

SAMPLE

## THE SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN

Roscoe A. Fillmore.  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and I rubbed my forehead and arose with a start, muttering "What the hell Bill." It was a gloriously clear moonlight night in December in "this year of our Lord" nineteen hundred and seven and the writer was in a "side door pullman" on the C. P. R. and was being jolted over the mountains between Field, B. C. and Banff Alberta. The scenery was glorious, splendid. But what in thunder did it amount to me. I couldn't eat it yet, I was hungry. I couldn't buy it for I was "stone broke," and the air was so cold that I couldn't stay at the door any length of time to enjoy it without freezing my face.

The night before I had slept, or tried to sleep, in a box car in the yards at Laggan among the summits of the Rockies. And all the day long we (there were five of us) had stayed in that car fearing to venture forth as there were several of the red-coated gentry of the R. N. W. M. P. force stationed there. One of the fellows in the course of the day went out and did not return. We concluded that he had been "pinched" and were more cautious than ever.

Being "blanket stiffs" we of course carried our beds with us and these we had spread in a corner of the car and lay there huddled together for warmth. Two of my mates were Yorkshiresmen and one fellow cried as he told us of the glorious times he had had in "old Doncaster" at the foot ball games, etc. As for the writer he spent most of the time in painting "vivid word pictures" as Gribble says. Towards night the Yorkshiresman who was so homesick ventured forth with twenty-six cents and returned in a short time with bread and cheese. We lit into it like a pack of famished wolves. If I remember right we didn't even bother to take the cloth off the outside of the cheese.

By dint of much "pumping" at one of the yardmen we learned that a freight could pull out bound for Calgary at about 8 p. m. and decided to "jump" it. When the freight pulled out we had "jumped" alright but through mismanagement and over-caution on my part I found myself alone in a car while my mates were devil knows where. And then the awful grind began. The jolting of the car gave me a terrific pain in my side and stomach. It was so cold that within a short time I was compelled to remove my lumberman's rubbers and run back and forth to prevent my feet freezing.

I saw visions of myself being found a week later frozen stiff as a poker. All the instances of this kind which I had ever read marched before my mind's eye in a steady procession. And I kept walking, counting the number of steps miles I had walked. Sometimes I went to sleep in the course of my rambles and brought up against the end of the car.

About two hours after the start the train stopped, to take water I presumed. While I was speculating as to how much longer I could stand it I heard a step at the side of the car. The door was pushed open and a lantern followed by the face of a "brake" thrust in. I could see my finish. But with a laconic "Hullo" he retreated closing the door with a bang. For a moment I felt terribly relieved. But it was only for a moment. As many of my readers probably know most if not all the C. P. R. box cars are fastened by a spring bolt when the door is shoved to the bolt springs into place and holds it securely. I found that I had been fastened into the car in this way and was a prisoner with the mercury away below zero. Again the dead man began to troop before me. The train started. I felt like shrieking and may have done so. I was nearly mad with fright.

After walking for probably an hour longer I became discouraged and unrolling my blankets I laid down in a corner. Suddenly a ray of light fell on the floor of the car and I discovered that the jolting of the car had caused the little door in the end to slide open. At the next stop I clambered out and opened the side door again. I was now free to freeze or starve if I had to but not like a rat in a trap at any rate.

At 2 p. m. or thereabouts we drew into the yards at Calgary, and gathering up my blankets I made a bee line for the waiting room. But I was doomed to be disappointed. One of the upholders of the "law and order," a big C. P. R. policeman quickly hustled me onto the street. Out I went and shivered myself warm the rest of the night. (In the East we read a lot about the "salubrious climate" of Alberta but if any of my readers want to really test it they should start to "bo" in December.) When the morning came I spotted a woodpile and earned my breakfast and

a fifty-cent piece by splitting some of it. The owner of the wood was a decent sort of fellow and was very sympathetic when I had poured out my tale of woe. But he didn't understand why a man able and willing to work should be in want. He considered that we "out of works" were a "problem." And although I tried hard yet I couldn't get him to see the real cause of unemployment.

The cause of unemployment! What is it? Why are thousands, even millions of able men walking the streets looking for a master and in want because they can't find one? Simply because the tools and raw materials that they must use are owned by somebody else. The owner will only allow us to use the tools when we create a profit for him. When the state of the markets prevents him from selling the products we have made at a profit he refuses to allow us to work.

And don't forget, you fellows who have jobs today, that you may be in the army of unemployed tomorrow or the next day. Don't you forget that it is this unemployed neighbor of yours who is constantly competing with you and cutting your wages. And also don't forget that unemployment is on the increase all the time.

I have told you the cause—private ownership of the means of production. Socialists have dinned it into your ears for years. And they have also told you the cure—working class ownership and management of all industry. This and this only will do away with unemployment and all its attendant miseries such as riding in a "side door pullman" in the dead of winter.

The time will undoubtedly come when you will have to accept it. In the meantime go on scolding, if you like. We won't coax you. But I hope that, if it is necessary in order to wake you up, every last man of you may find himself in a box car somewhere in the dead of winter—and "broke." There's nothing like an empty stomach and cold feet to make men think.

## THE TRUST

In the speech from the throne at Ottawa it was intimated that more stringent regulations would be adopted against trusts or combinations in restraint of trade. The group of office holders who drafted that speech must have laughed in their sleeves at the gullibility of the Canadian people.

If five little merchants get together and agree not to sell below a certain price, that is a conspiracy in restraint of trade. If those same little merchants should get together and organize a joint stock company and put up the price of goods in the name of the company and squeeze the people just as hard that would be a fine thing. The Canadian papers would hail them as brilliant financiers and their company's stock would be listed and the squeeze they had on the public would be put down as "earnings."

The departmental stores are reaching out to capture the retail trade. The railways are reaching out to reduce expenses and fix rates that are universal. The coal and steel companies are amalgamating into one giant corporation for the control of the steel business and the fixing of monopoly prices. Everywhere the trust is advancing under cover of company organizations.

Then the henchmen of the capitalists at Ottawa announce that the Dominion parliament is going to pass legislation against trusts. This is nothing but a play to the gallery. There are numerous little storekeepers who are hanging on the verge of failure owing to the operations of the department stores. There are many commercial travellers who are on the verge of losing their jobs owing to the mail order houses. There are many commission agents and jobbers who will see their jobs vanish before the advancing organizations of industry. These men have votes and need to be cajoled into supporting the party of the plutocracy, the Liberal Party at present. To these little chaps the Laurier government brings a message of cheer in a vague reference to curbing the trusts.

The Laurier government does not mean a word of what it says. It is the friend of the trusts. It backs the financiers in their interest stealings. It gives the country away to the G. T. P. It makes the laws so that giant organizations can crush the independent concerns. It is a friend of the big labor thieves.

I do not support the cry of the little men in business. They have got to go. They are cumberers of the ground. They are useless. The sooner they get squeezed out of their little jobs the better. Industry is being organized and the coming fight is not between the disappearing little labor thieves and the big labor thieves. The fight is between labor and capital. Giant labor organizations are opposing themselves against giant thefts of labor power on the part of the exploiters of Canada. This is the coming fight.

The Laurier government flings a promise to the little chaps in business and straightway forgets it. The Laurier government has no friendship for labor. The Laurier government is on the side of capital and against labor. The sooner the laborers realize this and get to work to elect socialists to Ottawa the sooner will they swing into line to oust the capitalists and get back for themselves the full product of their labor.

The political action and the industrial action both have a place in the socialist movement.

Socialism will establish the co-operative commonwealth in the place of competitive private poverty.

Necessity is the mother of crime. Capitalism produces the necessity and hypocritically lays the blame on the criminal.

Let the little business men not worry about socialism destroying his business. Capitalism is doing that right now.

The capitalist system evolved through revolution from the feudal. The social system will evolve through revolution from the capitalist.

The capitalist press is in favor of respect for the law. As the law is capitalist law the capitalist press naturally are in favor of its being respected.

Is it not a silly system to live under by which great wealth is given to the few idlers and great poverty is the lot of the many industrious workers?

Mankind need food, clothing and shelter in order to live. How foolish it is to hand over these necessities to be sold by private individuals for gain.

Under socialism the means of life will be at the command of everyone. At present the means of life are at the command of a few and the many have to work beyond their strength or starve.

Study! Study! Study! It is only by study that one can understand wherein his class interests lie, in what direction society is moving, the merits and demerits of reform, the cause and cure for hard times, the genesis and exodus of poverty.

By the ownership of the means of production the master class are in a position to enslave the working class. When the working classes are put into possession of the means of production by social ownership they will be free.

The New York Herald has begun to hector Canada on her naval policy. Says it is the beginning of naval rivalry. This shows that American and Canadian capitalists are trying to frighten the two countries into giving large naval contracts to the labor thieves.

Here is a good brain puzzler for the bourgeois socialist. It is said that ninety-five per cent of our productive energy is wasted. Let the bourgeois socialist work this out. He will find that most of the professions and businesses that the bourgeois person regards as necessary and honorable are in reality unnecessary and parasitic.

A Montreal by-law is proposed forbidding the use of alum and borax in making bread. Under capitalism it is profitable to poison the people and consequently by-laws are passed which will be left unobserved. Under socialism as there would be no profit in making adulterated bread it will not be made.

The unemployed in Great Britain now number over a million. Asquith and Lloyd-George cannot solve the problem of the unemployed. They are trying to bolster up the capitalist system and the capitalist system cannot give work to all who want it.

All Socialists stand for the same thing, namely, common ownership of those things on which the people in common depend for employment and the means of life. They differ only in their reasons for being socialists and in the way in which they expect the Socialist program to be carried out.

At a fire in a Montreal building the floor gave way because it had been overloaded and four firemen were killed. After the accident it was discovered that there was a city by-law ordering the inspection of all floors and the possession of an official card showing the weight the floor would stand. This by-law has never been enforced. Under capitalism laws are passed for appearances sake and are then left in oblivion because it is found more profitable to have them broken than to have them fulfilled. Under socialism when there will be no profit in building shoddy buildings, shoddy, dangerous buildings will not be built.

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## Socialism Defined

BY WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

Socialism is an interpretation of the past, a diagnosis of the present, a forecast of the future. It is at once a philosophy of history, a system of political economy, and a business proposition. It is all these, and more; it is a world-wide political movement with definite principles and definite demands.

The Socialist interpretation of history rests upon the theory of economic determinism, a term which almost explains itself, meaning that the economic forces at work in society determine the nature of its ethical, social and political institutions. In other words, to quote Frederick Engels, the distinguished promulgator of this doctrine, economic determinism lays down the proposition that "in every historical epoch the prevailing mode of 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; that consequently the whole history of mankind (since the dissolution of primitive tribal society) has been a history of class struggles; that the history of these class struggles forms a series of evolution in which, now-a-days, a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class—the proletariat—cannot attain its emancipation . . . with out emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinctions and class struggles." It is upon this conception of history that the social-democratic movement bases its faith in ultimate success.

As a system of political economy Socialism teaches that labor is the sole creator of value. From this definition of value is deduced the theory of surplus value, which means simply that profits are made, not by selling goods for more than they are worth, but by not paying labor the equivalent of what it produces. This unhappy position of the wage-worker arises from the commodity nature of his labor-power. Not being in possession of the means of wealth production, his only asset is his labor-power, which he must sell to the capitalist in order to earn a living. Now, the amount he receives in exchange for his services is not determined by what he produces, but by a combination of two other factors, namely, the standard of comfort and the law of supply and demand. The workingman, having sold the use of his labor-power to the capitalist, renounces all claim over the products thereof, and in this way allows himself to be deprived of the full value of what he produces. In the course of his day's work he first produces the equivalent of his wages, which takes, say, three hours, and all that he produces after that is profit for his employer. Surplus value profit is realized from unpaid labor time.

Add to these two doctrines of economic determinism and surplus value the ethical principle of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, and you have completed the philosophical tripod upon which modern Socialism stands or falls.

The fact that the existing social order has been a necessary product of evolution, and that without it the co-operative commonwealth would be an impossibility, does not make the Socialist any less bitter in his attack upon present-day institutions. In his estimation most of the evils which afflict the body politic to-day have their roots in competition and private ownership of capital. The former gives rise to all the mal-adjustments of our present industrial system, such as unemployment, hard times and the incalculable waste of wealth and effort; the latter, to the profit system and that in turn to the ruthless exploitation of labor. Trace the social problem to its source, he says, and you will find that men sell liquor for profit, connive at immorality and crime for profit, promote wars for profit, corrupt legislatures for profit, adulterate food for profit, enslave their fellow-citizens for profit, sell themselves, body and soul, to the devil, all for profit! Hence the revolutionary character of his remedy, amounting, as it does, to tearing up capitalism by its roots and reorganizing society upon an entirely different basis.

In the world of business Socialism proposes nothing less than the nationalization of all highly developed industries. Its platform distinctly calls for the collective ownership of the principal means of production, distribution and exchange. It is tantamount to having the nation own the trusts. Thus, under a Socialist regime, capital would be concentrated in the hands of the state, and the people, through the executive of government, would own and operate manufacturing establishments, mines, forests, railways, steamship lines, telegraphs, telephones, banking, and insurance systems, departmental stores—in short, all industries that can now be managed on a colossal scale.

Politically, Socialism is a working-class movement that is based upon the ideas set forth in the foregoing portion of this article. It is international in scope, has a voting strength of close on to eight millions, is represented by almost five hundred deputies in the various legislatures of the world, and is pushing its propaganda night and day by a host of daily, weekly and monthly papers, by an ever-increasing stream of books and pamphlets, by thousands of hall meetings, street corner speeches and the tireless tongues of its great army of devotees. It is frankly a party of revolution. Of its immediate demands a brief summary will suffice here. In politics the party stands for

universal adult suffrage, for the Initiative, the Referendum and the Right of Recall, for Proportional Representation and the abolition of the senate. In matters international it advocates arbitration between nations, the substitution of citizen armies for standing armies, and the right of each country to govern itself. But not so much stress is laid upon these reforms as upon the industrial part of its program, which calls for governmental employment of the unemployed, state insurance of the workers against old age, disease, accidents and death; abolition of child labor; the holding of employers responsible for injuries to their employees; more rigorous inspection of mines, shops and factories; and the shortening of the work-day.

—From the Twentieth Century Magazine, Boston U. S.

## THE DEATH OF FERRER

L. G. Power, an ignorant senator, has been writing a letter to the Halifax Chronicle on the death of Ferrer. This man is ignorant of the newer movements of life. He is ignorant of socialism. He does not know what an anarchist is, although freely using the term. For all these reasons he has become a senator. An intelligent man would not have been chosen for such a position.

This ignorant fellow writes a letter to the Halifax Chronicle upholding the assassination of Ferrer. He holds that Ferrer had a public trial. He did not. He asserts that the trial of Ferrer was judicial and that his guilt was proven. The evidence used was such as would not be admitted in a Canadian court of justice as yet. He holds that the trial of Ferrer was impartial. Ferrer's attorney was hung into jail for daring to defend Ferrer. Is that an impartial trial?

L. G. Power, this ignorant senator, finds that Ferrer uses the word "revolution," and the term "the social revolution," and shies like a skittish horse at a fire cracker. Cotton's Weekly, the Western Clarion, the forty socialist papers of the states, the seventy daily socialist papers of Germany and the thousand socialist papers of the world all talk about the revolution and yet the editors are not shot nor held guilty of murder. But this ignorant Canadian senator holds that Ferrer was worthy of death because he talked about the social revolution.

Of course if the senator wants to rely upon the clerical Jesuit organs of Spain for his authority as to the guiltiness of Ferrer then of course his point is proven at once. For when did the Catholic organs hesitate to lie when it was in the interests of their power and wealth?

A few quotations from the last writings of Ferrer will show the civilized world the kind of man he was. Here is a part of a letter to one of his friends, written on October first.

"From my letter of the 10th you know that I was absolutely ignorant of the plan for a general strike on April 26th, in protest against the Moroccan war. I therefore do not know how they could have spread the report that I was the promoter of same."

"Whatever it may be, I did not pay any attention to it, save in the knowledge that I in no way participated in that movement and thinking that I would soon be left in peace. But along comes a member of my family from Alella, frightened to death, saying that he had heard a young girl state that I was in Premia at the head of a band of incendiaries, about to burn a convent. That gave me food for thought. Note that no convent was burned at Premia and up to this moment I never was in that town."

"Because of that I made preparations to leave the following morning and spend several days with some friends until the excitement was over, with the intention of showing myself as soon as things calmed down."

"But on August 29 I read in the papers that the public prosecutor, who had gone to Barcelona to make his inquiry, had just said, on leaving the palace, where he had read his report to the King, that I was the organizer of the revolutionary movement in Barcelona and the neighborhood towns."

"Then I could no longer remain under cover, and despite the counsel of my friends, I decided to appear before the authorities to protest against such rumors and statements, no matter how high their source."

"I therefore left the house of my friends on the night of August 31 in order to arrive at Barcelona without accident and to be able to present myself freely."

"But I had counted without the 'somaten' (rural police agents) of my town, who arrested me and, despite my supplications, instead of leading me to the judge, conducted me to the Governor of Barcelona."

That shows that Ferrer was innocent of the crimes charged. A guilty man would shun the tribunals.

The last night of his life Ferrer wrote for six hours. He wished to give his last thoughts to the world. The following are extracts from that document which is bound to become one of the famous documents of the world's advance to liberty. I would especially call the attention of this ignorant senator to the absolute unselfishness of the man Ferrer.

I protest before all, and with all possible energy, against the unmerited punishment that has been inflicted on me, declaring myself convinced that before very long my innocence will be publicly recognized. I desire

## Fifteen Years of Agony

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CHARLES BARRETT, Esq.  
Harbor au Ronche,

Antigonish Co., N.S., March 24, 1909.  
"I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the great benefit I received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I suffered from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for fifteen years and I consulted physicians and took many kinds of ordinary medicine, but got no relief. I was in miserable health all the time and nothing did me any good. I read the testimonial of Archibald McKechnie, of Ottawa, and I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' I have taken a number of boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives,' but before I had taken one box I felt better and now am entirely well. 'I am thankful to be well after fifteen years suffering, and I am willing to have this statement published for the sake of other sufferers, and to them I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

(Signed) CHARLES BARRETT.  
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

that on no occasion, either immediately or remote, or for any purpose whatever, may demonstrations, either of a political or of a religious character, be held over my remains. For I am of opinion that time spent in attending to the dead would be better employed in ameliorating the condition of the living, who so greatly need it.

"I desire that my friends should say little or nothing of me personally, seeing that idols are so easily made when men are exalted, and this to the great mischief of the future of humanity. Acts alone, by whomsoever performed, are to be observed, praised, or blamed. They are to be recommended for our imitation when they conduce to the common good, and condemned for our avoidance when they are inimical to the general well-being."

Are these the sentiments of a man who wants to assassinate his fellow creatures? Assuredly not.

But there is one thing that our Senator Power will not forgive Ferrer. Ferrer was against the modern form of government. He considered Senators and Kings and other political tricksters as useless rubbish. Now if these ideas should become general then Senator Power would no longer be a senator. Therefore Power considers that a man who preaches such a doctrine is worthy of death. It is but natural that a senator should froth over the teachings of Ferrer. Senator Power's wrath is perfectly explainable.

## The Acid Incident

A ridiculously overcharged outcry has been made over the incident which occurred during the Bermondsey election in the attempt of some adventurous members of the Woman's Freedom League whose new paper, "The Vote," is surely one of the worst journals ever published) to void the election by spoiling the ballot papers. The liquid employed for the purpose was a harmless hair dye, and we absolutely refuse to believe that the officer who got his eye splashed with it suffered anything more than a politically magnified shock. Despite all the apprehension of cabinet Ministers, who, we understand, go in fear of disfigurement, there is nothing to associate the members of either of the militant unions with deliberate attempts to hurt anybody but themselves. So far, at any rate, all the sufferings of the public and of Parliament together do not amount to the pain inflicted on a single imprisoned Suffragette performing the hunger-strike. All the wounds are on one side and all the belowlings on the other.—The New Age, London.

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