

PICTURES

By W. E. Hardenburg.
The Patriot

The sobs of the grizzled farmer were heart-rending. He sat alone in the little living room of the old farmhouse. In his gnarled, work-worn hands, he held a letter. It was stained with his tears.

"God help me to bear this sorrow," he groaned, glancing once more at the fatal letter.

It was merely a brief official statement of his son's death at Camp Chickamauga.

The old man's memory traveled back to that summer morning, when his young wife breathed her last to give birth to Jimmy; back through the swift-passing years in which Jimmy had grown from a puling infant to a stalwart youth of twenty; back to that fatal evening when Jimmy, throbbing with patriotism and the ardor of youth, had announced his intention of enlisting to fight the hated Spaniards, to avenge the "Maine," back to the dull days of Jimmy's stay at Camp Chickamauga, waiting for the forward order that never came.

And now Jimmy was dead. Dead of dysentery. Strong, handsome Jimmy. Dead!

Once more the old man began to weep bitterly. Weep on, old man, weep on. You have reasons for weeping, reasons that you do not realize.

For your son was murdered. Yes, murdered. And by his own countrymen!

How is that?

It was a triumvirate of crime. The first and foremost figure in this

tragedy was that group of selfish, vicious parasites, who, motivated by their own evil interests alone, inflamed the dull minds of the workers and brought about the war.

The second figure was that band of high class criminals, who, in their greed of gain, supplied the army—composed of working men—with their rotten food, their shoddy clothes, their adulterated drugs.

The third, and most pitiable figure, was you, yourself, old man, you and your fellow-workers, who, in your simplicity and ignorance, allowed yourselves to be made the willing tools of your mortal enemies—the master class.

Weep on, old man, weep on.

The Sacrifices

Smoke pours in volumes from the windows of the factory. Crowds of excited people gesticulate wildly from their place of safety in the street. Their eyes are riveted aloft. They are staring at the upper windows of the building; staring as in a trance.

What do they see?

Dozens of girl workers, crowded by the smoke and fire, to the windows. The crowding becomes more intense. The flames press closer. One girl, stifled by the smoke, falls. Down, down, she drops, until her flying body is smashed, like a piece of glass, on the pavement below.

Others follow with sickening rapidity. Soon the street is almost covered with these horrible, shapeless corpses, stained and spattered with blood and brains.

The cause?

The fire-escapes were defective.

Why?

Because the owners of the factory did not consider the welfare of the workers. All they considered was PROFITS.

The Prostitute

"Thirty days," snapped the magistrate. The girl was handsome, in a way. She had a well-developed figure, and the gaudy dress she wore displayed its every outline.

"Well, I guess, I've got mine at last," she said to herself, as she entered the cell, "but what the hell do I care?"

She seated herself. Presently, memory carried her back to the times of long ago. Before her vision, passed in rapid, cinematograph-like review, the days of her childhood at school, the subsequent peaceful years behind the counter in her father's little store, the dark, anxious period of competition with the big store on the corner, her father's bankruptcy, his suicide, his lonely funeral. Then followed the factory, with its sweating slavery, the long hours of toil and drudgery, the miserable pay, the shabby dresses, the stern landlady, the insufficient food, the factory-owner's advances, her necessity, her fall and, finally—the street.

"I had to or else starve," she murmured.

Then, arousing herself impatiently, she jumped up and waltzing around the cell, began to sing:

"I DON'T CARE WHAT BECOMES OF ME."

The Mother

In a dreary, barren room on the topmost floor of the dingy tenement-house, sits a woman, sewing. It is

midnight, and the two frail and fragile children, who have helped her since coming home from school, are sleeping a restless slumber on the rickety bed nearby. But, still, the haggard mother plies her needle feverishly.

It is the old song of the shirt. At last, the small, evil-smelling lamp flickers and grows dim. It is one o'clock, and, with a sigh, the mother lays aside her work and, sinking down beside the bed, offers up her nightly prayer.

She lies down on the edge of the bed and tries to sleep. It is in vain. Her eyes smart, her head aches throbbingly, her fingers are stiff and numb. She lies awake for hours.

Then in her slumber comes a dream. She sees a market. It is crowded with the good things of life—great heaps of rare, choice fruits, huge baskets of rich, red wine, an abundance of fine clothes—everything to satisfy human needs.

And in her dream a Man was there—a Man with loving voice and kindly smile. He was distributing these good things to a veritable army of thin, ragged figures with pallid faces and staring, patient eyes.

He was the Man who said: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Awake, woman! Your dream is over. It is time to work again.

For your masters have spent last night, in women and wine and cards, the profits you earned them yesterday.

And they need some more to spend tonight.

Get to work!

How will Socialists provide things for people unless they pay for them?

This is a question that many think is a sticker. All the necessities of life are produced by labor power applied to the raw materials. How can these things be given to individuals unless they pay for them? Have you ever

stopped to think how much is provided already by the people for the people without the individuals paying for these things individually? We have free education. Now the children are to have free school books. Soldiers to not have to buy their uniforms. The government, furnishes these uniforms. Many street railway companies furnish uniforms. Streets are made free to the individuals. The Western Union Telegraph Company, said to make its employees provide their own typewriters. Now the company is furnishing them. Individual supply for individual needs is being replaced by social supply for individual needs. The evolution of industry shows that Socialism is the next step in the progress upward of the human race.

The Boy Scout movement is a glorious sign of the coming of Socialism. It shows that the capitalists are thoroughly frightened. Formerly the masters were so powerful that they did not need to train boys to murder. They had plenty of grown men to do their dirty work. Now the men think and refuse to fight, to scab, to shoot down striking workers. The men realize that the capitalists are parasites. This frightens the master class. They know not what to do. So they go and take babes and train them in obedience, in reverence to scabbies and snobbery. They train them to murder. The capitalist class is on a pretty low pair of wheels when it has to call its corrupt ministers and newspaper owners and parasite servants to corrupt babes so that the capitalist system may live. The capitalist class knows that the death rattle is even now sounding in the throat of capitalism. The gurgling over the Boy Scout movement is one of these death rattles.

Pay-day! That is the day the boss, your master for the time being, comes around and gives you one-fourth of what he has sold your time for to the public. You work people are safe easy marks. You never get onto the game being worked on you.

Crying optimism when things are dead wrong is only seeking to hide a wound that may prove fatal. Make all things right and people can't help being cheerful.

Charity in the original meant love. If there were only that love which provides justice, that which in these days is known as charity would be wholly unnecessary.

When the menace of the millionaire is over there will no longer be the "menace of the mob."

Have any trouble landing subs? Try a bunch of Cotton's Booster Leaflets. They do the talking and contain full information. Two kinds, two hundred of each, for 10 cents.

If the workers got all they produced what would be left for the capitalists who do not work?

If you get this paper regularly, it is paid for. You needn't worry about a bill.

The morality of the capitalist is the immorality of the trade unionists.

The capitalists glorify the scabs who are traitors of the working class.

Socialism will give the right to work to the capitalist class and the right to have leisure hours to the laboring class.

The hearts of the people are yearning for Socialism.

Mayor Guerin of Montreal will find it a hot job sitting on the Torch of Liberty.

Capitalism stands for the property rights of the few. Socialism stands for humanity.

The glorious light of Socialism is brightening the long road to human freedom.

Scratch a revolutionary materialist Socialist and you will find an enthusiastic altruist.

The workers are outgrowing craft unionism. They are enthusiastically taking to revolutionary industrial unionism.

Why should Canadian slaves be fearful of their coming freedom when they see millions of their fellow slaves in other lands marching to their freedom?

The capitalists will continue in control just as long as the workers hand over the political power to the master class to use against the working class.

An election may be sprung this fall. The Liberal government is bribing the foolish people of many counties with public buildings built with the people's own labor.

The U. S. Congress is discussing whether the Morgan banks should be investigated. The Congressmen are letting off a lot of hot air while the Socialists are growing by leaps and bounds. No doubt Congress will be discussing this little item when the Socialists flood Congress with their members and separate Morgan from his little banks.

Many a farmer and worker takes a bribe from a capitalist politician and thinks he is making easy money. Such easy marks never stopped to think that if it pays the politician to buy the votes of the workers, it would pay the workers to put the politicians out of business and run their politics in their own interest.

We all speculate about the unseen world. But because some guy with his collar buttoned at the back and his vest fastened down the sides of his ribs comes and says he has special information about the unseen world, this is no reason why such a guy should have a say as to how you should vote in this world.

The Dominion government claims it has surplus of thirty million dollars and five million dollars has been added to the national debt during the last fiscal year. To the capitalist politician an increased debt on the people means a surplus—the parasites are that much richer off.

A thousand Grand Trunk employees are studying the new rules governing the running of trains which will shortly be put into effect. The Dominion government has imposed a uniform set of rules with respect to the running of trains all over Canada. All the railroads must comply with them. The wage-slaves run the trains. The people, through the government, establish the rules of running. The capitalists draw their earned dividends and interest for doing nothing.

The Berlin, Ont., Daily Telegraph, gleefully copies from the American capitalist sheets a long account of how Milwaukee is going to the demolition bowwows because of its Socialist government. This article was let loose by a disgruntled politician and has been completely refuted by facts and figures of independent investigators. The Daily Telegraph should remember that the Berlin workers are permeated with Socialism and that misrepresentation of facts about Milwaukee no longer deceives.

The "Georges" of Ontario have been begged to contribute money so that a present may be given to King George. Now if a tramp went begging alms he would be looked up as a dangerous man. But when money is being begged on behalf of a royal parasite, the fact is heralded forth in many papers. For capitalism makes a distinction between a royal parasite and a workingclass parasite. But the common people are not to be fooled. The amount realized from all the Georges of Ontario in this begging campaign amounted to only \$90.00. The frenetic appeals of a frightened capitalist class no longer awaken enthusiasm. They waken only pity.

Capitalism starves both soul and body.

A philosopher may be wise, but he has so little money.

Socialism is for humanity. Capitalism is for inhumanity.

It requires "bravery to break the chains of slavery."

Socialism will free the world from the worry about making a living.

They who want to advance are always held back and abused by people who profit by things as they are.

If the capitalist is entitled to part of your product because he owns the tools of production, is not the burglar entitled to part of what the capitalist has, because he owns the tools of exploitation?

How many of you workers allow lawyers to run your unions? How many of you farmers allow lawyers to run your agricultural and grain societies? If you do not allow them to run your unions or your societies, why in the blue blazes do you allow them to run your politics?

Many workers think they are fit to do the work but are not fit to have the fine things their labor power produces. That is why they choose to vote for their bosses so that their bosses can go make the laws which make the workers work and which let the bosses and their wives, daughters and mistresses enjoy the wealth produced by the workers.

The trial of McNamara has been out off till June. The Industrial Workers of the World, Bill Haywood, and many Socialists and trade unionists are agitating for a general strike throughout the United States the day the trial begins. Revolutionary unionism has arrived in America. This is blessed news for the worker.

The Lloyd George budget is breaking up the big estates in England. This does not mean that the benefits will go to the workers. It means that the capitalists want the land and do not want to pay the price the landowners want. So they pass a little law which makes the landowners either use the land productively as capitalists or sell it to capitalists who will.

The eight hour day bill of Alphonse Verville has been referred to a committee by the Senate. This means that the bill is practically buried. That is why the political henchmen of the labor thieves at Ottawa keep the Senate for, to bury all labor measures that the members of Parliament have to let through the House of Commons because of pressure from their electors. The Senate should be abolished.

I was wondering why the banks were forced to disclose their circulation of notes, their reserve funds, their deposits and their loans. The government compels the banks to issue a statement of their business once a month and the government publishes it in the Canadian Official Gazette. I knew that these statements were not issued to protect the people, although the members of Parliament pretend that that is the reason. I discovered the reason by a few words: a financial man let drop. There are twenty-eight banks in Canada all skinning the public. Each bank is trying at the same time to steal the business of the others. The banks could not trust each other so they got the government to compel each bank to disclose to the others what all the banks were doing. Each bank and each branch of a bank studies those government reports and knows just how far each of them is cheating on the people. The government reports assist the banks to maintain their graft and to fight any bank whose figures show that it is serving the people at less cost, than the others and thus getting the business away from the others. The monthly banking statement issued by the government is not issued to protect the people but to allow the other banks to turn and rend the bank that tries to break through the monopoly ring of the banks. A case in point is that of the Sovereign Bank which was practically wrecked by the other banks.

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THE GREAT MAN THEORY

A Review and Some Comments

Gustave Prager, Berlin, Ont.

In our community, for everyone we count a member of our local, we know ten workingmen who are Socialists, or "leaning towards Socialist ideas," yet are not affiliated with the only party that represents their class interests. This no doubt is the case in many localities.

Now while no doubt remains, that many hold aloof from some peculiar fear, are prevented to join us because their job interests are at stake, very many are not in our fold, simply because we are not inviting them to come in.

Every local would grow faster, if the comrades went out to their fellow-workers, and in asking them to join our organization, would point out to them, not only how their coming with us added to the strength of the movement, but also impressed upon them the fact that every well conducted Socialist local is a workers' university.

Of this Berlin comrades have tangible proof. Our old members have a larger conception of life and an increased store of knowledge, since belonging to our local.

During the past few years we have followed a definite plan in mapping out topics for study and discussion.

At each meeting we take up some phase of the social problem.

Many of the comrades, who were diffident and slow of thought, have developed into fair speakers. All who regularly attend our meetings have gained a vast amount of information, on economics, sociology, history and on related topics along the lines of proletarian reasoning.

We do not cultivate the art of quibbling, but we have over and over again thrashed out the fine points of the Marxian teachings. Our members know the Marxian definitions. We consider propaganda methods and tactics. We have critically discussed the position of college, press and church in modern society. We had a series of talks and discussions on the study of history—ancient mediaeval and modern—viewed in the light of the materialist interpretation.

And what light can not be shed on current misconceptions, in the investigation of questions, like "Is man's life what he makes it?"

How fascinating can be made the intelligent consideration of "The problems of heredity and environment." "The principles of modern criminology," and other topics along the lines of class conscious inquiry.

There may be some hints in the foregoing remarks to some of the newly formed locals, as how to conduct meetings interestingly and profitably.

The last subject we here considered, and which proved the source of so much interesting inquiry, that we perused it at two sessions, was "THE GREAT MAN THEORY."

And we can now place a true estimate on "hero worship." As we are creatures of heredity and environment, we of an average normal human type, naturally abhor vice and crime and love all that is good in human nature. But we have come to a readjustment of values! We do not jump at the drunkard, the criminal, the degenerate, in whom we perceive victims of heredity or of class injustices. And we begin to see the smallness of men, termed great by historians, and pride ourselves on the men we esteem great, measuring their greatness by the work they have done in the interests of the toiling masses.

We recently read a very interesting article, written by that genial radical Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

He asks: "Does Blood tell?" and replies: "Certainly blood will tell; but what it will say no one can prophesy until it has spoken."

"You can tell a well born man, but you can't tell him much; nor can he tell you much worth listening to, eight times out of ten."

The writer shows us how far too much importance has been and is attached to the influences and results of heredity, and that the immediate environment most strongly moulds human development.

Too long has the world now been cursed by the illusion that great men are the fathers of great sons. This idea has always been fostered by the ruling classes; the sons of mighty chiefs succeeded their fathers; our monarchies and decadent aristocracies are founded upon this decaying principle.

Now as our writer puts it: "..... do we not all go clear back to Adam—and farther?" "We are all born true aristocrats, real men and true women; and that's a proud enough pedigree for any one!"

Can any clear thinker be unconquered of the facts, that "the so-called great families of history have been great only by dint of incessant bolstering up by great wealth, with the superior food and surroundings that this brings; by marrying into other great families and attracting to

themselves all the wealth and political power and other desirable prizes of the community—and by constantly being invigorated by fresh injections of 'common blood'?"

Are not our royal houses, our aristocracies and plutocracies, our "good" families everywhere an obstacle to human progress?

As Woods Hutchinson puts it: "On both sides of the Atlantic today the principle struggle of the real people is to get off their necks and off their backs those monsters of their own creation—the aristocracy of Europe and the plutocracy of America."

"Give the unspoiled, warm-hearted mass of humanity a fair living chance, good food, fresh air, sunshine, decent homes, no overwork, plenty of healthful amusements, and you will reap a far larger crop not merely of happiness, of justice and of well being, but also of geniuses, of great men and of all the leaders and illuminators that any nation can possibly utilize."

Recognizing then how aristocracy is founded upon robbed wealth, can we fail to perceive that "the difference between the four hundred and the mass is the result of their food and housing and surrounding? And for the feathering of one of these peacocks a hundred children of the poor go naked and half starved. The boasted polish of the gentleman is compounded of the blood and tears of the toilers."

Our author completely demolishes that ancient outworn fetish of "heredity" and assures us, "that one of the silliest and most wasteful things society ever did, was to attempt to breed its great men, instead of buying them in the open market in every generation."

The writer speaks of the fact that millions of children today lack the opportunities of normal development. That a small class possesses wealth all out of proportion to its needs.

"Possibly many of our greatest geniuses and most valuable intellects die in infancy of starvation, overcrowding and dirt, diseases, or become stunted and warped in childhood through premature stress and strain."

"It may take three generations to make a gentleman; but when you have made him he is generally a fool and always a parasite."

You may read in its entirety this valuable study of modern social conditions, in the "Saturday Evening Post," April 29th, 1911.

Like most current magazines, this American weekly, among a lot of "mush," quite frequently brings a story or an article worth while considering. And I need hardly state that these contributions are always the work of Socialists or at least of men with radical tendencies, men who are moved by the spirit of modern Social progress.

May we conclude with Dr. Woods Hutchinson's query: "How long will society countenance and support this monstrous and wasteful injustice and inequality?"

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