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FIVE CENTS

The Machine

THERE is no sentiment about a machine; nothing but the mechanical "reason" of necessary motion. It speeds up, and speeds up, furious, tireless, insatiate, careless whether it consumes man or material.

Mechanically, man controls the machine. He goes before the protean monster and it obeys his slightest behest; performs its prodigies unquestioningly. But behind the man is the master, the political arbiter of both, who sees to it that their combined energy shall minister in their completeness to his interest. And behind the political dominance of the master is the economic of capital, the final dictator of all social activity. The movements of all three are interconnected in all ways; interblended in all relationships. They pull, or strain, or equalize in all directions with varying intensities, as ever differing interests determine, and the composite complexity of their movements and effects is to be disentangled only by disentangling the social relationships which occasion them and shape the destinies of man.

Capitalist industry is the industry of labor saving machinery—not at all labor saving industry. Commodity production is competitive production, and involves cheap production. Cost of production is the pole star of bourgeois "success," and in the monopolies of the greater industry it is figured out, like logarithmic tables; because relative cheapness, of relative quality, controls the market, and the armies of labor, the owners of industry, and its incentive of profit. As necessary labor is the prime factor in productive costs, the elimination of labor to the minimum is essential to the well-being of commodity production on the one hand, and on the other the maximum of effort and efficiency of actual labor. Thus systematically, the inherent economic of the capitalist machine conserves almost automatically the interests of its owners, creating an increasing reserve army of cheapening labor and drawing out the last ounce of effort from the temporarily employed. Thus, constantly the scope of the machine is widened; continually its speed increased, progressively limiting labor, yet augmenting the volume of commodities and steadily diminishes the value of the labor force which alone reproduces itself in its own industry and produces and reproduces both the machine and the products. That is why wages always lag on a rising market, and slump on a falling one; and why the standard of living is constantly tending to a lower relative level.

The development of the capitalist market developed the machine industry. Now, the machine industry, glutting the market, negatives itself, obstructs the progress of the society whose expression it is. Like the Dodder, it stifles its unfortunate host. The machine has grown mighty and commanding. It has become the dictator of human activity. It has taken the land from the yeoman, the tool from the craftsman, possession from the individual, and turned them all into capitalist accumulation; directed their forces into the service of privilege. It has brought forth the proletariat, and cut him off even from all opportunity of labor. It has replaced the captain of industry by the lord of finance, and practically abolished competitive production for monopoly control. It has developed and organized natural resource as never before and created potentials of power and progress which cannot unfold and flower

in grime and restriction of profit production. Steel, oil, coal, cotton, wheat—these are the fruits of the machine industry. They hold the world in interdependence, they are the determinants of life and its concepts; they are the powers of the earth and their owners are the lords thereof. The story of their development is the bleak, lean years of machine production, and their achieved monopoly involves the destruction of the society of which they are the chosen ones. To tolerate and recurrent famine; to the artificial poverty of commercial crises; to preconceived slaughter; to studied prostitution; to scientific lying; to Imperialist propaganda; to the most pitiless slavery of all time—to such a pass has the politically administered machine brought us.

Yet, as hinted above, the machine is not at fault. It is but the impassive agent of its owner. The proprietary right in Capitalist property gives movement to the machine; title to the product, and term to the worker. Only by vesting ownership in society can class and its politics be ended. But class and politics are not to be ended by any flamboyant heroics, or by any reactionary emotion of simple enthusiasm, nor even by the most mathematical exposition of historic materialism, but by the ever widening power and influence of the restricted forces of production, striving for fuller expansion, facing, mordantly keen, the exclusive interest of ancient property. Socialism is a product of understanding and understanding is a product of economic development. Not at all a result of fine reasoning or forensic skill, social necessity, taken alone, by its individualism and tradition, by its capitalist minded misunderstanding, is apt to turn us aside from the one issue that matters and the sole remedy of our trouble, the substitution of social administration for class law. By the nature of society itself, by the process of capitalist commerce, by the immediate needs of the moment and its resourceful re-grouping of fluctuating interests, we cannot take that road until development has divorced us from the side issues of expediency and proven the reconstruction of dwindling interests impossible: until it has forced upon our consciousness the clear concept of class antagonism and its one cause, capitalist private property in the means of life. Politics is the expression of economic interest, and so long as we have, apparently separate and immediate interests to save, we shall strive to conserve them. When conditions shall have developed in us the recognition of capitalist property as the cause of our poverty and miseries we shall, at the same time, recognise our common interest—economic freedom—and act accordingly.

Modern politics is not the interests of a numerous, interdependent community of individuals, but the international interests of a small and well organized monopolist class, controlling, virtually, all social activities. The great industry expropriates all but large capital; it destroys the primitive organization of individual progress; shatters its original concepts of individual right; transforms its tradition of freedom into a gibbering mockery of effort; and lays bare to a struggling and suffering society the inner processes of exploitation. And on the other hand, it can only modify its inherent antagonisms of production by the monopoly regulation of production to the effective market, i.e., by closing down on its own activities. Thus it intensifies the antagonism between the machine and the

market; between necessity and profit; between society and class; and brings into the clearest relief the fundamental antagonism between the social production of and class ownership in, the common means of life. And, concurrently, it destroys its own vaunted virtues of thrift, industry, incentive and opportunity. For, obviously, society cannot be industrious if monopoly will not permit, nor thrifty on enforced idleness. There is no incentive on the breadline, and no opportunity in doles.

Thus society is brought face to face with the cause of its misadventures—Capitalist property. Through poverty to misery, increasing and hopeless, it will perceive the class struggle; through conflict and disaster it will recognise the power of privilege opposed to itself, through long continued and unlifting depression it will win the understanding that the stoppage of the industrial machine is no unfortunate accident, but the unavoidable sequence of commodity production. And it will be compelled, with gathering unanimity, to the final conclusion: that production can never be carried on smoothly on the basis of capital and labor, and can never be adequate for social well being till society itself turns the switch. Society, thus sharply divided between the vast majority of technical but dispossessed producers, and the political minority of economically dependent owners; divorced from illusionary interests; harried by grateful necessity; debarred from means of existence and hindered from further advancement will be in the position of the individual in like circumstances. It will see privilege grinding the face of need; reaction, politically entrenched, setting bounds to progress. It will hear the crying voice in the industrial wilderness, making the path straight. And it will listen—and understand. It will feel the urge of the forces of progress, lusty with growth, girt for fresh triumphs, thrusting aside the law of trade for the law of life; abrogating the tinsel glory of a tarnished civilization for the fathomless majesty of creative mind. It will take control of the one machine that dominates all others—the political organization, and in this act of supremacy it will free labor, from unnecessary toil, thought from the captivity of profit. And in so doing it opens out the ways of life to the dominance of intelligence. It turns the slavery of the machine into the freedom of social property, and transforms its insensate velocity into the poetry of human happiness.

R.

Manitoba Provincial Election, 1922

Local (Winnipeg) No. 109, S. P. of C. has nominated Comrades George Armstrong and Sidney J. Rose as candidates. Contributions are needed to meet deposit (Provincial Govt.) fees. These may be sent to the secretary of Winnipeg Local:—

PETER L. DAVIDSON,

P. O. BOX 2354,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Origin of the World

By E. McMillan.

THE DECEPTIVENESS OF MOTION.

One night, years ago, I sat on the verandah of an old homestead out in the bush, and the pastoralist and I watched the silent stars moving across the dark blue vault of the heavens, while afar off we heard the sad cry of the curlew. Everything was wonderfully still, and, having just come from the rush and hustle of a great city, I was in the mood to appreciate the wonderful calm of a starlight night in the bush. It was silent! Everything was very, very still; but, in spite of the stillness, I knew, even while we sat there, that this world was flying through space fifty times as fast as the fastest cannon-ball, and turning round on its axis as well at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and falling through space at the rate of thirteen miles a second into the bargain. And yet with all that rush and roar, with all that mighty flying, there was not a sound to disturb the holy calm of the night.

When there is a fire in the city and the fire brigades come rushing and tearing through the streets, they make such a din that every other noise seems to be almost a silence. When they start a stream of water up to the top of the burning building there is as much noise and clatter as if great things were being done. If you stand at the foot of one of the giant gum-trees in a gully near your house, or down by the river, and look up to the very topmost branch of it, you will see that the leaves up there are quite green. If you stop to ask how the sap got up there into all the leaves on all the trees, you will find that it was pumped up by nature through the bark of the tree. If you lay your ear to the bark and listen, you will not hear a sound, yet the sap is running up there all the time. Nature is a witch! If you nick the bark all round, so that the sap cannot run, the tree will die, because it is "ringbarked." Nature does most of her great works very silently.

I want you to try an experiment. Get a glass of water, and stand it on a solid table, and watch how absolutely still and motionless it is. You cannot think of anything in the world more perfectly still. Let it stand for a good while, so that all motion must have gone out of it, and then, when you know that it is quite still, drop a single drop of ink into it, and watch what happens. If the water is quite motionless when you drop the ink into it, as softly as possible, the blue-black fluid will rush to the bottom, and form a ring, while the lighter part of the ink will spread itself all out, and very gradually disappear.

But how did that happen if there was no motion in the water? You try it. Do not take my word for anything. Try everything you can for yourself, and prove everything possible. Is it possible for the water in a tumbler to be really quite still? You may believe this till you find that it is otherwise; there is nothing still in the universe. We think of motion as being always accompanied by more or less whirr and bustle, in some form or other; but the mightiest motions in the world are silent—to our ears—as death.

The water in the tumbler is composed, as I told you, of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen. They—the gases—are composed of tiny molecules, and when one molecule of oxygen meets two molecules of hydrogen, at an electric dance, they unite and form water. But their molecules go flying about at an enormous rate, even when they are united; and they are never at rest. There is no such thing in nature as rest; all things are changing always. The very mountains are being worn down and the mighty ocean beds are being filled up, and nothing ever remains the same for two seconds.

If you could magnify a drop of water till it was as big as this world, you would find it made up of balls between the size of a cannon-ball and an orange. But think how small they must be to look no bigger than a cricket ball when a drop is magnified

to the size of the world! While that glass of water is standing on the table, looking the very picture of calmness, silence, and stillness, it is deceiving you, for it is in the wildest agitation all the time, only you cannot see it. When you begin to study science you will find that you can no longer believe your eyes or your ears, or any of your senses; and that is how it comes to pass that so few people have scientific minds. I think you have to be born with a peculiar sort of mind before you can grasp how the world began, and you must understand the deceptiveness of motion before you can understand how the world came to be.

While we are talking about the behaviour of a drop of ink, I might as well ask you a question. Did you ever notice that if you let a drop of ink fall on a sheet of blotting-paper it spreads to a wonderful extent, and you can never get it out again? But if you drop the ink on to a piece of polished marble, and wipe it off promptly, it will leave no mark at all. If you drop the ink on to a bit of glass, you will be able to wipe it off so as to leave the glass quite clean. Do you know why that difference exists? It is on account of the different spaces in which the molecules move. Everything in the world is in motion, and the molecules are all whirling and dancing in water and in rock, in glass and in wood, in marble and in iron. But they dance to different measures, and that is how the ink gets its chance. If the molecules are far apart, and have plenty of space, the ink can get in between them, and stay there, and make what we call a "stain"; but if the molecules are very close together the ink has a very poor chance, and we can wipe it off before it gets in.

If you ask a scientific man the reason of the softness of some things and the hardness of others, he will tell you that it is owing to the "inter-molecular spaces" of the materials being different. And that is right, but it does not sound easy. If there is a large inter-molecular space, you can compress the material into a much smaller bulk; but if the molecules are very close together, you cannot compress them. In water the molecules are really very close together, so that if you tried to get a quart of water into a pint bottle you would find it impossible. If you raise the temperature of water to over 212 degrees and change it into steam, you drive the molecules away from each other to about 1,800 times their own diameter, so that one cubic inch of water produces about 1,800 cubic inches of steam, at ordinary pressure. We use that force of expansion in our steam-engines, and it helps us to do the world's work.

Have you ever noticed how quietly most things in nature work? There is no rush or roar or bustle; the whole world works so silently that when you sit on the verandah at night you think all is still. And all the while nothing is still. Everything is moving, from the smallest speck of matter to the mightiest of the distant stars. And it makes no fuss. The motions of the heavenly bodies (our earth is a "heavenly body") are so quiet that you cannot hear them, and all the turmoil in a glass of water is beyond the reach of any of your senses to discover. You were brought up to believe in "dead matter," were you not? You were told that there was life in some things, and no "life" in others. But everything is alive. Everything is thrilling and throbbing and whirling, and turning and changing and doing.

This world itself is a miracle. Nothing is comprehensible; we are living in a magical world, but we are so blind and stupid that we think all things dull and commonplace and uninteresting. A glass of water is as great a mystery as the "flower in the crannied wall," and if you only understand the laws which govern the water you would understand the laws which govern the entire universe. Then the origin of the world would seem very simple to you. Because we are ignorant of the "simple" things, so

are we ignorant of the deep things; but I sometimes think that there are no really "deep things" at all, for it is only that our minds are dull and slow, and we are insensitive to the real things of the world.

IN THE BEGINNING.

Do you realize that space has no bounds? Do you understand that if you were to travel upwards for ever and for ever, you would never reach the end? That if you travel downwards for ever and ever and ever, you would never reach an end? That if you went to the right or to the left on the wings of light, travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, you would never reach an end? There is no end; likewise there is no beginning.

I tell you this in words, but I do not understand it. No human mind can understand it. All I know is that the human mind is a poor little instrument, so very limited in its scope and capacity that it can understand almost nothing of the universe. It is too vast, too awful; and yet why should we not face it and discuss it? When I meet people who have nothing to talk about except dresses or sheep, or bonnets or wool, I wonder if I am dreaming. It seems so odd to think that they never see the miracle of life, the romance of existence. I would never grumble at them not knowing, but I grumble because they do not care. They never appear to imagine there is any mystery at all; but they just go on as the sheep and the cattle do, from year's end to year's end. And for them there is but little hope.

All I want to be careful about is that you understand the infinite expanse of the universe. And I want you to understand that you do not understand. Time is the result of the revolution of the earth; and if there was no sun there would be no time. When one side of the earth is towards the sun, we say "It is day." When the other side is towards the sun, we say "It is night." So, if the earth ceased to revolve, or the sun failed us, there would be no more time. So there is no such thing as time outside of our sun and the earth. There is no "up," no "down," apart from our earth, for in space there is only—space! What a wonderful idea that is, and how false are all our ancient conceptions. But you will find that this idea agrees with all your new discoveries. Only this morning—February 25, 1912—I saw the following paragraph in the morning paper, which, as you see, comes right into line with what I have been saying:

BIRTH OF NEW WORLDS.

How new stars are born was explained at the Royal Institution recently by Professor A. W. Bickerton, in the first of two lectures on "The New Astronomy" states a London journal). Professor Bickerton, who has been sent by the New Zealand Government to expound his theory of the birth of the worlds to scientific men in this country, said that new stars were born by solar collision. "The impact of two colliding suns," he said, "results in the formation of a third body; a brilliant star flashes out and becomes permanent. A complete collision of two gaseous suns would result in the formation of a new sun. Such collisions are not incidental, and do not occur at random. Gravitation is included among a number of agencies tending to develop collisions; before suns come into collision they fall towards each other, and get up speed for hundreds of years. The tremendous speed thus developed is stopped suddenly in the colliding parts, and converted into heat. Thus, in about an hour, a new star is born, explosive force expands it, and it swells out its diameter at a speed of millions of miles an hour." Professor Bickerton, speaking of Nova Persei, the new star of the new century, said it was so brilliant that nothing equal to it had been seen for 300 years. It was 10,000 times as brilliant as the sun.

You see the great New Zealand professor explaining the same thing to the learned people of London as I am trying to explain to you. I wonder if either of us will be able to explain anything

with our explanations?

Now I am going to tell you how the world began. I have been a long time getting at it, but it seemed to me that all the explanations I have made were quite necessary. In fact, I do not think I have explained enough now, but I must go ahead, and hope for the best.

Do you know the constellation of Orion, the Mighty Hunter? I feel as if I ought to talk awhile about Orion, but I shall have to assume you know it. We in Australia have it overhead every summer. It is in England during the winter nights, but it is here in the summer nights. Those stars are overhead here in December midnight, and they are overhead in England in December midnight, for the world makes a complete revolution in twenty-four hours. December is winter in England. Is not that odd? When we are roasting at Christmas they are freezing. In December Orion is overhead with us at midnight; in December Orion is overhead with them. It is very difficult to comprehend. But everything is difficult to comprehend, if you want to understand the cause of anything. I do not think anything is "caused" really, except insofar as law is the cause of it. Nothing ever happens by "chance"; but everything is the result of something that happened before. That subject, however, is too deep for us at the moment.

In the constellation of Orion you can see a great big nebula, as it is called—a cloud of gas, or vapour. It is billions and billions of miles in extent, and if you could get close to it you would find that it was composed of gas. On the outside you would find it cold, but on the inside you would find it hot. That gas is in motion, just as gas is in motion everywhere. What made all that gas gather into a cloud? The law of its nature.

Did you ever notice the curious way water runs out of a bath? There is a small hole, where you pulled the plug out, and all the water has to run out of that hole. Well, if you watch, you will find that the water begins to swirl and swirl, and at last it goes with a savage rush, that makes itself heard even outside the bathroom. If you watch closely enough, you will find that the swirl nearly always sets in the same way—that is, from left to right. Why? Ah! there you have the same law that makes water run down a hill instead of running up. It is the law! Nearly all the planets circle round the sun in the same direction as the water runs out of the bath; but they say there are some that circle the opposite way, and I daresay it is quite true.

The nebulous matter in the constellation of Orion is gas, and it will keep whirling, just as the water in the bath does, till it really roars with fury. And the faster it swirls the hotter it gets, and the denser, till at last, after millions of years, it will be going so fast that it makes your human mind dizzy even to think about it, and it will grow so dense that it will be just a flaming mass of gas, all developed from the cloud mist.

There you have the birth of a sun, a great flaming, gaseous, white-hot sun. That sun will keep on whirling at such a speed that it will throw pieces off which would fly right away into space except for the pull that I told you about. The whirling sun would fling them into space, but the pull holds them back, and the combination of the two forces keeps the mass going round in the circle. Thus you have the central sun and the small worlds going round it. Our world is probably a bit of the sun, and the force that threw us off left us whirling where we are; and that is how the world originated.

Of course, you do not need to believe that; but if you can get a big telescope at any time, you will find that there are nebulae (fire-mists) scattered all about the sky, and you will see new suns, and old ones; and if you could study the subject, you would find that the old suns have lived so long that they have burned out, and they have gone quite black. Of course, they still keep falling through space at the rate of thirteen or twenty or two hundred miles a second, for the simple reason that there is no end of space; there is nowhere for them to stop. The universe is almost crowded with dead suns, and that is what Professor Bickerton talks about—the "collision" of dead suns making new suns.

It is a big subject, is it not? Our sun whirled around till it had thrown off some worlds; eight or more of them are here now. Some of them, when they were not, circling round in a more or less gaseous form, threw off other pieces, which became either rings, as in Saturn, or moons, as in Jupiter—which has seven moons—or a single moon, as the earth has. That is how the suns and worlds and moons came to be. It is very simple really, but we have never appeared able to discuss it, and so it all sounds mysterious. It is less than a century-and-a-half since Herschel discovered that the stars move, and it is less than a century since we began to have a general glimmering of what we now call "popular astronomy," though astronomy is not very popular yet. However, it is coming along.

Next Lesson: IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.

The Comparison Odious

SURELY there is material for the ironist in the fact that the higher political protagonists of our economic system habitually talk in their public outpourings like illiterate evangelists; while the speeches of the wild Russian-Bolshevik leaders so often read, in moderate statement and meticulous analysis, like an editorial in some such publication as the monthly bulletin of the National City Bank. Probably the point is that our bankers and the Soviet leaders alike represent a world of actualities; while our unfortunate politicals represent a world of pure blather. The head of one of our larger financial institutions, after a long conference with Messrs. Martens and Nuorteva, who were the Soviet's trade-representatives in this country before Mr. Wilson's Administration hurled them from our shores, was chiefly impressed by the fact that these representatives of alien politics talked like business men. Apparently such a thing transcended his experience here.

Admirably in point is a speech by M. Chicherin, Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, on the proposals for the Genoa conference, delivered before the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, 29 January. The Executive Committee, with its 200 members chosen from the Central Soviet, is the somewhat unwieldy administrative council responsible under the Russian Constitution for the conduct of the Government. It is virtually of parliamentary proportions. Under the unrestrained dictatorship which, as we are repeatedly informed, dominates Russian policy, there would be no reason to suppose that the Foreign Minister would find it necessary to make more than a formal and superficial announcement in respect to the problem of Genoa, and to secure a blanket endorsement for the dictators. At best, one would expect nothing more than the evasions and platitudinous generalities of a Lodge addressing a committee of the Senate on some new departure in foreign policy. But M. Chicherin's speech is the address of an exceptionally talented executive presenting an important proposition before his board of directors. With businesslike candour and directness, above all with a fine grasp of the larger implications of his subject, M. Chicherin gives a thoroughly dispassionate analysis of the whole international situation leading up to Genoa; and by the time he concluded, his auditors must have had a very substantial education in foreign affairs.

What, for instance, could be more admirable than the following quotation setting forth the British attitude?

When I put before you for ratification our first peace-treaty, the treaty with Esthonia, I referred then to the sharp divergence of interests between England and France, both in relation to the Baltic States, and with respect to Soviet Russia. On the banks of the Thames, I said, flourishes the finest flower of the art of government. There you will find concentrated all the acumen, all the political sagacity of the capitalist world. The government circles of England know well how to look ahead, and possess a fine flair for the appearance of new historical forces. The English governing-tradition consists in the observance of the succession of historical events and in compromising

with new historical phenomena. To enter into agreement with new historical forces in order to dominate them—therein consists the triumph of the traditional English art of government.

At the present time the representative of this English tradition is Lloyd George, with his pliability, his sensitiveness to all surrounding social and political forces, and his skill in compromise.

This policy (compromise with regard to Soviet Russia) of Lloyd George had temporarily to give way to the military plans of the extreme chauvinist circles represented by Churchill. Their object was to establish on the ruins of Soviet Russia a naked dictatorship of the Entente, relying on the big banks, by means of which conquered Russia would be converted into a colonial country. But no sooner was the failure of Denikin apparent than Lloyd George, at the autumn banquet of the Lord Mayor of London in 1919, delivered an historic speech on the necessity for coming to terms with the Soviet Government.

The arrival of Krassin in London marked the beginning of a new period in our relations with England and in our international relations in general. Lloyd George's motto, "Peace and trade"—once the motto of the great majority of business interests in England and even of the labor-organizations—was also our motto.

With equal dispassionateness M. Chicherin then takes up the situation in France, in Italy and in the United States, as affecting Russian relations. His analysis of the muddle in America shows an acquaintance with intimate American politics that probably few of our publicists could match. In the course of his discussion of American policy, he brings out the contrast between the instant enlistment of American sympathy for generous relief-measures in the matter of the Russian famine, and the stubborn failure of American leaders in business and politics to show towards Russia any sense of reality. Plainly M. Chicherin believes that in the nature of events, British policy offers inevitably the best hope for Russia to-day, largely because British statemanship shows such a persistent sense of political realities.

One need not care a paper rouble for or against communism in order to appreciate this sort of exposition. Clearly the tenacity of the present Russian leadership against almost insuperable odds is explicable on the ground of intelligence. It is a difficult matter to overthrow intelligence, especially in a world where, in political circles at least, it is such a rarity. Americans who have the good fortune to light upon a copy of this address will read it with a feeling of humiliation and envy. The inevitable query will arise, Why can we not have from our political executives utterances of such clarity and comprehensiveness? Possibly the answer is that to speak well, a person must have something to say.

Nothing worth serious comment has as yet happened at Genoa. We must acknowledge that the conference has already lasted longer than we thought it would; and we may add that it has been twice as entertaining as we expected. Most of the fun is furnished by the contrast between the Russian delegates, who talk like straightforward men of affairs, and the others, who talk the conventional jargon of international politics—who talk, in other words, like mountebanks.

For instance, at the outset it was agreed that disarmament and reparations should not be discussed, although every sane man knows that it is absolutely impossible to discuss a single question in European economics without being carried straight back to these two points, for they are fundamental to everything in the economic life of Europe. When the conference was convened, the Russians promptly put themselves on the right side by offering to disarm; for which they were rebuked by M. Barthou, and told that they should not introduce a forbidden subject. They mildly replied that they did not know the details of the Cannes agreement, for no one had told them. They had heard, however, that the French were worried because the Soviet Government had a large army, and they merely thought that it would be a nice neighbourly thing to offer to disband it. However, if the French really did not want to discuss the matter, they would apologize and subside—which, accordingly, they did; and thus ended one of the most amusing scenes ever enacted in the harlequinade of politics. It left our French friends standing in the worst possible light.

Then when it was proposed that the Russians

(Continued on page 5)

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Revolutions

BY J. HARRINGTON.

Reprinted from "The Red Flag," February 15, 1919.

Note by J. Harrington:

The Editor desires to reproduce this article. But as it was written at a time when Lloyd George was denouncing Soviet Russia as a blood stained monster, and while that tremendous vortex of revolutionary energy the East was still and quiescent, waiting, no doubt, for happier times, when the North West Mounted Police would be hunting boot-leggers instead of raiding the homes of socialists, it will require a few comments.

At that time we were in the Vol. I stage, but we did manage, spite of press censors and committees of Public Safety, post office regulations and holding of subscription money, to get beyond No. I. We also managed to give all the news of Russia possible to crowd into the pages of the "Clarion," "Red Flag" and "Indicator."

Russia was there fighting for her very life, and revolutions were imminent all over Europe. That "revolutionary situation" passed without bearing fruit: what the combined might of civil war, foreign invasion, pestilence and anarchy failed to accomplish has been brought to pass by time and circumstance. A melancholy retrospect! But no amount of bluster, or what Lenin has aptly termed "communist brag," will alter it.

Russia is no longer a pariah among nations and Poincare can not complain of too much politeness from the erstwhile allies of France. Fuel for the British navy and food for the British army, far outweigh every other consideration, and then there must be added trade for British exploitation, and, oh yes! of course!—jobs for British workers.

Russia too has many needs, imperative needs before which all other considerations must be gainsaid. Naturally, some belated rebel, coming to the field full of pep after the battle is long done and the dead buried, will exclaim: The leaders betrayed US. That is another regrettable circumstance; also unavoidable.

But while Russia, the latest and most perfect expression of working class revolution, shakes hands with her former enemies through force of circumstance, the task appointed to those who claim to understand Marx is still the same.

It is not mass action, but mass ignorance we must regard.

We have a task, a lowly one, but quite sufficient for our strength: Preparing the ground and sowing the seed—leaving the order of the seasons to those higher forces which usually function thereat, and leaving perhaps the harvest to a happier generation.

There is one, at least, sufficient advantage in laboring at our task; we seem able to it, and that, amidst a medley of bold promises and no performance, is no mean recompense.

MARX in his 18th Brumaire quotes an English journalist as saying, "The political servant girls of France are mopping away the glowing lava of revolution with old mops and they scold each other while doing their work." This, concerning the days of 1848 and thereabout. The simile is applicable to Europe today, if we substitute flatter for scold.

Clemenceau mouths the most commonplace chatter about proverbial French politeness being exceeded by the Allies, and experts in peace, in war, in procedure, in law and jaw, debate and wrangle, barking back to the mud flats of ancient Egypt for

precedent and practice, while the very stones of Europe cry out for Revolution. A terrible state of affairs everyone admits. But most people who have abundance of space reserved for circulating their ideas, in the public press, assume that it is a novel one. They seek to hide former revolutionary activity behind a cloud of words, as it were, as the Olympian Gods were wont to hide certain practices to which even Gods were not adverse, behind a rain cloud.

True, the blanket and feathers of a Mohawk Indian may hide the benign countenance of very respectable fathers of the American Revolution, but no amount of word juggling can disguise the truth; that the Boston Tea Party, was the action of a "lawless mob," in fact when the workers of America got restless in 1881 certain college professors found it policy to denounce the lawlessness of the revolutionary fathers, who as a matter of actual fact, but for the hanging together of the colonial working class, would have hung separately, if I may make a slight correction in Franklin's famous witticism.

Remember, furthermore, the many glorious revolutions of England and France, where at times the bourgeoisie were not above starting a revolution at home, while their country was at war abroad. The Magna Charta, in whose memory our childish minds were bid to bend in awe, was wrested from a sovereign by armed force, while that sovereign was at war with France, and was restored or rather reaffirmed at least thirty times in five centuries.

The last Emperor of France, Napoleon III, lost his crown while engaged in a war with Germany, not by "constitutional methods" but by a "lawless mob." These facts certainly can not be unknown to the frantic individuals who are assisting the European "political servant girls" to mop up the revolutionary lava; not, it is true, with an old mop, but with a new ink ribbon. If by any chance they forget the rhapsodies of their school marm, they cannot forget that "the poor fifty million" (per Dr. Dillon) "Russians left to the mercy of lawless Bolshevism," must themselves confess to certain "lawless practices" concerning the flight of one Nicholas.

But these were great events. I speak of past events now, participators in which were fortunate in making their revolutionary activity good. They live in the minds of their grateful countrymen; the theme of the poet, and the entire intellectual furniture of the politicians. Former successful revolutions are the bourgeois heaven. Present ones the bourgeois hell.

However, these glorious events of song and story and July celebrations were not the only revolutions the world has seen. Lurking in the pages of authoritative historians, slave revolts might be traced as far back as history can take us. These sporadic and isolated uprisings were repressed with the most cowardly brutality anywhere recorded of humankind. The means used for the slaughter were those calculated to destroy the maximum number in the minimum of time. No considerations of mercy ever ended the slaughter. Fear of pestilence through decay and putrefaction of dead bodies, too numerous for the living to properly dispose of, or actual apprehension for the supply of labor, were the angels of mercy, which restrained the maddening madness of a weak and cowardly master class, driven insane by a brief exhibition of their slaves' tremendous power.

Omitting the great slave revolts of antiquity we read throughout Feudalism of sectional revolts drowned in blood. Some serfs conceive the anti-social, anarchistic, Bolshevik, unpatriotic concept that they will no longer sleep in straw piles and eat the food of hogs. All the social forces are used to blot such vile beastly creatures from the earth. But no fabulous monster of the demi-god period ever multiplied with more terrifying surety than does this same spirit of revolt. Stamped out in one place, the master has scarcely time to clean up the bloody mess than another outbreak demands his attention. From demanding conditions of existence equal to that of swine and getting them, the path of revolu-

tion, along which moves the "lawless mob," led the servile class through twenty centuries of slaughter and slavery, to houses and clothes and grub which belong exclusively to man. But throughout those twenty centuries the voice of the slave grows increasingly louder and his demands more intelligent.

We stand at the end of the so-far travelled way and hear echoes of the strife long past; the Jacquerie in France, the peasants of England; high above the petty human suffering, we can hear the agonizing cry of that terrible defeat, of the fiendish acts which followed the slaughter and compelled the nobility to protest that a continuation would leave the country devoid of serfs.

The wage workers of France are heard for a few days; again, the peasants of England and the Jacques of France. Then comes the peasants' war of Europe, where the slaves of Bohemia establish a new society which resists the combined might of European chivalry for a score of years. The ever-changing cry is never wholly silent. It might be a scarce-heard whisper, a group of serfs in revolt against the petty landlords; stifled ere articulate, preserved in the wine of a bishop to a pope; or it might be the thunder roll of the great French Revolution, shattering the entire social structure and monopolizing the literature of a century.

But as we near our epoch the cry assumes a distinct identity, it is no longer chaotic and unintelligible. It is not the cry of ignorance, weakly battling against unbearable conditions of life and overwhelming powers of coercion. It is the intelligent cry of a class grown rich in experience, powerful in knowledge, and constant in trial. It is the voice of the revolution plus intelligence.

Change is the one unchanging factor in human affairs. The instruments of labor we have used, from the stone hammer to the hydraulic press; the power we have utilized, from the strong arm to the hydro-electric, have sung of revolution, have raised us from grovelling, panic-stricken multitudes shivering in the dark, with provender for but a day, to clear-brained social individuals, with provisions, did we own them, stored away sufficient for years. A button turned, floods our houses with brilliant light, a turn of a wheel provides us with warmth. The tremendous urge of this vast machine is towards revolution, and its voice cannot be drowned by the clicking of the typewriter, however vigorously pounded.

But revolution, own child of the machine, comes when it will come. No cosmic cop stands at the crossroads of social progress directing the traffic. Nor has any cosmic mechanic devised a "Little Ben" which, with one short blast, or one long, or a series of intermittent ones, will announce to slumbering social organisms that the hour of revolution has come. We loiter at the spot to which our forefathers strove mightily to attain. The machine has to affect ten million minds and, then, though the process may be painful, society has to strike its camp and move forward to new hunting grounds. It has done so, many times, in the past. In the years which lie before the human family it will do so many times again.

HERE AND NOW AND

CLARION MAINTENANCE FUND

Acknowledgments are held over until next issue of Here and Now and C. M. F. receipts. A domestic fitting has interrupted the order of life somewhat and next issue will see us back to routine.

We note with approval the reproduction of Clarion articles by Comrade Ross ("R") in the "Maoriland Worker" and the "International Communist" (Australia). Also by "R" "The Burning Bush" from the Clarion in the O. B. U. Bulletin, (Winnipeg). All these are acknowledged.

Comrade Kirk's able contribution "War in the Pacific—What For" (in two parts) was reproduced by "The Revolutionary Socialist" (Australia) without acknowledgment to the Clarion. We note with curiosity some remarks on Immigrants from a recent Clarion, reproduced in the O. B. U. Bulletin and credited to an anonymous "exchange."

Economics for Workers

BY PETER T. LECKIE.

WAGES (Continued)

THE People's Legislation Service, Washington, D. C., has published a pamphlet, "Are Wages Too High?" and as it brings the question of wages up to date by a neutral party I think it wise to analyze them from the nominal, real, and relative standpoint. It reports President Harding, in an address May 24, 1921:

"In an effort at establishing industrial justice we must see that the wage earner is placed on an economically sound basis. His lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his house a home, enough to ensure that the struggle for existence shall not crowd out the things truly worth living for. There must be provision for education, for recreation and a margin for savings. There must be such freedom of action as will insure full play to the individual's ability."

Let us see how the worker's lot measures up to Harding's ideal.

When the States entered the war in 1917 their dollar was worth about 50 cents to the dollar's purchasing power of 1900, and by 1920 it was worth about 33 cents compared to one dollar in 1900. We see then the man who made two dollars a day in 1920 would have to make six dollars a day in 1920, to break even.

Here then is the state of wages and purchasing power of the dollar in 1900 in the manufacturing industries:

Year	Wages.	Purchasing Power in 1900
1899	\$426	\$426
1904	477	426
1909	518	395
1914	579	383
1919	1,159	420

This table shows while average nominal earnings had increased during the 20 years from \$426 dollars to \$1,159, in 1919, nevertheless, its purchasing power was less than in 1900.

Therefore nominal wages rose and real wages fell. The deficit for each employee (to maintain the purchasing power of 1900) was as follows:—

1909—\$40 equals a total of \$264,601,840
1914—\$64 equals a total of \$440,325,568.
1919—\$17 equals a total of \$154,668,023.

This has been calculated at a total of three and a half billion dollars in 20 years.

Dr. Friday, an American economist, in the "New Republic," December 14th, 1921, has stated that over and above the wealth consumed, wasted and worn out, there is a surplus wealth annually of \$8,000,000,000. The fall of real wages shown above is another proof of surplus value being unpaid labor.

Another table of trade union wages is as follows:

Year.	Relative rate of wages per week.	Purchasing power of dollar	Relative purchasing power of union wages
1907	100	100 cents	100
1913	109	82 "	89
1914	111	79 "	88
1916	116	69 "	80
1917	123	58 "	71
1918	142	47 "	66
1920	206	39 "	81
1921	209	45 "	94

We see again how real wages have dropped although nominal wages rose fast.

If we take the Building Trades we find the same conditions, excepting among the Hod Carriers, Blacksmiths, and Iron Moulders, whose wages increased faster than prices.

	Wages 1913.	Wages 1920.	1913 standard	What they were short to maintain
Bricklayers	30.80	\$55.00	\$9.37	
Plumbers	30.25	49.50	13.72	
Carpenters	27.50	49.50	7.98	
Painters	22.00	45.00	.98	
Hod Carriers	16.50	38.50	4.01*	
Blacksmiths	21.38	48.40	3.72*	

*—Surplus.

Therefore we see how two trades, not so well organized as the others, increased their real wages while the others went short because of the demand being greater for that particular commodity labor-power in these jobs.

The union rate of wages in 1918 could only buy 66 per cent. of wages paid in 1907.

The coal miners were in the same boat as the rest of the workers as regards wages.

Mine Laborers:	Money wage.	Purchasing power.
1900	\$2.10	\$2.10
1907	2.36	2.11
1913	2.62	1.81
1916	2.75	1.59
1919	4.75	1.74
1920	5.75	1.90
April 1921 to 1922	5.75	2.10

The above shows a 10 cent gain in the last year as a result of the falling prices; still, this is no consolation, because generally falling prices accompany unemployment and the worker has no wages to buy with.

The Railroad Employees have similar conditions.

	Annual average earnings.	Purchasing power.
1900	567	\$567
1907	641	538
1913	757	522
1917	1000	520
1921	1575	599

A slight increase with falling prices in 1921.

We realize that the favorable condition shown in 1921 will not last long, because of the slump in the labor market. It is interesting to see labor full of fight when the economic law is against them and it is amusing too, in view of the fact that they co-operated with their masters when the market was in the worker's favor.

The quicker labor sees the foolishness of continuing the wages system the better. Our educational propaganda is more needed today than ever, and the "Clarion" is the best sheet for this work I have seen on this continent.

THE COMPARISON ODIOUS.

(Continued from page 3)

should pay the old Tsarist debts, they merely remarked that it was not quite clear why the Russians should pay their debts when the British and French were not paying theirs and had apparently no intention of paying them. If the British and French, however, could recognize their debts "in principle," the Russians would cheerfully follow suit as long as anyone liked. They would do anything to be agreeable and help make things go smoothly. But recognition "in principle" was one thing, and actual payment was another, and should be so understood. Then to clinch this point, they presented a bill of 300 billion gold francs against the Allied Powers for damages wrought in Russia by the various counter-revolutionary activities which the Allies had organized and fostered; and further demanded an instalment of two billion gold francs cash down, saying that they were a little pushed just now and needed the money to go on with.

Thus already the Russians have managed to puncture a number of venerable diplomatic subtleties and pretences. We doubt that henceforth any editorial writer will ever be able to mention "acceptance in principle" without raising a gale of indecorous laughter. Probably before the conference over, our Russian friends will bring a good many more of the standard usages of diplomacy into disrepute. They are in a position to do this. They know that their invitation to this conference was a capitulation; that they were invited because they had to be invited. They know all this quite well, and

know that it gives them the whip hand; and they seem not at all disposed to let the Allied Powers save their face in the matter by making a grandiose virtue of necessity. We imagine that when the Allied Powers come down off their high horse and talk business, the Russians will talk business; but as long as the Allied Powers dally in the realm of buncombe, the Russians will throw their whole grateful souls into the gladsome duty of showing them up.

The Freeman (N. Y.)

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAPITALISM

Ages of chattel slavery were necessary to break the ground for capitalism. In a dozen decades capitalism has brought us to the threshold of Socialism.

Capitalism has done a great work, and done it thoroughly. It found the workers for the most part an ignorant, voiceless peasant horde. It leaves them an organized proletarian army, industrially intelligent, and becoming politically intelligent; it found them working individually and with little co-ordination; it has made them work collectively and scientifically. It has abolished their individuality and reduced their labor to a social average, levelling their difference, until to-day the humble ploughman is a skilled laborer by comparison with the mere human automata that weave cloths of intricate pattern and forge steel of fine temper. In short, it has unified the working class.

It found the means and methods of production crude, scattered and ill-ordered, the private property of individuals—very often of individuals who them-

selves took a part in production; it leaves them practically one gigantic machine of wealth production, orderly, highly productive, economical of labor, closely inter-related—the collective property of a class, and of a class wholly unnecessary to production, a class whose sudden extinction would not affect the speed of one wheel or the heat of one furnace.

It found the earth large, with communications difficult, divided into nations knowing little or nothing of one another, with prairies unpopulated, forests untrod, mountains unscathed. It has brought the ends of the earth within speaking distance of one another, has ploughed the prairies, hewed down the forests, tunneled the mountains, explored all regions, developed all resources; it has largely broken down all boundaries, except on maps; it has given us an international capitalist class with interests in all lands on the one hand, and, on the other, an international working class with a common interest the world over.

The Passing of Capitalism.

Aristotle, with something akin to prophetic vision, laid down the axiom that slavery was necessary until the forces of Nature were harnessed to the uses of Man. This has now been accomplished and the necessity for slavery is past. Armed with the modern machinery of production, with steam, electricity, and water power at their command, the workers, a fraction of society, can produce more than all society can use or waste—so much more, that periodically the very wheels of production are clogged with the superabundance of wealth, and industrial stagnation prevails.

From S. P. of C. Manifesto.

Book Review

THE STORY OF MANKIND: By Hendrick van Loon. New York, Boni and Liveright, \$5.
 EDITOR'S NOTE: The review will appear in two parts. This is part one; part two will appear in next issue.

THE keen and permanent interest with which we regard our past is again attested by the simultaneous success of two somewhat expensive books dealing with this subject; the book we review and "The Outline of History" by H. G. Wells, furnish fresh evidence that humanity apparently moves in orbits, or paths, and we see no reason why the publishers should hasten to assure us that the work was planned and prepared long before Mr. Wells gave any intimation of his own ambitious "Outline." Some of the sketches in the "Story" are remarkably similar to the drawings in the "Outline," but these, to us at least reveal how closely two minds working apart, and entirely ignorant of each other's labors, will produce results sufficiently similar to arouse suspicion and perhaps anger.

We feel inclined to seek a beginning for our review at the end of the book. P. 446 we read that Mr. Van Loon had misgivings as to the value of his work, and suggested to his publishers that the whole manuscript be destroyed and begun once more from the beginning. This "the publishers would not allow." We believe the "Outline" had something to do with this discussion.

Perhaps a little "story" would have been the result of such heroic measures; Mr. Van Loon would no doubt have been more satisfied. It is questionable whether his readers would have had one jot of added pleasure.

For pleasure is the substance of recompense, in this adventure. It was written primarily for children, and the interesting and pleasing narrative flows easily along from the earliest dawn to—we are tempted to say the latest night.

As protagonists of the Marxian School we have long abandoned hope that out of the present centres of learning may come a work on history which we shall call our own, and so we were fully prepared to object to the method Mr. Van Loon applies throughout the greater part of the work. Although, in the earlier part he is heterodox, frankly asserting man's lowly origin and his entire dependence for his advance over all the other animals upon his physical structure. The art of writing (and of course speech, though he does not say so) we are told, enabled us to exceed the animals in wisdom and foresight, a truth never sufficiently emphasized. The earlier civilizations are explained as rising in the river watered plains of Mesopotamia and Egypt. So that, just as mankind owes his pre-eminence over the beast to his corporeal structure, groups of mankind owe their social superiority to the physical character of the country in which they reside. This era is sufficiently distant from us to obscure all those fond fancies which loom large in the picture of contemporaneous, recent and late-ancient history;—Cleopatra's beauty, Mark Anthony's passion, the prowess of Charlemagne or Napoleon's old coat.

These desert civilizations were constantly overrun by shepherd and hunting tribes. And so we see the early drama of our kind unfolded, in a series of conquests, wherein the wandering tribes of nomads repeatedly conquer and enslave the members of our race who had settled, and were developing the arts of peace. The scene shifts to the great inland sea, with the development of navigation, and the Mediterranean civilizations pass in review.

An interesting explanation of the Athenian civilization is presented. The concentration of a large body of people within the walls of a city tended to excite inordinate ambition to excel. The Greek citizen, who excelled in any laudable exercise of intelligence or skill, was instantly acclaimed, every one being at least acquainted, and a great amount of leisure being at the disposal of these people. "This knowledge forced him to strive after perfection, and perfection, as he had been taught from childhood, was not possible without moderation."

When they overran the world under Alexander

they became members of a so much larger group that this ambition was lost and the Greeks "became cheap artisans, content with second rate work." Plausible as this theory seems, it does not explain why that brief century known as the Age of Pericles far surpasses in works of art any other period. Ambition may furnish the desire, but the marble must be shaped by hands skilled in practice, plus a touch never yet explained, to which we give the general term of genius. The Story of the Mediterranean, culminating with the three centuries of strife between Rome and Carthage is well done; also the struggle of Greece against the Asiatic conquerors, and the subsequent strife between the Greek cities for supremacy, which ended in their joint subjection to Rome. With the conquest of Carthage, Rome becomes the Mistress of the World. Of course, in a work of but 500 pages, even such an important epoch as this titanic struggle cannot find much space and a full view is not to be looked for, but here we find with much misgivings the evidence of orthodox history commencing to control the pen of Mr. Van Loon, and in the noise and dust of battle we no longer hear, nor see, those compelling factors of man's progress upon which the warriors ride to victory.

It was rather the predatory character of society, developing in commerce, rather than Hannibal's attempt to arouse the Asiatics against Rome, which caused the Romans to destroy Carthage. Totally different is the story of mankind from Mr. Van Loon's story at this and some other points, points of great importance too, if we are to profit from our study. Hannibal did not immediately leave for the east after his defeat at Zama, but administered the affairs of "his beloved city" for ten years, and spent but a short period in the East after being driven out of "his beloved city" by the Peace Party, that is, the commercial faction, at the command of Rome. But then, as Mr. Van Loon says, "I do not teach, I tell."

Concerning the development of the Empire, we read:

"If the truth be told the average citizen was sick and tired of anarchy and disorder. He did not care who ruled him provided the new master gave him a chance to live and without the noise of eternal street riots."

This is a fundamental truth and well worth using as a compass amidst the bogs and mists of sentiment and moralising.

With the rise of the Empire there was born a new creed. At one of the darkest hours in human history, when at times the whole world was at the mercy of one man, and that man not infrequently lacking the essential characteristics of manhood, and occasionally possessed of madness, when life was indeed but a fleeting span and happiness to be found only in death, the Christian creed found its way from Asia to Italy. Its doctrine of salvation and an immediate release from earthly suffering, with eternal bliss in another world, found fertile soil in the gross superstition and foolish credulity which characterized this most unhappy age.

So Mr. Van Loon says, while Octavius Caesar the first Rome Emperor was busy at his task of ruling the world, Mary, the wife of a carpenter, was tending her little boy born in a stable.

"This is a strange world.

Before long the palace and the stable were to meet in open combat, and the stable was to emerge victorious" (page 118).

Now our author pleads (on page 448) in defense for having omitted in his citation of man's earlier achievements, the remarkable Cro Magnon-men of pre-historic times—that he would "rather not state certain things than run the risk of stating certain things that were not so,"—but to us the evidence in support of this early manifestation of man's mental powers compels belief, compared with that which supports the incident he recites with all the assurance of positive knowledge. He does more than that. He introduces two letters purporting to have passed between an uncle living in Rome and his nephew stationed with the Roman army in Syria, wherein the one asks for and the other supplies in-

formation concerning Christ. This is not history; it is humbug. We can understand and respect the early Christian Fathers who endeavored to secure their converts' failing faith (and who knows, perhaps their own), by forging documents and inventing letters. The great lack of any material evidence that their Savior ever lived is their justification. Royalties alone could justify such practices in the 20th century.

It was not until four centuries from his death had elapsed that Christ became a factor in world affairs, and Rome was then already tottering to its fall. Christianity therefore, was not such a factor in that fall as Mr. Van Loon would have us believe. It was also the boast of Christian soldiers long before this that at least one Emperor, Julian the Apostate, had felt the weight of their Christian spirit. They were accused of having killed him in battle. We suspect our author of holding a candle to the devil.

On p. 135 we have the conversion of Constantine the Great who was the first Christian Emperor of Rome. Mr. Van Loon gives us an entirely new aspect of this undetermined event which the profound erudition of Gibbon failed to elucidate. When almost defeated by his enemies, he, we are told, promised to become a Christian if victorious; he was victorious and allowed himself to be baptised. This is entirely erroneous. Clovis, the Frankish chief was converted under such circumstances. But the conversion of Constantine was a long and calculating process, characteristic of his cool and crafty policy. So much so, that it has not been decided when he did become a Christian. At all events, Gibbon assures us that baptism did not take place until just prior to his death, which occurred during a prolonged illness, remote from battle, in time and place. The generally accepted version tells of the appearance of a cross in the heavens beneath which were the words: "By this sign shalt thou conquer." But, as Constantine continued to propitiate the Roman gods for long after this direct communication from his Maker, the solemn sneers of Gibbon, Seelby, and even the mild Renan concerning the most material advantages of his conversion, are well warranted.

With the downfall of Rome the game of Empire building commenced anew. The fences were torn down, the corner stones uprooted and cast aside. So once more the East collected her wandering tribes and, under Mohammed, entered the struggle with such good fortune that ere the end of the 7th century (almost one quarter of which had passed when Mohammed made his famous flight from Mecca) all Africa had been overrun and a landing effected in Spain. Their victorious march was eventually checked by the Franks under Charles Martel at Tours. It is characteristic of bourgeois historians, so we relieve Mr. Van Loon from censure, to suggest that the religion of Mohammed may be connected with their failure "to go forth and invent electrical machinery or bother about railroads and steamship lines." He also suggests that this creed was the cause of their success in war, and that "Incidentally it explains why even today Moslem soldiers will charge into the fire of European machine guns quite indifferent to the fate that awaits them." (p. 141).

So far as the steamboats, etc., are concerned, we suggest a review of the technical knowledge of mechanics at that time; for the rest, Mr. Van Loon is merely romancing.

Contempt of death was never the monopoly of any single people, and when we consider the multitudes who have thrown their lives away for a miserable pittance, not to speak of those who seek a "bubble reputation even at the cannon mouth" we realize that to many men a few cents here will outweigh all the heavenly joys of hereafter. While again, having in mind the enormous task he labors at, we could well forgo some of the battles for a few paragraphs of the scientific and industrial achievements of the Saracens.

The Franks now occupy the centre of the stage, and we have an account of the rise of a new European civilization. Charlemagne subjugated the warring tribes of western Europe, and partly pre-

pared the ground of peaceful pursuits. The dark ages which commenced with the fall of Rome now give way to the grey dawn, where the last of the barbarians leave their home land to fatten on the products of peace. The story of man at this point contains the union between the warrior and the man of God. Pope and King enter upon a holy alliance, which, amidst doubts, fears, blood and treason, on both sides, has none the less been maintained to date. An interesting period, upon which Mr. Van Loon in his sketchy manner sheds much light, remarking that this empire lasted almost a thousand years till the upstart Napoleon scattered it like a house of cards. True to her appointed function, the Bride of Christ sanctified the usurper and he became the Lord's anointed. But Napoleon took the crown from the hands of God's Vicar on Earth, and crowned himself.

The Vikings, or Norsemen, were the last barbarians to assail the dawning civilization, and their conquests left Europe free to develop that great gap between states and empires known as Feudalism, a system, we are told, which resulted from the anarchy of that period.

Aside from some astonishing assertions, later contradicted, the account of feudalism is instructive, p. 158 we read: "Without the knights and their good friends, the monks, civilization would have been extinguished entirely, and the human race would have been forced to begin once more where the cave man had left off." We are tempted to tell some of the story ourselves here, but it would carry us far beyond our present task, so, instead, turn to p. 166.

"... Frederick II. a brilliant young man who in his youth had been exposed to the civilization of the Mohammedans of Sicily...."

On page 173: "But when the Crusader returned home, he was likely to imitate the manners which he had learned from his heathenish foe, compared to whom the average Western knight was still a good deal of a country bumpkin.... Indeed the Crusades... became a course of general instruction in civilization for millions of Europeans."

There is a very fine picture of the Mediaeval City, its progress, and the causes which promoted and insured its position as a power in later feudalism. Here we stand upon our own ground. The effect of the Crusades upon commerce, upon habits and customs, upon the increase of money as a medium of exchange, the invention of gunpowder, of the printing press; no great men raising humanity willy nilly, the steady development of the economic and material structure of society and the consequent change in moral and political concepts of mankind.

J. HARRINGTON.

SECRETARIAL NOTES.

The following is a summary of resolutions discussed at the Alberta Provincial convention of S. P. of C. Locals held at 134a 9th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta., 23rd January 1922. Chairman Frank Williams, secretary Wm. R. Lewin. The convention as a whole transacted business; no individual or separate committees were appointed.

Comrade D. MacPherson and Wm. Erwin represented Local Wimborne; A. Jorgensen and H. H. Hansen, Local Equity; Wiley Orr, Seven Persons; H. A. Wiertz, Hanna and Youngstown; Frank Williams and Wm. R. Lewin, Calgary. S. R. Keeling was delegated by Edmonton.

We invite comment on these resolutions and hope in this way to bring out further suggestions or criticism.

Resolution No. 1. Resolved that the convention go on record as favoring reorganization of Alberta and Saskatchewan locals according to this outline. (1) Opening up again of as many of the old locals as possible. (2) Organization of new locals. (3) Training and appointment of competent organizers to cover the territory as required by the P. E. C. (4) Linking up members at large. (5) Bringing into closer connection than now exists the D. E. C., P. E. C's, all Locals and members at large. (6) Devising ways and means to finance the P. E. C. to carry on the work. (7) The issuance of a monthly bulletin to contain news of activities, correspondence, sug-

gestions, outlines of study, reports, educational features. (8) The appointment of a committee from the convention to find ways and means of giving effect to these clauses.—Resolution No. 1 was adopted.

Resolution No. 2. Resolved that the P. E. C. be reorganized and arrangements made for representation from all existing Locals, headquarters to be changed from Edmonton to Calgary. Adopted.

Resolution No. 3. Respecting future organization, resolved that the following plan be adopted as a working basis.

(1) That the P.E.C. consist of seven members from the local or locals where the committee is located, together, with one corresponding member from each existing local. (2) That the P. E. C. as a whole meet quarterly. (3) That the ordinary business as defined by the constitution be conducted between meetings by the seven members at headquarters. (4) P. E. C. secretary maintain correspondence with P. E. C. members. (5) Special meetings of the executive as a whole to consider special matters as they arise. (6) Matters of disputed policy to be submitted for decision to locals and members at large by means of questionnaires, ballots, etc. (7) In event of corresponding secretaries being unable to act, substitute delegates may be elected. Executive members from outside points be changed as occasion may demand; changing about may be necessary to maintain representation. Adopted.

Resolution No. 4. Resolved that in contesting elections some such plan as the following be adopted.

(1) Selection of candidates and ridings to be in the hands of the P. E. C. (2) Locals to recommend to the P. E. C. candidates to be run. (3) No candidate to be run without endorsement of the P. E. C. All candidates to be able to present the Socialist analysis of society, the aims of the Party and its relation to the working class movement. (4) The P. E. C. shall supervise the activities of the Party in all districts and encourage the holding of classes of such a nature that prospective candidates will be developed. (5) In electoral campaigns the P. E. C. shall outline the policy to be pursued by candidates; such outlines to be submitted to Locals for endorsement. Adopted.

Resolution No. 5. As far as possible all published propaganda shall be uniform in content and character. If possible a hand press to be obtained and operated by P. E. C.

Resolutions A and B. These concerned the sending of a delegate to the W. P. convention to be held Feb. 16th at Toronto. Introduced to precipitate a discussion, Resolutions A. and B. were killed.

Resolution No. 6. (In full) "Whereas the 18 (or 21) points upon which affiliation to the Third (Moscow) International is based contain a body of principles which can be adopted and put into practice by all revolutionary parties, whether affiliated or not. Therefore be it resolved that this convention discuss the degree to which the principles in question can be put into operation and applied by the S. P. of C. with a view to making a recommendation to the D. E. C. covering our conclusions on this matter." Adopted.

Resolution No. 7. Resolved that the D. E. C. be persuaded to publish the articles of "Geordie" on economics in suitable book or pamphlet form for class purposes. Adopted.

Resolution No. 8. Requests the D. E. C. to make arrangements with the S. P. of G. B. to publish under S. P. of C. imprint the pamphlet "Socialism and Religion." Adopted.

Resolution No. 9. Resolved that in "Whitehead Library" pamphlets a "Foreword" be printed indicating the importance of the pamphlet. Adopted.

Resolution No. 10. Recommends extension of section "Politics" in the S. P. of C. manifesto and that as an appendix to the manifesto (or in any way desirable and suitable) a clear definition of the farmer's position in modern society be given. Adopted.

Resolution No. 11. Recommends (1) The working out of a consistent policy for dealing with reforms; the same to cover the application of principles to existing circumstances. (2) Arising out of this, the defining the limits of compromise. (3) Elaboration of a tactics resulting from bringing into relation

our Marxian principles with Canadian capitalist environment. Adopted.

Resolution No. 12. The S. P. of C. Manifesto would be more useful if it contained explanations of the periods of history and definitions of the terms in common use by us in economics. Recommended that future editions contain charts giving these explanations; that the Party platform be included; that the "Foreword" from the fourth edition be restored. Adopted.

Resolution No. 13. Reaffirms the Party's position in support of the Russian revolution of November 1917. Adopted.

Resolution No. 14. Resolved that a monthly report be received by the P. E. C. from all secretaries dealing with the local situation, changes in membership, classes, meetings, literature sales; these reports to be circulated by the P. E. C., pending the publication of the bulletin covered by Resolution No. 1. Adopted.

Resolution No. 15. That full membership in the Party be reserved until such time as the applicant is conversant with the Platform or is able to convince the Party as to suitability for membership. Adopted.

Resolution No. 16. Resolved that the Constitution of the S. P. of C. be submitted to review; all suggestions as to amendments, excisions or extensions be embodied in a recommendation to the D. E. C. for acceptance or rejection by the Party membership. Adopted.

Resolution No. 17. Concerned finance. These suggestions were made with a view to the adoption later of some definite proposals: (1) Members at large—dues to be 50 cents a month, payable to the P. E. C. (2) Locals to determine the amount payable by their own members, governed by local conditions. (3) P. E. C. to purchase dues stamps at 10c each from D. E. C. and charge Locals 25 cents. (4) All locals to pay to P. E. C. 10c or 25c per capita per paid up member per month. (5) The opening of a P. E. C. Maintenance Fund. (6) The making customary again the practice of taking subs. to the "Clarion" from all new members. (7) Entertainment with a view to propaganda through dances, concerts, plays, etc. (8) Extension of literature sales. (9) The publication of more cheap pamphlets, such as those recently published to sell at 5 cents—Veblen and Bax. (10) Handling of more literature issued by other organisations. (11) Establishment of literature sales agencies at various points. Adopted, but referred to the incoming P. E. C. to deal with as best it can.

Resolution No. 18. Resolved that all locals endeavor at all times to conduct study and speaker's training classes. Class leaders to be supplied by the P. E. C. if necessary, co-operation in the matter of maintaining them or obtaining employment for them locally to be given by the locals, or some practicable plan to be devised suitable at the time. Adopted.

Resolution No. 19. Outlines the most pressing need of the movement at this time as the need for competent teachers, lecturers and enthusiastic organizers, and states the best way to get them is to train and produce them ourselves in schools of our own, and resolves: That the convention urges the D. E. C. to take under consideration and evolve the most practical scheme it can for bringing about the founding of a training college or correspondence school (or both), for teaching the modern sciences, economic theory and the history of economic thought, history and philosophy, etc., etc. These schools or colleges to be modelled after the best in existence. Adopted.

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PLATFORM

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We, the Socialist Party of Canada affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor, applied to natural resources, produces all wealth. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently, all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is, therefore, master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government, all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend its property rights in the means of wealth production and its control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker, an ever-increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which this exploitation, at the point of production, is cloaked. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into socially controlled economic forces.

The irrepressible conflict of interest between the capitalist and the worker necessarily expresses itself as a struggle for political supremacy. This is the Class Struggle.

Therefore we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada, with the object of conquering the political powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme 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 collective means of production.
- 2—The organization and management of industry by the working class.
- 3—The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

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ROCKEFELLER IN THE HOLY LAND.

In these days of depression and disaster it is good to find some cheerful news, and quite the most delightful morsel I have found in the press lately is the Reuter cable from Washington announcing that Great Britain has consented to give the Standard Oil Company exploring rights in Palestine. The association of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the old man who has been called the "richest Baptist on earth," with the Holy Land is surely a part of the eternal fitness of things. Mr. Rockefeller is too explore the Mount of Olives or the Valley of the Jordan personally, but he has earnest young evangelists who without rest will seek the hidden riches of the Land. Other travellers have gone there to look at the scenery and to adore the imaginary relics of the Founder of Christianity. It is the Standard Oil Company which has chosen the better part, and we cannot doubt that the prayers of Mr. Rockefeller have been answered. If, like Cowper's lacemaker, he "can read his title clear to mansions in the skies," he can read it still clearer to "gushers" and oil wells. The Bible contains many texts which that pious man may well meditate on with rapture. Take Deut. xxxii, 13, where we are told that the Lord made Jacob to "suck oil out of the flinty rock." Could there be a more perfect anticipation of John's derricks at work in a petroliferous area, for "petroleum" means "rock oil"! Again, in Micah vi, 7, we find the inquiry, "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" The prophet seems doubtful; but there is no doubt about John D. Rockefeller. He leaves the rams to his friend Mr. Armour of the Meat Trust; but if there are any rivers of oil to be found anywhere John D. is after them, either personally or by deputy. Mr. Rockefeller, it may be added, is a pietist of a brand not quite new to Palestine; but he is well summed up by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the historian of the Standard Oil Company, when she says: "Mr. Rockefeller is the victim of money-passion which blinds him to every other consideration in life; which is stronger than his sense of justice, his humanity, his affections, his joy in life; which is the one tyrannous, insatiable force of his being."

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