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THE TOLL OF THE SYSTEM

HOW TO KICK.
A new sixteen-page pamphlet by Robert Rives LaMonte, which is very interesting because it explains the necessity of the Kick Political as well as the Kick Economic. Everything that comes from this author is unquestionably good. Single copy, 5 cents; ten copies for 45 cents. Postpaid.

Send to Cotton's for our New Book Catalog.

By R. B., in the Toronto Star.

[illegible]

No, these prices are not stolen from the cost of living booklet issued by the Motormen's Union. Neither are they "Exhibit A" in a heckped husband's suit of divorce. They mean merely that plenty of rich men in Toronto face such a predicament. Many of them have a dozen cheques with the joyous abandon of a deaf tramp hit by a locomotive. They are the "big boys" of the city, the sort of thumb-screws from which the patient poor are spared.

They are the "big boys" who are up the ladder from Little York about twenty years ago, the quantity of surplus wealth and the quantity of surplus leisure. They have leashed and joined the Pittsburgh-Chicago-Cincinnati circuit of extravagant standards of living. They are the men who

and the poor are the price tags of the clothes, summer residences and motor cars—certainly harmless in themselves, but the final limit of the man of a woman who can afford them.

What amounts are spent by some of the Toronto "big boys" on their clothes? "I asked a society woman who knows every compass point of fashion in the city,"

"From \$200 to \$10,000 a year. By the latter figure I refer to one or two ultra-fashionable women who have a few hundred dollar dresses in Paris, pay a thousand dollars a year for jewelry and have a few more thousand dollars' worth above \$200. Hundreds—literally hundreds—of the Toronto women of fashion spend from \$50 to \$1,000 a year on clothing alone."

rich families of Toronto, numbering hundreds, vie with the wealthy of the United States in the extravagance of their additions. Their outlay on travel, the cost of their homes and furnishings, the cost of their education, the cost of the gratification of luxurious notions whether in food, clothes or social designs, is not less than that of the millionaires of America. This year, Toronto with an income of \$100,000 a year, looks like a generous piece of pocket money. But when the wife dropped into a fur coat and a diamond brooch, and the assets (as was actually done the other day), it is not difficult to see where the money goes. The average family come about a dollar and ten cents short of a good clear. The fourteen-thousand-dollar family, the family of a Col. or a Col. and a millionaire, and the fur were required to "finish-off" the street costumes of the wife and daughter. More than the few Toronto millionaires require \$100,000 a year to meet ordinary expenses of fuel, servants, food, entertainment, and the like. The average family may go to churches and charity, \$3,000 on dress, \$2,000 on pin money and income, and the average family may have a common experience in this city, and the figures are medium, not maximum quotations.

At the head of one of the largest Toronto fur establishments, "What are some of your prices for fashionable garments?"

He quoted the sale; before mentioned at \$14,000, and added: "That is unusual for the season. The big fur sale was made the other day—\$3,500 for a mink coat. A large number are made at \$1,000 to \$2,000. It is a common figure in a day's run. It is. Although the sale has been extremely mild, more high-class than I have sold than ever in our history for the reason that the season has ceased to be a matter of warmth primarily, but of fashion. My experience is that the people of this city, in view of its size has more ready money, or a greater eagerness to pay generous prices for a change of quality."

"ANY HATS AT OVER \$50?"

"And what are prices for some of your fanciest hats?"

"I mentioned another dealer who comes into touch with the trade of the rich. He has a hat for \$100.00. The dollars was paid for one of our hats last season. Two hundred and fifty is no more than many were sold at. \$150.00. Do they represent value?"

EXTRAVAGANT DINNERS. While the spectacular performances of press-presented New York families have lowered the opinion of plutocracy all over America, it is emphatically untrue that Toronto's moneyed class has as yet developed many of the "effete and moribund" characteristics of exclusiveness and taste as well as the best materials. The woman with a purse who sees the hat she wants will not hesitate at an extra fifty or even a hundred dollars. The three hundred dollar sale is made, of course, to people who have abundance of wealth. Such purchase is merely an incidental in the week's shopping."

the brothers and sisters in two or three days. The first of these is the first dinner party has yet to see a guest come disguised as an open house. The guests come from the ceiling and the floor. But the event of "having a few friends in" which used to cost in Little Italy \$200, \$300 or even more, depending on the size of the party, is now a thing of the past. So that Toronto, while still relatively

Do you want to entertain—or rather, to be entertained? If the latter, then the bill is multiplied by two or three. A caterer's bill for a wedding of 200 guests, for example, will run from \$200 to \$150; at a wedding \$200 to \$1,000. The bill for a party of 200 guests, if the edibles or acts as master of ceremonies. More than one catering company will be called in to provide the butlers, footmen, ladies' maids, chefs, waiters, and the hostess and guests. And no doubt

temperament in the glowing in of the surplus of the new life required, the caterer could supply the pulse in the art, and may some day attain the Newport standard of filling a mammoth pie with live doves.

As to Cooper's life it increases the wealth of the few and intensifies the arrangement of social cliques. When "the second circle" starts to rival the first, the social life of the city is a plain and distinction of guests, it be- comes a matter of the highest importance. If one entered upon a description of the luxurious "fads" with which some well-known society devotees surround themselves, the most elaborate and extravagant would require no further

comes the "first cliche" to spur forward instantly with something even more outrageous. The second cliche is the watchword and it may be only a question of time, as with Newport, unorthodox, unorthodox, to outline an ambitious, extravagant drive to turn an in-household to announce a bathing-dinner party, where the guests float in the gymnasium tanks in tubs and about their tubs.

\$10,000 A YEAR ON CLOTHES.
Just at the present moderate stage, the only remarkable points of difference in the spending account of the very rich

a day. Many, many get far less than that. Their toil does not bring them in a living wage. To them in their poverty, if they be fair, come the sons of your robbers and lead them into lives of shame. The day's work is oh so hard, and long. The pay is so small, and the sons of their

robbers promise them ease and kindness if they will but submit to infamy.

Prostitution is the result of those hundreds of millions of dollars. The incomes of our noted citizens, of our charitable rich women, are stained with the infamy of prostitution. The money of these parasite disreputable rich, even when they kneel at the altar of the Lord's supper, pollutes them with the taint of harlotry.

Do you think these leeches of the

working class will let go? Do you think they themselves will drop off and let you free. No. They know the source of their wealth, if you do not. They are banded together to keep you to your poor pay.

Workers, your life stretches before

less before unless you yourselves resolve to act. You will be crushed down more and more. Your only hope is to unite, seize the public powers and choke these leeches away from the wealth you create.

Dilatory Tactics

You think the naval issue at Ottawa is a live issue. You think that the bank issue is a live issue. You think that Borden and Laurier are fighting each other in a real battle

Make no mistake. Your rulers are cunning. They realize that you must be fooled. So they have their politicians excite you with false cries. They know that if once you become awakened to your own interest their rule and power is gone forever.

Hence they seek to delude you. They want those hundreds of millions annually. Each year they can stave off your awakening means a year in which they can riot in your poverty.

Borden knows this, and Laurie knows this. So like pickpockets who start a fight among their associates to draw a crowd and keep their at-

tion fixed while the pockets are rifled, the capitalists set Laurier and Borden fighting. They are glad to see you watch the sham battle with rapt attention. This is a sign to them that they can continue to rob

When you withdraw, when you see the whole skin game, when you fix your attention upon the real issues between your class and the capitalist class, you become a Socialist. Then your masters try to hurt you. They

your masters try to hurt you. Frequently they blacklist you. They give you the poor jobs. It is only when enough of you get together and know your own interest that the masters cease their persecution.

Read that article about the Toronto rich and remember that the same thing is happening in Montreal. Hal

ifax, Winnipeg and other Canadian cities. Then remember your own hard lot. Remember the love you bear your family. Remember your own manhood and womanhood and become rebels.

If you are not already in the fight get into the front ranks. Know no truce nor rest till the abominable system of wage slavery is abolished forever.

Capitalism is for the benefit of the capitalist only. Socialism will be for the benefit of both worker and capitalist—if the capitalist works.

es in the towns are standing silent mute witnesses to another branch of big business eating its way into the vitals of the little printer.

eller jumps from the train and a once proceeds to call on the business houses with samples of printing done by his city-house. This man transacts his business in the least conspicuous manner possible. He jot down an illegible name and address on the hotel register, and tells his business to no one but his prospective

Doctors, lawyers, bankers,—all people who need commercial printing patronize the printing house repre-

sented by the traveller, and each time he carries away hundreds of dollars worth of work from under the nose of the country printer, who often

The little fellow kicks, but to no avail. He pleads with the politician and toadies to the churches for patronage; but it never comes. He is being pushed to one side, and is get-

erally too blind or politically prejudiced to recognize a calamity until it has overtaken him. He is marked to fall with the rest. It is only a matter of a short time. He is already starved into submission. Big bus-

Professor Abderhalden, of Berlin, has brought the production of

strong on artificial food made by chemistry. Chemical food means that the farmer will lose his occupation. Instead of growing food, it will

made in the factory just like we make dyes. Food is produced by plants taking certain elements from the earth and air and combining them so man can eat them. That will eventually be done artificially.

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