

What Socialists Want

WE are constantly asked to explain the philosophy of Socialism in a few simple short words that can be read in a few minutes and easily understood.

This is impossible. Socialism is an elaborate system of thought that touches every phase of human life. It has a literature of ten thousands of volumes. There are men who have spent years of their lives on single phases of Socialist philosophy and still have not touched its depths.

The same thing is largely true of every great system of thought. None of them can be understood in a moment. There is no royal road to knowledge.

Yet there are certain fundamental principles of every philosophy and science that can be explained so that anyone can understand them. The same thing is true of Socialism. Its basic principles can be stated in plain simple words.

First let us state some plain facts. Indeed, nearly all there is to Socialism, as to science in general, is a system of arrangement of certain facts.

Men are working today with wonderfully productive machines. The user of the modern locomotive transports a thousand tons as much each hour as the driver of an ox-team could move in a month. The child tending a battery of Northrup magazine looms weaves miles where the old hand-loom worker wore feet. The steam thrasher turns out ear loads of grain where the man with the flail threshed bushels.

This is the story that meets us everywhere.

With relation to these wonderful machines the members of society are divided into two classes—those who OWN and those who DO NOT OWN the machines.

The class that own the machines do not need to work. They may be like the owners of the great Marshall Field estate, wards of a court. They may be insane, infants, in jail. This does not interfere with their ownership.

The class of owners does not need to do any work, yet its income flows in.

This is because of the existence of the other class—the class that DOES NOT OWN anything.

This non-owning class cannot live unless it can use the property of the owners. It cannot even set foot on the earth unless it uses the land that belongs to the owning class.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPRING

Poets and novelists have long recognized the influence of nature's moods upon the spirit of man. It is a cheap trick of a novelist to make the moods of nature agree with the moods of his heroine. Weddings take place in the sunshine and dark deeds are done when nature is morose.

The beneficent influence of the sun works on the human frame. Nature revivifies all life with recurring springtime. The myths and religions of man have been influenced by the seasons and even the politicians take advantage of nature's changes. The gods have been said to have been born on the twenty-fifth day of December. This is the day on which the sun is first perceived to have turned northward again and to have risen higher in the Southern skies. Bacchus, Apollo and Christ are all said to have been born on this day.

Easter is the time when Christ is said to have risen from the dead. Easter is fixed at the time of the spring equinox when the sun crosses the equator. The Christian festival of Easter derives its name from the Norse Goddess Eastre, whose worship was celebrated at the same time.

In Greek mythology Proserpine, daughter of the goddess of harvests, Demeter, is said to be stolen in the fall by Pluto, King of the Nether World, and to be returned to her mother in the spring. Demeter mourns all winter until her daughter returns. Hence, the Greeks fixed their Eleusinian festivals in the springtime.

In ancient Egypt the people worshipped the bull. The spring equinox, over three thousand years ago, coincided with the zodiacal sign of the bull. With the precession of the equinoxes the equinox later coincided with the constellation of the ram. The Egyptians thereupon began to worship the ram or the he-lamb. This is illustrated by the worship of the paschal lamb given to the Jews by Moses.

In Brittany, as late as the fourteenth century, the peasants sacrificed a virgin and buried her in the ground to appease the powers of nature and to render their fields fruitful.

All through the ages, in myth, religion and politics, the springtime

The non-owning class cannot live unless it produces wealth. In order to produce wealth it must use the land and machines of the owners.

For the opportunity to use the property of the possessing class long enough each day to produce a subsistence for itself, the propertyless class agrees to keep on producing wealth with these wonderfully productive machines all day.

The portion which the propertyless producing class creates for itself, and is allowed to keep is called WAGES, and all the remainder flows into the pockets of the possessing class as RENT, INTEREST AND PROFITS.

In return for this the owning class do nothing but hang on to their legal titles to the property. This possession makes it possible for them to lay tribute upon the organizing, directing, managing labor as well as upon the most menial, unskilled manual toil.

The Socialists point out that since no function is performed by these owners, and since it requires neither brains nor ability of any kind to hold titles, therefore it would be easy for the workers collectively to hold these titles. The workers could just as well appoint the state as their agent to hold the titles as the capitalists can appoint banks, corporations and trust companies for that purpose.

Since it is only this private, legal title that prevents the propertyless working class from gaining access to the wonderfully productive machines, and using them to produce wealth for the producers, when once the title was transferred to the working class government, then all could use the tools and land and retain the product.

The present title is a law-made one. It can be unmade by changing the laws. Therefore the workers are asked to make use of their political power, their overwhelming majority to gain control of the government and use it to transfer the title of the means by which wealth is produced and distributed from the present idle owning class to the working propertyless class.

Unlike the present private ownership, the ownership to be established by the victorious Socialist working class will not be EXCLUSIVE but INCLUSIVE.

There will be none shut out from ownership. All will be owners and all will be users. THIS IS WHAT THE SOCIALIST PARTY IS SEEKING TO ACCOMPLISH.

and its influence upon man's nature has been exhibited and been taken advantage of to influence men. Queen Victoria's birthday fell on the 24th of May. The 24th of May was made a public holiday for the worshipping of royalty. The patriotic enthusiasm raised in the British Empire on behalf of the reigning house has been more the natural ebullition of springtime vigor than real love for the sovereign. After Queen Victoria's death Edward ascended the throne. He was crafty enough to continue the 24th of May as a holiday. He, or his advisers, had sufficiently studied history to know that a national celebration for his own birthday, which fell on the ninth day of November, would be a dismal failure. Nature is bleak and bare. Spirits of men are low. Men do not celebrate under such conditions.

In Canada Labor Day is in September. The cunning rulers will not give labor a holiday in the spring when men feel glad and joyous. Like the royal purple, which was kept sacred in ancient days for use of royal persons, so the glad May time has been kept sacred for the celebration, and with the Tories actual worship, of British royalty.

Royalty must have the best. Labor can have celebration on a day when the powers of nature have failed. Is it any wonder that triumphant labor revolts and, in the might of its own strength, forestalls puny royalty and snatches, even under the glaring eyes of capitalism and the hostile manoeuvrings of aristocracy, the first glad day of May and takes it for its own?

see people going by and you wonder if we are civilized. You wonder if those people clothed in such old clothes and wearing such worried and wrinkled looks belong to this twentieth century of invention and mechanical triumph. We have progressed immensely in mechanical production but we have not yet learned how to let people have the benefits of the modern age. Socialism will distribute the advantages of our modern means of production among all the people. Then the people will lose their worried looks and happiness will reign instead of misery.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Wimple, Receives Something of a Shock.

(Continued.)

"Well, Mac," continued Scrapp, "I guess I'll have to knock off a few thousand, from the sum total I've got down here. What do you think of that? Is it altogether too steep, do you think? Look it over," and he handed McSurly the papers which had been lying on the desk before him.

McSurly looked through them with knitted brows for several minutes. When he had finished he said, "Well, never get it. Smoothie & Grabbitt's will be fifteen or twenty thousand below that."

"Says Grabbitt is one of these fellows who seem to know exactly what everybody else's figures are going to be, because he's always able to drop his a thousand or so below. See how he got that big order for mining machinery from British Columbia last spring. They were only \$150 below the Power Company and only \$1,000 below the Power figures, but I know he didn't get ours. He made a good guess of it, though."

"They're pretty busy over there just now, ain't they?"

"Yes, full up; working night and day. The overtime question was to strike."

"Well, as they are so busy they may not care to go to very low figures to get this Stephenson work."

"Oh, you don't know Grabbitt. He wants everything in sight. He's hogish when it comes to getting work."

"Ha, ha! The joke is on you this time sure, Mac. Isn't every business man hogish when it comes to getting work? Doesn't the competitive system develop the tooth, fang, and claw side of human nature? Where is the business man that doesn't want everything in sight? Tis the system that makes hogs of us all. But I'm not going to preach a sermon on hogs, so you needn't squirm like that. Say we knock off \$15,000. That will nearly eliminate the profits, but I'm anxious to get this work whether there's any profit in it or not."

"Yes, I guess that would fill the bill. I believe we would get it if there was only about \$5,000 between us and Smoothie & Grabbitt's, as I had a hunch to that effect from Mr. Tremayne, who drew up the specifications."

"Yes, that's so. Stephenson himself said the work would go to the best shop if the difference in price was not too great. Well, then, I'll come down \$15,000, which with the \$5,000 allowance will make a difference of \$20,000 in the figures here. That ought to be a winner."

"Yes, that ought to win, and anything below that would be unprofitable. There's one thing about these specifications; they call for a rigid inspection of all material used. That'll put a stopper on one of Grabbitt's shifty tricks. He always uses inferior and cheaper material whenever he gets the chance."

"Well, Mac, you've been in the business long enough to know that that's part of the stock in trade. Why, it's a recognized rule among machine makers to use cheap material wherever possible. Buncome always did business that way before I took charge here and cut it out. You see, my desire to become known as a maker of real serviceable machinery was stronger than my desire for profits, and it is pretty well known by now, that there are very few shops in this country that turn out work equal to Buncome & Scrapp's. It will pay us better to stick to the principle of good work and honest material, because the great majority of machines now-a-days are built more for profit than use. We're getting widely known as a firm that can be depended on for good work and first class material, and I don't propose to lose the standing we have gained by following the general rule of using cheap material wherever possible. That's the reason our prices have to be higher than Smoothie & Grabbitt's or any other firm that does cheap work. Honesty may be the best policy in the long run, although very few business men believe that."

He had taken up the papers while speaking and now made the alteration—that reduced Buncome & Scrapp's tender by \$15,000, which would indicate that the price tendered was a big one.

"Well, Mac," he continued in a low tone of voice that he had been using, "mum's the word. Only you and I know what the tender is to be. I won't say anything about the change to Miss Wimple until everything is ready to be typewritten tomorrow. I had intended to finish it and take it home with me tonight, but there won't be time now. She took down most of this before you came in and knows what the figures were before the reduction. She is thoroughly trustworthy, though, and there is no fear of its leaking out through her."

"I should say not," returned McSurly warmly. "I'd sooner suspect myself of betraying a secret of the firm than Miss Wimple."

The tone rather than the words caused Scrapp to look up at the superintendent, who was sitting with his eyes fixed on the lady at the typewriter.

"Oh, excuse me, Mac," he said "I didn't know the wind was blowing in that direction."

postpone the trip for some months. In fact, I may stay till Buncome returns."

"And if we don't get it?"

"Oh, then I may run away to hide my disappointment."

It was very evident that McSurly was in no hurry to leave, as, while still watching Miss Wimple, he continued to talk on various topics of relative interest, until at last Scrapp said:

"You must excuse me, Mac, but I've got quite a lot of correspondence to finish."

This seemed to bring McSurly back to cases, as he at once jumped up saying, "Oh, ah, yes, I beg your pardon. I've got quite a bit to do myself," and then with another elaborate bow to Miss Wimple he went out.

Now although Miss Wimple had been seated by the far window, the office not being a particularly large one she had heard nearly everything Scrapp had said, because, as I think I mentioned before, that gentleman had a very clear enunciation and a penetrating voice, not exactly loud, but far-reaching. McSurly's words were less distinct. She had not intended to listen at first, but not being altogether devoid of that well-known feminine attribute, curiosity, she had allowed herself to become interested in the conversation almost unwittingly. So she gathered that McSurly, with Scrapp's knowledge and consent, had endeavored to bring about a strike at Smoothie & Grabbitt's so as to prevent their tendering for the Stephenson work; that McSurly had counted on the help of the Socialists in the union to have the strike vote carried, but because of his ignorance of what Socialism stood for he had failed, much to Scrapp's amusement; that while Scrapp understood and appreciated the Socialist doctrine he was well content with his own position to want it to succeed. As for McSurly, she hadn't caught all he had said, but she heard enough to place him as a bitter opponent of the movement. Then she marvelled at Scrapp's inconsistency in declaring that he was too honest to use inferior material in his workshops, and yet dishonest enough to knock out a competitor by trying to foment a strike.

Needless to say Miss Wimple received something of a shock which engrossed her thoughts during the remainder of the afternoon.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tis the man with the ferret sense that corrals the dollars.

Miss Wimple reached 23 Baker's Row shortly after five o'clock and she found Mrs. Harris waiting for her with the tea things laid and everything ready for a chatty meal. She was all right now, she said, as the chief cause of her illness, the worry of an empty larder with the utter impossibility of replenishing it, had been removed.

"Oh, Miss Wimple," she said, as she made the tea, "poverty is a terribly fatal disease. It kills its thousands every year. I don't believe I should be here now alive and well if it hadn't been for you. We can never thank you enough," and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. Before Miss Wimple could reply Old man Harris came in with a basket of eggs and a jug of cream.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "don't be a pessimist. There's nothing to cry about. You mustn't spoil Miss Wimple's visit by any hard luck stories."

"There," said Mrs. Harris, "now isn't that just like a man?"

"Oh, I think I understand Mr. Harris perfectly," returned Miss Wimple. "There are some natures, you know, who do not care to allow their deeper feelings to appear on the surface. They look on such manifestations as a weakness."

"That's right, Miss Wimple, that's Henry exactly. He was always like that."

"Well, Mac," said the old man laughingly, "I suppose I must have been born that way. But it's quite true, Miss Wimple, what mother said just now. We have a lot to thank you for."

"If you know how much happiness it gave me the last time I was out here you would allow me to thank you," said Miss Wimple. "I believe it did me as much good as it did anyone. However, since I have your thanks and you have mine it is a case of quits, isn't it? So we'll shake hands on it, and pass it up, as we say out west. And the three of them shook hands as if in solemn compact."

Then they sat down at the table where certain rare old china plates and dishes were piled with delicacies disclaiming any connection with hard luck stories and Mrs. Harris poured the tea into the fragile cups with all the pride of an old-time hostess showing off her best china.

"I must say it was honorable in Scrapp making restitution for that miserable joke of his," said Old man Harris. "Don't you think so, Miss Wimple?"

"Yes, but that was the only thing an honorable man could do. Mr. Scrapp is very honorable in some things, while in other things he doesn't seem to understand what honor is." She thought of the conversation she had overheard in the office a few hours before.

"That's quite true, Miss Wimple, but you must remember that the other things you mention, where he doesn't seem to understand what honor is, are always business things; in business, perhaps, Scrapp is as crooked as any of them. And you must not forget that the ethics of competitive business include crookedness, spying, underhandness and any devious method that will win. Honor in business would be something like an incongruity, and worse than that, it sometimes means failure and bankruptcy."

"Then business must be an unholy thing."

"It is, Miss Wimple, mostly. Of course there are exceptions. But in the race for profits the exceptions don't show a very high percentage of wins. A hundred years ago, perhaps, when competition was not so keen, it was possible to conduct a successful business with honor, but even then our grandfathers were pretty well noted for their tricks in trade."

"And yet all business men consider themselves honorable and upright and resent it when any imputation is thrown on their honesty."

"Undoubtedly. They're honest enough in that at all events. The great majority of men in business are as honest as men in any other walk of life. But when the honest business man has to fight the shyster business man he cannot pick and choose the weapons he must use. He has to come down to the shyster's level or else get out and leave the field clear for the conscienceless hound to kill and maim and grab the whole world in his greed for profits. We have to thank the honest business man that conditions are no worse than they are today."

(To be continued.)

Jack London's Talk to Soldiers

The war dogs are angry at Jack London and snap their teeth at him. He may get material for a new novel if they keep it up. He might call it "The Black Fang" and make General E. A. Forbes the villain.

At any rate, Jack London has kept a big lot of men from joining the army and navy by a circular he has issued.

The army officers are crazy about it and are looking for legal support to put Jack London in jail for his impudence.

Almost every man in Southern California who has read the circular refuses to enlist, and it has caused a big falling off in enlistment.

It has also caused a great many desertions.

Here is the circular:

"Young Men: The lowest aim in your life is to be a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizens, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though his blood the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast."

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment roll. His mind, his conscience, his very soul, are in the keeping of his officer."

"No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go."

Keep the boys out of the army. It is hell.

Every Socialist local should make it a point to advise thoughtless fellows, who may mean well, and tell them of the awful rottenness of the whole army system.

Down with the army and the navy. We don't need killing institutions. We need life-giving institutions.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

It is said that men will not be honest if given a chance. That is not true. In remote parts of Norway and Sweden medicines and medical supplies are hard to obtain, and boxes containing drugs, ointments and bandages are placed on trees along the road. Whenever an inhabitant needs any of these materials he goes and takes them and leaves the money to pay for them. The right amounts are always left and although the money is not collected for weeks, none of it is ever stolen. It is not humanity that is dishonest. It is a dishonest system which forces men to be dishonest. Give us an honest system and prisons will become almost unnecessary.

The Ontario government is mightily pleased with itself. Whitney is setting the prisoners to work to smash free labor. The prisoners of Ontario are put to building roads, quarrying stone, raising farm produce. The wage slaves of Ontario are face to face with a competition of true slave labor, that of prisoners forced to work without wages. Whitney is no friend of the workers. He is the friend of the labor skimmers and oppressors.

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SELLING & FLEEING PACK-AGE of Leaflets for Farmers. Contains 100 each of: Who Gets the Big Haul, Selling at Cost Prices, and Fleeing the Farmers. A big package for 25 cents. This offer is only good for 30 days.

GET BUSY

Another little bump bumped on the road back.

The sub list sinks below the ten thousand mark.

Now will the foolish exploiters rejoice and think that the wage slaves of Canada are content with slavery? Figures talk. Cotton's Weekly with a circulation of nine thousand, with a drop of fifteen hundred in the last couple of months means much to the exploiters. It speaks to them of slaves content with slavery, of humanity patient beneath outrage, of opportunity to exploit still further the slaves of Canada.

But their triumph will be short-lived. I attended the convention of the Socialists of Ontario last week and the harmony, enthusiasm and fighting spirit of the Comrades proved to me that Cotton's need fear nothing, that its circulation will go forward in an unresisting sweep.

Figures talk. Cotton's Weekly with a circulation of twenty-five thousand will have ten times the influence that it has with a circulation of ten thousand.

Now Comrades, become active. Get behind the paper, each and every one of you and spread it broad and deep. It is your paper, not mine. It is fighting your battles. It is the battering ram that will smash in the gates of the capitalist fortress of ignorance and oppression and it can only become powerful for work through the numbers behind it.

When the final struggle comes and the common enemies of Canadian liberty now enthroned at Ottawa feel their power shaken, then Cotton's will be the point of attack.

I do not fear the fight. It will be a bonny fight. When it comes there will be many a Socialist sorry he did not get all his friends on the grand stand of the sub list to see it.

Get busy and roll in the subs. Cotton's needs them. You need them.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of April 20.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	28	95	123
Alberta	28	74	102
British Columbia	72	34	106
Province of Quebec	41	43	84
Lower Ontario	10	6	16
Manitoba	79	15	94
Saskatchewan	28	32	60
New Brunswick	7	6	13
Elsewhere	8	1	9
Yukon Territory	0	1	1
Newfoundland	0	0	0
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	0
Total	428	307	735

Loss for week 121

Total issue last week was 11,100

Who is a Socialist?

Elia Wheeler Wilcox.

Who is a Socialist? It is the man

Who strives to formulate or aid a

plan

To better earth's conditions. It is he

Who having ears to hear, and eyes

to see,

Is neither deaf nor blind, when might,

rough shod

Treads down the privileges and the

rights, which God

Means for all men; the privilege to

toil,

To breathe pure air, to till the fer-

tile soil—

The right to live, to love, to woo,

to wed,

And earn for hungry mouths their

meed of bread.

The Socialist is he who claims no

more

Than his own share from generous

Nature's store,

But that he asks, and asks too, that

no other

Shall claim the share of any weaker

brother

And brand him beggar in his own do-

main.

To fight a mad, inordinate lust for

gain.

The Socialist is one who, holds the

best

Of all God's gifts is toil—the second,

rest.

He asks that all men learn the

sweets of labor.

And that no idler fatten on his

neighbor.

That all men be allowed their share

of leisure.

Nor thousands slave that one may

seek his pleasure.

Who on the Golden Rule shall dare

insist—

Behold in him the modern Socialist.

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The capitalists pass laws to legal-

ize robbery and then whine about

confiscation when the Socialists get