

BREAKING INTO THE LOCAL PRESS

Socialism is breaking into the local press. It is a good plan to write your local editor asking questions about Socialism. If one enquiry from one reader will not fetch him, get half a dozen to write. Let him see that there is a demand among his readers for articles on Socialism. The following is an article that appeared in the Brantford Citizen as the result of an enquiry about Socialism from a reader.

SOCIALISM

Last week we received an enquiry from a Brantford citizen, asking for information about "Socialism."

While we have some views on this subject, yet, we thought it would be fitting and proper to have the communication answered by one who is in a position to speak with some authority, upon such an important subject.

We herewith give Mr. Wm. Davenport's reply to the question.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

What is this thing that we are hearing so much about?

Who are the men who advocate Socialism, and why do they do so?

These are pertinent questions, and very much in order at a time like the present, when every newspaper that we open contains some reference to socialism or socialists; when almost every group of working men are discussing it, when preachers and lawyers and college professors alike, all have something to say on this great subject.

Probably everyone knows that the German Emperor called the socialists "Fatherlandless fellows," and "Politically untrustworthy persons." Also that Sam Gompers, the Great American Labor "Leader" has said that the socialists were "impossible." General Booth of the Salvation Army, production, and diversely strongly against socialism. So also have men of brains like Ingersoll, John Morley and Herbert Spencer.

Well, now, what is this socialism that these men write and talk about? Here is a definition.

Socialism is a material science. It deals with the resources of nature, the Army also put himself on record as the products of human labor power and the raw material of nature.

Socialists contend that those things that are collectively used, collectively needed, should be collectively owned. For example, railroads, Socialists say that these things that are privately needed and privately used, should be privately owned; for instance, a suit of clothes or a house to live in, Socialists contend that as human labor power, both of hand and brain is the source of all wealth, then to labor should come the fruits of their toil.

Socialists realize that the workers can never enjoy the full fruits of their toil so long as labor-power is a commodity, as it is at present. Being a commodity, it is governed by the same laws that govern the sale and regulate the price of any other commodity viz: supply and demand. The worker, in selling his commodity (labor power), is on the same plane as a farmer, say, peddling eggs and butter, cheese and onions.

Supply and demand regulate the price of these along with the commodity, labor power.

Commodities we find, will exchange on an average at their cost of production. What is the cost of production of labor power? Why enough wages to feed, clothe, house and provide for the necessary education of the worker to do that work that his masters require of him. To this must also be added the cost of his reproduction, for the worker must have margin enough to marry, and breed other workers to take his place when he is too old to be fit for service. And we find that this is just what labor gets! Its cost of production, nothing more!

Now comes the Socialist upon the scene, who says: "Remove labor power from being a commodity by letting labor own the means of production!"

Well, how are we going to do this? First, by educating our fellow workers to a realization of their position as wage slaves. Then, to see by what means the present owners of the means of production own their property.

We see that they own it by virtue of their control of the parliaments, law-courts, armies, navies, and police. Why do the capitalist class control these powers?

Just because we workers say that they can do so by voting them into power at the elections. So to take that power out of their hands the workers are forming into a political party of their own, the Socialist Party, the greatest international organization on earth. Socialist papers are being widely circulated in spite of the efforts of capitalist governments to suppress them. The in-

telligent workers are binding themselves together to stop the robbery that is being played on them, and are beginning to insist that labor, instead of receiving one fifth of its product as at present, shall receive the full product of its toil.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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SYNOPSIS.

A rich young man goes to work in a foundry which he discovers to be his own property. He learns social conditions and gets next to union people, anarchists, settlement workers, inmates of orphan homes and other types. He faces the problem of his relations to his employees, complicated with a strike and riot.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued.)

A crowd of boys waited impatiently on the curb for the opening of the basement door of the Orphan's Home. It was towards five o'clock Sunday afternoon. They stamped their feet, whistled, chattered in a curious dialect, telling one another how they had spent the day. There were many types of gamins, unsized newsboys, flannel-shirted muscular bootblacks, pale youths of a superior manner who bought a cent's worth of cigarettes at a stand, some little fellows about nine years old, and a few stalwart orphans who were probably near the voting age.

Rensen stood in the crowd with his sponsor, Ohio Jimmy. He wished to learn something of the home conditions of the three apprentices who lived here.

For the moment, however, he was inattentive to the lively scene: his thoughts went back to the cold, foul, bare room where a consumptive lay dying. . . . What matter if all that were changed now, an easy ending assured. "It's no use to me now." Who could restore and make right the dismal past? Who was responsible for this cheating of a man's life?

The boys laughed loudly. A freckle-nosed youngster was telling what a fine time he had in the monk cage at the zoo until a fly cop stuck a pin in his leg.

"De cop t'ought he was squeezing leathers," explained Ohio Jimmy. "Pe'haps he was."

A pale youth with thin lips, wearing a high collar and a red tie, remarked that he won two dollars playing pool at Sam's on the Bowery. One of the littlest boys, who was coatless, swore with chattering teeth that there was no place to go Sunday when the hotel turned you out at eight o'clock.

"They don't stand for a little chap in the saloons, an' youse can't hang around the post-offs widout gettin' chased, an' dem newspepers gettin' in Park Row ain't no good day-times."

"Safact," agreed the freckled youngster, "deh hotle treats yeh worse dan a ten-cent lodging house. Dey chases youse out every day—"

"Aw, I guess dey t'ink we go to ehioh," said another. "and work all de rest of de week. But we don't."

The door opened and the boys dashing in with shouts huddled around the steam radiators, the foremost gaining seats or standing room on top. The basement was spacious and fairly warm, paved with concrete and gas-lighted at three central pillars. Ohio Jimmy, one of the fortunates in the race, danced on a radiator, and taking a mouth organ from his pocket played a jig. His tongueing of double notes was the envy of many. Some of the spectators clapped hands and stamped; while a shrill voice from the end of the room sang a popular sentimental song with scurrious changes.

A bootblack, a newsboy and one of the pale youths stripped their coats, dropped on one knee, and began to throw dice. They played swiftly, with hissing invocations—"Come seven! Come eleven!"—and on occasion cursed. Elsewhere a group of four boys were boasting to one another that they had chucked up many jobs during the past week: running an elevator, errands in a drug store, delivery wagons, and the like. Mike and Salvatore listened to this talk with open-mouthed wonder, especially at mention of the wages.

"If I had a job like that—" murmured the slender, black-haired, graceful Salvatore.

"Sure, I wouldn't chuck it," said Mike with a look of conviction on his heavy dull face. "Six dollars a week."

"Ah, youse are bot' sand hogs," sneered the elevator boy, who wore a canary sweater with purple stripes. He turned and shouted, "Hey, Chicago Butts!" and when a shrewd-eyed, pockmarked youngster came running up, he asked for a good cigar. The merchant opened a paste-board box and offered an assortment of half-smoked cigars and cigarettes, evidently pickings. The customer paid a penny, took the longest cigar, and placing it in a holder, lit it.

Rensen was approached by a stalwart orphan, who was well dressed in a brown fedora and a short fawn overcoat, a small morocco bag over his shoulder.

"Just struck town, pardner?"

"No, I live near here."

"Are you working?"

"A little, now and then."

"How would you like a job as come-on?"

"What does a come-on have to do?"

The young man explained that he was a fakir of novelties, and sometimes cleared six dollars in a day. He wanted a man to act in the crowd and stimulate interest in false purchases.

trip to Europe, had been boasting of his adventures; which aroused the professional jealousy of Ohio Jimmy. Klondike leaned forward from the waist, hands in pockets, and said twice that Westminster Abbey was on the river Thames. The other called him a liar and said he was thinking of the Tower of London. Klondike asked that the statement be repeated. Ohio did so and said moreover that a stowaway kept prisoner on the horse deck of a ship naturally couldn't see the town right. To this the retort was oaths and fists. After the travelers had exchanged a few blows they were separated by the larger boys, who told them not to make trouble for everybody by having the old man come down.

Rensen strolled into the washroom, where a number of boys, barefooted and naked to the waist, were washing their clothes in the tubs. The hot steamy odors did not flatter the nose. Mike, the apprentice, scrubbed diligently in a corner, wielding a bar of yellow soap with swollen red hands. His ragged trousers were upheld by a single suspender.

"Your things must be kept pretty clean," said the visitor.

"Sure, the water takes the muck out," replied Mike. "But it ain't hot enough."

"Why isn't it hot enough?"

"It don't kill the creepers."

A youth who was sewing a button on his shirt said you could bake 'em in the oven but you got 'em again from the others.

The boys began to go upstairs for supper, and Rensen joined the procession, handing to the man at the door the tin check that Ohio Jimmy had got him at the regular price of six cents. These checks, as he had seen below, were legal tender to a limited extent in gambling, debt-paying and other obligations.

The supper tables were two rows of pine boards having on both sides narrow fixed benches without backs. Each boy, walking past two piles of cheese and molasses sandwiches, took as many as he liked of both kinds and picked up a stoneware cup. A frowsy gray woman in a brown wrapper—but her eyes were rather kindly—came with a huge, yellow, spouted watering-pot, such as gardeners use. She laboriously filled the cups with tea. Of this lukewarm pale liquid Rensen took a hearty draught and immediately felt nauseated. He tried a cheese sandwich. Wondering whether his taste might be finical, he looked around and saw that many of the boys made faces and flung away bits of their sandwiches. He looked more closely at the bread. Imbedded in it were the wings, legs and whole bodies of beetle-like insects. Ohio Jimmy, noticing his alarm, said these were roaches in the bread. You could do better with six cents on the Bowery—a bowl of bread and milk, or a decent stew—but the fellows liked to stay together in the hotel.

It was clear why the apprentices had such an appetite for the foundry lunches: Sonia's parable of the bakery likewise became vivid.

An hour after supper the boys assembled in the hall on the next floor for the Sunday evening services, when the president of the Home and some up-town visitors were expected. All were made to sit at little desks, the nearest youngsters in front, and the overgrown, stalwart orphans inconspicuous in the rear. Rensen, taking a previous hint, gave the Superintendent a cigar, saying he had dropped in for the evening; and was assigned a cramped seat behind a pillar.

The Superintendent was a tall, elderly Irishman of a military bearing, with a lick of gray hair brushed stiffly up one side of his head: his face was purplish red, and he roared much like the foreman of the foundry. He marched through the aisles reviewing the assemblage, commanding all to sit up straight, eyes front, mind the hymn books. Suddenly he cuffed a little boy—the one who said the saloons wouldn't allow a little chap inside—and roared:

"You rascal, where's your coat? You dirty little thief, you owe a week's board! Get out! Never show your face here."

This child silently ran out, his cheek red with the blow. He would have to carry the banner to-night, it was whispered; perhaps some police station would give him shelter.

A moment later the president of the Home, a stately large man with short grizzled beard, wearing a frock coat and a gold chain across his ample vest, came on the platform with a party of ladies and gentlemen. Some of the visitors were seated in such a position that Rensen could not see them. The Superintendent's manner had changed; he smiled deferentially at the President and bowed to the visitors. The services began with singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," to the music of a reed organ. The boys sang with a shrill lustiness fairly in tune, aware that the Superintendent stood at one side of the platform facing them, a connoisseur of melody who might give judgement later. There was a prayer by a clerical visitor. After more hymns, the President made an address. He hoped the boys appreciated the chances given them by Christian benevolence—a snug home—meals—food and drink—comfortable beds—a savings bank—bank with six per cent. interest—loans of capital to buy newspapers or bootblack outfits—and chiefly the opportunity of becoming honest, useful citizens. There was a chance for every ambitious good boy to succeed in life, starting at the bottom of the ladder: some of those present might become famous in halls of legislation, or win esteem as noble-minded judges, merchants or financiers.

(To be continued.)

P. E. I. AND NEWFOUNDLAND. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland are territories very little touched by Socialist literature as yet, but they are fertile fields. Copies of Cotton's should be travelling in that direction. Subs or lists of names for samples earnestly solicited.

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

CAPITALISM AND THE DREAM OF SOCIALISM

I stood at the hour of noon-day, On the curb of a city street Where passed the vehicles of the rich, And the laborers' tired feet. And I saw the faces of children Lit up with school-time joy, Co-mingled with the haggard face, Of the sweat-shop's girl and boy.

And I saw the king of Capital Like the slave who bought and sold The sinew and bone of his fellow man, In the mart of clinking gold. And the cushioned seat of a costly car, Bore him to his repast, While the man who had walked that he might ride, At the curbstone broke his fast.

And grouped in a window five stories high, Were youths of tender age, Who looked on the sky with the wistful eye Of a creature in its cage. Ten hours a day at the wheels for them Made the sun a noontime treat; From dawn till dusk must the shuttles fly, They must work if they would eat.

And they fit each groove of the capitalist plan, And he moulds them to suit his will, For he owns the houses and owns the land, And they're only a part of his mill. They may each on the city register, Have legal right to a name, But the title of "Mr." only applies, To the ones who know the game.

And just as they number criminals, So they number each worthy man, In the rank and file of the toilers, 'Neath the system's accused ban. And the sun of noon in the western hills, Now sank to his bed of gold, And to each place they called a home, Came the toilers young and old.

And an angel fair at my couch appeared, As treading the moonlight beams, And he showed me things in a book of light, Made up of what men call dreams. And I dreamed that the sun had risen again, O'er earth's verdure tinted hills, And man went forth with a song of joy, As the lark her greeting trails.

For a day had dawned which had burst the bond Of oppression and of dread, And willing hands found sweet the toil That gave him daily bread. And I looked at the west where the sun had sunk With the woes of yesterday, And leading a dark-robed phantom forth

And they parted hands, as a lowering cloud, Wrapped the dark one in its fold, And back to mingle with sons of earth, Towards the east with its morning gold, Came the saint of thought whose brain had wrought With the problem of the age; And of the dark-robed monster, "What?"

"His name is oppression, I bade him on In the land of regrets to roam, And afar in the fields of oblivion, Must his followers find a home. As one by one I lead them forth To the hills of the setting sun, For from east to west, from south and north, They must perish every one."

As I looked on the glorious countenance, That had ignorance and crime defied, I knew by an inward tuition tense, It was wisdom personified. And this was the power that ruled the land, And I dreamed that slaves were free, To gather at wisdom's just command, And learn of things to be.

And into the mists of forgotten deeds, Sank the records of war and crime, And the profit system which bred their needs, Had been hurled from the heights of time. Then the angel closed the book of light, And the moon beams faded away, And I rose again from my couch of night, To the world of yesterday.

—Mrs B. J. Seaman, Sackville, New Brunswick.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

The sons of Martha seldom brother, For they have inherited that good part,

But the sons of Martha favor their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;

And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord, her guest,

Her sons must wait upon Mary's sons' world without end, reprieve or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock;

It is their care the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock;

It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,

Tally, transport, and duly deliver the sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed!" They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry."

Under their rods are the rocks re-proved—they are not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hilltops shake to the summit; then is the bed of the deep laid bare—

That the sons of Mary may overcome it; pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their glove's end when they piece and re-piece the living wires

He rears against the gates they tend; they feed him hungry behind their fires.

Early at dawn ere men see clear they stumble into his terrible stall,

And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and tend him till evenfall.

To these from birth is belief forbidden—from these till death is relief afar.

They are concerned with matters hidden—under the earthenware their altars are—

The secret fountains to follow up; waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth,

Yea, and gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the rivets work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose,

As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat, Lo! it is black already with blood some sons of Mary spilled for that.

Not as a leader from earth to heaven, not as an altar to any creed, But simple service, simple given, to his own kind, in their common need.

And the sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know the Angels are on their side.

They know in them are the mercies given, they know in them they are multiplied.

They sit at the feet and they hear the Word, they know how truly the promise runs.

They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons.

—Rudyard Kipling.

WINNIPEG'S MILLIONAIRES

Not long ago a Winnipeg newspaper published a list of millionaires, to the number of about twenty-four, who are said to reside and to have "made" their millions in that prosperous and vigorous city. The newspaper seemed to be very proud that Winnipeg should, so early in its civic career, be able to afford such a remarkable illustration of the modern tendency to the concentration of wealth in few hands. This fatuous gratification arises not from anything really satisfactory in the rapid production of this large output of millionaires, but in the ignorance of sound economics on the part of the newspaper itself. This ignorance, unfortunately, is not confined to the newspaper in question, nor is it peculiar to Winnipeg.

To the reflective mind, the query is immediately suggested: How have these millionaires been produced, in such a small community, in so short a time? In seeking the answer to this, the enquirer will come across some of the great fundamental errors in our fiscal and economic systems. By reason of these defects, the drone which produces no honey is enabled to acquire the larger part of the product of the working bee whilst the working bee itself is able to retain only a small portion of that product.

REDUCED RATES

Five halfers for a dollar to five separate addresses, five yearlies for two dollars sent to five separate addresses, two yearlies and a halfer for one dollar sent to three separate addresses; these are the new club offers for Cotton's Weekly. This means that one dollar will get what formerly cost one dollar and a quarter. This means that Cotton's Weekly needs more than ten thousand subscribers to be put on a basis where it will carry itself.

How long will the hustlers give themselves to get those ten thousand subscribers and start the sub list climbing to the point where the paper will carry itself? There is not a hustler but wants to do his share of the work. There is not a hustler but wants to see Cotton's grow in power that it may shake the capitalist government at Ottawa. Every sub hustler is going to dig after subs for he knows that by so doing he is digging the grave of capitalism. He knows also that every sub landed means a direct slap at a reactionary Postmaster General.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT.

You can't afford to remain ignorant of Socialism. Send 50 cents to Cotton's Book Department for the Banner Collection. These seven books will start you right.

Bumping the Bumps on the Road Up!

Another bump bumped on the road up. The seven thousand mark has been passed. The weekly gain has been over six hundred. The sub hustlers did themselves proud. They are out to carpet the Dominion with Cotton's Weeklies. The mass will soon be stirred. Socialism is in the air, vague and indefinite in many minds. That sentiment is being crystallized by Cotton's Weekly among many other agencies. Therefore the hustlers get busy and pile in the subs.

This last dash by the sub hustlers puts Cotton's Weekly into the more than seven thousand class in point of circulation. This past week a dozen papers were passed and left behind in the race for circulation. Cotton's Weekly is among the first ninety papers in Canada in the number of its subscribers and the list will keep climbing.

Milwaukee went Socialist. A hundred thousand German Socialists have made the Berlin police grant the right of free and peaceable public assemblage. Marseilles, old Marseilles of glorious Revolutionary fame, whose streets for a hundred years have echoed to the tramp of revolutionary feet, is again in revolt. And Canada, the Canada of Mackenzie and Papineau, is listening with attentive ear to revolutionary doctrines.

See the sub list climbing, Climbing to the skies, And a purpose dawning In the workers' eyes, Freedom now to conquer As the glorious prize.

Laboring for ages For their masters' gain, Now the workers waken From their hopeless pain, And unite in millions Liberty to gain.

Unto wife and children Liberty to give, Food and clothes and shelter, Now prohibitive; By their strong arms' labor Liberty to live.

The sub hustlers are going to keep the sub list growing. The bourgeois political institutions have to be captured in order that they may be abolished and replaced by Socialist institutions. And Cotton's sub hustlers are out to help along the job good and plenty.

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of April 14th.

	OFF	TOTAL
Ontario.....	32,180	2,506
British Columbia.....	53	1165
Alberta.....	15	742
Prov. of Quebec.....	63	731
Manitoba.....	6,198	712
Nova Scotia.....	5	532
Saskatchewan.....	36	466
New Brunswick.....	14	324
Elsewhere.....	1	56
Yukon Territory.....	1	20
Prince Ed. Island.....	3	14
Newfoundland.....	1	8
Total.....	163,768	7,726

Gain for week '605

Total issue last week 8,000.

The Socialists know what they want and go after it. They want the earth for those who do the world's work.

TO CANADIAN SOCIALISTS

On account of increased postal rates we are obliged to make the subscription price of the International Socialist Review in Canada \$2.50 a year instead of \$1.00. We can, however, make the following special offer: For \$3.00 we will mail three copies of the Review to one Canadian address for one year. For 70c we will mail ten copies of any one issue. For \$3.00 we will mail The Review one year and the Chicago Daily Socialist for one year. CHAS. H. KERR & COMPANY, 120 West Kinzie St., CHICAGO

The Banner Collection

HAVE you started on the study of Socialism yet? Good propagandists are made only by study. Study in order to better convince the other fellow. The Banner Collection of Books are the very best obtainable for the beginner in the study of Socialism. Socialism is explained in a simple and interesting manner. The Books are neatly bound in paper, and can be carried in the pocket without any inconvenience. Here is the list:

1. EASY LESSONS IN SOCIALISM—Lefebvre..... 5c
2. SOCIALIST CATECHISM—Water..... 5c
3. PARABLE OF THE WHITE TANK—Belamy..... 5c
4. MERRIE ENGLAND—Blatchford..... 10c
5. WHAT'S SO AND WHAT ISN'T—Work..... 10c
6. The Socialists, Who They Are, and What They Stand For—Spargo..... 10c
7. Socialism, What It Is and What It seeks to Accomplish—Liebknecht..... 10c

A Postal Note for 50 Cents will take the whole bunch. There is no better investment for the New Socialist. Seven Books for 50 Cents from Cotton's Book Department. Ask for the Banner Collection.

Unionist Combination

INFORMATION is constantly being asked for on Industrial Unionism. This Unionist Combination of Books will supply it at small cost. Every awakened wage-earner should be conversant with the different phases of Unionism, and be equipped for argument with the force and power given by knowledge. All these books are pertinent to the man under the machine.

1. INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, by Trautmann.
2. REVOLUTIONARY UNIONISM, by Debs.
3. YOU AND YOUR JOB, by Sandburg.
4. THE MAN UNDER THE MACHINE, by Shoen.

These books were formerly sold at Five cents per copy, but you can get the set now for 25 Cents. Send a postal note for 25c to Cotton's Book Department and get this educative combination.