

WOMAN—COMRADE, AND EQUAL

Eugene V. Debs.

The London Saturday Review in a recent issue brutally said: "Man's superiority is shown by his ability to keep woman in subjection. Such a sentiment is enough to kindle the wrath of every man who loves his wife or reveres his mother. It is the voice of the wilderness, the snarl of the primitive. Measured by that standard, every tyrant has been a hero, and brutality is at once the acme of perfection and the glory of man."

But it is a lie and a libel. The author of it is an unnatural son striking his mother, a brutal husband glorying because he is able to felly his faithful wife to the earth, a beastly father beating his daughters with his hands and gloating as she falls because he is stronger than she.

Real men do not utter such sentiments. He who does so prostitutes his powers and links himself once more to the chattering ape that wrenches the neck of the covering female, glorying as he does so in the brute force that is his.

Yet the sentiment is not confined to a moral degenerate who writes lies for pay, or to sycophants who sell their souls for the crumbs that arrogant wealth doles out to its vassals. It is embodied and embedded in the cruel system under which we live, the criminal system which grinds children to profits in the mills, which in the sweatshops saps women of their power to mother a race of decent men, which traps the innocent and true-hearted, making them worse than slaves in worse than all that has been said of hell. It finds expression in premises hiding from petticoated agitators, in presidents ignoring the pleading of the mothers of men, in the clubbing and jailing of suffragettes, in Wall street gamblers and brigands cackling from their piles of loot at the demands of justice. It is expressed in laws which rank mothers and daughters as idiots and criminals. It writes, beside the declaration that men should rebel against taxation without representation, that women must submit to taxation without representation. It makes property the god that men worship, and says that woman shall have no property rights. Instead of that, she herself is counted as property, living by sufferance of the man who doles out the pittance that she needs.

Woman is made the slave of a slave, and she is reckoned fit only for companionship in lust. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life, are scorned as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength, and plumes himself that he can subjugate the one who made him what he is, and would have made him better had his customs and institutions permitted.

How differently is woman regarded by the truly wise and the really great! Paola Lombroso, one of the deepest students of mind that time has ripened, says of her:

"The most simple, most frivolous and thoughtless woman hides at the bottom of her soul a spark of heroism, which neither she herself nor anybody else suspects, which she never shows if her life runs its normal course, but which springs into evidence and manifests itself by actions of devotion and self-sacrifice, if fate strikes her or those whom she loves. Then she does not wince, she does not complain nor give way to useless despair, but rushes into the breach. The woman who hesitates to put her feet into cold, placid water throws herself into the perils of the roaring, surging maelstrom."

Sardou, the analytical novelist, declares:

"I consider women superior to men in almost everything. They possess intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree, and may almost be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts, and though heavily handicapped by fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have only to turn to history to learn the truth of what I say."

Lester F. Ward, the economist, the subtle student of affairs, gives this testimony:

"We have no conception of the real amount of talent or of genius possessed by woman. It is probably not greatly inferior to that of man even now, and a few generations of enlightened opinion on the subject, if shared by both sexes, would perhaps show that the difference is qualitative only."

I am glad to align myself with a party that declares for absolute equality between the sexes. Anything less than this is too narrow for twentieth century civilization, and too small for a man who has a right conception of manhood. I declare my faith that man, like water, cannot rise higher than his source. I am no greater than my mother. I have no rights or powers that do not belong to my sisters, everywhere.

Let us grant that woman has not

reached the full height which she might attain—when I think of her devotion to duty, her tender ministries, her gentle spirit that in the clash and struggle of passion has made her the savior of the world, the thought, so far from making me decri womanhood, gives me the vision of a race so superior as to cause me to wonder at its glory and beauty ineffable.

Man has not yet reached his best. He never will reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character. Shakespeare understood it when he made his noblest woman strong as men, and his best men tender as women.

Under our brutal forms of existence, beating womanhood to the dust, we have raged in passion for the individual woman, for use only. Some day we shall develop the social passion for womanhood, and then the gross will disappear in service and injustice and companionship. Then we shall lift woman from the mire where our fists have struck her, and set her by our side as our comrade and equal and that will be love indeed.

Man's superiority will be shown, not in the fact that he has enslaved his wife, but in that he has made her free.—Progressive Woman.

The Banner Collection

The following little books should be read by every Socialist, and passed along to those who wish to study socialism. They are attractively bound, and can be carried comfortably in the pocket. Read them in the order as here presented:

1. "Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford. Has made over a million a half Socialists.

2. "The Socialists," by John Spargo. An easily understood presentation of scientific socialism.

3. "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Frederick Engels.

4. "The Communist Manifesto," by Marx and Engels. Necessary to every Socialist.

5. "Value, Price and Profit," by Karl Marx. One of the text books of the international movement.

The price is 10 cents per copy. Fifty cents takes the bunch from Cotton's Book Department.

The Parasites Know

"If the corporation combination cuts out waste, it cuts down expenses, it is the law of economics and we might as well pass statutes against it, hoping that no way would be found to evade those statutes, as we might, pass statutes against the solar system and the laws that control the solar system."

The above is an expression from the lips of United States circuit judge Peter S. Grosscup, in a recent address before the Illinois manufacturers' association at their annual dinner in Chicago. Grosscup is the distinguished gent who sentenced Eugene V. Debs to six months imprisonment in Woodstock jail in 1894, and who recently annulled the twenty-nine million dollar fine against the Standard Oil Co., imposed by Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis.

Grosscup is probably the most plant tool of capitalism which ever desecrated an American judgeship, yet he is bluntly frank in his admission that this government is run in the interest of big business, strictly, and that no law can be made to apply to capitalism. To a man with brains enough to grease a gimlet his intimation is clear that the laws of the country are made to enmesh the poor and helpless, while the rich criminal in high finance is allowed to escape unscathed.

The only difference between Grosscup and the majority of the working men is that Grosscup is class conscious and knows where he belongs. He draws his opinions from the same place he does his salary, yet he is considered one of the "wise men of the east." And he is.—Industrial Democrat.

NO CLASSES.

When the officials of the United States STEAL Corporation hold a meeting for the purpose of devising ways and means to grind the working class down lower than chattel or serf slaves were ever ground, the meeting is referred to by the capitalist press as a banquet. The degenerate thieves and slave drivers who are there feasting upon the flesh and blood of the working class are referred to as officials.

When you, Mr. Worker, hold a meeting to devise ways and means to procure a few more crumbs for your family you are referred to as anarchists and your meeting is called a mob.—Free Press.

U. S. A. RATES.

Single subscriptions, per year \$1.00 In clubs of 4 and over to same postoffice75 Five copies in one wrapper to one address \$2.50

The capitalists are the unconscious agents of Socialism.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

"It sounds like a romance he is interested."

"She went to the visitors' gallery and saw a class in short skirts and bare arms, twisting, turning, lunging from right to left with their hands, bowing like the worshippers, shaking their fingers, taking dance steps, posing like classic statues, all in time to music. It was beautiful, beautiful! One had never seen anything like it. They were all so fresh-cheeked, joyously vigorous, gracefully active. It explained disembodied airs and attitudes seem ridiculous."

"No wonder Cinderella was enchanted. We are just getting back to the classic ideas of health and strength and beauty.—Of course, she joined the class?"

"Yes, since the gymnasium was half a charity. She signed a blank saying she was a member of a church.—Perhaps that doesn't sound right?"

"It all depends, I should say, on how one feels about it. Artists generally have the right to everything."

"Thank you. That must have been the view. She refreshed herself at public fountains, libraries and museums, so why not in a gymnasium? But what studies were there? It was one great life in action. Sometimes one would sit and sketch—mentally—for an hour. The types were endless. It seemed impossible the human figure could have so many poses, and the muscles lie so differently, always beautiful. And the rest to the tired body and mind, the delight in every new movement, swinging through space, vaulting over high places, the ecstasy in games, and the newbornness after being steamed and swimming in the tank of cold water! One felt the first week that a gymnasium was more uplifting and inspiring than a church."

"I had the same sensation after the first day with the shovel."

"Have you been shoveling?" She let it pass as a puzzle.

"There were some laughable things, too. Once, when a fat lady thought she was drowning. Another time when the chestnut-haired captain of the basketball team accused the captain of the basketball team of being a chicken."

"I have heard from Mr. Townsend, she resumed, "of the philanthropic plans you ordered just before being taken ill. You can't imagine how this pleased me."

"How do you know it was that?" he asked, confused. "Perhaps the dividends were—"

"Blood tells," said the old lady placidly. "Our family has never cared too much about dividends."

"Not to earn but to spend them, he observed to himself."

"If I were ever anxious about my nephew, I knew that after the less thoughtful days of youth he would follow in his dear father's footsteps."

"You knew that nephew better than he knew himself."

Mrs. Morris smiled, and touched some electric that gave special light to a portrait. Rensen's wide forehead, sandy hair, gray eyes, the modified ruddy fullness of cheek and mobility of features, all could be traced in the portrait of middle-aged dignity and benevolence. He was standing beside a table, one hand in the bosom of the frock coat, the other a pile of rare books.

"All your father's collections were made by himself, as you know. He never had an agent to fill house and gallery with indiscriminate objects. So he did not gather as much, but he was truly a connoisseur—one who knows. And he was interested no less in hospitals, colleges, museums, the children's society, every worthy cause."

Rensen studied the companion picture, a ruder looking man with stiff jaws, a wart on his forehead, the white hair tousled.

"My grandfather collected also, but he did not distribute."

"Collected, Otis? One doesn't always follow you. Naturally, a pioneer of business could not find leisure for art. He was very just and honorable. He established the Atlantic Foundry."

"The men worked eleven hours a day in his time."

"I shouldn't wonder. During the civil war he made and presented to the government twenty-five cannon. You know, Congress gave him a vote of thanks."

"Afterward, he sued the government for the price of the cannon."

"No, my dear—at least the papers were withdrawn when he found how matters stood. It's an involved story. He was badly treated by some of the officials at Washington. They objected to certain proper conditions."

"The problem of giving is greater than that of receiving."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morris, innocently, "so that many of us never solve it. One feels sometimes, even in a well-managed charity, that it is a random attempt. Still, we should not be discouraged.—Have you any special views or plans?"

"I don't know. I am thinking it over." He avoided discussion of philanthropy, fearing that he might have to disagree with the charming old lady. "There were some miniatures in this cabinet."

She glanced at him. "Madeline Tenney are still being worked over. It is done with a magnifying glass. How did she impress one, Otis?"

"Why, aunt," he replied with an air of candor, "I imagine you must be very fond of her."

"Of course, yes. I have been glad to have her much with me—a fine girl, very talented and amiable. She learns almost too quickly. As a matter of fact, her family is well connected, though impoverished and buried in the country. Commodore Decatur was a cousin on the maternal side, and the Tenneys, of Springfield, Massachusetts, have always been good stock."

"That accounts for her success."

"Partly, my dear. At any rate, such a past must be an inspiration. What else than gentle blood, an old-fashioned self-respecting, God-fearing aristocracy, founded the republic."

"It was wretched," he said, and

his voice trembled a little. "Perhaps you did not understand—"

"Afterwards, if not then."

"Can you forgive me?" He was painfully in earnest.

"But there's nothing to reproach with. On the contrary." She met his gaze with a steady friendliness.

Rensen was silent and ill at ease. He wished that the city had not taught her such an extreme liberality.

Madeline glided away on the entrance of Rensen's aunt, who held out both hands and kissed his cheek with an affectionate murmur.

The old lady had an aroma of sachet powder; her lips felt a little cold. She looked to be about sixty, rather tall and gracefully majestic, with silvery hair in pompadour; benign full blue eyes; finely seamed oval features that became a trifle formal, perhaps characterful, around the mouth. Besides the gold pin in her hair she wore a little chain and locket. The black silk, full-necked and sleeved, was severe to the casual eye; but the spacing of certain ruffles and bits of lace had the proportionate harmony of architecture.

"And about your health, my dear Otis—"

She took his arm and led him toward the picture gallery.

"The seashore has quite set me up, auntie."

"I hope so. But one must remember—the soft low voice was all solace—that typhoid needs months of rest. There is danger of relapse."

"I'll try not to backslide," he said.

"Backslide, my dear? That suggests Christian Science. Perhaps you mean something else. . . . It has been lonesome not to see you all these months."

"Surely the courtesies have not failed in your duty?"

She smiled gently. "One's own becomes always more precious. In my day the family was everything."

They stood in the gallery, which was long and narrow, lit with mellow radiance from the glass cornices above. A Tabriz rug held the centre of the floor. A few small marble and jade objects on stands. The ends of the room being tapestried, the paintings covered both side walls; mostly colonial or early English, without prejudice to the modern minority.

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THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

A LITTLE SONG FOR 'THE SYSTEM'

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

(The following is taken from the recently published volume of poems "Songs of Democracy.")

Still have you fling, my masters
Press on your pleasant way,
Heed not if huge disasters
May skirt some other day;
You are of the anointed
And we but things appointed
To serve your sovereign will—
To serve and offer from our need
The largess due from need to greed.
Dear lords, be blithesome still.

Wanton and waste and wallow,
Stretch out your careless span,
Bemoan with pretense hollow
The laboring soul of man,
That patient, uncomplaining,
Through waxing strength and waning,
Your joys and gains ensures,
Yours is the fifth of thrifty times,
Of golden ways and sunny climates,
So long as he endures.

Rewrite in your greasy letters
The old tablets of the law,
Bind up with gilded fetters
And clutch with gilded claw.
On us work all your pleasure
Who toil to make your treasure,
A patient ass and strong,
Be confident and light of heart
In stately hall and money mart,
We thank you for our wrong.

Rot out the heart of the ruler,
Control its courts and camps,
Thrust into the highest station,
Your smug smooth thieves and scamps.

We know, we hope our duty,
We sodden things and sooty;
Take all and do not spare.
What fault, O lords, have we to find
We sear that bear the baser mind?
Thieve on! We do not care.

But the time will come, O rulers,
O lords in line array,
When we shall fool the fools,
And turn the pleasant play;
When Force and Fraud will avail not
And the awakened man will quail not
But smite his bond in twain.
What shall you say if he but ask
The reckoning for his long sore task,
And his stolen hours again?

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

By ALFRED AUSTIN

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there fingers gleam to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as the tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act
Life is worth living still.

The great captains of industry have too much business. They are worried and harassed until they cannot enjoy life. They often tell us so. Now in the spirit of love and sympathy let the country engage in business and take off the burden from their shoulders.

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SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street. Business Meetings every Monday evening at Socialist Headquarters, 221 St. Lawrence Main.

L. S. JACKSON, Secretary
122 St. Lawrence Blvd.

A Gain for Last Week

AS COTTON'S warned you in the first issue of the New Year, it has been up and tuck to keep our head above the 5,000 mark. Several times since then it has looked as though we would take a duck under it, but thanks to the energy of you devoted comrades of the Hustler Corps, Cotton's still keeps head erect and faced for the 10,000.

Cotton's has no circulation secrets from its readers. We work on the theory that you are as much interested as the office gang, and this information is given to you every week just as it comes from the editor, who personally checks it up.

We know you feel as keenly as we any loss in circulation. And say Comrades, Cotton's is the only paper we know of in Canada, which has the nerve to print a strictly accurate account of its circulation every week. It is all right to print it when everything is sailing smooth and the list going up, but it is a tug when everything is going the reverse and the office beating the ons. But it will be "did."

Don't get the idea into your head that Cotton's circulation is not watched closely by the plutes. There are parties who are dead nuts on Cotton's, on the trail. Cotton's may need your aid in an avalanche of letters to one point very shortly. So be on the watch. Lay for every subscription you can get. Don't let any sub card lay around unused. If you haven't any send to Cotton's for them. Let no chance slip. This is no circulation "jolly," but a plain statement of fact. We must have the circulation behind us to prevent being strangled. There is stuff down here waiting to be published that will tickle you down to the soles of your boots, while it will make the plutes squirm in their anger. Cotton's is out to show the whole frame of the robbery of the Working Class from start to finish, if there is any finish.

The last word Comrades, is to develop "Hustleritis" and fire in subs so that Cotton's can make the best possible showing.

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Jan. 20th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	67	150	1592
Prov. of Quebec	22	9	875
British Columbia	24	22	867
Nova Scotia	10	4	499
Alberta	2	12	488
Saskatchewan	20	7	287
New Brunswick	3	2	273
Manitoba	7	176	
Elsewhere	4	2	63
Yukon Territory			13
Prince Ed. Island	1		6

Total 152 216 5079
Gain for week 64
Total issue last week 8,600.

DO YOU LIKE ROBBERY?

The non-socialist into whose hands this paper may fall is respectfully asked to fill in his own answers to the questions given below:

Does it benefit you to be robbed?
Do you like to be robbed?

Would it harm you to get the full value of what you produce?

Is it right for a class which does nothing useful to live in luxury?

Is it right for a class which produces everything to live in poverty?

If your answer is No!!! to each of these questions, your place is in the ranks of the political party whose mission is to change the present system into the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Socialism will abolish poverty.

Bellevue, yearly sub. Gribble and getting West likes the West.

Comrade Hills, All this "wor" just could ing for yearlies, pany on plains.

Comrade writes, cannot but these two Boys, p sand many with a li

Comrad to a sch Creek, Al by sub ca have sold The mora of sub ca

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Now w this? A breezy W son, Wey

herid's office, Sweetburg, 24th December, 1909.

CHAS. S. COTTON, Sheriff.

Be broad. Read up on Socialism.

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John D. Wm. Coults Chas. Stin D. Johnst A. W. Bak F. F. Brig F. J. Gor F. Light