

## Capitalism is Slavery Socialism is Freedom

BY C. W. THOMAS.

As socialists we condemn capitalism. We say that the capitalist system means the enslavement of the workers and the moral ruin of the thinkers.

The average worker of to-day boasts of his freedom. Let us see how free he is, or whether he has any freedom at all. What is the life of the worker to-day surrounded by everything he or she has produced by his brain and physical energy? The workers are denied the right to use these things which they are in need of and must have in order to live. Why? Because of the master class who own the land and the tools necessary to production. They have obtained this power by the sanction of the slaves themselves. The socialist party say that he who owns our means of life owns us. Recognizing the fact that we are slaves we desire to free ourselves and break the bonds of slavery.

But to get back to the worker who considers he is not a slave. I ask him how free he is when he does not know where his next meal is coming from? Where is his freedom when he is dependent on another for a job and dependent on that job for a life? Again, where is his freedom when his much talked of sacred home life is in danger of being destroyed any day by unemployment? How free is he when he is denied the opportunity of developing himself physically and intellectually because his brain and muscles are spent every day under the directions and in the service of another?

Where is his freedom when after building fine houses, producing the best of food and clothes, he is forced to live in unsanitary hovels, in unhealthy towns, wear shoddy clothes and eat adulterated food? How free is he when he dare not express his thoughts aloud for fear of losing his job? Where is his freedom when he cannot give his children the same start in life as the children of his master?

Where is his freedom anyhow? The slavery which exists to-day is the cruellest ever known. Let us compare the chattel slave with the wage slave of to-day. Let us see how he fares with his master. Was he ever chasing jobs? No. Did he ever starve? No. Was he allowed to die if death could be prevented? No. Did not his master make it his business to see that nothing should be lacking which would prevent his slave from working? Why? Because this slave was bought at a price and his death would mean a monetary loss to his master.

Now take the life of the wage slave. He is for ever trying to find a master and that, seeing they are growing scarce, is no light work. He has to sell his labor power, his physical energy, which means his body (for he has to be there to deliver his labor power for nine to twelve and in many cases fourteen hours a day) after which he is allowed to return to his hovel in order to rest and eat sufficient hay and oats as a means of reproducing his power for the next day.

But the master does not buy the worker's labor power in order that he (the worker) might live. Not on your life. It is of no use to the master unless he can make a profit out of it. Does he care what he comes of the slave after he has no further use for him? No. It does not concern him if the worker and his wife are suffering for the lack of the necessities of life or die of disease through living in hovels little short of a pig sty.

"Hold on," says the worker who considers he is not a slave, "Your slave does not get whipped." He does not think of the pain of hunger which is worse than the lash. The slave of to-day gets a certain amount of elementary education because production and commerce could not be carried on without a little knowledge.

But will the wage slave always submit to this treatment? No. A thousand times no. We see to-day great signs of awakening in every country. The socialist party increases in numbers. This skin game is being seen through by the workers.

They are asking themselves who and what it is that stands between them and the means of life, why they just get sufficient to keep body and soul together when working; why they are forced to starve when not.

In England there are thirteen million of the populace on the verge of starvation according to the statement of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In the city of London, England, so states Sir Edward Bradford, Commissioner of Police, there are eighty thousand prostitutes. The workhouses, hospitals,

infirmities and prisons are full to overflowing. What mockery to talk of civilization with this evidence of the suffering of humanity, the result of this hellish system before us. To-day millions are without the good things of life because too many good things have been produced.

But the end is in sight. The workers are going to stop this robbery. Such conditions cannot last but a few years, for the workers are realizing that they have the power to emancipate themselves from bondage. The way they will accomplish it will be by electing men to the Legislature, men who will legislate in the interest of the workers and stop the robbery of the wealth which they create; give each an opportunity to develop the best that is in them; to see to it that no one shall be denied anything that is essential to life; find work for all and overwork for none.

Wage slavery will be abolished; socialism established. We shall then have learnt the meaning of life, for we shall then be a race of free people.

## WOMAN'S COLUMN

### THE POOR CHILD'S LOT

By Fanny Levy

We are not so fortunate in Montreal as to have many speakers, so we take advantage of the opportunity of hearing all that happen to come, no matter what the character of the address may be.

Yesterday a young lawyer from New York spoke at the opera house, he had been advertised extensively, and consequently had a full house. He gave a bible lecture entitled "Where are the dead?" which he said, was the question of deepest concern to every man woman and child. At first he spoke very reasonably, but he spoiled it all by telling us that we should give up the pleasures of the body, etc. He looked well fed and well dressed.

The question, "Where are the dead?" seemed so very important to him. There are thousands of people who would be better off dead; there at least they would not be able to hear their children cry for bread. What we want is some one to tell us how to free the living.

Saturday night a poor, tired, wasted looking woman and a little girl eight years old came into the store to purchase a pair of cheap rubbers, as she did not have boots to wear. The child looked wistfully at several things but was not able to get any, notwithstanding that the father and mother and little girl had worked hard all their lives. The husband was so extravagant as to buy his wife a fur collar for the enormous amount of fifty cents. Think of it! When so many people who never do a stitch of work wear furs that are worth thousands of dollars. The little girl seemed naturally bright, and I asked her if she went to school. The mother said "Oh no, it is impossible for me to send her to school, as I go out working every day and she must stay at home and do the work. To-day I did the Saturday's work for three women." Working so hard, is it any wonder that she looked ten years older than she was and that she had a complexion like a fried egg?

This little girl is compelled by such miserable conditions, to grow up to womanhood in ignorance. In this enlightened country of ours there are thousands of children for whom there are no school accommodations. They are of course the children of the proletarians. They talk about making it compulsory for reluctant children to go to school, that may be some good, but what about the poor children who would be happy to go, but cannot as they must go to the mines and factories to grind their young bodies into profit for the capitalists. After toiling so many hours a day, they are so haggard and dwarfish in appearance that one could easily recognize them. They often become stupefied.

The plumes knowing this are presumptuous enough to say that Socialism will destroy the home, they do not care to admit that the shanty workers are pleased to call a home could not be much worse as it would not be to their advantage, and then again honesty is not prevalent among them. Finding that people are beginning to get tired of their sermons regarding future punishment, and fearing that the wage slaves will wake up, they must send out new preachers telling them that there is no everlasting torment, but the good righteous people who are self-sacrificing will live for ever, while the others will be destroyed; telling us that the bible (which has been the cause of so much bloodshed) is the anchor of light and truth; and many other things that we have heard all our lives.

The question of civilization to be solved is the emancipation of the working class. You must learn to vote sensibly that capital shall be publicly owned and that every one that works shall positively eat.

### NAMES WANTED

Can any of you comrades suggest a good name for the Agitation League? Some bright snappy title that will go home and which will make the comrades feel like hustling under? Here's a chance to shine? Write in what you think would be a good title. There is also wanted a name for the Bundles Brigade. These organizations of the Weekly need a name that will appeal to the Canadian branch of the international movement. All suggestions welcomed. Put them on a post card and send in right away. NOW.

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## Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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SYNOPSIS

A rich young man, tired of a monotonous life, goes to work in a New York iron foundry, which he discovers to be his own property. He lives in the East Side, meets many surprising characters, and has a variety of adventures. His social studies are interwoven with his relations to three young women of diverse charm, a working-girl agitator, a girl who paints, and one who belongs to high society. Scenes of uptown life contrast vividly with the world of labor. A powerful romance of real people and things.

### CHAPTER IV

(Continued.)

Soon the machinery seemed to go faster and the men worked more swiftly. Wedges were pounded; crane tackle rattled and clanked. Smoke rose to the rafters from the wood fires in the big and small ladles, thus having their clay lining dried. A thumping irregular roar came from the cupola as the blast was put on. The great furnace on stilts had the same cylinder look here as in the yard. A pipe two feet in diameter conveyed the air driven with force through the layers of iron, coke and other material, generating irresistible heat. The monster's digestion of air and fuel was shown at the small mica-screened port-holes where the red glow changed to orange, pale yellow and then effluent white.

"Is she ready?" shouted an impatient member of the group ranged around the ladles.

"Bide a wee," said the double-chinned tall cupola boss, after a glance in a port-hole. "Your pay goes on."

At length he advanced like a priest of mystery, a dab of clay on his cheek and a black streak on his brow. Holding in both hands a long rod overhead, as if it were a spear to be cast, he pierced the dam at the head of the clay-lined spout. A slow stream of red iron bubbled out and as it struck the ground a thousand brilliant stars flew in every direction. Vivacious and nimble, he leaped and sparkled, while a cloud of steam rose from the damp spout.

The moulders formed in line to receive the metal. The foremost carried hand ladles, clay-lined iron pots holding what one man might lift at the end of a four-foot bar. Each deftly thrust his pot under the stream, now a dazzling silver, and hurried away when it was filled. Larger ladles were borne by two men at opposite ends of long bars, cross-handled.

An unearthly glow lighted the foundry in irregular cadence with smoky gloom. The sweating, bareheaded men, soot marks on face and neck, seemed grotesque demons as they bore away the incandescent fluid. Zienski's deformed stoop, shaggy hair and lip-drawn teeth, contrasted with the jovial demerol of Tom Locker, leather belted and in a sleeveless shirt, his naked biceps playing as he lifted and twisted the handles of the largest ladles. The constant thick steam from the spout stopped a moment, then spurted forth with a shower of sparks. One of these grazed a man's arm; and he jumped with an oath.

Under the spout that at its head glared like the focus of a searchlight, a ladle waist deep was brought. As it filled with seething metal, increasing light was cast upward to the pure, shimmering, gossamer fumes spreading about gave red flickering reflections to faces and hairy arms. The crane hook caught the bail handle and swung the ladle away, until it could be reached by the next crane and brought to John Day's engine bed mold. It swung high across the shop, a meteor of heat and light. Meanwhile the cupola boss, poised his spear tipped with a clay cone, had damped the flow.

The big ladle, lowered beside the ingate of the mold, was adjudged too hot. Day tossed into it pieces of scrap iron that softened and melted like wax in boiling water. Some white sand went on the surface. The apprentices were capering about with long rods used for skimming the slag. Rensen tried to skim the ladle, but his hands and face seemed to shrivel in the blinding heat and he fell back involuntarily. Another took his place, deftly raking aside from the ladle lip the slag and cinders.

Day and Locker, stooping down and away, sweat rising at every pore, tilted the handles. At the first turn the gate was filled to the brim. The black flasks began to smoke and glow at every opening. A capering demonic apprentice touched the red point of his skimmer to the single and serried vents, which burst into flame with little puffing explosions. The large bottom vents hummed with fiery pressure, long tongues of fire. Tongues flew along the joints between the molds. On top were rows of flickering yellow, violet-tipped flames following the cross vents.

"Up," shouted John Day, as the bright metal appeared at the two risers beyond the gate. The metal left at the ingate quivered and boiled away with shifting zigzags of silver bordered by fresh film. It was soon tapped so as to run into a little pit. Smoke and steam rose vehemently from the flasks; sand shoveled on charred blazing timbers quenched the flames. A pungent odor of burnt sand, wood and flour came to the nostrils. Rensen was confused with the din of the blast, the explosions, the shrill cries of the boys and men's shouts of "Gangway!" as they passed with gleaming ladles. Fire was overhead and underfoot. One stepped with difficulty to avoid the smouldering red places or a splash of metal from a passing ladle. Rays of dark heat sometimes gave warning that a mold was not empty. The

heat was like the dry room of a bath. As the smaller molds cooled, the cherry gates were knocked off with the sledge, the flasks lifted and the sand scraped from the floor cast. The sand next the iron was red. The foreman roared, the devils with skimmers danced about. The air became stifling. The half naked bodies of the workers flitted through smoke and lucent vapor.

Out in the cool, pure, quiet air of night, the senses were still overpowered as by a vision of cyclopean activity.

### CHAPTER V.

Because he had not felt so well in years, each day bringing fresh interests, each night deep, restful sleep, Rensen had decided to postpone indefinitely his traveler's report to the Belvedere Club. In fact, as experience grew there was less humor in the matter. Either his point of view was changing or he had lost the knack of anecdote. The most spirited mot at hand commended nine hours' toil, plain food and a hard bed. One might add as a minor witicism that it was pleasant not to be your own master, to have your mind fixed on necessary tasks. Nor was it unprofitable to cultivate the friendship of simple uneducated people. However, anxious to avoid the extremes just implicated, he hoped later to get a right perspective.

"Otis, the family wants to meet you," said John Day in asking his helper to supper.

"It is very kind of them," guessing that the other thought a square meal not amiss in advance of pay day.

"No, son, they're curious, just curious. I have to bring home everybody so they can shake hands and ask questions."

"I'm afraid these clothes are rather—"

"They won't shake hands with your clothes. Just brush the overalls with a bit of hay and leave enough sand in your hair so you'll pass for an honest foundryman." Rensen smilingly obeyed, but washed the grime from face and hands in the cold water at the faucet. He could not help regretting the state of his nails. The blisters on one's palms were likewise beyond remedy. So was the smoke stench in his clothes.

They walked a few blocks north along the river street, after elbowing through the crowds of homegoers at the ferry. Tugs and ferryboats, hoarse-throated, plied the dark waters that reflected a thousand lights. Against the dusky southern sky shone the curve of white electric lamps marking the lower bridge. The gas lamps along the water front showed the cape outlines of this part of the island.

They climbed three flights of a tenement that began with a glass mosaic hall to end with bare plaster and wood. As they entered the dining-room, Peggy ran to kiss her father and bodily shook hands with the guest. Her braids were tied with blue ribbon; the red freckle cheeks looked as if they had been scoured. Two awkward sturdy boys of fifteen or sixteen were introduced as Peggy's brothers. A year-old baby blinked gravely in his high chair. Mrs. Day, calico-gowned, seemed pale and of a weakly voice.

John Day's mother was a vigorous personage despite white hair, many wrinkles, and the bend in her back; she had a firmer hand clasp than any.

"Yes, sorr, sixty-six years old and nothing the matter wid me," she said with pride.

"How do you keep so young?" asked the guest.

"Sure, I tak' an interest in all the wurld an' think of what's doing, not what's been did."

"Don't you find the same things happening?"

(To be continued)

### A START FOR THE AGITATION LEAGUE

The Agitation League has caught on, and we are able to announce that a start has been made on this important aid to Cotton's in spreading the truths of Socialism. Here are the starters in order:

1. W. R. Shier and P. C. Young, Toronto ..... \$1.00
2. Mrs. Jules Lavenne, Springhill, N. S. .... .25
3. William Allen, Sydney Mines, N. S. .... \$1.00
4. R. Reichling, Montreal ..... \$2.00

Total \$4.25

All comrades who want to aid in Propaganda Work, in new territory, should join the League at once. Keep the ball rolling, and the socialist ideas travelling.

### Ballots or Bullets

But the fact is, organization and education alone can help us. The ballot is a means. The strike is a means. The bullet is a means.

No one of them is in itself anything. They are of value to him who knows how to use them. To those without the intelligence and organization to use them effectively they are nothing.

To the man or the class that knows how to use the ballot, the strike and the bullet, victory is near.

To the man or the class that knows not how to use the ballot, the bullet is of no use.

Wherever the workers are weak in education and organization they rely on the bullet. It is the cry of despair, the sob of the beaten and the crushed. Wherever the workers have education and organization they rely on the ballot and the strike.

When in shop and ward, in factory and home, in mine and cabin, they have learned the spirit of brotherhood all will be well.

And despair not; our comrades of other lands have learned how to think right, strike right and vote right.

Should it be necessary, and peace-ful means fail, they will know how to shoot right.

—ROBERT HUNTER

## THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

### LABOR TRIUMPHANT

By EDMUND DEFREYNE

Hail! mighty thing of brain and brawn,  
Whose head and hands uphold the world,

Hail, Conqueror! Awake! the dawn  
Of thy day comes apace, and hurled  
Into the limbo of the past

Will be thy wrongs, if thy strong hands  
But pull together and hold fast  
Each right when gained. But thy demands

Backed by thy manhood's might must be;  
Thou canst not win with half thy power.

Waken! Unite! Then, like the sea,  
Thou art resistless. Lo! the hour  
Is ripe. The hands of Time and Fate  
Point to the dawn; and from its sleep

Of ages, heavy-eyed and late,  
But not too late its tryst to keep—  
Great Labor wakes, and, with wide eyes  
Of wonder, sees his giant form,

Begins his force to realize:  
And, looking on the pygmy swarm  
Which fattens on him, and with chains  
Of golden tissue binds his brawn

And its colossal strength restrains,  
Laughs, half in rage and half in scorn;  
And, breaking, one by one the bands  
Of minted gold his own hand wrought

Rises triumphant, proudly stands  
Upon the world his toil hath bought  
And paid for many times in coin.

### A PROPHECY.

For I dipt into the future, far as human  
eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the  
wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,  
argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping  
down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting,  
and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies grappling  
in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of  
the south wind rushing warm,  
With the standard of the peoples plung-  
ing thro' the thunder storm;

Till the war drum throb'd no longer,  
and the battle flags were fur'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Feder-  
ation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall  
hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber,  
rapt in universal law.

—Tennyson; from "Locksley Hall."

Under socialism homes shall be for  
the people, not for the landlords.

## CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the circulation of Cotton's for the issue of last week, Nov. 11th.

|                           |      |
|---------------------------|------|
| Ontario.....              | 1170 |
| British Columbia.....     | 786  |
| Prov. of Quebec.....      | 755  |
| Nova Scotia.....          | 403  |
| New Brunswick.....        | 247  |
| Alberta.....              | 250  |
| Saskatchewan.....         | 165  |
| Manitoba.....             | 171  |
| Elsewhere.....            | 63   |
| Prince Edward Island..... | 4    |
| Yukon Territory.....      | 6    |

Total.....4020

Total issue for last week, 5,600.

### The Sunrise of the Poor

ROBERT BURNS WILSON

A darkened hut, outlined against the sky,  
A forward-sloping field, some cedar trees,  
Gaunt grasses, stirred by the awaken-  
ing breeze,  
And nearer, where the gray shadows lie,

Within a small, paled square, one may descry  
The beds wherein the poor first taste of ease,  
Where dewy rose vines shed their spicy  
leaves.

Above the dreamless ashes, silently  
A lonely woman leans there, bent and gray,  
Outlined in part against the shadowed  
hill,

In part against the sky, in which the  
day  
Begins to blaze—O earth, so sweet, so  
still!

The woman sighs, and draws a long,  
deep breath;  
It is the call to labor, not to death.

### BLIND WORKERS

By WILLIAM DENTON

As the polyp, slowly toiling,  
Builds the wondrous coral hills,  
Never dreaming of the office  
It so dexterously fulfills;

So the merchants and the doctors,  
Footmen, barmen, grubworms low,  
Lawyers, parsons, politicians,  
Toil and moil, but never know

They are building, like the polyp,  
"Neath the dark, tumultuous sea,  
Mansions for a coming people—  
Noble race that is to be.

### TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

All subs received up to Monday  
night go in this week's issue. Those  
received after, will go on next week.  
This is unavoidable as subs must  
be entered and put in type in a sys-  
tematic manner.



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