

# Cotton's Weekly

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LET US CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE SOCIALIST STATE

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## THE WARSCARE

The capitalist dailies are filled with accounts of preparation for war between Great Britain and Germany. Germany is a horrible thing which wants to gobble the earth and Great Britain must make frantic efforts not to be swallowed.

These warscares are not raised without a purpose. The workers both of Germany and of Great Britain have been doing some tall thinking for themselves these days. They have been trying to figure out how they themselves are benefited by paying good money to support kings and princes and dukes and lords and capitalists and all their attendant flunkies. The kings and princes and lords and dukes and capitalists have felt their incomes tottering from under them and have become frightened. A king or a capitalist is not worth a hoot unless he has a good round income with which to support a big house on a front street and give good tips to his attendants. So all these big parasites upon the workers have gone back to their old plan of setting the workers of two countries to work fighting and killing each other. Of course these workers are peaceful by nature and must have their ears rubbed up a bit before they will get mad and fight. Hence the capitalist press of Great Britain fairly foams at the mouth in its wild attacks on the Germans. The capitalist British press is doing its best to provoke the British workers and make them enraged at the Germans. The British aristocracy is doing its best to second the efforts of the press. Crafty old Strathcona is in the game and is splurging over into Canada with his wretched, crafty, murderous ideas.

The socialist press of Great Britain is perfectly willing to defend the shores of Great Britain against invasion. It points out to the rulers that a country with a virile population and a citizen army is generally able to protect itself. The socialist press calls upon the government to provide every able bodied man with a rifle that he may protect his home. This the authorities will not do. They want a capitalist army, not so much to use against Germany, as to use against the workers at home. Germany will be only a last resort to stem the tide of home revolution, to be used in the same way that Russia used Japan.

May Laurier long keep a steady head on his shoulders and refuse to be drawn into any scheme of the rulers of Great Britain against the workers.

## NOT FIT FOR SOCIALISM

One of the strong arguments, in the opinion of capitalistic defenders, against socialism is the alleged fact that the workers are not fit for socialism. Were the workers made free from their bosses, were the workers not hounded to the factories, mines and mills, by the fear of hunger and by the need of the daily wage, they would become idlers and civilization, built up so laboriously through long centuries to its present admittedly imperfect state, would topple into ruin, and we would revert to barbarism.

This argument is based on an incorrect idea of human nature. This argument is based on the assumption that humanity is divided into two separate classes with different capacities and different attributes. It presupposes that the capitalist class are energetic individuals who will work for the love of work and for the good of humanity. It presupposes also, that the workers are a different class of beings who are lazy, and shiftless by nature, and who will only work under the lash of hunger.

If there is one thing that is proven it is that humanity is all one in nature. The old Roman idea of patrician and plebs and the old French idea of noble and serf have been completely exploded. Humanity is all of one blood and that blood runs red in every man's veins.

Put the average capitalist in the place of the workers, take away from him all the product of his toil, no matter how valuable, and give him a daily wage and the capitalist will develop the characteristics of the working drudge. On the other hand, take the average worker and put him in a capitalistic

position, where he will take unto himself the surplus value of other men's work and he will develop the capitalistic disposition.

There are many things which appear to contradict the above statements. The contradictions, however, are merely apparent, and result from the fact that humanity is ruled by numerous natural laws. There is the law of persistence of force. A disposition in a man is not built in a day. When once built it will tend to keep on in the same direction. Thus, an elderly capitalist suddenly reduced to the rank of a worker cannot adjust himself to the new conditions. The process of readjustment is slow and perhaps the readjustment never completely takes place with the middle-aged, and the broken capitalist continues to the end of his days an ineffectual whine against his hard lot.

It is said the workers, when they get power and money, will do foolish things. Their wives will buy extravagant clothes and the worker will parade the streets in idleness. The workers, it is said, will be slothful, arrogant and inefficient. We consider these statements to be greatly exaggerated. We have more faith in the workers than to think they would be guilty of such foolishness. Admitting, however, all the statements to be true, it simply proves that the workers will need a little time to readjust themselves to their new environment of affluence, ease and power. Does not the average rich father consider that his sons must sow their wild oats before they settle down to business and respectability? Labor may also have to sow its wild oats. If the workers become slothful it is because they have been overworked. If their wives dress extravagantly it will be because they have gone shabby. But this state of slothful display will be but a passing phase.

The rich young man is supposed to sow his wild oats. The nouveau riche is supposed to go through a period of vulgar display. Why should not workers, when they pass from being the drudges to the condition of being masters, be allowed the same indulgence? The workers of the world are of the same flesh and blood as the capitalists and when they get the power will develop capacity and with socialistic principles will run this old world better than the capitalists have ever done.

Dr. Emil Simon, Socialist, has been elected to the St. Louis, Mo. Board of Education, having received 66,953 votes. The daily press opposed his election but he was endorsed by the Republicans. The straight Socialist vote increased from 4,900 last fall to 5,500. Owen Miller, president of the Trades and Labor Council was elected at the same time to the Board of Freeholders. He received 111,918 votes.

New Zealand evidently does not take kindly to its government offering Dreadnoughts to Great Britain. The citizens have been rioting and tearing Union Jacks as a protest. The New Zealanders evidently do not want to help arm a decadent nobility with battleships to keep it in its position of parasite tyranny.

Many capitalistic ladies and gentlemen have the idea that the Socialists of Canada are an aggregation of barroom drunkards. If there is one set of persons more than another who are just the reverse it is the Socialists. They know they must keep their brain clear to do a lot of deep thinking.

Here is the Board of Arbitration appointed under the Lemieux act declaring that it is dangerous to let the United Mine Workers operate in Canada because it is an American organization. International labor organizations are evidently bad, but international capitalism is all right.

Patten the wheat king, who has boosted the price of wheat has to have a bodyguard to protect him against indignant bread consumers. When the workers get wise they will capture the legislatures and legislate laws that will put such men as Patten out of business.

We would have more faith in this Layman's missionary movement were there not so many big capitalists back of it.

## NOVA SCOTIA COAL WORKERS

Down in Nova Scotia there has been trouble. There are two labor organizations. One organization is the Provincial Mine Workers Association which is purely Nova Scotian. It is the pet of the big companies. The other is the United Mine Workers Association. It is an international organization. It is strongly entrenched in Western Canada and in the States. It has headquarters in the United States. Recently this organization has been gaining a foothold in Nova Scotia. The Dominion Coal Company will not recognize the U. M. W. It will not receive committees of its members. It will only treat with the P. W. A., its own little darling.

The Board of Arbitration appointed under the Lemieux Act, that capitalistic law for squeezing the worker, was called in to settle the dispute and as was to be expected under present conditions it rendered its decision strongly condemning the U. M. W.

The reason for its decision, forsooth, is because the influence of American labor unionism is pernicious to Canadian industries. The miners' representative, Daniel McDougall, fought valiantly against this decision but to little purpose. His two colleagues gravely announce that American unionism is pernicious to Canada.

These two arbitrators are either knaves or fools. If they are knaves, then they have done the bidding of the coal company well and will be honored. If they are fools they will be honored just the same and will probably be used again to hit labor another one.

American capital is flowing into Canada. Capital is unpaid labor and the Canadian government is doing its best to get this stolen labor of American workers over into Canada to help bind the native workers more firmly in their servile condition. The American unions have fought to the best of their knowledge to give the American worker a chance. They are endeavoring to follow up the American capital by making Canadians a part of an international body of protesters.

These arbitrators say nothing of the blood money of Canadian workers being drawn across the border to enrich American capitalists. They only say that it is a bad policy to allow American unions in Canada.

Capitalism is international; labor must become international. These huckstering arbitrators, although they can get their opinions splurged through the columns of the capitalist press, will not befuddle the workers. The coal company will be taught a lesson some day.

## THE FRENCH SITUATION

In France the socialization of industries has proceeded farther than in most of the other countries. In state ownership Germany leads. In state socialism France leads the world.

France owns posts and telegraphs and, if we mistake not, telephones. She has a state monopoly of powder and tobacco. The opening and working of mines is subject to state authorization. She has adopted a law under which the railroad systems will gradually become state owned.

This socialism might easily develop into state tyranny were not the workers thoroughly revolutionized. The state employees have won the right to join the unions and to join the central organization of labor. Now the state employees are demanding a share in the management of the various departments in which they work.

This is the beginning of true socialism—a state industrialism democratically managed. Should these state workers have the right to manage their departments then the parliamentary system breaks down and the revolution is accomplished.

The capitalist press is raving. Clemenceau does not know what to do. The army is honeycombed with socialistic ideas and cannot be trusted to shoot the workers down. The reactionary press is endeavoring to exploit the commotion for the return of the royalist regime. It seems, however, that France is about to enter into a new phase of government along the lines of socialism, or at any rate along the lines of social laborism.

## THE SLAVE AND THE MACHINE

Once upon a time a man did all the work of the world assisted by a few primitive tools. The master class of that epoch, which lasted in the United States down till 1864, owned the slave bodily. A master class, to be a master class, must have the control of those things which produce the necessities of life of that particular age. Therefore the master class owned the slave.

But a time came when the machine developed and did the work. Human energy no longer did the bulk of the world's work. Human energy was necessary to direct and control the machine, but the machine was the instrument of production.

Men thereupon became of less value to the master class. The slaves were freed because their value had sunk in the market of commodities. The machine became the valuable thing and the master class turned their energies to acquiring and controlling the machines of production.

They have succeeded to a great extent. The machine does the work and the masters hire the labor of men to control and do it. The machine doing the work the value of man's labor has shrunk. Some machines will do the work of a thousand men. The men are displaced and must compete for the job of controlling the machine.

Hence we have arrived at that stage in social production where the machines do the greater part of the world's work while men are idle. These idle men, having nothing to do, must starve or rebel. A lot of them do not see clearly and believe the faked articles of a bought daily press. They hunt for jobs when no jobs are to be found. When they have votes they vote the old party tickets. When they really get to work thinking, they will either force their way into political life or rebel.

## THE SOCIALIST STATE

The Socialist state need not necessarily be socialism. Socialism desires to build up an industrial policy which shall be controlled by the members taking part in the industrial production.

There is a good deal of what is called Socialistic legislation which is being enacted at the present time by the capitalist governments. These laws are enacted partly through the pressure of socialistic thought among the electorate and partly for the benefit of the master class themselves.

This legislation is not truly socialistic as it does not lighten the burden of the toil of the proletarians. This legislation is simply a shifting of the benefits of capitalism from one set of capitalists to another.

There has been a great agitation for state-owned cables. Heneker Heaton has given the slogan to the world of "a penny a word" for cable rates. This is a fair example of what the bourgeoisie want. State owned cables will not benefit the workers to any great extent. It will be the commercial classes who reap the benefit. It will be the international trusts who will benefit because they are the entities which have the most cabling to do. At present the cable ring of capitalists control the cables and charge high rates.

It is desired to eliminate these gentlemen. They will be bought out by the state and a large debt will be assumed by the state and supported by the workers. The state will then own the cables but the working classes while paying more taxes, will get very little of the benefits.

Venice had state socialism to a certain extent. The princes of Venice were merchants. Therefore the city of Venice owned warehouses and gave them free to the merchants. Here was state socialism directly beneficial to the master class and to none else.

In old Babylon the soldiers were given homes by the state. They were rent free and tax free and it was death to any ordinary citizen to attempt to appropriate a soldier's home unto himself. Here was a phase of state socialism, that was detrimental to the ordinary citizen.

Sparta was fully socialized according to the old plan. The state owned everything and the state was controlled by a small military caste. Hence all

the benefits produced by a socialized condition of affairs were appropriated by the military caste and all the misery was heaped upon the slaves.

The modern socialism such as the socialists desire will be a free democracy, not an ancient tyranny.

## THE SCRAPS THAT FALL

Every argument put forth by the capitalist press naturally exalts the master class. The master class control the mills and machines of production and it is for them to say whether those mills and machines shall start, or not.

Were the workingmen in control and had they captured the organizing ability of the middle class there would be a different story told by the daily papers. Different arguments would be put forth. As conditions are now, the editorial columns of the average newspaper are nauseating.

The master class of capitalism control, and arguments are constantly placed before the workers to persuade them to be obedient to their masters and to help their masters to be masters. How often do we hear such arguments as the following gravely put forth. "Let the workingman be content to help the millowners make money, for when the millowners make money they will be good and give the workers a square deal, after the millowners themselves have tended to their own wants." This is the argument put forth by protectionists of all description.

Have you ever seen a dog sitting beside a table while his master and his family are eating. Does the dog get the best that is going? If the dog is very patient and good he will get the bones out in the back yard. When the master tells the dog to be good and he will be fed this is what the master means. The master will get the juicy meat and the dog will get the scraps.

Thus it is with labor. The masters sit at their table, they, their wives and their children and their mistresses and their flunkies attendants, and the master speaks to his workers like he would to his dog. "Be good and let me and mine eat the juicy meat and if you do all the work and don't complain you can get the scraps."

The workers have listened to this talk and have been content to eat the scraps. The workers, those who are socialists, are ceasing to show that dog-like devotion to their bosses. They may lose their jobs but they have the proud knowledge that their masters no longer pat them on the head and say, "Good dog."

## THE LITTLE OLD APPEAL

The Appeal to Reason has been in trouble. Comrade Wayland announced that for eight weeks the circulation steadily declined, and that, at the low price charged, the lists must be kept up or the paper could not continue. With the last number we notice that it has begun to pick up again, which is good news. This continent needs the Appeal. It has done more for socialism than any dozen papers. It reaches farmers and wage workers by the hundreds of thousands, and circulates in every nook and corner of every state in the union, and has a good Canadian list.

The Appeal announces a May-day special edition, giving the reply of Eugene V. Debs to Roosevelt's attack on Socialism and Socialists. There is no doubt that this will be one of the warmest editions that has ever come from the Appeal press. And it hopes to break its own record for all past time, and sweep this up to the 5,000,000 mark. Almost takes your breath away. Nothing however, to the undaunted little Appeal. The price for this edition is 50c per hundred—\$5 per thousand.

We have a warm corner in our hearts for Comrade Wayland and the Appeal to Reason. May it get away up on top of the 300,000 per week mark.

Capitalistic greed breeds the wild brute criminal and puts a policeman over him with a club. Would it not be better to build a civilization which would not produce the criminal and which would render the policeman unnecessary?

## A PUPPY TO A ROOT

Sometimes a puppy, in his youthful enthusiasm, will spy out a root of a tree and will dig away at it and snarl and growl and pull. The master, seeing this energy, will smile and give the puppy a titbit to eat. The puppy will gradually associate the snarling and growling and the shaking of a stick with food. He will think that such tricks are the cause of his being fed, and will repeat them in his master's presence whenever he is hungry.

In the same way men in actual life do certain useless things and for doing them get food and housing. These men come to consider, just as the pups do, that their activities are the cause of their being fed and keep repeating their useless tricks. And these men, being just as unreasonable as pups, consider that their useless performances will always result in their getting food.

The lawyer goes through a lot of antiquated mummeries before an antiquated gentleman of antiquated ideas. The advocate's work is useless and the antiquated gentleman is a barbarous relic of other days. Nevertheless both the lawyer and judge are given fine food and drink and nice houses. The doctor trots around uselessly doing useless things for patients whose chief need is a little hard work in the fresh air. The doctor for his useless work gets fed, just as the pup does. A dozen merchants will trot around in the same town, all doing the same thing and all doing them more or less uselessly, and for their more or less useless work they get fed, just as the pup does. Then a dozen newspapers will be started in the same city by a dozen men and a dozen newspaper reporters will start after the same news and a dozen typewriters will typewrite the same thing and a dozen linotype men will set the stuff and a dozen newsboys will sell the result, no matter how inane, foolish and useless the news may be, and they will all be fed, just as the pup was.

And the men who do the world's useful work, they who raise the grain, and they who build the houses and the railway tracks, and make the garments to keep men and women from the cold, they must live in the back streets and live on poor fare and shiver in the cold so that the puppylike lawyer, and the puppylike judge, and the puppylike doctor and the notary, advertising agent, newspaper man, idle rent receiver, idle interest getter, idle millionaire and musty Greek professor nearly all of whom are doing are absolutely useless work like the puppy at the roof, are well fed, well cared for and well housed.

The puppy's master may some day get tired of feeding titbits to his useless pup. The workers also may some day get tired of keeping themselves poor to feed their parasite pups on the best of the land.

## IS THE MIDDLE CLASS DISAPPEARING?

W. R. SHIER

The statement is frequently met with in current economic literature that the middle class, consisting of farmers, shopkeepers, small manufacturers, professional people and independent artisans, is being crushed out of existence or, to say the least, that it is rapidly falling into a condition of relative unimportance.

If we approach the question upon purely theoretical grounds, we can arrive at but one conclusion, namely, that under an industrial system that is developing more and more into large scale production the small capitalists cannot maintain their historical importance; that as one industry after another passes from the country into the city the farmers as a class must become of lesser and lesser consequence; that under the shadow of mammoth departmental stores the shopkeepers must dwindle into insignificance, and that under these same circumstances the independent artisans are not likely to add to their battalions, if indeed they add to them at all, at the same rate as the already extensive army of wage-workers.

Women have a life and death interest in the Socialist struggle for freedom.



# SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

Specially Edited for Those Young in the Study of the Principles and Doctrines

OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

## THE INFERNAL VISION

By ARTHUR GODENOUGH

Upon a certain day it chanced that I  
Had once an angel take me by the  
hand  
And lead me from the plain wherein I  
dwelt  
Unto the summit of a mighty hill.  
And when at last we reached the top,  
he paused  
And with his bright forefinger pointed  
down  
To the black shadows lying far be-  
low.  
Bade me with stern significance, to  
look.  
Far, far below, I saw a writhing mass,  
Like angle-worms brought newly from  
the ground—  
Though I perceived they were not  
worms, but men—  
Lashed in a struggle for supremacy.  
Murder and rage and robbery—all  
crimes  
Hateful to God and poisonous to men  
Were all enacted in that slimy place  
Indecently and at the hour of noon.  
And from this web of monsters as they  
slew  
And robbed and ravished, there came  
up a noise  
Of pain and wrath and hopelessness so  
great  
That I grew sick and trembled as I  
heard.  
Like mad, infernal beasts they roared  
and gored  
And maimed each other in that fearful  
fray.  
Some pled for pity, some blasphemed  
their God—  
And so death came to them, and they  
were not.  
So vile were they, so brutal and so  
base,  
So prodigal of cruelty and blood,  
That much I marvelled heaven should  
demean  
With its dread thunderbolt to blot them  
out.  
And when I could no more endure, I  
turned  
And to the Spirit at my side I said:  
"What is this thing which you have  
shown me? Hell?"  
And thus he answered me: "Not so,  
The world."

## LITTLE LUMPS

GERALD O'CONNEL DESMOND

If a right or a privilege or a liberty  
is worth having, it is worth fighting  
for.

The socialists get licked often enough,  
but we always fight. No socialist ever  
"takes it lying down."

"Time is money." Perhaps it is to  
some people. But the unemployed  
somehow don't seem to be able to cash  
the draft of time at the prosperity bank.

Marx said that "Capitalism would  
produce its own grave diggers." He  
is correct. Some of these grave diggers  
are making the dirt fly right now.

It is reported that T. Roosevelt in his  
recent attack on Socialism exhausted  
the English language so far as adjectives  
are concerned. That is nothing.  
The writer decided to pen something  
about T. Roosevelt himself once, but  
had to abandon the idea. I couldn't  
find adjectives to begin on.

The proletariat produce the wealth  
and the plutocracy waste it. Our  
modern middle class reminds me of a  
fat poodle dog following a fast rig.  
"Towner" starts off all right and  
makes desperate efforts to keep up,  
but after a while we see him far in the  
rear, about all in; with his tongue  
out. The small trader is in the same  
way now.

The voter is an ass, it seems to me,  
When he votes for the Grits and the G.  
T. P.

And equally foolish the others are  
Who vote for the Tories and the C. P.  
R.

Some day, when they get to know what's  
best,  
They'll quit 'em and vote for a Socialist.

The death struggle of capitalism is a  
wild clutch for money.

considerations. This is now pretty  
generally recognized by the greatest  
historians and sociologists though few  
of them make known the fact—in many  
cases because they are unaware of it—  
that it is a cardinal principle of the So-  
cialist philosophy.

## Reflections and Comments

GUSTAVE PRAGER

Here is a little story of how a "work-  
ing plug" lost his job. He was a de-  
liverer for a bakery and drove a worn  
out old skate, that should have been re-  
tired long ago. On several occasions  
he suggested to his employer the ad-  
visability of getting a better horse.  
"Well," said the boss to him recently.  
"Keep your eyes open and try and find  
a buyer for the old horse, and then I'll  
invest a few dollars more and get a  
good animal." So our "faithful em-  
ployee" looked about, and finally found  
a victim to buy the worn out horse.  
Then the boss informed him, that as  
business was slow, he had decided not  
to buy another and better horse for the  
time being, but to try and manage  
with one rig less on the road, and so  
our friend joined the ranks of the  
"army of the unemployed." That's  
capitalism! Our moral philosophers  
will say, it served our Mr. Working-  
man right for being so mean as to skin  
some poor victim with a worthless old  
skate; others will perceive that accord-  
ing to the law of "the survival of the  
fittest"—this employer stands a fair  
chance of succeeding, as he is sufficient-  
ly mean and sordid to win out in a  
system based on selfishness and cunning!

Recently a Toronto preacher in his  
pulpit expressed the hope that Can-  
ada and the other colonies would build  
several Dreadnoughts, to show loyalty  
to the British empire. He said he be-  
lieved that peace can best be maintain-  
ed by increasing armaments.

We presume that in case of war, this  
divine would invoke the blessings of  
God for the success of British guns and  
sea-engines of destruction. So would  
many of his colleagues. So would  
the preachers of our opposing nation  
offer up prayer for the victory of their  
forces. And still we are sending  
missionaries to the so-called "Heathen  
nations." And nineteen centuries ago,  
Jesus, "the prince of peace," praying  
in the garden, struggled against the  
two temptations, that of fear and that  
of using violence!

Napoleon I. is said to have remarked:  
"Ability is of little account without op-  
portunity." You, gentle reader, who  
recognize the ability of "COTTON'S  
WEEKLY" to espouse the cause of the  
common people, help to swell its cir-  
culation, and give it an opportunity to  
carry on the good work more effective-  
ly!

We were discussing social questions,  
and how the hard times seem to be felt  
by our party press, and one of the com-  
rades asked: "What is to be the out-  
come in the near future of the great  
unrest of the day? Do you think we  
will live to see the ushering in of the  
co-operative commonwealth?" One of  
the men remarked, we would have the  
commonwealth as soon as the common  
people willed it. A true, correct view,  
no doubt, but a rather indefinite one.  
We live in trying times to-day, agitated  
by a greater problem than was faced by  
the abolitionists 50 years ago, and we  
must be brave and bold, and make  
sacrifices to help abolish wage-slavery.  
The capitalist system such as it is, can  
not much longer maintain itself. What  
then, is to be the next step in the de-  
velopment of human society? Jack  
London, in his essay: "The question  
of the maximum," deals with the possi-  
bility of an oligarchy coming into  
power, retarding progress, and for a  
time making impossible the realization  
of the socialist ideal. He deals again  
and more fully with this problem in his  
book, "The Iron Heel."

He conveys the lesson, that ceaseless  
agitation must be sustained, so that the  
cause of the common people be not  
temporarily defeated. Let us hold to  
the hopeful view, that the common  
man, who has fought his way up from  
savagery to chattel-slavery, and from  
serfdom to his present state will fight  
on and not let a plutocratic oligarchy  
even for a time gain ascendancy. Let  
us feel that the next stage in human  
progress will be the realization of the  
socialist ideal of co-operation, and  
banish the thought, that humanity will  
much longer be crushed by "The Iron  
Heel." For as Jack London says:  
"The common man is worthy of a  
better future, or else he is not worthy of  
his past."

"I can truthfully say  
that I believe that, but for  
the use of your Emulsion  
I would long since have  
been in my grave. I was  
past work—could not walk  
up-hill without coughing  
very hard."

THIS, and much more was  
written by Mr. G. W. How-  
erton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We  
would like to send you a full  
copy of his letter, or you  
might write him direct. His  
case was really marvelous,  
but is only one of the many  
proofs that

## Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening  
and re-vitalizing preparation  
in the world. Even in that  
most stubborn of all diseases  
(consumption) it does won-  
ders, and in less serious  
troubles, such as anemia,  
bronchitis, asthma, catarrh,  
or loss of flesh from any  
cause the effect is much  
quicker.

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try it.

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this paper.

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## ON OVER-PRODUCTION

Namely, Luxury

A Birmingham correspondent sends  
a long article on the necessity of re-  
stricting the output. "We need not  
quote it. The argument carries the  
stamp of stupidity on the face of it."

Our people are charged with being  
over industrious. They are ruining  
themselves by producing too much  
wealth. Our cotton mills make too  
much cotton. How is it, then, that  
nine men out of every ten in England  
have fewer shirts than they need?

John Smith, of Bolton, weaves calico.  
Tom Brown, of Dunmow, has not a  
shirt to his back. Why? Poor Brown  
cannot afford to buy shirts. He is an  
agricultural labourer. Smith, on the  
other hand, is short of potatoes; his  
wages being low. Would you cure  
this state of things by compelling Brown  
to grow fewer potatoes and Smith to  
weave less calico?

You will find another reason than  
over-production if you look for it. Ask  
Brown how much the noble Lord who  
owns his land gets for that land in  
rent. Then ask Smith what profit his  
master makes out of his mills.

True, Lord Rackrent and Sir Thom-  
as Shoddywell spend their money. And  
their spending is said to be good for  
trade. But you will find in both their  
houses a number of pampered flunkies.  
You will find them supporting prima  
donnas at £400 a night, and portraits  
painters at £1,000 a picture, and you  
will find the painter and the singer  
have flunkies and parasites living on  
them. And all this comes out of the  
furrow of Brown and the loom of  
Smith.

There is over-production. But it is  
not an over-production of shirts and  
potatoes. It is an over-production of  
tramps and thieves and aldermen and  
flunkies and machine guns and bad  
whisky and lawyers and parsons and  
lion comiques, and policemen and sol-  
diers and money-lenders and parliamen-  
tary candidates and fashionable millin-  
ers. All these have to live on Smith  
and Brown, and that is why calico  
weavers go short of food and farm la-  
bourers cannot afford sheets and table-  
cloths.

You remember Mr. Mallock's "Cabi-  
net"? He said if a lord had a cabinet  
worth a thousand pounds it would pro-  
fit no man to take it away. You could  
not cut it up and distribute it. It would  
be useless to a working man. But now  
consider the cost of that cabinet. To  
make it a number of skilled craftsmen  
must work a long time at nothing else.  
Who fed them while they worked? They  
got wages from the lord. The lord paid  
their wages out of his rents. His rents  
were paid by farmers. The farmers paid  
the rents out of profits on the sale of their  
farm produce. The farm produce is pro-  
duced by the farm labourers. You see,  
then, that the farm labourers have had to  
pay for the lord's cabinet. It is no use  
now to the people. It cannot be divided.  
But the people would have been a thou-  
sand pounds better off if that cabinet had  
never been made. It was a direct cause  
of "over-production."—British Clarion

## PLATFORM

### Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm  
our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the  
revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong.  
The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the  
means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the  
capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of  
government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend  
their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control  
of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream  
of profits, and to the worker an ever increasing measure of misery and  
degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself  
free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system,  
under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of  
production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of cap-  
italist property in the means of wealth production into collective or work-  
ing-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the  
worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power  
of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political  
action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of  
the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public  
powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic pro-  
gramme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property  
in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills,  
railroads etc.) into the collective property of the working class.

2. The democratic organization and management of industry by  
the workers.

3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use  
instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere  
until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question  
its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests  
of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against  
capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the  
Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to  
conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to  
promote the interests of the working class alone.

## How to Organize

FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

In order to affiliate with the Socialist Party of Canada, the first requisite  
is to become thoroughly informed as to the necessity of the political orga-  
nization of the workers on strictly class lines. This calls for some study of  
Socialist literature in order to be able to grasp at least the fundamental  
principles of capitalist economics, and the reasons for increasing poverty among  
the workers alongside of increasing wealth and power in the hands of the  
capitalists. It is of the utmost importance to become familiar with the pro-  
gram and principles of the Socialist Party of Canada, by a careful reading of  
its platform, constitution and other literature, which may be obtained from  
Locals, Provincial or Dominion Executive Committees.

Having become convinced of the soundness of the party's position and the  
correctness of its program, write the Provincial Executive Committee or the  
Dominion Executive Committee where no provincial organization exists, for a  
copy of the regular charter application form used by the party.

Five or more persons may make application for a charter, by signing and  
forwarding such application to the Provincial Executive Committee, or where  
no provincial organization exists, to the Dominion Executive Committee, ac-  
companied by 10 cents for each signer to cover the current month's dues, and  
\$5 to cover the expense of supplies, including charter, financial books, war-  
rants, membership cards, etc.

Upon receipt of charter proceed to elect officers as laid down in Article II.  
of the party constitution. At each business meeting follow out the order of  
business as laid down in Article VI.

It would be well to devote the first business meetings of the Local to be-  
coming thoroughly familiar with all of the provisions of the party constitution,  
platform, etc. When this is well in hand, the work of spreading the propa-  
ganda by holding public meetings, circulating literature and other means  
should be taken up.

A Local from its inception should train itself to attend as closely as  
possible to such work as legitimately belongs to it. It should learn to be  
accurate and methodical in keeping its records, both financial and otherwise,  
in making reports to the party committees and in attending to correspondence.  
It should be strict in requiring its officers to give close attention to their duties;  
it should give close attention to all reports made by the Dominion or Provincial  
Executive Committees, thus keeping closely in touch with, and well informed  
in regard to all party work.

Locals should realize that a continually increasing volume of work is fall-  
ing upon the Executive Committees of the party, a burden which they will make  
easier to carry if they refrain from fault finding, suspicion and distrust. A  
measure of confidence must of necessity be placed in officials, and it is but fair  
to presume that they will attend to their duties and carry out their instructions  
as closely and completely as possible under the circumstances surrounding them.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon Locals and party members that  
energy expended in spreading party propaganda and building up the party in  
their respective localities will prove more productive of good than picking flaws  
with party officers, committees and representatives, or bothering them with  
unreasonable or ridiculous requests. The pernicious activity of a few who are  
qualified to find fault and pick flaws, can easily nullify the work of the many  
who are actuated solely by a desire to build up the organization by furthering  
its work.

The Socialist Party of Canada has to deal with a population scattered over  
a vast territory. It has a stupendous task to perform. If its members be  
guided in their actions by reason and good judgment, the task may be speedily  
accomplished, and the Canadian workingmen come into control of Canadian  
industry and resources, a position that properly belongs to them by virtue of  
both usefulness and numbers.

For Charter Application, etc., write to D. G. McKENZIE, Secre-  
tary of the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.



## The Hard-headed and Independent Farmer

HOW HE FARES UNDER THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

By GERALD O'C. DESMOND

No, I am "up" against it." The farmers are sometimes considered the toughest possible proposition a socialist can tackle. It used to be said that socialism could never attract the farmer. They used to tell us that in the United States a few years ago. But the boys over there have proved it false. They have gone after the farmer and the hardheaded and independent one has come to take a mighty interest in "this socialism." Lots of them vote the socialist ticket now. In fact it does seem as if in some sections the agriculturalists are coming over to the "reds" faster than any other part of the community, and the reason is not far to seek. The farmer may be hardheaded and level headed but, as a general rule he isn't thickheaded or flatheaded. And then, again, our "Independent" brother has been forced by industrial and economic development to a knowledge that this "independence" of his does not amount to much. The trusts and the railroads and the rest of our high finance gang have been camping on the trail of our friend of the hayseed and making things fairly warm for him. The farmer at the present time, that is the average farmer, has not the best life in the world. His hours are long. His work is hard. Moreover, his reward is by no means certain. His crops may fail. Then he must borrow money from the bank at "ruinous interest," to use the exact word farmers have used to me in describing the matter.

When the farmer does have a good crop he "he gets it on the neck" in the matters of the railroad rates, at least he is always complaining that he does and I take his own word for it. When he wants to buy new machinery, the machine trust "soaks it to him" in the price. When he desires to sell grain the elevator people are not very liberal in price.

How independent is the farmer? And, just while I think of it Mr. Farmer, you boast of your independence. You figure your'e in a class above the workers, your'e more independent than they are. Now I'm just as hard-headed as you on some points and I put it up to you to prove this boasted independence of yours. What are you independent of anyhow? Let me line up ten of you husky hayseeds and put you through a little cross examination:—

"All independent neighbours?" Yep.

Much more independent than city folks? Yep.

That's good, but let's go into the case a little.

You all own your own farms amongst you? No remarks.

What's that, only seven out of the ten own their own land? Three of you fellows got to rent land before you can farm at all? That doesn't look very good to me neighbours. "But," you say, "we own our own machines and stock, etc." Well that's good, but it doesn't put you amongst the independents. I know some city workers that still own the tools they use. Can't allow renters in the independent class. Got to be independent of the landlords, to be independent at all. You three fellows have got to stand out. Just a little to one side. Thanks. No need to look bad about it. You'll have company soon.

Now then you seven that are left how about landlords. Landlords just as bad as landlords. Any mortgages amongst you? Two of you mortgaged? Sorry, but that puts you out of the independents also. That divides the bunch equally. Now let me ask the five that remain about loans and overdrafts and debts? Three loans and one overdraft at the bank. Not very independent it seems to me when you have to borrow money (at 8 per) to keep you going. Loans and overdrafts disqualify as well as rents and mortgages. That leaves only one, one independent farmer on his own farm, mortgage free, no overdrafts, no loans, no debts. Well, now, I'm glad to hear it. But let's go into the matter a little further. Is a personal question Uncle, but how much money have you got put by? "A little, how much? A few hundred. Glad to hear it. Say how long have you been on the farm? Quite a long while, about thirty years. Worked pretty hard too by the look of you? And your wife has worked besides. Any family? Yes. That means your children have worked also? Yes.

Now, Uncle, I should judge you've been mighty saving all your life. You don't look to me like a man that drinks or gambles or anything, of that kind. Then, as you say, the wife is a "real industrial woman as well, which means that she works hard and the children are good children, which means that they work also. You are independent you say. Well, you and yours have certainly earned your independence. You've earned it very hard. It cost you more than it should. That's the point I want you to think about really, what you've earned and what you've got. What you've got isn't really one hundredth part of what you've earned. If you had all you earned your account would run into the thousands instead of hundreds. You've certainly earned thousands. But you haven't got 'em. Where has the money you've earned gone to? Let me put you on to it. It has gone to fatten railroads, magnates, loan sharks and elevator owners and similar people. All this bunch have been living off your work.

Say, if I were like you, Uncle, and had worked all my life and my wife and children with me and denied myself of the things you have, and then at the end of all, found myself with nothing to show but a few paltry acres of land and few head of stock and half a hundred chickens and about ten hogs, why I'd just about go crazy. What you have, Uncle, in comparison with what you've really earned is like a spurious dime with a hole in it alongside a diamond. My hardheaded and independent friend you've been played for a sucker. You've toiled for others all your life. You've stayed lean that others may grow fat. I know that you don't realize the game that has been played on you as well as I do. Perhaps its almost a good job in some ways you don't. If you did you'd feel inclined to get out after the bunch that have lived off your hide with a shot gun.

## THE ROOT

Of the Social Problem

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT

The fundamental blasphemy of our civilization lies in the assumption that it is right and natural for the majority of people in the world to be poor.

What should we think of the biologist who seriously contended that it was normal for the majority of human beings to be deformed? What opinion could we have of the doctor who took the position that it was right and natural for men to be in a chronic condition of disease? And yet these conclusions are not more monstrous than is the point of view of the political economist who publishes learned tomes based on the assumption that it is right that the majority of men should be poor.

"The poor ye have always with you." How many times has this saying of Christ been made to serve as a buttress for every conservative and careless view of social conditions. Many of us seem really to have persuaded ourselves into the fatalistic conception for which it stands. People argue gravely about the "impossibility" of abolishing poverty—as if poverty existed in the world as the result of a natural law, such as that which controls the sweep of the tides or the falling of the rain.

Now, of course, there is no denying that in every age of the world there have been men lazy and spendthrift, men who would always be poor, because they lack restraint and prudence—men who squander what they have. Doubtless, there will always be such men. But these men are relatively few. They are so few, in proportion to the whole, that they need hardly be taken into account in the present argument. The problem we are considering is not "Do spendthrifts deserve to be poor?" but "Is it right that whole classes of men—the majority of men—should be poor?"

There exist all around us multitudes of men doing the most useful kind of work that can be done—work which builds the very foundation of our social life and is so necessary that to imagine it stopped is to imagine a world plunged in chaos. They are mining the coal that warms us; growing the

food that we eat; fashioning the clothes that we wear; building the houses that we dwell in. Surely, if any man should be comfortable—aye, should be rich—it is these. It may be true that other men are doing more original work, more "intellectual" work, work that requires a rarer type of mind and hands. But this does not at all alter the fact that the manual workers are furnishing the sustenance without which the higher life could not exist for a moment; it cannot blind us to the fact that the workers are the really organic part of society. And yet the incontestable fact remains that the workers, as a class, are very poor; that when their lives are not utterly squalid they are stunted and broken; that their environment is such as to shut out not only the beauty of the world in which we live, but also to rob them of all that finer heritage of thought and culture, of aspiration and achievement, which has come down to us through the centuries, and has invested our human life with its dignity and strength.

No thinking man, no man with a consciousness of the integrity of his own manhood and a sense of the duty he owes to his fellows, can possibly acquiesce in social conditions which produce such a result. He is driven into the revolutionary camp by the very deep-seatedness of the evils with which he would grapple. No "reforms," no superficial nostrums, will eradicate injustice so fundamental as this. We hew a tree at its root, not among the branches. Society is upside down. The obvious thing to do is to turn it right side up.

The working class is poor because it is dependent on a capitalist class. And the capitalist class is rich because it owns the land and machinery of the world's production. Socialism is simply the proposition that the working class—and all who sympathize with their cause—should take the world out of private hands and put into public hands. The evolution of industry, by massing capital in a few hands, is every day making this task an easier one.

When once men decide to take possession of their own property; when once society becomes a unified and organized association, the problem of poverty will vanish. The world contains enough—and much more than enough—for every human being. Nature literally pours its bounty upon us. We simply have not yet learned to live together in a sane way. Socialism will teach men how thus to live. It will end the struggle for mere existence. It will secure the material side of life. It will give us at last the opportunity to take hold of the world and to refashion it in glory and beauty that have been visioned but never realized.

## "VOTES FOR WOMEN"

"Injunction Bill" Buys First Suffrage Stamp—Promising Plan

President Taft paid a penny on Saturday afternoon for a "votes for women" stamp, the first of an issue which is to be put on sale at once in every state in the Union by the Co-Operative Women Suffrage League. The transaction took place at the White House, the Co-operative Woman Suffrage League being represented by its president and vice president, Mrs. Helen Hoy Greely and Mrs. Rheta Child Dorr. They had called by appointment with the intention of presenting the stamp to the President, but he insisted on paying for it.

"Your stamp is intended to make money for woman suffrage," he said, "and it would be a bad precedent to begin by giving away the first one."

The stamp is in royal blue and white, with balanced scales of justice in the center, and above and below them are the legends, "Votes for Women" and "Taxation Without Representation is Tyranny." In each of the four corners is a star, symbolic of the four states where women vote, and the names of these states—Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah—for the border.

The Co-Operative Equal Suffrage League was recently organized in New York, with a membership of men and women, for the purpose mainly of raising a large sum to spread the suffrage propaganda. The officers are: President, Helen Hoy Greely; Vice presidents, Rheta Child Dorr and Mary Holland Kinkaid; secretary, Reba L. Prall, and treasurer, Elsa Reed Stone. Among the honorary vice presidents are Mrs. Carry Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance; William M. Evans, John Spargo, the Socialist writer and lecturer; Charles Edward Russell, the well-known magazine writer; Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake and the presidents of most of the

larger suffrage organizations of New York.—The Call.

## UNDER SOCIALISM

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man shall then be glad Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work he had.

Then all mine and all thine shall be ours, and no more shall any man crave

For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave.

For all these shall be ours and all men's nor shall any lack a share. Of the toil and the gain of living, in the days when the world grows fair.

—William Morris.

## A STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

It is a strange superstition that makes men regard what they know to be elementally good as dangerous in practice, and what they know to be elementally wrong as practically safe. Socialism strikes at the root of the chief cause of our unangelic conduct, and proposes to abolish that slavery and competition and capitalism which sends all its forces in the direction of making men brutal and dishonest. The whole influence of competition and capitalism is to war against love and liberty, and to make all that is noble and lovely in human life impossible. Socialism comes to remove the causes that prevent men from being lovers and brothers one with another, and to bring in that equality of opportunity without which there can be no true fellowship, no abiding social love.—George D. Heron.

## SOCIALISM OR SHIPWRECK.

Modern society cannot escape shipwreck unless it re-organize itself into a co-operative commonwealth. The establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth implies a social revolution; it implies the overthrow of the capitalist system of production, that has become a drag to all further development and an incubus upon the common weal; it means the placing of the machinery of production now held and owned by landlords and capitalists into the hands of the people; in other words, it implies the downfall of the system of private ownership in the implements of labor—land and capital, i. e., machines tools, etc.—and its substitution with public, common collective ownership to be operated for use and not for private profit.—Karl Kautsky.

## INDIAN MOTHER'S LULLABY

By BERNICE NORCROSS

Sleep, man child of mine;  
The loom hath winged his flight;  
On creep the shadows of the night;  
Sleep, man child of mine.  
Through the mountain's sighing breast  
Moans the night wind low;  
Darksome waters, all white crest,  
Catch the dying sun's glow.  
Sleep, man child of mine.

Sleep, man child of mine;  
Manitou guards thy rest;  
Close thine eyelids blest;  
Sleep, man child of mine.  
Comes the dream canoe for thee,  
Soft, it glides, and light.  
Thou in dreams a chief shall be.  
Hark, the owl doth hoot. Good night.  
Sleep, man child of mine.

## SIGNIFICANT.

A bright-faced little boy in a sailor suit saluted the occupant of a passing motor car so quaintly that they stopped to give him six-pence.

"You're a very polite, little fellow," the lady motorist said. "Do you salute all the strangers who pass in the same way?"

"No, no, ma'am, only motorists," the boy stammered, fingering his six-pence nervously. "Father says I've to be polite to them, because motor cars bring him trade."

The lady seemed disappointed. "What is your father's trade, my little man? Does he repair motor cars?"

"No, ma'am, he's an undertaker."



# Brighten Up

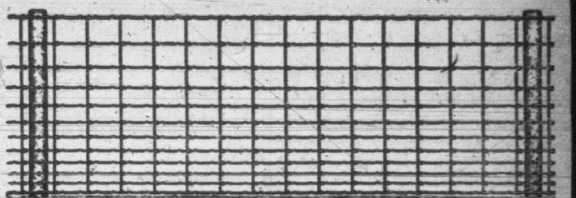
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**SUB BLANKS AND POSTAL CARDS NOW READY**

The votes his boss worker into Parliament where the laws are made governing the actions of men in time of industrial troubles. Then the worker strikes and gets up against it and wonders why all the laws made are in favor of the bosses.

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CHEWING TOBACCO

In new big plugs.



## THE BRITISH SITUATION

### Keir Hardie, etc., Back Numbers

Cornwall, Ont., April 13, '09.  
Dear Comrades:—May I, through the medium of your paper, voice my heartfelt thanks for the glad tidings to hand, vide the Montreal Star, to wit:—Kier Hardie, R. MacDonald, Phillip Snowden and J. Bruce-Glassier, have resigned their seats upon the National Administrative Council of the I. L. P., in Great Britain.

As a man very much in love with socialism, and living in no fool's paradise at that, I can see a decided advance heralded by their action.

My jaundiced informer states that "the trouble" arose out of a vote of confidence in Victor Grayson. Tres bien. While I read this the words of Longfellow run through my mind. "The young are hot and restless. The old subdued and slow."

These fond men have done great good and, knowing something of their records, I think I may say that they are now behind the times. Kier Hardie came from the mine to Parliament something like under twenty years ago. While working in the bowels of the earth he could only see as far as his safety lamp shed its light; when in Parliament he could see no further than his own small way. He shocked the House with his "muffler," his 6½d cap and his "ready mades." Yet he couldn't stand their sneers. He set out to form a party of his own and succeeded. The I. L. P. was formed around 1893 and it was not a socialist party at that time. It was an independent political party. The next step was to form the trade unions into a similar line and he succeeded in getting a vote passed levying two pence per year per member as a Parliamentary Representation fund. His next step was to try and weld the two forces; but alas, the political party had in a body become infected with socialism, was in fact a branch of the great revolutionary movement, and although the labor side were willing to take talk in return for its aid, the socialists wanted Things for a penny. The forces agreed to fight side by side at the general election and it resulted in thirty men being returned to the "gas works" under the auspices of the fused parties. All that had been promised to labor was fulfilled. Immunity from attack in the case of trade union funds; (2) feeding of hungry children by the state; (3) legalizing of picketing during strikes; (4) an unemployed bill (5) old age pensions. Organized labor now became dissatisfied and wanted more, but they must wait until their servants brought their bullish brains to bear upon some new topic, before more promises could be given. And realizing that twopenny was well spent and being unable to force their point, labor had to wait. Not so the socialists, they like naughty children expressed the fact that they had lost confidence in the old timers by placing their confidence in a young stripling fresh from college. "A mere boy," with a man's experience, a professor's knowledge and the tongue of a Demosthenes, and with the aid of the farmers of Colne Valley surprised the known world by getting him elected. He was sent to infuse some life into the dry bones of represented labor, and he did it unstintingly. Poor old labor men, they kept at a jog trot with the perspiration running down their thick foreheads.

At length he was ordered out of the House and the Laborites got a rest and hoped the people would throw him over. But no such thing occurred. Letters and telegrams, meetings and movements sounded for more of him and his sort, and the last straw came at Edinburgh to-day when the I. L. P., in one body voted their confidence in the young blood. This "yellow peril" says the split is the result of a feud between the old man Hardie and the young devil Grayson. Such a statement plainly shows either gross ignorance or slimy knavery on the part of such a press. Hardie goes away from the Council like an old clown and takes his mannikins with him. There is no longer any fun in his tricks. He was the "called-up bog." Others must do the work. He has done his duty. Let him go back to debate upon foreign policies and Indian finance, temperance legislation and the abolition of the House of Lords, with an occasional trip to Canada to tell us what to do or knock at our candidates. This resignation from the N. A. C. of the I. L. P., is simple proof that there is an outgrowth of the organism, a bursting of

a shell. One of the small explosions in the evolution of a revolution. The old man has become subdued and his mannikins, his sheep who follow beside the still waters in preference to the troubled, need but a passing word. Ramsey MacDonald, with an envious eye on John Burns and his thirty pieces of silver, is better out than in. Snowden doesn't like the socialist X Rays and Bruce Glassier is simply the literary side of James Kier Hardie. The Star says that "This will relieve the government of much pressure in the direction of socialistic legislation. Don't they wish it would?"

M. WAYMAN

## THE MAY DAY ISSUE

Everything is shaping very favorably for the May Day issue. We are trying for a special article from Comrade John Spargo, who is an enthusiast on the subject. Desmond is in with two good articles, one in poetry, in his own inimitable vein. Comrade Lester makes his initial bow through COTTON'S in a splendid article, and Comrades Martin, Lavenne, and George Edward have something interesting to say. We also expect to have articles from Comrades Filmore and Wayman. And to cap it all, we will have a special cartoon, which is very appropriate. It is from the pencil of Comrade Geo. Toseland, of Dauphin, Man. This shows you that the Canadian Socialist movement can produce the needful at the opportune time.

The orders for copies have not come in very thick as yet, but we hope to hear from you all in time. Here is a list of copies ordered up-to-date:

Montreal local..... 1500

Berlin, Ont..... 300

Ottawa..... 100

Dauphin, Man..... 100

Preston, Ont..... 50

We cannot guarantee to fill orders received later than Monday, April 26th, as our facilities are somewhat limited. From present indications the edition will be between five and six thousand.

### MAY DAY

Of all days devoted to particular observances throughout the year, none is of greater interest to the working man than the 1st of May. Unique in that it is not a day set aside by the ruling powers for purposes dictated by them, but as it were, arbitrarily taken by the working class, it is used by that class to demonstrate their dissatisfaction with existing conditions and express a desire for a radical change in favor of labor.

Being the harbinger of that season when natural life throws off the last vestige of winter's bondage and springs forth in all the harmonious freedom of spring, May Day is peculiarly appropriate as a period of protest by the worker against economic slavery.

It is the day upon which the workers of every land, give voice to their contempt for puny national boundaries and proclaim their desire to unite for freedom throughout the world.

It is a time when the vibrant note of Liberty thrills in unison the breasts of toilers in every clime and a foretaste is had of that future when Labor shall be supreme.

In almost all of the great centres of population marching throngs will this year symbolize all that May Day implies, and in this regard Winnipeg may be expected to play not the least conspicuous part.—The Voice, Winnipeg.

### PARTY NOTES

Comrade George Edward, of Montreal, will be the lecturer on Sunday next at Ottawa.

Dominion organizer Gribble will be in Montreal for May Day, and will be one of the speakers at the big open air meeting to be held on Dufferin square. Montreal socialists are active and intend to have a big celebration.

The deputy chief of police at Ottawa, has declared against the socialists holding street meetings. Comrade Gribble will be there on the 26th and will break the ice.

### Facts! Facts! Facts!

Every socialist writer, speaker and propagandist should have an arsenal of facts upon which to draw in order to back up his statements with irrefutable statistics. Such an arsenal is that stout little pamphlet entitled "Some Suppressed Information." Every page is jammed full of information of the right sort. You should not be without it. A copy may be obtained from Will R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto, for five two-cent stamps.

## WHY WE HAVE WAR

ROSCOE A. FILMORE

So you enjoy hearing the National Anthem sung? And your blood leaps and you become enthusiastic as the strains of "Oh! Canada" or "The Maple Leaf Forever" reach your ears? Well, I can't find it in my heart to blame you very much, my friend, as I realize that you have been taught from the cradle to venerate all this piffle. But please think the whole thing over. Try to get at the root of the matter.

When you are called upon to fight for "your country," or to pay enormous taxes that "your country" may make a suitable showing among the nations, just give the question some honest thought. Ask yourself how much this country has ever done for you anyhow. How much of it do you own or have any claim upon? You will, sooner or later, occupy about 12 square feet of it but the chances are against you owning any of it while alive, are they not? You must admit that a very small portion, if any, of the country belongs to you.

This being the case, why should you respond to a call to arms when the country is in danger? Why not allow those who own it to pocket their own property? The real owners, as you know, are the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Companies, the big lumber and mining concerns and a host of European land sharks or, in other words, the men who control your jobs, your bread and butter. You very seldom see any of these fellows donning red coats and marching to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" for the protection of the Empire. They prefer to stay at home, do the shouting and, incidentally, reap the benefits accruing from your successful fighting.

War, far from being, as you have fondly imagined, based on a desire to right wrongs and abolish tyranny, is purely a business proposition. It is the court of last resort when new markets are needed for the surplus products of a country. And when the markets are won the owners of the surplus are the persons who benefit. To be plain, you do the fighting and undergo all the hardships while your masters reap the harvest. You are injured physically, mentally, morally and spiritually by the act of arming and marching out to butcher your fellow men, while your boss who clips coupons is able to sport around in an automobile.

If you become dissatisfied with conditions and contemplate a rebellion against injustice every effort is made to make you believe that the people of Japan, Germany or Italy are responsible. You are told that a good thrashing administered to these countries, will solve the whole problem. And you have, hitherto, believed these yarns and, to the accompaniment of a lot of slobber regarding "the dear old flag" etc., you have "fought and bled for your king and country." Result? The trusts and combines of your country have been able to gobble foreign markets. This led to a depression in industry in the country which hitherto possessed those markets and foreigners came flocking in to cut down your standard of living and finally put you on the road, a hobo.

These are the truths and you know it. But perhaps you do not know how to remedy this state of affairs. Perhaps you do not know the real cause of war, misery and oppression. Allow me to suggest that you cannot cure the disease until you have discovered the cause. The cause lies in the fact that the industries of the country, from which you must gain your living, are privately owned and controlled. You must produce a profit for your boss or he will not employ you. This profit or surplus is the real cause of industrial depressions, wars for the conquest of new markets and in fact all your misery and degradation.

When you march out against "your brother workman" of another country believing that you are doing so to the glory of the "dear old flag" you are really fighting that your master may gobble up the rest of the earth, dispose of the surplus which you have produced and he owns and ties you even more securely than you are at present.

It is very easily demonstrated that if goods were produced primarily for the use of the people instead of for profits there need be no surplus. Consequently the profit to be made by the waging of wars would disappear and war would be abolished. But remember that under the present capitalist system goods must be produced for profits, there must be a surplus and markets must be found for that surplus. War provides a safety valve for the present industrial

order, therefore war must continue to devastate the earth.

My brother, this will continue until you and all your friends and neighbors wake up. It will continue until a majority of you get into the socialist movement and, by abolishing the vicious system which is responsible, clean up the corruption and misery. It will continue until a majority of you recognize the truth contained in the great Socialist Marx. "Workingmen of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain."

### TO SOCIALIST WORKERS

Here is the circulation statement of COTTON'S WEEKLY as it stood on Saturday, April 17th inst. You have no doubt been anxious to see it for some time:

Nova Scotia.....	183
Prince Edward Island.....	2
New Brunswick.....	34
Prov. of Quebec.....	1092
Ontario.....	631
Manitoba.....	82
Alberta.....	88
Saskatchewan.....	132
British Columbia.....	98
Yukon Territory.....	2
Elsewhere.....	78
Total.....	2422

How soon can you double this subscription list? We are just ready to be overwhelmed with sub orders. Socialists are only made by getting the ordinary working man to think along economic lines, and we can best do that by getting him to read the socialist papers and literature.

COTTON'S makes a very favorable first impression, and will stay to the finish. If you haven't tried it, get busy. Double this list.

### Publishing Socialist Articles

Several papers in various parts of the Dominion are giving a column a week or so to socialist matter. Following are a few that we have noted so far: The Standard, New Glasgow, N. S.; The Citizen, Truro, N. S.; The Eastern Labor News, Moncton, N. B.; The Gazette, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; The Voice, Winnipeg, Man.

Butler's Journal, Fredericton, N. B., an energetic little Monthly is practically a socialist publication. Comrade Butler, the editor, has only one arm, and sells other papers beside his own for a living.

### Says it is a Lulu, etc.

Comrade C. L. Phifer, one of the Appeal to Reason editors, writes in thusly:

"COTTON'S WEEKLY is a lulu, a peach-erine, a dinger. It is one of the best papers in the movement. Success to it."

If some little criminal gets away with the goods, the police are blamed. They are expected to catch every one of them. If the police catch some big financial criminal they are praised. These gentlemen are supposed to do things and not be caught.

COTTON'S talks to the toilers, mechanics, farmers, storekeepers, professional men, politicians, ministers, and men in the varied occupations under the present worn-out system. Has a thought-compelling sentence for everyone of them in each issue, put in plain simple English. And you get 52 copies for only fifty cents.


Our gang of Liberal ministers spend money like water. If the workers would capture the beggars, put them into blue jeans, make them earn a dollar and then give them seventeen cents of it, our cabinet ministers would see life from a new angle.

A good many comrades have found out that COTTON'S is a prejudice-breaker. People like to read it, no matter in what walk of life. It appeals to all in the home. Has a message for everybody. And the price is so low that everybody can afford it. Come now; let's have that sub.

We want the sub of every old Socialist in Canada, or if he is surfeited with reading, we want the same amount invested so that others may be shown the light. Every Canadian socialist should feel it his duty to see that his own papers are kept in good spirits.

There is no true freedom in a nation when one man is rendered free to do as he likes by the economic bondage of his brother.


The first socialist has been elected to preside over the municipal council of Paris, France.



**KARL MARX**

## Study Marx and Engels For Yourself

A Socialist who has read their books over and over till he has mastered them, is likely to be an active force in the movement. His work counts double, because he has learned enough about the make-up of capitalist society to give him clear ideas as to what is worth doing.



**FRIEDRICH ENGELS**

A wage-worker who knows something about modern machinery from his own daily experience will find Marx easy reading. Others will find him harder, but they will need him all the more if they want to become efficient workers for socialism. Engels' books are easier than those by Marx; better read them first.

These are the principal books of these two great writers:

- The Communist Manifesto. By Marx and Engels. Cloth 50c; paper, 10c.
- Wage Labor and Capital. Marx. Paper, 5c.
- Socialism, Utopian and Scientific. Engels. Cloth, 50c; paper, 10c.
- Value, Price and Profit. Marx. Cloth, 50c; paper, 10c.
- The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. Marx. Paper, 25c.
- Revolution and Counter-Revolution. Marx. Cloth, 50c.
- The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State. Engels. Cloth, 50c.
- Feuerbach: The Roots of the Socialist Philosophy. Engels. Cloth, 50c.
- Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Dühring). Engels. Cloth, \$1.00.
- Capital, a Critique of Political Economy. Marx. Complete in three volumes, two now ready, the third nearly ready.
- Vol. I. The Process of Capitalist Production. Cloth, \$2.00.
- Vol. II. The Process of Circulation of Capital. Cloth, \$2.00.
- Vol. III. The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole. Cloth, \$2.00.

These books will cost YOU nothing but a little easy work. We are making a great success of the International Socialist Review. It is an illustrated magazine of 100 large pages, every page brim full of interest to revolutionary socialists. In less than a year we have increased the circulation from 4,000 to 25,000. We propose to make it 100,000. It is easy to take subscriptions. The REVIEW speaks for itself; every Socialist who sees it wants it. Now for the offer:

Send \$2.00 for the REVIEW one year to two NEW names, and we will send you by express prepaid any one of the \$2.00 volumes or any four of the 50c volumes named above. You can get a large socialist library on the same terms if you keep on sending in subscriptions.

If you have not \$2.00 to spare, send ten cents to pay for three sample copies of the REVIEW (no two alike), and we will if requested send you on credit two Review Post Cards, each good for the Review one year to a new name. Sell these, send us the \$2.00 and we will send you prepaid the book or books selected.

**Charles H. Kerr & Company (Co-operative)**  
153 Kinzie Street, Chicago

# Cotton's Weekly

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### A PAPER FOR CANADIANS WHO WANT THE TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR

## Sub Price

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### Bundles at the rate of 1 cent per copy.

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**60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

## PATENTS

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**Scientific American.**

A thoroughly illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3.00 a year in advance. Single copies 10c.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York

Province of Quebec  
District of Bedford

**Superior Court**

**PUBLIC NOTICE** is by these presents given that on the Eighth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and nine, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the Court House, in the Village of Sweetburg, in said District, James McIntosh, Senior, of the Township of Dunham, in said District, agricultural implement maker, will apply by petition to one of the Honorable Judges of the Superior Court, sitting in and for the District of Bedford, to obtain letters of Verification to establish who are the heirs of the late James McIntosh, Junior, in his lifetime of said Township of Dunham, from moulder.

**BAKER & BAKER,**  
Attorneys for Petitioner

Sweetburg, April 13th, 1909.

**JOHN LAUDER**  
SURGEON-DENTIST

Office on the ground floor of the  
Ruiter Block, Cowansville.

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# The Firing Line



Keep This Fellow Busy Growing at the System

A sub drops quietly in from Com. McMaster, of St. Thomas, Ont.

Alberta list growing. Com. Bernon makes another. From Grassy Lake.

Has use for a bundle of fifty, and sends in the change. The order comes from Com. Biddleston, Preston.

Oh, yes, you have heard of Guelph. Well, Com. McPherson has been busy up there. Two yearlies the result.

The reliable economic Krupp to hand again from Winnipeg, with one yearly and one for twenty-six issues.

Three hundred copies of the May Day edition to Berlin. Order received per Com. Martin. Other locals duplicate.

Another shot from away down by the sea. That unceasing hustler Ross, of Glace Bay, has again jumped on us. Sends in thirteen trials.

Five subs—one yearly, one half and three trials, have been added to the Toronto list, as the result of the efforts of Com. C. H. Thompson.

A persistent comrade hailing from Port Arthur, comes in a firm, decided manner. Ten yearlies. We would like to elaborate, but we daresn't.

Just a little memento to let us know that Swift Current is being carried along to the broad ocean of socialism. Ten trials this time from Com. Haight.

Toronto comrades are beginning to appreciate Cotton's. Com. G. H. Robinson sends in a sub, and an order for a bundle of twenty-five for propaganda work.

Cornwall will be quite a socialist centre after a while. Com. Raymond keeps busy around there. The latest tip from him is eleven trials. Nothing like it.

We had heard of Raven, Alta., but never of Craven, Sask. However, Cotton's is going to both of them. Comrade Shiel sends in his sub from the latter place.

We were just going to write in and castigate Montreal for being dead when Com. George Edward drops on us with a complaint and an order for thirty sub cards. We'll be good.

A good healthy bunch from Winnipeg. Fifteen fellow workers, who will receive twenty-six copies each. Com. Lawrence is the hustler. Thanks Cotton's can do the needful.

A new note has been struck in the campaign in Springfield, N. S. Com. Grant has been getting busy down there. Sends in a list of four, and has hopes of being heard from again.

We have been tickling Comrade dit Blondin for quite awhile. Finally he got mad and sends in ten trials to keep us quiet. Can't do it. Harris must be in line with the rest of Saskatchewan.

Cotton's makes friends wherever it goes. Comrade Benninger writes in encouragingly from Grand Forks, B. C. Says that in his judgment, the paper is worthy of the fullest support. Send in enough, for four subs, names for only two.

Comrade Jules Lavenne is to hand with a bunch of subs and some splendid suggestions on how to push propaganda. We'll attend to it next issue. He's a pusher allright.

An addition to the Toronto list for 26 copies. Claims to be a socialist, but would vote Grit rather than see a Tory get in. Well, after reading Cotton's for awhile, and joining the S. P. of C., it will be vote socialist for life.

Comrade Gilmore sends in what he calls some scratchings and three trial subs. His scratchings are bright propaganda talk. We like to see these talks from the various parts of the Dominion. There is lots of room in Cotton's.

One hundred copies of the May Day edition for Ottawa, per Com. Okham. Also one six month and two yearly subs. There is considerable spade work to be done in that highly cultured centre of respectability. It will be done.

We have increased our Sherbrooke list by two. Com. Edney says the

government must have confiscated his first dollar bill, to build a dreadnought, so he sent a postal note the second time. This is the first sub money that has gone astray so far.

An order for one hundred copies of the May Day edition from Com. Tose-land of Dauphin, Man. Also a cartoon which we will reproduce in the next issue. He wants to see Cotton's in the hands of every thinking man. It's your paper, comrades. Put it where you want it.

Comrades Rowntree, of Hamilton, and Jacobs of Killam, Alta., send in a yearly sub each. And the following comrades send in trials, promising yearlies when time is up: J. Gordon, Hamilton; W. Watson, Winnipeg; W. J. Boughen, Valley River, Man.; H. Gouthiod, Ranfurly, Man.

Those Brantford boys are out for business. They have got the right idea. The advertising season is to hand and they are primed. This time we have heard from Com. H. A. Fogal. Two yearlies and six trials. And a good list of possibles, which will be attended to. We'll do our share boys.

If you don't get your papers, or have any other kicks coming, yelp hard like the little terror at the top of the column. It does us good to be woke up once in a while. We are gradually evolving a system under which mistakes will occur about as frequently as a thorough scientific revolutionary socialist will vote anything but the socialist ticket.

A new electric spark has shot out from the socialist station at Hopewell Cape, N. B. It lands on Cotton's tower with a thud. Four yearly subs from Com. Smith. His first but not his last. Wants a big bunch of sub blanks, as he is going to boom the paper for all its worth. That will be a good deal. He has the blanks by this time.

## INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Notes of the Movement the Wide World Over

### FINLAND

A curious situation has arisen in Finland. A Bill was passed practically sweeping away the remains of feudalism and transforming the various obligations of the peasants to render various services in return for their land to the lords into a simple money rent, and also regulating the terms of tenancy imposed on the peasants. The Czar's Government accepted this Bill after a long delay, making, however, the remark that though they regarded all acts of the Finnish Parliament as null and void they made an exception in the case of this measure, and it was sent to the Finnish Senate with a note to that effect. The Senate have now refused to accept the law on the ground that it would amount to a recognition of the destruction of their own national autonomy. That is only a pretence. The Senate has sat by quietly while one after another of Finland's privileges were destroyed, and only now, when the Russian Government is for once really acting in the interests of the Finnish peasantry and against those of the Finnish and Swedish nobles who sit in the Senate, do these rebel.

### FRANCE

There is a naval crisis, too, in France. There, too, things are in a bad way and large sums have been demanded, but there is no money, so that only about a million can be spared. The curious thing is that the very people—the middle class—who loudly clamour for an increase in the Navy Estimates refuse most persistently to pay any large part of the cost by denouncing in strong language the proposed income-tax, which they would have to pay. It is always someone else who ought to pay for these things.

The power-loom weavers at Hazebrouck, in the Department of the Nord, wrecked the house of a man who was partly the means of installing in a local factory 50 automatic looms each of which enables one operative to do the work of ten. The men are willing to accept a compromise of no more than two of the machines to one operative.

### GERMANY

Kautsky sums up a very able article on the relations of Austria and the Powers in No. 26 of the "Neue Zeit"

### CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

that the duty of the proletariat in the various countries is not to put the blame on this or that Power—because the interests of the proletariat are in no way bound up with the interests of any of them—except that they are bound to protest against war at all cost; and when they make a scape-goat of any one Power they encourage the others and justify their action to that extent. Their duty is to denounce capitalism as the provoking agency in all modern war.

### GERMANY

In Wurtemberg, in the constituency of Ulm, at a recent Parliamentary election for the Reichstag, the Socialist got 1,901 votes instead of 1,458, as was the case three years ago, and instead of being third on the list took the second place, the hitherto powerful People's Party taking a third place. That is certainly a noteworthy result in a place which is mainly Catholic, and shows that not even the Catholic Church can retard the progress of Socialism in the end.

Six comrades were recently before the courts on account of demonstrations which were held in Striegau on January 20. The Public Prosecutor demanded a fine of £25 apiece for two, one of £5, one of £2 10s., and two of 30s. apiece. The court sentenced three to 45s. apiece for rioting, two others 45s. for the same offence and 6s. for making a row, in other words, the last two had a fine of 51s. apiece.

The Russian Minister of War has been dismissed. It seems that he spoke with too much candour before the Commission of the Duma on the actual state of affairs in the Russian Army.

### AUSTRALIA

The Sydney Labour Council has decided to hold public meetings and protest against Premier Wade's Salvation Army emigration policy.

What with sweating at home and labour-dumping abroad the Salvation Army is becoming a positive nuisance.

In answer to an advertisement for a "useful man" over 500 men assembled in front of a Liverpool Street firm's warehouse in Sydney just recently, and the police had to clear the street for traffic.

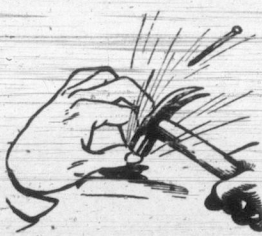
Our Melbourne comrades are carrying on a strenuous unemployed agitation, meetings being held every day at the Treasury Gardens. Apparently capitalism is as rotten there as here.

Giving evidence before the Arbitration Court at Port Pirie, South Australia, recently, a charge wheeler employed at the Proprietary Comany's smelters said when he left wharf labouring to work at the smelters he weighed 155 lb., after leaving the smelters he weighed 85 lb., and at the present time, after his holiday, he weighed 125 lb. Such are the healthful effects of honest toil.

The Melbourne "Socialist" has been increased in size.

The new scheme of compulsory universal training put forward by Mr. Fisher, the Labour Premier of Australia, is as follows: Junior cadets between the age of 10 and 14 will train for two hours weekly; senior cadets between 15 and 18 for 12 half-days; and will have 24 night drills yearly; youths from 18 to 20 will have the same course plus 16 days' continuous camp; from 20 to 21 the same drill plus seven days' camp; and men from 27 to 30 will have seven days' voluntary camp yearly.

From London Justice



Say a GOOD Word

Every time you get a chance say a good word for Cotton's. And try to back up the saying by doing something. Send in for sub-blanks and envelopes, or sub post cards, and help in the good work by making readers for Cotton's. The sub price is only 50 cents per year, 25c for six months, and a special trial offer of 10c for three months.

### STAMPS, COMRADES

There is a poor fellow comrade in Montreal who has lost both his legs. He wants Canadian comrades to save all kinds of used postage stamps for him. Send to COTTON'S WEEKLY, and we will forward to our unfortunate comrade. Now comrades, swamp him with stamps.

This rotten old system must go.

### Young People's Movement.

The Bulletin of the International Federation of Socialist Young People's Associations dated March 15, gives encouraging reports of the juvenile Movement. The English movement is said to count 31 schools with 1,375 scholars. The Hungarian juvenile movement is at present greatly oppressed by the authorities. The trade unions have been to a large extent dissolved by the authorities. Thus depriving the juveniles of their strongest support. At the present time they are not even allowed to hold public meetings. Nevertheless the movement still holds on in its way. In Budapest 400 juveniles are organized, and in addition there are branches in 17 provincial places. The vigorous juvenile movement in Denmark made great progress during the last year. The number of branches rose to 29, and that of the members is 1,400 of whom 200 are girls. The trade unions contribute 600 kroner annually to the young people's movement.—Justice

### The Irreligion of the Proletariat

Mr. Chas. Booth, the well known sociologist, at the close of his vast inquiry into the religious state of London, which his army of assistants "have visited district by district, street by street, and often house by house," states that the mass of the people make no profession of faith and take no interest in religious observances. The great section of the population which passes by the name of the working classes, lying socially between the lower middle class and the poor, remains, as a whole, outside of all religious bodies. The churches have come to be regarded as the resorts of the well-to-do and of those who are willing to accept the charity and the patronage of the people better off than themselves. The average working man of to-day thinks more of his rights or his wrongs than of his duties and his failure to perform them. Humility and the consciousness of sin and the attitude of worship, are perhaps not natural to him.—From "Social and Philosophical Studies" by Paul Lafargue, page 10.

The capitalists praise those heroes who fought and bled and died for freedom in the past. The capitalists regard the modern heroes who are prepared to fight and bleed and die for liberty as rebellious traitors who richly deserve to be shot down by soldiery and police.

In India the Englishman has one code of morals and the native another. The Englishman's code is a code of the master class. The code of the native is the code of a subjugated race. Both codes are absolutely non-moral.

Standard Oil in twenty-seven years has paid nine hundred million dollars in dividends on a capitalization of sixty-nine millions. When will the workers get wise?

Crime is an epidemic like any other disease. Crime will cease when socialism has cleaned up the miasmal swamps in which criminal ideas germinate.

The big interests live on organized robbery while they maintain courts to jail the starving men and women who stretch out a hand to take the necessities of life.

Better get your order in for copies of the May Day issue. We cannot guarantee to fill orders received after Monday, April 26th.

Socialism deals with conditions not men. But when the capitalists get busy in the support of antiquated conditions, socialism will have to crush them unless they experience a change of heart.

Volumes I. or II. of Capital by Carl Marx for twenty-five yearly subs for COTTON'S. Good way to add to your library comrades.

Repeat it: "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The workers build the business palaces for the banks and live in hovels.

Repeat it: "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The wage slave woman is the prey of the white slave traffic.

### CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

### FIGS FROM THISTLES.

It lies not in the power of man, of governments or armies, to make practicable what is elementary wrong. No religion can go deep enough to bring forth universal individual nobleness out of a political or economic system that enslaves souls and bodies by enslaving labour. No law or custom is mighty or sacred enough to bring forth peace and order out of injustice and elemental disorder. It is beyond the power of kings or parliaments, priests or politicians, to bring forth good effects from bad causes. There is no God in the universe almighty enough to make right out of sheer economic might; and there is no civilization strong enough to prevent that which is elementally right from becoming the ultimate and universal might.—George D. Herron.

The cheapest tea to use is not the lowest priced. You can buy tea a few cents a pound cheaper that will make a drink, but if you want an absolutely pure, healthful, cleanly-prepared tea use "Salada." It is infinitely more delicious and decidedly more economical than other teas, because it goes farther.

Some of the locals are taking advantage of our three-month trial offer to put good socialist reading matter in the barber shops. Brantford is leading the van in this work. Others should follow.

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M. WAYMAN, SECRETARY, 715 Wellington St., Montreal



# THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

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CONTINUED

"What a villain is this!" said Molly. "He is in love with my fortune, and he pretends it is my person. He thinks to steal my fortune when he runs away with me. You are a highwayman, Mr. Rising, a common thief and a common robber. You shall be hanged outside Norwich castle."

Tom Rising swore a great oath, calling, in his blasphemous way, upon the Lord to inflict dire pains and penalties upon him if he should resign the lovely object of his affection now in his possession. You have heard that he had the reputation of a reckless daredevil who stuck at nothing, was daunted by nothing and was like a bulldog for his tenacity.

"Understand, madam," he concluded this declaration, "I am resolved to marry you—resolved. Bear that in mind."

"And I, sir, am resolved that I will not marry you—resolved. Bear that in mind."

"Never yet did I resolve upon anything but I had it. No; never yet."

"Mr. Rising, you think you have me in your power. You shall see. Once more I ask you as a gentleman, to see whether you have any more tricks up your sleeve."

"You will have to alight, madam. The post chaise is here to carry us to Wootton, where the parson waits to marry us. In an hour, I say, you shall be my wife."

Molly looked out of the other window. The post chaise was there with its pair of horses and the postboy waiting at the horses' heads. She would have to make her stand at once, therefore. To get into the post chaise with that man would be dangerous, even though she was as strong as himself, and, since she was not a drinker of wine, she was in better condition.

"I looked round at the house," she told me afterward. "I thought that if I could get into the house I might gain some time—perhaps I could bar the door, perhaps I could find that griddle or the frying pan of which I spoke. Or if it came to using the bodkin there would be more room for my arm in a house than in a chair or a chaise. So I had one more parley in order to gain time and then slipped out."

"Sir," she said, "I give you one more chance of retaining the name and reputation of gentleman. Carry me back or else await the vengeance of my friends. I warn you solemnly that murder will be done before I marry you; understand, sir, murder of you or of your confederates or of myself."

She spoke with so much calmness and with so much resolution that she aroused all his native obstinacy. Besides it was now too late. The news of the abduction would be all over Lynn; he must carry the thing through. He swore another loud and blasphemous oath. Heavens! How he was punished! How swiftly and speedily!

Molly stepped out of the chair. Tom Rising, his hat in hand, again bowed low. "Madam," he said, "you are well advised. Pray let me hand you into the chaise."

She made no reply, but, rushing past him, darted into the house. She stumbled down one step and found herself in a room where the twilight outside could not penetrate. It was quite dark. She closed the door behind her and bolted it, finding a bolt in the usual place.

Then she waited a moment, thinking what she could do next. A rustling and a footstep showed that she was not alone.

"Who is there?" she cried. "Is there no light?"

She heard the striking of flint and steel; she saw the sputtering yellow light of a match, and by its flickering she discerned an old woman trying to light a candle—a rushlight in a tin frame, with holes at the sides.

Molly looked quietly round the room. A knife lay on the table. She took it up. It was one of the rough clasp knives used by rustics when they eat their dinners under the hedge. She stepped forward and took the light from the old woman's hand.

"Quick!" she said. "Who is in the house?"

"No one except myself. He said the house was to be kept clear tonight."

"Can they get in?"

"They can kick the house down if they like; it's so old and crazy."

"Is there an upper room?"

The old woman pointed to the far corner. Molly now perceived that the place was the kitchen, the taproom, the sitting room and all. A table was in the middle; a settle was standing beside the empty fireplace; there was a bench or two; mugs and cups of wood, pewter and common ware stood on the mantelshelf; a side of bacon hung in the chimney. In the corner to which the old woman pointed was a ladder.

Molly ran across the room. At the top of the ladder, there was a square open-

ing large enough for her passage. She went up and found herself by the dim rushlight in an upper chamber the floor of which was covered with flock beds laid on the boards. There was one small frame of glass in the roof, a window which was not made to open. The place reeked with foul air worse than the orlop deck or the hold after a voyage.

Down below she heard her captor kicking at the door. Apparently the old woman drew back the bolt, for he came in noisily and swearing horribly. Apparently the old woman pointed to the ladder, or perhaps the glimmer from the room above guided him. He came to the ladder and tried persuasion.

"Molly, my dear," he cried, "come down, come down! I won't harm you. Upon my honor I will not. I want only to put you into the chaise and carry you off to be married. Molly, you are the loveliest girl in the county. Molly, I say, there is nobody can hold a candle to you. Molly, I will make you as happy as the day is long. Molly, I love you ten times as well as that proud lord. He will not marry you. There isn't a man in all the company I will not fight for your sake. Don't think I will let any other man have you. Confound it, Molly, why don't you answer?"

For now she kept silence. The more he parleyed the more time she gained. But she found one or two loose boards that had been used for laying in trestles for the support of the flock beds. She laid them across the trapdoor. There was, however, nothing to keep them down.

Then Tom Rising began to swear at the old woman.

"You fool! You blundering, silly, Jenny ass of a fool! What the devil did you give her the candle for?"

"I didn't give it. She took it."

"Go get another candle, then."

"There are no more candles, master," said the old woman in her feeble voice. "She's got the only one."

"Molly, if you won't come down, I shall force my way up."

Still she kept silence.

He took two steps up the ladder and lifted the boards, showing the fingers of his left hand. Molly applied her knife gently, but dexterously; but it touched the bone and taught him what to expect. He drew back with a cry of rage.

"Come down," he said, "or it will be worse for you. Come down, I say."

He had not reckoned on a knife and on the girl's courage in using it.

"You have no food up there," he went on. "Your window is only a light in the roof looking away from the road. No one from Lynn will come this way. If they do, they will see nothing. You had better come down. Molly, I shall wait here for a month. I shall starve you out. Do you hear? I will set fire to the thatch and burn you out! You shall come down!"

So he raved and raged. Meantime the two chairmen, who were his own servants, stood pole in hand, one in front of the house and one behind, to prevent an escape, but this was impossible, because the room, as you have heard, had no other window than a small, square opening in the roof, in which was fitted a piece of coarse, common glass.

"Jack," she told me, "when he talked of setting fire to the thatch, I confess I trembled, because, you see, my knife would not help me there, and, indeed, I think he would have done it, because he was like one that has gone mad with rage. He was like a mad bull. He stormed; he raged; he cursed and swore; he called me all the names you ever heard of, such names as the sailors call their sweethearts when they are in a rage with them, and then he called me all the endearing names, such as loveliest of my sex, fairest nymph, tenderest beauty. What a man! What a man!"

CHAPTER VII  
THE PUNISHMENT.

MUST admit that in the conduct of this affair Lord Fylingdale showed both coolness and resolution. The news that the heiress of Lynn had been abducted spread immediately through the rooms. The whole company flocked to the doors, where Lord Fylingdale stood calm and without passion, while beside him the old captain stamped and cursed the villains unknown.

He called Molly's chairmen. What had those fellows seen? They said they were waiting for orders; that another chair stood before them at the door, the bearers of which were strangers to them, a fact which at this crowded season occurred constantly; that a gentleman whose name they knew not, but whom they had seen in the streets and at the assembly, mostly drunk, had come out hastily and spoken to these chairmen: that his lordship himself had handed the lady into the chair and closed the doors, to their astonishment, because they were themselves waiting for the lady, and that the chair was carried off instantly, leaving them in bewilderment, not knowing what to do.

He asked them next for a closer description of the gentleman. He was young, it appeared. He was red in the face. He looked masterful. He cursed the chairmen in a very free and noble manner. One of the chairmen gave him his sword to wear, which is not permitted to the assembly. He was swearing all the time, as if in great wrath.

"My lord," a gentleman interrupted, "the description fits Tom Rising."

"Has Mr. Rising been seen in the assembly this evening?"

"He was not only here, but he danced with the lady."

"Is he here now? Let some one look for Mr. Rising."

There was no need to look for him, because the rooms, even the cardroom, was now empty, all the people being crowded about the doors.

"Where does he lodge? Let some one go to his lodgings."

"With submission, my lord," said another. "It is not at his lodgings that

Meantime she made no answer whatever, and the darkness and the silence and the obstinacy of the girl were driving the unfortunate lover to a kind of madness, and I knew not what would have happened.

"Molly," he said, "willy nilly, down you come. I shall tear down the thatch. I would burn you out, but I would not spoil your beauty. I shall tear down the thatch, and my men shall carry you down."

Then Molly made answer. "I have a knife in my possession. Do not think that I am afraid to use it. The first man who lays hands on me I will kill, whether it is you or your servants."

"That we shall see. Look you, Molly, you are only a merchant's daughter, and I am a gentleman. Do you think I value that compared with marrying you? Not one whit. When we are married, I will buy more land. I will be the greatest landowner of the whole county. Sir Robert will make me sheriff. I will go into parliament. Molly, he will make me a peer. Come down, I say."

But she spoke no more. Then he lost control of himself and for awhile stamped and swore, threatened and cursed. "You will have it, then? Here, John, go and look for a ladder. There's always a ladder in the back yard. Put it up against the thatch. Tear it down. Make a hole in the roof. Tear off the whole roof."

The man propped his chair pole against the door and went round to look for the ladder and to obey orders.

"So," Molly told me, "I was besieged. Mr. Rising was below, but I had my knife, and he was afraid to venture up the steps. I heard the men clumping about outside. I heard them plant the ladder and climb up. Now, a countryman who understands a thatch is able to tear it off very quickly, either to make or mend a hole or to tear down the roof altogether, and I feared that I must use my knife seriously. Was ever woman more barbarously abused? Well, I waited. By the quick tearing away of the straw I saw that the fellow on the ladder knew how to thatch a rick or a cottage. In a few minutes there would be a hole big enough for half a dozen men to enter. Jack," her cheek flushed and her eye brightened, "God forgive me, but I made up my mind the moment that man stepped within the room to plunge my knife into his heart."

However, this last act of defense was not necessary.

"Master," cried the postboy, who was waiting with the chaise—"master, here be men on horseback, galloping. I doubt they are coming after the lady."

Tom Rising stepped to the door and looked down the road. The day was already beginning to break. He saw in the dim light a company of horsemen galloping along the road. It was a bad road, and there had been rain, so that the horses went heavily. They were very near. In a few moments they would be upon him. He looked at the chaise. He made one more effort.

"Molly," he said, "come down quick. There is just time. Let us have no more fooling."

Again she made no reply. Knife in hand, with crimson cheek and set lips, she watched the hole in the thatch and the man tearing it away.

Tom Rising swore again most blasphemously. Then, seeing that the game was lost, he loosened his sword in its scabbard and stepped into the middle of the road.

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he will be found. After the assembly he goes to the Rose tavern, where he drinks all night."

"Let some one go to the Rose tavern, then, and quickly. Captain Crowle, we will go to the Crown while inquiries are made. Gentlemen, there is great suspicion that an abominable crime hath been committed and this young lady hath been forcibly carried away for the sake of her fortune. I take blame to myself for not making sure that I was placing her in her own chair. This is my business. But I ask your help for the honor of the spa and the company."

A dozen gentlemen stopped forward and offered their help and their swords, if necessary. Among them was Colonel Lanyon.

"Come, then; let us adjourn to the Crown and make inquiries. Be of good cheer, captain. We will find out which way they took. If they have nothing but the chair to carry her away, we can easily catch them up."

"I know my girl," said the captain. "It is not one man who can daunt her, nor will a dozen men force her to marry against her will. If they try, there will be murder."

"If we cannot find the way they took, we must scour the country."

At the gates of the garden they learned that the keeper had seen the chair go out and observed that it was closely followed by a gentleman whom he could only describe by his height, which was taller than the average. Now, Tom Rising was six feet at least.

At the Crown, in Lord Fylingdale's room, they held a brief consultation, after which the gentlemen who had volunteered their help went out into the town to make inquiries.

In a few minutes they began to return. It was ascertained that Tom Rising was not at his lodging, nor was he at the Rose tavern, nor could he be found at any of the taverns used by gentlemen. This strengthened the suspicion against him. Then one remembered the strange words of the early morning in which Tom Rising had promised his friends that he would be before the next day was done by the richest man in the county—rich enough to play with them until he had stripped every man as bare as Adam. Those words were taken as mere drunken ravings. But now they seemed to have had a meaning. Where was Tom Rising?

Another discovery was that of the two men belonging to the chair in which Molly was carried off. They were found in one of the low taverns by the riverside drinking. One of them was already too far gone to speak; the other, with a stronger head, was able to give information, which he was quite ready to do. A gentleman, he said, had engaged the chair and had given them a guinea to drink if they would suffer him to find his own chairmen. His description of the gentleman corresponded with that already furnished. He spoke of a tall gentleman with a flushed face and rough manner of speech. He knew nothing more except that two men, strangers to himself, had taken the chair and carried it off.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, "there can be, I fear, no doubt. The abduction of Miss Molly has been designed and attempted by Mr. Rising. Fortunately he cannot have gone very far. It remains for us to find the road which he has taken."

They fell to considering the various roads which lead out of the town. There is the highroad to Ely Cambridge and London, but to carry a chair with an unwilling lady in it on the highroad, frequented by night as well as by day with travelers of all kinds and strings of pack horses, would be ridiculous. There was the road which led to the villages on the east side of the Wash. There was also the road to Swaffham and Norwich.

"I am of opinion," said one of the gentlemen, "that he has fixed on some lonely place not far from Lynn where he can make her prisoner until she consents with his purpose and consents to marry him."

Captain Crowle shook his head. "She would never consent," he said. "My girl is almost as strong as any man and quite as resolute. There will be murder if this villain attempts violence."

Just then the landlady of the Crown threw open the door and burst in. "Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen," she cried, "I have found out where they are gone! Ride after them! Ride after them, quick, before worse mischief is done. I have ordered all the horses in the stables to be saddled. There are eight. Quick, gentlemen! Ride after them!"

"Quick, quick!" said his lordship.

CONTINUED

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Charles H. Fletcher

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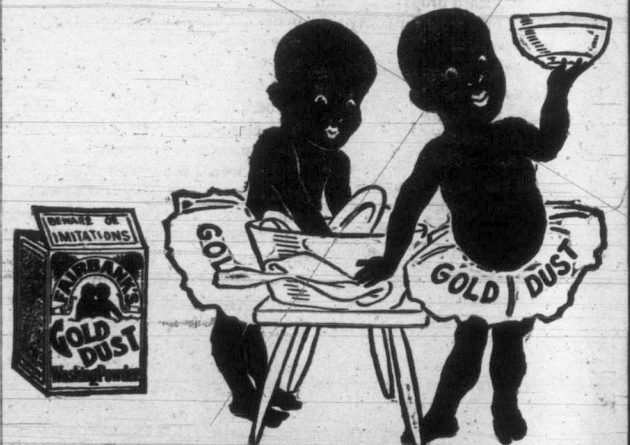
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# Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

## THE CHASE

By ANNA HATHAWAY

Once in the time of "past and gone,"  
I followed a shining star.  
Over the hills and through the vales  
To the "land of near and far,"  
Followed the glittering willow-o-the-wisp,  
Unheeding the perilous way,  
Stumbling oft on the stony paths  
In the "land of what people say,"  
Till bruised and torn by the heated chase,  
I sat me down to rest  
Where the breakers crash on the sandy shores,  
And the sea gulls build their nests.  
Sat me down and watched the star  
As it blithely glitters still,  
Always a thousand leagues away,  
Just over the brow of the hill.  
Then I saw that the chase was futile,  
Saw that the task was vain—  
I had taken the road that never ends.  
To the "land of might have been."  
Had given the best of the soul of me  
To the chase of a single star  
That was only an infinite atom  
Where God's own minions are.  
I buried a hopeless sorrow  
There by the edge of the sea,  
In a grave to be marked "forgotten,"  
In my "land of never to be,"  
Then in the darkening twilight  
Slowly I turned away,  
To trace my steps in the darkened path  
That leads to "yesterday."  
When I saw a light in the distance  
That gleamed down a broadened way,  
Shining clear and strong and steady  
On a road that was marked "to day."  
Then a peace that was great and perfect  
Enveloped my fainting soul,  
For I saw ahead, my star, waiting,  
At "tomorrow's" shining goal.

## THE USELESS LABOR OF WOMEN

Why, hello, where have you been all summer?" was the greeting that met the Insurance Man as he strolled in and shook hands with Finnegan.  
"My wife has been sick most of the time the last few weeks," replied the I. M., as he lighted the perfecto that Finnegan handed him. "I haven't been able to get down town much in the evening."  
"Well, that's too bad. What seems to be the matter with your wife?" asked the Station Agent.  
"Oh, she's just run down. Business has been pretty dull this summer and my wife took a notion to do her own work and it was too much for her. And there were the children to look after besides."  
"Well, the lot of a woman doesn't seem to be too pleasant at best," suavely remarked Finnegan.  
"That's right," added the Station Agent, "but did it ever occur to you that there isn't any good reason why it should not be?"  
"How's that?" inquired the Insurance Man.  
"Why just think of the useless labor a woman does—absolutely useless."  
"I don't see in what way they do useless work. Clothes will get dirty and the children will get hungry. Either our wives have to do this work or some other woman."  
"No? I didn't expect you to see it, but I have hopes that you will see it some day."  
"Well, go ahead and explain to us in what way our women are performing what you call useless labor."  
"Well we will say here is a town of 5,000 people—a thousand families. A thousand women bending over hot cook stoves every day in the year, preparing food for these 5,000 people. Don't you call that useless labor?"  
"Great heavens!" exclaimed the I. M., "you don't expect us to go without eating, do you?"  
"No, but what is the use of lighting a thousand fires on a hot day like this, when one would be enough? Why not have one big oven, centrally located and collectively owned by the people? Actually one is appalled at the stupidity of the human race when one thinks of

the useless labor performed every day by women. What is the use of women breaking their backs and wearing out their lives over a hot stove and a wash tub? A collectively owned bakery and laundry would save it all."

"I presume that you mean that we should all live in one big building and eat together in one big dining hall?" asked the Real Estate Man.

"No, not at all. There would be a collectively owned public dining hall, where all might dine that wished, but those who wished to eat in their own homes could have their meals delivered to them steaming hot—it could be done easily enough."

"Yes, but who is going to pay for all this?" asked the Insurance Man.

"Why, the same people who pay for it now, but there wouldn't be so much to pay. A collectively owned cooking establishment certainly won't cost any more than a thousand cook stoves and the cost of a thousand washing machines, etc. is surely greater than one large collectively owned laundry."

"Well, that looks reasonable," said Finnegan, winking at the Blacksmith, "but if it would be a good thing to have a public bakery and a public laundry, why not a public heating plant?"

"Certainly, that's what we should have, and a public theater, a public playground for the children, a public warehouse full of publicly owned things that we all need, and, in fact, my friends, to make a long story short, all the things we use collectively should be owned collectively."

"And there should be no private property?" inquired the Insurance Man.

"No I didn't say that. Nobody wants any interest in your toothbrush, and I'm sure your trousers would be too small for me."

Everybody laughed and the Insurance Man bowed it was time to go home.—The Appeal

## SACRIFICING YOUNG GIRLS

In a Pittsburg foundry girls are employed to make simple cores for castings. A quick girl can make 10,000 a day, for which she receives \$1. According to the investigator who reported to charities on "Pittsburg Women in the Metal Trades," this work is carried on in clouds of drifting dust. As the cores are finished they are set on trays, which the women carry across the room to the ovens. A loaded tray weighs from ten to 25 pounds. In an electrical factory in East Pittsburg 650 women are employed on piecework in winding coils for armatures. The fastest make \$1.47 a day. The work is so taxing that the employees give out readily. Only 25 have been in the factory four years. Three screw and bolt works in the same city employ 543 women. A bolt trimmer—to use one class of labor as an illustration—stands for ten hours before a machine.

She feeds bolts to the mechanism at two-second intervals—16,000 times a day—for a wage of 96 cents. Bad conditions these for women to work under and likely to have an indirect effect in weakened and stunted children. Doubtless the employers feel that they are not to blame, that they are forced by competition for cheap goods to hire cheap labor. If any one of them should hold out and refuse to use the methods of his competitors he would be forced to the wall. So it is up to organized society to take a hand and fix the rules of the game. Conditions for the employment of women and children must be determined and enforced by the state. Otherwise society is at the mercy of a demand for cheapness that sacrifices the future of the race.

## THE STAGE-SLAVE AND THE MINE-SLAVE

One morning about five o'clock, out in a mining town, as we were walking along the railroad track on our way to the station, we met a gang of miners going to work. They were at that moment discussing our play, which they had seen the night before. One of the miners was speaking about us in terms partly of envy, partly of awe, as if we belonged to a fairy race, and lived in a fairy world wherein there was nothing so disagreeable as trudging along an uncertain railroad track at five o'clock on a cold wet morning. The miner was brought back from

the bright fairy land in which in imagination he was wandering with us by the sight of the soubrette, who had stumbled and spattered her face with mud. With an apologetic giggle she scrambled to her feet and she and the miner paused for a moment staring at each other out of the ghostly dawn.

As she stood before him, pale, wan, hollow-eyed, with her body pulled sideways in a semicircle by the weight of her heavy suit case, his look of pained recognition was illuminating as to what was passing in his mind. Each looked into a face begrimed with mud. His body was bent forward by the toil of the pick, hers bent, sideways by the weight of her baggage. Both were workers, forced out of bed by a common necessity long hours before the rest of the world was awake. Both were unhappy. Only the soubrette, by her pitiful, insistent giggle, thought to make people believe she was not. He was a proletarian without illusions, discontented and wretched. She was a proletarian imagining herself a butterfly. He mumbled something, she giggled, and they went their separate ways.—Ex.

## WELL TRIED RECIPES

M. WISDOM

### BAKED OMELETTE

Materials:—Four or six eggs (beat whites separately), small teacup of milk, butter size of a walnut, 1 tablespoonful flour, a little salt.

Preparations:—Beat yolks, add butter, milk, flour and salt, lastly the beaten whites.

Butter a dish just the size to hold it. Bake in a quick oven.

### YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, 1 egg, bake about twenty minutes in dripping after roast beef.

### BUTTERNUT CAKE

Materials:—1 cup of sugar, ½ cup of butter, ½ cup of sweet milk, 3 eggs, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, 1 cup of butternut meats chopped, ½ cups of raisins, flavor with vanilla. Walnut meats can be used if preferred.

### ENTREE—EGYPTIAN TOMATO

Materials:—1 can of tomatoes, 1 quart of bread crumbs, 1 tablespoonful of finely chopped onion. Pour this into a well buttered dish and cover with a layer of bread crumbs and bits of butter. Bake twenty minutes.

### SCALLOPED SALMON


One can of salmon picked to pieces. Roll crackers fine. Rub the pudding dish with cold butter and sprinkle a layer of cracker crumbs and a layer of salmon, season with bits of butter, pepper and salt. Put in alternate layers till the dish is full with crackers on top. Add one-half cup of milk and bake till a nice brown.

### FOR PARIS WOMEN

"Pages Libres" contains a very interesting article on some free dining-rooms in Paris. There are in Paris four places at which women may have free lunches and free dinners, the only condition being that they should be nursing mothers and that they should have their babies with them. No questions are asked, not even their names and addresses; the women may be respectable or not, and they are not preached at or lectured. A doctor also attends on certain days to give medical advice concerning the illnesses of any of the children. The scheme has been very successful, and the originators of it are quite satisfied with the results obtained.

Christianity told the people what to do. Socialism tells the people how to do it.

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## The Value of the Franchise

DORA F. KERR.

Few of us have gone deeply into the mental laws by which democratic government works. But some broad facts are suggested by "Julia," (March 25th,) who evidently brings a mind fresh to the study. She says that the vote should be restricted to intelligent men and women; but she does not propose any method by which this can be done.

It was thought that those who do the most exhausting work could not have intelligence enough to vote. One such class was the tillers of the soil, who produce all staple food stuff. In England all representation was denied to agricultural labourers, till 1885. More who owned the soil but did not cultivate it no doubt had more time to cultivate their minds. Did they use their intelligence and their power to better the condition of their voteless fellow countrymen? No, on the contrary they used them to oppress these defenceless men further, and even the common lands, which were of real service to the poor, were bit by bit and year by year filched from the people.

Another such class is the women, who have been unrepresented in all national assemblies until recent years, which have seen women enfranchised in all Australian countries, in New Zealand, several American states, Finland and Norway. The men no doubt claimed to prove protection instead of allowing women the protection of the vote. Yet even in their capacity as mothers, women suffer from unjust man-made laws. Marital "rights," as we all know, permit and encourage maternal wrongs. And does there exist a woman, even if exceptionally "silly and indiscreet," who cannot see, when face to face with the facts, the injustice of laws which make the father the owner of the children, contradicting the universal law of nature among all animals that the mother is and ought to be the chief guardian of the children?

In fact, the protection of the vote is needed by all classes, and any omitted class suffers from neglect and contempt. The franchise does not at once remove all injustice, but it is the first step towards justice.

"Julia" is not quite correct when she speaks of "periods of history when women were surrounded by physical comfort and every luxury." Only certain classes of women in any country have had such a position; and it is because such luxury feeds upon the misery of the poor that it hardens the heart. But certainly luxurious women have not been more callous to suffering than luxurious men.

The vote is not a luxury or a means of luxury. It is chiefly (1) a protection to the interests of the class, or classes, to which we belong, and (2) a means of exercising our responsibility for the welfare of the nation.

We might learn much if "Julia" would kindly answer her own question: "What motives control the vast majority of voters?" It appears to me a difficult problem in social psychology, but certainly no trifling question.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When vegetables with roots become soft and withered, slice off one end and lay in water for a few hours.

But when political parties show signs of rot, slice off all sides and lay underground for a few eternities.

It is an excellent plan, if you live in a house, to have a "house purse" downstairs in a convenient place, so that when a little change is needed for something, you are not obliged to run upstairs for it.

If you have neither home nor purse, make your husband vote for both by voting the Socialist ticket. Perhaps he has voted for the Laurier kind of "prosperity" long enough.

Remember in washing the china silk dress that best results are obtained by ironing it when damp; do not let it dry at all on the line after it is washed; roll it up in a cloth for about ten minutes and then iron on the wrong side.

If you have no china silk dress or any other kind that's fit to wear, work on the right side. No woman who works would be in indecent rags if women had the ballot. Work for that.

Burning oil is spread by water. To extinguish it throw down flour, sand or earth. The idea is to prevent the oil's spreading.

It does look as if T. R. has poured some water on the burning oil of the Social Revolution, like a foolish housewife in the hope of putting out the

flame. What a lovely blaze! Don't throw flour, earth or sand in this case. Let it burn. It's the flame of truth and liberty.

Starch should be mixed with soapy water, for thus the linen will have a more glossy appearance and be less likely to stick to the iron. Clothesline and pegs will last much longer if they are boiled for ten minutes when new. It is a good plan to repeat the boiling occasionally.

Don't try to boil the honesty of old party men in office, when new. It won't last a minute longer.—Ex.

## PSALMS

PSALM 25.

11 For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.  
12 What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.  
13 His soul shall dwell as ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.  
14 The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant.  
15 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.  
16 Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.  
17 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.  
18 Look upon mine afflictions and my pain; and forgive all my sins.  
19 Consider mine enemies, for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

## HER EXCUSE

A tiny four-year-old was spending a night away from home.

At bedtime she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her out, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, 'scuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."

Socialism will come just as soon as the working men, both mental and physical, come to see where their true interest lies.

## PROVERBS

CHAPTER 14.

18 The simple inherit folly; but the prudent are crowned with knowledge.  
19 The evil bow before the good; and the wicked at the gates of the righteous.  
20 The poor is hated even of his own neighbor; but the rich hath many friends.  
21 He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth; but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.  
22 Do they not err that devise evil? but mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good.  
23 In all labour there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.  
24 The crown of the wise is their riches; but the foolishness of fools is folly.  
25 A true witness delivereth souls: but a deceitful witness speaketh lies.  
26 In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and his children shall have a place of refuge.

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WM. U. COTTON, EDITOR AND PROP.  
H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

Misery, degradation and death come to human atoms when a system of industrial production has become decadent.

The financial pages and dividend statements in the daily press are the best indications of the robbery of the workers.

State management of industries with democratic control by the workers for the benefit of the workers is what socialism wants.

The two old parties once meant two different things. Today the two parties are but the two sides of the same thing—capitalism.

Roosevelt took a slap at socialism and then started on the dead run for Africa to get out of the way of the storm he had raised.

Kipling is a good poet who does not like socialism. We are under the impression that the Indian sun must have given him a bad liver.

The postal workers of Paris struck and tied up the city. This shows that it is the workers and not the capitalists who keep things humming.

Justice in Canada is bought and sold like any other commodity. If you do not believe this try and get justice under the law without money.

There will be a great revolutionary explosion in Mexico some day. Diaz and his gang of murderers will not be able to keep the workers in misery forever.

Whenever we see a fat priest who revels in tithes telling his parishioners to be content to remain in the sphere in which God has placed them, we smile.

The capitalist press have howled themselves hoarse over the Kinrade murder. Anything will do to keep the minds of the people from thinking along economic lines.

Future history may develop some other great battle for liberty. What that battle may be we know not. The present fight is to make socialism triumphant in the legislatures of the world.

Twelve thousand button makers have been on strike in the department of Oise, France, for more than a month. The bosses want to cut wages thirty per cent. Two thousand soldiers and five hundred gendarmes are patrolling the streets of all the towns. Representatives of the General Federation of Labor from Paris have been on the scene and promised the strikers the support of the united workers of France. The result has been the return to work of eight thousand workers at the old prices.

The growth of the capitalist is this. First he does his own work and his own thinking. Then he does his own thinking and gets some wage-slaves to do the work. Lastly he gets some brain-slaves to do the thinking for him while he takes the profit and does nothing. At this point begins the break down of capitalism. The capitalist has become useless in productive industry and society tries to throw him off. The capitalist must thereupon hire lawyers and bribe legislators and employ policemen to keep him where he is. The attempts to unseat the capitalist have proved unsuccessful as long as the attempts were unorganized and sporadic. Socialism represents the conscious, organized effort of the workers to unseat the capitalist the world over.

When socialism triumphs even the plutes themselves will be glad of the change.

Man was made to mourn, said Burns, and capitalism does its best to show that Burns spoke the truth.

The ministers of religion have preached for nineteen hundred years and we live today in a decadent age through the brain fogs of which gleams the one star of hope, Socialism.

The capitalist makes a dollar and the laborer makes seventeen cents. And the laborer wonders how it is he goes shabby while the capitalist goes well dressed.

Laurier is building a \$2,500 garage for his automobile given to him by a plute admirer. Laurier is a good faithful watch-dog for the big interests, so why should he not have the nice things of life, the dear man.

A man may have a million dollars yet if he is alone on a desert island he will starve to death. All the wealth of a man is good for is to get some one else to minister to his needs, wants, virtues and vices.

It is a fine thing for Germany and Great Britain to bankrupt themselves in preparation for war. But they must not spend money to keep their citizens from starving. That would be pauperizing the poor.

Taft in the States is endeavoring to bring in a bogey Socialism such as Bismarck introduced into Germany. Taft may be necessary to prepare the industrial machinery that will be expropriated by the workers.

Tom Lawson wants the Patten wheat corner broken. Otherwise, he declares, there will be riot and bloodshed. The Socialists want all capitalistic tricks of artificial inflation stopped. And they will get their way or there will be things doing.

History is one long record of the struggle between different classes of society for supremacy. A few individuals may appear more prominent than others in the record, yet their prominence was only attained by their being the quintessence of the movement of their class.

Gold was once the medium of exchange. Now it is bank notes, government notes, bills of exchanges and paper promises to pay of all kinds. Sometimes the public get suspicious and want to get cash for these promises. Then there is a great bursting of bubbles and black depression and panic.

The big manufacturers make no bones about squealing to parliament for special favors, such as protection, bonuses, and free entry of cheap labor. This the capitalists consider encouraging industry. But when the workers go to Ottawa for some little protection they are considered to be ungrateful and discontented wretches.

When a prize fighter has knocked his opponent down and the count is taken, that ends it. The crowd would murder the victor if he kept on hammering the down-and-out one. The capitalist shoves the worker down in the mud and sits on him and when the socialists tell the capitalist to get off the back of the worker for God's sake, the capitalist replies that the worker isn't fit to be anywhere but in the mud and sat on. If the capitalist is religious he will wax indignant and will declare that it is God's will that he should sit on the worker and he will bring his paid priests to prove it.

## MUNICIPALIZATION

In a recent issue of the Quarterly Review there was published a long article dealing with such so called socialistic legislation as the municipalization of public utilities. It was the opinion of the writer that such municipalization was of very little value to the average man. His arguments are as follows:

An electric plant for a street railway is privately owned. The city acquires it, paying for it a good round sum. The money to pay for the railway is borrowed and the interest charges must be taken out of earnings. So the citizens as a whole, although they own the railway, have to pay interest to capitalists and all that has taken place has been a change in the persons who draw the revenues. Formerly it was the railway owners now it is the bond holders.

But suppose that the railway more than pays operating expenses, sinking charges and interest. There will be a profit. This is supposed to benefit the citizens, but as a matter of fact this surplus or profit will not benefit the hard-working rent paying citizens, in other words the proletariat. The profit will go to reduce taxes. Taxes are levied upon real estate. The worker who

pays rent pays the taxes through the rent. When taxes are less, owing to their being paid in part through municipal profits, it is not the rent-paying worker who will benefit but the rent receiving landlord. The landlord will receive the same amount of rent and will pay less taxes. Hence his profits will be greater. So the profit from the municipal railway will be absorbed once more, this time by the landlord group of capitalists.

The arguments of the Review writer are good and prove that state or municipal socialization, will be of little benefit as long as profit is looked upon as legitimate in itself. It is only when the true socialism comes with the elimination of all profit that the workers will get the benefit of industrial production.

The only benefit the municipalization of industries does is to show the workers that such things only benefit them indirectly and that all such schemes are only a part of the efforts of the capitalist class to stave off the day of the coming of the workers into power.

A state church teaches that kind of doctrine which the ruling class wants chucked into the minds of those who are being exploited by the master class.

## SLAVES WILL YE NEVER RISE

GERALD O'CONNOR, DESMOND

Slaves, will ye never rise?

Will ye never break those chains?

Surely the masters blind your eyes,

Surely they steal your brains.

Have ye no sense of right

To be always fed on lies?

Standing aloof while we fight your fight—

Slaves will ye never rise?

Have ye no wish to be free?

'Twas not so in days gone by—

Your fathers could strike for liberty,

Your fathers could do and die,

But meekly ye bow to the master's greed,

Toiling unceasingly;

Surely ye be a degenerate breed

Have ye no wish to be free?

Say are your hands so weak

That ye cannot strike a blow?

Are ye too dumb to speak?

Are ye too dull to know?

Are your numbers all so few,

Oh, spiritless people and meek—

That ye cannot strike back at the robber crew

Say, are your hands so weak?

Oh slaves, will ye never rise?

Will ye never break those chains?

Surely the masters blind your eyes

Surely they steal your brains.

Have ye no sense of right

To be always fed on lies?

Standing aloof while we fight your fight—

Oh slaves, will ye never rise?

There is the present life and there is presumed to be a future life. Religious leaders declare they know all about the future life. If they do it is good. But the trouble with the religious leaders is that they want to arrange our affairs in this world. They declare that they must arrange our actions and tithes in this world in order to fit us for the next. More and more men are seeing through the scheme and are telling the religious leaders to mind the affairs of the next world and to cease bothering about the affairs of this.

The capitalists tell the workers to be economical and saving and at the same time they shove beer and whisky under their noses. The capitalists tell the workers not to smoke but to save their pennies, and the tobacco trust shoves the tobacco and cigars wherever the workers congregate. Church hypocrisy is a mild thing compared to the hypocrisy of the capitalists.

In America the municipalities want to own the tramways and they let the syndicates own the theatres. In France the municipalities own the theatres and let the private syndicates run the street railways. It is only a different manifestation of the same phenomenon, the endeavor of the collective association of all the people to control for themselves the things they want run properly.

Red is the color of the Canadian Liberal party. Red is also the color of the Socialist party. The Liberals should not find any fault with the red flag of Socialism. When they do they are but quarreling with the color they themselves once supported. Red is the color of rebellion against conditions. When the Liberals were fighting for better conditions they adopted the color with joy. Now that they have become powerful and oppressive they hoot it.

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That little book, "The Socialist" is a good one to hand to a friend who wants to know what socialism really is. We will supply you for ten cents per copy.

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## WAR

### And What it Means

Fellow toilers. Two of the greatest so called civilized nations of the world are agitating for war. Why? Let us take a calm look at this question. They tell you in the Capitalist Press that England wants war. Germany wants war. What do they mean? That the working class of England or Germany wants war? Decidedly not, but they want it to read that way to bluff you workers and hide the real thing.

I'll tell you, boys, what it is. It is a few individuals that want this war, and very badly, and they want you to pay with your life. These individuals (whom we will call capitalists or blood suckers or vampires—it does not matter which name we give them, they all fit) are quarrelling amongst themselves. There are times when thieves fall out. These thieves have something they want other people to buy, that is their surplus products. In order to sell these products they must find a market or markets.

Now these thieves love each other so much that they wish to confiscate each other's markets. How is that to be done? Competition is so fierce that they cannot produce any cheaper than the other fellow, so they put their heads together and they say—well what are we going to do. There is an over production on the English market, over production on the German market—in fact the markets of the world are stocked right full. There's only one thing for it, let's have war. We can appeal to the people's patriotism. We can work on their emotions in the press and pulpit. Let us tell them their country is at stake, the honour of their flag must be kept. Their freedom is imperilled. Once we get the workers up in the air the rest is easy. We can get rid of our surplus goods—trade will revive. Then we can continue to rob the workers for another period. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

What are you going to do about it. Will you put on the uniform and carry the rifle. Will you be a traitor to your class. Will you murder your fellow workers. Men whose lives have been those of misery, drudgery and degradation. Will you not see the plot they have laid out, and the trap they wish you to fall into. What country have you to fight for. How much of the country do you own (you fellow workers I'm talking to). What freedom do you possess. You may think you are free. So you are—free to quit your job, but are you free to keep your job. Then they tell you honor of your flag is at stake. What matters if you live under the German, French or English flag. All you will get is a bare subsistence wage. But the flag you will live under in the near future will give you more than that. It will give you the full equivalent of your toil, and that is the worker's of deepest red.

Now we see they are busy building Dreadnoughts and other battleships, and when the first Dreadnought was launched, Campbell Bannerman's (the British Premier) wife was there to christen her, and her words were "May God bless her and all who sail in her." A monster launched to kill. Surely this is blasphemy to use God's name on a ship launched to kill—to destroy—to maim for life—men whom God has been given the credit of creating. How long is this fooling to go on workers. Is it not time to put a stop to this hell upon earth, once and for all. You Britishers, you Frenchmen, you sturdy Germans, have fought many a battle in the past, but have you ever had a victory. You say "Yes sure." The Britisher says we won India, South Africa, Canada. But are you sure of that. Let me tell you the workers have never scored a victory for themselves. They have been fighting for the idle capitalists, their masters. When are you going to fight for yourselves. You have been fighting for your masters long enough.

Awake, workers, get wise. The Capitalists have been using you to fight their battles, and you have been their willing tools. You working men have been fighting each other long enough. Quit it. Turn your energies in the other direction. Fight your masters who are enslaving you. The masters who are robbing your homes of all joy and happiness. The masters who desolate the land. Use your ballot, not the bullet. Use your pen, not the sword. Why war, why strife in this the twentieth century, of this our so called civilization. Why should we not have co-operation in the place of competition. Surely the time is now ripe. You can see the results of war if you are not blind, if you are honest, if you are not a lunatic. Take England with all her colonies? Is the working man

of England any better off? No. For England today is face to face with a great unemployed army willing to work but denied the right. (That is where you are free.) And we find that the workers of England could not be worse off if they were in hell. The results of war is easily seen to the detriment of you workers.

Where are your Crimean veterans today. In the workhouses, where they will end their lives in misery and despair. What do the master class care for you. Not one iota. Where are your so called South African heroes today. You will find them in the jails, in the lunatic asylums, in the hospitals, and in the great army of the unemployed. They were called heroes once. Now they call them bums.

Now fellow workers, the question is up to you. What are you going to do about it. Will you continue to murder and slaughter each other like oxen, or will you join hands in Brotherhood, ever aspiring to a nobler plane. Will you get in line with the Socialist Party, which is international in its scope, which is without color, creed or sex, which is out to emancipate the workers from wage slavery, which will abolish war, which will usher in the Co-operative Commonwealth, and peace, harmony and happiness will reign supreme. Will you be a comrade? We need you.

WILL R. HIBBERD  
Toronto Local

## CULLINGS

"History is but a continual transformation of human nature."—Mars.

"The people of Sicily are temperate as dogs; and they are treated like dogs."—Blatchford.

"It is not by the good in a system but by the evil in it that progress is made."—Austin Lewis.

"The workers shed their blood for the rich in time of war and make wealth for them in times of peace."—Stirton.

"The working class will never emancipate itself so long as it is steeped in ignorance, prejudice and superstition."—A. M. Lewis.

"The Socialist movement has done more than any other factor to make the workers studious and intelligent."—A. M. Lewis.

"All Social theories ought to be inspired by, and founded upon, the three ideas of justice, utility and individual liberty."—Leroy Beaulieu.

"The time has now come when no man deserves to be called intelligent who neglects to inform himself regarding the Socialist movement."—Chas. H. Kerr.

"Alcohol, it has been asserted, is the supreme evil, and yet, the countless millions of Mohammedans and Bhudists are sober, but unspeakably wretched."—Bishop Spalding.

"The only real and final test as to whether a law or measure is constitutional is whether it serves or menaces the fundamental interest of the ruling class."—Arthur Morrow Lewis.

"The whole history of the world shows that those who have achieved have received no reward. The rewards of achievement have fallen to those who achieved nothing."—Lester F. Ward.

"The Socialists hold aloft the torch of reason. They are the friends of knowledge, liberty and progress. They plead for a richer, fuller life for all mankind. They court investigation and challenge to debate the defenders of an industrial system based upon piracy and war."—Rev. A. M. Stirton.

W. R. SIER



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