

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XL

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912.

No. 21

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R. M. Hamilton, Mgr. Fenelon Falls Branch

The Worker a Machine.

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

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

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

If a machine is invented more efficient than the one he may own, the employes invests in the more efficient machine—more efficient in that it produces more cheaply or more abundantly; most often both. And when the employer can secure, say, women and children, to work more cheaply than men, he casts aside the male, and coins the sweat and blood of women and children into profits. The Moloch of the ancient Carthaginians consumed fewer children than does the Civilized Beast of Capitalism.

The machine is inanimate. Not so the worker. The worker feels this grind. The agony and despair of industrial toil converts the men, women and children of the working class into Symbols of Sorrow—"old before their time." After the day's work is done, the machine rests. It "forgets" the incessant, racking toil. But that racking, incessant toil is a Banquo's ghost to the worker—it will not "down." It rises to destroy his recreation, and it drives him to drink. It haunts him in the dead of night, and conjures up the torture of the working day.

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

The worker's individuality is suppressed. There is nothing individuality-inspiring in working at a machine, in being a mere cog in the machinery of production, and being treated as such. And when the worker goes home, his exhaustion prompts neither thought nor intellectual pleasure; his system requires soothing. The moving picture show's popularity is a brilliant flashlight on the ordinary condition, mental and physical, of the average proletarian. Too tired to do anything

really pleasurable, yet craving some kind of pleasure, the worker "enjoys" the soporific "movies."

There is no sociologic reason for the continuance of this horrible state of things. Why should men and women overwork themselves, when it has been scientifically ascertained that all the needs of humanity can be produced with modern machinery by only three or four hours' work in a day. Why should man be the slave of the machine? Why not have the machine become the slave of man, doing his bidding and his work? All that is possible. All that is needed is the socialization of the machinery of production—that the working class, through its industrial organization, shall take possession of the plants of production, and operate rationally and scientifically for the benefit of all the workers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Socialism is the sun of the proletarian future.—Western Clarion.

Only One Way.

Men desire to rule the laws that they may make the greatest possible inequality in their own favor. If they gained nothing for themselves, why should they bother about laws? Why are they making such a struggle today to control conventions and primaries, if not to get a whack at your pocket-book? Why do rich men pay out millions to control elections? Do you think it is just for your good? They think no more of you than they do of cattle in the field. They know that you are ignorant of human rights and they take advantage of your childish minds. There is only one way that you can protect yourself; that is, by studying these great subjects for yourself, and then getting your neighbors to study them. If you do not know something about the matter you will not be able to see how your neighbor can help you—how very necessary for you is your neighbor's understanding. —Appeal to Reason.

The Industry that Wins

Industry alone will not make you independent. The Industry that Saves is the Industry that Wins.

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M.W. Reive, Manager