

## A TRAMP PHILOSOPHER

By William Restelle Shier.

"Why don't you go to work, you lazy fellow?" asked Mr. Dives junior of Lazarus, the tramp.

"With my humble apologies, Mr. Dives, may I ask what kind of a job you have yourself?" Lazarus, who had a bit of spare time on his hands, was spoiling for an argument.

"Why, what makes you ask?" "Oh, I was just thinking that you might get me a job at the same kind of work you yourself are doing" replied Lazarus indifferently.

"Well, what impertinence!" "I beg pardon, Mr. Dives, but I misunderstand you."

"Why, man, I don't work at all!" "Indeed, how is that?"

"I don't need to work, I never have worked and it is not likely that I ever will work!" explained Mr. Dives junior with a haughty air.

"Oh, I see," surmised Lazarus, "you are a thorough-going Christian Scientist."

"No, no, man, how do you make that out?"

"This way, Mr. Dives. You don't work. You say you don't need to work. I presume then that your imagination serves to supply all your wants, such as your food, your clothing, your housing and your pleasures."

"Say, old fellow, have you ever worked for a circus or a comic opera—clowned, I mean?" Mr. Dives, who also had a bit of spare time on his hands was becoming genial.

"Do you wish to insult me, Mr. Dives?" said Lazarus in a wounded tone.

"Insult you? Say, you are really a first-class jester."

"I am very serious," retorted Lazarus in a grave voice. "You ask me if I have ever worked."

"Well, what of that?" "You have told me, Mr. Dives, that you do not work. Would you work if you were offered a job?"

"Certainly not," answered young Mr. Dives. "It would be beneath my dignity."

"Ah, sir, there is the point. It is also beneath my dignity to work!" "Jesting again! Why, you are a common, low-down person. I suppose, however, that it is beneath your dignity to beg."

"And you, Mr. Dives, what of yourself?" "er-er-er-r-r-I-I-I, I guess I am an uncommon and extraordinary person."

"Perhaps you are, Mr. Dives. That is why I suggested that you might be a Christian Scientist. But let us see. May I ask if you beg, and if you answer in the negative, if you would beg?"

Mr. Dives vehemently protested that he would never beg, no, not even if he were starving.

"Then, do you steal, Mr. Dives?" Mr. Dives replied that as he was too respectable to beg he was too honorable to steal.

"Yet you live," said Lazarus with a ring of triumph in his voice. "Now how is that possible? You say that you are not a Christian Scientist and that you do not work or steal. Yet you eat, you wear the best of clothing, you live in the finest of houses, and you ride in the latest automobiles. May I ask how you get these things without working for them, or stealing them? You must indeed be—"

"Police! Police!" shouted Mr. Dives angrily to two constables at the corner. "Here look this man up! He has been listening to those meddlesome agitators and is beginning to make a nuisance of himself! Here, take him away and lock him up! He is a menace to society!"

And poor Lazarus, the philosophic tramp, was led to the station.

## AN IMPORTANT STUDY

By Amicus.

You have heard of Socialism, have you not? Do you understand it?

Do you know who the Socialists are, what they stand for, what they are kicking against?

Perhaps you think it is something akin to Anarchism. If so, you are badly mistaken. Or perhaps you think it is a scheme to divide up the world's wealth equally among its inhabitants. Again, you are badly mistaken.

Socialism is none of these things, nor of the many other nonsensical things it is commonly supposed to be.

The fact is, my friend, every thing in the world is changing. To-day is not the same as yesterday. To-morrow will not be the same as to-day.

Do you know that society has passed through four mighty changes within the memory of man, namely, the primitive communism of barbarian peoples, the chattel slavery of antiquity, the feudalism of the middle ages and capitalism of modern times.

Society must undergo another great change in the near future, and that change will be in the direction of Socialism.

At any rate, the organization of industry into trusts, the filling up of the west, the growing army of the unemployed and many other signs point to mighty big changes overtaking Europe and America in the next decade or two.

The Socialists are growing by leaps and bounds. In every country of Europe they have become a mighty power. In England they are a tremendous force. In America they are becoming a growing, live movement.

Now, whether you think socialism desirable or undesirable, feasible or not feasible, you should understand it. It is something that affects you vitally.

It will affect your wages, your hours of labor, your children, your food, the prices you pay for groceries, the rents you must pay the landlord, the pleasures you can derive from life.

Get the Banner Collection of Books from Cotton's. They will start you right in the study of these matters.

The capitalists of Canada and the reformers are wailing over the ravages of tuberculosis. They are building sanatoriums and doing other things to take care of the victims of the dread white plague. But the capitalists really do not want to stop the ravages of consumption. If they did they would get off the shoulders of the people and let the people straighten their bodies and fill their lungs with good, fresh air.

The workers are paid a pittance and have to buy cheap clothing that will not protect them from the cold. They must go illshod through sloppy streets and work in damp clothing. They cannot afford to buy good, nourishing and sufficient food. They become weak and consumptive. Then the capitalists wail over the consumptive victims. Let the capitalists go to work and earn their own living. Let them stop their robbery of the workers. Let the workers manage industry and get all they earn. Then the workers will be able to work short hours, take open air exercise, and have a sufficient income to clothe and feed themselves properly. Then will tuberculosis disappear and the world be healthier and happier. But the capitalists will not do this. They want their rent, interest and profit. The capitalist wail over the tuberculosis victims is but an empty wail. The capitalists will not adopt the only remedy for the abolition of tuberculosis, which sole remedy is the abolition of the wage system.

The Laurier government is a capitalist government. It is the valiant henchmen of the moneyed interests. It has fed fourteen million dollars of the people's money in bonuses to the steel trust magnates. It backs the insurance companies whereby even the fear of a man that his loved ones may suffer by his death, and his love for them, are put on the insurance markets and is traded in for the sake of enormous profits. It is giving away millions annually to the useless capitalists who call themselves "railway owners." It hands over eleven million dollars to the European parasites as "interest on the national debt." Recently it has resolved that Canada shall waste the strength of her workers in building murder ships. The Laurier government is the whip that lashes the backs of the toilers of the Dominion, swung by the covetous hand of the capitalist.

Socialism would provide homes for the working classes. At present the working classes live in rented shacks. They do not live in homes. Is there a workingman who, in his heart, believes that if he and his fellow workers were given a chance to build their own homes on the ground nature has provided, that those homes would not be better than the homes their profit-hunting landlords herd them into? Yet the capitalists say that Socialism will take away the homes of the working men. This is one of the familiar lies put out by men who live in fear that the workers will waken to the robbery and treachery practised by the capitalists against them.

There is glorious news from all over Canada these days. From the Province of Alberta comes the echo of a fall of a corrupt government, Saskatchewan is turning in her sleep and driving the fear of Socialism into the hearts of her plunderers, Manitoba is awaking and the Roblin government is trembling to its fall. In Montreal the cloak makers, strike is rousing the workers and they are coming over to Socialism by the scores. In Springfield, N. S. the news comes that in that place there is now no longer Liberal and Conservative, but only Socialist and anti-Socialist. There is freedom ahead of the toiling wage workers of the Dominion. May it soon come.

## Capitalist Papers Do What Cotton's Cannot.

### AFFIDAVIT

I the undersigned H. A. WEBB, business manager of Cotton's Weekly, being duly sworn, do depose and say:

Not being a subscriber to the undermentioned newspapers, and not being engaged in the business of a news agency, I did send for a special bundle of the following five papers, namely, the Montreal Daily Star, The Montreal Daily Witness, The Toronto Daily Globe, The Toronto Daily World, and The Toronto Daily Telegram, for each of their issue of March the first, 1910.

That the said bundles ordered by me, consisting of ten papers each and forming bulky bundles, were delivered to me without any postage stamps affixed or indications of prepayment.

That I particularly called the attention of the postmaster at Cowansville to the fact that no postage stamps affixed, and that he held up said bundles until he could communicate with his superior postal authorities.

That the said bundles were later delivered to me without postage stamps affixed evidently upon the direct instructions of the superior postal authorities.

And I have signed,

H. A. WEBB.

Cowansville, March 8th, 1910.

Sworn before me, one of His Majesty's Justices Of the Peace, in and for the District of Bedford, this 8th day of March, 1910

JOSEPH SMYTH

Justice of the Peace.

### WHY BE SATISFIED?

I am a workingman. I am told that I should be satisfied with my lot!

But why should I be satisfied with my lot?

Because I receive in wages the equivalent of what I produce?

But according to statistics I receive in wages hardly one-third of what I produce!

Because I work short hours under wholesome conditions?

But I must work long hours under conditions ruinous to my health!

Because I am guided in my work by a set of reasonable regulations which I helped to draw up?

But the regulations imposed upon me are harsh and I had no voice in framing them!

Because I can take a holiday whenever I please?

But if I lay off for a few days I am likely to be dismissed!

Because I own a nice big slice of this glorious country?

But there is not a square rod of it I can call my own!

Because I live in a handsome, well-furnished house?

But my family must be content with a rented flat!

Because I am assured steady and congenial employment?

But I am often out of a job and must work at anything I can get!

Because I am honored and respected by all classes in the community?

But I am held in contempt by the very people who rob me of the fruits of my labor!

Because I am free to hold whatever opinions I choose?

But I dare not express them if they run counter to my employer's interests or prejudices.

Because I can send my children to the university?

But I must send them to the factories instead!

Upon what grounds then should workmen be satisfied with their lot?

I have a suspicion that the principal but unuttered reason is that contented workmen yield the most profit.

Contented workmen, you know, will not grumble about their wages or demand shorter hours or insist upon safety appliances or agitate for reforms or "forget their places" or talk about socializing industry or organize new political parties or do any of the many things that worry employers and tax-payers.

R. S.

### The Kind-hearted Capitalist

By EMANUEL JULIUS

The inventor entered the main office of the Evergrabbing Manufacturing company and asked for the owner. Being well known he was shown in.

"Mr. Blowhard," said the inventor, "I have something great to sell you. It will revolutionize industry."

"Well, well," said Mr. Blowhard. "Will it be as good as your last?"

"Will it? Well, I should say," replied the inventor, opening his portfolio. "Look at this. By attaching this apparatus to your machines you can run them on the principle of a treadmill. As for power, all you have to do is to harness a half dozen bulldogs, cats or monkeys to it and there you are."

Mr. Blowhard frowned.

"Mr. Blank," said he, "your idea is very good. Indeed, so good that I shall purchase it; but I am surprised at you. Deeply and feelingly pained at your suggestion that I run my machines with bulldogs and cats. To do so would violate the very first principle of love and sympathy. No no, I shall not do anything of the sort."

"Well, do as you please, Mr. Blow-

hard. As long as we can come to terms I don't care what you do with it."

After the inventor was gone Mr. Blowhard called up the office of a newspaper and ordered an advertisement inserted for fifty young boys and girls at \$2 50 a week. "Must have good feet."

### THE ANT AND THE SLUGGARD.

The Sluggard went to the Ant to consider her ways. He lay in the shade near where several colonies of Ants were building their homes, and faithfully watched them a long time, until he fell asleep. When he awakened he went back to his companions. One of them regarded him critically for a few minutes and then remarked:

"It doesn't seem to me that wisdom is oozing from your pores."

"Oh, I got wise, all right," answered the Sluggard.

"As how?" inquired his companions.

"Like Solomon and thousands of other sluggards. 'It's a dead sure cinch that if the working class can be made to hustle like the Ants do there will never be any need of us working. It's a great thing to get wise to that fact.'"

"And that is what you learned. Well I think it is highly immoral and unscriptural."

"I don't see why. You don't say that when the captains of industry gathered that lesson from it and proceed to fortify themselves as sluggards."

"But they gather enough wisdom to be silent about it."

"There may be something in that. But since I have been investigating I will be kind enough to put you next. So long as people work as hard as the Ants pulling in opposite directions on something they want to carry forwards, and when you see them climb a weed to the top and then go down on the other side as a means of getting around it, you can readily see why they can be kept at work as they are. Solomon was right. 'Go to the Ant thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and get wise,' and then you won't have to work, any more. But say, I have a great scheme for you work out; you like to work, you know."

The Sluggard's companion had collapsed by this time, yet he managed to falter: "What is your scheme?"

"If we could only cross the Ant with the working mule we would have labor down pat."

The Sluggard's companion fainted dead away.—APPEAL.

### ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

Why, as a class, the people who actually produce all the world's wealth are poor while those who do not even assist in the production have nearly all of it.

If the man with the most capital and the best machinery can produce goods cheaper than the fellow without them, how long will it take to run all the little fellows out.

What freedom he has if others have the power to put the price on his necessities and on his wages or prices on his crops. At what point does freedom end and slavery begin.

Why the rich and powerful are always advocating laws for the protection and benefit of laboring men, when they are continually reducing wages and raising the food the poor devils have to buy.

WATCH THE PINK LABEL on your paper. Get your renewal in two weeks ahead of time in order not to miss a copy.

Capitalism rolls huge incomes upon the useless capitalists and their barnacle-like parasites, while it throws thousands of women upon the streets of our Dominion. Yet the capitalist henchmen, the greatest hypocrites that ever drew the breath of life, declare that Socialism would break up the homes, and create immorality.

Socialism is a world wide movement for the abolition of wage-slavery. Its aim is to hand over to the workers the machinery of production at which they must work to produce the necessities of life. Every step in this direction is hailed by the Socialists, but the Socialists will not rest until the full freedom of the worker from the control of the capitalist is assured.

### POLITICAL CHAOS

With the Republican party torn by dissensions, the Democratic party a mere farce, and all attempts to gather up the fragments of either seeming to fail, there is something very like political chaos in this country.

In this chaos there is but one clear line of division. It is the line marked by the Socialist party upon the one side, and all parties that stand for private ownership of the means of exploitation upon the other.

This is a plain, simple fact. Yet it takes considerable time for a plain fact to work its way through the tangled maze of political action.

A great mass of voters are today wandering through a political wilderness without a home. They have left the crumbling shelters of the old parties, they lack the knowledge, or the courage to join with the rising Socialist movement.

Every writer of promise, and almost of prominence, is clearly or gropingly reaching for the philosophy of Socialism. The books that sell, the plays that draw, the pictures that inspire, draw their life from that same philosophy.

At the present time the clamor of these varying voices is so great that the common note is lost to all save those who have learned to recognize it under all conditions. Sometimes we fear that our own music may be drowned in the great chorus or clamor of instruments.

There need be no fear. Just because Socialism offers the only explanation of present political puzzles and problems, just because it points the only way out, just because it must be accepted by the great mass of the people (the workers) as their only escape from the crushing burdens that bear down upon them, we need not fear momentary disturbances in the smooth progress of the movement.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

### MEN OF AMERICA

For the lords who lay you low; Wherefore weave with toil and care The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed and clothe and save From the cradle to the grave Those ungrateful drones who would Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, patient toiler, forge Many a weapon, chain and scourge That these stingless drones may 'spoil The forced product of your toil?

The seed ye sow another reaps; The wealth ye find another keeps; The robes ye weave another wears; The arms ye forge another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap; Find wealth—let no impostor heap; Weave robes—let not the idle wear; Forge arms in your defense to bear.

Deck not the hall where others dwell And die, yourself, in hole or cell; Shake not the chains, nor feed the blade

Your unrequited toil has made. With plow, and spade, and hoe, and loom; Carve from the earth a worthy tomb; But have it written on your graves That you were never willing slaves.

—Adapted from Shelly.



Keep Mike Well Primed SUB CARDS are his Buttin' medicine. Very fond of them. Lots on hand at Cotton's. Yearlies 50 cents, and half-yearlies 25 cents each. Better order a supply.

## OWNERSHIP OF SLAVE PITS

Once there was a crude form of slavery. This slavery was chattel slavery. Under this form the slave owner owned the body of the slave and drove him to work under the lash. This form of slavery, however, was an expensive one. The masters had to feed and clothe the slaves and had to take care of them when they were sick and had to provide overseers to keep the slaves at work and slave hunters to capture runaway slaves. So the masters put into operation a more profitable form of slavery. They ceased to own the bodies of the slaves but made laws to protect themselves in the ownership of the slave pits. That form of slavery exists at the present time in Canada.

Under the modern form of slavery the body of the slave is free. He is no longer the technical slave of the master. Because of this the masters declare that the slaves are free and living under the glorious liberty of the British flag.

But the masters still own the slave pits and slave pens. The slaves have to work now as hard as they ever did. The wage-slave must get food, clothing and shelter in order to live. He can only get these by working in factories, and mills and mines and lumber camps and other places. Now the masters own these things and will not let the slaves into these places unless they will work for a pittance-wage. The workers are forced to work on the conditions imposed by the masters. The mines, mills, forest areas, factories and the like are not open to the workers to work in of their own will. The masters keep firm control over these places in which the workers must work. The masters turn these places into slave-pits. And the slaves must work in the slave-pits under the terms dictated by the masters or starve.

Do you see the cunningness of this scheme? The masters say the men are free. The men are free to work in a slave-pit or starve. Now there are many unemployed slaves in Canada whom the masters will not let work in the slave-pits. These men are called the unemployed. And the masters sympathize with these unemployed slaves and tell them how sorry they are for their evil lot. But the masters will not let these slaves work in the slave-pits. The slave-pits are already crowded with wage-slaves and the masters do not want any more. So the unemployed starve.

This new form of slavery, under which the worker is technically free, but under which he is forced to work in a slave-pit or die, is very profitable to the master class. In the first place the masters no longer have to feed and clothe the slaves. The slaves are forced to feed and clothe themselves out of the pittance they get. The masters no longer have to feed and clothe the sick slaves. When the slaves get sick they are turned out of the slave-pits; their little pittance is no longer paid, and they can crawl away to their fever rotted slums to die in hunger and wretchedness. In the second place the masters no longer have to employ slave hunters to capture fresh slaves or runaway slaves. The slaves are forced to seek the slave-pits. In the third place the masters do not have to hire overseers to lash the slaves to work. All the masters have to do is to watch the tally of each wage-slave at work in the slave-pit. If the tally of work is low, that slave is turned out of the slave-pit to die.

Yes, in Canada the modern slave methods are very profitable to the bosses. You can see their big houses and numerous retinues of servants on the chief fashionable streets of our cities. You can see them in our legislative halls, making laws for the more effectual control of the slave-pits. You can see them in the chief seats of our houses of worship, thanking the God of the brotherhood of man that their slave-pits are very profitable unto them.

This modern method of the control of the labor of slaves is proving itself a curse to the men who work; and a gold mine to the owners of the slave-pits.

### The Banner Collection

We have made a slight change in the titles of the books in the Banner Collection, but it is a change for the better. The Banner Collection of Books in the best obtainable form for the study of Socialism. Socialism is explained in a simple and interesting manner. The books are neatly bound in paper, and can be carried in the pocket without any inconvenience. Here is the list:

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