"THE EXP[illegible]E OF THE MODERN [illegible] IS BUT A COMMIT[illegible]E MANAG ING TH[illegible]MMON AF FAIRS [illegible]HE WHOLE BOURGE[illegible]

WESTERN CLARION

"THE EMANCIPATION OF THE WORKING CLASS MUST BE THE WORK OF THE WORKING CLASS IT-SELF."—KARL MARX.

Owned and Controlled by the Socialist Party of Canada — Published in the Interests of the Working Class Alone

NUMBER 744 — VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1914 — $1.00

WAGE WORKER AND FARMER

INTRODUCTION

The student of economics has much food for thought and considerable cause for amusement in noting the parental attention recently bestowed upon the agricultural population by the Dominion and Provincial governments. If all this show of benevolence hid nothing beneath the surface, then the bayseeds might have good reasons for the hopes they now entertain of at least coming into their own. "Flowever," as the Scotchman says, "I ha'e ma doots."

Government and towards the various farmers' organizations has not been lacking, and, in fact, the B. C. government has suddenly become so very anxious about its dearly beloved sons of toil that it proceeded to form an association for the enrichment [illegible] of the farmers, known as "The Central Selling Agency." By the aid of a benevolent gentleman from Vancouver and an official of the farmers' old friend, the C. P. R., the farmers were called together and told that they must "organize," and put out of business the middle-men, who, according to these learned gentlemen, had been getting all the honey.

Well, to make a long story short, they organized, of course, and since the middle-man did not get his hands on their produce, the puzzle now is—Where has the honey gone this time?

Mr. Farmer. When are you going to wake up to the fact that you have a brain of your own, and one that you must exercise if you are ever going to find the nigger in the wood-pile? Would anyone outside the walls of a lunatic asylum have the faintest suspicion that the C. P. R., Mackenzie and Mann, McBride, Bowser et al., are in the least concerned about you and your little two-by-four ranch? It would require one with the innocence of a Virgin Mary to even harbor such a thought.

These master-class law-making tools are diligently playing the trade they are trained for, viz., paving the way for an increase in profits for an idle class of parasites.

And why should they not? To be proficient in the art of humbugging you farmers and workingmen, and by this means netting the master-class more surplus values, means riches, honor, and a worldwide reputation for statesmen. Surely it pays to "play the game," and play it well. As long as they can, they will fool you, as they once fooled us—and that was until we had sufficiently mastered our prejudice to listen, read, and learn from the members of our own class who had "got on to the game," if I may be allowed to use a slang phrase.

That the farmers and workers in general have been unable to get an intelligent understanding of the situation is not in the least to be wondered at. On the contrary, their view of the situation must of necessity coincide with the prevalent ideas of present-day society, of which the dominant class is the tutor. To blindfold a victim before robbing him is a very effective way of hiding both the identity of the robber and the method of robbery. The victim may be aware of the fact that, in some mysterious fashion, he has been relieved of what he should have, but **by whom?** is the question, and **how?**

To mould public opinion as desired, the ruling class, almost from its inception, recognized the necessity of controlling all the chief avenues of information, and so thoroughly have they accomplished the task that, were it not for the struggle for existence becoming daily more and more intense, it would almost be impossible to get the attention of an audience while one who had learned the true facts exposed them in their bare nakedness.

However, there is one thing that the ruling class in any society is unable to prevent, and that is—the ultimate collapse of their own cherished system.

Just as the healthiest plant in existence sprouts, grows, flowers, withers and dies, creating within its folds seed for a new creation, so did chattel slavery and feudalism; and so must capitalism, wither and in its turn, pass on to a new and better form of society more adapted to human progress.

As evidence that the present system, which, by the nature of its very organism, means unbelievable wealth for the few and unspeakable poverty and misery for the many, is now in its dying struggles, we have but to take stock of the present panic. Millions upon millions of men, women and children are crying for bread and for the necessities of life, for the opportunity to produce them, and thousands of mills, mines, factories, etc., are idle and rusting—because these same idle millions throughout the world produced too much when running them. Surely, any sane man can but admit that the time is ripe for a thorough investigation into the cause of this undisguised state of affairs, and for a remedy to be applied that will once and for all prevent the re-appearance of this unnecessary evil.

Those conversant with the writings of that famous German philosopher, Karl Marx, are well aware of the cause, and consequently are in a position to readily perceive that there is but one remedy. Unfortunately, however, but a very small portion of the workers of the world can be induced to study anything that requires any mental effort to master. Moreover, the majority have been so well trained, by the few who sit in the seats of power, to nurse and cuddle their worries and cares, that when one tells them that by their own efforts they can rid themselves of this irksome burden forever, they are laughed at as fanatics.

Nevertheless, those of us who have been fortunate enough to become interested in the great truths revealed by those fearless and dauntless master-minds who have now passed from our midst, owe to ourselves and our fellow-toilers the duty and pleasure of adding our mite of assistance in tearing the mask of superficial appearances from the vision of the toil-burdened millions, and revealing what really is, instead of **what appears to be.** The writer will endeavor in the following pages to use the Marxian Theory of Value as a means of unravelling some of the vexing problems that confront the farmers.

However, as it is impossible to understand decimals before having studied addition, so also is it impossible to understand the part the farmers play in society until we have a fair knowledge of the underlying laws that govern that society. Consequently, I will ask the reader to read patiently and study closely the examples and illustrations I shall draw, even though at first they may appear to have no bearing upon the subject in hand.

The writer lays no claim to being an authority on this or any other subject, but having spent much of his spare time in studying the writings of those tireless gropers after truth who, by devoting their lifetime to the task, have made a thorough and entirely scientific analysis of the present and past systems of society, then he does lay claim to the privilege of passing on some of the light he has gleaned therefrom.

Having thus somewhat prepared the reader for what is to follow, I shall launch into our subject without further waste of space.

(Continued next issue.)

AID FROM THE ENEMY

"The Live Issue" is a Catholic anti-Socialist paper of four pages, published in New York for the express purpose of combating the Socialist movement on the ground that "its economics and government principles are impracticable and impossible; in morality false and destructive; and in religion blasphemous and atheistic." Its efforts will be doubtless have the unexpected effect of clarifying the movement in the States, and freeing it from the disgusting apologetic element which is always seeking to reconcile opposites, such as religion and science, and to persuade the public generally that "we really do not mean that, you know." Clear definitions of the materialist interpretation of history have been published in this paper, and have up to the present, been left by the Socialist movement severely alone. Such Socialists as stands responsible, and the spokesmen of the organized movement in the States are busy denying and hedging, in attempts to prove that a good Catholic can be a good Socialist, and that there is no antagonistic interpretation of history. Its efforts will be unreservedly opposed or antagonized by the Socialist movement—let us not be misunderstood—but by clarifying the issue and emphasizing the offensive and challenging nature of the anti-religious attitude of the materialist interpretation of history. Let the good work go on. It is not necessary to attack the Socialist movement—Let the good work go on. It is needed.

THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY

By Frederick Engels
(Translated by Richard Perin)

[This article was published in an Italian labor publication in 1873, in the midst of the Bakunin controversy. It was recently unearthed by Comrade N. Rosanoff and published in the New Zealand Worker, from which this translation was made.]

Some time ago a number of Socialists commenced a veritable crusade against that which they call the principle of authority. To condemn any action, they believe it to be sufficient to represent it as being authoritative. This same many method leads to so many absurdities that it is necessary to make a closer study of the matter. Authority in the sense in which it is used here means the subjection of the will of an other to our will. Hence, authority presupposes subordination on the part of the other. Now, from the fact that these two words have an evil sound and that the relationship expressed thereby is displeasing to the subordinated factor, the question arises whether there is any means to abolish this relation things, whether—under the given social condition—we can create another social order in which there will be no occasion for this authority, in which it will consequently vanish. If we study the economic, industrial and agrarian conditions that form the basis of the present bourgeois society, we find that they have a tendency to replace the isolated action of an individual by the combined action of several individuals. For the small enterprises of isolated property modern industry substitutes the great factories and workshops where hundreds of workers attend completed machines driven by steam, in place of the wagon and cart we have railroad trains, and steamers in place of rowboats and sailing vessels. Even agriculture is gradually coming under the dominion of the machine and of steam, which slowly but relentlessly is displacing the small farmer by the great capitalist, who cultivates immense estates by the aid of wage-workers.

Wherever we may look, the independent action of separate individuals is being displaced by a combined action, by a complication of processes each of which is dependent upon all the rest—when we say combined action we also say organization. Now, is it possible to have an organization without authority?

Let us suppose that a social revolution has dethroned the capitalists, whose authority now conducts the entire production and distribution of wealth. In order to place ourselves squarely upon the standpoint of the anti-authoritarians, let us suppose that the earth and the means of production have become the collective property of the workers who use them. In this case will authority vanish or will it merely alter its form? Let us see.

As an example we shall take a cotton spinning plant. In order that the cotton may be transformed into yarn, it must pass through at least six successive operations, which usually take place in different rooms. In order to drive the machines we need an engineer to care for the engine, some mechanics for daily repairs, and many other unskilled workers to pass the product from one room to another, etc. All these workers, men, women and children, must begin and end their work at an hour that is determined by the authority of the steam, which is little concerned over individual autonomy. Hence from the very beginning it is necessary for the workers to agree upon the hours of labor, and as soon as these hours are agreed they must all keep to them without exception.

Then in every room and at every moment there arise questions of detail relative to the method of production, the distribution of the material, etc., which, if it is not desired to risk a sudden cessation of production, must be settled immediately. Now, whether they are settled by the decision of a delegate conducting one branch of the industry or by the decision of the majority, the will of the individual must comply, that is, these questions are authoritatively settled. The automatic mechanism of a great factory is tyrannical to a higher degree than are the small capitalists who exploit the workers, in regard to the working hours, at least, we might well inscribe over the doors of these factories: Lasciate ogni autonomia, voi che entrate. (All autonomy abandon, ye who enter here). When man, by the aid of science and the inventive faculty, subdues the forces of nature, they revenge themselves by subjecting him who exploits them to a real despotism, which is independent of the social conditions. To do away with authority in the great industries would mean to abolish industry itself, to destroy the steam spinning plant in order to return to the spindle.

Let us take another example, a railroad. Here the co-operation of an immense number of men is absolutely necessary, a co-operation that must take place at exactly specified hours if a terrible accident is to be avoided. Here the first necessity of the entire system is a dominating will that decides all subordinate questions, and it is immaterial whether this will is represented by a delegated person or by a committee that is elected to execute the decisions of the majority of the interested parties. We have to deal with an authority in both cases. And more than this! What would happen to the very first train that set out if we were to abolish the authority of the railway officials over the persons travelling on it?

But nowhere is the necessity of authority, and an absolute authority at that, so obvious as on a ship at sea. There the life and death of all on board depend at every moment upon the absolute and instantaneous subjection of all to the will of a single individual.

If I were to use this argument against the most rabid of the anti-authoritarians, they could give me the following reply: "Oh, that is true, but here it is not a question of authority that we confer upon a delegate, but of a commission." They deceive that they can change the altering its name. And thus thinkers make fun of the whole

Hence we see that on the one hand, authority, by whatever name it may be called, and on the other hand, subordination are things independently of the social organization are forced upon us simultaneously the material conditions under which produce and distribute goods.

We also see that the material conditions of production and distribution inevitably and to an inevitable degree subjected to the influence of large industry, and agriculture on a large that hence the extent of this authority is becoming greater and greater. therefore it is ridiculous to represent the principle of authority as absolutely evil, and the principle of autonomy as absolutely good. Authority and autonomy are relative conceptions, and their range of validity alters with the various phases of social evolution.

Had the autonomists contented themselves with saying that the social organization of the future will admit authority only within the narrowest possible limits drawn by the conditions of production, then we would have been obliged to agree with them. But they are blind to all facts that make authority necessary, and fight passionately against a mere word.

Why do the anti-authoritarians not confine themselves to declaiming against political authority, against the State? All Socialists are agreed that the State and with it political authority will vanish as the result of the future social revolution; that is to say, that public functions will lose their political character and will be reduced to simple administrative functions watching over the social interests. But the anti-authoritarians demand that the political State shall be abolished at one stroke, before the conditions of the social conditions that created it. They demand that the first act of the social revolution shall be the abolition of authority.

Have you ever witnessed a revolution, gentlemen? A revolution is certainly the most authoritative thing that there is, an act by which a portion of the population forces its will upon the other portion by rifles, bayonets and cannon, all very authoritative means. And the victorious party must maintain its rule by the terror that its weapons inspire in the reactionaries. And if the Paris Commune had not made use of the authority of an armed people against the bourgeoisie, would it have lasted longer than a day? Conversely, can we not reproach it for having used too little of this authority? Hence we face an inevitable alternative: either the anti-authoritarians do not themselves know what they are talking about, and in that case they are only creating confusion, or they do know, and in that case they are betraying the cause of the proletariat. In either case they are only serving the reaction.—The New Review.

EVEN A WORM WILL TURN

As I happened to be one of a number who were asked to give their opinion of many of the phases of the industrial struggle on Vancouver Island, I will endeavor to deal with one of the questions. The questions were directed to me by one who has made a thorough investigation of the whole strike situation. One question was, "What is your opinion of the sentences passed on those already sentenced?" My brief reply was—Having studied scientific criminology by Lombroso, Ferri and others, and believing in the universal law of cause and effect, any sentence in my opinion would be excessive. If they had been habitual offenders against society, it would point to an abnormal brain and would call for restraint as in the case of lunatics, but the facts of the case point to their surroundings as the cause of any trouble that happened. Judge Howay's remarks, that he could see no sign of repentance on the faces of the convicted, bear me out in this. I maintain that these men are martyrs in, every way as were the early Christians and inspired by the same lofty ideals.

As an argument this stand is invincible, but on the surface it may appear to have little to do with our struggle for the ownership of the means of wealth production. At all events it will suffice to lay bear the hypocrisy of the apologists for the Canadian criminal code and the capitalist system in general. In most criminal codes there is some allowance made for extenuating circumstances. That is, that an accused person may not be altogether to blame for a crime. It is needless to say that to framers of any criminal code there has been able to foresee how personal responsibility leaves off and outside influences begin. If there exists in the Canadian criminal code such a thing as part exoneration for extenuating circumstances, the B. C. judiciary have very nearly come to a definite basis by eliminating it altogether.

This is one of the glaring contradictions of the capitalist system that is rapidly developing toward the limit of human endurance. The capitalist class insist on punishment for infringement of their code of laws, claiming that a man does not have to be a criminal unless he wishes, whereas science has proved conclusively that a man's actions are determined by forces over which he has no control. When those two inner voices make their presence felt, one urging you on and the other holding you back, it ought to make you realize that there are two independant forces at work. It is no subterfuge to say that one is the devil and the other is an angel. The existence of these two is only a guess and their existence within your frame is surely a very far-fetched guess. Science, which will not accept a guess, says that these two forces are heredity and environment. Either of these forces may pull for good or bad, and sometime they may pull together. "Heredity is but the effect of the environment of our ancestors, transmitted to us at birth, and is independant of future environment. Environment includes all outside influences, the people we come in contact with, the books we read, the manner in which we obtain a living, etc. This brings us back to the strike again. The strike is but a phase of a situation where a number of men were denied the protection of their liberties and the wherewith to sustain life. The human being is not so very far removed from the lower animals. When aggravated beyond a certain point he cannot resist retaliation even a worm will turn.

Under the economic conditions brought into existence and developed the capitalist system, so has the capitalist system developed that institution known as the criminal court, or department of justice. Its chief function is to try to perpetuate the capitalist system and to safeguard the interests of those who benefit by this system. For a side issue it is sometimes used to prevent one capitalist from robbing another, especially if it is one of the bigger capitalists that is threatened. There is no doubt but the function of the law courts was not so obnoxious to the workers as it is now. One reason is that the workers are awakening to the fact that all is not as it might be. The new conditions force them out in the open to demonstrate their particular class interests. The working class, if a sufficient portion of it only knew it, have got the capitalist, as the colored man says, "a-going and a-coming." When they show the mailed fist, the workers see it, and if they will hold it, the workers will overwhelm them. The predicament of the capitalist class is surely an eye-feast to the class conscious slave.

W. B.

Frank Tannenbaum, the I. W. W. leader who took the crowd to church in New York, has been sentenced to one year in prison. Moral—don't go to church.

Something of the change in the literature the people are demanding is shown in the fact that, while in 1908 the regular publishing houses issued only 236 books on economics (that is the increase over former years), in 1913 there were 977 such books published, not by Socialists but by old line publishers. One book in every twelve printed last year discussed economics.—Appeal.

There are four great facts to learn in entering a practical education. The first is, that the worker is robbed; second is, for the worker to know he is robbed; the third is, to know how he is robbed; the fourth, to know how to get rid of the robbery. All other education is valuable only in enabling you to produce more of which you can be robbed or to get on the inside of the game and rob others.—Appeal.

ELEMENTARY SOCIALISM

By Wilfrid Gribble

II.

The Materialist Interpretation of History

(Continued)

[illegible] to live in a state of society, and conform [illegible] that society, according to the age and [illegible] form in. At the present moment there are people [illegible] Age, for instance in New Guinea, and in every [illegible] including the most modern stage of [illegible] society. Neither we nor they chose [illegible] which we [illegible] were born at a certain place, [illegible] of production, brought up in a certain country. We are creatures of our particular environment, [illegible] are because as have to be, and changing in our [illegible] according to the economic development that is taking [illegible] to be affected by that development.

Savagery

[illegible] to very early life of Gregarious man, though not [illegible] was partly handed [illegible] had to live in a society in which the [illegible] was a privilege. He [illegible] of agriculture had not been [illegible] had to be more or less successful hunters or perish. [illegible] with intelligence to realize that in a society wherein [illegible] was the basic industry, that a great extent of country was [illegible] to this particular industry to be carried on. Towns, such [illegible] towns, boroughs and cities were impossible, were unknown.

Next in the most advanced stage of what we may call the hunting stage of society, when agriculture was fairly developed, towns [illegible] fairly large or social ideas very highly developed.

Agriculture

As hunters, man became more expert in cultivating the land, he found out how to get his living in a smaller area, in larger and more compact communities, society became more settled, because it [illegible] This was not so apparent at the time, as the short range at which one could gather [illegible] at things did not give him sufficient perspective for any particular reasoning. It is like this. When fighting was the main or only industry, a great extent of country was necessary for the maintenance of a community, and life was very insecure. When agriculture became the main industry a lesser extent of country was necessary to the maintenance of a community and life became more secure.

Machine Production and the Worker

Skipping a great deal of history, when the capitalist (the machine method of industry came into existence) life became very [illegible] for one thing the workers ceased to own the tools they worked with. Old it is simple, when the hunter **owned** efficient bows and arrows, and there was plenty of game, he never went short of anything. He knew that was good for him, when the primitive agriculturalist owned his rude agricultural instruments, and the [illegible] were even half favorable to him, he never wanted for any good thing that was possible in his time.

Take heed of this fact—That no possible necessary comfort or luxury was denied to primitive man. Everything that he saw or ate or was fed on he got for the taking. So far as he had unravelled the secrets of Nature, so far was he to the good.

There was no man or set of men to stand between him and the good things of life. He was **free,** or as free as Nature would permit him to be—**comparatively far freer than we, the wage-workers, are today.**

But "Nature creates without joy and obliterates without regret," and in accordance with her workings it eventually became necessary for a few, just a few, generations of humanity to pass through a **class** stage of society, in order to get a little further, to reach a higher stage of society.

I, who am writing, you who read, happen to be born in a capitalist society, in a State stage. (Some hope the last) of that society, and are, at the present moment, helping to maintain that society, or to break it down, preparatory to building up a new society. As time goes on, those who are trying to maintain the present state become less in number, and those who are trying to break down the present state become greater in number, and "thus the Revolution proceeds."

The wants or wishes of the individual count for very little. As I heard Austin Lewis say a few months ago, "Seventy years is a long period in the life of an individual, but a short period in the history of a movement."

Well, what if it is? We cannot increase the length of our lives very perceptibly, so the best we can do, generally speaking, is to play a man's part in the most advanced movement in existence—the Socialist movement—and thus make our own lives worth living while we have them.

The foregoing, briefly, awkwardly perhaps, but I hope plainly, endeavors to set forth this truth—that we have to be what our present and inherited environment compels us to be. To the hasty thinker this may imply that there is no good in doing anything, but not so the fact that a few were first moved, later many more moved, and now many, very many, moved to think as we think, is a proof that eventually enough will be **compelled** to think as we think, and to do what we want done.

So much for the movement.

Read in addition to books recommended in last contribution—
"Manifesto of Socialist Party of Canada," 10c.
"Ancient Society," Lewis Morgan, $1.00.

ACTIVITY OF LOCAL FERNIE

On Sunday, April 5, Com. W. J. Bennett of Local Fernie, No. 17, who has been a long time hibernating, emerged from his hole in the ground to lecture on "The Theory of Karl Marx" in the new S. P. C. headquarters—or that camp will be a long time before he goes back to his retreat.

Organizer Phillips of the same local has been making a house to house canvass for the purpose of finding out all reds who have not their names on the voters' list. This matter has always received his special attention during his term of office, and it is to be hoped that his successor (as he has resigned) will pay as much attention to this essential part of political organization.

O'BRIEN AT BROCKVILLE

Ed. Clarion—We have just closed the most successful propaganda campaign ever carried on in Brockville, with two of your organizers as propagandists. In a personal letter I gave a report in regard to Com. Gibble's work here, and in this letter wish to report on Com. O'Brien's work.

Comrade O'Brien gave us three lectures during his three days' visit in Brockville, and must say that he is the finest platform speaker who has ever visited this city, either on the Socialist or on any other platform. The comrades here admit that Charlie is the power of the Socialist movement in Canada. His talk on "Value" is one of the finest ever heard by any of the comrades here on this particular phase of Socialism. We have had so many poor excuses as Socialist propagandists visiting us that it is a real treat to hear such men as Gribble and O'Brien. They do not beg with the working class. They do not deal with effects. They educate the workers to their position in society; and once the workers understand their position and realize their mission as workers results will come quick.

Ontario comrades will be benefited by Gribble and O'Brien stopping over in this section of the Dominion from B. C. to the heart of the real revolutionary [illegible] in Canada, and Brockville local is ready to hear all that may happen slop over. (Although they "slop over," they are not sloppy.)

We expect to have these two comrades here on their return trip in the near future, and again make a stirring among the dry bones of this dead town.

Yours in revolt,

G. F. DAPOE.

The Western Clarion

Published every two weeks by the Socialist Party of Canada at the office of The Western Clarion, Room 16, Hartney Chambers, Pender St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

Subscription — Strictly in Advance.

$1.00 per year, 50 cents for six months, 25 cents for three months. In U. S. single subscriptions $1.00 per year.

Bundles of 5 or more copies, for a period of not less than three months, at the rate of 2 cents per copy per issue. Advertising rates on application.

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THE WESTERN CLARION

Room 16, Hartney Chambers — **745** Watch the label on your paper. If this number is on it, your subscription expires with the next issue. — Pender St., W., Vancouver, B. C.

Saturday, April 25..............................1914

DISPOSING OF THE SURPLUS

So long as the productive power of the individual was limited to the amount of food, shelter, etc., necessary for his own sustenance, it is manifestly clear that no motive existed for human slavery. Under such conditions the idea of slavery could not enter the mind of man, for the very simple reason that there was nothing to suggest such a thing.

In the course of time and experience man learned to domesticate animals, till the soil and fashion tools and implements to add to the power of his hands in securing his food and other necessities. The acquirement of such arts necessitated the establishment of fixed and permanent places of abode, thus laying the foundation of the home and all the other institutions and relations that have bound the individual man to his fellows all down through the intervening ages betwixt primitive and individualistic savagery and the boasted Christian civilization of today.

The domestication of animals, the tilling of the soil and the development of the tool of production brought about a greater command over the means of sustenance thus securing to the individual, or family, a more abundant and certain food supply and other comforts.

The circumstances surrounding the individual thus must have brought to him a degree of comfort and security quite unknown to him during his previous savage, nomadic and uncertain wanderings. But while the development of the arts above referred to lifted the erstwhile savage to a higher and more comfortable level of existence, this development contained within itself the germ of what was later on to become the most deadly and polluting scourge that ever sucked the blood and sapped the life of human kind. That scourge is human slavery.

When the economic development reached the point where the productive power of the individual became sufficiently great to enable him to produce enough food, clothing, shelter, etc., to more than supply his own needs, the hour had struck for the birth of human slavery and this monster came duly forth from the womb of time.

It is not here necessary to follow the development of slavery in detail from its infancy down to the present day of its doddering senility. That it had its beginnings in the enslavement of women and children within the confines of the ancient patriarchal family and grew and developed into the great slave empires of antiquity, which eventually fell to pieces from their own rottenness and corruption, is known to every student of history.

Upon the ruins of those chattel slave empires of the past was reared the feudal system of slavery, a trifle more polished and seemly without, but equally as poisonous and deadly within. Later on this system, or type of slavery, gave way to the present, or capitalist system of masters and slaves, the most deceitfully garbed and deadly of them all.

That period of man's history known as civilization is also the history of slavery. Civilization and slavery are synonymous terms.

No system or type of human slavery can continue its existence unless it can dispose of the products of its slaves. The chattel slave system broke down when the productive power of its slaves became so great that the wildest extravagance of vulgar and licentious abandon could no longer dispose of it. The ancient slave empires thus became engulfed in such an era of debauchery and corruption that they crumbled to ruins from their own rottenness.

The feudal system succumbed to the demands of the surplus products accruing from the ever-increasing productivity of labor brought about by the more highly developed tool of production, just about the time the hand tool grew into a machine. This surplus demanded a world's market for its disposal. Feudalism went down and Capitalism assumed the reins of power. The world has been conquered by Capitalism. The surplus accruing to the Capitalist class is continually becoming larger, for the reason that the productive power of labor is constantly increasing owing to the improvement of the machinery of industry.

The products of industry can only be disposed of by selling them in the market. The consuming power of the world's market is practically determined by the wage of the working class, in so far as cash sales are concerned. Everything above this must be sold on credit. It is manifestly clear that if the total wage of the working class is not of sufficient magnitude to remove all of the goods from the market, such as remain, if sold at all, must be sold upon credit and can never be paid for. The Capitalist system has been able to survive until the present time only by virtue of doing a credit business. The surplus accruing to the masters of industry, commerce and finance, after the wages of labor have been paid and their own personal expenses met, has been sold on credit, and the bill has not been paid and never can be paid. The debt owing to the Capitalist class is evidenced by the bonds, stocks, debentures, mortgages, deeds and other paper titles held by that class. When all of this is totalled up it must run into hundreds of billions of dollars. The list must include all public and private loans regardless of character, amount or time, as well as every investment and undertaking measured in terms of the market.

While a world was being conquered by capital and even to its uttermost parts brought under its baneful rule, this delightful game of credit could be played without limit. But the end is near at hand. The unexploited portion of the earth is rapidly narrowing. Opportunities for further new investments are becoming fewer, while the surplus is becoming each year larger owing to the continual widening of the margin between the wage of the working class and the market value of its product.

Capitalism can no longer dispose of the product of its slaves. No further proof of this is needed than the mere fact that an immense army of unemployed is to be found in the field.

Capitalist industry is not running at anything like full speed even now; thousands of slaves have been thrown out of employment during recent months. Out of employment, the market suffers to the extent of the purchasing power of the wages they would have received if continued in employment. This only still further aggravates the situation, making additional reductions in the working force imperative.

No longer able to dispose of the product of its slaves Capitalism must perish. No longer able to provide for these slaves in ever increasing numbers, this army of unemployed will soon assume such proportions as to be something more than a mere threat. Its very misery will eventually prove ample warrant for it to prove a potent factor in destroying the thing that stands between it and food.

It is up to the capitalists to employ their slaves and dispose of the product, or be themselves destroyed.

It is a veritable "Riddle of the Sphinx."

BLIND REBELLION

The strike of the slaves of the copper barons of the Michigan peninsula, that has been so stubbornly waged for the past nine months, has been brought to a close by the workers voting to declare the strike off. The majority, in favor of so doing, is given by the capitalist press as a little over 1,000.

Recognition of the union has been waived by the miners. Most of the other demands of the men, it seems, have been granted by the copper companies since the beginning of the strike. An eight-hour day and a minimum wage of $3.00 per day, are included in these demands.

In view of the fact that the miners are absolutely without power to enforce an observance of the few concessions granted by employers, the permanent value of such concessions may well be considered largely speculative. As the chief demand of the strikers—recognition of the union—could not be forced, it may readily be understood that these minor concessions are not coming to them as the "fruits of victory" wrung from their tyrannical masters and overlords, but rather as sops of solace to function as balm for their wounds, and kindly donated for that purpose by those whole-souled and god-fearing bipeds whom divine providence has wisely appointed as custodians of the mineral wealth of the Michigan peninsula.

Capital still reigns supreme in the copper region. No right or title to capitalist property has even been threatened. The owners still remain owners and masters. The slaves are still slaves, held firmly in leash to exploitation at the hands of those masters. The nine months' struggle has cost the workers hundreds of thousands of dollars, in actual cash expended, hundreds of thousands more in time lost, an avalanche of horror in the persecution, clubbing, beating, maiming and killing dealt out to them by the hirelings and thugs of the copper barons; to say nothing of the awful tragedy of last Christmas. The insignificance of the gains mentioned when compared with the magnitude of their cost, coupled with the fact that the workers have no power at their command to insure the permanency of such gains, may well cause us to feel that the "game is not worth the candle."

Once more we wish to call the attention of workingmen to the fact that these attempts to wrest concessions from the masters of capital, in the face of a chronically overstocked labor market, are futile. They can but end in disaster to the workers directly implicated, and through them to the entire working class. Every strike of modern times begins as a farce and ends as a tragedy. Against a labor market in which may at all times be found a surplus of labor, no strike can succeed. The more pronounced becomes this overstocked condition of the labor market the more ridiculous becomes the farce of going against that condition of the market, armed chiefly with bambastic threat and boastful prognostication backed up by empty stomachs, or, at least, d——d limited rations.

As out of that overstocked labor market can be recruited, not only those required to take the strikers' places, but all of the police, detectives, specials, militia, thugs, gunmen and similar rapscallions necessary to club, beat, maim and kill at the behest of the masters, the result can be nothing short of a tragedy for the working class. The greater the surplus of labor continually in the world's labor market the more awful the tragedy.

By the next issue of The estern Clarion we expect to be forced to chronicle the ending of another of these chapters of farce-tragedy in the Colorado coal fields. There are signs upon the horizon indicating that such an ending may come at any time. A huge presentation is now being staged in the British Isles which promises to exceed in magnitude all previous performances along similar lines. As this, like all of its kind, is prompted solely by the spirit of rebellion against the adverse conditions of the labor market, its result will be a tragedy differing from its predecessors in magnitude only.

The greatest tragedy of it all is that the tremendous cost of these rebellious efforts, if turned into educative channels, would not, and could not, be wasted. An educated working class means a revolutionary working class; a working class that would conquer the present social and industrial order for the purpose of building upon its ruins a commonwealth of labor; a commonwealth in which master and slave should be no more.

Blind rebellion may one of these days assume such magnitude as to pull the rotten fabric of capitalist civilization down upon the heads of master and slave, engulfing them in a common ruin.

If the splendid industrial achievements of the past are to be conserved and turned to their proper purpose of human uplift and advancement, the banner of Revolution must be unfurled from the battlements of labor and blind rebellion with its tragedies and defects thrown into the discard.

UTOPIANS

(Clarion Editorial, July 9, 1904)

The revolutionary Socialist is continually meeting with people who acknowledge his ultimate aim, the abolition of the wage system, to be all right, but because in his program there are no provisions for the ever-present right now, set him down as an impractical dreamer, an Utopian. The devotee of "something now" is by no means at sea as to the need of it, but he signally fails to explain how any or all of his pet panaceas can bring any "something now" that would be in the nature of a relief to the victims of the present system. What has he to offer or suggest, that could or would tend to break down or seriously interfere with the iron law of wages? Does he suggest any measure that would make it easy or possible to fit a large number of wage-earners into a limited number of jobs? Can he offer anything that would check the concentration of capital, or in any manner lessen its power to exploit labor? Could he do any or all of these things, would it tend to hasten the day of arriving at that ultimate of which he approves, the abolition of the wage system?

The iron law of wages might perhaps better be termed the iron law of market, because it applies equally to all commodities. No combination of men has yet been found sufficiently powerful to do more than to temporarily disturb its workings. An individual or a combination has succeeded at times in cornering some certain commodity—that is, getting control of the visible supply of it—and temporarily forcing the price upward, but their control of the situation could be held but a few days at the most, and prices would fall to their proper level, as determined by the conditions of the market. Even the much abused monopolist, with his supposed arbitrary powers, does not attempt, if he be wise, to run counter to the inexorable, through unwritten, laws of the market. He makes no attempt to fix prices arbitrarily, but keeping close watch of all market indications, is enabled to interpret the correct price, as determined by the conditions of the market. If the demand presents a steady, even flow, the price requires no change. If the demand shows a marked increase it is an indication that the price is too low, and should be advanced. If the demand falls off the price is too high, and should be dropped. Thus far our "something now" reformer (it would be a sin to call him revolutionist) offers nothing that could in any manner alter this iron law of the market. Until something is offered it is useless to waste time over the matter.

As to fitting a large number of workers into a limited number of jobs, our "something now" friend would doubtless suggest that jobs be provided by inaugurating public works. With government in the hands of the class whose interest it is that there should be a constant surplus of labor in the market, it is ridiculous to expect government to be used as a means of reducing such surplus. To provide work upon non-productive public works would mean increased taxation upon capitalist property, and upon productive public works a still further glutting of the market with products, and a consequent injury to capitalist production and exchange. In order to provide for the employment of the surplus labor in the market on public works, it therefore becomes necessary that the workers obtain possession of government. That being the first step necessary, what folly to use those powers once gained, for any purpose short of the abolition of the wage system.

Could anything be done to check the concentration of capital, or lessen its power to exploit, it goes without saying that it would not tend to hasten the abolition of the wage system, but on the contrary to prolong its life. The reign of capital is supreme. It will brook no interference, and tolerate no meddling. It demonstrates its right to live by its power to overcome all obstacles. "Something now" reformers who expect, while capital still holds the reigns of power, by meddlesome interference to exact concessions that will materially better the conditions of the workers, are the most impractical of dreamers. They are pure and unadulterated utopians, dreaming of things impossible of attainment.

Upon the contrary, the revolutionist is the most practical and matter-of-fact of men. He arrives, after a careful examination of the present system, at the indisputable conclusion that it cannot be reformed, and efforts in that line are but time wasted. Being most practical and matter-of-fact, he realizes that the hardships experienced by the workers under the capitalist system are inevitable. They come, not because of the vicious tendency of individuals, but because of a certain relation between capitalist and wage earner which springs from the peculiar nature of capitalist property. The relation is that of master and slave. "Something now" programmers and reformers do not and cannot destroy this peculiar form of property. In fact, they in no wise threaten it. As they do not attack the present system of property, the relation existing between capitalist and wage earner is in no manner threatened. The incorporation of even the petty reforms or palliatives suggested by many into practice, involves, as a first step, the capture of the reins of power. As there is nothing in such palliatives to appeal to the material interests of the wage workers, it is foolish to expect to win their support. The "something now" to be obtained by our utopians, the workers are getting with a vengeance all over the world. It is not necessary for workers to fight for it. They will get it anyhow so long as the wage system remains unbroken.

The "something now" really needed by the workers is the knowledge that the present system cannot be reformed to do them any good, and that the first step in the way of bringing relief to them consists in capturing the reins of power—government—so that it may be used to destroy the wage system.

They who expect to reform or patch the present system into a more kindly treatment of its exploited class are the wildest of dreamers, and should rise up in protest against any others being termed utopians. All signs point to a rude shattering of their utopian dreams in the near future.

AS TO DESIGN IN NATURE

By T. Mellalieu

II

"For Many Are Called, But Few Are Chosen"

In the last article we have seen that Nature is merciless. Our inquiries and investigations have proved that "things are not what they seem," and that instead of the world being ruled by love, it is ruled by strength, cunning, beauty, or special adaptations that Nature demands.

Self-Preservation Is the First Law of Nature

Competition between individuals and species waxes bitter and more bitter when conditions change. The reason for this is due to several causes, but these chains of cause and effect can all be traced to one great universal cause—Nature and its processes.

Nature (see "germ plasm") is very conservative in a certain sense. It always rebels against injury in different degrees. A splendid example of this fact we see in the processes of reproduction. In one generation, owing to unfavorable elements, species may be limited in numbers by the millions. Yet in the individuals there is power to reproduce their kind in larger numbers still, providing that conditions are favorable. This power of reproduction progresses geometrically. For instance—in multiplying two by two we get four. This four, multiplied by itself, will give sixteen. This multiplied by itself will gove two hundred and fifty six. Therefore, in a very short time (if natural checks did not modify the numbers) we would be simply overwhelmed with life of all descriptions. But this does not happen to be the case, simply because there are natural checks, and these do operate in such a way that the best fitted species, and individuals of each species, are the ones that live, while the others die.

Just to show how fierce must be the competition between species, we will take a few examples of how they can multiply.

First of all we will take the most unproductive plant, one that only produces two seeds yearly. If all the seeds produced by the first two and their progeny were to fertilize and were allowed to live, in twenty years we would have one million plants.

Another example (taken from Dennis Herd's "Easy Outlines") is the Dutch clover. It was found that twenty heads produced 2,290 seeds in one year. These two examples, of course, will suffice to show how prolific is life in Nature.

How Does Nature Eliminate the Unfit?

Having satisfied ourselves on this point, we now come to the next question—How does Nature eliminate the unfit? The answer is found in Nature's own forces, which operate in many ways. This is well illustrated by Darwin in his "Origin of Species," where he says—"Two carnivor animals in time of dearth may be truly said to struggle with each other as to which shall get food and live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which only one on an average comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The mistletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only, in a far fetched sense, be said to struggle with these trees, for if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree it lanuguishes and dies. But several seedling mistletoes, growing close together on the same branch, may more truly be said to struggle with each other. As the mistletoe is disseminated by the birds, its existence is dependent on them; and it may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants in tempting the birds to devour and thus disseminate its seeds. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience sake, the general term of "struggle for existence."

From this quotation we can see how complex is the net-work in the natural sifting process. For instance, we have two wolves fighting for existence during dearth. It is an individual fight for self. Yet under different circumstances these two wolves might be fighting side by side in the wolf pack against other species. Excellent examples of this are found in "White Fang," a striking story of real animal life by Jack London. Kropotkin, in his "Mutual Aid," also gives some fine examples.

In the case of the seedlings we find the same struggle going on. One seedling being more alluring than another, it stands a far better chance to propagate than the less fortunate. Animal life is another example of this. A wolf which has but barely scraped through the struggle for food stands a worse chance to propagate than the one who has been more fortunate. In the first place it is weaker, and in the second it is not so alluring to the opposite sex. Thus we have it that in many cases the two sieves of natural and sexual selection combine in stamping out life in many directions.

Thousands of examples can be quoted in proof of this, but space forbids, and possibly we will deal with struggles of the species in another article, showing how they adapt themselves in various ways.

LAW AND JUSTICE

If we analyse the law, and strip off those cloudy fictions with which it has been draped in order to conceal its real origin, we find that its basic function is protection of property. A few years ago this could not be readily understood by the average worker, but so many practical demonstrations have been presented to the wage slaves in all industrial countries for the last year, that they are being forcibly convinced that Law and Justice are terms whose proper meanings they have failed to grasp. They are being compelled to study their economic and social position, with the result that at the present stage of this industrial era they find that property is in the hands of a very few. The constitution of any country being based on the rights of property (which dominates the so-called rights of man, as man) the solution of the law is easily understood. Labor producing everything, capital owning everything produced, these two parties can no longer be defined as having common interests, and the armed forces function in the capacity of peace officers—in the interests of the owning class. The law is thus revealed as a class instrument.

Ignorance vs. Power

Then comes the question—why does it continue to exist? The answer is found in the fact that the mental revolution taking place in the minds of the workers has not kept pace with the revolution in industrial methods which created it, and it is the ignorance of the workers of the power that is potentially theirs which enables the capitalist class to recruit from that very same class of workers the armed forces that ensure to them the wealth produced.

How can we expect an impartial administration of the law, formulated for the protection of capitalist interests, when the salvation of the capitalists depends upon the submission of the workers? Take as an example the case of R. Goodwin, who was sentenced to jail after his innocence had been proved. Where was the "even-handed justice" in his case?

The Case of R. Goodwin

Goodwin, it will be remembered, was accused of having beaten an officer of the peace in the execution of his duty, during the supposed riot in Cumberland. The policeman emphatically swore that Goodwin was the man who did it, with other police corroborating him, while the accused proved his alibi by witnesses who swore that he was not near the scene at all. The judge, in summing up, said that the evidence was conflicting, and was so directly opposite that if the jury was convinced that Goodwin was guilty, Goodwin had perjured himself as well as his witnesses. On the other hand, if they found him not guilty, then the police had perjured themselves, and in his nine year's experience on the bench he had not found a policeman to do that. Goodwin was accordingly found guilty, and then the man who actually committed the offence gave himself up, but Goodwin was kept in jail—to release him being an admission that the police had committed perjury.

These are the facts that are being forced upon the attention of the miners on Vancouver Island, and it is evident that their material solutions will be found by some and passed on to the rest—which will greatly accelerate the mental revolution on the coast.

With these examples criminology will not long remain an obscure science to the workers. They will not only get a practical knowledge of the criminal code. They will rapidly become conscious of their position in society, and of the fact that capitalist law and justice are capitalist instruments, used for the protection of that class against the working class.

C. NEL.

Socialist Party Directory

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Socialist Party of Canada, meets every Friday, 8 p. m., at 16 Hartney Chambers, Pender St. W., Vancouver, B. C. J. H. Burrough, Secretary.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada meets same as above.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Socialist Party of Canada, meets every alternate Tuesday, at 429 Eighth Ave. East. Burt E. Anderson, Secretary, Box 1196, Calgary.

SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, S. P. OF C., invites all comrades residing in this province to communicate with them on organization matters. Address, D. McMillan, 36 Willow Ave. Moose Jaw, Sask.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE Committee: Notice—This card is inserted for the purpose of getting "YOU" interested in the Socialist movement. SOCIALISTS are always members of the Party, so if you are desirous of becoming a member, or wish to get any information, write the Secretary, C. H. Walker, 495 Beverley St., Winnipeg.

ONTARIO & QUEBEC PROVINCIAL Secretary, W. A. F. Kent, 2952 Waverley St., Montreal, P. Q. All Socialists desiring information on organization matters, or literature, should write to the above address, and will receive prompt attention.

NOVA SCOTIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada, meets every second and fourth Sundays in the Cape Breton office of the Party, Commercial Street, Glace Bay, N. S. Dan Cochrane, Secretary, Box 491, Glace Bay, N. S.

NEW BRUNSWICK PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, F. Hyatt, 104 Moore St., St. John, N. B. For party literature and information re organization matters, etc., write to above address.

LOCAL FERNIE, S. P. of C., HOLD educational meetings in the Miners Union Hall every Sunday at 7:00. Business meeting third Sunday in each month, 7:30 p.m. Economic class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Oscar Erickson, Secretary, Box 505. W. L. Phillips, Organizer, Box 504.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, No. 25, S. P. of C., meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E. Campbell, Organizer. Will Jones, Secretary, box 125. Finnish branch meets in Finlanders' Hall Sundays at 7:30 p.m. A. Sebble, Secretary, Box 54, Rossland, B. C.

LOCAL VICTORIA, No. 2, S. P. of C., Headquarters and reading room 604 Yates St. business meeting every Tuesday, 8 p.m. Propaganda meeting Sunday, 8 p. m., Empress Theatre. Jas. Christie, Secretary, 604 Yates St.

LOCAL SOUTH FORT GEORGE, B. C., No. 61, meets every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Public Library room. A. G. Allen, Secretary; R. C. Finlay, Organizer.

LOCAL CUMBERLAND, B. C., NO. 70. Business meetings every first and third Sunday in the month, at 10:30 a. m., in Socialist Hall, opposite P. O. Regular economic classes every Monday and Friday at 7 p. m., in the Socialist Hall. Propaganda meetings at every opportunity. Secretary, Wm. Braes, Box 171.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 1, S. P. of C. Business meeting every Tuesday evenings at Headquarters, 212 Hastings St. East. H. Rahim, Secretary.

VANCOUVER LETTISH LOCAL No. 58, S. P. of C.—Business meeting every first Sunday of the month and propaganda meeting every third Sunday at 2 p. m. Open to everybody at Finn Hall, 2215 Pender E. Secretary, R. Amat, Box 1016.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., No. 45, Finnish. Meets every second and fourth Wednesdays in the month at 2215 Pender St. East. Ovia Lind, Secretary.

LOCAL ENDERBY No. 65, S. P. of C., meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in the Theatre, Main St. Everybody welcome. J. Pilkington, Secretary, Box 5, Enderby, B. C.

LOCAL GIBSON'S LANDING, B. C., No. 45, S. P. C. Meets first and third Sundays of each month in Socialist Hall. J. N. Hinton, Secretary, Gibson Heights, B.C.

LOCAL CALGARY, ALTA., No. 4, S. P. of C.—Business meeting every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the headquarters, 218-A, 8th Ave. East; H. Burge, Secretary, Box 647.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., No. 1, S. P. of C. Business meetings every Tuesday at 8 p. m. sharp. Our reading room is open to the public free, from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m. daily. Secretary, J. A. S. Smith, Box 1682; Organizer, Arthur Steadman; Literature Agent, T. D. Pratt.

LOCAL COLEMAN, ALTA., NO. 9, Miners' Hall and Opera House. Propaganda meetings at 3 p.m. on the first and third Sundays of the month, business meetings on Thursday evenings following propaganda meetings at 3. Organizer, T. Steele, Coleman, Alta. Visitors may receive information any day at Miners' Hall. Secretary, Wm. Fraser, Box 161, Coleman, Alta.

LOCAL DELBURNE, Alta., No. 40, S. P. of C. Business meetings every second Saturday in the month. Organizer, A. T. Rowell. Address all communications to the Secretary, Geo. Paton, Delburne, Alta.

LOCAL HILLCREST, Alta., No. 15. Business meetings every Sunday at 10 a. m. Send all communications to the Secretary, Frank Collindridge, General Delivery.

LOCAL REGINA No. 6, S. P. OF C., meets every Sunday in Trades Hall, 11th Ave., at 7:30 p.m. Secretary, W. H. Bird, 1941 Winnipeg St.

LOCAL LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., NO. 13, S. P. of C. Meets every Sunday at 3:30 p.m. in Miners' Hall. Secretary, W. Shaw, 210 19th St. N. Wm. Devoy, Organizer.

LOCAL MOOSE JAW, NO. 1, S. P. of C. Business meeting and economic class every Wednesday evening at Com. D. McMillan's, 32 Main St., So. Hill. Propaganda meeting every Sunday, 8 p. m., at the Moose Theatre. Secretary, Wm. Harrison, 106 Maple St. Organizer, A. Stewart.

LOCAL NO. 1, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, S. P. of C. Headquarters, Labor Temple. Business meetings every 2nd and 4th Thursday in the month at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m., Colonial Theatre. W. Breeze, Secretary, 122 Edmonton St.

LOCAL OTTAWA NO. 8, S. P. of C.—Business meetings the first Sunday in month in the Labor Hall, 219 Bank Street, at 3 p. m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday evening in Empire Theatre, Bank St. Doors open at 7:30. Open discussion and questions. Secretary, A. C. Glennie, 355 Nepean St. Organizer, A. Benensohn, 281 Laurier Ave. E. Recording Secretary, Wm. CcCallum.

LOCAL KENORA, Ont., No. 31. Propaganda meetings every fourth Thursday of each month. Business meetings every second Thursday. Organizer, F. Borton. Send all communications to the Secretary, F. J. Connett, Box 355, Kenora, Ont.

LOCAL MONTREAL NO. 1, S. P. OF C., 182 St. Catherine St. E. Business meetings, Mondays, 8 p. m. sharp. Propaganda meetings, Sundays, 8 p. m., in large hall. Headquarters open every night. Address all communications to Secretary, S. P. of C., Box 148, Station B., Montreal.

LOCAL GLACE BAY, No. 1, OF MARITIME—Headquarters in Rukasin Blk., Commercial St. Open every evening. Business and Propaganda meeting at Headquarters every Thursday at 8 p.m. Harold G. Ross, Secretary, Box 505.

LOCAL SANDON, B. C. NO. 36, S. P. OF C.—Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. in the Sandon Miners' Union Hall. Communications to be addressed Drawer K., Sandon, B. C.

LOCAL NELSON, S. P. of C., MEETS every Friday at 8 p.m. in Miners' Hall, Nelson, B. C. I. A. Austin, Secretary.

LOCAL NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK., No. 2—Business meetings, second and fourth Tuesday in the month at 8 p. m. Horace Collingwood, Secretary, 1411 Charles St., P. O. Box 164.

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THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

This page is devoted to reports of Executive Committees, Local and General Party Matters. Address all communications to J. H. Burrough, Secretary, Room 10, Hartney Chambers, Vancouver, B. C.

B. C. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Vancouver, April 3, 1914.

Convened at 16 Hartney Chambers at 8 p. m.

Present — Pritchard, Cowie, Reid, Sidaway and Secretary Reid in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from W. L. Phillips, J. Pilkington, Local Victoria No. 2, Local Rossland, S. Lellman, H. B. Seeley. Routine. Filed.

Bills—R. Walker, fare from Cumberland, $5.00. Warrant ordered drawn.

Financial Report

Receipts—

Local Van. No. 1, due stamps	$10.60
Local Van. No. 3, supplies	.50
Local Van. No. 1, literature	11.45
T. Hyde, member at large, dues	2.00
Total	$24.95

Expenses—

As per warrant	$5.00

Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Vancouver, April 3, 1914.

Convened as above, Reid in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from J. B. Osborne, S. P. of N. A., Toronto, Starrett, Wells, G. R. Dafoe, W. Gribble, R. C. McCutcheon, Local Regina No. 6, Delburne No. 40, Edmonton No. 1, Calgary No. 4, Red Deer No. 13, Winnipeg No. 1, John Heaton, C. M. Thompson, A. G. McCallum, T. C. Makepeace, C. W. Springford, C. E. Scharff, Mrs. E. F. Hughes, Bert Leeper, C. Irons, Int. Press, Toronto; Local Veteran No. 61, Bella, Ltd., Montreal, Sos. Cartoon Service, Lewistown, Pa. Secretary instructed in various matters, and all correspondence filed.

Bills—Clarion No. 743, $91.50; editing, $10.00; assistant secretary, $7.50; Van. No. 1, for literature supplied, $1.85; Kerr & Co., $22.35; sundries, $2.95. Warrants ordered drawn.

Secretary instructed re N. B. matters.

Financial Report

Receipts—

Clarion subs	$34.50
Local Regina, directory	4.00
Local Langley, bundles	1.00
Local Delburne, directory	1.00
Local Van. No. 1, bundles and directory	11.50
Local Veteran No. 61, literature.	3.00
Dom. Organizing Fund	1.00
C. Lestor, bundles	2.00
Bert Leeper, literature	6.00
Mrs. E. F. Hughes, literature	.30
C. E. Scharff, posters	.50
W. Gribble, dues	.75
Total	$63.75

Expenses—

As per warrants	$136.15

Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

B. C. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Special Meeting, April 8, 1914.

Convened to call of Secretary at 16 Hartney Chambers at 8 p. m.

Present — Reid, Rahim, Sidaway, Pritchard and Secretary. Reid in the chair.

Application for charter from nine comrades at Clayton received and granted. Local to be known as Local Clayton, B. C., No. 83.

Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Special Meeting, April 8, 1914.

Convened as above, Reid in the chair.

Communication from Secretary of the Alta. P. E. C., asking for ruling on constitutional point affecting their action in expelling J. H. Fisher. After discussion, the following motion was unanimously passed and ordered despatched per night lettergram:

Pritchard-Rahim—"That the D. E. C. recognizing the precedents established by Dominion and Provincial Executive Committees in the past, in the matter of issuing cards to individuals as members-at-large, also recognizes the full jurisdiction of said Committees over such members."

The Secretary was also instructed to draw the attention of the Alta. P. E. C. to Section 7 of the By-Laws.

Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

B. C. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Vancouver, April 10, 1914.

Convened at 16 Hartney Chambers at 8 p. m.

Present—Reid, Karme, Rahim and Secretary. Karme in the chair.

Minutes of previous regular and special meetings adopted as read.

Correspondence from Locals Whonnock No. 81, Crawford Bay No. 72, Creston No. 76, Victoria No. 2, Provincial Secretary (Local Victoria, Nanaimo S. D. P., W. D. Phillips, Fernie, and monthly report from organizer Goodwin. Secretary instructed to proceed with arrangements for the despatch of Com. E. T. Kingsley to Nanaimo as soon as practicable. All correspondence filed.

Financial Report

Receipts—

Local Creston No. 76, due stamps	$ 7.20
Local Creston No. 76, supplies	.70
Local Clayton No. 82, charter fee and supplies, etc.	7.25
Total	$15.25

Expenses—

Sundries	$ .50

Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Vancouver, April 10, 1914.

Convened as above, Karme in the chair.

Minutes of previous regular and special meetings adopted as read.

Correspondence from Sask. P. E. C., Local Erskine No. 68, Edmonton No. 1, Coleman No. 9, St. John No. 1, Rosemount, P. Q. No. 2, Magrath, Alta., No. 5, P. O., City, P. E. Olsen, Budden (2), F. K. Richardson, Geo. Tourant, R. H. Chaplin. Routine. Filed.

Bills—Lefeaux Bros., printing, $10.00, accepted; Secretary, wages to April, $10.00; assistant secretary, $7.50; sundries, $5.63. Warrants ordered drawn.

Financial Report

Receipts—

Clarion subs	$ 8.50
Ads	5.15
C. Lestor, bundles	6.00
Local Coleman No. 9, directory	7.60
Local Victoria No. 2, bundles and directory	2.00
Local Mound No. 33, posters	1.00
Local St. John No. 1, literature	6.65
Local Edmonton No. 1, literature	2.80
B. C. Exec. Com., charter fee	1.00
Peter Olsen, literature	1.90
R. H. Chaplin, literature	.25
Total	$41.65

Expenses—

As per warrants	$23.13

Adjournment.

J. H. BURROUGH, Secretary.

CLARION PUBLISHING ACCOUNT

No. 744

Receipts—

Subs	$ 31.75
Bundles	33.90
Directory	12.00
Ads	7.15
Job Work	5.50
Total	$ 90.30
Grant from Maintenance Fund.	12.20
Grand Total	$102.50

Expenses—

Printing and mailing	$ 91.50
Editing	10.00
Job Work	1.00
Total	$102.50

DOMINION ORGANIZING FUND

A. G. McCallum	$1.00

CLARION FUND (Maintenance)

H. Burge	$1.00
H. G. Hills	3.85
Total	$4.85

GUARANTEE FUND

Previously acknowledged	$53.00
A. G. McCallum	5.00
Total	$58.00

HERE AND NOW.

	Y.	H.	Q.
Seeley and Grogan	6	0	0
C. M. O'Brien	5	0	0
M. L.	3	1	7
J. Barton	2	4	0
Bert Leeper	2	0	0
F. Hyatt	1	0	2
T. C. Makepeace	1	0	3
Geo. Rossiter	1	0	1
J. W. Walker	1	0	1

Singles

12 mos.—Local Edmonton No. 1, P. J. Hunt, R. C. McCutcheon, T. Hyde, C. W. Springford, J. Sidaway, E. Johnson, H. G. Hillis, D. Featherstone, Wm. Fraser, F. E. Upton.

6 mos.—W. McQuoid, V. R. Midgeley, W. Y. Clark, W. A. P., S. Lellman, A. Campbell, D. Fraser.

3 mos.—R. W. Huston, Pete Gardener, F. Lefesuz, P. S. Faulkner.

The P. O. cannot deliver the paper to the following names for the reasons stated: B. J. Colter, Rossland, not called for; Kenneth McLeod, 35th Ave, Cedar cottage, cannot locate; W. Boychuk, 404 Princess Ave., city, removed; J. Hughes, Blondheim, Alta., removed; W. Thornton, 920 5th St., N. W., Calgary, removed; Richard Traube, 823 12th Ave, W., Calgary, removed; Geo. Hudson, 62 Iroquois St., Moose Jaw, removed, not called for.

This is a total of 64 new readers, which is just a leetle better than for the last issue. Stay with it. We will pull through if sufficient of you take up the proposition of getting at least one new reader for each week. Times are hard, but the energy spent in rustling for subs for this paper will be like friend mine up the waters—it will repay using hundred fold in the future in the shape of the ever-improving feeling in our wards. Some place, some way, you can get subs, and the harder you work the more you help on the prospects of the different capitalist institutions if sound reasoning is causing alarm. There is nothing to worry about if we all do our bit.

SECRETARIAL

Comrade O'Brien is in Montreal at time of writing, and scribble is having great meetings in St. John's, N. B. The campaign in Winnipeg now has the assistance of comrade Alf. Budden, and it is hoped that Com. E. T. Kingsley will be routed to that burg for the election campaign. It is possible that both Scribble and O'Brien will be there also, and as many of the Alberta organizers as can be handled. The Labor Party openly, and the S. D. P. surreptitiously, have thrown down the gauntlet to the S. P. C. and we have to make good. We have no doubt but that we can. Such as bubble!

What is your local doing in preparation for the coming Dominion elections? Don't say be low to this call, and with the present hard times we have no time to have to accumulate the funds necessary for the running of candidates and financing the campaign. Smokers, picnics, propaganda meetings, sales of literature, Clarion subs—in the inverse order of precedence—are all to be made to produce the needed cash if we go at it right.

There is a small deficit in the Publishing Account for this issue—Small but ugly. We need more comrades to send in that one sub every week, and that includes you, Mr. Reader. Don't let the other fellow shoulder your share of the work of emancipating yourself and class. Be a man and do a man's share.

A mistake was made in the last issue in mentioning that T. Mellelieu had assisted in the reorganization of Local Lacombe. I unfortunately he had no right to the credit, as he is a member of the S. P. N. A., according to a communication from one of the comrades of the local—which was news to us.

ORGANIZER SPRINGFIELD REPORTS

Makwayne, Alta., March 28, 1914.

Ed. Clarion—

Have just got back from a trip in the Oxville district, where I held three very good meetings. Comrade O'Brien had spoken at two of the places, so we had a good attendance, but the other place was the first meeting held, so we had only eight out and they were most of them a pretty dull lot, mostly hypnotized by the church; however I got two or three very much interested before I got through.

The comrades in the Oxville district, where we polled 34 votes last election, are a very fine bunch, and I take this opportunity of thanking them for the kind consideration they showed me.

A business man said that it was only the down and outs who were voting the Socialist ticket, but I declare it is not so. Most of them in this district are fairly well fixed, as things go in these days. It takes an intelligent man to farm and make a living of it, and it therefore follows that they are intelligent enough to grasp the Socialist philosophy when it is put up to them.

Yours for the Revolution,
C. W. SPRINGFORD.

EDMONTON REDS CELEBRATE THE PARIS COMMUNE

On Saturday, March 21, the Edmonton Local, S. P. of C. celebrated this historic event fittingly by holding a concert and dance in Mechanics' Hall.

The event was well attended by both sexes, and although the concert end of the program was short, the talent displayed was of a high calibre. Comrade J. R. Knight gave a brief outline of the Commune in opening, and the gathering responded by singing "The Red Flag," whilst the orchestra played the "Marseillaise." At 9:45 p. m. the floor was cleared and the dancers given possession. By the time the ball was filled to overflowing and everybody more smiles.

Owing to the efforts of the mental chloroform administration associations the affair had to stop at midnight, when all concerned were enjoying themselves hugely, and would fain have continued for a few hours more. But in recognition of the hour they did the logical thing under the circumstances, and are now congratulating themselves on the success of their celebration.

T. SANDERS.

Comrade J. A. McDonald will speak in the Empress Theatre, Vancouver, Sunday, April 19.

The Michigan strike has been called off. The miners are still the working mules, and the masters still hold the whip hand.

Brooklyn's Labor Sunday was noteworthy on account of the number of church organizations which took part. The mountain would not go to Mahomet, and the workers won't go to church.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is preparing to reduce its eastern train schedule by 51 trains, lay off 15,000 and put 40,000 men on part time. Guess that prosperity you were going to have has turned a little sour, hasn't it, Doctor Appeal.

OUR STANDING OFFER

The previous offer of $50 worth of books for $50 worth of subs is hereby withdrawn, and the following substituted in lieu thereof:

Every person (or club) can choose, as a premium for every $5.00 worth of subs sent in in any calendar month, books to the value of $1.00 from the list printed on this page, or from the list of literature published by the D. E. C. on Page 4, or from any advertisement carried in this paper.

Subs received by sub-card or letter will be credited to the month as shown by the P. O. date stamp.

Only those carrying the date stamp of any one month will be considered—for instance, the premium cannot be earned by sending $2.00 worth of subs in one month and $3.00 worth in the next. Each month will stand by itself.

Sub-cards will be forwarded on application, to be paid for as sold.

This is not a competition. Whether you are the first or the last to send in the required amount in the given time, the premium is yours.

MORE ORTHODOXY

A deluge of criticism has descended on our unfortunate heads because we merely stated that real political economy was Ground rent. The reason why an extended reply was not made to W. H. S. in the last issue was on account of space, and also because of the rather ambiguous way in which Stebbings presented his own little views. Having, however, been taken to task for asserting that the payment of rent by a wage-slave for the use of a room of shack did not contain an element of profit, rests up to us to try and elucidate this, to some people, knotty point.

This is how the argument runs. Rent is Ground-Rent? Yes! Land does not produce any value, as land. No! But the landlord obtains a certain amount of the medium of exchange for his land. Certainly! Well then, this with an air of triumphancy, if he does not take his little whack of surplus value out of the $2.50 paid by the plug each week for the use and benefit of his room, as we will suppose in this case, where does he get it from?

So that is the point. We hardly thought it was necessary to thrash this out. Without taking up space let us reduce it to a mathematical illustration.

We will suppose a piece of land, with no improvement, held by a certain individual. Another individual, with an eye to business, comes along and purchases this land for a certain sum of money, or takes it over on a lease, and pays a certain amount per annum. (The same result is obtained in either case, but we will assume he takes it on a lease). Then, observing the trend of things, and with his weather eye on the market, he decides to build a rooming house for the purpose of housing stiffs. At least that is what it is used for when built. Now then! He buys raw materials and the necessary building apparatus, we will say for $5,000.00, and hires hands (buys labor power) for another $5,000.00 (total wages paid on the job). The building is now complete, and is placed upon the market as a commodity. In return for the use-value of the building, which may be enjoyed by thousands of individuals from time to time, he receives the exchange value of the building.

Suppose in twenty years the building was worn out, and over that period the owner had received in exchange for his building the sum of $50,000.00. His building, we have assumed, cost $5,000.00 for raw materials, etc., and $5,000.00 for labor power; total, $10,000.00. But he has received, on the basis of value for value, the sum of $50,000.00 for his building. The difference between what it cost him and what he receives for it constitutes surplus value. This surplus value represents the unpaid labor of the men who builded the place, because the value of the raw materials could only be passed over and incorporated in the finished commodity (in this case the building).

It is out of this surplus that the landlord receives his whack of the spoils of labor. In the case of an unimproved piece of land bringing a price, when no labor has been incorporated therein, we can only state that in such a case the land realizes a price on the strength of its potentialities in the direction we have tried to point out.

W. A. PRITCHARD.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF CANADA

Office of Secretary Women's Organization,
561 Cordova St., E.
March 28, 1914.

Editor Clarion—At the regular business meeting of this local held on the 26th inst. it was unanimously resolved that we forward your office for publication the enclosed copy of letter from Comrade Jos. Ball, Sec. of Local Buffalo, which is a complete vindication of Com. Atkinson, and bears out the statements that he has made here.

Yours sincerely,
Social Democratic Party of Canada,
Vancouver Local No. 12.
M. I. NORTON,
Secretary.

Local Buffalo Socialist Party,
Feb. 28, 1914.

Mr. E. Winch,
Jubilee Station,
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Comrade—I trust you will pardon my delay in replying to your letter of 2nd relative to Comrade Sam Atkinson. I referred your letter to the Executive Committee, and they instructed me to give you the facts relating to his connection with the local organization.

Com. Atkinson made application and was admitted to the Local October, 1911. Before he joined the party he delivered lectures on Christian Socialism in various churches in the city; after he joined the party he lectured for the branches and the local and was employed by Collier's magazine. About a year ago he toured Canada for the Social-Democratic Party of Canada, I believe he did good work.

When he returned to Buffalo his Canadian trip he was taxed by the Buffalo Socialists to assist in subscriptions and sell stock for the Socialist paper about $1,200 and to collect $1,000 of stock for the paper managed by the branches. About April the Socialists of Buffalo went on strike, which was organized by the Buffalo Socialists through the efforts of W. F. Cattell, the Socialists of this city. The strike was called Com. Atkinson was instructed by the Board of Directors of the paper to devote his time speaking at the strike meetings, and later on he was hired by the Strikers' Union to assist in the arrangements and meetings with the B. R. Co.

During the time he was employed by the Carmen's Union a number of other strikes took place, the Jewelry store girls' strike and Machinists' and Expressmen's strikes. The strike and expressmen's strike was organized and called by the Buffalo Socialists and W. F. Cattell, the Socialist Organization Committeeman, but Atkinson did not call any of the strikes, although he spoke at the meetings during the strike and assisted whenever possible.

After the street car arbitration settled, Atkinson severed his connection with the union, and after being in Buffalo for a time he left for British Columbia to become organizer for the Province.

To sum up, his record is clear while in Buffalo. What has transpired since he left Buffalo to take up his duties in B. C. we have heard rumors but no details in B. C. but that is in your locality.

(Signed) JOS. BALL,
Secretary.

Referring to Clarion No. 738, readers who are interested enough will note that Atkinson claimed to have sold 2,500 worth of stock in the Buffalo local, and had declared assessments on it there. This was contradicted by letter from Com. Ball, a copy of which was published in the same issue. He did not declare a single strike. This last communication from Com. Ball endorses this, and is claimed to be a "complete vindication" (?). Comment is needless.—Ed. Clarion.)

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF CANADA

Office of General Secretary,
Vancouver, B. C.
April 6, 1914

Ed. Clarion—The two following questions were submitted to a referendum vote of the members of the S. D. P. of C. in B. C., re Sam Atkinson, and resulted as follows:

(1) Do you consider the letters in private wrong notices and actions in Comrade Sam Atkinson connection with the S. D. P. of C. Votes—Yes, 370; no, 17.

(2) Are you in favor of his expulsions from the party. Votes—Yes, 355; no, 36.

He is consequently no longer a member of the S. D. P. of C., and all locals and comrades are so notified.

The letters referred to are those published in The Western Clarion on Jan. 31, the originals of which are in the possession of the B. C. Provincial Executive, S. D. P. of C.

Yours for the Revolution,
E. WINCH,
Sec.-Treas.

RED WEEK IN GERMANY

Germany celebrated Red Week in March. Complete returns are not yet available, but there have been some astonishing results.

Red Week was inaugurated to increase the membership of the German party, and to secure new subscribers to the party press. In these two purposes it succeeded.

At the present time we have news from 261 out of 397 districts. In these 261 districts 116,599 new members were secured and 74,317 new subscribers to the party papers. In Greater Berlin alone there was an increase of 11,000 members and 8,000 new subscribers.

The city of Hamburg is not included in the above count as the district in which it is situated had not made a report. It is known, however, that in Hamburg 10,000 new members were enrolled on the first day.

In Borna-Pegau a shoemaker by the name of Russel defeated General Liebknecht for a seat in the Reichstag. Liebknecht was the organizer of a nation-wide association to combat Socialism. The Socialists now hold 111 seats in the Reichstag.—Party Builder.

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THE IRON HEEL

BY JACK LONDON

CHAPTER XIX (Continued)

Six lonely months I spent in the refuge, but they were no idle months. Our organization went on apace, and there were mountains of work always waiting to be done. Ernest and his fellow leaders, from their prisons, decided what should be done; and it remained for me on the outside to do it. There was the organization of the mouth to mouth propaganda; the organization, with all its ramifications, of our spy system; the establishment of our secret printing presses; and the establishment of our underground railways, which meant the knitting together of all our myriads of places of refuge, and the formation of new refuges where links were missing in the chains we ran over all the land.

So I say, the work was never done. At the end of six months my loneliness was broken by the arrival of two comrades. They were young girls, brave souls and passionate lovers of liberty. Lars Peterson, who disappeared in 1922, and Kate Bierce, who later married Du Bois, and who is still with us with eyes lifted to tomorrow's sun, that heralds in the new age.

The two girls arrived in a flurry of excitement, danger, and sudden death. In the crew of the fishing boat that conveyed them across San Pablo Bay was a spy. A creature of the Iron Heel, he had successfully masqueraded as a revolutionist and penetrated deep into the secrets of our organization. With out doubt he was on my trail, for, we had long since learned that my disappearance had been cause of deep concern to the secret service of the Oligarchy. Luckily, as the outcome proved, he had not divulged his discoveries to any one. He had evidently delayed reporting, preferring to wait until he had brought things to a successful conclusion by discovering my hiding place and capturing me. His information died with him. Under some pretext, after the girls had landed at Petaluma Creek and taken to the horses, he managed to get away from the boat.

Part way up Sonoma Mountain, John Carlson let the girls go on, leading his horse, while he went back on foot. His suspicions had been aroused. He captured the spy, and us to what then happened, Carlson gave us a fair idea.

"I fixed him," was Carlson's unimaginative way of describing the affair. "I fixed him," he repeated, while a sombre light burnt in his eyes, and his huge, toil-distorted hands opened and closed eloquently. "He made no noise. I hid him, and tonight I will go back and bury him deep."

During that period I used to marvel at my own metamorphosis. At times it seemed impossible, either that I had ever lived a placid, peaceful life as a college town, or else that I had become a revolutionist inured to scenes of violence and death. One or the other could not be. One was real, the other was a dream, but which was which? Was this present life a revolutionist, hiding in a hole, a nightmare? or was I a revolutionist who had somewhere, somehow, dreamed that in some former existence I had lived in Berkeley and never known of life more violent than teas and dances, debating societies, and lecture rooms? But then I suppose this was a common experience of all of us who had rallied under the red banner of the brotherhood of man.

I often remembered figures from that other life, and, curiously enough, they appeared and disappeared, now and again, in my new life. There was Bishop Morehouse. In vain we searched for him after our organization had developed. He had been transferred from asylum to asylum. We traced him from the state hospital for the insane at Napa to the one in Stockton, and from there to the one in Santa Clara. Valley City called Agnews, and there the trail ceased. There was no record of his death. In some way he must have escaped. Little did I dream of the awful manner in which I was to see him once again—the fleeting glimpse of him in the whirlwind carnage of the Chicago Commune.

Jackson, who had lost his arm in the Sierra Mills and who had been the cause of my own conversion into a revolutionist, I never saw again; but we all knew what he did before he died. He never joined the revolutionists. He, bitterest by his fate, brooding over his wrongs, he became an anarchist—not a philosophic anarchist, but a mere animal mad with hate and lust for revenge. And well he revenged himself. Evading the guards, in the night time, while all were asleep, he blew the Pertonville palace into atoms. Not a soul escaped, not even the guards. And in prison, while awaiting trial, he suffocated himself under his blankets.

Dr. Hammerfield and Dr. Ballingford achieved high positions in the service of Jackson. They have been faithful to their salt, and they have been correspondingly rewarded with ecclesiastical palaces wherein they dwell at peace with the world. Both are apologists for the Oligarchy. They have grown very fat. "Dr. Hammerfield," I heard it once said, "has succeeded in modifying his metaphysics so as to give God's sanction to the Iron Heel, and also to include much worship of beauty and to reduce to an invisible wraith the gaseous vertebrate dissected by Huxley—the difference between Dr. Hammerfield and Dr. Ballingford being that the latter has made the God of the Oligarchs a little more gaseous and a little less vertebrate."

Peter Donnelly, the cook foreman at the Sierra Mills whom I encountered while investigating the case of Jackson, was a surprise to all of us. In 1918 I was present at a meeting of the Prisco Reds. Of all our Fighting Groups this one was the most formidable, ferocious, and merciless. It was really not a part of our organization. Its members were fanatics, madmen. We dared not encourage such a spirit. On the other hand, though they did not belong to us, we remained on friendly terms with them. It was a matter of vital importance that brought me there that night. I, alone in the midst of a score of lads, was the only person unarmed. After the business that brought me there was transacted, I was led away by one of them. In a dark passage this guide struck a match, and, holding it close to his face, slipped back his mask. For a moment I gazed upon the passion wrought features of Peter Donnelly. Then the match went out.

"I just wanted you to know it was me," he said in the darkness. "D'you remember Dalass, the superintendent?"

I nodded at recollection of the vulpine faced superintendent of the Sierra Mills.

"Well, I got him first," Donnelly said with pride. "'Twas after that I joined the Reds."

"But how comes it that you are here?" I queried. "Your wife and children?"

"Dead," he answered. "That's why. No," he went on hastily, "I'm not revenge for them. They died easily in their beds—sickness, you see, one time and another. They tied my arms while they lived. And now that they're gone, 'tis revenge for my blasted manhood I'm after.—I was once Peter Donnelly, the scab foreman. But tonight I'm Number 27 of the Prisco Reds. Come on now, and I'll get you out of this."

More I heard of him afterward. In his own way he had told the truth when he said all were dead. But one lived, Timothy, and him his father considered dead because he had taken service with the Iron Heel in the Mercenaries. A member of the Prisco Reds pledged himself to twelve annual executions. The penalty for failure was death. A member who failed to complete his number committed suicide. These executions were not haphazard. This group of madmen met frequently and passed wholesale judgments upon offending members and servitors of the Oligarchy. The executions were afterward apportioned by lot.

In fact, the business that brought me there the night of my visit was such a trial. One of our own comrades, who for years had successfully maintained himself in a clerical position, in the local bureau of the secret service of the Iron Heel, had fallen under the ban of the Prisco Reds and was being tried. Of course he was not present, and of course his judges did not know that he was one of our men. My mission had been to testify to his identity and loyalty. It may be wondered how we came to know of the affair at all. The explanation is simple. One of our secret agents was a member of the Prisco Reds. It was necessary for us to keep an eye on friend as well as foe, and this group of madmen was not too unimportant to escape our surveillance.

But to return to Peter Donnelly and his son. All went well with Donnelly until, in the following year, he found among the sheaf of executions that fell to him the name of Timothy Donnelly. Then it was that that family clannishness, which was his to so extraordinary a degree, asserted itself. To save his son, he betrayed his comrades. In this he was partially blocked, but a dozen of the Prisco Reds were executed, and the group was well nigh destroyed. In retaliation, the survivors meted out to Donnelly the death he had earned by his treason.

Not did Timothy Donnelly long survive. The Prisco Reds pledged themselves to his execution. Every effort was made by the Oligarchy to save him. He was transferred from one part of the country to another. Three of the Reds lost their lives in vain efforts to get him. The Group was composed only of men. In the end they fell back on other agents—the one of our comrades, and none other than Anna Roylston. Our Inner Circle forbade her, but she had never a will of her own and disdained discipline. Furthermore, she was a genius and lovable, and we could never discipline her anyway. She is in a class by herself and not amenable to the ordinary standards of the revolutionists.

Despite our refusal to grant permission to do the deed, she went on with it. Now Anna Roylston was a fascinating woman. All she had to do was to beckon a man to her. She broke the hearts of scores of young comrades, and scores of others she captured, and by their heart-strings led into our organization. Yet she steadfastly refused to marry. She despite loved children, but she held that a child of her own would claim her from the Cause, and that it was the Cause to which her life was devoted.

It was an easy task for Anna Roylston to win Timothy Donnelly. Her conscience did not trouble her, for at that very time operated the Nashville Massacre, when the Mercenaries, Donnelly in command, literally murdered eight hundred workingmen in cold blood. But she did not kill Donnelly. She turned him over, a prisoner, to the Prisco Reds. This happened only last year, and now she has been renamed. The revolutionists everywhere are calling her the "Red Virgin."

Colonel Ingram and Colonel Van Gilbert are two more familiar figures that I was later to encounter. Colonel Ingram rose high in the Oligarchy and became Minister to Germany. He was equally detested by the proletariat of both countries. It was in Berlin that I met my boy, where, as an accredited spy, the national spy of the Iron Heel, I was received by him and afforded much assistance. Incidentally, I may state that in my dual role I managed a few important things for the Revolution.

Colonel Van Gilbert became known as "Roaring" Van Gilbert. His important part was played in drafting the new code after the Chicago Commune. But before that, as trial judge, he had earned sentence of death by his fiendish malignancy. I was one of those that tried him and passed sentence upon him. Anna Roylston carried out the execution.

Still another figure arises out of the old life—Jackson's lawyer. Least of all would I have expected again to meet this man, Joseph Hurd. It was a strange meeting. Late at night, two years after the Chicago Commune, Ernest and I arrived together at the Benton Harbor refuge. This was in Michigan, across the lake from Chicago. We arrived just at the conclusion of the trial of a spy. Sentence of death had been passed, and he was being led away. Such was the scene as we came upon it. The next moment the wretched man had wrenched free from his captors and flung himself at my feet, his arms clutching me about the knees in a vicelike grip as he prayed in a frenzy for mercy. As he turned his agonized face up to me, I recognized him as Joseph Hurd. Of all the terrible things I have witnessed, there have I been so unnerved as by this frantic creature's pleading for life. He was mad for life. It was pitiable. He refused to let go of me, despite the hands of a dozen comrades. And when at last he was dragged shrieking away, I sank down fainting upon the floor. It is far easier to see brave men die than to hear a coward beg for life.

CHAPTER XX

A Lost Oligarch

But in remembering the old life I have run ahead of my story into the new life. The wholesale jail delivery did not occur until well along into 1915. Complicated as it was, it was carried through without a hitch, and as a very creditable achievement it cheered us on in our work. From Cuba to California, out of scores of jails, military prisons, and fortresses, in a single night, we delivered fifty-one of our fifty-two Congressmen, and in addition over three hundred other leaders. There was not a single instance of miscarriage. Not only did they escape, but every one of them won to the refuges as planned. The one comrade Congressman we did not get was Arthur Simpson, and he had already died in Cabanas after cruel tortures.

The eighteen months that followed was perhaps the happiest period of my life with Earnest. During that time we were never apart. Later, when we went back into the world, we were separated much. Not more impatiently do I await the flame of tomorrow's revolt than did I that night await the coming of Ernest. I had not seen him for so long, and the thought of a possible hitch or error in our plans that would keep him still in his island prison almost drove me mad. The hours passed like ages. I was all alone. Biedenbach, and three young men who had been living in the refuge, were out and over the mountain, busily armed and prepared for anything. The refuges all over the land were quite empty, I imagine, of comrades that night.

Just as the sky paled with the first warning of dawn, I heard the signal from above and gave the answer. In the darkness I almost embraced Biedenbach, who came down first but the next moment I was in Ernest's arms. And in that moment, so complete had been my transformation, I discovered it was only by an effort of will that I could be the old Avis Everhard, with the old mannerisms and smiles, phrases and intonations of voice. It was by strong effort only that I was able to maintain my old identity; I could not allow myself to forget for an instant, so automatically imperative had become the new personality I had created.

Once inside the little cabin, I saw Ernest's face in the light. With the exception of the prison pallor, there was no change in him—at least, not much. He was my same lover-husband and hero. And yet with all I could see the ascetic lengthening of the lines of his face. But he could well stand it, for it seemed to add a certain nobility of refinement to the riotous excess of life that had always marked his features. He might have been a wife pervert, and of yore, but the glint of laughter still was in his eyes. He was twenty pounds lighter, but in splendid physical condition. He had kept up exercise during the whole period of confinement, and his muscles were like iron. In truth, he was in better condition than when he had entered prison. Hours passed before his head touched pillow and I had soothed him off to sleep. But there was no sleep for me. I was too happy, and the fatigue of jail breaking and riding horseback had not been mine.

While Ernest slept, I changed my dress, arranged my hair differently, and came back to my new automatic self. Then, when Biedenbach and the other comrades awoke, with their aid I concocted a little conspiracy. All was ready, and we were in the cave room when Ernest opened the door and entered. At that moment Biedenbach addressed me as Mary, and I turned and answered him. Then I glanced at Ernest with curious interest, such as any young comrade might betray on seeing for the first time so noted a hero of the revolution." But Ernest's glance took me in and quested impatiently past and around the room. The next moment I was being introduced to him as Mary Holmes.

To complete the deception, an extra plate was laid, and when we sat down to table one chair was not occupied. I could have cried out with joy as I noted Ernest's increasing uneasiness and impatience. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded bluntly.

"She is still asleep," I answered.

It was the crucial moment. But my voice was a strange voice, and in it he recognized nothing familiar. The meal went on. I talked a great deal, and enthusiastically, as a hero-worshipper might talk, and it was obvious that he was my hero. I rose to a climax of enthusiasm and worship, and, before he could guess my intention, threw my arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. He held me from him at arm's length and stared about in annoyance and perplexity. The four men greeted him with roars of laughter, and explanations were made. At first he was sceptical. He scrutinized me keenly and was half convinced, then shook his head and would not believe. It was not until I became the old Avis Everhard and whispered secrets in his ear that none knew but he and Avis Everhard, that he accepted me as his really, truly wife.

It was later in the day that he took me in his arms, manifesting great embarrassment and claiming polygamous emotions.

"You are my Avis," he said, "and you are also some one else. You are two women, and therefore you are my harem. At any rate, we are safe now. If the United States becomes too hot for us, why, I have qualified for citizenship in Turkey."

Life became for me very happy in the refuge. It is true, we worked hard and for long hours; but we worked together. We had each other for eight een precious months, and we were not lonely, for there was always a coming and going of leaders and comrades—strange voices from the under-world of intrigue and revolution, bringing strange tales of strife and war from all our battle line. And there was much fun and delight. We are not mere gloomy conspirators. We toiled hard and suffered greatly, filled the gaps in our ranks and went on, and through all the labor and the play and interplay of life and death we found time to laugh and love. There were artists, scientists, scholars, musicians, and poets among us; and in that hole in the ground culture was higher and finer than in the palaces or wonder-cities of the oligarchs. In truth, many of our comrades toiled at making beautiful those same palaces and wonder-cities.

Nor were we confined to the refuge itself. Often at night we rode over the mountains for exercise, and we rode on Wickson's horses. If only he knew how many revolutionists his horses have carried! We even went on picnics to isolated spots we knew, where we organized all day, going before daylight and returning after dark. Also, we used Wickson's cream and butter; and Ernest was not above shooting Wickson's quail and rabbits, and, on occasion, his young bucks.

(Continued in next issue.)

Don't stack up in your efforts to get subs. The hard times, while they make it difficult, also make it doubly necessary. They also make the workers more amenable to the revolutionary propaganda.

Provincial elections are to take place in Manitoba in June next, and the S. P. of C. has nominated three candidates in Winnipeg—McCutcheon and Armstrong in Center, and Gage in Elmwood. Contributions to the expenses of the campaign should be sent to C. H. Walker, 490 Beverley St., Winnipeg.

A CUMMUNE SONG

(Composed by C. Lestor, and sung by H. Sewell at the Commune celebration given by Local Vancouver, B. C., No. 1 on March 21st.)

The workers of this country
Have to toil with hand and brain,
And often their reward's a pauper's grave,
And thousands of our sisters and our brothers toil in vain,
And starve while making rich some idle knave.
But the Clarion voice has sounded
Through this great and wealthy land,
And honest hearts have answered to its call.
And every day new Socialists appear on every hand,
And the boys are lining up now once for all.

CHORUS

There's a bright and happy future
That is dawning.
And may we live to see the happy day
When the united working class
Will rise up in a mass,
And overthrow the system right away.

On this, the Eighteenth Day of March,
We meet to celebrate
An event that happened once in gay Paree
When the working class of France rose up, and boldly in their might
Unfurled the flag of those who would be free.
They were shot down in their thousands
By the brutal ruling class,
But, fighting for The Cause, they ... nobly fell,
And slaves today in every land, inspired by their fall,
Will everywhere the Commune Story tell.
(Chorus)

A YEAR OF TOIL ON THE P. G. E.

Note—The following lament is the result of the experience of a section gang who have put in one year and seven days on the P. G. & E. back of Prince Rupert. They got away with $20 at the end of that period, which, if he knew it, would probably make Pat Welsh as mad as the average reader if this meets his eye.

We are down, boys from the P. G. E.
One year drilling we had at the stones.
Flat broke we are, as you now can see;
Got away with only our bones.

Contracting we were, like other fools;
Oh! We were going to make the coin.
At last we found we were only tools;
Got the neck, in place of sirloin.

That kind of deal will make a saint swear,
And show us in life what is hell.
For all our struggle, hard work and care,
We hardly got much as a smell.

We haven't the price to "set them up;"
Nothing we can do to make you smile;
With only water to fill our cup;
Our reward for making a mile.

Pat Welsh, and railroads, we bid good bye;
Too confounded hard grafting, you see!
But suckers will yet swallow the fly.
Get landed and stranded like we.

Why doesn't B. C. build her own roads,
And give everyone an equit chance!
Only a few can pile up hoards;
The rest get left outside the fence.

Next time election will come arband,
We shall vote, and we shall vote with care—
To work for nothing like a yellow hound
Demands a change to better fare.
MacINTYRE & CO.
Cheakamus, B. C.

HELL—WHAT IS IT?

In a recent conversation, one of our union leaders, very much opposed to Socialism, (or what he considers such) expressed himself this way: "Under Socialism a man would be bound to do as the majority wished, and he, consequently, a slave in the worst sense of the word."

Said he, "Nowadays, a man can tell his boss to go to Hell, if he doesn't like him." Hence our text.

Leaving out what would happen in a future state of society, which we need not worry about, let us examine his latter statement.

It is perfectly true; our modern wage slave can do this, but who gets the hell?

If a crawling ant should look up and tell a human to go to the devil, the latter would be surprised of course, and then would give vent to extreme mirth. The ant! Why, he could crush it with his fingers in no time.

And our chesty slave, with notions of freedom and equal rights for all in his noodle, is likewise an object of derision.

Go to hell! Yes, the boss can smile, send around to the employment shark or benevolent ex-clergyman, in his one eye for notoriety, and the other for copping the coin, who sometimes competes with aforesaid shark — for "Jesus' sake, of course"!) and get another anyions biped, out of that veritable hell where the former slave came.

No Inferno of Dante, or even of Milton, ever pictured by the most fluid devil killer, or pious priest, can touch our modern industrial system. It has them backed off the boards a thousand ways, even in that one portion of the earth alone known as British Columbia. There are numerous members of the parasite class, who never get spoken back to by the slaves these days—for full well the slaves are realizing what a terrible existence is in store for them if they dare dispute the terms of their hire. Many a poor devil in Vancouver goes home every day and faces his wife and children with despair so black that he could kill someone. If it is not hell to see one's child ask for bread when there is none to give, then indeed there is Hades nowhere.

Bah! The idea of Bible fiction mess a paradise compared to living at the mercy of a brutal ruling class as we do daily. Were it not for the keen pleasure of fighting them, demolishing their stock arguments, their ridiculous apologies for the existence of a robber class, we who dare to think would be only too glad to investigate the dark beyond for ourselves.

And a good Christian and well meaning friend says, "Why don't you work in a better cause?"

There is none, my well-meaning one; to be true to one's self and convictions; fighting for what we know to be true, and being able to prove to every reasonable being that our knowledge is sound, because of its scientific source—That cause, we say, in which we unceasingly proclaim the class war, and its inevitable outcome, is the highest a slave can hope to engage in.

Hell? We would a voice of clarion note could portray the damnable conditions in the Westminster Hell alone, where men are literally rotting away, putrefying internally by the cheap hog wash given them by a paternal bunch of cheap skates who would be disgraced by the name of men.

Believe us, were men in their places, a quicker death would be given, and more merciful, than this eating of one's heart out in the foetid, stinking air of a capitalist prison. Think of one of those poor devils who is thankful for the glimpse he has of a plowed field through his cell window, and who is thrown into the Black hole, to exist on bread and water if he speaks one word.

We have our heroes today, and they suffer all the hell our brave comrades of the Commune or other capitalist shambles went through.

But enough of this. We have something brighter to offer.

By united intelligent action we can stop all these atrocities, and we can see everywhere the more virile of our class saying they are ready.

Come on, you timorous ones! Study your slavish position, get the class struggle spirit into you and all the hell, priests, or rulers ever made won't hold you.

We will send them there. F. S. F.

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