

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"I don't," he said. "My wife is a partner. She goes through my pockets, and that is what capital and labor will be under the new order of things. Such short hours will transfer all capital to our side of the dividing line. It is perfectly true what you say—we are *not* striking for this or that. *We are striking to transfer power from that class to this class, from capitalists to the proletariat,*" and he gave me a pamphlet with the headlines (solid caps again):—DON'T BE A HOG AND TRY TO DO ALL THE WORK IN ONE DAY! WORK SLOWLY.

Sounds as if Anarchy were a bit nearer than "over the hills and far away," doesn't it? It is a bit more real than the drivel of boulevard poets drinking absinthe.

"Pah! Hot air, rant and rot!" said a railroad capitalist of Eastern Canada when he heard that agitators were busy among his construction crews. "I have no more love for my contractors than the I. W. W.'s have! Let them fight and dog-eat-dog till they rot! Doesn't affect us. It's their funeral."

Within one month at the drop of the hat, at a word, somebody among the I. W. W.'s spoke, and 7,000 workers to a man went out on strike. I don't know what the strike cost the railroad in delay. It cost the province \$1,000 a day in constables, not counting cost of court proceedings and the keep in jail of hundreds of men.

All this is in Canada, not "over the hills and far away," remote and underground, in Spain or Paris or some back of beyond. What's Anarchy to us? That is why if you want to be punctured so full of interrogation marks that all you think you know leaks out and all that's left is what you don't know—go to British Columbia, and go right now! You'll find all the contradictory economic problems you ever heard of in college, good or bad, glad or sad, sane or mad, walking about in flesh and blood on two legs. *Laissez faire!* What's that to us? Am I my brother's keeper? If you will look at a few facts for a minute or two you will soon decide that if you don't become your brother's keeper he will soon become yours, right here and now, in Canada, especially your shirtless, hungry brother. Run their songs:—

We want no condescending saviours
To rule us from a judgment hall;
We workers ask not for their favors;
Let us consult for all.
Then up with the masses and down with the classes,
Death to the traitors who money can buy!
Co-operation is the hope of the nation;
Strike for it now, or your liberties die!
You will eat by and by,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and Pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die!
O, yes, we're the suckers, there's no doubt of that;
We live like dogs, and the boss, he gets fat!
God help his picture, when once we get wise;
He'll be the bum, and we'll be the swell guys!

What's all this to us? Let us take a look at facts!
Of the Western provinces, British Columbia has the largest area,