

TRAMP LAW

Section 238 of the Criminal Code declares, "Every one is a loose, idle and disorderly person or vagrant who—(a) Not having any visible means of subsistence, is found wandering abroad or lodging in any barn or outhouse, or in any deserted or unoccupied building; or in any cart or wagon, or in any railroad-carriage or freight car, or in any railway building, and not giving a good account of himself, or who, not having any visible means of subsistence, lives without employment; (b) being able to work and thereby by or other means to maintain himself and family, willfully refuses to do so."

There are many more clauses to this section which is known as the vagrant law. One of these clauses is that you must not wander about and beg without a license. The maximum penalty is a fine of fifty dollars with six months hard labor.

This is the law of the Dominion of Canada. It applies from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It covers thoroughly the unemployed worker who is broke and is hunting for a job.

The man who has no visible means of subsistence and who wanders abroad is presumed to be a criminal. Remember, two hands willing to work are not visible means of subsistence. They must be connected with a job before they can be considered such. So the unemployed worker who is hunting a job and who is broke is looked upon in the eyes of the law as a criminal until he proves himself innocent.

British law is supposed to be a superior sort, of thing that holds a man innocent until he is proved guilty. The liberty of the British law is foisted out at every banquet of lawyers. But a job hunter finds out that the boasted protection of the British law does not apply to him. If a man is dead broke and hunting a job, he has got to prove himself not to be a vagrant.

This tramp law is a fine thing for the masters. It is a law they can use to keep the workers tamed and tied to their jobs. So far in Canada the tramp law is not enforced so mercilessly as in the States. But the reason it has not been swung against the workers is that the workers have eringed before their masters. So this law has not been used to slug the workers as hard as it will in the future.

Yet the machinery is perfect for its enforcement when the time comes. In the Province of Quebec, the constables are not paid any salary. They are paid by fees for the arrest of persons whom they can persuade the Justices of the Peace to bind over to be tried by a District Magistrate. So every constable is on the lookout for jobless workers who are away from home hunting work.

A tramp to a constable is a God-send. It means fees and bread and butter for his family. It means jail for the tramp whether he is guilty or innocent. That however, is nothing to the constable.

This is how the process works out in this District. At Farnham, P. Q., there are a number of constables who are out for fees. Farnham is a railway centre and a lot of poor job hunters pass through that town. A constable of Farnham will spot a workless worker as far as he can see him. The constable nabs the worker and hauls him before a local J. P. Now of all the disgraces upon the face of justice the Quebec J. P. is it. Men are Justices of the Peace who can hardly read or write, men who are the standing laughing stock of lawyers. Before such a man the Farnham constable will lug his prisoner. The prisoner will be forwarded to Sweetsburg to stand his trial. The judge does not live at Sweetsburg but forty miles away. It may be a couple of weeks before the Judge gets round to the place of trial. In the meantime the worker is kept in jail, whether he is guilty or innocent.

At the trial the jobless worker generally gets convicted. The jobless worker may have asked for something to eat and that makes him guilty of vagrancy. The Judge may let the beggar go on suspended sentence if the fellow cringes enough or if the constable who has got his fee for the arrest speaks up and says that the man is a poor fellow who is honestly looking for work.

Even if the worker hunting a job is acquitted he will have spent a couple of weeks in jail and he will have no recourse against the constable for false arrest. You see the law presumes him to be a tramp until he proves himself innocent. So the constable is perfectly justified in arresting a presumed guilty person.

That tramp law applies all over Canada. You workers are the ones who get it in the neck. I am not fooling but telling you honest sober truth when I tell you the law is loaded unjustly against you. The capitalist law gives your jobs to the boss. Your boss will pay you to work for him just enough to keep

you supplied with fodder so that you can work some more. You can save nothing.

As soon as your boss finds he does not need so many wage plugs, out the factory door you go to hunt another master. You must wander about to find that master. You must live. If you beg you are a tramp. If you wander about you are presumed to be a tramp. You have got to hunt that boss, but while you are doing so the Criminal Code puts it in to the power of a bailiff to nab you and get you locked up.

Perhaps you think it would be wise under such circumstances to commit suicide. Look out. You must not do that. If they catch you trying to make away with yourself they will jail you. Do you not know that you are liable to two years in penitentiary if you attempt suicide?

I have been in the courtroom and had my blood boil at the enforcement of the vagrancy laws. Talk to the officials about it and they will laugh. They get their fees out of judging you unemployed job-hunting wage plugs. They want the system to continue.

What do you think of this grand and free Canada now. Do you think your Member of Parliament is making laws in your interests? Have you still got that idea in your head that the interests of capital and labor are identical and that the same law that applies to you applies to your boss? Wake up. Capitalism is corrupt to the core. You suffer and you will suffer worse until you take over the reigns of government and run industry for the benefit of the workers and not for the benefit of the labor thieves.

A LETTER ON SOCIALISM

A subscriber of Cotton's recently wrote to the editor of one of the big daily newspapers of Canada asking him about Socialism. The following is the letter he received in reply from this particular editor. The letter shows that there are many men in high positions who sympathize deeply with Socialism but who, through economic chains, are unable to publicly give expression to their true opinions. The following is the letter:

My dear Sir:—I am afraid it would take a good deal more time and space than I have at my disposal to explain what Socialism is. It would be very much better for you to buy and study the books of Karl Marx, or some other philosophic Socialist, than to depend for your impressions of socialism on a few chance flung remarks by a newspaper writer. A recent work that could be got through your bookseller is the paper covered copy of Fabian Essays on Socialism, published by the Fabian Society of London.

Socialism does not mean dividing up; that is Communism. The early Christians were Communists. They had only one purse for the whole so a million hands are ready plates only placing the entire machinery for the production and distribution of wealth in the hands of the people collectively, and does not contemplate the giving of an equal portion of the product to each individual whether he earns by his labor much or little. It does contemplate, however, the elimination of the capitalist. The only capitalist would be the State, and the only portion of the product that any person could get would be that which he earned, or in a non-producer that which the State considered proper to bestow.

Faithfully yours
NEWS EDITOR.

Paid in Advance

Every copy of Cotton's Weekly is paid for before it leaves this office. If you get Cotton's through the mail with a colored address label on it, numbered, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the truths of Socialism. You need not hesitate to take Cotton's from the post office as no bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

Following are the expenditure and receipts for Cotton's from Jan. 1st, to Nov. 15th, 1909:

Ordinary Expenditure.....	\$2,827.95
Capital.....	907.95
Total.....	3,735.90
Cash Received.....	1,835.49
Deficit.....	1,900.41

The wage worker on the street railway earns \$1.11 per year. Ask the next motorman or conductor you meet and find out how much he gets of what he earns. If he sees the point he will jump into the ranks of the Socialist Party like a frog into a pond.

The average industrial worker, lumping the skilled and unskilled together, earn about seven hundred dollars a year each. Ask the next wage plug you meet if he is getting that much a year, with no dockings in case he is sick a couple of weeks or so? Get him to see the point.

When capitalist concerns "share profits" they sometimes pay the workers in cold lead.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Left alone, he watched the flutter of the poplar leaves. He was in an agony of grief and shame, for the hallucination of his illness had come back. The truth was scarcely less torturing.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Morris's drawing-room had the stately elegance of past time tempered with unobtrusive modern comforts. It was spacious and long, on the first floor of the brown-stone house. The furniture was stout Elizabethan, in moss green and gold silk brocade; a velvet carpet with figures mating the pale ceiling frescoes; a carved oak mantel, with andirons at the fireplace; pier glasses at opposite ends of the room, and in the centre a fountain spraying ferns and pendent orchids. Filmy-winged gold fish, as if detached flowers, swam in the basin. While the room was lighted with lustres of candles, it had ventilation of filtered air made warm or cool by an electric system. On the walls a Gainsborough duchess, politely tolerant, and an Albany county patron, grim and ruffled, faced a modern society woman on horseback.

Rensen, after a convalescence at the seashore, stood here taking off his gloves one evening in late September.

The reception to which his aunt had invited him evidently was later than he expected. But it was pleasant to stroll about the room, recalling other days, and to anticipate a long quiet chat with the old lady. Stopping over the basin of gold fish, where once a boy he had angled with a bent pin, he smiled. They had to guard those fish with a screen. As he walked away, a tall pier-glass brought home the asceticism of his attire: gray sack suit, black scarf and turn-over collar. Full dress would have been less conspicuous.

"What am I here for, anyway?" he asked himself, a little nettled at the discovery. "These receptions—"

At that moment a tall handsome girl, in lacy half sleeves and a lilac silk decollete, glided forward with outstretched hand, murmuring that it was awkward to be welcomed by a stranger, but his aunt would be down presently. She had an ease of manner, a superb figure of nobility and beauty.

He was speechless. He fancied awhile that it must be a coincidence, or perhaps relationship. She had introduced herself as Madeline Tenny, and there was nothing in her manner to suggest that they had ever met.

They chatted commonplace for a few moments. He continued to wonder. It was both possible and impossible. His embarrassed gaze dwelt on her rounded arms, the plump, wide shoulders agleam through lace, the contour and complexion of the once hollow features, the distinguished nose, the Psyche coil of auburn hair.

One thing convinced him: she had the same upward glance of the hazel eyes; but now, instead of being naïve and dreamy, the effect was indescribably brilliant.

"Have we not met?" he asked, in desperate point blank, too uncomfortable to maintain small talk.

"Let me see—" Her smooth forehead wrinkled with gracious effort. "Was it at Narragansett or in town?"

He was taken aback. "You had a guide book?" he stammered.

"A guide book? How strange!" The air of musing suited her well. Her voice was a smooth contralto.

"Of course one's appearance changes through illness," he said hurriedly. "But you know I gave you my card."

"A card. Oh, yes, I see." "And you asked if I wasn't very busy?"

"Now isn't it dreadful how one forgets!"

He rose, crimsoning. He was both indignant and humiliated.

"Please finish it one way or the other. I can torment myself enough—If you wish me to leave."

"Let's finish it in this way." She laughed outright, with gay cordiality, and offered her hand.

He took it at length, gratefully. Her light spirit infected him.

"I suppose you are Cinderella."

"Of course," she assented, curving back in the settle. "It has come out just like the story, except that glass slippers weren't good form and the fairy godmothers were numerous."

"Have you kept a list of them?"

"Yes. You know in these days it would be too much for one fairy godmother, so they club together and take shares."

"The Cinderella Corporation." He became hilarious. "What dividends are paid?"

"Ingratitude," she replied promptly. "Anything else would be too common. Art for art's sake, you know. Besides, gratitude is misunderstood and one mustn't show it even if one feels it."

"You have certainly progressed," he said and sat nearer. "Speaking of fairy godmothers, is Akeley Smith—"

"He is the second. I think you have the honor of being first. Did you not send me him with a card? Then there's Mrs. Morris, who's been very good—Would you care to hear all about it?"

"Very much," said Rensen, smiling at her tone of mystery.

She rose, tiptoed to the door and resumed her place. "I don't mind the duchess or the lady on horseback, but that scowling old patron! What will he think of it?"

should one wreck illusions and tell about a devious rise?"

"Because," he suggested, "the first commandment of art is to confess."

"How true. And besides, I owe you something, and if I don't tell, others will. That's the beautiful thing about us bohemians, we leave nothing for our enemies to discover."

Her eyes swept upward, and the movement showed the modeling of neck. The fresh, generous lips parted slightly, with a glimpse of regular white teeth. "Do you remember half the beighted things I said, about shoe polish and copying masterpieces in the museum—"

He joined her sudden laughter. "Still enthusiasm is the main gift. I sincerely envy yours that day. Now tell me about the devious rise."

"Well, that day, one had spent the last cent and had nothing but the guide book to console one's self with. You didn't suspect that? No, of course not. The invitation to luncheon was a temptation, because I was hungry. Since then, having learned more, I realized what a position I was in."

She paused in simple gravity, glancing at his startled face.

"At the time it seemed quite a lark, to be penniless and invited by the landlady to leave the house. I felt proud of myself because I had torn up the return ticket—to East Vienna, you know—until I thought it might have been sold for enough to pay for another week's board. Then I wanted to pawn my miniatures, but I was rather afraid and ashamed to go into places with three gilt balls."

"Great heavens! You poor child!"

"I went in one, all the same. The man offered me forty cents apiece, but he gave me such a look that I ran out. All this lasted only a few days."

"Even a few days like that—"

"I took your card to Akeley Smith and he let me do something right away. I got up on a platform, just as I was, earrings and hat and all, and posed as a New England spinster whose lover was a sea captain. I was reading a letter. To make it realistic, they had a cup of tea and a plate of toast, and I was so famished I could hardly keep the pose."

"This is a terrible world of the thousand variations of the narrative that might be made."

Akeley Smith was very kind. He said it was the custom for models to lunch with the artists; and one didn't mind so much, since one cooked it over the little gas stove. Then I rented a little hall room near the studio, sharing it with another model, who taught one how to walk without hitching seams, how to iron handkerchiefs by pasting them wet on a window pane, and that one must not be surprised at anything.

About this time the New England spinsters were done. Akeley wanted a romantic young lady from Illinois—

"A romantic young lady from Illinois? So you let her?"

"No, he took me to a customer who had a waxed mustache and said, 'Ah, mademoiselle, you are zat different type I dream of! I prescribe for you wize ze joy!' The prescription was green and brown prunella. In this one I posed for two magazine stories and for an academy painting that Akeley made for himself. Meanwhile he was finding out one's capabilities in art and giving one a chance to develop. He thought one had a foundation either for a decorator or miniaturist."

"So our prophecy of talent—" he began and quickly remembered the thought of reservation.

"I helped with some decoration, especially orders for book covers and altar cloths—perhaps you noticed those new sky-blue books on nature?"

But he laid the most stress on miniature work, making one spend hours a day at it. He was always criticizing and polishing, teaching one a thousand little tricks of technique, how to cover up faults and exploit special abilities. You know Akeley's theory, that with the right pupil and teacher more can be done in three months than otherwise in a lifetime."

"He's a fine clever fellow," said Rensen, heartily. "The idea is just right. But in all this I can't see anything devious, only hard, honest work."

"The eyes went up. She twisted the opal on the little finger of her left hand. "It is nice to look at it that way part of the time to think that every successful person rises by sheer merit. You generally discover that some one else is pushing or pulling."

"The city educates one terribly quick," he said.

"Don't let's us laugh at each other," she smiled, nevertheless. "As a matter of fact, why shouldn't there be a little pushing and pulling? Only it's the story-book idea that people sprout up by themselves like mushrooms."

"I am anxious to know the rest. There are still mysteries."

"If you mean complexion and all that... am I too frank? No, of course not. The first commandment of art. And then someone might say I ate arsenic or heaven knows what."

"So imagine Cinderella wondering how people lived in the city, as if they were disembodied spirits—many looked like it, too—and when she walked in the Park she had a wild desire to romp. How homesick it made one for the country fields, and fences, and trees to climb! Well, she tried to make up for it by early morning walks. One day she was passing a gymnasium."

(To be continued)

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PHILANTHROPICANNE

Roscoe A. Fillmore.

It is reported with much glee by the capitalist press that Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the illustrious J. Pierpont, is suffering from an attack of "nerves" superinduced by a visit to a meeting held in the interests of the striking shirt-waist makers of New York. Miss Anne (not Annie, that's too plebeian!) of course attended the meeting as a "friend" of the oppressed girls. And, incidentally, her father's bodyguard—the New York police—were at the same time haling the girls before the magistrates and jailing them. It appears that some of the many Socialists (they're always buttin' in,) spoke at the meeting hence sweet Anne's indisposition. In a statement to the press, issued the next day, gentle Anne "deplored the fact that Socialist orators (Say, that makes a bloomin' agitator feel chesty!) were permitted to preach to the girls." And why shouldn't she "deplore the fact?" You can bet your sweet life that if I was the daughter of J. P. Morgan I'd be scared silly if I heard a Socialist speaker. For Socialism spells the time when poor Anne will be compelled to go to work at something useful. And we'll find a nice soft job (perhaps on a rock pile) for her respected pa too. Socialism is "just something awful" to Apne and her gang because it will take from them their lordly incomes, and compel them to do something useful in return for their bread and butter.

The very fact that the daughter of J. P. Morgan is so afraid of Socialism should lead some of you fellows to wonder why. You never knew the capitalists and their henchmen to stand for anything that would be advantageous to labor unless it meant an increase in the productiveness of labor. You never knew them to grant you a concession of any kind unless it meant more profits for them. So when they, who have never advocated anything to your advantage, declare themselves so unalterably opposed to Socialism it ought to lead you, if you've got common horse sense, to sit up and take notice.

Miss Anne Morgan's "friendship" for the strikers while she "deplores the fact" that they listen to Socialist speakers—should also teach labor that any so-called friendship with the "upper classes," "intellectuals," etc., went last long unless it is advantageous to those who are posing as "friends of labor." It should teach labor that it must be its own savior. We should season with several grains of salt the protestations of friendship of members of "society." Labor has multitudes of champions in its own ranks among the miners, farmers, mechanics, etc., who can hold up their own end with any of the intellectuals. And it is from these men who are in the ranks of labor; who know what it means to be squeezed and oppressed by the present economic system that our leaders and teachers must come. The capitalist who is living in luxury off the proceeds of our surplus labor will prevent us procuring the full product of our labor. It would deprive him of his "rights" and it's against nature to suppose that those who live by enslavement will ever give us their freedom.

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Capitalism declares, "In the sweat of the workers' brow shall the capitalists eat their daily bread."

ANOTHER LOSS

Say Boys, here's another loss to report this week. This won't do. Somebody has to take a fresh grip on the dog collar, or downward we go with a vengeance. It was British Columbia that did the turn downward. A lot of short term subs put on for the election expired in a bunch.

It will be fairly clear from now on, as far as exspirals are concerned, but it needs energetic work on the part of all Cotton's hustlers. At the present rate, we will not be able to keep our heads above the 5000, let alone get the 10,000.

Comrades, get busy and use the Sub Blank sent you two weeks ago.

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Jan. 13th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario.....	54	121	1509
Prov. of Quebec.....	11	22	888
British Columbia.....	181	17	869
Nova Scotia.....	9	8	505
Alberta.....	15	27	478
Saskatchewan.....	1	20	360
New Brunswick.....	1	1	274
Manitoba.....	2	11	169
Elsewhere.....	4	5	65
Yukon Territory.....	1	13	5
Prince Ed. Island.....			13
Total.....	278	233	5015
Loss for week.....			45
Total issue last week 6,000.			

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

LABOR'S CALL

Awake, ye men of labor, waken;
The rising sun illumines the sky.
While privilege, with terror shaken,
Sees labor's banner floating high.
Monopoly no more shall bind us;
We bid defiance to its power,
While corp'rate tyranny shall find us
Prepared to meet it every hour.

The ballot will make us freemen;
The ballot will make us free,
If we wisely use the power it gives
For truth and humanity.

The workman's power, that struck
The bonds
From thrall and serf and ebon
slaves
To sweat-shop's victims cry responds.
With will to save and strength to
save.
March on, march on, ye men of might,
And brush aside the many laws
That make the wrong appear the
right
When used to injure labor's cause.

JOSEPH McDONALD

LIFT UP THE BANNER

Lift up the People's banner,
Now trailing in the dust;
A million hands are ready
To guard the sacred trust;
With steps that never falter,
And hearts that grow more strong,
Till victory ends our warfare
We sternly march along.

Through ages of oppression,
We bore a heavy load,
While others reaped the harvest
From seeds the people sowed.
Down in the earth we burrowed,
Or fed the furnace heats;
We felled the mighty forests,
We built the mighty fleets.

But after bitter ages
Of hunger and despair,
The slave has snapped his fetters,
And bids his foes beware;
We will be slaves no longer,
The nations soon shall know
That all who live must labor,
And all who reap must sow.

By the simple process of cutting down a few of the excessive salaries of the men at the top and of paying the men engaged in railway work all they earn, the average wage of the railway employee would be a thousand dollars a year. If commerce and industry were organized on a rational basis the earnings of the railway men could be easily made equivalent to two thousand dollars a year. But that would be Socialism and the bosses have persuaded the railway employees that Socialism would destroy the home, that Socialists want to rob the honest workers.

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