

WHAT OTHERS ARE THINKING

UNITING FARMER AND CITY WORKER.

By C. M. Thomason, National Lecturer for Nonpartisan League.

The Nonpartisan League is an organization that has grown rapidly the past few years among the farmers of the Western States and the Canadian Prairie Provinces. The following statement of the aims of the organization by one of its official lecturers should prove interesting to Forward readers.

"Co-operative societies and associations, which in many respects have proven superior, from the standpoint of economy, to private ownership are now giving way to public ownership. This is necessary because small co-operatives cannot succeed in competition with powerful corporations. For several years the co-operative creamery in Minnesota and Wisconsin was a success. The corporation centralizer is putting them out of business—just like the large meat packers put the little packers out of business.

"In other words, co-operation must and is undergoing a period of evolution—passing from the small co-operative effort to the larger co-operation where in the state co-operates with the people.

"The small co-operative can no more compete with the powerful corporation than the small individual can.

"The small co-operative society in the midst of the gigantic corporations is like stopping the spigot and leaving the bung-hole open.

"The idea of co-operation in the Northwest started among the farmers and at first conceived only co-operative local grain elevators. The grain combine simply smiled and headed them off at the terminal. Then the farmers built a co-operative terminal at St. Paul. Then the combine grinned and headed them off the grain exchange. The farmers then established a co-operative grain exchange—and were met with the bludgeon at the mills. The little ideal which first demanded a local elevator has evolved now to a demand for state-owned terminals, storage plants, warehouses and mills.

"The Non-Partisan movement now sweeping the Northwest—operating at

SONG OF THE PRISONER

A dirge for Socialists, truth-seekers and editors who dare to criticize the existing state of anarchy and chaos.

Oh, yes, I'm guilty right enough;
It ain't no use to throw a bluff,
An' yet I guess guilty
Kin share the guilt along with me.
I ain't the sort to weep and whine—
But say, wot chance, wot chance was mine?

Born in a dirty, reeking slum,
Where decent sunlight never comes,
An' starved for food and starved for air
Through all my years of boyhood there;

But even then I might 'uv been
Reformed to be some use to men,
If e'ry time I left the trail
They hadn't jammed me into jail,
Where thieves and all that rotten crew
Would teach me worse than all I knew.
Oh, yes, I'm guilty, that is clear,
But e'ry guy who's listenin' here,
An' all you swells and goody folks
Who sniffs at me, and all such blokes,
Is guilty, too, along with me,
An' will be, till the world is free
Of stinkin' slums and rotten holes
That poisons people's hearts and souls,
An' cheats them from their very birth
From any decent chance on earth.
I ain't the kind to weep and whine—
But say, wot chance, wot chance was mine?
(Unknown.)

—Social Revolution.

the present time in 15 states, is pledged to the policy of public ownership of the means of converting the raw farm materials into the finished products. It seeks to bridge the gulf that yawns between the producer and the consumer—a gulf in which hordes of useless middlemen lie in ambush and prey upon the products of the farm on its way to the factory and prey upon it again on its way back to the consumer.

"Nonpartisan League recognizes that business and politics are very closely related—are Siamese twins. That politics secures the power with which to make the rules of the game of business. That's the reason it goes strong for politics—the reason it operates upon the political field.

"The farmer vote of the nation has always been considered as Conservative—and indeed has been such. It always offsets the radical vote of the cities. Politicians play the city worker against the country worker by telling the city worker that the farmer is making it all and go out into the country and play the country worker against the city worker by telling the farmer that the city worker is making it all. The Nonpartisan League is going to break down that wall of prejudice between these two elements and pool the vote of the worker on the farm with the vote of the worker in the factory.

I heard men speak continually of going to a "better world" rather than of its coming to them; but in that prayer which they have straight from the lips of "the Light of the World," there is not anything about going to another world; only of another government coming into this, which will constitute it a new world indeed; new heavens and new earth: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"—Ruskin.

A TRAGEDY OF WAR

Raw Officer—"That's a pretty awkward lot you've got now, Sergeant."
Sorely Tried Sergeant-Instructor—"They are that, sir. It's the like o' them, sir, as brings 'ome to us what a horrible thing this war is, sir!"—Passing Show.

HOW SHE WORKED IT.

Hub—I'm puzzled about the house money, Mary. If I give you a lot you spend a lot; but if I don't give you so much you seem to get along with it just as well.

Wife—It's very simple, dear. When you give me a lot I use it to pay the bills I run up when you don't give me so much.—London Opinion.

There have been all sorts of surmises as to the motives of Pope Benedict in trying to bring about peace. It's just a possibility that he is a real Christian. I had the notion that the breed was about extinct.

THE U. S. TRAITOR

We Have a Few of the Same Brand in Canada.

(By Berton Bailey in the American Marine Engineer.)
He hangs out a flag from his home and his office,
He always stands up at "The Star Spangled Banner;"
In talks and discussions he rails at the Prussians
And handles the Kaiser in virulent manner;
He always is present at loyalty meetings,
And up on the platform he pays for a seat—
(The price doesn't matter, his profits are fatter
Since war gave him chances of cornering wheat.)

He talks with emotion of "brave soldier laddies,"
Or "noble young jackies who sail on the foam,"
Then shoots up the price of potatoes and rice,
And other things needed abroad and at home;
He praises brave mothers who gave their sons freely,
Then soaks those same mothers for clothing and food—
But if you cry "traitor" this smooth speculator
Will think you are one of a lunatic brood.

Yet Benedict Arnold was only a piker
Compared to the man who amid all the strife
Will seize on the chances to force huge advances
In things that a nation depends on for life;
He did his foul work in the war of secession,
He poisoned our boys in the conflict with Spain—
High up on a gibbet we ought to exhibit
This traitor who holds up a nation for gain!

THE ORIGIN OF CRIME

Whence thinkest thou kings and parasites arose?
Whence that unnatural line of drones,
Who heap
Toil and unvanquishable penury
On those who build their palaces and bring
Their daily bread? From Vice—black,
Loathsome vice—
From rapine, madness, treachery and wrong;
From all that genders misery, and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness; from
lust,
Revenge and murder.

—Shelley.

This country, with its institutions,
belongs to the people who inhabit it.—
Abraham Lincoln.

"Our country is the world—our
countrymen are all mankind."—William
Lloyd Garrison.
they appealed to my mind by their
melancholy.

Hoist the flag on your manure heap
if you don't want to be considered
unpatriotic.

The Pale Laugh.

The first time I gave it this name I was brought as a prisoner through a large gallery in a Russian prison. Many of my unhappy comrades, working in the gallery, watched me closely with their eyes. They were not allowed to say a word, or even to make a sign, but as I passed their lips formed something that resembled a smile. That resembled—for it was only the muscles in their white faces that were distorted into a ghastly smile.

The Pale Laugh. It was the greeting of a prisoner, nay, the greeting of all the prisoners. A greeting that meant pity, mockery, and pride.

The first prisoner I met smiled at me in this way. I had never seen him before, nor did he interest me, but I felt how my lips formed like his. Evidently I smiled too.

The Pale Laugh.

The real anarchist is the capitalist who acknowledges no law, either of nature or of man, except that of the survival of the wealthiest, the craftiest, the greediest and the most unscrupulous.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

Fire—and we fall—Oh, boys, ye fall as well.

O sons of workers here—Thou Shalt Not Slay.

Thou shalt not kill—To kill is all in vain,
E'en in our blood is promise of the day.

Throw down those arms and join us in the fight.

O sons of workers hear—Thou Shalt Not Slay.

If ye must kill—who are your enemies,
Who are your foes? Oh, ye must choose to-day.

Pause, boys, and think, then swing those rifles round:

Still even then we'd cry—Thou Shalt Not Slay.

—Gerald J. Lively.

O sons of workers hear—Thou Shalt Not Slay.

Thou shalt not kill—They bid ye shoot
Pour your hot lead into our tortured clay.

Thou shalt not kill—know ye the old command,
As old as Cain, as fresh as yesterday,

Say, be they gods who bid ye break that law?
O sons of workers hear—Thou Shalt Not Slay.

Thou shalt not kill—our mothers mothered ye,
We've shared your labors, shared your pain and play.

Ye are our kith and we are of your kin—
O sons of workers hear—Thou Shalt Not Slay.

Thou shalt not kill—our fight is all your own.
Why must ye stain with blood our upward way

Why beat us down? We lift ye when we climb.

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Geo. Bernard Shaw once said that he wanted to wear out, not rust out. Judging from the way subscriptions for this paper are coming in many of our readers are in imminent danger of rusting out. A few subs. will relieve our minds.

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Officer—What do you intend to do in America?

Immigrant—Take up land, sir.
Officer—Much?
Immigrant—A shovelful at a time.

No, the Socialists won't harm capitalists; it's capitalism, they're after.

A hypocritical bourgeois democracy rich as Canada or the United States is worse than an autocracy, as it has many tyrants in place of a few.