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# Cotton's Weekly

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This is No. 65

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, DEC. 9, 1909

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## COMMERCIAL CRISES

Commercial crises frequently afflict modern society. The reason for these crises is plain.

It is a well known fact that the wage worker produces five times the value of his wages. When he gets two dollars a day, he produces ten dollars worth of goods. The eight dollars, which he does not get, does not all go in profit to his employer. Part of it goes in advertising, in bribing politicians, in wine suppers to persons whose influence the boss wants to get, in taxes to support soldiers and police, etc. After all these expenses have been met there is a large aggregate sum left over which goes in profits. The employers take out their living expenses and their luxuries, and still there are many goods produced by the workers which the bosses and their parasites do not consume. Let us suppose that these goods are worth three dollars for every day each workingman works. This three dollar's worth of goods must be purchased by the working classes.

If a workingman gets two dollars a day and produces three dollars a day in goods which he himself must buy back, the unsolvable problem of buying three dollars worth of goods with two dollars pay, faces the workingman.

Every day the worker works he gets two dollars and must buy three dollars. He only buys two dollars worth of goods and the other dollar's worth is not sold. Day by day this unsold surplus value keeps piling up on the market. The markets become glutted with unsold goods and the machinery of production must be shut down until this surplus is disposed of. Then industry undergoes a crisis. Men are thrown out of employment. The business men who have bought large stocks of goods on credit and who have little financial backing become bankrupt. The whole of commerce is paralysed and the industrial system is disorganized.

With the increasing productivity of modern machinery, these crises become more frequent and part of the working population is continually unemployed. The capitalist system breaks down and the capitalists are shown to be incapable of handling the affairs of the business world in the interests of the people who do the work.

## AGREEMENT WITH BOSSES

The manufacturers and employers of labor are talking about the sacredness of contract. The bosses inveigle the workers into signing labor contracts. These contracts are unfair. They put all the responsibility on the workers while the bosses undertake no obligations worth mentioning.

In the working agreements between the employers and workers the contracts are usually drawn up fixing the prices which workers are to get. The workers agree to work for certain standards of wages for one, two or three years.

But the bosses do not agree to furnish the workers work at the prices established. The bosses do not agree not to sack individual employees. The bosses do not agree to keep their mines or factories running. All they agree to is that if they employ workers they will give certain wages.

If times are hard the bosses shut down their factories. The wage agreement does not prevent that. If the bosses do not like a certain few men who are engaged to work, they sack them. The agreement does not prevent that. If the mill is shut down because of hard times then the men and the bosses may get together and the men may agree to work for less wages and the original agreement is thrown into the waste paper basket. The agreement does not prevent that.

But if the men should refuse to work at the old wages the agreement is broken and a howl goes up from the plute press about the treacherous, unfaithful workers. If the bosses sack a dozen men and their comrades go on strike to compel their reinstatement, they have broken their agreement and the plute bosses appeal to the plute press and the plute press wails over the perfidy of the workingmen. Then the plute bosses go into their plute courts and the plute judges condemn the union to pay heavy damages to the plute bosses because the plute bosses have been deprived of their legalized plunder in the shape of dividends which they steal from the workers.

Is it any wonder that the Lemieux Act, which is practically a law compelling the workers to enter into agreements with their bosses, should be praised to the sky by the plute press and the plute bosses. But that any workers should be fooled into the notion that the Lemieux Act was passed by the Laurier government for the benefit of the worker's is a sevenday wonder.

The capitalist system breeds drones like stagnant pool mosquitoes.

The members of the House of Commons at Ottawa are still yawning.

The capitalist system breeds criminals like mouldy cheese breeds maggots.

Socialism is the summing up of modern philosophy and science and economics.

Socialism will turn men from competing like brutes to cooperating like loving brothers.

Socialism has been a hundred years growing. It will not die quickly as its slow growth guarantees a long life.

Armies and navies are simply to protect the parasites against the useful workers. Abolish the parasites and an army and navy would not be necessary.

Recorder Weir of Montreal thinks he can judge prostitution out of existence by giving harsh sentences. Nothing of the kind. Prostitution will last as long as low wages for women last.

The worker who tries to fight the economic battles of the twentieth century with craft union tactics is like a warrior who tries to fight modern battles with an old fashion muzzle loading gun.

Ten years ago Canada was howling for capital and capitalists and capitalist exploitation. Now that it is here the humanitarian Canadian has considerable doubts as to whether it is a good thing or not.

Capitalist states frequently introduce socialistic measures with the deliberate intention of so mismanaging the business as to prove to the ignorant that socialist measures will not work.

I have always wondered why men should look up with respect to the plunderers of Canada. Rather should they be looked down upon as baleful weeds in meadows, which suck up sustenance that should go to the support of useful timothy.

The plute papers declare that it is necessary to maintain an army and navy as long as other nations maintain an army and navy. The plute papers might add that as long as capitalism exists the other nation will maintain an army and navy.

When an attempt was made to organize the Bell Telephone employees in Montreal the ringleaders of the attempt were sacked. The Company officials knew that if a union were formed dividends would probably have to be cut. This is but an illustration of the class struggle.

Just as the mosquito fills her belly with the red blood of a man so the capitalist fills his belly with the red blood of the wage slave. But the curious thing about the capitalist is that as he drops off gorged with the workers' blood he actually persuades the workers that he has not been sucking their blood but injecting blood into them.

There is a plute movement on for the abolition of the saloon. The plutes try to make people believe that they want the saloon abolished for purely moral reasons. But every intelligent man knows that the real reason the saloon is about to be abolished is because it interferes with the sale of competing goods. A man who spends his wages on whisky wont buy shoes from the shoe trust nor cotton from the cotton thieves. Therefore the saloon has to go.

Every Member of the House of Commons at Ottawa is an honorable member. He may be the greatest rake that draws breath. He may be a drunkard or a half fool or a scoundrel. Nevertheless he is an honorable member. The theory is that the man a country elects must be honorable or the divine people would not have elected him. When are you workingmen going to surprise Laurier and the rest by electing a Socialist, a really honorable man? When are you going to send a man there who will despise all oppression, whether legalized or not? When are you going to send men there who will pull the house of cards about the ears of the plundering capitalists?

## INDIVIDUAL TREATMENT

With the coming of industrial establishments many men work under one employer. The boss does not wish to have the men combine and does all in his power to keep the union out of his establishment. If the employer be a corporation then the corporation officials try to break up all attempts of the men to become unionized. The company officials, who have under them thousands of men, want to treat each individual man separately. They know that when the men combine wages will be forced up and the profits of the concern cut down.

But a time comes when disorganizing tactics on the part of the bosses no longer work. Then the bosses take another method. They are all for agreements and for unions which will be controlled by the bosses. The National Civic Federation has captured Gompers and Mitchell and has made them puppets subject in a large degree to plute control.

In Canada there are corporations which fight unions. There are other corporations whose owners see the impossibility of longer keeping unions down, so the owners plan to control the unions.

As the Canadian government is nothing but an instrument to serve the interests of the master class let us investigate why it passed the Lemieux Act. This act practically forces the men and the bosses to deal together. Why was it passed?

The act was passed to give control to the employers over the men. Industrial revolutionists are getting so powerful in certain quarters that the plutes found it necessary to pass an act which would force the wage slaves to work on the terms of the masters.

The Western Federation of Miners will make no agreements with the bosses. The members will not agree to work a certain time for certain wages. The Western Federation of Miners hold themselves free to quit working when they want and to ask higher wages at any moment.

When the bosses had the individual workers in their power they did not want to recognize unions nor agreements. They wanted to be able to sack a man when it suited them. Now that the workers are following the tactics of the bosses and hold themselves free to tie up the industries out of which the bosses make profits, the bosses dont like it. Hence they get the Lemieux Act passed which makes the workers submit to an investigation of wages and which forces the workers to keep working when a good chance to strike offers.

Now that revolutionary unionism is getting a foothold in Canada the bosses want to make long term contracts with the men. The bosses are finding that the wage workers, in some industries, are powerful, and they want to steal that power away from labor.

## Paid in Advance

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

If a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller is entitled to the millions they scoop in every year, and the working man is entitled to his dollar a day, what an idiot the workingman must be when compared to a Vanderbilt! No wonder the workers are poorly paid—it is a wonder that the millionaires are willing to pay such animals anything. Perhaps after all the working men and voting cats are right in claiming that the rich are entitled to all they get.

When men and women have food, clothing and shelter, then they can contentedly discuss the questions of the soul and of religion. When men and women are homeless, or hungry, or ragged, or worrying about the near approach of these conditions, then the protection of the physical body looms larger to them than the salvation of the soul.

Gold demonized silver; Socialism will demonize gold.

## THE HUNT FOR MARKETS

If the capitalists could only find a market in which the unsold surplus value produced by the workers and which they cannot buy back, could be sold, then the problem facing the capitalists would be solved. The surplus would not pile up in the home markets. The workers would be continually employed, and the capitalist system of production would work to perfection. Markets to absorb the surplus values would be the salvation of the capitalists. Hence, in all countries of the world where the capitalist system has developed, the capitalists are frantically searching for those markets in which goods can be sold without the purchasers wanting to sell in return.

Great Britain is overstocked with goods, which the capitalists must sell if they are to survive. The tariff reformers look to the home market for their salvation. They think that if foreign goods were excluded the British market could absorb the home-made goods. In America and Germany, where protection is high, the problem of the unsold surplus is as great as it is in Britain. The British free traders on the other hand, are turning to imperialism. They think that free trade within the empire will solve the problem. But Canada, Australia and the other British dependencies are producing unsold surplus values, and the problem cannot be solved by shipping the unsold surplus from one dependency to another.

Germany is trying to solve the problem by a policy of colonial expansion. The United States is trying to solve the problem by forcing loads on China and by developing the industries of Mexico with peon labor.

The illusive foreign market for the absorption of the unsold home surplus is being chased by every capitalist politician and diplomat of Europe and America. That market cannot be found. Hence, each nation is trying to steal the markets of every other nation. Algeria has been snarled over by the nations of Europe as a bone by hungry dogs.

The fight for world markets has created a brain storm within the head of every European diplomat. At home the unemployed clamor for work. Hunger and poverty and misery stalk the streets of the large industrial centres. Socialism points to the misery created by the capitalist system for the benefit of the capitalists, and then points the finger of scorn at the capitalist. The rulers of every nation sit in insecure places. They are driven to desperation and the world market will alone save them. Hence, the rulers of every nation are bending all their energies to capture that market. War-ship is added to war-ship and regiment to regiment. The government of each nation looks with suspicion upon the government of every other nation. Europe is an armed camp and the burden of taxes becomes unbearable.

Amedee Chenier, sectionman of the G. T. R., was killed near the Bonaventure station, Montreal, in the collision between a G. T. R. and an Intercolonial train. He leaves a wife and ten children the eldest of whom is seventeen. They are practically penniless. Chenier did his duty by his country in raising a large family, and he leaves them in misery. Jones, President of the new Cement Merger, is drawing a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But all you workingmen should be content. You should not worry about your children starving if you should die. That is your lot. Nor should you question Jones' salary. The plutes are giving it to him and the plutes are God's chosen children. You workingmen should be content to suffer and die and know that your wives and children will suffer too, without complaining. And above all, keep away from those wicked Socialists who will give you foolish ideas about a new state of society in which your preventable sufferings will have been abolished.

Montreal grocers have been buying butter at twenty-four cents a pound and selling it at twenty-two. Between the two operations of purchase and sale sixteen per cent of water had been added. The hunt for profits and private initiative is good for business, but bad for honesty.

Socialism will banner the world up higher.

If a free vote is accorded to a free people, then socialism will come by constitutional methods.

There is a good deal of socialistic sentiment in Canada. Nevertheless the capitalist hell keeps going full blast.

The little employer is being crushed between the upper millstone of the giant corporation and the nether millstone of the giant labor union.

There will be many persons who sympathize with socialism but it will be an awakened proletariat that will put socialism into force.

The budget fight in Great Britain will benefit the Socialist Party. When drones fall out the workers may achieve their economic liberty.

Capitalism allows the bosses to lock the workers out of the mills, socialism will allow the workers to lock the bosses out.

Socialism will raise the struggle from the material plane of food, clothing and shelter, and raise it into the realms of morals, of art, and of intellect.

Taxation of capital is not socialism. Taxation of capital simply means that capital, out of its robbings, shall bear the burden of the capital protecting state.

The haves tell the havenots to get into the ranks of the haves. This the havenots are only too anxious to do—but society, as at present constituted, offers no method of transition.

If a crime is committed by a capitalist, capitalists are sympathetic and kindly. If a crime is committed by a worker then the capitalist minded consider that jailing is not a severe enough punishment.

The plute thinks he gives the worker work and rewards him with wages. The socialist knows that the worker is forced to work for the plutes by labor thieving laws and made to give profits to his useless master.

The man who has always had good food, good clothing and good shelter will rarely understand the viewpoint of the worker who has been deprived of these things and who, when unemployed, has nowhere to lay his head.

Socialism will abolish rent, interest and profits. If any man then wants to live he will have to work at something necessary unless the useful workers in union assembled agree voluntarily to support the drones in idleness.

Punch, the English comic paper, is degenerating. It jests at the unemployed and sneers at the hollow-cheeked, sunken gummy woe of the hunger smitten. What a fall since the days when it published Hood's Song of the Shirt.

The workers are getting tired of the intellectuals. This is a good sign. Many intellectuals are great frauds. The average capitalist intellectual spins brain webs and calls them science, when they are nothing but figments of the imagination.

The woes of the slave class are not lessened nor made the more endurable because a strong slave may achieve his own occupation. Nor is the capitalist system rendered any the less harsh to the workers because an occasional workingman may rise into the ranks of the capitalists.

"Every great commanding movement in the annals of the world," said Emerson, "is the triumph of enthusiasm." Yet the Socialists are blamed for preaching class hatred because with burning words they rouse the workers to a knowledge of the wrongs under which the working class suffers.

Thomas Hardy, a plute novelist, declares that war is going to be killed by ridicule. Hardy, being a plute thinker, suffers from the mental outlook of the plutes. The plutes, living a sham, are very sensitive to ridicule and they think it a powerful weapon. Therefore Hardy thinks that war will be killed by ridicule. Nothing of the kind. War is going to be killed by the workers refusing to go to war to fight their masters' battles.

## THE BRITISH BUDGET

The capitalist system is nearing its downfall. The British Budget is a symptom.

The increasing armament, which the capitalist rulers must support if they do not wish to see their foreign markets snatched from them, cause heavy taxation. The working people of Great Britain cannot contribute to these increased burdens. The working people are already below the subsistence level. Take but a little more from them in the way of taxes and they will die. The new spirit taxes prove this. A slight tax on whiskey has reduced the excise revenue of Great Britain. The added penny prevented the workers from buying alcoholic beverages as they formerly did.

The increased taxes must be borne by the exploiters. Labor thieves are notorious for their desire to let the other fellow pay their taxes. In Great Britain there are two distinct branches of the labor thieving industry. The one is based on the ownership of land and the other is based on the ownership of the machinery of production and distribution. The capitalists who control the House of Commons, want to shift the burden of taxation upon the landlords who control the House of Lords. The Budget is passed with great fervor by the members of the House of Commons and ignominiously rejected by the House of Lords. If ever there was an illustration of the socialist philosophy of economic determinism the vicissitudes of the Budget is one.

In their attempts to escape taxation both the capitalists and the landlords are telling a good many straight facts. The capitalists are telling the public that the landlords are a set of useless drones. The landlords are telling the public that the capitalists are in the same class with the landlords. If the British people will only wake up to the fact that both the capitalists and the landlords are useless parasites then the British people will take measures to abolish both classes and to introduce socialism.

## CLASS ANTAGONISMS

When two people want the same thing it is pretty generally conceded that both can't have it. It is also pretty certain that when two men are after the same thing their interests are not identical. Yet certain knavish or ignorant writers would have us believe that the interests of the laborers and of the capitalists are identical.

If workingmen get more wages and shorter hours it necessarily follows that the capitalist gets less interest and less profits. When wages fall and hours increase then the capitalist gets more dividends. It naturally follows that the interests of the capitalist and of the laborer are opposed.

Every strike and every lock-out, every demand for increase of wages and every fight for an open shop, proves the class war.

As machinery becomes more productive the output of wealth becomes greater and the prize contended for becomes more valuable. Moreover, with the consolidation of industry and the elimination of competition, the middle class disappears and the capitalist and wage worker face each other on the industrial field. Both the laborer and the capitalist are cut to get all they can. The laborer produces all the wealth and the capitalist gets his dividends because the law, backed by the police and army, say they shall have them. The class struggle is on which can only end with the abolition of the useless capitalist class.

The rules of the class struggle are laid down in our laws. Those laws declare what rent, interest and profit shall be paid to the idle rich. Those laws declare when the militia shall be called out and when the policemen can use their clubs on the heads of the workers.

If the workers want to win they should change the rules of the game. Let them capture the various legislatures and make laws which will abolish the capitalists. The workers may play the game on the industrial field according to their own idea as to how the game should be played. In that case, their actions will be declared illegal and they will be shot or jailed. The workers will find it a less dangerous way to send their own representatives to make laws against the capitalist and in favor of the worker.

PROLETARIANS AND INTELLECTUALS

Last Sunday, while questioning the extent and virulence of the prejudice against intellectuals, we admitted its existence and its occasional manifestation in grotesque and pernicious forms, as in the demand that our National Executive Committee be made up wholly of wage-workers.

Today we wish to lay stress upon the fact that the prejudice is a symptom of the growth in class-consciousness and class-self-respect of the American proletariat. The Socialist workers are beginning to respect their own brains.

In many cases they had reason to regret bitterly their haste. We believe that the majority of our comrades are still too likely to repeat this mistake. But there is undoubtedly a growing minority who have not only profited by these mortifying experiences, but who, having found that some intellectuals could not be counted on, have rushed to the other extreme and would exclude from positions of influence all intellectuals.

That this position is wrong goes without saying; but, wrong as it is, it is a sign of healthy intellectual development within the party. These extremists cannot be turned from the error of their way by telling them that Marx and Engels were intellectuals. Too fatally easy is the retort that those who claim leadership in the American movement by reason of their intellectual superiority are mental pygmies compared to Marx and Engels.

The fact is that very few party positions can be acceptably filled by comrades who have not a certain minimum of education. It is also true that all mental training, whether received in schools or out of them, tends to give greater ease and freedom in reasoning.

But, on the other hand, it is true that the ordinary college graduate who comes to the Socialist movement comes to it with a head crammed full of economic and ethical theories begotten by the handi-craft era, now entirely obsolete, but still taught in all our colleges and universities.

At this there was a great uproar, and the man of science, poor fellow, was set upon with great fury. The priest denounced him as an atheist, the moralist as an enemy of public health, the reformer as a revolutionist, the reformer as a fanatic, the philosopher as a meddlesome agitator, the village rube as an idiot.

All of which goes to show that the truth is sometimes unpopular. I was speaking to an employee of an big electrical concern. This man declared that many street railway companies of the States found it more profitable to employ dishonest conductors than honest ones.

Why the Bump?

It was in a western Kansas town. A man by the name of Fred Jones stopped at a blacksmith shop to get his horse shod. As he stood talking with the smithie the latter noticed a large, ugly bump on Jones' head about an inch over his right ear, and asked, quite naturally, who had been trying to "brain" him.

"Thinking that perhaps the papers would come in handy at the ranch, I loaded them up and hauled the whole bunch out. I soon found a way to utilize the papers to advantage by papering the interior of my shack, which I proceeded to do, getting them on in all ways, some upside down. In the meantime the Appeal had ferreted me out and was coming to my new address regularly.

In co-operation each well-placed member has the ability to do well his assigned part and is just as essential as any other member. Thus a post-master of no matter what ability, would do the public no good if there were no postal and distributing clerks. Nor could the postal clerks do anything if there were no post-masters or carriers to gather and distribute. Each is just as essential as another, and should receive the same pay.

was loose and couldn't hardly wait for the new issues. Then I got to reading those pasted on the shack wall, all that were right-side up. My desire for the Appeal got such a strong hold on me that I began reading those that were up-side down, and thus happened my accident. I became dizzy with standing almost on my head—suddenly everything went dark, my head reeled and I crashed into the stove, nearly knocking my block off. This knot is the result.—Appeal to Reason.

The Story of the Sick Man

There was once a very sick man, who was so sick, indeed, that the people of the village in which he lived all said he was going to die. And the wise men of that village gathered about him, for his "case" was an exceedingly curious one, and his malady one that seemed strange and incurable. Some tried to explain it one way, some another.

The village priest gravely assured the by-standers that the man was possessed by devils, and that his afflictions were the outpouring of divine wrath upon him.

A moralist said that the man's illness was due to his own negligence, and that it was only just that he should suffer the penalty.

A professor of political economy said that there was congestion somewhere in the man's body, and that it was inevitable that such an unhappy condition should occur sometime or other.

A reformer suggested that a powerful drug be injected into the man's blood to restore vitality and prolong life.

A philosopher present said that happiness was a condition of mind, and that nothing should be done externally to relieve his pain.

Some of the most recent arrivals in the village asserted that the man had always been in that condition, and always would be.

Then a medical doctor came in, one who knew all about physiology and disease, and from his diagnosis of the case, concluded that the man was starving and recommended that he should be fed.

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Toilers and Idlers

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

Rensen was sent on an errand and on the way had a glimpse of the bench molder's department. These men, who made the smallest jobs, stood at little tables on which they rammed the flasks with short wooded pestles, one in each hand. Their nimbleness and dexterity was astonishing. They followed the general methods of the floor molders, but turned out perhaps fifty or a hundred jobs in a day, gear wheels, cams, elbows, an endless variety of machinery detail. The tiniest molds, that would sustain a trifling pressure of metal, lay in rows on the ground, cubes of sand without boxes.

The core room, where Rensen's errand took him, was at first view more like a bakery than anything else. There was a smell of hot bread and of sour molasses; the workers' faces decorated with flour instead of soot. An iron rod wrapped with hay lay in a cylindrical trough, where yellow clayey sand, mixed with flour, was evenly applied and pressed down by an upper mold. This made a pillar core, which would be partly dried, painted with molasses water and black-wash, and finally baked in the oven. Intricate heavy shapes were strengthened with nails or hooks buried in the material. It was curious to see a firm rod of sand twisting out of a machine, the loose sand fed into the hopper by the man who turned the wheel. Another worker, aproned and flour-dusted as a pastry cook, made inch-size Maltese crosses, tiny zigzags, fretwork designs, flowers and leaves, which he laid carefully on an iron plate.

Rensen was thinking on his way back how much skill and labor these processes meant; how these toilers on whom civilization depended were as hidden and unknown as the builders of the pyramids. And for the first time it came to him in strange, shameful amazement that he was the owner: by grace of birth, the proprietor of so much brawn, intelligence and activity in his fellow men. The thought was an accusation.

He was glad nobody knew the owner. "Come out of that, you! Come out, you dago whelp!" He turned to see the raging foreman at the door of the great brick oven. A slender, small figure crawled down from a barred shelf within. It was the apprentice called Salvo, a black-eyed, curly-headed boy, handsome even in his mantle of soot and dust.

"Boss, please excuse—" "What was you doing there?" roared Mr. Hewitt.

"I getta warm, boss—" The boy shivered, whether with cold or fear. "You damn ginky! D'you think the oven's for bakin' the carcasses of apprentices?"

"No, boss, no, boss. Excuse me." "I'll excuse you on the jaw next time. If you're cold you'd oughter wear a fur coat. You're no good, anyway. Get to hell to work!"

The foreman vented his usual good measure of profanity. Rensen's blood boiled; he dropped the core he was carrying and started toward Mr. Hewitt. But before his intentions were seen, the wiry red-headed foreman was off at a trot to the other end of the shop and Salvo had likewise hastened away. On reflection, it seemed better to happen so.

During the noon hour, strolling in the yard for the sake of air and warm sunlight, Rensen noticed a new detail. The apprentices, who were fetching beer for the men, took toll in surreptitious drinks. On the way back from the saloon, they stopped behind some boxes and, lifting the brimmin' pails to their lips, gulped the beer down in quick, eager draughts. If a boy was carrying two pails, he poured the contents back and forth from one to the other, so the froth might conceal the loss. This seemed reprehensible to the spectator until he heard a boy say that beer took away all his hunger; the bartender wouldn't give any free lunch.

The episode came connected with another inside. Mike, the dull-witted, overgrown apprentice, loitered near while Tom Locker was eating lunch in the usual place. The boy's eyes followed each mouthful of sandwich; they watched the cracking of a hard-boiled egg and moved up with the coffee flask; they stared at three spice cakes that came from a paper bag. The cakes were golden brown, light and flaky, topped with cream frosting.

"Say, Mike—" Tom Locker, smacking his lips, looked up for the first time, holding the last cake in his fingers. "Do you smell the vanilla?" "Sure I smell it," stammered the apprentice.

"It smells all right," said Tom, meditatively. As if struck with an idea he added, "Does your mother cook like that? Hey?" "I ain't got none." "Ain't got no mother?" "She's dead." "That's so. I forgot. Well, take that for a sample." Mike's eyes filled with tears as he reached out his hand. But soon recovered by swearing, sniffed at the cake almost like a famished animal, and went off in a corner to devour it.

It came to Rensen to find out the wages of the apprentices and how they lived. The liveliest source of knowledge, Ohio Jimmy, was at the moment dancing a clog, waving arms and lustily playing mirth organ that moved back and forth between his thin agile lips. Some spectators clapped time, humming the words of the air, which told about a race horse, a negro jockey and a beautiful lady. "You bet it ain't everybody can play like me," said Jimmy, grinning, in response to Rensen's compliments.

"Do you practice at home—evenings?" "Home? Well, I'm a son of a b—h. Say, young feller, I been a traveller since I wore knee pants. Went on de road wid de hoboes, seen de country from here to Frisco. Say, I went to London las' year." "How did you get to London?" "Same as any traveller what ain't got de price. I ducked me nut till we was out far enough." "You went about this country in the same way?" "Get out. A rattler ain't a ship. Sometimes yeh go on top an' sometimes on de bottom. But I sneaked into a Pullman once an' slept in a berth."

"Your father didn't care, I suppose." "Quit kiddin'. Say, de old man he was a grafter of de foist water an' I shook him. I was tellin' yeh, when I was out of knee pants." "You shook him—got rid of him?" "No, I didn't kill him or nuttin'! Says, Boss, you're old enough to scratch for yourself. Me to the bush. So long."

"But now you've stopped traveling and are learning a trade?" "Dunno. Been here a year. Maybe I'll go on de road again when I feel like it."

"Where do you live now?" "I'm stopping at de hotel. They wouldn't take a fellow your size."

Jimmy, while speaking, picked at the other's shirt in an odd manner, as if performing a casual service. "Say, don't them things bother you any? They bother me like hell."

"What things?" Rensen looked down in alarm at the blue woolen shirt he had lately bought at a small shop. "I thought it was a little sand."

"Yeh t'ought it was a little sand?" Jimmy doubled up with laughter. At length he captured a specimen, crushed it between thumb nails and began to explain the difference between various kinds.

The disgust that Rensen felt at that moment drove every notion of benevolent deeds from his mind. The romance of poverty faded. His skin and the roots of his hair seemed to be creeping. Indignant, as if at the ingratitude of somebody or something, he started to leave the works, resolved not to return. It was no place for a gentleman. No wonder the friends of the masses were discouraged.

"Yes, mates, my foot was burnt to the crisp. It happened right here, as some of you'll remember." The outraged philanthropist paused in the yard, where the cherry-voiced speaker, a short, lively man, balanced on a crutch and swung a leather bag from his shoulder.

"I was working with you, Limpy," said one of the group of molders. "God bless you, mate, so you was, and no fault of yourn. The ladle was worn out—poor old ladle, many the weeks' wages I poured from her. But she was old and she busted. The iron slopped out and burnt my foot, meat and bone."

"It made you yell," prompted an auditor. "I don't deny it, friend, I don't deny it. I was took by surprise, perhaps I couldn't help it. It made me holler, as you say. Afterward I was still groaning in the hospital and the lawyer comes and I signs a paper saying it was all right, for a month's pay an' the doctor's bill."

"They didn't do right by you, Jack. Them boss's lawyers—" "Now, mate," replied the little man in his cheerful, pleasant voice, "I won't say they mightn't have given me two months' wages, seein' all how it was, and it was hard luck they got new ladles only after I was burnt, but you don't know how the superintendent treated me. He treated me like a gentleman."

"That's a new story, I guess." "Well, I'm telling you straight. The superintendent he sent me out for two weeks into his country place."

"Then you had a good time, eh?" "Yes, I did. I ate de best and chored around de stables and slep on de hay, and speakin' of fine horses, mates—" "So he let you sleep with the horses?" said Zienski, who had joined the group.

"Yes friend, most anywhere in the stable—" "And he treat you like a gentleman!" said Zienski, with curling lip, while the men burst into laughter.

"I been doing fine ever since, mates," he resumed and stooped to his bag laying aside the crutch. "Here I circulate around the shops selling molders' tools. I got a rubber foot. Now does anybody need a first-class trowel, level, square, lead brush, ruler or maybe a lifting spoon?"

The men, still laughing, made various purchases. A few asked friendly questions about the fit and comfort of a rubber foot.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Sunday and Rensen lay abed in his Seammell street room thinking how many Turkish baths and clean shirts one could get on a laborer's wages of nine dollars a week. A change of bed clothes, new mattress, suit of clothes, meals, and rent, made a total that spelled bankruptcy. And yet how could a human being be more economical? What further luxuries could one forego? The answer seemed to be that to an actual laborer a full stomach was a luxury and cleanliness an extreme luxury. This calculation did not include the support of a family.

(To be continued)

"Who steals my purse steals trash," but they who levy a tribute on all I eat and wear or enjoy, and all I produce, leave me in poverty and despair, and prevent me from maintaining a good name "and make me poor indeed."

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

WILL YOU FALL IN LINE?

(Written expressly for Cotton's.)

Will you fall in line with the suffering throng, Who are whipped by hunger's pain? Are you branded slave? You are millions strong, Are you still unwise to the game?

Will you fall in line on Election Day And vote in the swindler's friend? Can you still be true to yourself and say Such tyranny should not end?

Will you walk to the polls with tired feet From your dubious half paid job, While political puppets reel in a seat And pay for your vote with a nod?

Will you fall in line with the foes of right Who have stained their hands with crime, Who live by the gains of others brains? Will you pay them for killing time?

How weary and stooped your form With labor in early age, Will you give them the best of your brain and bone In return for a scanty wage?

Will you fall in line ere your eyes grow dim, And you cannot see your way, Save where it leads to the pauper's inn At the close of life's useful day?

No pity then, no kindly smile From the men you vote should rule; For when you are dying, they the while Will hunt for another fool.

Will you fall in line, my brother dear, While right is calling you; While her silver notes are ringing clear, Will you be a freeman and true?

From those who cringe to mammon's rod, That the rich may richer grow, Come out! Be true to thyself and God, Nor fear that the world may know.

There are sounds that are lost in the noise of gold,— 'Tis humanity's crying need; There are sights unseen by eyes grown cold, With the glitter of selfish greed.

Will you fall in line when a brother faints, 'Neath oppression's awful ban? Will you shoulder his load on the upward road, That the ranks may not miss a man?

Will you fall in line with a righteous vote To speed a righteous plan, And sing with a world re-echoing note, We're brothers, every man?

MRS. B. J. SEAMAN. Sackville, N. B.

BRIEF JABS.

To steal is human, to finance divine. The conservatism of to-day was the radicalism of yesterday. Only by demanding the whole may you be sure of getting at least a half of it.

If you are not active in the cause of Socialism, you are passive in the cause of capitalism. W. R. S.

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PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street, Socialist Headquarters at 222 St. Lawrence, Mont.

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 222 Cannon St., Montreal

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Ontario is leading the string by a big margin, with British Columbia second, and Quebec a close third. Keep your eye on this list every week, and boost your province near the top. Cotton's should have 5,000 for Jan. 1st. See that it starts the new year well on to the 10,000.

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Dec. 2nd.

Table with 2 columns: Province/Territory and Circulation. Ontario: 1327, British Columbia: 908, Prov. of Quebec: 906, Nova Scotia: 407, Alberta: 309, New Brunswick: 244, Saskatchewan: 199, Manitoba: 190, Elsewhere: 60, Yukon Territory: 6, Prince Edward Island: 4. Total: 4560. Gain for week: 40. Total issue for last week 6,000.

A Fair (?) Exchange.

Every citizen of every city depends on the farmer for the means of life—could not live a week without the results of his labor. The farmer is not dependent on the cities—he lived before they were, but no city existed before the farmer, in this or any other land. A farmer, is therefore the most essential member of society, deserving the greatest reward for his labor, and would get it if he were not such a dupe and fool. A farmer will work late and early in sun and rain to produce a crop. Then putting 20 bushels of corn in his wagon he will drive 10 miles to market and get \$5 for his load. This load represents several days labor, the capital on his farm and tools and his experience of years. When a farmer goes to the city and wants a hack from the depot, an hour's ride will cost him \$5. In other words he exchanges several days' labor for one hour's labor. It is not the hack driver who gets it. He is a very pauper. It goes into rent, taxes, insurance, licenses, transportation and a thousand robbery channels. All this can be remedied by a social system that exchanges days labor for days labor. In other words it is a political question, and the farmers and laborers will be skinned until they learn it.

Paul Lafargue

Since the vice of work is diabolically attached to the heart of the laborers, since its requirements stifle all the other instincts of nature, since the quantity of work required by society is necessarily limited by consumption and by the supply of raw materials, why devour in six months the work of a whole year; why not distribute it uniformly over the twelve months and force every working-man to content himself with six or five hours a day throughout the year instead of getting indigestion from twelve hours during six months? Once assured of their daily portion of work, the laborers will no longer be jealous of each other, no longer fight to snatch away work from each other's hands and bread from each other's mouths, and then, not exhausted in body and mind, they will begin to practice the virtues of laziness."

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The master class realize their own interests and get politicians to swing elections in such a manner that Canada will be bound and be handed over to the tender mercies of the labor thieves. When the people who do the useful work begin to think about their interests the labor thieves, will be gently but firmly separated from their revenues.

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THE WORK OF MARX

It is first necessary to grasp the importance of what Marx expounded as the "materialist conception of history." He meant, briefly, that the course of historical development is governed primarily by economic facts, and only in a quite secondary degree by political or moral or religious facts.

Such being Marx's conception of the basis of history, the materialist basis, his next contribution to Socialist thought was to show that Socialism is coming to pass not because people consciously strive for it and hope for it, but just because it must come as the next step in natural evolution.

The third great work which Karl Marx did for socialism was to analyse the Capitalist system in its domestic details, to find the place of Capitalism in the social order.

production in the front of his mind. It was in his work on Capital that he went behind the enemy's lines, so to speak, and came back with plans and information which laid the opponent's position open to the first army of organized Labour which had wit enough to attack.

—G. M. TAYLOR in Leaders of Socialism.

Brilliant Chips From Brilliant Minds

"Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand."—William Penn.

"Only by studying all sides of all questions can we arrive at truth."—Wendell Phillips.

"The time has now come when no man deserves to be called intelligent who neglects to inform himself about the socialist movement."—Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle."

"Socialism being the product of social evolution, the only danger lies in obstructing it."—F. M. Sprague.

"Socialism is undoubtedly spreading. It is, therefore, right and expedient that its teachings, its claims, its tendencies, its accusations and promises should be honestly and seriously examined."—Prof. Flint.

"The capitalist is no more essential to society than the feudal baron of the middle ages or the slave owner of antiquity."—Prof. Clark.

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not existed first. A few men own more capital and that few avoid labor themselves, and with their capital hire or buy another few to labor for them."—Abraham Lincoln.

"The question no longer is 'Is Socialism practicable,' but 'how soon will Socialism be realized.'"—Eugene V. Debs.

"He that cannot think is a fool; he that will not think is a bigot; he that dare not think is a slave." "A thousand men aglow with faith and determination are stronger than a million grown cautious and respectable."—Upton Sinclair

The Modern Refrain

(Acknowledgements to Tennyson) Let Whigs and Tories both unite, There must be stormy weather; And 'gainst the Socialist's rising power All parties work together.

W. R. S.

When Suffragettes are brutally assaulted by gangs of Liberal toughs in Great Britain no one is arrested and no fuss is made. But when in answer a Suffragette dog whips a Cabinet Minister, a great uproar is created and the woman is sent to jail.

If a man can corner wheat or get a cinch on a big area of real estate, he is looked upon by the plutocrats as a god and the editors of the plutocrat press fall down and worship him. The Socialists smile scornfully and dub him a parasite.

In Anglo-Saxon countries the class struggle is not recognized so clearly as it is on the continent of Europe. Nevertheless every strike and every demand on the part of the wage workers for shorter hours, higher pay and better conditions, proves the class struggle to be a fact.

A SYNOPSIS

On the Fundamental Cause of the Breakdown of Capitalistic Rule, and the Inevitable Establishment of Socialism.

By Walter Sheppard, Toronto.

If you are unbiased and seek honestly for a remedy for the awful ills which are destroying the body politic to-day, we must first apprehend the importance of natural law versus legal law, for it is by the former law only that the human family can continue its existence. But if we wish to understand the cause of 99 per cent of our social ills, we will find that cause has its root in a privileged class who are sustained and tolerated by "legal" laws enacted by their political and griggish hirelings.

Now some, perhaps, most people have a hazy idea as to the organization of the curse of "privilege." If I was asked the question, I would unhesitatingly say, when man first put his brother in bondage. There we see the inception of the upper and lower classes, and right from this ancient system of body-snatching through out all history there have been, poor and rich, upper and lower, educated and uneducated.

What is causing this stealthy stir in society to-day? And what caused the agitation in the days of the lowly Nazarene? And why didn't the latter ultimately in the salvation of the poor.

If we perceive aright we will see that nineteen hundred years ago the proletariat were opaque through their illiteracy, and it was because of this that any signs of revolt were soon stamped out. But let us imagine Jesus with his own newspapers, and an intelligent educated working class behind him as we have them to-day, and it is safe to predict that ere another moon went down, this immortal sentence of Jesus: "I have not come to bring peace, but a sword," would be put into effect. Well then we can safely deduce that all preceding revolts have failed because the workers have not been educated, and through this they have not realized clearly and demarcated precisely the worker and shirker. But a little reflection into modern life or a little logical reasoning with himself, ought to convince the most hide-bound human ass, that there is one class, who get what they don't earn; and another class, who don't get what they do earn; and that this glaring injustice springs from the curse of privilege to manipulate the laws which griggish and political hirelings are paid to enact. Now the moral I am trying to force home is, that the worker has a choice of two roads. One will lead him into untrodden fields of contentment and happiness consequent upon the soul being freed from its insidious bondage of capitalism; and the other road is but a continuation of this present system, which condemns and sentences the many to be but mere harvesters that the upper privileged parasites might have life which retrospection tells us will have an ending in a bloody and chaotic insurrection.

But socialists maintain that by acting now in a class conscious manner, the workers can by voting the Socialist ticket bring a revolution in society that will mean salvation to them and death to the privilege and predatory operations of the upper class. All who will study for themselves will see that no matter which private we take, socialism is inevitable through a total and gradual collapse of this system; but the best road to take is to work out our own salvation through the social philosophy.

Municipal Socialist Preamble

The following is from the preamble of the Municipal Platform, Socialist Party, Portland, Me., published in pamphlet form and widely distributed. This preamble shows how educational work can be done for Socialism in municipal elections.

"Another winter faces us, with the prices of coal, food, clothing and many other necessities of life very high and still tending to rise, and with wages stationary, or best, only slowly advancing.

What is the end of all this? What are we going to do about it? As all intelligent, thinking people to-day admit, our present difficulties are in main due to the control, by private monopolies, of the means of producing and distributing the necessities of life. In other words, the Trust System is to blame.

No mere Tariff Revision, no half-way measure will avail. Nothing can fundamentally remedy the evil except the program of the Socialist Party.

Since the trusts are responsible for present evils, we stand for the people's ownership of the trusts, and of all social means of producing and distributing wealth, i. e. food, clothes, fuel, &c., &c.

Both the Republican and Democratic parties, whatever their claims, are alike in supporting the Capitalist class in those privileges through which we, the people, are robbed.

We declare that these evils together with graft in all its forms, in City, State and Nation, spring from the environment and customary practices of the capitalist system and that they cannot be cured by the election of so-called good, or independent candidates so long as that system continues. Neither can freedom nor the general welfare exist under it.

We further declare that the unbiased conscientious study of the capitalist system, with the aim to know its real character, and its comparison with the proposed socialist system, is the most urgent duty of every citizen.

Carl Harvey (editor "North American Review")—"The time has now come when no man deserves to be called intelligent who neglects to inform himself regarding the Socialist movement.

Prof. J. H. Moore (p. 189 "The Universal Kinship")—"The only proper attitude to assume towards this growing Socialist movement is the attitude of perfect willingness to investigate its claims."

Archbishop Vaughan (London, England)—"The leaders of Socialism to-day are for the most part clever, and honest men, who fight a severe and unflinching battle against great odds, and for the sake of humanity and truth."

THE FERNIE ELECTION

John D. Harrington made a clean, honest fight from start to finish, but he lost. However, his loss must make some of the workingmen of the city and district thoroughly ashamed of themselves and it certainly brands them as traitors. In a three cornered fight, such as we had in Fernie, Harrington, with a reasonable amount of support should have had an easy victory, but whisky which was predominant, is seemingly always a temptor to the working-class, and catches more votes for the unscrupulous politicians than honor. It is ever thus. Time and again we have seen the effect, and this election certainly had all others backed of the map. Nearly every saloon, and hotel in the country flowed with the deceptive fluid, supplied no doubt from friends and supporters of Ross and the McBride administration. However the fact that John D. Harrington was defeated (dishonestly) does not for a moment dampen the ardor of the Socialists of Fernie riding, and already they are after new members and new supporters. The Socialist party does not wait until a few days before an election and then spring into the political arena with claws outstretched, and with policies of no end to gull the ignorant and easy going workers; it is always preaching and teaching the doctrines of the betterment of mankind. It is a doctrine of evolution, a doctrine, which if properly understood by the men it tries to defend, would reach from pole to pole. It is accustomed to defeat, but so far every defeat has meant a victory. The capitalist parties are realizing more and more every day that Socialism has come to stay and must be reckoned with us.—District Ledger.

Alice in Wonderland, and Through the Looking Glass are stories for children. Nevertheless there are good thoughts in them for grown ups. In Through the Looking Glass little Alice wanders into a strange country where there are kings and queens and knaves. These are queer people and put out funny ideas. She gets into all sorts of trouble with them and finally they try her for treason or something and are going to kill her. She becomes indignant at the injustice of her trial and in a flash of inspiration cries, "You are all nothing but a pack of cards."

With this declaration the knaves and queens and kings all tumble down and she awakes with the pack of cards before her with which she had been playing before she went to sleep. In the same way the worker lives surrounded by lawyers and capitalists and rent collectors who put forth funny, funny ideas as reasons why the worker should allow them to run the country. They shut the worker out of his job and out of his home.—They make him go to the city office and pay taxes. And if he does not do just as the lawyer and rent collector and capitalist say he should, he is tried and condemned as a criminal. When is the worker going to awake and tell the judge and the lawyer and the rent collector, "You are nothing but a pack of foolish paper bogies." When labor gets mad and says that, he will awake from the nightmare of capitalism into the pleasant sunlight of socialism.

The labor thief has culture. Have not you wage slaves been set to slaving to print books for him that he may read? Have not you wage slaves been set to toiling long hours that he may have boats and railways to transport his carcass from city to city that his eyes may be feasted with strange sights and that he may talk learnedly of distant cities? The labor thief is physically well. Have not you wage slaves been set to work to produce good food for him and turkish baths and warm houses? The labor thief is sleek and prosperous. You wage slaves are that much the poorer because of his sleekness. Yet the labor thief looks down upon you wage slaves as not being in his class. How long are you wage slaves going to stand being robbed by him in order that you may be held in contempt?

The Appeal to Reason is showing up the corruption of the American Courts in grand style. In the United States the courts are corrupt even from the capitalist standpoint. In Canada we do not have that added corruption. The courts over here are the instruments of the capitalist masters and follow the laws. They are instruments of repression but that oppression in the majority of cases is exercised according to rules of law. Our courts are better than the American—as yet.

LOCAL OPTION

(The following letter is a clipping from the Vancouver World. We wonder how such an article, advocating Socialism so plainly, ever crept into the columns of a plate paper.) Editor World—Will you permit one who has not previously spoken to the question, and who will not be permitted to vote upon it, a word or two in regard to local option.

From the attitude of leading Socialists in this province in regard to this measure, and from the fact that the Rev. A. W. McLeod, of Nanaimo, was recently expelled from the Socialist party of Canada, because he would not sever his connection with the Local Option league, the inference is logically drawn that Socialism and Local Option are fundamentally opposed. It is likewise inferred that Socialism and the liquor traffic are on very friendly terms.

Neither of these inferences is correct, insofar as the international Socialist movement is concerned. In Germany the Socialists have just voted a national boycott on whisky for political reasons, to be sure, but they have previously on frequent occasions advocated temperance propaganda in their ranks and advised alliance with the temperance workers as a means of advancing the interest of the working class.

In regard to local option itself, it is a fact that the principal referendum of every Socialist organization of any note in the entire world—with the exception of the Socialist Party of Canada and the Independent Labor party of Great Britain, and the latter is not admitted by the former to be a Socialist organization. It is only just to announce that the Canadian Socialists are not affiliated with the international Socialist movement. If the name is not entirely a misnomer, local option merely means that the matter in question shall be referred for decision to the voters in any given locality, and that is the principle of referendum—that measures, not men, principles nor persons, shall be the subjects of election. Surely nothing is more reasonable, more just, more democratic than that! The people themselves shall decide whether the licensed saloon shall be abolished or not; those who pay and those who profit to sit in equal judgment upon the "poor man's club" as a revenue producer for the community; those who would be prohibited to unite with those whose interests lie in licenses to settle the burning question, "Does prohibition prohibit?" If, indeed, prohibition does not prohibit, why do we find the liquor interests ranging themselves against any measure even looking in that direction? If more liquor can be disposed of by a "blind-pig" than in a licensed shop why this desperate distaste for the sightless roofer? But this is beside the question. All that is asked is a referendum in the matter and, while personally, and as a Socialist, I am firmly convinced that so long as the profit system of production prevails there will be little or no alleviation of the evils of society (the liquor traffic among them), yet, I am more than willing to let the people declare whether these evils exist by and through their consent and cognizance.

Why stop at the liquor question, however? I should like a ballot on the social evil. Shall this desperate iniquity continue to brazen itself in our midst or shall it be prohibited? And there is little doubt that such a referendum would decide sweepingly to abolish the evil; but the social evil would refuse to be abolished until such time as these people who voted for its abolition should learn that the means by which people make a living cannot be abolished by popular vote. Other means of livelihood must be substituted first. Another pertinent matter for referendum is the slaughter of the millions of workmen each year by corporate greed and indifference to safety in workshop, mine, railway and ship. If the people were asked whether these things were with their consent "No!" and when the red blood of the workers continued to flow after their dietum just as freely as before, maybe they would begin to think and decide that no longer must profit be the basis of human industry and undertaking. Socialists generally admit that education is the one thing needful to the success of their cause, and surely it is not logical to deny to the voters so fine a school of experience as that provided by these measures thrusting responsibility upon the back of every man with a vote. Social lessons are learned only by social experience, and every experiment in social action leaves its lesson written fair that all may read whose eyes are unblinded by economic interest or personal prejudice. Even the experiment that fails acts as a probe to the social conscience and awakens it to a search for the underlying cause of the deadly ills of society. The referendum is not Socialism—no, not even when prefaced by the initiative (the right to initiate such measures as may seem desirable to a given number of citizens, but it is a way, perhaps THE way by which Socialism may be promoted and developed in the midst of capitalistic decadence—and it is none the less such a way because introduced by persons of an anti-Socialist tendency. Let us, therefore, have the referendum, local option and as much more of the same sort as may be thrown within our reach. Let us have it and use it, even though it may come to us through the agency of persons who have stolen a splinter from a Socialist plank in the hope to ride upon it to some fair haven of office or preferment. The splinter is too little. Bye and bye some wiser body will ask for the entire plank, and finally the corporate wisdom will demand the platform itself. True Socialists for local option.

BERTHA MERRILL BURNS, 561 Cordova street east, Vancouver

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The chief cause of all misery lies in the fact that the capital and land is possessed by a few thousands, unlike formerly in this country. In all slave systems, those who held the means of labor were the masters; all who did not were the slaves. No mere capitalist reforms can cure, or even alleviate this great misery; the revolutionary workers will not go back to primitive production and leave the social resources—the modern capital—the result of labour of brain and brawn, of this and former ages—in the possession of useless parasites, who have plundered the workers by profit and interest, and have shown themselves thoroughly incapable of carrying on the affairs of society in an orderly way. Neither will the workers leave the natural resource—the free gift of nature—in the hands of a useless few, to plunder them by rent. No; the only reasonable and progressive alternative for the disinherited workers of the world to take is to unite and gain possession of government, the agent of society, by the revolutionary Socialist ballot, and in uncompromising, class conscious manner to accomplish the historic mission of their class, the overthrow of the last and meanest form of human slavery, the wage-slave system of capitalism; then to institute in its stead the system with the kind of ownership indicated by the present kind and use of the instruments of labor, and by the growing spirit of the age, collective ownership, and also fraternal management of the great monopolies in the means of wealth production, distribution and exchange. Then all useless toil, panics, poverty, starvation, adulteration, and most of the ignorance, crime, intemperance and other miseries will be banished from the earth; the hours of labor reduced to one-half, or to one-fourth their present number, the production of wealth be greatly increased, and the introduction of improved machinery be a blessing to all.

Then, and not till then, will true civilization reign, literature, art and the sciences be more general, class distinction be eliminated, the brotherhood of man become a fact, morals take a higher plane, and life become something better and nobler than a weary struggle for mere mere existence.

COLLECTIVIST.

THE BASIS OF MORALS

The old idea was that citizens were subjects because the ruler was a king. The modern idea is that the ruler is a king because the citizens are subjects.

The two viewpoints are diametrically opposed and produce the opposite practical effects when taken as maxims of political conduct. The old idea was that the king was the cause and the subject the effect. The king had royal blood in his veins and was ruler by divine right. His station in life was fixed and stable. He was the cause.

As a result the subject could do nothing to change his position. He was merely an effect and an effect cannot but follow the cause. Therefore, it was useless to struggle to break the power of the king. Nay, more. It was impious and flying in the face of the established order of things.

But when the subjects began to reason that the king was king because they were subjects, they changed the process of reasoning. They said that they were the cause and the king the effect. As a result the king would have to do as the cause wanted. If the subjects were the cause of the kingdom then the subjects could establish a republic and do away with the king who was merely an effect of their wills. The republics today show that the latter reasoning was correct.

The same process of distinguishing which is the cause and which the effect is being gone through at the present time. The conservative Christian and the moralist take the reactionary viewpoint while the Christian socialist and the materialist take the other viewpoint. The moralist says that a man lives in bad surroundings, wears poor clothing, is weak and dirty and gets poor wages because he is immoral and does not love God. The materialist and Christian socialist declare that a man is immoral and does not love God because he gets poor wages, lives in bad surroundings, wears poor clothing, is weak and dirty, or because he has too much riches and not enough labor.

Just as the king idea worked out in practise in diametrically different ways according as the viewpoint was altered, so the moral idea results in a different line of conduct according as the moralist or socialist viewpoint is adopted. The moralist holding that morals are the cause, sends missionaries and bibles and tracts to the slums. The socialist holding that the material conditions are the cause, works to raise wages, to give the workers all they earn, to abolish the politician and the financier and banker and dividend receiver and rent collector, in short to take the only measures that will effectually abolish poverty, slums, poor clothing, overcrowding and all the physical degradation attendant upon the crowding together of wageworkers to the profit of the parasites.

Socialism will give good homes to the workingmen and women. It will not give palaces to the useless while the useful live in hovels.