that day.

George was especially cheerful, for he had been given a "good place" in the mine—here it may be explained, though mining technicalities will be avoided wherever possible in this story, that a "good place" is a part of the mine where a good many tons of coal can be dug in a day, and as coal diggers are paid by the ton or yard, a good place means wages above the average—and, as George and his mate had been well supplied with cars to take the coal away, they had been enabled to do a "big day's work," and had made a "big day's wages."

The sun was shining bright when George came out of the pit when his shift was over, all the brighter because of the gloom from which he had emerged, and still brighter because of "big money" he had made. Briskly he walked home, his dinner pail and the can in which he carried his cold tea to the mine, gently knocking together, keeping time to the sound of his Lancashire clogs, and altogether making a cheerful trotting.

George had "got lodgings" with a family of the name of Stalkley.

There was Ned Stalkley, a quiet, deliberate fellow; his wife, a neat and plucky little bantam of a woman and a good cook; the baby, which Ned, a stay-at-home sort of fellow, always nursed while "Missus" washed the dishes, and Ned's two brothers, Tom and Matt.

They were all from Lancashire, except the baby—he was a little Canadian. Tom was the exact opposite of his quiet brother in temperament.

Always talking, full of fun, and impulsive to the last degree, if Tom had anything to say, he'd say it, no matter what it was, or to whom.

Many things were talked about that evening as the men sat resting after the day's work, and the little woman, whose work was never done, washed the dishes. Ned didn't have much to say, but nursed the baby on one arm and held a book—"God and my Neighbor"—with the other hand, which he read assiduously.

George, Matt and Tom did the talking. Matt was "betwixt and between" Ned and Tom in temperament—not as quiet as Ned, nor as talkative and impulsive as Tom.

The first subject under discussion after supper, as they sat smoking their pipes was football. What was the standing in the league, and who were likely to win the English cup, and so on. Hot but good-tempered was the argument as each gave his reasons for his opinions on the chances of this or that team winning. At last the chances of the teams had been thoroughly thrashed out, minor subjects had been dealt with, and the conversation settled down to a discussion of the local situation.

There was, and had been for some time, great discontent among the miners of Glassy Sound and vicinity. Matt and Tom shared this discontent. George couldn't understand it at all.

Things were much better here than at home, here was "plenty of work"—he had got work at once—wages were good—he had made a big day's wages that day—and here everybody was grumbling. George felt somewhat out of patience with it all, and at last made the observation, "some people will never be satisfied." You see, reader, George was in that state where he thought such a remark was wise and original, when he thought it was more or less of a crushing argument; did not realize that a remark of this nature, made as a wise one, was but an exhibition of ignorance. Tom, in his turn, became out of patience at George's remark, and broke loose with, "Tha makes me tired. Tha's bin here five minutes, and tha's talking about what tha knows nowt about. Tha needn't think because tha's got a good place in 'r mine that everybody

else has. Doest'nt the only one? Some o' t' poor beggars ain't making their sawt. What t' hell's 'r men to do but strike if they can't get t' rights? What t' hell! Tha makes me tired!"

At this point Ned came to the rescue of poor George, overwhelmed by Tom's vehemence, and as the complacent George's complacency had evaporated as a result of Tom's onslaught, Ned had an attentive listener as he quietly explained the reason for the dissatisfaction so rife in the vicinity.

It appeared that for some time past the Company had been "putting the screws on"; excessive deductions had been made for stone among the coal sent up from the mine (here it may be explained that there is always some rock among the coal sent up, which causes the notice of the coal diggers owing to the poor light in which they work), prices had gone up steadily while wages had remained stationary; there was an increasing tendency to "mark" or victimize men who had dared to protest in any way—some of them had been given such bad places in the mine that they couldn't average out the fifty cents a day, others, when they had worked out their particular place in the mine, had been quietly put off from day to day when asking for another place; some few had been frankly discharged.

Worse than all, there was a so-called Union, by the name of the "Workmen's Protective Association," which was bossed by creatures and pots of the Company.

John Stofft, the secretary of this "Union," was practically its boss; he was a man of considerable ability as a misleader, and, together with a number of others of low cunning who were acting under his direction, had been a very useful tool to the Company.

The majority of the men in the mines had, however, "got onto the eye." The greater number of those who had belonged to the "Workmen's Protective Association" had withdrawn, and local unions of the powerful "International Miners' Union," with its hundreds of thousands of members, had been formed.

It had been the custom of the Company to deduct the dues of the members of the "Workmen's Protective Association" from their wages and turn them over to the secretary.

They continued to deduct these dues from the wages of the men who had withdrawn from this "Union," and there was a fight over that too.

These, and many other grievances, Ned explained to the chastened George, who realized vaguely, at last, that there was some cause for the dissatisfaction he had noticed expressed on all sides.

George, though slow to think, was a manly fellow, and he made up his mind, before going to bed that night, that he would turn in the card which he held from the old country miners' union and take out a card in the Local of the "International Miners' Union."

By the time Ned had explained things Matt and Tom had become engaged in an animated discussion over "foots" again. The conversation between Ned and George changed from a discussion of the local situation to things more confidential and intimate.

Ned was one of these quietly strong fellows with a sympathetic nature that seems to invite confidence, and George opened his heart to Ned.

He told him about his hopes of bringing "t' old mother" out to Canada, he told him of the girl. Ned was a sympathetic listener, for he had hopes once as George had now, and his hopes had been—so far—fulfilled.

Ned had come, with his brothers, to Canada some time before, had returned home, married the girl, and with the help of his brothers, had brought his mother out to the new and promised land, hoping to see her live many years in quietness and ease. But it was not to be. An affection, brought on by overwork and insufficient care in critical periods when she was younger, had forced the mother to undergo an operation in the local hospital, and the end was a few months after arriving in Canada: a worn-out woman of the working class, old before her time, lying in a casket, surrounded by flowers, with three strong sons, who had hoped so much, and made up their minds so strongly that "t' old mother" should be compensated for the years of struggle she had made for them by years of comfort in her old age, standing looking down with tear-dimmed eyes at the body of their ever-unconscious mother. Ah! "the short and simple annals of the poor." Ned clasped his baby with a little tighter, and looked at his busy wife a little more fondly, as he reached the climax of his story, and vaguely wondered of the future in store for them. Ned has more to say now, and Ned knows better now how to fight to bring about a better time for them in the future than he or his parents had in the past. His brothers are in the same fight, more and more are getting into the fight, and by-and-by there will be enough to end that fight.

(To be continued.)

Comrad N. Sherwood of Massett, B.C., sends in a renewal and one dollar for the Clarion Maintenance Fund.

Have you ever been "buttonholed" by a sweet lady with a charming personality, a delightful smile, and with a beautifully fitting gown? One whose cheeks were as rosy as the "roses" she had for sale; one whose brilliance of make-up made the drab, cheerless buildings on the street emit something like radiance. The ombresness of the lawyer's offices, the incessant noise of lorries, the monotonous sound of bundles of cloth being thrown through a shoot in a packer's warehouse, the wearisomeness of a dull September morning; all that was changed by the lady in question, asking me if I would have a cigarette. I automatically my hand dived into my pockets to get out some small change in order to obtain a flower—but the lady impetuously said, "I knew you'd support the Lifeboat." But I didn't, despite the seductive glances of the lady. The reason briefly was this: Today, Sept. 14, 1912, is "Lifeboat Saturday." A procession is organized, and people march through the streets of Manchester garbed in all kinds of silly costumes in order to show the gaping crowds how funny life is, particularly on "Lifeboat" day. It is called "Lifeboat Saturday" because collections are made for the maintenance of the Lifeboat service around the British coasts. Mind you, the lifeboats are maintained to save lives in or near the coasts during stress of stormy weather. No! it is to be understood that the lives lost around the coasts due to the negligence of ships' captains or an "act of God" are really great. It is rare indeed that lifeboats are called for assistance; yet why this procession? Why the begging of funds for their upkeep? If it is necessary to save lives around the coasts, why does not the British government attend to it? There are lighthouses, and their upkeep is maintained by the National Treasury. In plain words, the Lighthouse system in the British Isles is nationalized. Why then the discrimination between Lighthouses and Lifeboats?

To be frank, the answer is that the capitalist class don't care a damn for life, and are not anxious about it. They are primarily concerned with saving property. Life, as we all know (or should, rather), is merely a secondary consideration.

We know that the world's commerce depends upon oceanic transportation. It may be to China, Japan or Canada. It may be to U.S.A. or Russia, India, Australia, or Africa. It is "shipping." The tonnage carried is immaterial. The main purpose of ships today is to carry cargo. That is to take goods from one country to another. The interchange of commodities render it necessary. The desire of the capitalists is to realize their profit in exchange. They may be sending trips from Chicago to Oldham or Rochester, or "Scotch" Haddock to New York. It may be that claims are sent from Delaware to Philadelphia. No matter what it is, shipping is utilized for profit making purposes. The less the waste in transportation the greater the profit. The greater the saving of merchandise the more the profit. It is thus incumbent upon the capitalist class internationally to so order their system as to obtain a minimum loss of goods carried by ships.

Have you ever been up their River St. Lawrence and noted the lights on each side? How magnificently they present themselves! Have you entered the Hudson River or even the Bay of Fundy. Have you ever been up the Manchester Ship Canal, or the English Channel? If you have, you will have noticed lights in abundance. Some at a distance and easily discernable, others dull and not easily seen. The lights are kept up by the governments, and, mind you, the officials are rarely changed, no matter what color of government is in. Those lights are sustained to prevent the ships from going aground or dashing on rocks. It is the loss of merchandise that compels the capitalist to make ever more stringent regulations. Lighthouses are often quite a distance from land, as in the case of Edinystone, Tossan, Rock, and Nantucket. (Others can be mentioned.) The point, however, is that Lighthouses and Lighthouses blaze forth information to prevent wrecks. Note too that if fog abounds and lights are not discernable, foghorns let loose their shrill and sometimes terrifying sounds. What cannot be seen can be heard.

The capitalist class realize that to save souls is somewhat of a nuisance now. They can't be bothered. The Lifeboats on the other hand do not go far from the shore. They are on the coasts "in case of wrecks." That Lifeboats do not yet come within their purview is admitted. The reason the government is not supporting the Lifeboat system is because it has not cared a damn about it. As I have repeatedly stated, the capitalist has a greater regard for property than for the lives of the working class. Producers of property are piousness, but the sinking of property is usually a loss. Not always however, for you have heard of cases where a deliberate sinking of cargo has been advantageous. What is a cargo of human souls compared to a hoard of merchandise? The loss of the former will be made much of by the press and pulpit for a few days, while to the capitalist the loss of the

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latter occasions far more acute concern and long drawn out agony.
The present hellish system makes the capitalist fendish and callous in regard for human lives. Sooner would he see the sinking of 1,000 lives than lose \$1,000 on any venture. This may seem an exaggeration, but why is it that there is such a difference between the two services I have mentioned. One would have thought the first desire of any civilized government would be to secure life. But the lifeboat system in England has to depend upon the caprice of charitably disposed people, not the government. When life has any value to the capitalist class, then and then only will they stretch forth their hands in an endeavor to protect it. But as it is today, they feel that "let life be endangered as it may, let misery prevail and thousands die, so long as we can make our profit."

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Now the procession is to pass, and the sight I have so often seen, wherever men, women and children desert themselves for the amusement of the onlookers, is to be re-enacted. For some people of that set they will vie one with another to obtain the greater subscription. We were they to understand, and work with the same zeal for the overthrow of the system, a happy time would soon be our lot. As it is we must go on doing our utmost to convince them of the blamishes of the system. To point out that, so long as lives have to be saved it devolves upon the community to see to it. The poor souls with their faces "rouged" and blacked, with their foolish tableaux, are unknowingly suffering because of their ignorance. Underneath their gay costumes are hearts torn with sorrow. They smile to the crowd, but when Monday comes back to their monotonous tasks they go to seek out an existence.

DENTIST
W. J. CURRY
801 Dominion Trust Building
Vancouver, B. C.

Poor fools, were they to know that they are producers of wealth, and that the capitalist class siphon it from them, they would give some kick. I live in hopes, even yet, of seeing them converted to our cause and displaying the zeal and enthusiasm that they now display for the maintenance of capitalism to bring about a new system wherein none will ever want.

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