WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Woman Suffrage is right. The women should be allowed to vote.

The Socialists of the world stand for the equal right to vote of men and women.

The Social-Democratic Party of Canada has, as an immediate demand in its revolutionary platform, the demand for "Universal adult suffrage without distinction of sex or regard to property qualifications."

In Canada there are two parties representing the Socialist Movement, the Socialist party and the Social-Democratic party.

The comrades referred to in Comrade Mendelsohn's letter in this issue as lukewarm for the woman suffrage movement are members of the Socialist party. The Social Democrats do not sneer at woman suffrage.

Humanity cannot be free until men and women are on an equal voting basis, until the woman has an equal say with man as to the conditions governing her.

There can be sex tyranny as well as class tyranny.

The drunken slave, coming home Saturday night, and abusing his wife is a case of sex tyranny added to class tyranny.

The double standard of morality which curses our civilization is another instance of sex tyranny. Men make the laws and women are outrageously treated by the laws made by man.

Women certainly should have the right to vote.

At the present time women are demanding the franchise. Heroic women are undergoing martyrdom for the sake of their ideals.

In Saskatchewan all the provincial politicians are in favor of granting the women the right of voting just as soon as they show a desire to have it. In Australia women can vote largely. In the United States nine states have given women franchise. A measure of like nature is about to be made into law in Great Britain.

The demand for the right to vote on the part of the fair sex, however, is not an isolated phenomena. It is bound up in the evolution of modern industry.

Many people no doubt wonder why women want the vote now and are getting it. They think of the long ages when women were without political rights of any kind. Why should they want it now, AND WHY SHOULD THEY GET IT? The mere question of right and wrong is not a sufficient answer. Why do women win out at the present time?

The answer is easily given when one understands the materialist conception of history.

That proposition is: "That in every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization NECESSARILY following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch."

The prevailing mode of economic production and exchange formerly depended upon men. The women stayed in the homes. They had little to do with production and exchange. Consequently they had no political rights and a demand on their part for them would have been rudely put down.

Now women have entered into production. They are found in the mills, in the law offices, in the clerkships, behind the counters in stores, in the teaching of schools, in many ranks of employment.

They throng the industrial establishments. They are displacing men in many lines of economic production and exchange.

The prevailing mode of economic production and exchange being largely feminized, the political history and institutions MUST NECESSARILY BE FEMINIZED ALSO.

The economic base explains the political superstructure. The feminine base of industrial production must necessarily react and alter our political institutions accordingly.

We have many women taking part in agitation for equal franchise rights who do not really understand the basis of their own movement. They are idealists and think that idealisms can be realized simply because certain persons of a big nature and whole-hearted enthusiasts embrace the ideals.

They do not understand that economic conditions must be right before the political institutions can be changed.

However, their ignorance does not matter, because the time is ripe for the fruition of equal political rights in the field of practical legislation. Their idealisms can help break through the old and form the new, simply because industry has been revolutionized and is no longer upon a male basis.

Start your propaganda work for 1913 by ordering a bunch of sub cards. Four for $1.00. Twelve at $3.00 takes a copy of "All Red Facts."

Wake up! Make 1913 a dark and dismal year for King Capital.

F-or
A-ll
C-omrades
T-o
S-pread

This acrostic was sent in from Phoenix, B.C., by a comrade who signed himself "Doit." Its a good one, and we are open for more. Facts was made to spread. In fact nothing worries Canadian capitalists so much as the spread of this little book. There's a copy waiting for you at Cotton's. One copy of the "All Red Facts," a 120-page, pocket size book, will put ginger into a whole town. When you get one things will become interesting in your community, and you will be master of the situation.

It is Cotton's own book. It hustles bustles and brindles with pungent facts, any one capable of flooring a dozen adversaries. All you have to do is to get twelve subs for Cotton's, order 12 sub cards or a bundle of 12 for one year at $3.00. You can't buy it because it is not for sale. Five minutes to a couple of hours work will place you in a position to hold your own against all comers.

Help Cotton's with twelve subs and help yourself with Facts.

The viciousness of the capitalist system is only equalled by its greed and cruelty.

There are in Montreal plenty of first class mechanics acting as chambermaids in livery stables.

It would keep more than one recording angel busy to keep tab on the inhuman deeds of the capitalist system.

Men with a half-starved family living in a two-roomed rented shack shout for the Union Jack and denounce Socialism. Bread and meat should be the issue with these people.

Why do you fight for your country when you don't own any of it? The Eskimos don't mix into any of the fights among the natives of the South Sea Islands

MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the guest of honor at the 38th annual banquet of the Dominion Commercial Travellers' Association, held in Montreal on December 23rd.

Among other things, Sir Wilfrid said, "My motto is: 'My country, right or wrong.' It is our privilege to live under British institutions, the best ever devised by man for the government of men."

There was much more of the same strain.

Sir Wilfrid has been premier of Canada. He has been called the silver-tongued orator. He has been regarded as one of the greatest statesmen the British empire has produced. He publicly acknowledges that his motto is: "My country, right or wrong."

Sir Wilfrid throws morality overboard. He acknowledges he stands by his country whether in the right or in the wrong. The master class applaud his statements.

But when labor adopts the same attitude; when the worker says, "my class, right or wrong," a howl of rage goes up from the class which applaud Laurier when he makes the same remark about his country.

In the States the MacNamaras used dynamite. There was a big labor fight on. The master class pitted itself against a section of the working class. Harrison Grey Otis, proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, foamed and frothed against the working class. The MacNamaras blew up his building for him. They intended to blow it up without loss of life. Unfortunately life was sacrificed.

What do the master class tell us? They tell us we must condemn the MacNamaras. "Organized labor never did and never will approve of such nation-wide reign of violence and terrorism as has been charged here," says Clifford S. Langsdale.

When the MacNamaras pled guilty, many of the labor union officials hastened to condemn them. Sam Gompers was among the first to crawl on his belly and condemn the MacNamaras.

Supposing they were wrong? What of it? Sir Wilfrid says, "My country, right or wrong." Why cannot we say, "The working class, right or wrong?"

Sir Wilfrid justifies his motto by saying we live under the best possible institutions. If that is an excuse for upholding wrong, we are justified in backing labor no matter how wrong it is. For labor produces all wealth. It sweats and toils and is robbed. It lives in darkness while its robbers, the capitalist class, live in light and broad spaces.

I think I can safely say this, The working class of Canada and America say in their hearts, "our class, right or wrong." When the MacNamaras pled guilty, the workers were sorry—that they pled guilty. When they were caught, the working class were sorry—that they were caught.

The workers of Canada and America are sore. They are bitter. The iron of their bound condition has entered their souls. They are sore on the politicians. They are sore on the preachers. They are sore on the capitalist press.

When labor is wrong, the capitalist press chortles and gloats. How they are flaunting the MacNamaras now! How they are threshing and beating the poor imprisoned misdeeds of these men in their press!

Yet all the blowing and trumpeting has no effect. When the Haymarket riot occurred in Chicago over a score of years ago, some innocent workingmen were hanged because a bomb exploded. That hanging put the working class movement back a dozen years. Now guilty dynamiters are convicted from among labor's ranks, and the workers feel more in sympathy with the men in their cells than with the capitalist judges on the bench.

Sir Wilfrid deserves a vote of thanks from labor. When he declares that he stands for his country (which is owned by the capitalist class and used to exploit the working class) whether that country is right or wrong, he gives us the temper and outlook of the capitalist thieves.

Let us fling this challenge in the teeth of Sir Wilfrid, "The working class of Canada, right or wrong."

The worker will not always be chained. When he is getting gray, and the capitalist system has reaped the benefit of his toil and activity of brain, when he can no more produce profits as fast as a younger worker, the master will unlock his chains and cast him loose on this beautiful, sympathetic and warm-hearted mass of humanity fashioned after the image of the Creator.

Keep the pick swinging, you worker. The boss will do all the thinking that is necessary. If you stopped a while to think, the boss might have to take a hand with the pick. Nobody is more aware of this fact than the boss, either. That is why he keeps your muscles so busy your mind can't work.

If you are receiving this paper regularly, it's paid for.

STRIKE STILL ON AT PORCUPINE--KEEP AWAY

The class struggle still continues to manifest itself in all its revolting details, and the attendant waste that always attaches to such a conflict, if properly applied, would suffice to reimburse the employing class many times over for the difference between the strikers' demands and the wages which the mine owners profess their willingness to pay.

But like other ruling classes now buried in the long forgotten past, the capitalist masters have become so intoxicated with their long reign of conquest and exploitation, that they have lost even the wisdom of discretion and are wantonly stirring up the smouldering enmity of the very class whose historic mission it is to supplant them and to overthrow the evil tree of which they are the fruit.

The drug debauched mercenaries of the masters club our defenceless heads and riddle our bodies with bullets, and our movement gathers new courage to avenge our comrades' misfortunes, new strength with which to oppose the onslaughts of the instruments of our masters' wrath, and new knowledge with which to gain fresh points of vantage.

The prostituted parasites of the plutocratic press shriek and scream their venemous lies to the four winds of heaven in the vain hope that they may deceive the workers in other places into believing that the strike is over, but when a few real workers do get misled in this way and hire with the companies' agents, they immediately refuse to work under unfair conditions and join the ranks of the strikers already on the battle line.

Deceived and divided for countless ages, robbed and exploited for unnumbered generations, the workers of the world are awakening before the dawn of labor's emancipation.

Today in the slave pens of Porcupine the slaves of all nations are making a united and determined stand for a portion, a very small portion of their rights. Here the studious observer can see Hungarians, Slavs, Italians, Ukranians, Kroatians, Canadians, and almost all other nationalities, standing unitedly together, heedless of all racial and religious differences, and conscious only of their economic need and their class position in society.

Here, as elsewhere, the master class are sowing a seed of which they must reap the bitter, bitter fruit, — the seed of revolution.

There is a great field open here for the spreading of the industrial Socialist propaganda, and any contributions of literature, especially that printed in foreign languages, will be well used if sent to Box 521, South Porcupine.

Four of the workers are in the local jail here charged with unlawful assemblage, and are being held on $1,000 bail, while many of us have been shot down in cold blood, and others clubbed and beaten, all for demanding of the powers of privilege that they operate on the 8-hour basis and give us a more endurable existence than has been our miserable lot in their disease ridden and filthy bunkhouses, in the past.

But not for long, O masters, not for long. Soon, very soon, we who are but thousands, will be countless hosts, and numerous as are the leaves of the trees in the fall.

Already in the Republic to the South we are a million, and every day the sun rises on thousands more of us, all with but a single thought, the welfare of our class, all with but a single aim, YOUR OVERTHROW.

YOUR PRIESTS CANNOT STAY US. YOUR LAWS WILL NOT AVAIL; FOR WE SHALL MAKE OUR OWN. YOU CANNOT PREVENT US.

FOR WE ARE THE REVOLUTION—AND WE COME.

—Harold E. Botlev

PORCUPINE STRIKE NEWS

South Porcupine, Dec. 21st, 1912.

The master class in this district have now thrown off all pretence at observing the law, and have enlisted the support of all the powers of government to assist them in carrying out their nefarious designs.

Last night (Friday) sixteen men were brought in, in the Pullman car "Inverness," and as soon as it pulled into the station, the provincial police blocked the approaches to the cars, even those which formed part of the regular train, refusing to allow anyone to board the train.

Some of the boys having the idea that the public had the right to use a railroad that they are supposed to own, insisted on their rights, with the result that four of them were badly clubbed and beaten up and thrown into jail, being held on bail of $1,000 each.

There can be no doubt that this whole episode was purposely arranged by the authorities in order to incite a disturbance, which would provide an excuse for the militia being shipped in to murder the workers wholesale.

We have dozens of witnesses who are willing to swear that one of the provincial officers emptied his revolver in an attempt to murder a man who was doing his best to avoid trouble by leaving the scene of the trouble. This miserable caricature of insulted humanity is known, and he may rest in the assurance that somewhere, sometime, he will reap his reward, the reward of any other cur that losing his usefulness to his owner, is spurned under his masters' feet.

It should be noted here that the Thiel gunmen who shot down our brothers in Timmins in cold blood, are still at liberty, the only one who was committed for trial being allowed out on $1,000 bail and has not been seen since. If a slave tries to enter a public vehicle and only succeeds in getting into jail, his bail is $1,000 (might as well be $1,000,000), while a company tool can attempt murder and get away with it, $1,000 being less to the men who employ, than 10 cents is to a working man.

Notwithstanding these difficulties the fight is going on with added vigor, and the ultimate result is no longer in doubt; the working class is now becoming too intelligent to allow themselves to be divided upon the field of industrial conflict, and defeated in detachments.

The gigantic strides that have been made in this respect may be seen by comparing this conflict with that of Cobalt in 1907.

At that time it was a simple matter for the labor skinners of Cobalt to get all the miners they wanted from the unorganized districts of the various Eastern Provinces.

Today, notwithstanding that the scabherders of Canada and the United States have been scouring the country to secure miners to break the strike, it would not be too conservative an estimate to say that there are not twenty competent men working in the mines of this whole camp.

The first bunch of real miners that the operators have been able to hoodwink into coming here, deserted in a body when they discovered that they were required to work against their own class interests; and these men were from the vicinity of Sudbury, where it has been the proud boast of the Canadian Copper Co. that an organizer of labor could not stay.

Authoritative word has been brought out from the Dome mines that even the scabs have organized a little strike of their own, as they all want to quit, and the company has refused to pay them.

The Hollinger mines have seized on the personal effects of a lot of the men who quit their employ and refused to give them up. When this was reported to the local judicial authority, he made the remark that "he did not give a d—m if they ever got their baggage."

One thing is certain that the workers in this camp are not getting what they voted for, as at the last election the workers here rolled up a big majority for the Socialist candidate. Whatever the result of the industrial fight may be, there will be some capitalist politicians who will sincerely regret having opened the slaves' eyes to what they may expect from a parasite government under the present system of exploitation. — Harold E. Botley.

WONDERFUL GROWTH

We held a monster parade here on Christmas afternoon, carrying banners in eight languages, nearly a thousand striking miners participating and demonstrating the marvellous solidarity which has been manifested here since the first day of the strike.

You will readily see that throwing men in jail for trying to ride on a public railroad, and placing that road at the disposal of the companies to ship special train loads of men who do not want to scab and have been deliberately deceived, is not calculated to increase the Whitney government's chances of saving this seat from a rebel candidate next election.

You whose duties are removed in a way from the industrial firing line will hardly realize the marvellous change which has come over the workers in New Ontario in the last year. The 1911 campaign has had an effect here that you far away in Quebec perhaps will hardly have dreamed of.

In fact it is my honest opinion that given sufficient educative opportunity, the spirit of unrest here can only result in the election of a Socialist candidate in this riding next election.

The party has started its winter's campaign and has already appointed a campaign committee to study out the course of campaign to be followed.

In this connection I might say that I recently saw some literature put out by Rowell on the Compensation Act question, whether this foreshadows an early election or not it might be as well to inquire.

News has just come in of the death of a scab at the Dome mine, which makes two in three days killed through ignorance both of their class position and of the work they are engaged in. Yours in rebellion—Harold E. Botley.

SOUND A CALL

Sound a clarion call!
Summon humanity;
Let each democrat in the whole wide world
Shoulder his share and with banner unfurled
Steadily march along, bidding the worker be free;
Come join our ranks, and earn the thanks
Of posterity.

Think of your children dear;
What is their existence to be;
Have they to rust in the grooves we are cast,
Fettered and wearied in the schemes of the past?
Come, let us use our brains and our strength in an effort to see
If the Socialist test is really the best
For posterity.

We are under the capitalist yoke,
Who mock at our scant liberty;
When we ask for bread they offer a stone.
Will you help the day forward when they'll have to atone?
Then rally round our flag, that in the near future there'll be
A day of rest for those oppresst,
And real life for posterity.

Are you afraid you'll lose
In taking this forward stride?
There's nothing to lose, but all to gain.
Be resolute, man, we don't work in vain.
Join the gallant throng on emancipation's side;
Fight a good fight in the cause that is right,
Confounding capitalist pride.

—Jim Barron, Toronto.

Where do the detective agencies get the money to carry on their expensive operations? Does the worker supply it? Not directly. The large fat bank rolls of the capitalists are always at the service of these vultures when there is any dirty work to be performed.

Where are the small agricultural implement manufactories which used to be scattered throughout Ontario province? Ask of the harvester trust. They have slowly and surely crushed them to the wall. The few that are left are tottering to ruin.

Where is that little piano manufacturer who used to do a snug little business in his three-man factory around the corner? Big business gobbled him.

Preachers advise the worker to read the Bible. That is sound, practical advice, for outside of Socialist books, it is the only good, cheap book the worker is able to buy.

Prices of foodstuffs are rising daily. Every advance in the price of the commodities you consume means a reduction in the buying power of what you are pleased to call your wages.

Events are generally soon forgotten, but after the capitalist system is abolished it will be a long time before the concentrated cruelty of this modern Juggernaut is banished from the memories of the masses.

CAPITALIZED FARMING

"Land is not a banking security." That is a stock phrase. It has been proved over and over again.

The reason for this is because of the method of dealing with land.

When you buy and sell land, you have to have deeds made and signed and registered.

When money is borrowed on land, the loan is called a mortgage, and writings are made before a notary nd witnesses. When the lender wants to get his money out of a mortgage, he has to foreclose and take the land and then sell the land.

So land, as at present dealt with, is not a banking security. It is not something a bank can lend money on and get that money quickly back again. Perhaps the land when sold, is sold for a low price and the bank loses.

All this is to be changed. The farm is to be put into form where the surplus values arising from the farmer's labor can be realized on as quickly as on the surplus values arising from the work of slaves on a railway or in a factory.

Cheap loans for farmers. You have heard that cry? Cheap loans for farmers is the first step.

In the States Taft has been working on this scheme. In Western Canada the provincial governments have been discussing it.

Farming has now arrived at a stage where much machinery is needed. The farmer with horses only and tools is inefficient. He cannot produce as much as the farmer with traction engines and a wide sweep of land to cultivate.

Hence the farmers need more capital. They need money to buy machines to till the ground with in order to make a living and pay interest on their debts.

So the governments are going to arrange so that farmers can get loans in a less cumbersome manner.

The natural and inevitable result will be that the farms will be BONDED instead of MORTGAGED.

When a railway or industrial company borrows money, they issue bonds generally in one hundred dollar denominations. Bonds are nothing but mortgages which are split up into small amounts and transferred merely by transferring the hundred dollar mortgages. When the time comes to pay interest, the debtor goes to some specified place and deposits the interest on all the bonds outstanding. The officials of the place specified, usually a bank, then send the interest to all the registered bondholders.

If a holder of a farm mortgage wants to get his money out of his mortgage, he has a hard time of it. If the bondholder wants to sell his bonds, he takes them to a stock exchange, where they are readily sold.

The farm bonds will be treated in the same way eventually, that is if the small farmers do not first get wise and join the wage slaves in overthrowing the capitalist system. The farm bonds will be split up into hundred dollar denominations, and the farmer will deposit his interest at a specified bank, and the bank will forward the interest to the various bondholders. The farmer need not know to whom he is indebted.

As soon as this system gets to working well, the farms will be rapidly capitalized and flung into giant corporations. The company promoters will buy up big tracts of farm lands, issue bonds in payment, place giant machines on the farms, issue bonds in payment of the machines, hire farmer wage slaves to till the land, issue bonds, and eventually stock to pay for the first year's wages, and exploit the farm workers on a grand scale. All the farm workers will get out of tilling the land will be a living wage.

This scheme is being already hatched. It is because the capitalists know that shortly they will own the lands and capitalize the farming industry that they are so much in favor of scientific farming and soil fertilization and like things.

The little farmer may object, but his objections will go for little. He will be squeezed out of his farm just as the small factory owner has been squeezed out by the big trust. He will not be able to compete.

The question is often asked, "Will the Socialists take the farm of the small farmer away from him?" No. The capitalists will do that. When the little farmer loses his farm and falls into the ranks of the wage workers, he will be wanting Socialism and he will be wanting it bad, even worse than he does now.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year 50c
Six Months 25c
In clubs of four or over, one year 25c.

Same rates apply to England and British colonies, except Australia. Subscriptions direct from England are two shillings single yearly; in clubs of four, one shilling each. U. S. and foreign subscriptions $1.00 per year.

A lot of big financiers can't explain exactly how they came to be rich. Socialists know how they got their wealth, and also are aware of the remedy for such evils

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Make the sub list hum for 1913.

LET CAPITALISTS WORRY

In the American Civil War, General Lee, Commander of the Southern forces, was noted as being an able and a fighting general. When Grant took over the command of the Northern forces he was terribly worried. He was worried as to what General Lee was going to do. He was planning how he could meet Lee's attacks. Then he suddenly thought that Lee was worrying about what Grant was going to do. After that Grant stopped worrying. He resolved to let Lee do that and give Lee plenty of cause for anxiety.

There are Socialists who worry a great deal about what the capitalist class is going to do to the working class. The capitalist class appear to be successful, just as Lee appeared successful.

The spirit animating Cotton's Weekly is the spirit of Grant. We are not worrying about what the capitalists are going to do. We are doing our best to make them worry what the workers are going to do.

Never mind worrying about the plutes. Let us tend to our own duties. Let us organize the workers. Let the spirit of fear go. We have little cause to worry. It is the master class who will do the fidgeting.

If the working class will become conscious of their own power, if they will cease to fear, if they will look upon themselves as the masters of the situation, the false masters, the capitalist class, will shrink in power and their power will tumble round them like a house of cards.

The result is not in doubt. The triumph of the workers is inevitable. While the triumph is on its way it will save the workers much uneasiness if they will resolve to let the master class have all the worry.

Just sixteen years ago on the first of January in a little town up in Ontario the black smoke was pouring from a new chimney on a new factory, and the citizens held a small demonstration to express their joy, for the town had been dormant for many a day. Particularly noticeable among the spectators was an exhuberant young married woman with a child by her side and another in a go-cart. She was happy. Her husband had a steady job in the new factory, and a regular weekly pay would come into their home. Today that little boy who stood by her side is working in the factory; the little one who gazed with open-eyed wonder from the baby carriage is working in the factory; and the little girl the stork brought the year after the above event is working in the same factory. And the father is still there. They have a snug little home which hey have managed to pay for with the exception of a couple of hundred dollars, security for which is held by mortgage. During the sixteen years of life of this factory, it has sent six young sons of directors through a university; it has provided a summer holiday each year to the Bermudas for four stockholders and their families; two different managers have retired from active service and ceased to work altogether, and the head of the firm has a beautiful summer residence in the Thousand Islands, with yachts and automobiles. The factory now covers a whole block, and is considered a blessing by the town. And still the worker plods along in this slave pen maimed and broken, with his wages in most of the departments at the same old standard as they were on the day he started. These workers probably do not know they are being robbed. They are willing to raise children to fill the hungry maw of this huge slave pen. May the Spirit of Discontent in its wanderings settle down on this pile of brick and mortar which is soiling the souls and breaking the bodies of the little ones employed within its horrible walls.

Capitalists may retard the movement for the emancipation of the workers, but they cannot stop it. All the colossal power of the stolen wealth of the parasites will be as nought when the seed of Socialism has taken root in the universal minds of the masses.

After Jan. 15th, 1913, a 25 cent sub is good for forty weeks.

This Wife and Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE

How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 431 Elm Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y., U.S.A., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but ten years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

NEW YEAR CLEARANCE SALE

85,000 Propaganda Leaflets

TO BE SLAUGHTERED AT

73 cents per Thousand ASSORTED POSTPAID

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Every wide-awake Socialist will lay in his stock of propaganda for 1913 now. Only 73 cents per thousand, postpaid. First come first served. Five thousand for $3.50. Ten thousand for $7.00.