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THE CONFESSIONS OF A DRONE

Through the Columns of the New York "Independent" Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago explains how he lives in Comfort at the expense of the Workers.

The "Independent" has asked me for a short economic autobiography. I comply in the understanding that I am talking about myself, the type of the idle, rich young man, not myself the individual.

Were I the only one in the country who had such an easy time of it, then there need be no such thing as Socialism. But I am far from being the only one. There are thousands of others who produce no wealth and consume a great deal of it. There are thousands who produce no more than I, and who consume twenty times as much. Be it remembered that wherever the first personal pronoun is used it is used to represent the type and not the individual I have an income of between ten and twenty thousand dollars a year. I spend all of it. I produce nothing—am doing no work. I (the type) can keep on doing this all my life unless the present social system is changed.

WHERE HIS INCOME COMES FROM.

My income doesn't descend upon me like manna from heaven. It can be traced. Some of it comes from the profits of a daily newspaper; some of it comes from Chicago real estate; some from the profits made by the Pennsylvania and other railroads; some from the profits of the United States Steel Corporation; some from the profits of the American Tobacco Company.

As to Chicago real estate, I didn't put it there. Some of it I have never seen. It came into possession of my family some years ago, when it was cheaper. People came to Chicago to work and in proportion as their numbers increased, the value of this real estate rose automatically. The people who came to Chicago to work caused the increase in value—but I get the benefit of it. There are people who are willing to work on this land. I am not willing to do so. Thus we arrange that they shall work there and pay me that annual tribute for my permission.

As to Pennsylvania, Tobacco and Steel stocks and bonds. I know nothing whatever about railroads, except how to read a time-table and to bless heaven for the eighteen-hour train. Yet I get an annual income from railroads. It isn't the capitalists who supply me with my income from railroads. I am one of them myself—and we couldn't all be s comfortable together by merely handing each other money back and forth. No, it must be the men who work the railroads or the travellers and shippers who contribute our incomes. Probably it is both. The men who run the trains are underpaid for the work they do, and those who ship or travel overpay for the service they get. We capitalists get the margin between.

NO NEED TO DUN FOR DIVIDENDS.

I have never been inside a stee mill; and I know about tobacco only as a consumer. Yet the makers and users of steel and tobacco send me on their little checks twice a year. I never have to dun them.

The big capitalist may wonder at my audacity in claiming fellowship with him when I confess to an income of well under twenty thousand dollars a year. Yet, after all, while among exclusively capitalist circles I am nothing much, still as compared with the average American I am pretty well off.

For instance, it takes to support me just about twenty times as much as it takes to support an average working man or farmer. And the funny thing about it is that these workingmen and farmers work hard all year round, while I don't work at all.

I have better food, better clothes and a better house than the workers who supply me with money to spend. I can travel oftener, to more interesting places, on faster trains and in more comfortable steamship cabins. I have horses to ride and drive, domestic servants to minister to my wants, the best physicians in case of sickness. If I am fond of books I can without much self-sacrifice create a respectable little library for myself. I do not live all year round in the smoky, nervous, crowded city. My child will never go to work in a cotton mill or a sweat-shop.

IDLE—ENJOY THE BEST; WORK—GET THE WORST.

In short, I lead a far more highly civilized life than the working people. I have offered me the choice of all the best things that man in his stay upon this earth has discovered, evolved or created. The working people do not have this choice offered them. There is left for them the shoddy things of life—hard work and small reward. I have little or no work and the earth's best for reward.

The work of the working-people, nothing else, produces the wealth, which by some hocus-pocus arrangement is transferred to me, leaving them bare. While they support me in splendid style, what do I do for them? Let the candid upholder of the present order answer, for I am not aware of doing anything for them.

It is said that I supply a wage fund out of which their wages are paid? Nonsense. If every bond and stock certificate and every real estate abstract were burned today in a huge bonfire, the vacated titles to ownership falling naturally to the community, trains would pull out on schedule time tomorrow. The trainmen, despatchers, superintendents, locomotives, cars and tracks would be there. The ci-devant stock owner would find himself nothing but a nuisance if he went down to a freight-yard and began to meddle.

HAS A GOOD TIME—AT OTHERS' EXPENSE.

That my life is so much complete than the lives of the workers who support me has been excused on the ground that they are less "cultivated" and therefore less fitted to enjoy things which please me. But that seems a little like begging the question. Many of them are not as well educated, because they had to go to work as boys in the fields, the glass factories, the mines, the mills, while I was pursuing my leisurely, gentlemanly way through boarding-school and university. I don't think it was entirely natural aptitude that marked me out for a university education, since I remember that frequently I had to pay money to tutors to drill into my head information of a remarkably simple character. I was fond of a good time—and that I had. Of course it took money which was obligingly supplied, via my family, by the pressmen, the switchmen, the cigarette girls, the rolling-mill men, etc.

Having in this pleasant fashion achieved my education, I went to work in my father's business. I "started in at the bottom," as the saying goes. I became a reporter at $15 a week. If my father had been a broker I would have started in to sweep out the office at $3 a week. Most of my college friends who went into Wall Street seem to have done that. But I knew it was play-actin all the time, just as they did.

HAD A SAFE JOB.

I was not living on $15 a week basis and they were not living on a $3 a week basis. I wasn't afraid of losing my job just because it was a dull season and I was the greenest cub on the staff. I got my "allowance" in addition to the fifteen—and the allowance was by considerable the more substantial figure. The allowance came from the pressmen, switchmen, cigarette girls, the other reporters, etc., via my family.

It is just this "allowance" that makes all the difference. Suppose, instead of being an absolute idler, as at present, I go to work and earn from $2,000 to $4,000 a year. My allowance continues and brings me in just five times as much as I earn. At first blush I would not be called an idler, because my daily physical or mental activity would be manifest. Yet the allowance for which I do not work brings me in just five times as much as the salary for which I do work. As regards the people who contribute that allowance I am an economic idler, even though as regards some other business I am a worker. Indeed I might fill a dual capacity as worker and idler in the same business. As a reporter on a newspaper I was a worker; as a member of a stockholding family I was an idler.

IDLERS DISLIKE THE TRUTH.

Since our capitalists have not yet as a rule achieved the habit of ornamental idleness to the same extent as the effete aristocracies, they bitterly resent being called idlers. They point with pride to the fact that asid from their trips abroad and thei week-ends in the country they keep office hours religiously. But as to that portion of their incomes which is "allowance" they are, economically speaking, idlers. Let us concede that as to that portion of their incomes which is salary they are workers and earn their pay.

If a man produces $2,000 worth of wealth a year, and consumes $10,000 worth a year, he is overpaid. If he is overpaid, some must be underpaid.

Socialism urges the underpaid to unite and insist on receiving the full amount of the wealth they produce.

UNCLE JIM'S CABIN.

Comrade James Osborne, Socialist candidate for Governor of Georgia, who is serving a thirty-day sentence in a southern jail for the heinous crime of street-speaking, does not allow any little experience like that to dull his sense of humor. Although "Jim" is blind, having lost his eyesight some years since, he possesses keen powers of observation, and a cheery disposition that enables him to ward off the shafts of adversity with a "never touched me" air, that would be difficult to counterfeit. The following cheery letter to the Socialist Voice, written at his present residence, the City Stockade of Atlanta, Georgia, turns the lime-light upon the inner beauties of one of capitalism's most venerable and cherished institutions, the prison. It also goes to show that the art of "saving souls" can be practiced with about the same degree of success within the walls of a prison as outside of them.

City Stockade, Atlanta, Ga.,
September 4, 1906.

* * *

UNCLE JIM'S CABIN.

Editor Socialist Voice:—The Atlanta Work-House is called a "Stockade." Under the old slave regime a stockade was a kind of open corral in which the newly imported as well as the rebellious slaves were kept at night and this place inherited its name from the older institutions of like character. At the present time there are about one hundred and seventy-five negro men and boys; about fifty negro women and girls, thirty white men and three white women in this place, and this is about the average the year around. No work of any kind is done in the building. One squad works in the stone quarry; this squad consists of the physically deformed, the young boys and old men. The majority of the negro women work on the farm, a small number of them being utilized as cooks. The most of the men, both white and black, work the streets in chain-gang fashion.

Everybody is around at three-thirty (3:30) a. m., for breakfast, after which which everybody moves out to work, returning about 6 p.m. so you see we are all union men and women; that is, we work eight hours before noon and eight hours after noon.

The food served here is as follows: Breakfast consists of a large chunk of cornbread, piece of fat (salt-petre cured hog) and some black molasses. Dinner consists of another chunk of cornbread, another piece of fat hog and beans. The bill of fare for supper is identical with that for breakfast, without variation, except on Sundays, when supper is dispensed with altogether. Tea, coffee or beef is unknown as is also wheat bread.

The sleeping accommodations are strong and durable. There is no bedstead in the whole place. Everybody sleeps on the floor on a thin matress made of corn shucks and corn cobs. The hundred and twenty-five negro men sleep in a room about thirty by fifty feet. The negro women sleep in a room about the same size. The negro boys have a separate room, some of the boys being as young as seven or eight years of age. The room in which the white men sleep is about thirty by fifty feet.

My first night in this room was a new experience. A large electric light burns all night in the center of the room, and, besides the human inmates, there are many specimens of other forms of life, such as electric light bugs, flies, bedbugs, mosquitoes lice and rats; but in the struggle for existence, the human species survives and every night some of the individuals of the other species meet instant death.

Instead of a whipping-post we have here a whipping-chair. If you refuse to work or don't work fast enough to suit your "boss" or talk back, next morning you are asked to sit in a chair made for the purpose. You are locked in this chair without any possible means of escape. The upper part of the chair is then turned forward and down, thus exposing that part of your anatomy, on which the strap is placed by no gentle hands.

On Sundays we have preaching here, beginning about 9 o'clock a. m. and lasting until about 1.30, p. m., the attendance being compulsory.

The first Sunday I was here, I was given a seat by the preachers and invited to preach, but when the minister in charge came he asked me if I was a preacher and I told him I was a Socialist speaker. He said: "What is Socialism? Does it save people's souls?" I answered: "No! It fixes their heads!" He said: "Well this meeting is conducted entirely for the purpose of saving souls." So, I did not participate and as no souls were saved and no heads fixed, the meeting seemed to me to be an entire failure

Hoping to begin work in the California campaign by October 8th, 1906, I am as ever,

Most Fraternally,
Your Comrade,
J. B. OSBORNE.

A COURAGEOUS RUSSIAN GIRL

Maxim Gorky Tells of the Awful Cruelties Practiced Upon Maria Spiridonova by the Relentless and Blood-Thirsty Ruffians of the Russian Czar.

Citizens of Free-Great America:

I will tell you a story of a Russian girl, Maria Spiridonova—a story of one of those thousands of Russian women who perish in the struggle for freedom like flowers in the fire.

The story is loathsome, it is terrible; it will shock you—you will startle with awe and loathing, but I say to you, I ask of you—open your hearts! No matter how loathsome the truth may be, honest men must know it.

And you, women of America, you must know all, not only that you may be proud of what you have achieved and are achieving in your country, but also that you may impress on your children still greater hatred of oppression of man by man, still deeper and greater love of freedom.

The peasants of one of the villages near the city of Tambov refused to pay taxes until the delegates whom they intended to elect to the Duma and whom the Government, for that reason, promptly imprisoned, were liberated.

The Russian Government views any demand for justice on the part of the people as treason against supreme authority. Cossacks were sent into this village under the command of an officer named Lujenovsky, and this fat cynic, with the face of a satyr and the heart of a wolf, began to pacify the rioters. Several men were knouted to death, many were maimed and crippled, women and girls were assaulted.

* * *

Maria Spiridonova was a pretty girl, of small stature, whose young, warm heart was not yet acquainted with the filth and awe of life. She learned of the deeds of Lujenovsky; she took upon herself the role of Nemesida, for in Russia this avenging goddess is an illegal person.

When Lujenovsky stepped on the platform of Borisoglebsk depot, the Cossacks who surrounded him began to disperse the crowd, but no one paid attention to the little fragile Spiridonova.

Three shots were heard. They were aimed with a firm hand. The corpulent body of Lujenovsky fell heavily to the ground. Everyone was paralyzed; no one noticed whence the shots came. The crowd thought that the Cossacks were shooting, and in a panic turned to flight.

But on the platform stood Maria Spiridonova, and with a firm voice exclaimed:

"Shoot me!"

Then only did the Cossacks notice the little girl—she stood pressing the pistol to her temple. A Cossack felled her to the ground with a blow from the butt of his gun.

A Cossack officer, Abramov, sprang at her, and, grabbing her by the hair, lifted her into the air with one hand, while with the other he was raining blows on her head. Then he threw her little body violently to the ground and shouted to the Cossacks:

"Beat her with all your force! No mercy!"

Then these strong, healthy, armed men fell on the little, helpless body of the girl and began to break her bones.

Abramov kicked her with his heavy boots. But not one sound escaped from the lips of the girl.

How she was tortured in the police station is too awful to describe. Abramov and the police officer, Jdanov, kicked with their boots the naked and senseless body of the girl from one corner to the other.

Even the Cossacks and the policemen—men not used to compassion—even they were revolted by the tortures of the girl. Here is, word for word, the testimony of a policeman who was arrested for torturing the girl martyr:

"I felt cold in my overcoat, but she was carried naked into the street. She was lifted by the hair and was lashed with nagaikas and was told to scream."

A Cossack sergeant testified:

"I am a Cossack, and even I shiver when I think how she was tortured."

Spiridonova lost the sight of one eye, became deaf from the blows, and while in prison she became consumptive owing to injuries of the lungs.

Blind, deaf, spitting blood, she was sentenced to death, but the judges did not have the mercy to kill her at once, and death was remitted for 20 years' hard labor in Siberia.

* * *

When a man is beaten the blows beat out of his soul, first, respect for his human fellows, and it must be remembered that all Russian officials bear on their cheeks the traces of the slaps which they have received from higher officials. The official of the highest rank receives moral slaps in the face from his master, the Tsar, who, in his turn was beaten by his father—and by a Japanese policeman.

The ambassadors of civilized countries shake in St. Petersburg the hands of men who have shed streams of blood of the Russian people. The financiers of Europe and America sian government to aid it in the think of giving money to the Russtruggle against its people, which actually means money for murder.

That the bloody tragedy of the struggle of the Russian Government with its people may come to a speedy end, and that it may bring victory to the right side, two conditions are necessary.

To refuse money to the Russian Government.

To aid the Russian people in their struggle for the right to live.

My deep faith in the noble nature of man gives me the right to expect that free America will not refuse help to the people of Russia, a people which must be free or perish.

I believe in the great vision of the brotherhood of nations; to me this is not a vision, it is a religion.

I see in the future on the shores of the Behring Strait two statutes like the Statute of Liberty in New York. They stretch forth their hands across the Strait; they unite the two most democratic families in the world into one great family.

This is the truth, for it is so beautiful.—The Worker.

A VIEW OF THE PROMISED LAND

The Comfort and Security of Life Within Prison Walls Graphically Contrasted With the Dangers, Uncertainties and Insecurities That Prevail in the Jungle Outside.

When the cell door closed upon me, and I found myself once more in prison, my mind flashed back through 33 years, and to a certain day, when lonely and destitute, a boy of 15, I wandered in the city of London.

Our ship had put in for repairs and I was paid off with the other sailors. A week later, on this particular afternoon, I was wandering in the district of Hammersmith with no money in my pocket. A poor woman, reading, I suppose, somewhat of my forlorn condition in my face, gave me a slice of bread-and-butter and three half-pence. I asked for nothing. A policeman saw her give me the money. He beckoned me to him, and took me to the police station. I was innocent as a baby of what it all meant. The next morning I was brought before the magistrates, and was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment in Coldbath Fields for begging.

I came out of that prison a rebel and I have been a rebel ever since. I did not understand for many a year after, why the youth of the nation could be treated in this fashion. It was all a mystery. But one thing was quite clear to me from the moment I entered Coldbath Fields Prison, and that was that society was my enemy. I have never since doubted that. I now know why it is against me, and all my class. I know that it exists for property and not for life. I know that the many who are as I was that day, may rust and rot with ignorance, dirt and crime, so long as a few privileged ones may hold intact their property robbed from the workers, and may add more to it.

Well, this all came back to me when I found myself again in prison. So vividly did it come back that as I stood and looked at that cyclindrical roll of bedding, and the plank bed against the wall, and the prison utensils in a row, it seemed but a short day ago that I had come from Coldbath Fields. I knew exactly how to make that roll of bedclothes, how to polish and place in order all my prison utensils; and I was in but thirty-six hours before they took off my jacket and gave me another with a star upon it and a ness, obedience, and order.

And now, as I have just spent five more days under lock and key, and while my impressians are vivid, I hasten to give my impressions of jail.

Jail is a most remarkable institution. It strikes me as the only institution in which the poor man is thoroughly cared for. Here he is protected from all thieves, big and little. Here no rack-renting landlord will call for his back rent. Here no one will trouble him for past debts. Here the insurance agent will not look you up to tell you to provide for your death. Of jail the language of Scripture may be most aptly applied: Here "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

One other general impression, and I will close with my subject in due order of its details.

Jail, I am convinced, is an immense advance upon average working-class conditions outside, and therefore I advise two-thirds of the workers outside—the unemployed, the casuals, and the slum-dwellers—to hasten to bring their conditions up to the jail standard of comfort, or go to jail. Make the capitalist secure to you as workers at least as much order, decency, and nourishment as he will give you in his jail, or go to jail. And now let us define our object.

Jail is that institution through which the dominant class lays by the heels, confines and punishes all who prove dangerous to its rule. This dominant class prates religion and morality, and makes profession of the Christian rule; but its faith is only in one thing—force. Its final argument in opposition to your conscience or reason is jail.

The present dominant class is a propertied class. Its great god is property. Consequently what it regards as great crimes, are crimes against property. Batter the heads of your father and mother, wife and child, but stop short of killing them and ten to one you will get a milder sentence than if you stole a few pounds' worth of property. I know there are now a few judges and magistrates who place life before property, but in the main what I have said is true.

Society, as yet, recognises NO social law. It is anarchy! Individual struggling against individual, to snatch his own little good, without any concern about the good of the rest. It is the eternal jungle. The methods have changed, but the final effects are the same.

Society, or the thing which passes for society, allows you to go blundering along, your difficulties increasing all the way, your troubles pressing more and more upon you, until some day you become maddened and strike out against some rule of society. Then for the first time society, represented by a burly policeman, recognises your existence. He places his hand upon your shoulder. He marches you off to the police-station. Then to the police-court. Here, after a few legal preliminaries, all on one side for the man without property, you are taken to the door, where a carriage stands waiting for you. Liveried servant upon the box, and another liveried servant beside you; and after a short ride, jail looms before you. One servant hands you out, another servant takes you in, the door closes and jail absorbs you.

Jail first takes off your filthy rags and gives you a wash. To many it is the first wash for weeks, to some for months. After your bath Jail next places before you some clean clothes. They may not satisfy the demands of the latest fashion, but they are clean and comfortable, and these are the first things that sensible people consider in clothes. You have a pair of socks, a pair of woollen drawers, vest and jacket. I want to know how many among the unemployed and manual workers, of those who exist on casual jobs and inhabit the slums can command these essentials of good clothing? I say if you can't command them you ought to insist on having them, or, failing to get them, go to jail.

And again let me enforce the point that the clothes in jail are scrupulously clean.

The working-man, then, now at last protected, and purified from the filth of his capitalist drudgery and placed in clean clothes, stands ready for his cell. His filthy rags have been tied into a bundle, and will be carefully preserved until such time as he shall go forth to enter into the capitalist scramble once more. He is now numbered and marched off to his cell.

This cell—about 9 ft. by 12 ft., I should say, and very lofty—certainly contains more air space than is provided for thousands of families in the warrens of the poor, and the cell is thoroughly hygienic and sanitary. How many warrens of the poor are thus?

The whitewash is snow-white on the cell above, which is painted a sober brown below. The window is not very large, but, owing to the walls being so white and clean, there seems to be plenty of light.

And you have this cell all to yourself, and you are protected from any undue crowd of visitors. The train of your contemplations will not be broken by the noise of fools, whose noise is the crackle of thorns under a pot. Gabble is not allowed in jail. And your food? Very simple but very pure—I believe now that the only pure food is to be got in jail, and for the simple reason that here it is so simple that it will not pay the enterprising capitalist to adulterate it. You will not get any Chicago abominations or tinned filth for food in jail. In the first stage your food is eight ounces of bread and a pint of oatmeal three times a day, and your drink pure water. Further on in your term a few potatoes are thrown in, and sometimes towards the end a wee bit of meat, and for your drink pure water all the way. And you need have no anxiety or trouble about your food, you may let your mind roam free on higher things. When the time comes your food will be sure to arrive. Talk about Elijah and his ravens, I do not believe those ravens were a patch upon your servants for promptitude and dispatch. Many a time I believe poor old Elijah was kept waiting for his rations; you will never be kept waiting. With a regularity, equalled only by the immutable action of the laws of the universe, to the moment your cell door will be thrown open and your servant will say: "Here's your bread and there's your water." Verily in jail only may you carry out the New Testament rule and take no thought for your life what you shall eat or what you shall drink, or for your body what you shall put on.

And again, here neither moth nor rust will corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. No burglars will trouble you in jail.

And the protection offered you throughout—I pray you consider it! It is so massive—so complete! Every day a doctor calls and attends to your ailments, and a parson calls to pray with you, or talk with you, and most marvellous of all, every morning one of your servants calls, stands in the doorway, and says: "Have you any complaints to make?" Fancy! Have you any complaints to make? Does anybody trouble about your complaints outside? Why, in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, and in all your big laissez-faire cities, a man may live thirty years without knowing his next door neighbor, and he may die alone, and days pass, and his corpse become half-putrified without anyone inquiring for the spirit!

Any complaints to make! What fine irony upon your society outside! Why, the only recognition of a social law seems to come from jail.

I have not mentioned the jail bed. It consists of a bedstead of four planks, joined, which you stand against the cell wall by day, and throw down at night. For bedclothes you have a mattress, a rug, a blanket, and two sheets. Do you mean to tell me that two-thirds of the workers have these outside?

While in jail you think of the horrible plight of millions outside who

(Continued on page three.)

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BREAKING UP.

It requires no particularly keen powers of observation to note that old party lines are undergoing a process of breaking up. The old issues no longer suffice to hold men loyal to their previous political training. For some mysterious reason large numbers of men are reaching out for a new light to guide their footsteps and a new course by which they may steer to the realization of those hopes and aspirations for a greater freedom and a pleasanter life, that has always been the motive that has driven humanity along the pathway of progress.

The reason of the breaking up of old party lines and the abandonment of old political traditions is not far to seek. As the development of capitalist production becomes more complete and the ownership and control of industry more thoroughly concentrated in the hands of a few giant concerns, the former conflict of interests in the business world out of which arose the political differences between protectionists and free traders, gold standard and free silver, etc., etc., vanish. The particular policy that conserves the interest of the huge capitalist combines becomes the order of the day and as completely dominant in controlling and shaping the political institution of a country as they are in controlling its industrial affairs. In this event the previous political issues lose their sugnificance. The old time slogans which once aroused men to political conflict fall upon deaf ears. The former political alignment can no longer be maintained. The economic reason for such alignment no longer exists. The hour has strick for a new conception of the material factors upon which civilization rests and for a new alignment of those forces that instinctively make for still further advancement and progress.

The conception that is now fastening itself upon the minds of men is that the material factors of wealth-production—land and machinery—the things which are collectively operated, and upon the operation of which all depend for their sustenance, should be owned and controlled as they are operated, i.e., collectively. In other words, the means of production should be the collective property of the workers who operate them, i.e., the property of the workinb-class; then securing to every member of the community the opportunity to feed, clothe and shelter himself as a result of his own labor, without being exploited by another man or set of men. To bring about the necessary transformation of property from capitalist hands into the hands of a working-class state, for the purpose of ending the present class rule and freeing labor from exploitation, renders it imperative that the workers obtain control of the present, or capitalist state. This is the new political move to be made upon the chessboard of events. It is for this purpose that the new political alignment is being made, the prelude to which is the breaking up of the old political parties. The reason for this breaking up and the new alignment of forces need not be sought in the whim, caprice, or vicious tendency of men. It lies in the material factors upon which civilization exists, the development of which has reached the point "where they become incompatible with their capitalist judgment."

In other words, human society can no longer feed, clothe and shelter itself under capitalist administration of industry. The greater the volume the more impossible does it become for wealth produced under capitalism to be equitably distributed or even produced among the members of human society. The more certain does it therefore become that suffering and even starvation must ensue.

In the face of these facts the capitalist system is doomed. As it can no longer satisfy the needs of humankind it must give way to some arrangement of social and industrial affairs that will. The breaking up of the old political movements presages the coming storm that will relegate the rule of capital to the lumber room of history among the things that were.

THE STRONG ASS OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

And Jacob called unto his sons and said, gather yourseffves together and harken unto your father. * * * Issachar is a Strong Ass, crouching down between two burdens.—Genesis 49,1-2-14.

"The Canadian farmer is the son of Issachar. He is the Strong Ass of Canadian politics. He is crouching between two burdens. One is the protective tariff; the other is in the form of bounties to corporations."—Thos. Brooks, at the Farmers' Association Convention.

The somewhat doubtful honor attached to the position of "the strong ass in Canadian politics" need not all be heaped upon the farmer. His pro-rata of the load will be quite sufficient to gall him exceedingly once he realizes the nature of the game that is played upon him under the rule of his present economic masters. The "protective tariff" and "bounties to corporations," that Brooks had in his mind's eye, are merely incidents of the game, and are not in themselves the cause of the sore spots that are becoming all too numerous on the farmer's back.

The working farmer, in common with the out and out wage-earner, is a victim of capital. Into its capacious and hungry maw he must surrender the products of his labor, fortunate indeed, if he secures enough in return to keep himself and family outside the poorhouse. Out of the labor of farm, mine, factory and transportation is coined the fabulous masses of capital that constitutes the enormous and crushing economic power of the ruling class of modern times. Every dollar of such capitalization represents the unpaid toil of the workers of city and country alike, and to which still further tribute must be paid in the shape of additional surplus value in order that they may still further prolong their existence as economic slaves of capital.

If the farmers and the wage-earners will but stop and think for a moment they will discover that they are in no sense of the word working for themselves. The farmer must surrender the product of his labor to the capitalist concerns which control the avenues through which it must pass in order that its final price may be realized through sale to the consumers, the latter is compelled to deliver his labor-power direct to the same concerns. These capitalist combinations and concerns are not in the business either for their health or for the purpose of making life easy for those who come within their power. They are in business for profit and as they occupy a position that enables them to absolutely command the services of labor and seize its product they of course realize all the "traffic will bear." This means to workers only a bare living at the most, no matter how great their power of wealth production may be. This must of necessity continue as long as the means of production are allowed to remain as the property of a ruling class and to be used as capital or means of exploitation.

Surely the working man is the "strong ass of Canadian politics" as it is by his consent alone that the present economic and political regime is tolerated. That he can be induced to give his consent to a system of property in the means of production that is continually heaping increased burdens upon him, not only proves him an "ass" but an uncommonly stupid one at that. The term workingman is here intended to apply to the farmer and the wage-earner alike. The difference between them is one of appearance only. They are the equally exploited victims of capitalist properity. Each is compelled to surrender his hide in exchange for a miserable and narrow existence.

It augurs well for the future that both the farmer and the wage-earner are beginning to chafe under the collar of capitalist rule. The hungry horde of profit-mongering labor skinners had better refrain from bearing too heavily upon "the strong ass of Canadian politics," lest they discover to their sorrow that what they mistook for an "ass" was in reality a lion in an ass's skin.

Now that Trepoff has taken it upon himself to shuffle off upon his own hook, it will save the Revolutionists the necessity of popping him off with a bomb.

Seventeen marines condemned to death for participation in the Swaborg mutiny, were shot in Helsingfors, Finland, on Sept. 18. This was not assassination, as it was done merely in the interests of "law and order."

A Socialist local has been established in Charleston, South Carolina. That is Senator Tillman's state, and that worthy recently said: "If Socialists invade the South, we'll just have to shoot them, like niggers." The Senator can now go forth with his shot-gun and begin business.

The local daily "epileptic" came out on Monday last with scare head announcements of the dissolution of the Provincial Parliament and the calling of an election in December. These fits are occurring with most alarming frequency. No condemned murderer could be more nervous over the probable date of his execution.

The postoffice employees of the United States have formed a national union and will endeavor to secure shorter hours and an increase of pay. If necessary they will strike in order to attain their purpose. Hurrah for government ownership! Let us expend our energies in getting more of it. It is a lot better than capitalist ownership as any one can see, with half an eye.

The last of the trumped-up charges against Vincent St. John of the Western Federation of Minets is to be quashed in the court at Grand Junction, Colorado, on October 8. The foul conspiracy of the mine owners association to murder officials of the W. F. of M., thus receives another body blow. The irresponsible St. John is to return to Idaho to continue his work of organizing the miners.

The interest in Moyer Haywood and Pettibone persists in not dying out among the workers of the United States. Enormous meetings are still being held and most vigorous resolutions passed in denunciation of the outrage perpetrated upon them by the clumsy ruffians of capitalist property. The result of the election in November will go far to show whether the protest is an intelligent one or otherwise.

In its report to the convention at Victoria the executive committee of the Trades and Labor Congress remarks: "That the Congress is truly the Parliament of Labor." If such parliaments were sitting at Ottawa and the various Provincial capitalists as the duly elected instruments of the Canadian working-class, it strikes us that their decrees would have more far-reaching and lasting effect. What do you think about it, Mr. Union Man?

Samuel Gompers, the Don Quixote of the American labor movement, went down to the State of Maine to take a tilt at the Republican windmill, Littlefield, during the recent election. Like Cervante's hero, Sam got the worst of it, and the windmill escaped unscathed. Littlefield was re-elected to Congress. Thus is Sam's policy of "rewarding our friends and chastening our enemies," vindicated as the only correct and feasible policy for labor to follow. Great is Samuel!

J. Ramsay Macdonald, the much-heralded labor member of the British House of Commons, brought joy to the heart of the Victoria Times during his recent speech in that city. Although J. Ramsay declared himself a Socialist, he, "in no uncertain terms disavowed all connection with the Socialist Party as it existed in Canada and the United States." With all due respect to J. R. and his type it occurs to us that there is something peculiarly suggestive about the brand of Socialism that can bring joy to the heart of a British Columbia Liberal at this stage of the game.

From the New York Worker we learn that when the public schools of that city opened for the fall term on Monday, Sept. 10, it was found necessary to put from 65,000 to 80,000 children on part time, owing to lack of sufficient school accommodations. The "Worker" does not fail to point out that a similar condition has prevailed for a number of years regardless of what political party was in power. The American people are evidently so busy enjoying prosperity that they have little time to bother with such trifles as providing educational facilities for children.

According to "The Hikari," one of our Japanese exchanges, there is much discontent in the Japanese army. Among the troops recently despatched to Korea one entire company revolted. About fifty of them were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from one to two years. Recently an entire regiment broke away in Tokio on account of the cruelty of their officers. The leader of this revolt proclaimed himself a Socialist. The revolters are now under trial and will no doubt be severely dealt with. "Hikari" sees in these outbreaks the beginning of serious troubles for the Japanese ruling class in the near future. It is earnestly hoped that they may get all that is coming to them.

Having failed to defeat Littlefield, one of the Republicans who has especially aroused his ire because of his unfriendliness to labor, the doughty Gompers is now going into "Uncle Joe Cannon's" district in Illinois to take a fall out of him. It will be remembered that "Uncle Joe" is speaker of the House at Washington, and particularly obnoxious because of his contempt for the sons of toil. As the only candidate running against Cannon is the nominee of the Socialist Party, it will be quite interesting to know what Samuel will do under the circumstances. The Socialist candidate happens to be a member of the United Mine Workers, one of Sam's revenue producers.

To that street corner handful of semi-anarchist freaks who are busy denouncing political action as Utopian, and vociferously proclaiming the superlative virtues of some "economic" contraption that has been hatched from their own ignorance, the following from William D. Haywood's letter of acceptance is recommended for consideration:

"The economic power of organized labor is determined by united political action. To win demands made on the industrial field it is absolutely necessary to control the branches of government, as past experience shows every strike to have been lost through the interference of courts and militia."

It is now up to those worthies who can see no menace to the working-class except in the "labor lieutenant" and "craft unionism," to call Comrade Haywood sharply to account for his practical repudiation of their pet aberrations.

STATE OF WASHINGTON

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 17.—Klicitat Co., Socialists, show signs of life. They are to hold a county convention in that county in the very near future. They stand for the abolition of private ownership of the means of wealth production.

Comrade A. T. Higby, of Lyle, is the pioneer Socialist of that region, and he reports that he is leading a strenuous life.

Reports reach this office that enthusiastic meetings are being held in all parts of the State.

Two more locals were granted charters at the last meeting of the State Executive Committee, and there are two more applications now on file.

People begin to see that if the world were full of enthusiastic Socialists, they could do nothing without thorough organization.

One Socialist in the organized movement is probably worth more to the cause than twenty unorganized.

From all parts of the State come demands for speakers, and there is a scarcity that is discouraging.

D. BURGESS.

ANATOLE FRANCE SPEAKS FOR RUSSIAN FREEDOM

Distinguished French Author, With Flaming Pen, Calls on World's Workers to Support the Social Revolution.

The Committee of Free Russia in Paris have just issued a remarkable indictment of the Russian Government's complicity in "pogroms." The work is compiled by E. Semenoff, and is entitled "Une page de la Centre—Revolution Russe (Les Pogromes.)" The preface, written by Anatole France, is to form a portion of a book, shortly to be published, on Russia. The eloquent words of this distinguished French Academician are of more than national interest. He speaks, it is true, to the French proletariat but, through them he addresses the workers of the whole world, as the concluding paragraph of the preface attests.

He begins by pointing out that the Russian people have to work out their own destiny and that outsiders are not in a position to criticise their tactics. But he goes on to point out the moral of the Russian struggle for freedom and the way in which the workers of France and of the world can render help. He continues:

"We stand transfixed with admiration and overwhelmed with anguish at the sublime refusal of these workmen, before the invincible front they offer to the condemned regime. A multitude of people exposing themselves with a single heart to the blackest misery, to the tortures of hunger and of cold, and counting only, for its own safety and for the triumph of the cause, on its inflexible will to suffer; has ever anything greater been see in the world's history?

AUTOCRATIC TREACHERY.

"The general strike, the strike of the proletariat and the 'intellectuals'—united for a few days—has conquered Tsarism. This monster of power, of pride and of wealth, goes down before workmen who can bear hunger. The strike was victorious, and the Tsar gave way. He promised a constitution, liberty. . . . One knows the rest, how the military beaureaucracy to cancel imperial promise, organized massacres, massacres of workmen, of students, of 'intellectuals,' of Jews. In three towns at the same time, black bands, carrying the image of the Tsar and the flags of the Empire, march, armed, under the escort of the police and of agents of the public safety, against the Jewish quarters. They kill, violate, pilage and burn, for whole days and nights.

"This, also, one sees at Baku, Odessa, Kiev, Nikolaeiv, Elisabethgrad, at Rostoff-on-Don, Saratov, Tomak, Toey, Ekaterinoslav, Tiflis. Then we learn that all is calm. Wretched Jews escaped from death, wept in silence, sitting on the ruins of their burnt homes, near the corpses of their butchered relatives.

..."The tears of the unfortunate, the blood of the dead, cry out and we hear them. We have the religion of humanity. We know neither Jews nor Christians. We only know murderers and their victims. Dead of Keiv, Baku, of Saratov, and of Odessa, ghosts of Gomel and of Belostok, raise yourselves, show yourselves to the rich, to the happy of the earth, you mutilated corpses, return, again and again, until the whole world revolts with horror!

A UNIVERSAL REVOLUTION.

"How long will the mad agony of Tsarism endure? Of what terrors is the monster yet capable? What regime can succeed it? Caa the revolutionaries and the Russian Liberals be paid for all their labors? Can all the generous blood of 'intellectuals' and of the revolted who in the streets perished for justice and for liberty have been shed in vain? Whatever may be the issue of an enterprise so vast and terr'ble, the Russian workers have, up to the present, exercised a decisive influence on their country and the world. The Russian revolution is a universal revolution.

"It has revealed to the workers of the entire world its means and its ends, its powers and its destinies. It menaces all despotisms, all oppressions, all exploitation of man by man. Thrones are shaken by it. In ancient Austria the revolution rumbles. In Germany, Social-Democracy powerfully organized, but, up to now, placid and good-natured, looks over to St. Petersburg and to Moscow and begins to stir itself. Bebel has told the Chancellor and the deputies of the empire of it, and the old Socialist has given to the counsellor of the Kaiser this sinister warning: 'Reflect: the revolutionary uprising which is taking place in Russia has its echo in the heart of the German workman.'

"And we Frenchmen, is our political and social state such that we have no need to occupy ourselves with the great changes that are preparing in the world? Have we no black bands? Is the time of Meline and Dupuy so far distant, when the Nationalist terror reigned in Paris, and when a Dominican monk publicly exhorted the 'Generalissimo' of the French army to the massacre of Republicans?

"We do not lose sense of proportion. The affirs of our country are as light comedy to the sombre drama of Russia. It is on the banks of the Neva, the Vistula, and the Volga that is being decided the lot of Europe and humanity of the future. Strange change of nations and ideas. Our brothers of '89 have taught Europe the 'bourgeoise' revolution, and here, in return, the Russian workers give us the lesson of social revolution.

GREETINGS AND HOMAGE.

"At this hour, when noble men, whom it is for us neither to urge on nor to hold back, labor and suffer for the deliverance of the oppressed of Russia and of the world, the French proletariat ought to declare itself solid for the Russian proletariat. If our governors, if our ruling classes, attempt at any time some movement—military, diplomatic, or financial—in favor of Tsarism against the revolution, the French workers ought to oppose it with all their might.

"Let us pledge ourselves here to help, to serve by all the means in our power the revolution, which, far off though it may be, rumbles in our ears, for there is already no distance between peoples. Let us send fraternal greetings and respectful homage to the Russia which fights for its liberty; to Finland so firm in its hold on rights violated by a perjured emperor, and to Poland, which knows, with a glorious mixture of terrorism and of wisdom, how to reconcile legitimate aspirations and necessary solidarity, and let us make heard this new great thought:

"'Workers of all countries unite to prepare for the coming of social justice and the peace of the world.'"

Union Directory

When They Meet; Where They Meet.

Every Labor Union in the province is invited to place a card under this head. $1.00 per month. Secretaries please note.

Phoenix Miners' Union, No. 6, W. F. M. Meets every Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Miners' hall. V. Ingram, president; W. A. Pickard, secretary.

J. Edward Bird, A. C. Brydon-Jack
Geo. E. McCrossan.
BIRD, BRYDON-JACK & McCROSSAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Tel. 629. P.O. Box, 932.
824 Hastings St. . . Vancouver, B.C.

Socialist Directory

Every Local of the Socialist Party of Canada should run a card under this head. $1.00 per month. Secretaries please note.

British Columbia Provincial Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Tuesday. D. G. McKenzie, Secretary, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

Dominion Executive Committee, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Tuesday. J. G. Morgan, Secretary, 551 Barnard Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Local Vancouver, No. 1, S. P. of Canada. Business meetings every Monday evening at headquarters, Ingleside Block, 313 Camble Street, (room 1, second floor). Educational meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m., in Sullivan Hall, Cordova Street. Frederic Perry, Secretary, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

Local Toronto, S. P. of C.—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays, Socialist Headquarters, 185½ Queen Street West. F. Dale, Secretary, 41 Henry Street. Jewish Branch meets every Sunday night, same hall.

Local Winnipeg, S. P. of C., meets every first and third Sunday in the Voice office building, 213 Rupert ave., at 10:30 a. m. J. Coxon, Secretary, 226 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled affirm our allegiance to and support of the principles and program of the international revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to labor it should justly belong. To the owners of the means of wealth production belongs the product of labor. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of wealth production; therefore all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is master; the worker is slave.

So long as the Capitalists remain in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the state will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

....The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever swell-ing stream of profits, and to the worker an ever-increasing measure of misery and degredation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organise under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic program of the working class, as follows:

....1...The transformation as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads, etc.) into the collective property of the working class.

2. Thorough and democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.

3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct. Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their struggle against capitalism?. If it will, the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA.

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, hereby apply for membership in .....Local .....Socialist Party of Canada.

I recognize the class struggle between the capitalist class and the working class to be a struggle for political supremacy, i.e. possession of the reins of government, and which necessitates the organization of the workers into a political party distinct from and opposed to all parties of the capitalist class.

If admitted to membership, I hereby agree to maintain or enter into no relations with any other political party, and pledge myself to support by voice, vote and all other legitimate means the ticket and the program of the Socialist Party of Canada only.

Applicant .....Address .....

Occupation .....Age .....Citizen .....

Admitted to Local ..... 190....

.....Chairman .....Rec. Secry.

PARTY MATTERS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

These columns have been placed at the disposal of the Party. Secretaries of Locals are requested to take advantage of them in, at intervals, reporting conditions in their respective localities. Communications under this head should be addressed to the Dominion or Provincial Secretaries. Local secretaries are further requested to look to these columns for announcements from the Executive Committees. By this means the business of the Party will be facilitated and the Dominion and Provincial secretaries relieved of a little of the increasing burden of correspondence.

TO STUDENTS OF SOCIALISM.

In order to afford comrades an easy access to standard works on Socialism, the committee has decided to lay in a stock of literature. The following are on hand and will be sent post-paid to any address at prices quoted. Two-cent stamps will be accepted for sums not exceeding 25 cents:

The Origin of the Family, (F. Engels) ..... .50
The Social Revolution (Karl Kautsky) ..... .50
The World's Revolutions (Ernest Untermann) ..... .50
The Socialists, who they are and what they stand for, (John Spargo) ..... $ .50
The Evolution of Man (Bolsche) .50
Modern Socialism (Chas. H. Vail) ..... .25
Class Struggles in America (A. M. Simons) ..... .10
The Communist Manifesto, Karl Marx ..... 10 cents
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Marx & Engels... 10 cents
Wage, Labor and Capital, Karl Marx ..... 5 cents
The Mission of the Working Class. Chas. Vail ..... .05
Socialism and Farmers, A. M. Simons ..... 5 cents

Other works procured to order.

Address the Literature Agent, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

TO SECRETARIES OF LOCALS LIST OF SUPPLIES.

Constitutions, per dozen ..... $ .35
Membership cards, each ..... .01
Application blanks (with platform) per 100 ..... .25

The committee being a stockholder in the co-operative publishing house of Chas. Kerr & Co., can procure literature for the locals at cost.

Campaign fund receipt books are now ready and will be furnished to locals at 10 cents each.

FOR THE SINEWS OF WAR

As will be seen good use has been made of the moneys subscribed so far to the organizing funds. Further organizing tours are under contemplation if funds are available. Further subscriptions are therefore urgently solicited as, with the great interest that is at present being manifested in Socialism, no better time could be found for spreading the propaganda and building up the organization.

DOMINION ORGANIZING FUND.

The following sums have been received to date:

Balance on hand.. .. .. $23.50
R. Wade, Port Harvey.. .. .. .. 5.00

Total.. .. .. $28.50

Forward all contributions to

DOMINION SECRETARY.

PROVINCIAL ORGANIZING FUND.

The following amounts received up to date:

Previously acknowledged ... $116.30
W. J. Curry 4.50

Total $120.80

CAMPAIGN FUND.

It has been decided by the Provincial Executive to build up a central fund to be used in generally assisting in the coming campaign and more especially for the purpose of printing and distributing campaign literature.

All comrades wishing to collect for this fund should at once apply to the provincial secretary for a receipt book. No effort should be spared in building up this fund.

The following amounts received up to date:

Previously acknowledged $14.50
J. P. ..... .50
Two Clarion subs..... 1.00

Total $16.00

Forward all contributions to

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

SOCIALIST PARTY CAMPAIGN FUND

Vancouver Local.

Previously acknowledged.....$34.00
J. Matthews 25
J. Blace 1.00

Total $35.25

Frederick Perry, Secretary.

Keep your optic upon the Socialist speaker who calls forth words of praise from the capitalist press. The only recommendation of value that can come from that source is villification and abuse.

VANCOUVER LOCAL, NO. 1

Regular business meeting Monday, September 17, Comrade Leah in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Warrants ordered drawn as follows:

Rent, Sullivan Hall $3.50
Cleaning Headquarters ..... .50
Advertising 2.00
Literature Agent 2.20

Total $8.20

The vote upon seat of forthcoming election resulted as follows:

Nelson ... .18
Revelstoke 1
Vancouver 1

FINANCIAL REPORT.

Collection Sunday, Sept. 16...$3.65
Literature sales for week..... 2.20
Dues 100

Total $6.85

Adjournment.

FREDERIC PERRY, Secretary.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The mining partners of the late Tom Smirl are anxious to be placed in communication with Wm. Smirl, brother of deceased. For particulars address, A. Shilland, Sandon, B. C. Other papers please copy.

A View of the Promised Land

(Continued from Page One.)

have been reduced to a condition far below the standard of comfort of those in jail; it is borne in upon you that many with great hearts and strong brains must have resisted the malignity and greed of the ruling classes to some purpose to have brought the capitalist jail to what it is. They must have demanded more and more: that the fighters driven in here from the jungle should here be recognised as human beings; and so these great-hearts must have gone on with their prison until now they have brought the standard of comfort far above what the capitalist will allow two-thirds of his drudges in the jungle outside.

My brother, with your rights bit by bit slipping from you; with conditions around you fit for no beast; with your food, work, and everything in a hap-hazard and insecure state; you need have no fear of jail. You will find nothing here as bad as you are daily getting outside. And my advice to you is, rather than let slip one title more of your rights, and rather than allow the propertied classes to drive you lower, always be prepared to go to jail.

Here are some words said by the chaplain to me while he talked by my cell door: "Prisoners go forth from here, women especially, and they are clean and healthy, and look sane; and after a few months, and some of them after a few weeks, they are back again looking mere wrecks." "Precisely," I said, "you are bearing out what we Socialists say. You take them out from your cesspool, and clean them a bit, and then throw them back into your cesspool again. And so it must go on. And your prisons, and asylums, and workhouses must continue to increase, until you tackle the cesspool itself, and put society itself on a right social basis." "Well," he replied, "it is so."

In conclusion, if one may point the line of future prison reform, I would say it ought to be in the direction of less confinement, more associated labor for the men, less shutting up in cells. But I am afraid that without great pressure, while capitalism lasts, reform will be but slow in this direction. Because, as things are outside, the wily capitalist can see clearly enough, that if he lifted ever so little the pressure of solitary confinement, unless he at the same time lifted the pressure of the drudge conditions outside, he would soon have all the workers in jail.

As it is the confinement of jail is little punishment to me. Throw in a few books, and pen, ink and paper, and I fancy it might become a positive luxury, and the capitalist might find it hard to kick me out.

The prisoner is not the lowest type of man, nor nearly so. I have been through the workhouse and have studied the type called pauper. I have sat in the jail church, and there studied the type called criminal. There is an immense difference. Your pauper represents weakness, but in two-thirds of your criminals, so-called, you come across force, shut-up or perverted, but which force in a right society and rightly directed would achieve grand things.—John Tamlyn in Justice.

SOCIALISM ABROAD

GERMANY.

One of the phases of the activity of the German Social Democracy, of which less is known than of some others, is its "Labor Secretaries" and "Information Bureaus" for the benefit of the workers which the party conducts in co-operation with the trade unions. These institutions furnish legal advice, assist in getting employment, attend to the official details of the insurance systems relating to workingmen, etc. A recent report showed that there were 67 secretaries and 111 Information Bureaus in operation during the past year. The expenditures of these amounted to over $46,000. They were used by 273,696 persons, of whom 160,264 were unorganized workers. As all such use by non-unionists teaches a strong lesson of the helpfulness of organizations, these institutions are powerful means for reaching the unorganized and bringing them into the unions and later into the Social Democratic Party. The Neue Preusche Zeitung, in common with some other capitalist papers, complains, that because of the semi-official position enjoyed by these officials (a position due to the activity of socialist legislators) the socialist unions enjoy an unfair advantage over the Christian Unions.

The Social Democratic Party has just undertaken the establishment of two "Laborers' High Schools," to be located in Berlin. These will open their work during next September and the session will last about six weeks. The party undertakes the entire support of the students while at the school and estimates that an expenditure of between $8,000 and $10,000 will be necessary. The students will be chosen by various local organizations of the party and the trade unions, who will also be expected to assist in their support in some cases. The students must be between 24 and 30 years of age, and the endeavor will be made to secure a representative from each political division of Germany. The teachers will be largely drawn from those already active in party service thus obviating the necessity of paying salaries. The capitalist papers show their fear of the results of such systematic educational training for socialist speakers, writers and workers, by the abuse and ridicule which they heap upon it. The Hanoverscher Courier declares that it is an attempt to crush freedom of thought and to turn out a lot of believers in "Marxodoxy" who will blindly follow the party leaders. It never seems to occur to them that an educated following is apt to have its eyes opened instead of blinded.

The German National Congress of the socialists will be held at Mannheim on September 23rd. The following are the subjects for discussion, with the names of the speakers who will present the topic to the Congress: "Parliamentary Activity" G. Schopflin; "May-day Celebration" R. Fischer; "The Political Mass-Strike," A. Bebel; "The International Congress of 1907," P. Singer; "Socialism and Popular Education," C. Zetkin and H. Schultz; "Criminal Law, Procedure, and Punishment," H. Haase. A Socialist Woman's Congress will meet the day before the meeting of the party Congress, and a Congress of Socialist Youths the day after.

The principal interest of the Congress this year, as last, will center around the question of the "Mass-Strike" and the relation of the party to the Labor Unions. Just at the present time a hot discussion is in progress over these points between the Central Committee of the party and the Labor Unions. To add to the confusion the "Localists," who seem in many ways to be the counterparts of the American "Impossibilitists" although in a much milder and saner form than the most of those we have, are denouncing the party management, and Bebel in particular. Of course the capitalist press are certain that the party is going to split all to pieces. They have been certain of this constantly for the past twenty years.

BELGIUM.

The socialist daily of Brussels, Le Peuple, has been publishing a series of articles exposing the shameless immorality of King Leopold. They have been giving pictures of his various mistresses and describing his escapades in as great detail as decency will permit. The result is that a storm of denunciation has broken loose upon the Socialists in the Clerical papers. They denounce the action of the socialists as unpatriotic, and indeed almost everything else, but a desirable expose af a kingly role. This is another instance of who are are the real defenders of the family.

SWITZERLAND.

No country in Europe is furnishing more examples of military outrages against unarmed peaceful strikers than is Switzerland, the "armed nation" with its ideal miiitary system, toward which many American socialists sometimes cast longing eyes. During a recent lock-out in Zurich, the streets swarmed with troops and citizens were insulted, attacked and interfered with in every possible manner.

ITALY.

The Italian socialist party is very badly divided at present, and there seem to be many reasons to expect an open rupture in the near future, although strong efforts are being made to avoid such a happening. There are three factions within the party ranging from the syndicalists, who wish to substitute direct action through strikes for political activity to the extreme reform wing that wishes to almost merge the identity of the party in some of the radical capitalist parties. As has happened elsewhere, these two extreme wings sometimes pursue so much the same tactics that they find themselves together in the voting.

FINLAND.

The recent reform of the suffrage which is about to become a law confers the suffrage upon women as well as men. For this the socialist agitation was mainly responsible. To be sure the women comrades took the most active part in this phase of the movement, holding enormous mass-meetings throughout the country. One such demonstration, held last December, was attended by over 25,000 women, and issued a manifesto of which hundreds of thousands of copies were circulated.—International Socialist Review.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. H. S., Nova Scotia. Thanks for subscription. Sample copies will be sent to parties mentioned, as requested. The Western Clarion is not in the business of advertising itself or concocting schemes to boost its circulation. A paper that cannot live upon its merits as an instrument for the promulgation of the principles and program of Socialism is a drag instead of a help to the movement, and ought in all decency to collapse. Two Clarion agents are kept busy on the road in British Columbia, each covering his allotted territory at least once every six months. It is found necessary to do this for the reason that the average workingman is either too busy or too careless to attend to the matter of keeping his subscription up of his own volition. Outside of this the paper depends for the extension of its circulation solely upon such of its readers as may deem it worthy of being called to the attention of others, and this without solicitation from this office. The circulation is climbing steadily upward at the rate of about 75 per week.

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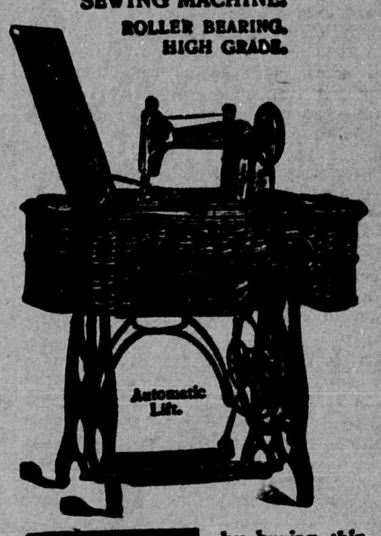

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NEWS AND VIEWS

AS GIVEN OR EXPRESSED BY SOCIALISTS THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION

Edited by R. P. PETTIPIECE, to whom all correspondence for this department should be addressed.

WHAT IS VITAL?

It is easy to demonstrate that Socialism is the greatest fact, the most vital factor in the political life of the world today, when all other parties are bankrupt of political virtue and all resource except the baldest of time serving expediency, and were our task confined to this it would be soon done.

But today when the tide of our movement is rising at a rate never equalled before, gnd every turn of the wheel of evolution increases our ranks and adds a new confirmation to our analysis of society, it behooves every avowed Socialist organization and every member of the same to see to it that both he and they give expression both sound and adequate to the growing and already mighty force behind them.

It is increasingly evident that social and industrial conditions already supply the main force behind propaganda, and that the function of the active and representative socialist will be more and more to give a right expression to the revolutionary spirit that is fast becoming universal; to insist, without flinching, upon what is essential and intrinsic, and cut out or prune away what is non-essential or mere exuberance.

Looking to the vast and radical change in the structure of society contemplated by Socialism its implications are almost infinite, but an inordinate dwelling upon these, day-dreaming in short, tends to a Utopian and flabby mental condition undesirable, at least, in the present stage of evolution which calls for men of clear views, single aim and militant spirit.

With this conviction strong upon us and at the risk of being called doctrinaire, we would, for once, emulate St. Paul and exhort our active comrades everywhere "to lay aside every weight and especially the fad or fancy that so easily besets them, run the race and seize every opportunity set before them."

Apart altogether from its merits, a cause that is clearly stated and fearlessly and consistently contended for, commands respect and attention *from all sides*. Socialism is, or should be, such a cause.

We are not unmindful of the fact that among Socialists there is the same variability of temperament as among other men and women; special classes of facts appealing more strongly to some than to others, but we insist that there is a minimum of both knowledge and conviction, below which it is farcial to call persons Socialists, a minimum however by no means difficult of attainment by the honest and open-minded, especially when stimulated by the corroborative experience so common to the working-class.

As in Mathematics, or Freemasonry, one may graduate indefinitely to the high academic levels of Socialism where by the aid of Science and History the phenomena of life past and present is so well explained, and be all the better Socialist for it. Such attainments however, are largely personal property and often tinged with speculations. The primary essentials of Socialism are simpler, and these must furnish our chief armament in the political field. These are the vital weapons in militant Socialism.

To understand how industrialism and capitalist property have been evolved, how the worker by being divorced from the tools of production, and subjected to capitalist exploitation, is robbed of the major part of the value of his product. How the capitalist class producing for profit only come to regard such profit as the primary purpose of industry and human welfare as incidental, prove their incapacity to administer the resources of society in the interests of society. How the capitalist class, a fraction of society, is maintained and perpetuated by its control of the legislative and every other coercive power of the state and finally, how to depose the ruling class and secure, by legislative or such other action as may be necessary, the effective control of industry and the resultant wealth, the same to be administered in the interests of the working class. These are the vital points in a Socialist political program, these are the things which clearly understood and plainly presented to the working-class, gain acceptance, these are the things that bind men together for common hope and action, these are the things vital.

INDEPENDENT LABOR

From Many Sources Comes the Rumor of an "Independent" Labor Political Policy for the Workers in B. C., or as Expressed by Delegates to the Congress, for the Wider Field of the Dominion.

This is no novelty or new cry to the men of this province with an experience long enough to take in the history of the P.P.P. born at Kamloops, amid the huzzas of an almost unanimous convention and which began to die from the day of its birth and was decently and quietly buried within a few months of its nativity; or the various attempts of scheming politicians in combination with muddle-headed ignorant and faithless members of the working-class to swing the labor vote in the direction to suit a political clique or person hungry for office and distinction. Such tactics are familiar to observers with tolerable memories, and discount to zero the chances of any such movement in this province at any rate, and the ecperience of "Independent Labor" at Winnipeg with a later example at Montreal, both point clearly to the Nemesis awaiting any halfway policy that fails to satisfy the logical sense or meet the economic needs of the working-class.

Without that wider knowledge which comes of study and experience, "Independent Labor" seems, on the face, to furnish a very seductive and attractive program and we are by no means unfamiliar with it. It is a long and necessary step for the wage-working class to acquire a profound distrust of all capitalist parties, and so far it marches shoulder to shoulder with the Socialist. But here it stops and here begins the essential difference in conception and divergence of policy between the Laborite and the Socialist: The Laborite distrusts the capitalists as men, tracing his troubles to unjust administration of things and an unequal division of profits; the Socialist claiming no moral superiority for the workers as a class, challenges and denounces the capitalist "system" of production as founded inherently upon the robbery of the workers, founded not as a deliberate and conscious conspiracy against any class in society, but evolved through the changing and expanding form of industry, at the same time as effective in the creation of misery for the workers and the all-round degeneration of society in general as though devised by a Nero or Caligula.

In politics and society the capitalist parties stand, equally, for a definite and fundamental idea—to wit, the production of profit through the exploitation of human labor, and the capitalist, though a more willing and cheerful victim, is chained to the seat of the system as securely as the worker is to the wheels, and the relief he can afford to the worker is contained within a narrow margin, even supposing his cupidity to be at war with his humanity. The system, like the Devil—to whom in many respects it would do infinite credit—cannot be fought with feather fans nor sentimental appeals, but must be met and opposed by something equally definite, fundamental and concrete.

What is the objective point of Independent Labor? Does it furnish a working ideal to guide and inspire its supporters? Can it be weighed, measured or guaged for comparative purposes? Of its origin and first step we know something and respect it; as a manifestation of working-class feeling we are interested in it, but before it can be seriously criticized it must be defined; we must know what it means and aims at. We have a suspicion however, amply justified by Canadian experience, that the whole content of "Independent Labor" contemplated lies within the limits of the capitalist system. If the abolition of wage-slavery be aimed at, then its promoters should find their place in the ranks of the Socialist Party. If less than this, and the embryo comes to birth stage, we shall see a party dependent for its very life on the system that robs and enfeebles it contending for palliative crumbs, but advancing no title to the whole loaf. With that nebulous contradiction a "fair wage" as its strongest watchword, and in so far as its puny and fractional success may or can go, prolonging and justifying the existence of the prime agent of human degradation, "the capitalist system af wealth-production."

Reduced to its lowest common denominator the essential difference between Independent Labor and Socialism is that the former would try to regulate robbery, the latter guarantees to abolish it.

A POINTER FROM THE STEEL TRUST.

While we are waiting and working for Socialism, the development of our present industrial system is distinctly foreshadowing the methods which will be adopted under the new economic regime.

The Steel Trust is now taking a significant step in this direction, as may be seen from the following:

Chicago, Aug. 7.—The price, $1,926,065, paid by the United States Steel Corporation for its site for the coming city of Gary, Ind., has been entered on the books of the County Recorder at Crown Point. This is the largest real estate deal ever closed in the Hoosier State.

Four years ago this property was assessed at only $243,950. It is planned to spend $75,000,000 on this site in the next eight years. The city is laid out and the exact location of every plant as well as the areas to be devoted to residences have been determined. The tract measures 2,793.58 acres."

Formerly the industry was subsidiary to the city. Today the city is being specially built for the industry.

Socialists in speculating on the future form of national industries have invariably suggested just what the Steel Plant is now establishing. It is the province of capitalism to lay the foundations of the new structure of industry for the future economic system to bring to completion. When the Nation determines to take over the Trusts it will find in Gary a suitable location and rquipment for the production of steel on a national scale. All that will disappear in the steel industry will be the capitalist ownership.—Wilshire's.

THE WORLD OF LABOR

MAX HAYS

In International Socialist Review

The powerful Brotherhood of Teamsters appears to be in a bad way. What the combined capitalists of Chicago were unable to do has been done by a small bunch of quarreling leaders. They have disrupted the union and sent thrills of joy into the hearts of the Jobs and Parrys and Posts. At the national convention in Chicago last month the long-threatened fight between the Shea and Young forces broke forth in all its fury, and although disinterested third parties attempted to compromise the differences or secure the recognition of a flag of truce for a short period until efforts could be made to restore peace, they met with failure at every turn. Former President Young was determined to oust Shea and the latter was just as firm in his decision to hang on to office. There was no principle worthy of the name at stake—it was just a plain, disgusting fight for spoils, and the rule or ruin policy was the controlling force in both factions. Both sides did all in their power to pack the convention with their friends, howled at each other like a pack of hungry ward-heelers, and behaved generally in a manner that brought disgrace upon the whole labor movement. Finally the split came and two conventions proceeded to show the world how to save the working-man, while incidentally two sets of office-seekers were made happy. It is unnecessary to relate any details of the dual conventions other than to mention that the prevailing thought of each faction was to develop the most effective means to smash the opposition in the latest and most approved fashion. The brotherhood had about 80,000 members. The fight seems to have split the organization squarely in two, and the principle work in the future will be for both factions to strain every nerve to triumph over the enemy—not the capitalists, but the rival body. I am glad of one thing. Not a single Socialist was mixed up in this family row. There are not many Socialists among the teamsters for obvious reasons; there are none who hold influential positions. When George Innes, of Detroit, was boss of the brotherhood during a former factional fight he never hesitated to proclaim his hatred for socialism. He was forced down and out by Shea and then hollered around for a year or two for secession and disruption, while the latter also kicked out some of the New York locals because of alleged disloyalty in lining up with Young, who gained more or less notoriety as the pal of "Commissioner" Driscoll, who had an original and highly profitable way of inciting and settling strikes and boycotts. Of course neither Shea or Young or Emmett Flood or any other so-called leaders have the slightest sympathy for socialism. They are pure and simplers of the ultra-conservative stripe, and most of them delight to pick out "Labor's friends" in the Republican and Democratic parties and punish "enemies" according to the rules prescribed by the Federation Executive Council. Gompers and his tribe of traducers, who are always telling each other that the Socialists are union-smashers and disturbers, will please take note of the fact that this latest secession movement, like nearly all others, was not engineered by Socialists, but by their own kind of people, pure and simplers, so-called.

The national struggles of the printers and the bridge and structural iron workers gre still in progress, both organizations having battled just about a year against overwhelming odds. It is well understood that when the printers' movement for the eight-hour day began to make headway Parry's Manufacturers' Association, Post's Citizen's Alliance, Penton's Foundrymen's Association and Employers' Associations in the various building trades and machinery trades combined for the purpose of destroying the International Typographical Union. They regarded the latter body as one of the best equipped organizations in the country, and realized that if the eight-hour day was won without much opposition other unions would immediately imitate the example of the printers and enforce the shorter work-day and gain additional strength and prestige. On the other hand if the printers' union could be defeated and disrupted it would discourage the other organizations and make them tractable and easily dismembered. Consequently millions of dollars have been poured into this fight by both sides and the bitterest feelings have been engendered. During the past month the employers (known as the United Typothetae of America) held a convention in Buffalo, while the printers met in Colorado Springs. "No compromise!" was the slogan issued by both gatherings, and the indications are that the struggle will continue indefinitely in some places—so long as there is a local union in existence or employers are in the business who refuse to concede the printers' demands. The history of the Typographical Union shows that, as a rule, the printers never give up a fight. They have been engaged in contests with corporations that lasted a quarter of a century, having fought the heirs after their ancestors had disappeared. During the present struggle the printers have spent, up to date, about $2,000,000, receiving little financial aid from other organizations. The A. F. of L. levied the constitutional assessment, which brought in less than $50,000, and the printers have been depending upon their iwn resources, having assessed themselves 10 per cent. of their wages weekly during the past ten months. But in the face of the most determined opposition that has ever been met by any union 85 per cent of the printers are now working on an eight-hour basis. In round numbers 40,000 members enjoy the shorter workday, about 5,000 are still on strike, and some 3,000 are bound by agreement or have not made a move for other reasons. In not a single city or town in North America have the printers been beaten or given up the contest. Complete victory appears to be in sight, as the assessment will be reduced to 8 per cent. beginning October 1 and gradually thereafter. The strike pay has ranged from $7 a week to single men to $12 for married members.

The struggle of the bridge and structural iron workers is somewhat similar to that of the printers. The American Bridge trust, one of the United States Steel Corporation's brood, has decided to put the union out of business. The trust has been subjected to enormous losses in the erection of buildings and bridges and has spent large sums of money in herding together a small army of strike-breakers, private police, etc. But the iron workers have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining work from independent contractors or in other lines of trade, so that very few are really on the strike roll. They are just as determined today to continue their battle against the trust as when it began a year ago They realize that they have a hard struggle to go through, but it was bound to come sooner or later, and for that reason the iron workers are putting in their hardest knocks now in the endeavor to win or force the octopus to come to a satisfactory compromise.

There is no use in ignoring the fact that the contests of the future between capital and labor will be more desperately fought than were those in the past. Besides the centralization of capital into trusts, employers' associations in every line of industry have been or are being formed with the avowed purpose of breaking up labor organizations wherever possible. The capitalists are becoming thoroughly class-conscious and are federating their associations and co-operating in every sanguinary struggle with labor. Moreover the former make no denial of the fact that they are asking for no quarter and granting none unless they are forced to do so, industrially, politically, socially or otherwise. Take any of the association organs or listen to any of their officials and spokesmen and you will learn that the American capitalists are becoming imbued with the same contempt and loathing for the working-class that was displayed by the Roman patricians for the plebians or the French noblesse for the proletariat immediately preceding the revolution. How many times have our conservative and muddled labor leaders cried out against "arraying class against class?" Now let them go and sing their song to the scores of employers' associations and trusts that have pronounced death to organized labor. But even the most ponderous Gomperite will not undertake to convert the organized employers from their evil ways nowadays. No; the scheme is to fight back, and especially on the political field.

VICTORIA'S VISITATIONS.

The gods who preside over the destinies of this city are evidently bent on leaving no stone unturned to provide the local Socialists with entertainment and amusement. First we had Ramsay Macdonald, then Earl Grey and are now awaiting the Trades and Labor Congress. Ramsay Macdonald spoke on the 13th to a good house in the A.O.U.W. Hall, chair was graced by the presence of J. McNiven, M.P.P., a Liberal-Labor stalking horse, who, elected on a "Labor" ticket, has been in the House a thoroughly consistent Liberal. "Consistency's a jewel." "He is now engaged in making goo-goo eyes at the proposed Independent Labor Party, with some considerable success, apparently, and will doubtless be Victoria's "Independent" candidate in the next campaign, if the party materializes, if it does not, he will be a candidate anyhow or somehow. He opened the ball by making the usual remarks the usual chairman usually makes in much the usual manner and created the usual feeling of relief by sitting down as usual. He was followed by G. F. Grey, President of Victoria Trades and Labor Council, a recent arrival from New Zealand where he was connected with the Seddon Government. Having already been three months in this city he is well qualified to understand the situation throughout the Dominion and to build a Canadian Labor Party that will fill this aching void and give the Canadian workers what they really want. It is understood we are to have model workingmen's homes. This will still a most crying need. Of course, individually none of us want a "model" home, in fact we would prefer not to inhabit one, but we know they would be a very good thing—for other workingmen. In the course of his remarks he deplored the fact that Labor had but one representative at Ottawa. Ralpb Smith should commence a libel action against this man at once. However, Grey is not half-bad. He is capable, honest, thoroughly sincere and full of his "mission." A man who dreams in secret that some day he may be the Seddon of Canada. He will presently find out what he is up against. He will get his bumps and see his embryo I.L.P. join the P.P.P. and others "with yesterday's seven thousand years." In the long run if he stays here, he will land in the ranks of the Socialist Party and will probably make a useful and efficient member.

After him came Mrs. Macdonald. She spoke of the Labor movement from the woman's standpoint. The usual sentimental Blatchfordism. But she spoke from her heart, simply, sincerely, and without affectation, in marked contrast to her husband's careful poses and attituding. Of the two she is evidently the better man.

Then we had the Macdonald, heralded by the strains of that noble anthem, "The Maple Leafe." Why the "Maple Leaf" passeth understanding. He is evidently a finished elocutionist. The coat buttoned just so, the hand thrust into the breast, the rising and falling of the voice, the studied pose and manner, were all there. His speech was non-committal throughout. He had three horses to ride at once. He was a Trades Unionist of the Trades Unionists, an Independent Labor Party man, and also a Socialist. Considering the difficulty of the feat he took the fences very well. He made the Trades Union one wing of the I. L. P. and the Socialist the other. This no doubt is the secret of that rare bird's somewhat erratic flights. The Canadian Socialists have made no mistake in politely ignoring this gentleman. He is not strong enough to have done us any good and too weak to do us any harm. If he is a big enough man in the I.L.P. to be their whip, the rank and file must be lilliputian potatoes indeed. All of which goes to point the same old moral, that we need not look abroad for light and leading, but must work out our own salvation in our own way.

The entertainment provided for the following day was much better. It was the welcome to His Excellency, Earl Grey. Great preparations had been made and several arches erected. The Chinese came in for much censure, just, though severe. Not only had they presumed to erect a much more expensive and ornate arch than the whites, but also had the hardihood to decorate it themselves in their own way, instead of hiring white labor. The Japanese erected the most tasteful and unique arch by the way.

His Excellency (fine word that) arrived on the Quadra about 4 p.m. Somebody intermittently fired a salute. Sometimes the gun seemed to be working quite nicely, and sometimes it didn't. This rather spoilt the effect but the intentions were no doubt of the best. His Excellency then got in His Honor's carriage and drove up to the Parliament Buildings where the usual somebody made the usual speech. A bunch of people then sang what they could remember of that stirring melody, "The Maple Leaf," while some children directed several volleys of bouquets towards the carriages. Their fire was vigorous and well directed and it required no little agility on the part of the ladies to avoid the missiles and keep their hats on straight. Meanwhile the gallant militia had, with some hesitativeness, and much shouting, lined both sides of that part of Government street that lies directly in front of the C. P. R. Hotel. The "thin red line" was excessively attenuated, as they had to be scattered out to cover the distance, being somewhat few. Be it said to Victoria's credit that they were chiefly silly boys, who looked so extinguished under their large helmets as to remind one of the old gag, "Wot's yer ears for?" "Why, to keep me 'at up." Through these martial ranks drove His Excellency, a well-groomed, bald-headed, sensible-looking Englishman. Beside him sat His Honor, formerly known as "Jimmy" Dunsmuir, beefy and overfed looking, carried himself with the easy assurance of a man with a bullet-proof meal ticket.

But both His Excellency and His Honor were eclipsed by a third occupant of the carriage, a naval captain with a bunch of hen feathers sticking out of the top of his billycock hat.

In spite of the martial display everything went off peaceably. The silence was only slightly disturbed by some remittance-men who gave three cheers once. They cheered altogether so well that there is no room to doubt they had been rehearsing painstakingly for some time.

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