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Cotton's Weekly

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This paper is not published for profit. It is published by co-operative effort as an advocate of the co-operative commonwealth. Last week we printed and posted the following number of copies:—

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Up from Slavery is a tedious process, but it is the only way.

Lack of industrial solidarity will always bring defeat to the workers.

The wolf is never so far away from the door of the worker, but what his howl can be easily heard.

Labor is uniting, coming closer and closer. It is learning, slowly learning. Soon will come the upheaval.

Capitalism has been called an insane system, but depend on it, capitalists are not insane. Their game is grab, and grab deep. At present they hold the whip hand, but not for long, not for long.

The man who holds a good job today is a king among his fellows. Why should such a thing be? There is work for everybody, were the business of the country not conducted under such an insane system as at present.

If the farmers have poor crops, they are hard up. If they have good crops, they are bought at cheap prices and hoarded in elevators and warehouses by the masters by the masters of money, and the farmers are still hard up. What's the answer?

The capitalists hand you out a chance to free yourself from bondage—in the shape of the ballot box—yet you vote away your freedom with the utmost generosity. The masters certainly have the measure of the average voter.

There is little difference between the farmer and his cow. The farmer milks his cow, and the capitalist milks the farmer. The cow has no vote and does not want one; the farmer has a vote and does not know how to use it. The cow is contented, and the voting average farmer appears to be just as contented as the cow.

The luxurious class laugh at the clothes of the worker and sneer at his ragged children. This makes the worker wroth and murder evil sayings to the capitalist. "He cries, 'my kingdom for a ballot!'" Yet when election time comes round he marks his ballot the same old way and goes home contented like the sheep that he is.

They talk of the identity of interests between capital and labor. The butcher kills a calf and cuts it up and sells it; he wants the profits which the calf will bring. The plute hires a man and exploits him for all that there is in him; he wants the profits stowed away in that man's hide, and gets them. That is the identity of interests they yawn about.

We Socialists on this continent often may get discouraged by the irritating slowness of the growth of the movement among us. But one look at the progress of Socialism among the comrades of the east makes our hearts glow with pleasure and hope. They will spread and overflow by the million on our shores. Some fine morning we will take and find the red flag flying everywhere. Speed the day!

"Socialism will kill the incentive to work," cry the paid spellbinders of the capitalists. Right. Socialism will kill the incentive for a man to work ten or more hours a day producing wealth, of which the capitalist reaches out and calmly extracts about four-fifths. Yes the Socialists will also create an incentive for the master class to come down and perform their share of the world's work—or face the alternative of an empty belly.

Why is desertion from both arms of the British service on the increase? Is it because Tommy and Jack realize that they might be called upon to take up arms against their own blood in Ireland? Was the resignation of so many officers for the same reason? And did not the British regiments return the cheers of the people of Ulster as they were marched through the streets? Sure they did. The advice of Tom Mann must have sunk deeper into the hearts of the British Tommies than was generally thought.

England is still advertising for recruits for the army. Pages of dailies are used, besides the posters displayed in the cities and the rural districts. Uncle Sam is doing the same. Russia and Germany and other nations are forcing the men into the service. Militarism is dying the world over, and the masters of money realize it to the fullest extent. Socialism will not break up the home, as is charged to it by the henchmen of capital, but depend upon it, Socialism will break up the armies and navies so small that they could be sifted through a colander.

The capitalists have made it impossible for any person to own any machinery of production with which they can produce wealth. Most of the farm machinery is in reality only rented to the farmer until it is paid for, with heavy interest. The housewives sewing machines are generally bought on the same plan, and so on. There is little chance for the individual to operate any machine for the benefit of himself. If the machine is of any use, the capitalists simply reach in and take it. They have the law behind them to suit the special case, or if they haven't, they can have a law made to order in a short while by their henchmen in the parliament.

A short while ago a mechanic in one of the towns in Nova Scotia started west to secure work. Nothing could be secured in his native town, so he left his family to do as they may till he could send them something. He did jobs of all sorts on the way—chopped wood for a meal, dug drains, peeled potatoes for housewives, shovelled coal, etc., and finally arrived at Montreal on his works. He met a Socialist in his quest for work, and struck up a conversation. The Socialist found him to be one of the old guard and a rank Tory. He explained conditions to the wayfarer, and showed him what had placed him in such a state of unemployment and misery, causing him to leave his family in distress and himself in poverty and rags, and pointed out the way to freedom. Did it fizz? Nary fizz. He who had graduated from a first-class mechanic to a potato peeler said he always had voted Tory and always would. Now what can be done to a man of this stamp? Not much. He is of the class which the capitalists dearly love at election times. They have no fear of his vote. His vote is as solid as his head.

The Cause of and the Remedy for the Class Struggle

By John A. Graham.

The false idea so prevalent among workers that the great Marxian theory of a centuries long antagonism existing between two factions of the human race, was only the vagary of an excited mind, prompts me to this little lesson of the theory.

It is not a little strange that a working class of this "enlightened age" should be so blind as to fail to see, and see clearly, this class strife, which may appear dormant at times, but whose grim form is definitely outlined in the frequent strikes and periodical industrial crisis which punctuate our prosperous age?

The whole business of life and death, of work and wages, of sorrowing and rejoicing, of Capital vs. Labor, is so clear, so luminous that I sometimes marvel at workers opposing Socialism—their political movement.

The Socialist party, through its agitators, its platform and press, is endeavoring to make the workers conscious of their class struggle that has existed for thousands of years, the Tragedy of Ages. In this class strife the workers or slave class have furnished the servitude, humility, blood, tears, mangled bodies and despair, and yet even now the habit of being meek is dominant in them as a class, even though their meek attitude may mean hardship for their loved ones.

Socialists do not believe that slavery and its necessary poverty is the will of God, and they also hold that when the workers are thoroughly convinced that there is but one way to gain industrial freedom, they will take that course.

Few of the working class are so deaf as to fail to hear the cries of misery, the sobs of injustice, the piteous wail of children for bread (in a nation that boasts its wealth), but the great majority are refused by their inaction to aid themselves and their unfortunate brothers and sisters in chains. Instead they forge the chains still faster by voting for a continuation of capitalistic rule.

Now, between the slave classes of other days and the wage slave class of to-day, the most salient feature of difference is this: The slaves of ancient times and the serfs of medieval days were powerless to free themselves, since the former class of chattels had no suffrage and the latter class of serfs had little or none. "Divinely appointed" kins did pretty nearly all the voting that was to be done, but with the wage slave class of today, however, in America, the mighty machine and power of political democracy has been won and you refuse to use it to liberate your class.

Remember that any party that represents the interests of capital is opposed to a worker's interest, which are chiefly high wages, fewer hours, good sanitary shops, decent food, clothing and shelter at reasonable prices. Therefore to vote for the old parties is to endorse the system that robs you of the greater portion of your product, thus keeping your loved ones in degradation, want and ignorance.

Why does a worker arise in the early morning with the working class; respond to the factory whistle with the working class; eat with the working class; meet with the working class; laugh with the working class; marry into the working class; rear a family

of the working class, in short why does he share sorrows and joys, tears and laughter, work and strikes with his class, and when the time arrives when he can really aid them (election day), why does he vote for the natural enemy of his class, the capitalist party?

This capitalist party has three divisions, each of the three being labeled with very inappropriate and misleading names, but workers should not be deceived into believing that the so-called Democratic, Republican and Progressive parties (which each one is decidedly not), are opposed to one another. Capital owns them all and thereby uses them to divide you, the workers, so that in fighting one another you will forget, or rather, not recognize, that the capitalists are the real enemies you should oppose. The antagonistic attitude of these several parties toward one another has been best illustrated in their recent fusions at Milwaukee and Schenectady, where they had to come under one tent to beat the Socialists. Just why this very desirable object was striven for is obvious.

There are some workers, multitudes of them who believe that their and capital's interests are identical. In fact, an organization has appeared which to me seems to be just what this brand of brainless, spineless workers want. It is the Civic Federation, whose being is dedicated to the lofty ideal that the interests of the masters and the slaves must be the same. Now, it would be nice and pleasant to believe this grand palavering if the workers got their share of the product of this sanctified partnership, but for every dollar a worker produces he receives as his part about one-fifth of it. The bosses take the larger portion, since they pay expenses, and contribute the brains, and constitute the "senior" branch of this lovely, harmonious, convivial union of lambs—and wolves.

Your faith in your masters is pathetic, to say the least. The capitalists lie and say they are with you to build up society and glorify the Stars and Stripes. Glance backward a year or two and witness some of this upbuilding of society. In Lawrence, Mass., men, women and children were clubbed, shot and bayoneted by the State militia; those hired assassins awaiting the master's summons to come and kill. These strikers "got theirs" for "rioting." Imagine the awful industrial conditions that force a body of workers to riot. The Lawrence textile strikers made their woolen garments all year around and yet many of the child laborers were found to be without underclothing in the dead of winter. In Philadelphia much the same atrocities were inflicted upon the car strikers. In West Virginia, the "Siberia of America"—the coal miners, after being evicted from their hovel homes, lived through the cold winter in tents, suffering indescribable hardships in order to win their strike. The identity of interests between capital and labor once made itself most beautifully manifest when the "senior" partners of the firm of "Coal Barons and Coal Miners" called upon their trustees, the State militia, who responded with alacrity, thus showing their loyalty to their masters—and their treachery to their class. They tore down tents in the velvet blackness of midnight, beating the men, striking the children and tearing suckling babes from their mothers' breasts.

The boy scout is simply a gunman in embryo.

Pity the hiring journalist. The more he writes the more he wrongs.

Under the wage system the less we learn to live on the less they'll give us to live on.—Brisbane Worker.

Give a hundred men in this country good wages and eight hours' work, and ninety-nine will disdain to steal.—Wendell Phillips.

Boys grow quick. The transition from a wooden pole to a Ross rifle is very short. Today the boy scout may point his wooden pole at you in fun. Tomorrow he may point a blue tube of steel at you in deadly earnest. What are you going to do about it?

Sam Hughes treasures his boy scouts and cadets. He knows what a rotten state his militia is in, and that they don the uniform only for the fun they get in the service, and to get away from the monotony of the shops. There are however his little boy scouts and cadets. He knows.

The workers are under the curse of ten to twenty-four hours each day. They suffer the bane of interest twenty-four hours each day. They only produce profits about ten hours each day, but in those hours are crowded all that flesh and blood can endure to make up for the hours spent in sleep.

Get the money, is the cry of capitalism. The love of gambling which the average Chinaman possesses makes him the prey of the money grabbers. The police make a raid every once in a while when they think there is a bunch of money accumulated, and the courts fine the heathen to the limit. Great are the tricks of capitalism.

Unionism in Canada is gaining in leaps and bounds. The third annual report on labor organization in Canada, covering the year 1913, has been issued by the Department of Labor. At the close of 1913, the numerical strength of organized labor in Canada stood approximately at 176,000, an increase of nearly 6,000 over the figures at the close of 1912.

Be a missionary wherever you are—in the field, in the mine, in the forest, on the railroad, in the shops, anywhere among the workers—spread the gospel of discontent. It is an easy matter to instill the primary principles of Socialism among your fellows, especially after the period of unemployment and misery which they have been forced to undergo.—Go to them.

There is one crop which the capitalists of Canada will not be able to get their paws on this year. The crop is the Socialist crop, and it shows signs of being a good one. Canada is so wide, the population so scattered, that it is hard for the comrades in some places to get together and fraternize. But with all the drawbacks, reports show that new locals are being formed, old ones resurrected, and new members caught in the net in quite satisfactory numbers.

Four of England's powerful Dreadnoughts are visiting the German port of Kiel. The men and officers of the English and German ships are fraternizing and having a fine time. The armament, trust, backed by capitalists and jingo newspapers, could raise trouble between these powers at any time and cause the same ships to rush at each other and scatter powder and destruction to the very limit. Still, people vote for such conditions, and seem to enjoy them.

Why is desertion from both arms of the British service on the increase? Is it because Tommy and Jack realize that they might be called upon to take up arms against their own blood in Ireland? Was the resignation of so many officers for the same reason? And did not the British regiments return the cheers of the people of Ulster as they were marched through the streets? Sure they did. The advice of Tom Mann must have sunk deeper into the hearts of the British Tommies than was generally thought.

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The Boy Scout Movement

The Boy Scouts were first proposed by Baden-Powell of South African fame. The physical inefficiency of the British young men, as revealed during the South African war, was appalling. Leaders feared for British military supremacy. Something must be done to develop the youth of England physically, teach them the military spirit and prepare them to "take up the white man's burden."

Baden-Powell's plan for the organization of the Boy Scout was proposed. Capitalists and officials gave it support, and corps were organized in all parts of the empire. American business men took up the movement. Germany and Russia fell into line, and the Boy Scouts marched round the world.

A writer in the North American, Philadelphia, praising the Boy Scout movement, says: "From a great and bloody war that, as Oom Paul said, staggered humanity, humiliated one nation and wiped another out of existence has grown this Boy Scout movement. When Czar Nicholas of Russia heard of it he sent a special commissioner to Baden-Powell to find out all about it, and when he reported the czar issued an imperial edict to the effect that every boy in Russia over twelve years old must join the scouts. The Emperor William of Germany also sent a commission to get particulars, and will father the movement in Germany."

The American movement was started in New York, San Francisco and Chicago. Business men gave it substantial financial support, and the capitalist papers, especially those controlled by Hearst, were given over to a chorus of praise. President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt expressed their approval. Prominent officials, army men, business men and others were interviewed. I shall quote from some of the interviews published at the time.

Major-General E. C. Young, of the Illinois National Guard, said: "It will mean a great deal to the army. No body in this country knows much about military affairs or training except the trained soldier and a few volunteers who have seen service. I thoroughly approve of the Boy Scout movement. The beginning of the military man should start in the school. There is where it can get a firm grasp on the boy. He is inspired by drills and other features of the scout plan, and strives to get ahead. Added military spirit should be instilled in the boy through the training in the schools."

Colonel Chauncey Dewey, inspector-general of the Illinois National Guard, added his indorsement to that previously expressed by Major-General Frederick Dent Grant and General Nelson A. Miles.

Colonel Dewey says: "I understand that the principle of fealty is to be inculcated. Nothing better than to encourage honor among boys, and this will be coincident with the idea of fealty to parents, employers and superiors."

by Mary O'Reilly

Captain Edward H. White, a retired United States army officer, said: "It is natural that an organization of boys for military educational work under our present form of government, military service being entirely voluntary, should succeed as a purely American institution. The scout organization would be a leader for our National Guard, the bulk of our army, and, when necessary, could feed the army itself."

EXPENSE IS NO HINDRANCE.

The cost of equipment, accoutrements and maintenance to our government or private benefactors of such an organization, as compared to results to be obtained, would be hardly worthy of comparison.

From all of these statements it will be seen that the original purpose of the Boy Scout movement was to give military training to boys, to develop a military idealism. Furthermore, the interviews show a desire on the part of the originators of the movement to bring this military training into the public schools. As a teacher having the welfare of the boys at heart, I feel that this would be a calamity. If our schools and our public institutions are to be used to teach the trade of killing to children, where is the truth in what we teach?

CHICAGO TEACHERS DENOUNCE BOY SCOUTS.

The Chicago Teachers' Federation appointed a committee to investigate the Boy Scout movement and report. A meeting to organize the Boy Scouts was called together in the office of General Frederick Dent Grant. I went and asked permission to that meeting, but was refused. The organization was rejected, details were planned and a future meeting was called. No delegates were called from the labor unions. The representative of the Teachers' Federation was refused admission which she requested. Thus the movement was placed in the hands of military and business men, and it was shown conclusively that their ideals were intended to prevail. I made this report to the Teachers' Federation, which passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, The press reports that 'Boy Scout corps' are to be organized among the boys of the public schools; and

"Whereas, According to the plans of a self-appointed committee, military men and others having no professional training, teachers' certificates nor authority to teach, are to be permitted to organize these bands of scouts, to teach and control them, putting runs into their hands and destructive ideals into their minds; and

"Whereas, The chairman of the committee of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, appointed and instructed to investigate the 'Boy Scout' movement, was denied admission to the meeting by the self-appointed committee in charge; and

"Whereas, That committee includes no mothers nor any woman in its membership; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we are opposed to the organization of 'Boy Scout' corps of American children, and all effort to arrest their developing minds at a stage of development which belongs to a medieval, barbarous age.

"That we oppose the efforts of private individuals, military, commercial or others, to reach out the heads of the regularly constituted authorities and control the educational policy of our schools.

"That we are opposed to the efforts of any men to take into their own hands the decision of questions vitally interesting to women.

"That we stand with the constructive forces of society as teachers, as women and as members of the great working class for the ideals of industry and peace."

If I have tried to present the case of the Boy Scouts in a plain statement of facts without prejudice, I can come but to one conclusion: that the organization of the Boy Scouts is a conscious effort on the part of capitalists and military men to control the education of children in their youth and develop a military-minded race, trained to "unquestioning obedience," to do the will of the masters and uphold the tottering dominion of the capitalist class. Already they have been and are being used as scabs to break the strikes of wage-earning boys.

What shall we substitute for military training for boys? How shall we give to children the good which the Boy Scouts claim without the military spirit?

There is one good, American institution which has been overlooked in the controversy; that is the public school system. It is the most complete and the most democratic organization of children ever attempted. Every good thing claimed by the Boy Scout movement has been done by the public schools for years. Nature study, woodcraft, outdoor exercise have been attempted.

It is interesting to compare the niggardly policy of the business man toward the schools with his generosity to the scouts. He robs the state of hundreds of thousands of dollars of school taxes, and cheerfully donates far more to promote a military organization which teaches "unquestioning obedience to EMPLOYERS and SUPERIORS."

The scope of the schools should be widened until they can fulfill their purpose of service to the state. They should be permitted to lead the children to constructive ideals of industry and peace. A spirit of democracy and co-operation should prevail, and the education of children should be the care of the state.

A love like the love of the artist for his work is the right of every man. This artist-spirit, a feeling of brotherhood, the discipline of industry and co-operation will produce a citizenship infinitely superior in strength and manliness to that of any military state.

Is your home your own when you pay rent?

There are districts in Canada where the comrades are so scattered that the chances of getting together and holding a meeting are mighty slim. This is where Cotton's Weekly fits in. It will keep you informed of what is going on in the world of Socialism, also of what is doing in your local district, providing the news is sent in by the comrades. We will gladly publish anything which will bring the comrades closer together, or in any way spread the gospel of freedom.

The boy scout is not to blame. His parents are to blame for not finding out what it means for their boy to don a uniform and be drilled. Any movement organized by such a man as Baden-Powell should be suspicious to any person whose mind is awake. This man never did anything but uphold the system of murder, rapine and slaughter, with the hope of some day being a past master at the art, which he is. Baden Powell would have all eyes for a soldier, but would pass a group of workers on the street as if they were a drove of cows.

Discipline, discipline, teaches the scout master to his little charges. He impresses upon their minds that discipline is the strength of the movement. The scout books teach discipline to the utmost. Why should any schoolboy submit himself to the discipline of every nincompoop schoolteacher, preacher, or other misguided individual who may be appointed scoutmaster? There is a subtle reason. The boys are intended for soldiers. The earlier the idea of discipline is instilled into them, the readier they will obey the orders of their officers when they are told to shoot and shoot quick. Today the soldier will not shoot at his brother workers as straight as the master class would have it. He must be taught earlier. Therefore the boy scouts must get the ideas pounded in deep.

A London, Eng., editor of one of the largest papers is being sued by the captain of a Dreadnought for defamation of character. The men of the battleship, were in a practical state of mutiny. It is said the captain applied sixteenth century methods to suppress the men, which the editor thought the people should be acquainted with. Now the captain is sore. One instance of the treatment meted out may be shown in the fact that a man 37 years in the service was disgraced by this captain, and practically forced to take his discharge, thereby losing his pension. Such treatment caused him to partially lose his reason, and he is now in a hospital. Oh well, harsh measures will not stop Socialism from digging deeper and deeper into the vitals of the English navy. Jack is learning fast. He has to smuggle his literature, but it is there, and has been for some time. No officer ever lived who could suppress the inroads of Socialism into the armies and navies of the world.

To Wives of Toilers

By Meta L. Stern.

"Men may work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."
You, wives of toilers, know the meaning of this proverb, for you live it day by day.

Long before the day's work has begun in stores and offices and mills, you bend over a kitchen stove. Every morning during every day of your lives you bend over the kitchen stove, in the gray dawn of a chilly winter morn, and in the oppressive sultriness of a waking summer's day. The changing seasons bring no change to you. To light the fire, to prepare the breakfast, to feed your family—that is the only meaning any morning has for you. Then you must wash and dress the children—with perhaps a baby to nurse and change. You must wash and dry the dishes and set the floor and dust the room and make up the beds and do your marketing; and when all that is done, it is time to prepare another meal. After dinner there are some more dishes to be washed, and, when everybody else is resting, when your husband is reading or smoking in comfort, or is out with some friends, and the children are snugly asleep, you will be poring over your mending basket. Oh, that eternal mending basket! To many a woman it is like a nightmare when you would have your own home, it keeps filling up, no matter how often it has been emptied.

Long ago, when you were a girl, and perhaps were working in some office, or store, or factory, you dreamt of the time when you would "not have to work any more," and when you would have your own home. To day you know that you never worked harder than since you were married. You also know—if you think about those things at all—that you do not have your own home. For the few rooms that you call home are not yours. They belong to a landlord, to whom you must pay rent, and if illness or unemployment or some other disaster in your family should cause your inability to pay the rent his is the right to turn you out into the street.

You, wives of toilers, have no homes. You merely have temporary, insufficient shelter. You have no true marriages, either. You may love your husbands, and they may love you. You may be good, devoted wives. But marriage means something more than merely living together and having children. It means that you should share your husband's interests and aims and ideals as well as his care. It means companionship. But you have no time to read and think and study; you are too tired to enter into serious conversations with him or with anyone else. The household drudgery saps your strength and your intelligence. Pots and pans, hot kitchen stoves and mending baskets are no inspiration to love, either, and too much hard work makes a woman age before her time.

You, wives of toilers, have no motherhood, either; no wholesome, healthy, happy motherhood, such as it ought to be. You bear and rear your children in sorrow, weighed down by the worry over how to provide for them. Each child means an additional burden, a new care. You can never fully enjoy your babies nor let them enjoy your love. Motherhood, too, means something more than washing and dressing and feeding your little ones. It, too, means companionship, the growing, joyous companionship between mother and child. You have no time to be a companion to your children.

Have you ever thought of it, that all this drudgery is unnecessary?

Has it ever entered your minds that your families might be clothed and fed and cared for without your wearing your lives away in endless toil?

There was a time when every man built the hut in which his family lived, and hunted the animals they needed for food. If he had not built his own hut and hunted his own food he and his family would have starved without food and shelter. Today no man builds his own hut or hunts his own food, because it is no longer necessary. Industry has been socialized. Houses are built, food and all the other necessities of life are provided, by the combined efforts of many. In the same way the important industry of housekeeping could be socialized. Many cooks could be employed in a systematic, orderly way for a few hours a day, could keep homes clean and neat, children well cared for, and food prepared better and more economically than any individual housekeeper could prepare it. It is possible. Yes, it is possible even today, while industry is still in the hands of a few. It will be a matter of fact—an absolute certainty, when industry is so organized that working men and working women will no longer make things for the profit of the persons who own the machines, but will own these machines themselves. Under Socialism, housekeeping, like every other industry, will be socialized and will be carried on, not for the benefit of a few, but for the common good. There will be no household drudgery and there will be no servants. There will be only professional cooks and cleaners, and seamstresses and nurses, such as rich people employ today. You, wives of toilers, instead of slaving away from morning till night, without even being paid for your work, as you do today, will then enter the ranks of the professional women. But you will not serve individuals, you will serve the community. The good cooks among you, those who like to cook, will have studied how to study, will help to prepare the meals for groups of families in large, clean kitchens, equipped with all modern appliances and labor-saving devices. Those among you who are skilled in making things look bright and clean and shiny will join the brigade of professional housecleaners. But you will not work with dustpans and old-fashioned brooms. You will use electric vacuum cleaners and other useful, practical machinery that rich people can afford even today, but that are beyond the workman's purse. The nurses among you—for some women have an inborn talent for taking care of little children—will take regular college courses in child-study and will then be in charge of the ideal day nurseries, equipped with every desirable appliance that science and art can devise, where all the mothers will leave their little children during the time they are working at their professions.

Here you pause. Until now you liked this picture of the coming social order; but the last sentence startled you. A day nursery, where all the mothers will leave their little children? Why, that means that you will have to separate from your children. Horrible picture of how Socialism is going to destroy the home and the family loom up before your mind's eye. But wait—wait and think! Don't you part with your children today? Don't you send them away for five hours daily, five days out of seven, as soon as they are old enough to attend school or

kindergarten, and don't you feel that they are better taken care of there, among strangers, than in your own inadequate homes? And don't those among you who have to work away from home for a living leave your little babies even, for eight or nine or ten hours a day, in institutions founded by private persons, who give you this little aid, not as a matter of justice, but as a gift of charity?

Under Socialism the workday will never last more than five or six hours. No man or woman will work longer, because there will be no idlers, but all will contribute their share of useful, productive toil—except the children, the aged and the infirm; a few hours of work each day will suffice to produce all the necessities as well as luxuries of life. So none of you will have to be parted from your children longer than five or six hours a day, about as long as you are parted from them now while they are at school, and during that time you will know them to be in good hands, their minds and bodies properly cared for according to the best of human knowledge.

When you have performed your five or six hours of socially necessary work the remaining eighteen or nineteen hours of the day will be yours; just think of it—yours to employ as you see fit! You will have time to enjoy your homes—pleasant, cheerful, pretty homes; time to love your children and to romp and play with them; time to be healthful, merry, affectionate companions to your husbands; time to read and study, to visit theatres and concerts, museums and art galleries; time to enjoy the beauties of nature; time to be human beings!

When will these things be? In the future. In the distant future if you continue to live in silent and meek indifference. In the near future, if you rebel against your unnecessary yoke and join the world-wide army of those who are working to hasten the coming of the new order. Even if you cannot live to see that better day, your children will, and their children will in turn. You would give your lives for your children now. But you cannot serve them in a better way than by working for Socialism, which means making the world a better place for your children to live in.

A Word With the Farmer

You, Mr. Average Farmer, are the worst paid workman in the country today. Government statistics show that you get less out of your work, in the long run, than your hired man. At the same time, nobody works harder than you do. From one year's end to another you toil in the sweat of your brow to feed the world, and about all you get out of it is a bare living and a chance to pay tax.

Now, nobody is more to blame for this state of affairs than just yourself. The profits arising from your productive toil pass into the hands of others, who do not produce.

And why is this?

Well, one reason is that when you buy the necessities of life you find the prices set for you by the trusts.

You can't buy a nail today, or a hammer to drive it with, or a pair of shoes or a bag of fertilizer, grain or flour, a can of oil or a pound of sugar without paying taxes to the trusts. You must have farm machinery, and yet when you buy it you have to pay three or four times what it is worth. The last census tells us that the cost of making a two-horse wagon is \$7.60.

Just get that fact, you practical farmers! Figure up the money power's gain and your loss! Similarly, all along the line, you are being robbed.

Perhaps it tickles your fancy, you hard-working farmer, to know that Rockefeller's income is \$48,000 a day—\$2,000 an hour—and that his holdings have enormously increased since the present hard times began.

At the same time that the wealth of the country is pouring into the pockets of a few tremendously rich men, census statistics show that the number of mortgaged and rented farms is constantly increasing. Why?

The answer is so plain that you can see it yourself. Almost everything you have, in order to live, is away up in price. The trusts gain because you lose.

The Liberal and Conservative newspapers all tell you, toiling farmers, that you belong to the capitalist class, because you perhaps have a few acres of land and a hired man. Yes, farmers, you belong to the capitalist class, body, soul and breeches. What your work really amounts to is a somewhat permanent job with exhausting, hard work and low wages.

But it is through politics alone that the money powers have been able to make laws permitting them to "legally" rob you.

Why not quit playing the game in the interest of the trusts and begin playing it in your own interest?

Neither of the old parties is doing a thing to help you, because the old parties are both influenced by the capitalist class. The great capitalists furnish the slush funds which land them in office.

But a new party is today growing up all over the world with astonishing rapidity, looking solely to the interests of the farmers and the wage workers.

This party is the Social-Democratic Party. The Social-Democratic party maintains that you farmers are under no obligation to feed the people at a loss, and demands that you receive the full value of your labor.

The Socialist party demands, among other measures beneficial to the working class, the public ownership of the trusts, railroads, mills, mines and factories which produce the necessities of life.

Public ownership has already been proved a success in many directions. Our roads, bridges, schools, parks, courthouses, waterworks, hospitals and asylums, libraries and universities, the postoffice, the lighthouse service, the army and navy, and many other useful works are now publicly or socially owned and operated.

To this extent we already have Socialist ideas in actual service.

If the government has authority to inspect fertilizers, foods and drugs, why has it not the authority to make them?

If the government can build a canal, why not a railroad?

If the government can deliver mail, why not telegrams and parcels?

The government can do all these things and many more things that will benefit the whole people if you will only authorize it to do so.

The wealth-producing class outnumbers the capitalist class 20 to 1; and when the workers vote as a class for their party they will capture the governing power, which by right belongs to them, and will then for the first time in many a long year make laws in their own interests.

For the Sake of Life

I am a workman. I have had my troubles. I have been in strikes. I have been out of work. I have had enough to eat and to wear. I have starved and gone about in rags. The average experience of the average workman has been my experience. I have done handsome things and done mean things. I have not always been decent to my employers. My employers have not always been decent to me. We have lied to each other. I have sneaked their work. They have sneaked my pay. I have quarreled where I would rather have had peace. I have done my share to make things better. Yes, to make them worse. Yes, to keep them where they are. I am a victim. But I am also a villain. Do not take me for good or bad. I am neither. I am both. Just the workman. Whoever you are you have employed me. I work under a million names but I have really only one name. Whoever you have employed that man is me. The sneak? That is me. The slave? That is me. The omnipotently decent laborer? That is me. You know me. It does not matter in which one of the million names I address you. I address you. I call upon your atoms to assemble. Listen.

You think I am fighting a fight for wages. For pay. For a glass more of beer. For better cigars. For costlier clothes. To get rid of rags. Well! So I am. But only incidentally. I am really fighting for life. As long as wages are only wages high wages and low wages are all one. But when wages are life I embody my plain in a different song. I am I, I have fought my fight for wages. But I have fought my last fight for wages. I have seen that no fight for wages can be the fight for freedom. There is only one fight left. The fight against wages. That is the fight for freedom. The fight for life. Wages can never give life. Now I fight for the sake of life. All other considerations must retire before the consideration for life. Not for the sake of a house. Nor for luxury. Nor for robbery. Nor for the life of one life built upon the slavery of another life. For the sake of life itself. Life on first principles. Do you think that you have the right to wish to be free and that I have not the right to wish to be free? Am I to concede freedom to you while you refuse to concede freedom to me? Do you think I wish to live in order to have the privilege of living? It is the other way about.

We will not be driven to work. We will give up everything for the sake of life. Real life. Even give up life itself. Your pocket full asks my pocket empty. "Why should we keep this discussion on the vulgar plane of money?" Surely, why? I can see but one reason. Because pocket full has all the money. We have justice. We are now on the way to justice. Not on the way to money. On the way to justice. We incidentally say "money." We finally say "justice." Money is not for the sake of money. It is for the sake of justice. Freedom belongs to labor. Now freedom is in one place and labor is in another. We will not be driven to work. We will give up everything for the sake of life. Real life. Even give up life itself. Your pocket full asks my pocket empty. "Why should we keep this discussion on the vulgar plane of money?" Surely, why? I can see but one reason. Because pocket full has all the money. We have justice. We are now on the way to justice. Not on the way to money. 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