

A Morning Meditation

J. Stitt Wilson.

It is the year of 1908—eight years into the 20th century. I don't know how many centuries of human history have passed. I don't know how many are yet to come.

We talk of civilization and speak of ourselves as the Moderns, and look back upon Dark Ages past and Ancient History.

But perhaps the human world is but barely begun. Perhaps we are not one-third up the ladder of Human Ascent. Perhaps after all we are sub-human. The Real Humanity is yet to appear.

I look up from this page as I write and a policeman passes my window—stern, erect, uniformed, armed. The carter comes next, only half a man, still a young man, but bent and ill-shaped—the horse that draws the load is a magnificent animal, with arched neck, and round rump, and powerful back and limbs, and keen intelligent gaze. Across the way is the steeped church—very silent—it is Friday. Two days more, and in solemn tones they will chant ceremoniously "Give us this day our daily Bread." But down the road I see the unemployed gathering in clusters about the mill gates, and they are crying "Give us this day our daily Bread."

Policeman, carter and horse, steeple and mill-gates—all tell me that we have not arrived. We are still in the Dark Ages. We are the Ancients, the Moderns are not yet born. Civilization is a Nightmare.

If a man have Taste, the sense of Beauty, then Civilization is Ugly.

If a man have Sympathy, or a care for Human Welfare, then is Civilization a rude, cruel, heartless monster.

If a man have the sense of Justice, then Civilization is a thief and a robber dispensing its victims and leaving them half-dead by the roadside, for priest and levite to pass by.

If a man have the Comrade Spirit, the Lover's Heart, and the Friend and Brother Soul, then Civilization is War, and Strife, and Separation.

If a man be a Democrat, then Civilization is a mass of imprisoned spirits—some pompous, proud, pretentious, imagining themselves superior; others, bowed, cowed, dispirited, imagining themselves inferior—the Democrat Soul shivers at this great damnation.

I say in 1908. But I don't know where that is in Human History. I think it is a fair start. It is not as statesmen and preachers and conservers think. It is not near the end of the volume. It may be the end of the first chapter.

The land is sweet and rich, yet people starve. The powers of nature are conquered, yet the people are slaves. We crowd to our temples of worship, we write ten thousand books of wisdom, and boast of law and order, of parliament and councils, and yet multitudes of human beings stand in our streets, crawl through our dirty lanes in meaner estate than barbarians of long ago—meaner in body—having lost the early instincts, and destitute of the new intelligence—without the courage, daring, spirit, of the noble savage.

I am not cynical. I am not pessimistic. This is not a growl. It is a witness. Civilization is one of our great words. But we are not civilized. Christianity is our great religion. But we are more pagan than Christian, and we copy the worst rather than the best elements of Paganism. Democracy we boast of. But Mammon rules, and Gold is King. And the eyes of many are opening to see the horror, the greyness, the hypocrisy, the liar-heart of this Civilization called Capitalism.

Beneath dung-heaps there is rich fertilizer for golden harvests. And beneath the dung-heaps of Capitalism there is the germ and Juice and Soul of a better world. And yet this better world will not be the best. I urge on, urge on, urge on. The hopes of the Socialist Revolutionist of this hour may never be realized in the form in which his imagination depicts. But Capitalism is doomed. Its pillars are rotten. Its foundations slip. Its Soul is being unmasked—and when the mask is torn off—all arriving Humans shall hate it.

I proclaim a Free Humanity. I announce Freedom. I would poultice out the soul to demand its full expression and realization. That may be delayed. But History has no other ultimate.

I want a race with beautiful and powerful Bodies. Even the body does not know how to move until the Soul, the Spirit of the Man, is untrammelled. The spine can never be true, the step firm, the head poised, the chest expanded, the eye undaunted,—no outer or inner organ of the Body can be beautiful, powerful, graceful, grand,—if the spirit within is bound, hindered, cowed, dejected, subordinated, humbled, depressed, owned, hired, or breathing in any climate but the climate of Freedom.

I want a race of intellectual athletes—not for show—not to write books, or to paint pictures, or to carve the stone, or to clean the air, or smite the rock—for the plaintiffs of the people. But each for his own sake in intellectual self-sufficiency. To perceive Truth, that is the luxury. I want for every child the culture of mind that will release his own original powers to original action and expression. As I want him not blind of eye, but perfect in vision, just for his own sake: so I want his mental eye free and penetrating and creative. I would have his education begin before he is born—at least in his mother's womb. I would have the mother, while bearing her child, breathe intellectual atmospheres, atmosphere of daring Truth, of Soul

Enfranchisement, of Beauty, not the artificial, but the Real. Nine months of careful Inspiring Education before a child is born is greater than nine years afterwards.

I want a race of Comrade-Souls—not whining religionists, not cadaverous priests, not the good whose virtues are a vice. But great Brothers, courageous, frank, ingenuous, hospitable, hearty, full of laughter, not afraid of danger, or death, knowing that Death introduces to still greater worlds for Life and Love. I would have them royal, princely, dignified, proud, and powerful without aristocracy or emptiness of imagined greatness.

And I can't have this while Capitalism lasts. Capitalism is not sacred. But these are sacred. Put away your rotten and stinking garment of Capitalism. O, men, and put on the New Garment of the New Order!

DETERMINISM

Determinism is a word which frightens many people. Many Christians consider determinism to be impious and refuse to hear the question discussed. It would be a surprise to these Christians to be told that their religion agreed with the determinist idea.

The determinist doctrine is this, that men's actions are controlled and their morality based upon their manner of gaining a living. That men's actions are governed by the hope of reward and that no system of morality can live which does not base itself upon the material benefits of its supporters.

The man in the job will develop a code of ethics which will be abhorrent to the employer. The capitalist and employer will develop a code of ethics which the workers will consider to be selfish and inhuman. It is only as men come to see that they can be better off in a material way under socialism that they will support the socialist system of economics, of ethics and of morality.

Men's rules of conduct are determined by what they think will be the most advantageous to themselves personally. The Christian is no exception to this rule. He follows a line of conduct because he considers that in the long run of eternity it will be advantageous to him. He gives to the poor that he may get ten fold. The Christian trusts in Providence for his reward. In modern commercial parlance he backs a blind pool in which the profits are guaranteed to be a thousand per cent. The Christian is a determinist in that he follows a line of conduct which he thinks will be materially beneficial.

The Christian recognizes the determinist position to be true, when he endeavors to prevent any agnostic or non-believer from showing that the rewards promised by the Christian system do not exist. It is only by determinism that history can be unraveled and the present actions of individuals and classes explained. Without determinism, the whole of history becomes but a pageant, the meaning of which is beyond the brain of man to fathom.

7,993,245 Socialist Votes in 19 Nations

One of the interesting features of the Periodical Bulletin of the International Socialist Bureau is a tabulation of the Socialist parliamentary representation in different countries and the total votes cast by Socialists at recent elections. The annual meeting of the bureau is now being held in the People's Palace, Brussels, Belgium. Victor Berger of Milwaukee, Wis., is the representative from the United States.

The report from the Interparliamentary Commission to the bureau is as follows:

Germany—Deputies 44, Votes 3,258,969, 1907.
England—Deputies 31, Votes 342,196, 1908.
Argentina—Deputies 0, Votes 5,000, 1908.
Austria—Deputies 88, Votes 1,041,948, 1907.
Belgium—Deputies 35, Senators 7, Votes 492,210, 1906-8.
Bulgaria—Deputies 0, Votes 3,000, 1908.

British Columbia—Deputies 2, Votes 6,700, 1909.
Denmark—Deputies 24, Senators 4, Votes 92,648, 1909.
Spain—Deputies 0, Votes 29,000, 1904.
United States—Deputies 0, Votes 600,000, 1908.
Finland—Deputies 84, Votes 336,896, 1909.
France—Deputies 55, Votes 1,120,000, 1906.
Holland—Deputies 7, Votes 82,494, 1909.

Italy—Deputies 44, Votes 338,885, 1909.
Luxembourg—Deputies 10, Votes 1,909, 1909.
Norway—Deputies 11, Votes 45,000, 1908.
Serbia—Deputies 1, Votes 30,000, 1905.
Sweden—Deputies 34, Votes 75,000, 1909.

Switzerland—Deputies 7, Votes 100,000, 1908.
Total of deputies, 478, Senators 11, Votes 7,993,245.
Tremendous gains have been made in several of the countries named since the vote given was cast. This is especially true of Germany, France and Norway. It will also be noticed that the vote in several countries is not given, chief among these being Australia and New Zealand, not to mention Japan, where the Socialist movement is making itself felt under difficulties.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

"Who gets all the money? Can you afford it?"

"Of course it's hard to pay so much," she replied, "but we get lots of benefits back. It's like life insurance. Some of the money goes to the Local and some to the National. Just now I'm in hard luck—there's nothing doing in the trade, so I put in a line of out-of-work stamps."

"What happens if you have hard luck right along?"

"Well," said Peggy mournfully, "the out-of-work stamps keep me in good standing for thirteen weeks and then if I can't pay they'll suspend me from the union."

"Unless," he suggested, "the president of the local comes to your aid."

"He wouldn't break the rules," "The corners of her mouth twitched. "But he might lend a fellow something."

Rensen laughed heartily, and Peggy also laughed. The little girl left him to fetch some new exhibits. He rose, went to the window and gazed at the river with its ever changing points of light, vast shadows, glittering wakes, moving spectral shapes that breathed heavily or shrieked, a slight mist blurring the scene to even tones heightened its beauty and gave infinite mystery.

While enjoying this view and glad that it moved him so, he became aware of voices in the next room. He would rather have cultivated the access of idyllic feelings; but the strident tones of the speaker, at least, could not be avoided. This man was accusing someone of being too easy—the union ought to assert itself—the shop was nominally closed, but not recognized by the superintendent.

John Day's mild voice argued in favor of letting well enough alone, not creating hostility until there might be serious occasion. The other said that employers were always waiting a chance to down the union; the men ought to forestall them. A reply of conciliation led to another angry outbreak.

As Rensen puzzled over his awkward situation, the door opened and Zienski came stamping into the parlor. The shaggy hair, unkempt black beard, the wrinkling brows and fierce small eyes were not changed by the fact of a fairly decent coat, dotted silk neck scarf and gunmetal watch chain across the meagre stomach. At sight of the visitor he stopped short.

"Good evening," said Rensen, "Hullo," growled Zienski. He seemed to consider. "You, what are you doing here? What made you quit the counter?"

"I'll answer him," exclaimed Rensen, offended more by the manner than the question.

"Answer me then," sneered the other.

"Just this, Mr. Zienski, I choose to work here. A man has a right to work where he pleases."

"That's a lie—you know it!" "Kindly explain if you—"

Zienski folded his arms, brows twitching, a ferocious gleam in his eyes, the thin lips drawn back. There was something fascinating as well as repellant in his savage impetuous reply.

"You come down a floater to work few days—you go back to kid gloves, expect you become employer! You belong not to the people, but to the upper class who say, right to work! right to work! and they are not with those who sweat for the day's wages—they expect to make fortunes—they are carpetbaggers and Chinese—reap where they not sow, steal bread from mouth of honest men. Have they struggle with the capitalists—have they help to raise wages—have they been in jail, perhaps? Right to work in the farmer's field. They think their one-time need better as the long welfare of all. Yes! they are like him on the shipwreck who gets up in the night and fills his belly with the grub that was saved to keep all from death!"

Rensen afterward pondered these ideas.

CHAPTER VI.

Some days later a cold morning made things seem very different in the foundry. A cellar-like damp and chill arose from the wet sand; wintry currents of air swept through the loose doors or broken windows. Men were coughing. Some of them stamped their feet or slammed arms around their bodies. Nobody failed to keep on his coat, buttoned to the chin.

Rensen heard a man telling of rheumatism. Another replied it was no wonder, after kneeling in damp sand every morning and being scorched by the pour every night. A molder lived in the attic and the tropics at once. But last winter was the time, when the clay-water froze and the snow drifts piled up at the windows and doors.

The national union, said the speaker, had paid out nearly two million dollars in the last ten years for sick benefits to members, and most of it during the winter months.

However, a laborer, not having the delicate tasks, could warm himself by effort at the shovel. There were sand mounds to be reduced, spaces cleared, casts of yesterday to be dug out and sent to the cleaning room by the aid of the crane, flat car or barrow. All so the flasks had to be moved; those temporarily out of use carried into the yard; new-shaped boxes brought inside.

In a pause of labor Rensen noticed a molder who was working alone in a dim corner. This man had a long, white, haggard face, bright eyes, bony hands not to be forgotten. He found occasion to move some boxes near him and it seemed strange that such an emaciated transparent body

could perform the least work.

"Take my place, partner," said a neighbor who had come up.

"What for?" The long-faced spectre coughed and glanced nervously.

"It's out of the draught," "I haven't favor myself," was the reply in a hoarse whisper.

"Come on, change places, partner," "I haven't—the foreman is waitin' the chance to fire me. Much obliged to ye, Joe."

A few minutes afterward Mr. Hewitt walked past. The spectre began to work very diligently, searching his tool bag, adjusting the pattern of a grille gate that would defend some marble portico. His hand shook as he used the spirit level on the bottom flask.

"You're not well this morning," said Rensen, when the foreman had gone.

"What's that your business?" The haggard face, at first startled, became indignant.

"Of course, I didn't mean to—" "I'm all right—healthy as they make 'em—only a little cold—"

"Healthy as they make 'em," muttered the other, and, coughing, he spat red on the sand.

Rensen was sent to work awhile in the cleaning room, whence so much noise had greeted his ears the first day in the yard.

Every process and contrivance here seemed to be a noise maker. A ribbed iron barrel revolving on its axis with clank and jangle, cleaning small casts within by friction. Beside it a structural Ionic pillar hung aslant in chains and a man with sooty eyebrows scraped out the burnt core, using a hoe-like tool. The black dust fell on his neck and face. Elsewhere a whirling emery wheel to send downward a brilliant fire-rain, magically quenched as it touched earth. At intervals the attendant drew back the wheel carriage, checking the rasping din, and measured the base to see if it was true.

The greatest noise was made by the air chisels and hammers, like old pistols, with writhing tubes attached to the handles. They gave forth a continuous rat-tat, shrill or sonorous, far too rapid of stroke to be counted. A fin of metal on the edge of a cast fairly peeled away before the vibrant chisel blade. Chips and particles flew about, not without danger to the eyes.

Rensen was allowed to try the air hammer a moment. He took a firm grip on the handle, stiffened his arms, and passed forward in the approved manner. The jar seemed to disjoin his wrist.

He had not realized before how imperfect the best work came to the cleaning room. The varied shapes, coated with tawny burnt sand, pitted with tiny holes, sometimes an expanse of lustrous gray, had to be rid of gate knobs, blisters and lace-like excrescences. Every core had to be scraped out with patient intricate labor.

"That's a blow-hole for fair," shouted a man with goatee and hairy ears to the group inspecting a cast lately brought in. "Right where the bearings come."

Rensen saw a cavity revealed by the cleaner's wire brush and thought of "the molder's judgment day."

"No putty for her," vociferated another. "The inspector throws her out sure. I bet the molder gets docked."

"It ain't his fault," shouted the man with hairy ears. "It's the core-maker."

"Anyhow, the cast is lost. The molder'll lose his time."

"Boys, can you bet on this—Tom, Dick and Harry loses up to the limit, but the shop never loses nothing."

"Sure thing," chorused the others, breaking into raucous laughter that added itself to the loud metallic din.

(To be continued)

WOMAN'S COLUMN

Shrewd Financing

"These great financiers are deserving of our praise," declared the speaker of the evening, "They have made possible giant business enterprises. We may deride them now, but future generations will reverse the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and the—"

"Pardon me," interrupted a little woman in the audience. "But you have not named the greatest financiers."

"Ah, I would be glad to hear you suggest the names of greater ones," said the speaker.

"I will not call the names, for there are too many," replied the little woman, "but I'll tell you who they are. They are the hundreds of thousands of women wives of workmen whose average wages are less than four hundred and fifty dollars a year. Such able financiers are they that they are able to give their children nourishing food, pay the rent, buy fuel and educate the children, cloth them and give them medical attention, and fit them for a noble citizenship—and all on a paltry sum that is mere weekly pin money for the wives of the men you named. I claim that the women I mentioned are the ablest financiers in the country. If they are not, the privation that is already too prevalent would be woefully greater than it is."

And all the cheering that followed was for the little woman and her kind, and not for the orator and the financiers he named.

There are six penitentiaries in Canada with sixteen hundred convicts in them. The plutes are casting long eyes on all that cheap labor. If you workmen do not look out you will have to compete not only with Chinese labor but also with forced convict labor. You are competing now with that labor in some lines.

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

The Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded off our martyred dead,
And ere there limbs grew stiff or cold,
Their heart's blood died its ev'ry fold.

CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng.

CHORUS

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its colour now.

CHORUS

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last,
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Oh human right and human gain.

CHORUS

It suits to-day the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down.

CHORUS

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall,
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

CHORUS

Coming Liberty

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing
With the flame of Liberty;
Light is breaking—throne are quaking
Hark! the trumpet of the free!

Long in lowly whispers breathing
Freedom wandered drearily—
Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing
For the day when there should be
Freemen shouting "Victory!"

Now she seeketh him that speaketh
Fearlessly of lawless might;
And she speedeth him that leadeth
Brethren on to win the Right,
Soon the slave shall cease to sorrow,
Cease to toil in agony;

Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow
Over land and over sea—
"Brethren, shout!—ye are all free!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
All day long and never tires;
No more sadness—all is gladness
In the hearts that she inspires;
For she breathes a soft compassion
Where the tyrant kindled rage;
And she saith to every nation,
"Brethren, cease wild war to wage
Earth is your heritage!"

Who Are The Thieves

By WILLIAM DENTON

What stores of wealth in unfound mines
The rich old earth contains!
Of iron, silver, lead and gold,
What piles within her veins!

While still with bounteous harvests swell
Our mother's undrawn breast,
Of sweetest fruit, of corn and oil,
To make each poor man blest.

What rocks to make his palace walls!
What cedars for its beams!
Our paupers might as wealthy be
As misers in their dreams,

What woods uncut! what fields unploughed!
The laborer is God's heir;
Who steal his proud inheritance?
Who are the thieves, and where?

Who lock up Nature's boundless wealth,
Nor heed the need'y cry?
They are man's greatest enemies;
And they or we must die?

If potato bugs thought about it and could talk, no doubt they would pronounce themselves as unalterably opposed to Paris green. It is in the same manner that capitalists and their henchmen oppose socialism.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the circulation of Cotton's for the issue of last week Nov. 25th.

Ontario.....	1296
British Columbia.....	908
Prov. of Quebec.....	891
Nova Scotia.....	405
Alberta.....	303
New Brunswick.....	259
Saskatchewan.....	192
Manitoba.....	192
Elsewhere.....	63
Yukon Territory.....	7
Prince Edward Island.....	4

Total.....4520
Gain for week.....263
Total issue for last week 6,000.

The Serious Side of Jokes

C. P. Culliford.

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.
Judge Giles Baker, of Pennsylvania county, was likewise cashier of his home bank. A man presented a cheque one day for payment. He was a stranger. His evidence of identification was not satisfactory to the cashier.

"Why, Judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence a man to be hanged on no better sentence than this!"

"Very likely," replied the judge. "But when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

Many of the injustices of the present day are looked upon as good jokes by the capitalist press. The above story illustrates what Socialists all contend, viz, that the laws are made to protect property rights, and that personal liberty and human life are held very cheaply by our courts of justice. To say courts of justice would be a misnomer, since justice for the oppressed is seldom found within them.

HIS ROLE.

"That man made an immense fortune out of a simple little invention." "Indeed? What did he invent?" "Invent? Nothing, you dub? He was the promoter."—Cleveland Leader.

Here is another one containing more truth than poetry. Some people ask what will be the incentive to invention under Socialism. It must be conceded that there is very little incentive to-day. Very few inventors reap the benefit of their mental efforts, under capitalism. It is filched from them by idle company promoters, who think it a huge joke, and laugh at the inventor for his simplicity. The inventor is robbed of the product of his labor as surely as the wage slave, the farmer, the small merchant and all other victims of the system.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby—Delineator.

There is more sense than nonsense in this little joke. Bobby is just like every other healthy natural child. He is not anxious to be an angel. He would rather be a man first, and take his place in the world among men. We Socialists are continually telling the preachers that the material needs of life are the paramount issue. Provide a man with all the necessities of life, so that he may "take no thought of the morrow," and then he has the time and inclination to think about his spiritual welfare. Many paid ministers contend that we should carry our religion into business and politics, that religion pertains to our well being in this world as well as in the next. Precisely what Socialists are working for, and yet many of these same preachers treat the socialist movement with contempt. "Eyes have they and see not, ears have they and hear not." Here endeth the reading of the first lesson. Let us p-r-e-y.

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The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA
Box 886, Vancouver, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, 24, Dominion Street, Socialist Headquarters at 223 St. Lawrence, Mont.