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WHAT SOCIALISTS MEAN BY REVOLUTION

It has become an axiom that, to accomplish results, organization is requisite. Nevertheless, there is "organization" and "organization." That this is so, appears clearly from the fact that the pure and simple have been going about saying to the workers: "Organize! Organize!" and after they have been saying that, and have been "organizing" and "organizing" for the past thirty or forty years, we find that they are virtually where they started, if not worse off, that their "organization" partakes of the nature of the lizard whose tail destroys what his foreparts build up.

Let us assume that none of us know what is "reform" and what is "revolution." Those who are posted will understand all the better; those who are not will follow all the easier.

We hear people talk about the "Reform Process," about "Evolution" and about "Revolution" in ways that are highly misleading. Let us clear up our terms. Reform means a change of externals; Revolution—peaceful or bloody, the peacefulness or the bloodiness of it cuts no figure whatever in the essence of the question—means a change from within.

Take, for instance, a poodle. You can reform him in a lot of ways. You can shave his whole body and leave a tassel at the tip of his tail; you may bore a hole through each ear, and tie a blue bow on one and a red bow on the other; you may put a brass collar around his neck with your initials on and a trim little blanket on his back; yet, throughout, a poodle he was and a poodle he remains. Each of these changes probably wrought a corresponding change in the poodle's life. When shorn of all his hair except a tassel at the tail's tip he was owned by a wag who probably cared only for the fun he could get out of his pet; when he appears gaily decked in bows, probably his young mistress' attachment is of tendered sort; when later we see him in the fancier's outfit, the treatment he receives and the uses he is put to may be yet again, and probably are, different. Each of these transformations or stages may mark a veritable epoch in the poodle's existence. And yet, essentially, a poodle he was, a poodle he is, and a poodle he will remain. That is Reform.

But when we look back myriads of years or project ourselves into far-future physical cataclysms, and trace the development of animal life from the invertebrate to the vertebrate, and from the lizard to the bird, from the quadruped and mammal till we come to the prototype of the poodle, and finally reach the poodle himself, and so forward—then do we find radical changes at each step, changes from within that alter the very essence of his being, and that put, or will put, upon him each time a stamp that alters the very system of his existence. That is Revolution.

So with society. Whenever a change leaves the internal mechanism untouched, we have Reform; whenever the internal mechanism is changed, we have Revolution.

Of course, no internal change is possible without external manifestations. The internal changes denoted by the revolution or evolution of the lizard into the eagle go accompanied with external marks. So with society. And herein lies one of the pitfalls into which dilettanteism or "Reforms" invariably tumble. They have noticed that externals change with internal; and they rest satisfied with mere external changes, without looking behind the curtain.

We Socialists are not Reformers; we are Revolutionists. We Socialists do not propose to change forms. We care nothing for forms. We want a change of the inside of the mechanism of society. We see in England a crowned monarch; we see in Germany a sceptered emperor; we see in this country an uncrowned president, and we fail to see the essential difference between forms. We are like grown children, in Germany, England or America. That being the case, we are stoopies as to the sense that we like to look at the inside of things and find out what is there.—Weekly People.

PRENATAL ROBBERY.

If the Chinese hash-house keeper had done you down for ten cents, or even if you only thought he had robbed you of ten cents, wouldn't there be a lovely row? Your righteous indignation would know no bounds. The crookery would fly, the house would be wrecked, while the police would probably arrive too late to save the Celestial's life. It might cost you a fortnight's wages or a month of your time, but you would be satisfied to take it out of the "Chink" even if it cost you more. Your mates would sympathize with you, you would become a hero; for it is an awful crime, says the lawyer, the politician and the capitalist, to rob a poor workman even of ten cents.

The above thoughts remind me of the story of a cruel and pitiless robbery. The victim's name must be suppressed for obvious reasons, though you are at liberty to guess it if you can.

This man was robbed before birth, as well as after. His mother was robbed of her share of nourishment and comfort; as a result the poor babe was born into the world poor in physique, lacking in good rich blood, which is essential to a healthy child. The baby's childhood days need not be described in detail. Think of your own and add a few miseries to it, for remember that as the years have gone the struggle for existence has become keener, even among children. Of course, the child was robbed of a few years of childhood, for a child should be happy, care free, developing body and mind along natural lines. Food was scarce, and when it was not bulk gave way to quality. Naturally, with its inherited poor physique, and its lack of nourishment, the child was slow in assimilating education. This fact, combined with the necessity of cutting short its school days owing to the need of aiding father to provide the daily menu, meant that the child was robbed of its education. The child was sent to work among men, in an iron foundry, and became a man in all but years. For a time the lad labored on, doing a man's work, till slack times came. Then, of course, he was fired. Work was scarce, funds were low. The lad drifted away from home. Odd jobs came his way; he became a casual laborer. Finally, when casual work became even more casual, he became a hobo, drifting around. He was jailed for vagrancy, jailed for trying to beat a freight out of a workless town, jailed again because he could not give a good account of himself or what he was doing for a living, and because he had two previous convictions against him. Now he is a man in years, but in nothing else. His manhood had gone, or perhaps it will be better to say that his manhood had not yet arrived.

He never realizes that he has been robbed of all that makes life worth living. No suspicion of the truth has crossed his mind. They who robbed him have woven the most cunning web across his eyes. They have convinced him that it is his own folly and sin which is responsible for his misery. That his past suffering and present condition is but a reflex of his own wickedness. "As a child," they say to him, "you refused to make the most of your opportunities while at school." Later, you drifted into casual work, instead of getting regular employment. "You broke the laws of man and were jailed; shake yourself together, assert your manhood, or think where you will spend eternity."

The poor sufferer makes spasmodic efforts to shake himself together, but from childhood onward all that was essential to the development of a healthy, strong will has been denied him. He falls. When he sees his spiritual and moral advisers, well clad, healthy and happy, he is ashamed and sinks across the street to hide himself from their sight.

Some day he will awaken, tear the web from his eyes, and see himself as he is, not as others say he is. He will realize that he and others like him are not what they are, because his moral, spiritual and legal advisers are what they are. He will realize that robbery means victims; that robbery by a class from a class means a class of victims. Then his indignation will give place to anger, and when his anger is swelled by the anger of his class, the reckoning will come.

W. LEWIS.

No sooner does a body of working-men go on strike than we read, in a few days, that the boss has all the men he wants. If everybody is employed, where do the men come from who take the strikers' places?

LAW OF CAPITALISM IS SELL OR PERISH

Applies Equally to All Who Depend Upon the Exchange Commodities in Order to Exist.

Everybody lives today by selling something. Coal merchants sell coal. Steel manufacturers sell steel. Farmers sell wheat, corn, potatoes, etc. The beef trust sells beef. The railway magnates, the shipping trust, and telephone and telegraph magnates sell the use of the means of transportation and communication. Lawyers sell their ability to expound law. Doctors sell their skill as physicians. Clergymen sell the influence they hold on the working class. Labor leaders often do the same. The working class also sell their power to produce necessities and luxuries of life, or they sell their labor power.

In capitalist society everything is turned into a commodity, that is, everything is bought and sold, from the virtue of women, and even to the Grace of God. Labor power, though being subject to the vicissitudes and fluctuations of the market the same as other commodities, differs in several ways from all others. It being the only real factor in production it is the only commodity, which, when consumed, produces a value greater than itself. Failure to sell implies not only the perishing of the labor power itself, but also of its owner, the laborer, and his dependents, and the laborer can sell his labor power, only, so long as it increases capital.

The value of labor power is determined by the same economic law as all other commodities, namely, the cost of production, and the cost to produce labor power is the amount of the necessities requisite to produce it, or the labor time necessary to produce those necessities. But a commodity may sell above or below its real value. Its market price being determined by the law of supply and demand, and competition. The greater the supply of any commodity over the demand, the keener the competition between sellers, and the lower the price will fall, and vice versa. As labor power is always in excess of the demand, at many times and places, it sells even below its minimum cost of production, the bare subsistence of the laborer. Of course this deficiency is made up in the way of poor relief, feeling of school children, free lunches, as provided by the starvation army, and other such like parasitical institutions and schemes. At the most, labor power, on the average, can't sell above its value, the cost of production. If the purchasing power of the labor (and that is his real wage) was to increase on account

of a reduction in the cost of production of necessities, the competition between the workers to sell their labor power would bring down the price to its old standard again. Suppose the workers in a given locality were receiving more than the true value for their labor power, whether the cause be due to the relation between supply and demand, or to organization, workers will be attracted by the high wages till the supply exceeds the demand and the supply law is that wages would sink, not only to what they were before the rise took place but even lower still.

At the present time the price of labor power is higher on the American continent than in Europe, due to the difference in the proportions of supply and demand. And what is the result? Workers all over Europe are packing their commodity over here as fast as their means will allow, each with his own individual package of labor power, to compete in a market where the supply already exceeds the demand. And as has often been said, What are you going to do about it? This question is for Socialists; as well as non-Socialists. We have been too fond of putting the blame on slaves, who, election after election, endorse wage slavery by supporting the representatives of the ruling class. The fact is, they don't know any better. We Socialists claim that we know just what is the matter. If so it is up to every Socialist Local, and every Socialist to make it his duty to take part in the distribution of leaflets, of which the Clarion staff can turn out enough to flood the country. Each Local should see to it, that no working man in its constituency can say they never read anything about Socialism. There is no excuse for any one, as the distribution requires no great mental or physical power. Get out, comrades, and be doing. Make the fight interesting. Let the ruling class feel your grit and determination, by doing your share in removing the greatest obstacle between us and our emancipation, namely, the ignorance of our fellow slaves.

R. W.

By the by, have you an economic class in your Local? A comrade said to me the other day: "Good job I went to the economic class this morning, or I wouldn't have known what them fellows, who were arguing the point meant by, constant capital, and variable capital."

R. WALKER.

THE MASTER CLASS.

By John M. Work.

The capitalists grab at every cent in sight. They get men and women to work for them at the lowest possible wages, without regard to their comfort and the welfare and the comfort and welfare of those dependent upon them. They frequently compel their employees to work in vile and unhealthy quarters, where their lives are threatened by disease.

They employ children and press them through the same process of dehumanization.

They build hovels and tenement houses in the most undesirable places and rent them to the workers at exorbitant rates. They take care not to have these hovels and tenements too close to their own mansions on the broad and beautiful avenues. They do not want to degrade themselves by too close proximity to people who earn an honest living.

They contribute to the campaign funds of all political parties that will accept their bridges—and that means all except the Socialist party.

They influence legislators with money, flattery, intimidation, or perquisites, and get passed such laws as are in their interest, and rejected such as are not.

They treat poor men as inferiors and regard themselves as the lords of creation.

They bring extraneous influences to bear upon the courts, besides hiring the shrewdest lawyers in the land. And they rarely fail to get the decisions they want.

They unconsciously indulge in extravagant luxury and vain ostentation, while men and women and children with human hearts and souls and feelings and longings actually die of starvation, and while millions of others live on the ragged edge of poverty, destitute of all the refining and ennobling influences of life.

They do all these things because they have the power to.

They have the power to do them because they own the exploiting industries which the workers have to use in order to live.

The remedy is the collective ownership and operation of the exploiting industries.

And that is Socialism.

However, we cannot blame the Capitalists for the present frightful conditions.

They monopolize the good things because we permit them to do so.

Private ownership of the exploiting industries enables them to have and to hold possession of the capital of the country and wrest from the toilers most of the value of their labor.

Whenever we see fit to abolish the private ownership of the exploiting industries, this exploitation will cease. We will get the full value of our labor. We will guarantee ourselves an opportunity to earn a living. Involuntarily poverty will be a thing of the past.

We have only ourselves to blame.

If we lived in a country where the workingman had no vote, it might be otherwise.

But in this country the average workingman has a vote the same as a Capitalist. The workingmen outnumber the Capitalists and their satellites many times. The workingmen can therefore bring exploitation, poverty and economic uncertainty to an end whenever they wish. They can do it by voting the Socialist ticket.

If you do not vote the Socialist ticket, quit grogging because you are deprived of everything worth while.

You are getting what you voted for.

WORKER A MACHINE.

The laboring man has no time to be anything but a machine.—Thoreau.

The worker is a machine.

The function of the machine is to produce wealth. In order to be kept in working condition, the machine is given a certain amount of care and food—cleaning, oiling, repairing. After the machine is worn out, it is thrown on the scrap-heap as no longer of use.

Like the worker.

The function of the worker is to produce wealth; and in so far as health consists of exchange-values, labor produces wealth. The employer treats the worker as he treats a machine. The toiler receives a certain amount of "oil" in the form of wages; and these wages are only enough to buy the food, clothing, and shelter required to keep the machine in condition to perform his work, and reproduce his species. When the worker is worn out; when his muscles become flabby, his mind dulled—when the energy of youth has been sapped by the life-destroying industrial grind, then the worker is cast aside on the scrap-heap of the unemployed.

If a machine is invented, more efficient than the one he may own, the employer invests in the more efficient machine—more efficient in that it either produces more cheaply or in more abundance; most often both.

And when the employer can secure, say, women and children, to work more cheaply than men, he casts aside the male, and coins the sweat and blood of women and children into profits—the Moloch of the ancient Carthaginians consumed fewer children than does the Civilized Beast of Capitalism.

The machine is inanimate. Not so the worker. The worker feels this grind. The agony and despair of industrial toil converts the men, women, and children of the working class into Symbols of Sorrow—"old before their time."

After the day's work is done, the machine rests. It "forgets" the incessant, racking toll. But that racking, incessant toll is a Danquo's ghost to the worker—it will not down. It rises to destroy his recreation, and drives him to drink. It haunts him in the dead of night, and conjures up the torture of the working day.

"The laboring man has no time to be anything but a machine."

Correct!

The worker's individuality is suppressed. There is nothing individuality-inspiring in working at a machine, in being a mere cog in the machinery of production, and being treated as such. And when the worker goes home, his exhaustion prompts not thought and intellectual pleasure; his system requires soothing. The infusing picture show's popularity is a brilliant flashlight on the condition, mental and physical, of the average proletarian. Too tired to do anything really pleasurable, yet craving some pleasure, the worker "enjoys" the soporific "movies."

There is no sociologic reason for the continuance of this horrible state of things. Why should men and women overwork themselves, when it has been scientifically ascertained that all the needs of humanity can be produced with modern machinery by three or four hours' work a day.

Why should men be the slave of the machine? Why not have the machine become the slave of man, doing his bidding and his work?

All that is possible. All that is needed is the Socialization of the machinery of production—that the working class, through their industrial organization, shall take possession of the plants of production, and operate them rationally and as profitably for the benefit of all the workers.

Then—

Starvation wages will no longer exist. The workers shall receive the full social value of their labor.

Inhumanly long hours of work shall be but a phantom of the past. Hours shall be as low as the improvements of machinery warrant.

Industrial slave-driving, the grind that knows no mercy, shall be eliminated; and work becomes a pleasure.

Children shall live their lives in peace and plenty, building strong, healthy minds and bodies.

All the evils of modern society, directly traceable to economic exploitation and poverty, shall be used but as gollins to frighten children and old women with.

Life shall blossom forth into a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Socialism is the sun of the proletarian future!

By responding to our special sub offer you will enable us to put an organizer in the field in every province this fall.

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OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

We are going to give you a chance to keep the Clarion going, and unless you respond at once we tell you honestly that the Western Clarion cannot last more than a month.

We want 6,000 new subscribers inside of four weeks and if every one of you to your best we can get that many easily.

We want this paper sent to every house in your town and it's up to you to see that it gets there.

We want money to put organizers in the field next winter in every province of Canada. We can do it through the Clarion.

If we can't get the Slaves to come to us we have got to go to them, and the Clarion is one of the best mediums.

Now, here is our offer, which is open till the 15th of July: We will send the Western Clarion to any address in Canada outside of the city of Vancouver for three months for ten cents. We will send it to the British Isles, New Zealand or South Africa for the same price. Outside of those places we have to pay extra postage, so we cannot reduce the price.

We will sell you six-month sub cards for thirty cents apiece, dollar sub cards at sixty cents, till the 15th of July, after that date they will cost you the old rate.

Three-month sub cards will cost you 15 cents apiece till the 15th of July, but three month subs without cards will cost ten cents. The cards can be used after the 15th of July, that is why they cost a little more. Don't forget we need the money, so buck up.

The United States, Australia, foreign and Vancouver are not included in this special offer, owing to extra postage.

CAPITALISM'S TOLL.

In 1907, according to the United States Geological Survey, 3125 men were killed and 5316 injured in coal-mining accidents in the twenty-two states that produce 98 per cent. of the American coal; in 1908, 2450 were killed and 6772 injured. In the decade ending with 1908, 19,469 men were killed in the coal mines of these states.

The Interstate Commerce Commission reports that in the seven years ending with 1908, 23,896 employees were killed and 335,964 were injured on the railroads of the country.

According to the United States Census Bureau, of all deaths of adult males from 1900 to 1908 inclusive, 126,567, or 9.1 per cent, were due to accidents, and the United States Bureau of Labor says: "It is safe to assume that about one-half of the deaths from accidents among males is the result of industrial employment."

ARE YOU ONE OF THE 400?

A working class whose energies are mainly directed towards bucking an overstocked labor market can never become revolutionary.

Good results will follow only when the working class refuse longer to allow its energies to be bounded by the wage system and organizes politically to capture the club.

What is hard work for a few becomes easy when many help. Don't throw your burdens on another's back; it is not fair to him or yourself.

Are you one of the 400? Write and tell us that you are going to send in one new yearly for the Clarion each month. Don't let yourself be dragged along.

Push!

Ten thousand new readers for the Clarion in one month. Are you on?

PROGRESS IN THE STATES.

The National Secretary's report to the National Socialist Convention at Indianapolis brings out the following points: The total Socialist Party membership is 125,826 as against 84,716 in 1911; and 41,751 in 1908. The total vote in 1910 was 607,474, as against 424,483 in 1908. The total number of Socialist officials in the United States is 1,039. The total number of Socialist periodicals is 323. The national office have sold and distributed during the year 3,000,000 pieces of literature. It also handled during the year 1,546 lecture lectures, in which were sold 24,735 books and subscriptions taken for Socialist papers to the number of 50,494.

You can get ten of the men in your Union to read the Clarion for three months and it will only cost a dollar.

The man who says that present conditions are good enough for him ought to have the dose increased.

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Every Sunday Evening
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SATURDAY, JUNE 15th, 1912.

TENDER SOLICITUDE.

The capitalist press is always alert to safeguard the interests of the labor unions against the insidious attacks of the Socialist element within their ranks. While careless and unobservant persons may indulge the fancy that though this Socialist element is the only really live factor in the movement of organized labor, it is by no means a threatening danger to capitalist interests from the trade union quarrel, the astute press is not so easily fooled. Long practice at the profession of prostitution in the service of capitalism has trained its nostrils to an acute acuity in the scenting of danger to the interests from which it fattens, no matter from what quarter that danger may threaten.

The New York Times of recent date contains an editorial entitled "Socialism and Labor Strikes," in which a most tender solicitude is manifested for the dear trade unions as against the vicious machinations of the wicked Socialists. Such tender solicitude is touching in the extreme and should awaken the heartfelt gratitude of every "safe and sane" trade unionist, from a capitalist standpoint.

The editorial in question has evidently been called forth by the strike of hotel waiters in that city. Says this editorial squint: "Keen observers of existing conditions have discovered a Socialistic tendency to foment and encourage hopeless labor strikes, . . . for the reason that defeated strikers are valuable recruits to the ranks of the discontented." No matter how great the ability of the scheming Socialists to "foment hopeless labor strikes," their wicked schemes are uncovered by "keen observers" and published to the world in order that good union men may not be drawn into a line of action detrimental to their highest and best interests, as interpreted by the prostitute press of their masters.

Of course, if the accusation be true that these wicked Socialists "foment hopeless strikes" in order to gain "recruits to the ranks of the discontented," their true purpose might be easily foiled by granting some concessions to the strikers. This would tend to "encourage" only hopeful strikes and thus bring to an end the recruiting of the "ranks of the discontented," according to the dastardly plan of the wicked Socialists. This simple plan to offset the machinations of the apostles of discontent seems to have escaped the notice of the "keen observers" altogether.

Further on in the same able editorial the accusation is made that the "pressmen's strike," in Chicago, "was engineered to increase the circulation of the Socialist newspapers at the expense of the strikers." The responsibility of this accusation is placed upon the shoulders of a Mr. Harding, whom, it is alleged, speaks for Typographical Union No. 16, of Chicago. Be that as it may, however, it would seem that the Socialists are prompted by more than one motive. They, in one instance, "foment hopeless strikes" in order to "recruit the ranks of the discontented" in another to increase the circulation of Socialist papers. How more live purposes they have in stock is problematic, but will no doubt be disclosed by "keen observers" in course of time. The "Times" editorial again winds up with the following gem: "A clear understanding by all trades unions of the evil influences the Socialists can exert in the efforts of the unions to better the industrial and social conditions of their members is most desirable." The tender solicitude for the welfare of the unions is thus once more made manifest. The "Times," like the rest of its tribe, is greatly interested in the efforts of the unions to better the "industrial and social conditions" of their membership. There is no doubt about that. Every union man, if he knows anything at all, knows how valiantly those capitalist sheets come to the assistance of his union when it is engaged in a struggle with the bosses over the question of wages and hours.

Every union man's heart should swell with gratitude towards the capitalist press that so fearlessly exposes the machinations of those wicked

ones, who, by "encouraging hopeless strikes" and "engineering" other wicked schemes, would thwart the efforts of the unions to better the industrial and social conditions" of its members. Such tender solicitude must not go unacknowledged. A vote of thanks is due the "Times" and all others of its kind that are equally solicitous in behalf of organized labor.

To be thus watched over and safeguarded against all "evil influences" is touching in the extreme. Out with the treacherous "Socialistic" element with its wicked schemes and vile purposes. May we continue to be mothered under the sheltering wing of its tender solicitude.

The progress of your local can be gauged by the number of subscribers it obtains for the Clarion, and by the number of leaflets it distributes per man, as well as by getting names on the voters' list and otherwise building up and perfecting your organization.

BRANTFORD NOTES.

Showing the Struggle of the Few Against the Apathy of the Many.

Bearing well in mind the fact that from the experience of the past can be got useful knowledge that will help in the future, a few stray thoughts on the progress of the Socialist movement in this place may be of benefit to others who will find pitfalls to be avoided.

Let me say that some 12 years ago organized Socialist effort was put forth in this city. Those who took part were almost entirely of a utopian type and wholly reform in their appeal. The few exceptions were those who supported the S. L. P. to the extent of reading its papers and in some cases joining as members at large. The reformers dwindled away into craft unionism and religion. Some of those prominent were blacklisted and had to leave town. The S. L. P. element made no attempt so far as I can see at propaganda, and have been of little account in the subsequent awakening of the workers.

In the depression of 1908 the writer helped form a local of the S. P. C. We had one or two of the comrades of Toronto local speak here. Members came in fast and easy. We rented a small hall for alternate Thursdays, and then the fun began. Most of those who were with us were out of work. First of all, they wanted a job or to borrow money, or to sell something. The majority of the crowd expected the economic salvation of their class to come from some other source than their class—some thought from the master class—some thought from Jesus (a few of these think so still). You may imagine what a clean-up there was in a short time; our numbers were thinned, but we were forced to give up the hall and meet at the members' houses to conduct our economic class and do our little business. Since then we have held some scores of meetings on the market square and in halls. We have taken hundreds of subs. for the Clarion. We have put out thousands of leaflets and manifestos, and in spite of all this we find now that we have not enough strength to maintain a local of the S. P. C.

We thought about a year ago that the workers were not responding to our efforts as they should do. It was not because of want of knowledge or of earnestness on our part. Every organizer who has been here has testified to that. Well, we must have a permanent hall with a signboard.

We got one. Those who had been loud in their demands for the hall now began to parade before the audience. Result: A call-down from the local and a "resignation." Then commenced the back-biting and sneers at honest comrades who were doing their best.

Then threatened dismissal from employment of a few of the active ones. Then the Independent Labor League and the Rev. Wm. Madison Hicks and anti-reciprocity and anti-Socialism. Then the challenge of a newcomer to the town of the S. L. P. to debate Hicks on the debates, the exposition of Socialism before large crowds by this S. L. P. comrades and the writer and the subsequent conversion of the reverend and his joining the C. G. P. Local men who many condemned us for our attitude toward the reformists and some even wanted us to endorse Hicks and his reforms!

Then comes the "Clarion" leaflets and the series of lectures this winter in our little hall. We got good crowds, but no workers in the movement. Most of them had jobs to lose! As for the leaflets, well, we cannot get the make-believe Socialists and false-alarm revolutionists to give a hand in their distribution. The lecture hall had degenerated into a bummers' room and was used chiefly as a smoke-room and apitium. We endeavored to put through a course in industrial history and sometimes the lecturer was choked in the fumes of wage plug tobacco. Very few benefited by the teaching. Their attention was given to keeping their pipes alight.

In connection with this study, let me say that we found a little book by Edward Clodd (who Lewis speaks of in "Evolution, Social and Organic"), called "The Story of Primitive Man," to be very useful. It acts as a bridge

between Bolcho's "Evolution of Man" and Engels' "Origin of the Family," George Novins, London, Eng., publishes a cheap edition.

A seceding faction starts up a "Christian Socialist Fellowship." They have distributed some literature and also held a lecture. A few words of censure by the organizer of the S. P. local results in a further bunch of quits. "It's all true," they agree, "but don't tell us about it." Well, the wage slaves here are sure in a tight fix. The pressure of competition for jobs between the Turk, Kurd and other races of Southeastern Europe, who have a low standard of living, has driven the white Canadian worker out of the shops and to the West. Next depression will see a mushroom "Socialist" refuse to take part in propaganda because "the local hasn't a large membership and doesn't run men for office."

Some "comrades" are members of capitalist clubs and are great on billiards and reforms. Some of our own party members who never could speak either on the soap box or in the hall are very eloquent when doing the rounds of the bar-rooms in town.

Comrades, there is no virtue in buying a due stamp and sticking it into a book. That in itself will do nothing. There is no use having good books unless they are read and studied. The way to educate the working class is to educate the working class, either by speeches or literature, not by getting in a back room and talking about doing it.

The way to study economics is to study economics, not by smoking a four pipe and talking about "work." The way to organize to capture the political machine is to organize to capture the political machine, not put a nickel in the hat when somebody tells a lot of funny stories.

So, comrades of the "Western Clarion," this is our tale of woe. For the present discontinue the bundles of Clarions, but send on the leaflets. There are three of us here who have seen to their distribution, one of these being at present in the hospital with his arm chawed up in his master's machine. Send in your bill for same to me and I will report progress from time to time. It seems too bad, when the sentiment among the workers is rapidly coming our way, that we have not a few comrades with backbone enough to organize and attempt to give this sentiment a chance to manifest itself.

THE BUSINESS INSTINCT.

Your correspondent with the flourish of the appendix in last issue of "Clarion" reminds me of the true story I heard from the lips of a doctor friend before I left Vancouver three years ago. It was as follows:

At that time the profiteers were not the only ones up against it by the bourgeois professional class were in it deep. Plenty of people sick but no one with the price to pay for a doctor. One of the latter fraternity had not had a case for months, he had a wife and family and kept a maid of all work, and lived in a house in the best part of Vancouver.

One day the tide turned; the wind sprang up so to speak, and an old client entered his surgery bringing with her a young son who was suffering from some slight ailment. On examination our good friend, the down and out doctor, pronounced the boy's case as appendicitis(?) and recommended an operation straight away. Fee \$200.

The horrified parent would not consent without a consultation with another physician and the good doctor straight away gave the name of a party who would advise the fond parent correctly.

When the interview was over our worthy hurried to the other physician and explained the whole matter, telling him that the boy had had a bad cold and some congestion, and hoped that the doctor would help him out as his friend that \$200, as he was right up against it. The maid having struck for her wages and two months rent for the overdue.

The physician promised his friend to do what he could, and straight away told the lady on her arrival that it was certainly true her boy had appendicitis. With many tears and lamentations she left her boy with the butchers, who, on the next day, made a superficial cut in the outer skin and stitched it up again.

After a few days the wound was sufficiently healed to allow his mother to take him away after first paying the fee of \$200.

And thus was the down and out doctor with his wife and his four children and the maid with no wages and himself and perhaps the cat all saved from starvation and the streets.

At this time I was an orderly at the hospital, and after I had heard these facts related by my friend, mandered

home to recuperate my energy so as to be on time for duty in the morning. I felt sick and sorry that such things could occur in a Christian country and under British government, too. I was awakened in the night by loud cries which came from the padded cell. I remembered that a fine young specimen of humanity, a Scotchman, a lumber Jack, suffering from alcoholic poisoning, had come in the day before. He had been drinking freely of wood alcohol sold as the genuine stuff, for which your city is so famous, and in a short while became as mad as a hatter.

The other orderlies, worn out with hard work and want of sleep, shouted to the night slave to make the sufferer keep quiet, or do something to him— "Alright!" said the latter, a young Englishman just out from the old country and in his first job and glad to please everybody, "I'll give him something to quiet him." He went upstairs and soon returned with a hypodermic syringe, charged with an overdose of morphia, which he injected into the arm of poor Scotty.

He soon became quiet and did not disturb us afterwards.

The fresh young Englishman told us in the morning without a sigh, that he had given him "Strychnine instead of morphia," and Scotty was dead.

All this was too much for my nerves and I commenced to holler. I buried Scotty, and a week afterwards told me that he had no further use of my services, as I talked too much Socialism round the building.

I took my packages round to my old diggings, and saw some of the boys. I commenced telling them all my troubles, but unfortunately, they had had coffee and doughnuts for lunch, and red herrings and tea for supper, and the three of them commenced to vomit at the rehearsal of my story.

They have not spoken to me since for they could, or would not, believe my story, and in any case they had been too delicately brought up to be told such things.

Now, the moral for all these calamities is poverty. The doctors committed a crime because of this. Scotty worked too hard and went into excesses to counter balance his weariness through it.

The orderlies had to work too hard and too long so that they did not care a damn who died so long as they were allowed to sleep, and so on.

Don't you see that, when we are able to stretch out our hands and help ourselves with all the good things of life and ease down the making of them, that such fearsome things as I have related will not happen?

C. McM. S.

ANTI-MILITARISM A CRIME IN BAY STATE.

Recognizing the fact that military patriotism is on the decline and that enlistments in the militia are not coming in as fast as they used to, the capitalists of Massachusetts have succeeded in forcing a bill through the legislature making the discouraging of any one from joining the militia a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding \$500, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or both.

The danger that lurks behind this law for radical minded people and for Socialists in particular can only be realized when the scope and magnitude of this bill is understood.

The law reads in part as follows: "Any person who wilfully either deprives a member of the militia or naval reserve of his employment, or denies him employment, or prevents his becoming employed by another, or obstructs him or his employer in respect of his trade, business or employment, because of such member's connection with the militia or naval reserve . . . and whoever dissuades any person from enlisting in the militia or naval reserve . . . shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

In view of the fact of the heroic part that the State militia played in intimidating the women and children in the Lawrence strike, it is easy to understand why the capitalists of the good old abolitionist state are so eager to maintain, protect and increase the strength of these loyal hirelings of the exploiting class. If the law should be upheld by the courts of the state, then it will mean that any man who dares to criticize the militia, or to advise young men not to join it may be prosecuted under this law and pay the heavy penalty—The Gall.

If you wait till the revolution, you won't get us offering any cheaper than we are offering them, ten cents for three months.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES.

- Due Lists, each,10c
- Platforms, English, per 10025c
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Socialist Party D.

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A. K. Krek

Wage-Earner AND Farmer

Leaflet Number Eleven.

We are living under a form of society termed capitalism. All of the agencies of wealth production are owned or controlled by a small minority of the total population—termed capitalists—who take no part in the matter of producing wealth. Their sole function is that of appropriating the wealth produced by the labor of the workers, both of city and country.

In order to obtain access to the means of production—the resources of the earth and the tools of industry—the workers must make terms with the owners—the capitalists. In case of the workers in the mills shops, mines, and upon the railways, etc., the terms of access take shape in the form of what is termed wages. The workers are given employment upon condition that they accept in return for their labor a sum of money mutually agreed upon. Upon careful inquiry it has been ascertained that this wage—or money payment—bears, upon the average, a certain definite relation to the cost of the requisite necessities of life to sustain the worker and his immediate dependents—his family.

The result of close search into the mysteries of capitalist production lays bare the fact that the circumstances which compel the worker to apply to the owners of property for permission to convert his energy into the things necessary to sustain his existence, reduce him to the level of a slave and his labor-power to that of a commodity that must be sold in order that he may live. His labor-power exchanges in the market, upon the average, for enough of the necessities of life to reproduce that labor-power. In case of a plentifully stocked labor market the wage will be forced down to the actual life line. At all times subject to the inexorable laws of the market the wage-slave leads, even at the best, an uncertain, and often uncomfortable, existence.

The farmer owning his farm and implements of labor, whether free of mortgage and other incumbrance or otherwise, is more than apt to consider his case as different to that of the worker of the industrial centres. Reference is here made to the working farmer, he who by his labor operates, or assists in operating, his own farm property. He fancies himself not as a wage-earner, but as an independent property owner and oftentimes as a master, inasmuch as he frequently employs wage-workers to assist in his operations. A careful scrutiny of his case will, however, disclose the fact that in essence his status in capitalist society differs from that of the outright wage-slave in appearance only. Because of his apparent ownership of land and tools the exploitation practised upon him by the capitalist combinations that control the industrial field as a whole remains hidden from him. Though he feels the exploitation he has extreme difficulty in locating its source. As he sees the proceeds of his year's crop disappear in his attempt to satisfy the demands of the various commercial concerns and agencies from which he is compelled to purchase his machinery and other supplies he fancies the cause of his ills lies in the extortionate prices charged for the articles furnished him and the financial accommodations rendered. With this fancied extortion staring him in the face he loses sight of the fact that he is compelled to surrender the product of his toil into the hands of capital, at a price over which he has no control. If he examines closely the circumstances that compel him so to do he will speedily uncover the cause of his troubles and disclose the seat of that exploitation under which he suffers.

Commodities exchange in the world's market according to the relative amount of labor time necessarily embodied in their production. If the labor time necessarily expended in the production of, say, a ton of steel, is equal to that necessarily expended in the production of a dozen pair of shoes of a given quality and style, the ton of steel and the dozen pair of shoes will exchange equally in the market or their respective price would be expressed in the same money term, say \$25.00. This in turn implies that the amount of human labor measured by time that is necessary to produce either the ton of steel or the dozen pair of shoes is equivalent to the amount necessary to produce the gold embodied in \$25.00.

This is briefly, and perhaps none too clearly stated, the Marxian theory and analysis of exchange. The amount of labor necessary to the production of any given commodity is determined by the carrying on of such production along the most economical lines by the use of modern methods and up-to-date equipment.

Now for the farmer. He carries on his little part of the wealth producing process, as a rule, in a small way and by means of rather puny and ineffective tools as compared with industry along other lines. The things he brings forth are poured into the market chiefly as raw materials to be passed through the hands of highly developed capitalist industry on their way to be eventually consumed principally in the shape of food and clothing. The process of production is not completed until the finished commodities have been removed from the market by consumers. Even then the food, etc., consumed by the working class, both rural and urban, is consumed solely for the purpose of again generating a further supply of labor-power to be used in the continuation of the industrial process during another round of the never-ending exploitation of labor by capital.

After having disposed of his year's products and squared himself, as far as possible, with his creditors, the farmer finds himself fortunate indeed, if he completes the season with as satisfactory results as the wage-slave of the industrial districts. If he comes out even he is fortunate indeed. Should he come out a few cents or dollars to the good he becomes an object of envy to his less lucky brethren should they be made aware of his good fortune.

And what has our good farmer been doing all the year other than sweat for the aggrandizement of capital, just like the outright wage-slave? He has been compelled to coin the labor of himself and family into wheat, corn, cotton, wool, beef, mutton, pork and other farm products and pass such coinage over to the huge combines of capital that control the entire process and avenues of production and exchange. All that he has gotten out of it has been, upon the average, merely that which his wage-slave brother has got by selling his labor-power direct in exchange for wages. The farmer and his family have been working for wages both as uncertain and narrow as the worker and family of the factory, mine and railway. His wage-slavery has been hidden from him by his fancied position of independent property owner. His property is no more a badge of independence to him than is the carpenter's box of tools, the marks of freedom in his case. The fact remains that the workers of both city and country are compelled to surrender their labor-power to the masters of capital. If by virtue of circumstances any section of workers succeeds in first incorporating that labor-power into other commodities it is a safe bet that those commodities must be surrendered to the rightful owners—the huge capitalist combines that dominate the field of production and exchange.

Property ownership in the means of production by members of the working class in present, or capitalist, society is a fiction. It cannot exist as a fact. The test of ownership of property lies in the enjoyment or realization of all the benefits accruing from the use of such property. If anything short of such benefit is all that can be realized by the supposed owner

there is a flaw in the title. The ownership is not absolute and complete. This is most strikingly the case with the farmer. In spite of his fancied ownership of land and tools the very fact of his inability to realize the full benefit arising from their operation proves conclusively that he does not own these things. The real owners—the capitalist combinations—take the products of his farm. They are the real owners of both his farm and himself.

The farmer, as he becomes wise to himself and his position, lines up with his fellow-slave the outright wage artist, in the class struggle between the master class and the slave class, the world-wide struggle for the mastery of industry—the former to retain it, the latter to seize it. There is but one possible outcome of this struggle and that is the victory of the working class. Its numerous strength, directed by its rapidly awakening intelligence and consciousness of itself and its mission, precludes any other result in the end. It will be a long and bitter struggle. Many will fall by the wayside, but the saying will be eventually justified that "Labor conquers all things." The "expropriators will be expropriated;" the masters be relegated to oblivion; the slaves of farm, factory, mine and transportation, shall become free men—free because masters of their means of life, masters of industry in their own behalf.

Let it come.

THE AGE LONG STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM OF PRESS

(Continued from last issue)

"flesh," and for a political libel. The Republican, the Attorney-General proceeded against Jane Carille, and she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Dorchester gaol. This same year saw Joseph Swann lodged in gaol at Chester Castle for issuing to the public some matter from Carille's Republican. He suffered imprisonment for four and a half years. Robert Wedderburn, prosecuted by the Attorney-General, received two years, and Thomas Davidson, prosecuted by the "Vice Society," got two years also for a similar offence.

Mr. and Mrs. Carille both in Dorchester gaol, the work was only temporarily hindered. Mary Anne Carille, the sister, took up the duties—knowing the risks attached to the same—and published an "Appendix to Paine's Works." The "Vice Society," like carrion crows, swooped down upon this noble-minded girl, and she received a sentence of one year's imprisonment and was fined \$500. She was unable to pay the fine, and so lingered in prison for two years. This was one of the

Most Atrocious Punishments over known, for the chief indictment was actually a quotation from an Archbishop's sermon. Nothing is too mean or vulgar, nothing too contemptible for tyrants to stoop to when they have settled upon a course of action, and the one end which the "Vice Society" had in view was to crush the dauntless Carille and his helpers.

In 1822 the Rev. William Wall wrote a cowardly and insulting letter to Carille, who was in prison, remember, which provoked a reply from Mrs. Susanna Wright, who published her reply. The "Vice Society," together with the Attorney-General, prosecuted her and she was confined in Newgate for ten weeks and then sent to prison for eighteen months.

Humphrey Boyle, Joseph Rhodes, William Holmes, John Barkley, William Rance, Charles Sanderson and two others called Turner and Atkinson, then came forward to support Carille and his relatives in prison. They jointly published Mr. Carille's "Letters and Correspondences," in a sixpenny tract, in 1822, and were proceeded against by the "Constitutional Association" for seditious and blasphemous. Barkley got six months on account of his youth. Boyle was sentenced to eighteen months, and Rhodes and Holmes to two years hard labour.

In 1829, with the Carilles still in prison, William Pridmore stepped into the breach and published Palmer's "Principles of Nature"—two years' imprisonment and fined \$100.

By this time the "Vice Society" was looking pretty sick, not to say stupid, and feeling rather tired. No matter how persistently they tried, and no matter how brutal and revolting their crusade, the members of that pious organisation found that "downing" the Carille element was too tough a job for them. Their last interference with the struggle was the prosecution of John Jones for the publication of "Observations on Dr. Gregory's Evidence of the Christian Religion," in a Letter to the Rev. William Wait of Bristol," by Richard Carille. No one came forth, at the trial, however, to prove the case, and Jones was found "not guilty."

Jones afterwards served four months imprisonment at Cold Bath Fields for publishing

Shelley's "Queen Mab."

At the Middlesex Sessions, May 1823, the Solicitor to the Treasury prosecuted James Watson for the publication of "Principles of Nature," and Samuel Waddington was prosecuted for doing duty, by the Attorney-General—both received one year's imprisonment. Charles Trust, a boy, then came forward and continued the publication of this same book. He was sentenced to six months and fined £20. He suffered further imprisonment instead of paying the fine.

In the year 1824 Carille was still in gaol (his fifth year of imprisonment), but the fight was as determined as ever. William Campton, Thos. Jeffries, John Clarke, John Christopher,

William Haley, Richard Hassal, William Cochrane, Thos. Perry, and Michael J. O'Connor, all shopped of Carille's were brought before the Old Bailey Sessions, June, 1824, charged by the Treasury Solicitor for the publication of Paine's "Age of Reason." Palmer's "Principles of Nature," and some old numbers of Carille's Republican. Campton, Clarke, Haley and Perry were each sent to prison for three years, Hassall for two years, Jeffries for eighteen months, and Cochrane, Christopher and O'Connor each for six months. Thus Carille and

Nine of His Workmen were all suffering imprisonment at once.

Through sheer stubbornness and courage did these magnificent men and women wear out their persecutors. Altogether this intrepid "soldier in the liberation war of humanity," Richard Carille, languished in British gaols for nine years, seven months. Nothing could deter him from the self-imposed duty. Throughout his long and miserable confinement, he spent most of his time in writing bantering and ironical letters to the King, the House of Lords, and prominent state officials. He sat behind the bolted doors, not to rave and curse at his tormentors, but to use a more deadly weapon—he laughed at them. The quality, calibre, and courage of this heroic soul may be judged from the following, sent by him to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be placed before the House of Lords, and written during the sixth year of his imprisonment:

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED,

The Humble Petition of Richard Carille, a Prisoner in Dorchester Gaol, sheweth:

"That your petitioner is in the sixth year of a continued imprisonment for having sold two books hostile to the Christian religion, various editions of which have been on sale openly every day during the imprisonment.

"That the deep meditation of your petitioner, during this long and solitary confinement, have led him to the discovery that there is no such a God in existence as any man has preached or written about.

"And he therefore prayeth, that your Lordships call him to the bar of your Right Honourable House to verify this, his allegation, and, in case thereof, proceed to remodel the laws of the country accordingly.

RICHARD CARILLE.

The cool audacity of this is simply astounding. Six years loss of liberty had, as much effect in breaking the spirit of Carille as water has in trying to disturb the equanimity of a duck. To such

Inconquerable Spirits do we owe the few privileges we possess.

Later prosecutions were not so numerous, nor were the penalties inflicted quite so severe. In many cases the culprits escaped cost free, as the saying is. The most important case was that of John Cleave (1840), sentenced to four months' imprisonment and fined £50 for publishing Hallam's "Letters to the Clergy." Abel Heywood was also prosecuted for issuing this work, but by influence escaped trial. Henry Hetherington next received four months for the same offence. Hetherington, was editor of the "Poor Man's Guardian," and was a courageous opponent of the infamous Newspaper Stamp Act.

The next important trial took place at Bristol, before Sir Charles Wetherall, when Charles Southwell was fined £100 and sentenced to one year's imprisonment for an article in his paper, "The Oracle of Reason," (afterwards edited by G. J. Holyoake), January, 1842. Thomas Paterson, the next editor of this periodical, was sentenced at Bow Street to three months, and, afterwards, at Edinburgh, to fifteen months' imprisonment.

There is not enough space to enter into detail, nor is the question sufficiently momentous to warrant our doing so, as to later prosecutions. The

(Continued Next Issue)

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READERS CLAMOR FOR REAL STORY OF WORLD

Attempt to Throttle Magazines May Succeed in a Way, But Socialism Will Win Out.

Keeping Socialism out of the magazines was one big bone-headed inspiration. Only a brain ossified by capitalistic "shrewdness" would be capable of such a dream, for magazines must have readers and readers must have something about the world in which they live. That world is filled just now with Socialistic thought and its whole current history is monopolized by the march of the tollers. Some of the magazines were strangled by the advertisers but still there was a hitch.

Some magazine simply had to tell about Socialism. Pearson's was one of the most prominent to turn the trick and Pearson's began to be read and discussed throughout the country as never before. Whether this will succeed as a business venture is another question, but Socialism will not be throttled.

Now comes the Metropolitan which has just startled its readers with the following announcement:

"The July issue of The Metropolitan will contain two features which have a special value at the present time. Also they will continue to be features of the magazine for some time to come, and therefore they are worth a word of two or introduction. The first is a series of articles on Socialism by Morris Hillquit, the leader of Socialistic thought in this country; and the other is a department called 'The World's Progress,' edited by Mr. William Malloy. This department will be partly of an editorial nature, but largely informative, and will be concerned with the real progress of the world, that is to say, with the events and the movements which are tending to improve the welfare of the large masses of humanity."

At least one of the popular short-story magazines seems to have caught the fever also and George Allen Golden's powerful novel, "The Golden Blight," is now interesting thousands who have heretofore fed upon pleasant yarns about dukes and duchesses, or the way some wretched child really of "noble" birth finally attained her "proper place" in society. Comrade England's novel is seemingly fanciful, but it is up to late and amashes epistemic right between the eyes. It is running as a serial, weekly, in The Cavalier.

The attempt to throttle the magazines is being told by George French in the Twentieth Century Magazine. Regarding Pearson's Mr. French said: "Pearson's did not get off so easily when next it offended an advertiser. In its May, 1910, issue it printed an article about 'How Food Prices are Made,' one of the conclusions of which was that 'there is a scarcity of men in the food business who are not robbers.' Plain language, surely. To plain, the Armour concern thought, and its agents canceled an order for the insertion of eighteen pages of advertising. This ended the patronage of the Armour's, and Pearson's discovered that the amount paid the advertiser for his exorbitant article was only the first installment of its cost. The readers of the magazine applauded; they wrote letters to the editor, who for his own part, considered that he had rendered a public service meet for substantial reward. All he got, though, was more blank space in his advertising pages, and a liberal reduction of his income from the source."—The Citizen.

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