

shut out for ever from their minds, reason and logic, bandaged their mental vision and devoted the rest of their lives to the art of scientific misstatement and obscurity. There has been however, a few men brave enough to tell the truth, and foremost amongst these stand Marx and Engels, whose message of hope is already the inspiration of a gigantic army of workers, an army whose ranks are swelling every day, for Marx' message is for the working class alone. To understand Marx is to be a revolutionist, to have done with petty reform and palliation, to cease pruning rotten fruit from off a tree that can produce none other, and to work to the end that the tree may be cut down and the roots burnt, in a word, to abolish for ever this system under which we now live, and establish a better one.

It is for the spreading of the necessary knowledge amongst our own class that the Socialist Party of the World exists, the S. P. of C., therefore, place this pamphlet in your hands with the hope that the subject matter will help to place your feet upon the first rungs of the ladder of economic truth, a ladder we all must climb as high as we can.

In this great West, prosperity, like a guardian angel, is supposed to dwell. Here is great wealth in grain, in fat herds of beeves, in chubby, short faced, "lean singers," in fruit, vegetables and all manner of lesser farm produce. Truly a fat land and of course its inhabitants are well off; jolly, contented farmers. At least so say the immigration pamphlets and capitalist newspapers.

The farmer knows, however, that things are not always what they seem, and that the much talked of prosperity is for someone else, certainly not for him, and so, as if in direct contradiction to the lurid stories of real estate sharks, burst out every now and then spasmodic attempts at organization for self-protection. These organizations come and go like sun and rain in April, and of course accomplish nothing. Farmers' alliances,