SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada meets every first and and third Monday at 55 King street East. H. Martin, sec., 61 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—325.

ONTARIO Provincial Executive Committee, S.D.P., meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month, 8.15 p.m., Labor Temple, 167 Church St., Toronto. Secretary, P. C. Young, 83 Wroxeter Avenue.—370.

MANITOBA Executive Committee S.D.P. of C., meets every second and fourth Monday night at Headquarters Hall, 519 Jarvis Ave. For information and literature write to Prov. Sec., J. Penner, Box 1082 Winnipeg, Man.—364.

BERLIN LOCAL No. 4, S.D.P. of C., meets every Sunday; business every first Sunday night at 7 p.m., at 55 King St. East. Secretary, 140 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—363.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C., meets in office 304, Labor Temple, Vancouver, on the first and third Sunday of every month, at 2 p.m. General business meeting on third Sunday. E. Winch, Prov. Sec., Jubilee Station, P.O. Vancouver, B.C.—370.

ALBERTA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE S.D.P. of C., meets every first and third Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Moose Hall, Fraser Ave., Edmonton. Comrades desiring assistance in organizing locals please write Sec. C. Spencer, 55 Clara St., Edmonton, Alta.—362.

HAMILTON LOCAL No. 61 S.D.P. of C., meets every second and fourth Friday evening of the month in Swales Hall (cor Barton and Kinrade) at 7.45 o'clock. This is an invitation to attend. J. Alexander, Sec., 41 Fraser Ave.—374.

LIBERTY Co-operative Club, P.Q., 21 Butler Ave. Point St. Charles. Propaganda meeting every Sunday 3 p.m. Economic and social problems every Wednesday 8 p.m. Co-operative Club every Friday 8 p.m. Woman Club every Thursday 3 p.m.—372.

LONDON local No. 44, S.D.P. of C., meets every Sunday at 363 Dundas St. (rear of Ford Motor Co.) at 3 p.m. The Clarion call goes out to every Rebel in London to come along and hasten the advent of the Social Revolution. Godfrey E. Heathcote, Sec., 67 Smith St.—384.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets every Tuesday 8 p.m., for business and propaganda in Hamilton Hall, corner of Hamilton and Dunsmuir Sts. Public meeting every Sunday at 8 p.m., in Dominion Theatre, Granville St. 8 p.m., in Dominion Theatre, Granville St. Vancouver, B.C.—365.

NANAIMO LOCAL No. 11, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting, Tuesdays, at 7.30 p.m. Propaganda meeting, Sundays at 7.30 p.m., at Wharf St. Hall. William Watson, Sec., Box 120, Nanaimo, B.C.—368.

NUMMOLA Finnish Local No. 6, S.D.P. of C. Post Office address. S.S. Osorto, Nummola, Sask.—363.

PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P., meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., second and fourth Wednesdays 8 p.m., for business, and first and third Wednesdays to discuss matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 28 Ruttan St., Sec.—322.

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 32, S.D.P. of C., holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m., in the Miner's Union Hall, South Porcupine. Tom Meyers, Sec., Box 531.—353.

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published in the interests of Socialism by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowansville, P.Q. W. U. Cotton, Pres., Roy Winn, Sec.-Treas.

Printing Bulletin

All price lists formerly issued by this company are cancelled, and no more price lists or samples will be sent. We will be pleased to receive your copy or a description of your job, and will quote you prices by return mail on any quality of stock you may require.

Bulletins will appear each week giving prices of a few lines which are in daily use, and which an estimate can fairly be given. Watch for them and save money by getting your work done at a reasonable price.

	For 500	For 1,000
Letterheads, on 16lb Bond, a fine light sheet	$2.60	$3.60
Envelopes, a fine commercial envelope, Nos. 7 or 8	$1.60	$2.75
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Business cards a specialty. We have them in all sizes and colors. We can give you the average size, 2x3½, for	$1.40	$2.25

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COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC. COWANSVILLE, P.Q.

The Leading Issue

Lindsay Socialists are always on the lookout to spread the propaganda. The Fenelon Falls Gazette has the following to say of a couple of prominent Socialists of Lindsay:—Mayor Beal and Mr. E. J. Johnson of Lindsay will speak on the subject of Socialism on Friday evening. As the movement is rapidly growing and becoming the leading issue of the day, all should make it a point to hear these addresses.

Nanaimo Socialist Hall

We of the Nanaimo Social Democratic Party Local No. 11, have commenced building a hall for our own purposes and are appealing to all readers of Cotton's Weekly for a twenty-five cent contribution to same, and when it is built if any other local wishes to build one, Nanaimo local will be prepared to contribute to its building. Thanking you in anticipation of response.—William Watson, Box 120, Nanaimo, B.C.

Railways and Mail Carriages

An Ontario Comrade writes, "I see in the Telegram that Sir William Mackenzie, head of the C.N.R., says that the railroads have been carrying the mails for a mere nothing. Could you tell us in the columns of your truthful paper their remuneration for this service?"

Until recently the railroads were paid about two million dollars a year for carrying the mails of Canada. This makes about $75 per mile of track per year.

Now the railways are getting two and three-quarter million dollars for carrying the mails. The government has raised the price seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Pelletier, Postmaster General, has instituted a parcels post. The railroads claimed that this would cut down their profits from the express companies (the railways own the express companies operating in Canada) and so Pelletier and the government kindly came through with a bigger wad of government funds.

This simple dodge goes with the public be the public think that the government must remunerate the railroads for their loss.

Cotton's had occasion last week to ship ten pounds of staff to London, Ont. To ship by parcel post would have cost us eighty-four cents. To ship by express cost us sixty cents. The railways get more pay and the parcels still go by express.

The railways stand in well with the government at Ottawa. Why should they not when the capitalist class own the government?

Notes From Vancouver Island

Comrade Editor:—In a former letter from Local No. 30, Press Committee South Wellington, we told the members of the full Socialist ticket being nominated for the Nanaimo municipal election. None of them made it. Still we can paste it in our hat that we are a power. We had the capitalist working overtime to get his henchmen in.

They have got a new clause in the municipal election act granting a vote to any person who has a bill of sale on property to the value of $100.00 and they split up a $1,000 lot amongst a bunch of scabs and so got a few more votes. Of course there are still a big bunch of real wage-plugs that vote the exploiters' ticket and of course get what they vote for. The trouble is, that the class conscious wage plug gets what the mutt votes for.

We have two Comrades in the Law Factory and they are certainly causing Dicky and Bowser some sleepless nights. If we only had a dozen, they would chase Dicky McBride and his stool pigeons to the tall timbers. Comrade Place called Bowser a 15 cent tin Napoleon, and said that if one gave a special policeman a gun and a bottle of whisky, he is ready for anything from blackmailing a prostitute to voting for the present government.

Mayor Planta, of Nanaimo, has made the cackle that it was advisable to call a meeting and see who was willing to work and whoever are not, chase them out of town. Had it been a Union organizer who had made such a statement about the won't-work plutes he would have been sent to the pen for two years by a judge.

They have a by-law in Nanaimo, now making it a breach of the peace for more than three men to stand on the sidewalk. One of the Comrades was run in recently, but he came back after telling the magistrate that he realized that neither he nor his class could get justice in a capitalistic court.

A bunch of strikers were returning home from a dance a short time ago, when a bull tried to make them stop singing the red flag. He ran on ahead of them and when he met two more bulls he pulled a gun, and tried to arrest two men. He was told to put his gun away by one of the strikers and he put it in his pocket being glad to see the last of them. In about an hour and a half a bunch of soldiers arrived after a six mile tramp. By this time the union men were home; so the soldiers had a sham battle, to practice for butchering union men.

A group of boys raised a little disturbance in Chinatown in Nanaimo recently. The chink sent for the police, when the bull appeared the boys started to walk away, and Mr. bull shot one of them in the back. Heroic man. Is he in jail? Not on your life. He is living at a hotel.

Myself and another striker were roaming in from the country a few days ago when we committed the unpardonable offence of walking on the Coal Company's tracks. We were halted by a bull and put through the third degree. Of course he didn't believe we wanted to take a short cut home. He said we had some sinister purpose (perhaps he was afraid we were after his job). He took our names and threatened to take us to jail if we dared to walk on the Coal Company's property any more. (I didn't know it was theirs, working men built it anyway.) He reinforced by a few more bulls, chased us into the bush and we lost ourselves, it being dark. It was a lucky thing he didn't search me for I had some dynamite on me, I had Engels "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific" in my pocket.

Apparently the companies are not adverse to letting the wage-plug know that they own the police, as they are making their scabs pay for police protection. The scabs were stopped $3.50 last month for police protection; a man who has to have an object with a gun to protect him while he is working, should have his wind stopped.

We are considering the advisability of carrying on a vigorous organizing campaign, as the sentiments of the workers has been aroused by the actions of the government during this strike, and we realize that it is necessary to strike while the iron is hot, for the worker is such a forgetful animal.

The object that is representing this district in the Dominion House has been giving to workers some of what they voted for. He voiced his master's opinions right down to the letter. Still, the majority of the workers have no kick. They are getting what they voted for. A man was kicking because he had been to jail. I asked him what kick he had, his class built the jail, and voted for the animals who get their friends good jobs in them, so he had no kick coming. —Yours for the earth, Walter Head, Sec. Pres Committee Local No. 30, South Wellington, B.C.

The Voice and the Pen

D. F. McCarthy, Veteran, Alta.

Oh the orator's voice is a mighty power, as it echoes from shore to shore,
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men, than the murderous cannons' roar
What burst the chain far o'er the main, and brightens the captive's den!
'Tis the fearless voice and the pen of power
Hurrah! for the voice and pen!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the voice and pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights, and the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee; "No arms have ye—nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours, with your forts and towers, we are masters of mountain and glen,
Tyrants beware! for the arms we bear are the voice and the fearless pen.

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand, and your sentinels walk around.
Though your matches flare in the midnight air, and your brazen trumpets sound
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among the listening warrior men,
And they'll quickly say: "Why should we slay our friends of the voice and pen?"

When the Lord created the earth and sea, the stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead spoke and the universe woke and the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue or a drop from the fearless pen,
And the chains accurst asunder burst, that fettered the minds of men!

Oh! these are the swords with which we fight, the arms in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand, which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore we triumphed before; with these we'll triumph again,
And the world will say: "No power can stay the voice and the fearless pen!"
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the voice and pen!

B.C. Executive Bulletin

Herewith report of B.C. Provincial Executive Committee meeting held February 15th, 1914. Present Comrades, Prior (chairman) Mrs. Edmonds, A. Burns, V. Lehto, Scott, Soullis, Treasurer and Secretary.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

A discussion was raised by Comrades of Vancouver Local No. 12, concerning the dismissal as organizer of Comrade Sam. Atkinson. The minutes as written and read were sustained unanimously.

General correspondence from Victoria, South Wellington, Green Valley, received and filed.

Correspondence written, letters 21, reports 18, total 39.

Organization Committee. Correspondence from Locals Victoria, Vancouver, Port Moody North Vancouver, Ladysmith, Mission City, Edmonds, South Hill. Received and considered.

Edmonds local suggestion re "withdrawal of funds of Trades and Labor unions and Socialist Organizations from Banks wherein deposited as a protest against the imprisonment and treatment of V. I. miners," be referred to Miners Liberation League Committee for their consideration.

Organizer Winch, reported that through illness in his family he had been unable to do any active field work and consequently his salary would not commence until duties were being fulfilled. A preliminary meeting of the organization committee had been held and an outline of work prepared. Detail information was being secured and when available the plan will be further developed and acted upon.

Referendum re amendments to Provincial By-laws was declared carried.

Special committee appointed to consider the matter under review concerning Comrade Atkinson, were unable to report, he refusing to attend. It was resolved to place the whole matter before the members of the party in B.C. giving such information as was available and taking a referendum vote thereon.

Referendum closes March 24th, 1914, detail information concerning which has been sent to all Locals.

Women's Organization Secretary unable to attend through illness.

Young People's Socialist League report received and adopted.

Financial report, Receipts, $295.55.

Warrants, authorized, expenditure $241.86.

Vancouver Local No 12, financial claim for Organizers Services referred to a special committee to meet a committee from Vancouver Local and adjust.

The Comrades are requested to discuss the advisability of all salaried Provincial officials to become members at large and not remain members of any local.

The question to be deferred for consideration at the convention, unless any local shall desire a referendum to be submitted before that time.

Motion to adjourn adopted.—Yours Fraternally, The Executive,

From Fence to Firing Time

Irwin Friday, Fertility, Alta.

He was out of a job and no money in his pocket, vainly he had hunted for a job. He wondered what was wrong. He knew that in the country great crops had been harvested. There was no lack of food in the country; that he well knew. Why then was there no employment for him? He was accustomed to hard labor. He was more than willing to work. There seemed to be no money in circulation, but common sense told him that there was more money in the world than ever before. The output of gold had increased enormously in the last few years according to statistics. Where did it all go? He did not understand where. He walked on down the street, a pamphlet, blown there by the wind lay in his path. He stooped and picked it up. The first words he noticed were the words that closed the pamphlet "Workers of the world unite; you have a world to gain; you have nothing to lose but your chains." The message of Marx was wafted to him across the space of years through the efforts of Socialists of that vicinity. It struck home Surely he had nothing to lose just then but the pangs of hunger. Surely he had all to gain.

He read all of the phamplet. It called on the workers to unite in the vast, world wide co-operative union, the Socialist party, in order to free themselves.

That night he heard a speaker talking to a crowd on the street corner. The speaker explained how in making a few men rich, the present system must make themselves poor. He declared that it was to the interest of the rich class to keep many out of work in order to have more men than jobs so the workers would compete with one another and thus keep down wages. He condemned competition as being destructive and upheld co-operation as being constructive. He declared that under our present system, over production of food, clothing, etc., meant stagnation unemployment and poverty, while under a system of production for use, overproduction would provide enough and more than enough for all.

He understood Socialism now. It meant—workers unite—take possession of the world and use it for the benefit of all who are useful. Let the drones starve. He saw that bread lines were an insult to his class. His class produced all. He now saw before him a new life. He must live and teach his fellow workers how to free themselves. Finally he secured a job at a measly wage. He is still working for wages but is a tireless worker for, and a brilliant speaker of the Socialist party. Where do you stand?

"A group of contractors, under the Capitalist Laurier government, raked off nearly nine million dollars without turning a sod." Thus spouts a capitalist sheet. Did anybody anywhere ever see a contractor turn a sod? Nix. The dollar-and-a-half-a-day navvy turned the sods, and when he got through with his sod-turning for the day was forced to eat embalmed beef, and maggoty bacon and sleep in a lousy bunk house.

A hundred thousand unemployed people in Canada are crying for bread. And Sam Hughs roars, "More guns."

RYAN WALKER DATES.

As per the Dominion Bulletin, Ryan Walker will give his cartoon lecture in Niagara Falls on March 20th, Welland the 21st, Hamilton, 22nd, afternoon and night; Galt 23rd; Woodstock, 24th and 25th; Stratford 27th; Berlin, 28th; Guelph, 29th and 30th; Lindsay, 31st; Toronto, April 1st; South Porcupine, 4th; Timmins, 5th; Cochrane, 7th; Gowganda, 11th and 12th; Elk Lake 14th.

R. Walker will probably lecture in Cowansville on April 23rd.

SOCIALISTS! READ!

Read every word of this announcement. Learn how you can throw off the yoke of wage slavery. Free yourself from the grind, grind, grind of daily toil. Take your brains out of pawn and invest them where you can get a bigger dividend than a mere existence. Don't slave away the best years of your life by working for the "boss" who gives you only a small portion of what you earned. Strike out for yourself. You know that you can't get more than a living just as long as you continue selling yourself, body and soul, to the capitalist, who will cast you off when your strength goes back on you—as he discards a worn-out machine.

IF YOU EARN LESS THAN $25 A WEEK, INVESTIGATE

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. No matter what your present position or circumstances may be; no matter what you are now doing; you can positively earn more than $25.00 a week—even if you work only during spare time, on Sundays, holidays or on special occasions. This fact is proved by the brilliant reports from others—no better than you—men with no more experience than you have; men who took advantage of this exceptional chance to get into business for themselves. Think of the moral benefits of owning a business that's yours alone. Think of the pleasure, the mental freedom of doing as you please, working whenever you want to, and keeping for yourself every dollar you earn

$28.50 ONE DAY'S PROFIT

This is one report from Jos. Hancock, Lamoni, Iowa. Schearer, Montana, made $22.35 in 5 hours. Miller, Iowa, made $13.65 in one afternoon. Rev. J. W. White, Oklahoma, made 3.50 in 3 hours. N. C. Coffee, Oklahoma, writes: I make $4.00 to $12.00 a day easy." Hundreds of reports like these are on file. This success-opportunity is yours. No profession to-day is so profitable as one minute photography. The market for the sale of one minute pictures is as broad as the land. Everybody buys them, every man, woman and child.

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has given independence to thousands. It presents the most remarkable opportunity in the business world for men or women without experience and with small capital to engage in a business that insures immediate and permanent profits.

A PORTABLE POSTAL GALLERY

That's exactly what this remarkable machine is. With it you can take, finish and deliver original post card photographs at the rate of two or three per minute. Five different styles of pictures are made with the "MANDEL" Machine—post cards and photo buttons. You make 8c to 13c profit on each sale. Figure what 100 to 200 sales daily will bring you. Estimate your earnings. Can't you see what a great chance we offer you? Can you afford to hesitate?

No Plates or Films Used. No Dark Room Required

Our wonderful and simple process of picture-taking has eliminated from photography every inconvenience and annoyance; has made it possible for any ambitious man or woman to get on the path that leads to a happy, healthy independence.

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The Tale of A Match

E. B. Armstrong, Paradise Hill, Alta.

THE DAUGHTER WRITES.

Dear Father:—Do you approve of love and marriage at first sight? Well you know that I left home on a visit, and on my way I met my match, this match always burns and gives light and I have never burned my fingers as yet. The sulphur is all red and as soon as I saw it I desired to have it for my own. It was good and useful and honest, just as I have already told you. Why should I hesitate to make this match my own, when I could see at a glance its good quantities? Well, I guess, I have kept you in the dark long enough. The match I have got is an all red Socialist. Within a few days of becoming acquainted, we were married. We did not have to sit in the corner on the sofa for a year or two, to see if the right parties had met or not. No! Just a little while's talking of an evening or two did it, and I was quite satisfied, he was the right kind of a man, for he is honest, useful and good. I am coming home for a few days, and John is coming with me. I am sure you will be pleased when you get acquainted with him. Remember he is up to date, he can tell you all about the way the world is running today, and how it will run in the time to come Your very loving daughter, Annie.

THE FATHER'S ANSWER.

Dear Ann:—I am greatly astonished at your letter I received this morning. Why do you want to punish me like this? Do you not know that my health is failing me, and it is all through worry over those Socialists? I do not see how you can think such a man honest. They are worse than pickpockets. Don't you know they are trying to make us who have a little money, divide up with them? How could you expect to please me by such a rash act? They are directly opposed to what you have been taught from your youth, you deserve being punished and kept outside my door henceforward.—Your father, Capt Talimon.

THE DAUGHTER'S RETURN.

In a few days Annie returned home and John came with her. When they met her father, she introduced them and then her father and John were soon discussing Socialism. The discussions continued several days. Then her father said, "I always thought I was an honest, upright and very philanthropic kind of a man, but now I am like unto St. Paul when the great scales fell off his eyes, I now can see I am a d—— dishonest, heartless wretch, John, I shall be a changed man, I am going to go to work, I am not a shirker any longer, and instead of taking my living from the working class, I will help them to make a better living. The property possess, if managed right, can provide an income for the propagation of Socialists principles. What a wonderful thing my little girl did with her all red match."

Hon. W. S. Fielding, former Minister of Finance, estimated the cost of the Transcontinental at $61,415,000. The commissioners show that it will have cost the country, principal and interest, $234,651,521, showing a trifling discrepancy of $173,236,521. This means about $2 for each man, woman and child living in Canada at the time of the last census. This is where the workers get off at when they send lawyers, doctors, and professional men of all kinds to Ottawa to run the country. The spellbinders of the politician tell the workers that only the smartest men must go to Ottawa, and the workers turn around and foolishly send only the smartest men. Oh, you workers with the frozen domes.

Socialism will provide abundance for all, and opportunity for all.

How is it when the past winter has brought more misery and starvation in Canada than any previous winter ever did, that the banks have reported the most prosperous year all round in their history?

How to Secure Happy Homes

Mrs. L. J. Tubbs.

We are all one brotherhood; we are all brothers and sisters. Whatever will help me will help you; and whatever will hurt me will hurt you. Whatever will help me to be true and noble and good, will have the same effect on you. And whatever will debauch and ruin my home, will destroy and wreck your home.

I am going to tell you how to become a better and happier people. Under the present social conditions of things, we cannot be a happy people. While we live under Capitalism, where there is strife for the necessities of life, there can be no happy homes.

Let us settle the Economic Question, then we will show you happy homes, this can only be done by giving us universal Socialism. In Socialism lies the happiness of our homes, the prosperity of our people, and the welfare of the human race. It is a banner worth fighting under, and it is a banner on which is inscribed "Socialism, our high ambition." We like to think of the time when this cause shall triumph. What a glorious resurrection for this nation! What an anthem of praise will resound throughout this land! Every harp will be tuned to joy, every voice will sing the songs of Socialism.

We hear the knell of Capitalism sounding through all the corridors of time. We see the monster being crushed, never to rise again. But with Socialism in our nation, his power will be over, his rod of iron will be broken. Our votes will be the silent, yet strong hand of power to secure the entire suppression of this monster evil. And it is only our votes for Socialism that can effectually grapple with this gigantic evil, this fearful wrong, annihilate it.

Is it possible that men in their senses will vote for a party that encourages Capitalism? Is it possible that fathers will consent to the ruin of their homes to gratify their old party prejudices? You voted for a system that makes tramps of your sons and prostitutes of your daughters. Look, see your daughter as she leaves her home and enters the city to find a job—innocent, trusting and hopeful, the pride of your heart. What does she meet with? She is offered the paltry sum of 50 cents a day! Not enough to keep life in her body. Then a reptile, in the form of a man by soft words, cunning arts, and false promises, offers her relief. With hopeless poverty and despair staring her in the face, she yields and is lost. What matters your cry of anguish, "My child! My child! Would to God I could have died for you!" You helped to bring her there. You voted with a party that made her a wage slave. The voters of this country are responsible for nearly all the crime and wretchedness that flow like a stream of burning lava over the land.

This Capitalist system graduates murderers, thieves, paupers, tramps and prostitutes. Still you vote for a system that brings these terrible calamities upon the human race.

We have suffered under the lash of Capitalism long enough. Let every man who has one spark of humanity in him join us in this cry, "Down with Capitalism." Come, come, and help us with your ballot to change this system. With the Socialist ballot, we will strike a blow that will reverberate from East to West. A blow that will rid our country of poverty, shame and degradation. A blow that will make us a free, prosperous and happy people. Then, and not until then, can we realize that blessed doctrine, "Behold the brotherhood of man."

Banks are prosperous, landlords are prosperous, corporations are prosperous, prostitutes are prosperous, brewers and distillers are prosperous, loan sharks and real estate grafters are prosperous. But the workers, they are in the bread lines and jails and asylums, a lot of them. Those who have not reached that stage are rapidly getting there, as they are eking out only a bare living, with a bleak future ahead of them.

Socialists want industrial freedom in place of the present industrial slavery.