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THE FIGHT ON THE LORDS

The Liberals of Great Britain are going forth with what they think is a great war cry. They are saying many things and looking very fierce. They say, "Let us do something awful to the Lords." They do not specify just what they want to do but they say that if they are returned to power they will do it.

The fight of the Liberals on the Lords is a sham. The Lords do something the Liberals pretend they do not like. The Liberals immediately dissolve parliament and appeal to the country. If the Liberals had been in earnest about the budget and about the Lords they would have acted differently. They would have insisted upon their constitutional rights to pass finance measures. They would have ignored the veto of the Lords or they would have drawn up a resolution declaring that as the Lords had acted unconstitutionally the Lords had ipso facto ceased to exist.

But such a course would have been really a forward step and the Liberals do not want to take any forward steps. The Laborites and the Socialists are pressing hard against the power of the capitalists and the Liberals, are after a sham fight which will make the people think that the present Cabinet and government really want to do something when the government just desires to mark time.

The Liberals are drawing up resolutions against the Lord. They are saying that the Lords have usurped the power of the House of Commons and something should be done. As far back as the days of Cromwell the British Parliament put itself on record that the House of Lords was pernicious and dangerous and ought to be abolished. Three hundred years later the Liberals are working the same old gag and trying to persuade the Britishers that they mean it.

Had the Liberals really introduced a wholehearted measure for the social amelioration of the working classes they would be swept into power with an overwhelming majority. But such a policy would seriously interfere with the rent, interest and dividends both of landlords and of money capitalists. Therefore the policy is not introduced.

It will only be by the awakening of the British working classes to the class struggle and the socialist philosophy and doctrine of economic emancipation that the social amelioration will be brought about. Asquith and his clique cannot fool the people forever. Socialism is growing stronger every day in the old land. False cries of "Down with the Lords," will not save the capitalists to all eternity.

Another trust is striking Montreal. This time it is the pure milk company. The Ottawa Dairy Company, which controls Ottawa's milk supply, is starting up in Montreal and is going to give pure milk. This is what the Company says it is going to do. It is extremely doubtful if it will give pure milk. So much is this the case that Fisher, the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, has had laws and regulations passed practically preventing the investigation of the condition of the condition of Canadian cows. I know this of rottenness of cows. I know this and Fisher knows that I know this and he knows that I know he is scared to face the question. Shall I tell you what happened last year? A farmer near Cowansville sent his milk to Montreal and it was taken by a company that guarantees to give pure milk. This farmer found his cows were diseased and had all the diseased cows removed from his herd. He then wrote to the company that he could guarantee to give pure milk. The company refused longer to take his milk. They took it without question from the diseased herd and are no doubt taking milk from herds now diseased. But the moment the farmer acted honestly they refused to take his pure milk. Capitalism is one big sham. People die of tuberculosis from drinking diseased milk. Companies guarantee to give pure milk and diseased milk is readily bought by them to sell again. Capitalism is one huge sham, and in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, Fisher is backing the capitalist to the limit and people die of tuberculosis while Fisher holds down his job at Ottawa and fights shy of the question.

The many work hard that the few may live easy.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to teach my employer how to last shoes." George Collins, shoe laster, Philadelphia.

Senator Raoul Dandurand declares that the Senate is pretty near all right. Of course he does. Does he not get two thousand five hundred dollars a year for being a Senator?

The trades unionists when they become revolutionized make the best socialists as they have nothing to lose and all to gain by the coming of socialism.

The theatres of London regularly employ over twelve thousand persons. It is an old maxim that when the people are restive give them circuses.

The laborer should get all he earns. He cannot do this under the capitalist system where the laws force him to pay rent, interest and profit to the useless labor thieves.

Verville has had another reading of the eight-hour bill for workers on government work. Verville, if he had any snap, would keep the House of Commons tied up till the workers got their just dues. But Verville is content to hang on to Laurier and to speak up for the workers in a shamed way about once in a dog's age.

In the old days when implements were small the artizan owned his own tools of production by individual ownership. Now that the machinery of production has become so vast the worker, to own the machine at which he must work, must rely upon social ownership. Individual ownership by the worker of the tools of production is no longer possible.

Many a plute who drives an automobile will have to wear overalls under the Socialist regime. Do you wonder many plutes fear Socialism? But the plute need not worry. Socialists will not treat them as they treat workingmen under capitalism. Socialism will guarantee them work and will probably give them a four thousand dollar income with a four hour day.

M. J. O'Brien, owner of the Cobalt mine, O'Brien, wants seven and a half million dollars for the mine. O'Brien did not put the silver in the mine. The people want silver and our foolish laws gives O'Brien the right of holding up humanity to the tune of seven and a half millions to get next to the resources of nature. Under Socialism the O'Briens will have to work for a living like the rest of humanity.

Agnes Dewsbury, thirty years of age was found dead in bed in Toronto. Her death was due to hemorrhage caused by consumption. She was saleswoman in the book department of Simpsons. She worked to the day of her death. You see under capitalism sick women have to work till they die. A beneficent Providence has so arranged things under the capitalist system that strong men frequently get millions while the burdens of making profits for the labor thieves fall on the sloping weak shoulders of sick women.

There is a strike of coal miners on in Australia and the plute Canadian papers are chortling because Australia may import Canadian coal. Such importation would have the double effect of smashing the Australian strike and of giving the Canadian capitalists a chance of screwing more profits out of their Canadian wage slaves. Both of these results are contemplated with delight by the labor thieves of Canada. It is always delightful to capitalism to get profits and to smash labor.

A soldier up in Kingston deserted and got ninety days. This in times of profound peace when there was no internal disturbance. But suppose this soldier had deserted when the plutes had put him in Sydney with a gun in his hand to shoot some of the workers who were not contented to be robbed of four-fifths of what you produce? He would have been given a ten year sentence and if he had refused to shoot you down when called upon to do so the plutes might order his brains blown out. There is good reason why the plute rulers of Canada should dare love to see a big soldier army in Canada. The chances are they will need it in their business when you workers decide that you will not stand being robbed any longer.

WILL WAR COME

Will there be a world war? That is the question that is worrying a good many Socialists as well as a good many capitalists. The failing markets of the world and the fight for them seems to presage war. The terrific taxation rendered necessary for military preparation seems to be another presage of war. Taxation cannot go on forever and the world rulers may decide that a war is better than suspense. Internal unrest on the part of subjects is another cause presaging war. It is an old trick that when the people at home are discontented with their lot, let them be distracted by fighting foreigners abroad. Moreover a war will be good pickings for the capitalists. A war means large contracts for embalmed beef and rotten shoes and paper clothing and defective rifles and cheap securities bearing high interests. All these causes lead to war.

But the causes for peace are also strong. Russia tried a foreign war and the Czar nearly got pried out of his job by the revolutionary forces at home. Spain tried a little war in Morocco and Alfonso had to hunt cover in short order. The rulers of the world have watched these two experiments and have drawn their conclusions accordingly. It is true that in the Boer war the English went war mad and supported the war party. But that is ten years ago and since then the English working classes have changed in temper. King Edward and his war lords have watched closely the London processions in favor of Ferrer and the lesson of the placards with the motto, "To hell with Alfonso," is not lost upon these scheming parasites in high places. Moreover Kier Hardie has declared that the crown may go into the melting pot, and there is no better time for placing it there than when the army supporting the plutocracy is in some foreign country shooting at other plutocratic armies.

If the Socialists were as ignorant as the capitalists and the trained diplomats of Europe, then a war must needs come. But the Socialists are intelligent men and they see how war can be averted. The delegates exchange fraternal greetings, and should a war be declared, it is more than likely that the proletariat of the countries ordered by their parasite masters to fight would go on strike. Such a condition of affairs would make the war lords ridiculous in the extreme. I do not have much fear of a war. If a war does come it will be confined. I do not think that the war will come from the attempt of the different plutocratic rulers ordering their subjects to go to war.

The war may come, however, from a totally different cause. It may come from the international money kings trying to put down the Socialist regime in the nation which first attempts it. Just as the French Revolution was fought by the allied monarchs of Europe, so, perhaps, will the first Socialist State be fought by the allied capitalists. If France were to declare herself a Socialist State and should repudiate her paper obligations to the London, Berlin and Austrian capitalists, the armies of these countries would not doubt be ordered to march against the French Industrial Democracy. The money lords and rent lords know well that if Socialism is allowed to get a foothold in one country and be actually carried into practice, it would spread to all countries. Therefore the rulers of the countries still under capitalist domination would wrench the powers of their states to suppress the new government. Then the fight would no longer be national but international. The fight would not be between one capitalist state and another, but between the powers of the capitalist states, torn by internal sedition due to the revolting Socialists at home, and the Socialist state.

Under such a condition, if capitalism were to die as hard as feudalism, we would see repeated the scenes of the conquering arms of France in the conquests of the French Revolution. The armies of the Industrial State would invade the territories of the capitalist states and would be hailed as deliverers by the Social Democrats of the invaded countries. During the French Revolution France did not conquer by her valor alone but also by the assistance of the Republicans within the invaded territories.

But war may not come. We have the ballot which the French Revolutionists did not have. We have representative institutions which the French Revolutionists did not have. The power of the capitalists is even now breaking up. Socialists are capturing more and more constituencies throughout the world. The revolution may be entirely peaceful or if by war, then by such a short sharp war as ushered in the new capitalist regime into Turkey.

COMBINATIONS

The old competition in trade is going. With the going of competition comes the growth of misery for the working classes under the capitalist regime.

When there are a dozen factories all competing the one against the other, the working men have a chance to get competitive bidders for their labor power. The different mills will want hands and if a worker is kicked out of one mill he can go to another.

Moreover under competition there are many men employed in wasteful ways. This is bad for the bosses but it is good for the working classes as it relieves the labor market. There will be competition for trade and there will be a dozen commercial travellers covering the same territory. They will have to be transported and fed and clothed in return for their labor. This will keep many men and women busy preparing food and clothing and transportation. These men will each visit the same retailers and talk the same old dope to weary ears. There work is competitive and wasteful but their employment keeps up the price of labor.

But the bosses are not going to be so foolish to compete when they can make more by combining. The bosses start a merger. The competing commercial travellers are sacked. In the little villages the hotel keepers complain of bad business. The livymen complain of hard times. But those who entered the merger get fatter incomes and have to do less work.

Not only will the commercial travellers be laid off but mills will be shut down and employees sacked. Why keep up two or three establishments when one mill will do the work by keeping the machines going? The more men sacked the bigger the dividends, as long as the market lasts. And by sacking employees the rest will be willing to work cheaper just to hold their jobs. The merger, from the capitalists point of view, is a divine institution ordained by Providence for the increase of dividends and the reduction of the cost of the output.

In Canada we have had the cement merger and the cotton merger and the carriage merger and the railway mergers and the street mergers, and each merger is hailed by a plute press as a wonderful triumph of the creative genius of the Canadian capitalist; while in fact it is due merely to the desire of the capitalists to get more money.

As long as capitalism lasts, as long as the workingmen of Canada are willing to let the machines of production be held by the master class to shut or to open, to employ or discharge, then the workers will be in fear of unemployed misery. The profits go to the masters and the workers get shoved out of the factory doors. But let the workers resolve to take over the machinery of production and run it in the interests of labor and the doing away of competition will result in a higher standard of comfort for all who toil. The unemployed problem will be solved. Labor will come to its own. Humanity will be free.

A couple of months ago two men were arrested in Montreal for stealing a purse. Fifteen dollars was missing from the purse when the men were arrested. The men claimed they found it. The judge then declared that if they paid the money back within a certain time he would let them go. One paid back seven dollars and a half and went free. The other did not pay up and is to spend the winter behind prison bars. Does not this prove that our capitalist courts hold property rights higher than they do life and liberty? Were the men guilty of theft? Then why were they not jailed? Were the men not guilty of theft? Then what right has this judge to lock an innocent man up for six months? You see these men were poor devils so the judge could do as he liked with them. But if the men had money or were related to men who had money the judge would have been very deferential and would have scolded the detectives for arresting them. You workers are easy to stand for a system in which you get all the sluggings and are adjudged guilty of crime for not paying back seven dollars and a half and are held innocent if you pay up.

Socialism will establish the co-operative commonwealth in the place of competitive private poverty.

The nations are fighting for world markets when the world markets are glutted with their own goods. The folly of capitalist statemen is self evident.

Lord Stratheona has made a gift of three hundred thousand dollars for training Canadian school children in the art of war. Christ the Prince of Peace and Stratheona the Bloodhound of War.

Judge Winchester laments the growth of perjury. Owing to changing conditions the capitalist courts of justice are founded on a lie. Why should men not lie before a tribunal which is based on a lie?

Judge Winchester, up at Toronto, has been lamenting the growth of perjury. Is Judge Winchester such an intellectual baby as to think that men will tell the truth in the court room when they can make thousands of dollars by lying?

When corporations begin to cut down expenses they never touch the salaries of the men who get thousands annually. It is always the men who do the work. But what's the use in having slaves if you can't make them keep you in style?

The New York Central railway officials say that rates must go up if wages go up. Of course rates must go up if wages go up and the labor thieves are still to get their rakeoff. Under socialism rent, interest and profit will be abolished and consequently the remuneration of the workers will be increased beyond the wildest dream of a capitalist minded Gompers.

Many plute women think the struggle for existence and the inability of women to make an honest living are the fault of women themselves. These plute women say, "Let the women come and be our housemaids for us." If there is one thing that is hard it is to be a general servant for a middle class labor thief woman.

Agnes Dewsbury, thirty years of age died of tuberculosis in Toronto. She had been house maid for a family in Rosedale but some months before her death had to give up the arduous work and seek lighter employment in a departmental store. Plute ladies like to think that it is easier to be a housemaid than to be a departmental clerk. But here is a woman with the hand of death upon her seeking the department store as a place to earn her living until she died because housemaid was such hard labor.

A mad dog up at Galt created quite a scare. The inhabitants were alarmed because two children were lacerated. The dog was loose one day. Capitalism is loose in Galt every day of the year. The dog lacerated two children. How many children do the industries of Galt deprive of play and light and good food every day of the year? But as long as the work people of Galt will stand for the possession of capital by the capitalists and the exploitation of the workers, the plute papers will praise the capitalists and the churches of Galt will be their upholders and the one lone mad dog which runs loose will be more feared than all the responsible labor thieves.

The Hygiene Committee of Montreal wanted to make the bakers wrap each loaf of bread in brown paper before delivery. The master bakers, who want profits, declared that if this were done they would have to raise the price of bread a cent a loaf. The bread still goes unwrapped. Profits have become so sacred that diseased bread and diseased milk is sold and children suffer and die. But the sacred billkins of profit must be protected.

The Dunsmuir estate of from fifteen to twenty million in British Columbia is still in litigation. Lawyers are getting fat fees, and high salaried judges are working away at it, and witnesses and experts and court officials and a whole host of parasites are feeding out of the dead hand of that prince parasite, Dunsmuir. Under Socialism the dead would not be allowed to bind the living workers to the task of feeding parasite judges, lawyers, and the like. With the abolition of rent, interest and profit, judges would have to find some other way of getting their living than by deciding squabbles about private property in the machinery of production.

THE INTERCOLONIAL SACKINGS

Three hundred and fifty men have been sacked from the Intercolonial. The Conservatives immediately raised the howl that these men had been sacked for political reasons. They thought that the workingmen would like that kind of talk. It sounds so sympathetic like for labor. The Liberals therefore ordered an investigation and an investigation was held. The learned and capitalist investigators gravely held their investigation and gravely reported that political reasons were not involved. As between the tweedledum of Liberalism and the tweedledee of Conservatism there was no impartiality or politics but as between capitalism and laborism the sackings were in the interest of the capitalists and against labor.

The reason given in the report was that the men were sacked to get rid of them. The road was overmanned and the government could not afford to keep the men under a business-business policy. You see the government needs the money for its pets the labor thieves. How can it pay interest to the usurers of Europe on the public debt of Canada if it is going to keep the workingmen on the Intercolonial employed? How can it give bonuses or pass laws giving profit to the labor thieves if it is to treat workingmen white? It cannot treat the wage slaves fair as long as it wants to support a system of rent, interest and profit.

The men are sacked. Kick 'em out, the dogs. We don't need 'em. If they can't get anything to do, let 'em eat snowballs. The Canadian government, let it be well understood, is not interested in the struggles of workingmen. Shaughnessy, Van Horne, Plummer, Mann, Sifton, these are the men the Canadian government must look after. The workmen may go hunt jobs from the labor thieves. If the workers will work for a wage that is one-fifth what they earn and whine enough they may get a job and again they may not.

You see the sack of these men was a purely political act. Politics is the fight for power and dominance. The capitalists are dominant now and hold the power. The interest must be paid on the Canadian national debt. When the Intercolonial needs rails or engines or steel or coal the government goes to the labor thieves and gives them a good big rakeoff before the coal or steel or rails are delivered. The Montreal millionaires get their riches that way.

So the labor thieves wax opulent and the workers get kicked off the cars and out of the shops. And honorable capitalist-minded gentlemen assert there was no politics in it. The wage slave who voted the Liberal ticket was kicked out with as quick energy and with as great gusto as was the wage slave who voted the Conservative ticket.

Wake up you workers. Come out of your trance. Think men, think. Are you going to hand over your jobs, the means of getting the bread and butter for your wives and children, to a gang of political pirates who will sack a workingman and fawn on a labor thief? Wake up. Refuse to vote your bosses and your bosses' henchmen into power. Elect your own men to Ottawa. Elect the comrade who sits beside you on the bench or stands beside you in the mill. Send them there with the strict injunction to vote first, last and always for your interests. When a gentleman goes to Ottawa he legislates for gentleman. That means that he legislates you workingmen into a deeper wage slavery. When you workingmen really wake up and elect your own men you will then get political justice and not before.

It is really pitiful to see how ignorant and prejudiced the people are about socialism or any co-operative movement, which leads to inaugurate the socialist system; everyone wants to make as much as he can out of his neighbor and does not see cause and reason for the "overproduction" of so many empty stores, factories and dwelling houses, unemployed people living on the charity of others and on the other side multimillionaires! Most of the people seem to be blind, deaf and dumb, and let themselves be driven to destruction like a herd of cattle.—A Subscriber.

Let the little business men not worry about socialism destroying his business. Capitalism is doing that

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

It is necessary, at times, to go back to first principles, and in view of the nonsense that has recently been, and is being, talked about Socialism it may be worth while to set out briefly what Socialism really is.

We have been told that the Budget is Socialism, or, at least, Socialistic; why, we have so far been at a loss to discover. It is suggested, however, that the Budget is a Socialist Budget because it devises fresh means for taxing the rich. But that has nothing whatever to do with Socialism. Under present conditions taxation is raised for the purpose of carrying on the government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich, and the rich themselves raise the revenue for carrying on their own government. If one section of the rich governing class pay more than their proper share to the cost of government and another pay less than their proper share, that is a matter in dispute between the two sections concerned. It is of no importance to the general body of the people, or the working class.

Socialism is not thin-end-of-the-wedge taxation of unearned increment, any more than it is Tariff Reform, Free Trade or Protection. All taxes are raised today for the maintenance, preservation and administration of the existing social order. For this purpose—one which is of vital interest alone to the class which rules—certain revenues are required. In the main, these revenues must be drawn from the wealth which is acquired day by day from the unpaid labor of the working class. They must be drawn from this source, because there is none other available, except the slight margin beyond actual bare subsistence which the producers of all the wealth are able to secure, and which they spend on petty luxuries.

The ruling class—greedy, avid, chagrined at not having stripped the workers quite bare in the process of exploitation—display extraordinary ingenuity in developing devices for tapping this second source of revenue by means of indirect taxation.

So clever and greedy have they been in this direction, indeed, that they manage to raise nearly half their total revenue in this fashion!

Socialists wish to cut off this source of revenue altogether by abolishing all indirect taxation; and by raising the whole revenue by direct taxes on all incomes above a certain minimum; thus making the ruling class pay, themselves, for their own business. But even if that were done; if no revenue were raised by indirect taxation, but every farthing was paid by the ruling class out of the surplus value they extract from the workers; that would not be Socialism. The class monopoly of the means of production and of existence, with the class domination based thereon, would remain unimpaired, and the subjection and exploitation of the producers would continue as heretofore.

But if the abolition of indirect taxation, and the relief of the working class from all fiscal burdens, would not be Socialism, still less can any device for relieving one section of the ruling class of taxation at the expense of another be so described. The possession by A of a piece of land which B requires in order to build a factory or warehouse or dwelling-house thereon, as a means of exploiting the workers, enables him, it may be, to exact from B an inordinate and ever-increasing share of the surplus value which the latter acquires in the course of exploitation. The latter, therefore, may quite reasonably desire to relieve himself of some part of his burden of taxation by taxing the "unearned increment" of A; but whether he succeeds in doing this or not makes not the slightest difference to the exploited workers. Taking the rate of exploitation as two-thirds—a moderate estimate, generally conceded by the best authorities; for every three pounds' worth of wealth the workers produce they receive one pound and the ruling class take two. Now, whether B shares the two pounds equally with A, and pays all the taxes himself, or whether he is compelled to give A thirty shillings out of the two pounds and then compels A to pay all the taxes; or whether A is able to get only fifteen shillings from B and still pay a large proportion of the taxes—all these considerations are obviously matters of moment for A and B, but are of no concern whatever to the producers, who are despoiled of two out of every three pounds they earn, however their despoilers may share out their plunder. The taxation of "unearned increment," therefore, or any other kind of juggling with the incidence of taxation, is mere burden-shifting, and cannot properly, by any stretch of language or the imagination, be described as Socialism.

Nor is it Socialism to use any part of revenue so raised in giving doles to the producers in the shape of old age pensions or "labor exchanges." Socialism means the abolition of the exploitation of the workers, not that some small portion of the results of exploitation should be given back to them to mitigate their misery. It is better, of course, that they should get back some, however little, of the robbery of which they are victims, than lose all; but this method of feeding the dog off his own tail is not Socialism by any means.

Socialism is not some special method of taxation, nor is a Socialist State possible in a capitalist State. But neither is Socialism any of the other things it is often supposed to imply, nor are these things Socialism.

Socialism means, essentially and fundamentally, the social ownership, social control and social use of all the material means of social life; and the consequent abolition of the class domination on the one side and subjection on the other which necessarily and naturally arises from the class ownership, control and use of these things. That is Socialism, and anything short of that is not Socialism. Anyone believing in that and working for that is a Socialist, and anyone not so believing is not a Socialist, whatever he may call himself. Agitation directed to winning converts to that objective is Socialist propaganda, and legislation directed towards its realization is Socialist or Socialistic legislation.

The change in material conditions involved by transferring the class ownership of the means of production into social ownership will necessarily result in the modification of all social relations and the whole of social life in all its aspects. But with these we are not primarily concerned. We have no concern with a man's religious beliefs or with his opinions on marriage, medicine or dietetics. We have, it is true, to fight institutional religions and social conventions where these oppose themselves as obstacles to the material development. Apart from that, we, as Socialists, are not directly concerned. Changes and modifications in these matters must follow, not precede, economic change. First, change the material conditions and all these other things will be added unto you.—H. Quelch in Justice, London, England.

Well-Informed Editors (?)

Comrade W. W. Tucker, of Vernon, B. C., wrote to the Montreal Weekly Star for information about the Socialist movement in Canada. The following is the letter he received in reply. The letter speaks for itself. When the editor of the biggest paper published in Canada shows such absolute ignorance of the Socialist movement the Socialists can make up their minds that the capitalists have a cinch on Canada. The following is the letter.

Mr. W. H. Tucker, Vernon, B. C.
Dear Sir—In this free and liberty-loving country where any man may call himself a Socialist and name a creed to suit his views it is difficult if not impossible to say just exactly what Socialism is. Politically there is no Socialist party in Canada. There are no Socialists in the House of Commons and so far as we are aware there is no leader in Canada to whom the Socialists owe allegiance. As to your question whether Socialism would abolish poverty and war we are not able to answer this question. To us it seems incredible that any type of socialism with which we are familiar is at all likely to accomplish such beneficiary results.

Yours truly,
Editor Family Herald & Weekly Star.

White Slave Traffic

"At about \$1800 a head, the average price of negro girls on the auction block fifty years ago, the 300,000 white slaves in the United States today represent an investment of \$540,000,000. Each year 67,000, or \$120,000,000 worth of these women, are sacrificed in the highly financed districts of vice throughout this country, and an equal number of recruits are procured each year to take their places. Of this vast army of unfortunate, whose march from the home to the morgue or the insane asylum by the vice route has been shown by statistics to average but five miserable years, Chicago to-day contributes 37,000."

In these words, Dr. Jean T. Zimmerman, president of the National White Cross League, in an address before the Woodlawn Woman's Club of Chicago, recently strove to impress upon her audience the extent and horror of the traffic in women.

The scientific socialist, unlike his utopian brother, is not an artist. He does not paint pretty pictures of the future. It is with reluctance that he even depicts the broad outlines of the co-operative commonwealth which is to be. He is concerned, not with schemes, but with tendencies. He does not believe that societies can be made and remade at will. He understands that society is an organism, subject to all the laws of growth that govern other organisms; and it is upon the operation of these laws that he relies for the realization of his ideals.—W. R. S.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Social Story

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

A stamping noise came from the cellar stables in the yard; an echo of shrill childish voices. Otherwise it was very quiet. The open window let in fresh pure air; rays of sunlight played on the wall. It was curious to watch the shapes of birds and animals in the plaster ceiling, made by cracks and lumpy deposits.

He dozed and yawned and stretched himself in rare content. The early stiffness in joint and muscle was felt no more, but it was still an intense pleasure to rest after hard work. He recalled the delight of falling asleep last night. Sleep after wholesome fatigue, innocent of a thousand torments—the noises of the city, the quiet of the country, a window open an inch too wide, a wrong pillow, cares about social matters, schemes of revenge, self-pity and self-distrust. And now when he awoke, instead of languor, enlivened by cold water and tonics, a natural vigor and strength, clear head, appetite. At the thought he bared his arms to feel the firm, swelling muscles. If the skin was no longer white and soft, neither were the arms tender, fat, effeminate. It was as well the room had no mirror; he would have been satisfied with the new firmness of features, but the unshaven cheeks might have shocked his fastidious taste.

Various ideas, more or less novel, came to him.

"I have never been so immensely well off. What is the reason? Is physical health the entire secret of happiness, just to eat, drink and sleep? Or, more likely, work has an effect on the mind as well as the body; the mind is exercised, fed and refreshed. Work brings joy and harmony. Any kind of work, anywhere, not a special far-off imported brand as one used to fancy. But it certainly seems odd in one way that the less a man has the happier he is. It seems odd because man is used to treat himself worse than his horse or dog. He would never think of making a dog happy by giving him too much biscuit, a dozen blankets, nothing to do but whine in a kennel. We believe so thoroughly in our superiority to the animal kingdom, despite the scientists, that we act worse than the animals.

"I can imagine comments at the Belvedere. Where are those anecdotes? One might advise them to stop killing themselves. Ask them to visit me in office hours, if they can get up early enough.

"It might be better for one to open a studio. Why not? Paint ten hours a day, make it work. The main thing is to work. I would let the landscapes go, take up something about people and things, life itself. What a subject. Scenes from a worker's life. Nothing could be more picturesque.

"Picturesque labor? Ah, yes. Does it seem like that to the men who do not work as a recreation? The health and joy of toil must be realities in every case; but that does not hinder conditions. Take for example the consumptive molder, who ought to be in a hospital; the hungry apprentice; the painful struggles of the Day family through illness; the man without a foot whose humility and cheer make blacker the wrong done to him. It is evident I have been thinking about the welfare of a certain worthy young man. He is well; the world is well. But it is hardly time to go into business or paint pictures—walking off with a bow of thanks for the gift of life, health, happiness."

Such reflections were ended by a mild knock at the door and a discreet voice, "May I come in, sir?"

It was Rensen's valet with two suit cases of clean linen.

"Good morning, Williams. So you got my wire?"

"Thank you, sir. Only this morning, owing to my negligence."

"I hope you are quite well."

"Thank you, sir. I am glad to find you so well."

Williams bent himself and carefully unpacked the suit cases, distributing the contents between the mantle, closet and shelf and a chair, as if all was quite natural. On second thought he took the articles from the chair and replaced them in one of the cases. It occurred to him to dust the stove with his handkerchief. He arranged the shoes beside the bed and drew the window shades a trifle. Williams was rather stout, pink checked, with sparse hair parted in the middle; he dressed well and looked like a retired financier.

"Nothing surprises you," said Rensen, sitting up in bed.

"On the contrary, sir, I am perpetually surprised. The man inserted a new pair of laces in the laundry brogans."

"Of course. You are too well bred to show it."

"Yes, sir. When I was with Lord Stevelstocke in Petersburg—but history repeats itself. Occurrences recur."

"What do you mean by that? Was there much talk at my disappearance?"

"Yes, sir; there was general solicitude at the club, and a number of telephone inquiries. I feared lest the newspapers might get on the track. Happily I was able to allay undue alarm."

"What means did you use?"

"I informed some of our intimate club friends, sir, that, as it happened with Lord Stevelstocke in Petersburg, the absence was probably due—not improbably due—to an enterprise of gallantry. I hope, sir, that was a prudent step?" The man dropped his eyes.

"Explain yourself," Rensen was largely indignant. "What ground had you to circulate any such nonsense?"

"I am very sorry, sir, if my discretion was at fault."

"You got that up, I suppose, as

the most natural and creditable excuse."

"Not entirely, sir. Knowing the direction of your walk that morning, and how conspicuous was your appearance—compared to the usual business throng of that hour—I ventured inquiries of the police officers along the avenue. No names, of course, were mentioned, since the description sufficed. I learned at length that you had met a tall, uncommon person—seemingly a young stranger or one out of her native sphere. Apparently, that is— I was reassured, sir."

Rensen, angry and ashamed, looked out of the window.

The respectful valet placed a shaving outfit on the mantel. He tried three razors on his thumb, shook his head and began to strop a fourth razor. An expression of dismay came over his smooth, mild face as glancing round the room he saw no sign of hot water.

"Does it still look to you as it did?" said Rensen, and immediately regretted the question.

"I confess, sir, I am rather puzzled." His polite eyes swept around the room and scanned the empty trunk in the tenement yard. "The environment is scarcely what one might expect—and yet, Lord Stevelstocke—May I fetch some hot water to shave, and assist you to dress?"

"No," said Rensen, disgusted at the idea of personal services.

"Do you intend to rest awhile, sir?"

"I don't need you at all, Williams. You may go back to the club and not come here again until you're sent for."

"Beg pardon, sir. Are you dissatisfied with me?"

"Not personally. I don't need you now, that's all. If people ask any questions, just say I'm quite well and attending to my own affairs."

"Thank you, sir. There are a number of minor matters, such as the two spring suits and the overcoat lately ordered. Shall we have the tailor wait, or—ah—"

"Don't bother me, Williams. Pay everybody, and send everything back. Do what you like."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning—Ah, how stupid of me. These are some letters that came recently."

"Williams!" The man came back.

"I beg pardon, sir."

"Do you know what you are?"

"I beg pardon, sir."

"You are the parasite of a parasite."

"Thank you, sir," said Williams, bowing himself out with a dubious gentle smile. He closed the door softly.

Rensen immediately thought he ought to have told him to look for another position. The salary of the parasite's parasite was enough to support at least four families of workmen.

The letters of principal interest came from his aunt and from Graia Blake-Lawrence. The former inquired with stately affection what had happened to her dear nephew all this time; hoped he was doing nothing to endanger his health, and told about a new charity in which the old school society folk were interested. A playful stroke of sarcasm was aimed at the increasing tendency to self-advertisement among fashionable people, even conservative families; but what could one expect of a time when young matrons had secretaries to write their social notes? Mrs. Sarah Rensen Morris' stately amiable personality, almost a relief of a past age, came up vividly as he read. It was really too bad he had neglected the old lady, who probably cared more for him than anybody else in the world.

The other letter, on fawn color rough sheets, scented with ylang-ylang and bearing a gilt monogram, had a tone of pretty petulance.

Graia reproached him for breaking an engagement to a dinner dance. The rudeness of his conduct almost made her hysterical, but at the last moment she remembered she had not declined the escort of a Sardinian nobleman. . . . Papa was complaining he had no one to gamble with at the club. He seemed to know about the disappearance but would not tell, only laughing and saying nonsense.

In fact, everybody was saying funny things, which, whether one believed them or not, were painful to a true friend. Graia on her part was willing to forgive all, if the wanderer would take her to the last opera of the season and give his word of honor that he was not in a plot to foist Sardinian nobility upon her. A postscript referred to the cut of a new Paris frock.

(To be continued.)

O Pubblebub President

The following frenzy is put forth by that frenzied financier, T. Lawson. The Montreal Star publishes it under the heading, "Has T. W. Lawson gone crazy?" The people are easy marks and Lawson knows it and knows they will stand for any dope he wants to sling them. The only thing that Lawson really fears is Socialism. Socialism is the one thing that will win for the common working people freedom from the trust problems and the trust grip.

The following is the effusion.

"Salutations, O mighty Trusts."

"Salutations, O Pubblebub President."

"You before me, Gaston."

"I to thy rear, Alphonse."

"Salutations, O mighty Trusts."

"Salutations, O Pubblebub President."

And from the depths, subcellaring the coalbin, came forth a squeak like unto that of a vaccinated, anti-toxined house.

"And is there no relief for us, the Peepul, O Pubblebub President?"

And from the iceed ridgepole of stilted prices came a squeaked echo:

"No relief for us, the Peepul, O Pubblebub President?"

The mortgage crop is always good.

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

How Long, O Labor, Say?

By A. B. Clinch.

How long shall mammon rule our land,

How long its power sway?

How long the world bow at its shrine,

How long, O Labor, say?

How long shall workers toil and sweat

In mill, shop, field and mine,

While idlers rich, in mansions grand,

Debauch in lust and wine?

How long shall those who make all wealth

Get but a paltry share,

While he who owns but does not work

Becomes a millionaire?

How long shall labor in factories slave

Long hours in tainted air,

While owners back in foreign lands

With ne'er a thought or care?

How long shall puddles of the rich

Be gorged with cream and meat,

While children of the working men

Of faint for crumbs to eat?

How long shall grasping capital

For profit white slaves sell

To be the serfs of mammon's lust

Bound in a living hell?

How long shall idler's cats and dogs

Bask warm from winter's cold,

While workers' children shivering lie

Neath coverings thin and old?

How long shall pets of idle rich

In silks and pearls be decked,

While workers' children dress in rags

Which scarce their lives protect?

How long shall "Interests" rule

parliament

Controlling court, the press

While toilers plead for rights denied

And languish in distress?

How long shall jobless workmen

By stealth, in box cars ride,

While those who filched the wealth

he made

In palace cars abide?

How long shall these conditions last?

How long, O Labor, say?

Till "workers of the world unite"

There'll be no better way.

Till nature's gifts by all the world

Are owned and used by all;

Till all mankind co-operate,

And hear each brother's call.

Then shall be realized in fact

The brotherhood of man,

And each shall serve the good of all

In every way he can.

Then shall all strive for excellence,

For beauty, knowledge, health

Then shall be ushered in the world

Our longed-for commonwealth.

The Double Curse

Kathryn Dell Dunlap.

The thought here suggested to the

writer by a personal acquaintance

with a section hand who toils all day

long for \$1.25 a day. On this meager

sum he supports a wife and four

children. Obviously they have few

clothes and scanty food with little

choice in regard to either. While

within the circle of out knowledge

there are beneficiaries of the work-

er's earnings who toil not, neither do

they spin, yet they dwell in palaces,

are arrayed in fine linen and fare

sumptuously every day. Further-

more this hard working man is con-

stantly haunted by a fear of losing

his job. He was afraid to lay off

when his child was ill least his place

should be taken by another.

"By the sweat of your brow, ye shall

eat," God said:

Not, ye shall labor and still want

bread.

Not, ye shall swelter from sun to sun

That others may feast who have

nothing done.

Not, ye shall struggle and worry,

too,

In fear of a day when there's naught

to do.

Ah, me, the pain of this double curse!

God's sentence was hard, man made

it worse.

"Give us work!" but the capitalists

said "No."

"Lest the markets get choked and

the prices low."

"And why are the markets o'er

stocked, can't tell?

Are the people o'er clothed. Are they

fed too well?"

No work for the men! O woe of

woes!

And what will their families do?

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FIRING LINE

The Top Notchers

H. G. Ross, N. S.	18
Wm. Watts, Ont.	13
A. McDonald, Sask.	12

J. H. Wood, Montreal, forwards a

trial from Comrade R. Heiling-

her, Montreal.

I. J. Peel, Toronto, forwards a

halfer.

Six six-monthers from Comrade I.

H. McQuarry, Barrie, Ont.

Geo. Heatherton, Greenwood, B.

C., forwards a yearly.

N. W. Nelson, Matsqui, B. C., be-

comes a reader for a year.

C. P. Cullford forwards a trial

from Beachville, Ont.

J. R. Huntbach, Edmonton, takes

a bundle of twenty-five Cotton's for

thirteen weeks.

A yearly and two halves come in

from Comrade John McInnes, Phoe-

nix, B. C.

Com. Beech, Wigwam, B. C., rolls

in five plunks for six six-monthers

and the rest for the agitation fund.

Chas. A. Johnson, Ranfurly, Alta.,

wants Cotton's for a year and leads

in by the hand a trial for three

months.

Gilbert Roy, Westville, N. S., is

out to boom Cotton's. Fires in two

halfers and a yearly and promises

more.

J. J. Leahy, Manville, Alta., wants

Cotton's to percolate into the cere-

brums of two Manvillians for a

year.

Comrade Lois M. Brison, Halifax,

takes a hundred copies of the present

issue to wake the sleepers by the

restless seas.

Wm. Watts, Keewatin, Ont.,

crowds up to the front with a yearly,

two halfers and ten trials. Drum

taps for Socialism.

A bundle of two hundred Cotton's

went to Lindsay, Ont., for distribu-

tion at the meetings of Rev. J.

Stitt Wilson there.

John Meier, 343 Burrows Ave., Win-

niipeg, forwards three trials. He is

prepared to forward all old used

stamps to the German Comrade.

H. E. Hatch, Kelowna, B. C.,

brings in a yearly and two trials

who are prepared to worship in the

temple of a reconstructed society—

when society becomes reconstructed.

D. C. Duff, Vergreville, Alta.,

brings into the Wigwam two year-

lies. They will get the brain food

for a year and will then be content

with go other than scientific stuff.

A friend sends Cotton's Weekly to

Victoria to a half made Socialist

who voted the Socialist ticket, but

who is still wobbling in his mind on

Socialist questions.

Blatchford's "Merrie England" is

a splendid book to hand to anyone

interested in Socialism. Has made

a million Socialists. Ten cents from

Cotton's Book Department.

Charles Thomas, Toronto, Ont.,

brings in a yearly, a halfer and a

trial. Says West Toronto Local has

resolved to push the Western Clarion

and Cotton's as a means of propa-

ganda.

Alex Matheson, Salmu, B. C., for-

wards the price of a yearly and six

half yearlies. Winds up with, "Cot-

ton's Weekly is a great paper and

I hope you will reach the ten thou-

sand in a short time."

John W. Lomas, Halifax, B. C.,

brings in three yearlies. He wants

Cotton's to hurry up and get after

the trusts. "Down here by the sea,"

he says, "we have a trust in every-

thing except a trust in God."

A. McDonald, Wetaskiwin, Sask.,

forwards the price of twelve half-

yearlies. Wants to see the fight for

liberty swung with a vim so as to

make the plutes sit up and take

notice that they will soon have to

go to work.

H. G. Ross, Glace Bay, N. S.,

comes into the wigwam with six

yearlies, four halfers and eight trials

in Indian file behind him. These will

all become mighty hunters for the

extermination of plute ideas among

the workers.

P. J. Hunt, Mildon, Sask., writes,

"I received a trial of your good pa-

per some time ago, which I must say

taught me, or rather woke me up

to see what we are up against. I en-

close a yearly for myself and five

trials."

L. S. Grue, Brockville, Ont., for-

wards the price of twelve half year-

Sackville N. B. Comrade all for-

ward the price of six half-yearlies.

James R. Shiel, Craven, Sask.,

forwards six half yearlies. Com-

rade Shiel finds it hard to make

Socialists of farmers because they

are under the whip of the church. He

considers that the farmer class are

more subject to priestly dominance

than any other class. History shows

that the peasant farmer and ancient

Egypt, of medieval France and of

modern Quebec was and is the basis

upon which is built the power of

priesthood. But capitalism is get-

ting the farmer and whether he

wants to or not, he has got to

swing into line with modern ideas.

Investigation Brings Conviction

McIntosh Mills, Ont.,

Nov., 29th, 1909.

To the Editor of Cotton's Weekly,

Sir—For some weeks past, through

the medium of Cotton's Weekly, I

have been investigating the doctrines

of socialism, and I assure you that

I have found those doctrines strange-

ly in accord with notions which I

had hitherto entertained concerning

man in his proper relation to civil-

ization.

As a firm believer in the power of

conditions to determine the cause of

history, I had long ago observed

that these irresistible forces of evo-

lution had decreed the death of cap-

italism. I must confess, however,

that I had no notion that socialism

was able to suggest so splendid and

happy a solution.

I perceive, however, that the

adoption and practical application of

the principles of socialism to our

present political and industrial life

entail not a reform, but a revolution.

Now to the mind of the ordi-

nary individual the word revolution

has a meaning that, to say the

least, is terrible and we must ad-

mit that the record of history rather

tends to justify his abhorrence of

such measures. Be that as it may,

however, we must not fail to recog-

nize the far-reaching and deep seated

conservatism that lies at the bottom

of society.

In every age and in every state of

society mankind has been importun-

ed, harangued and bulldozed in the

names of religion, of patriotism and

of loyalty, to stand by the existing

condition of things, and the ordinary

man, through the limited nature of

his comprehension being unable to see

the deception thus practised upon

him in the name of those principles

that he holds most dear, has gener-

ally answered to the call and pre-

served his soul in patience until the

burden has become unbearable and

conditions have compelled him to as-

sert his manhood. It is thus that

conditions give direction to the

course of history.

That the existing order of things

constitutes an injustice to the labor-

ing man is a fact that has become

patent to the thinking mind. But

unfortunately, the ordinary man is

not in a position to grasp the reme-

dy which must be applied, and in

the present state of his information,

he is easily led to believe that social-

ism is a crazy idea advocated by a

set of irresponsible lunatics and

could only result in conditions of

plunder and anarchy.

While the public is so uninformed

concerning the nature and aims of

socialism, it cannot become a factor

in the political life of Canada.

It is therefore, evident that social-

ism must for the present confine it-

self to a campaign of education and

prepare itself against that day when

unbearable conditions compel man-

kind to cut loose from its present

moorings, and embark on the ocean

of destiny.

Yours truly,

PHIL LEEDER.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

Following are the expenditure and

receipts for Cotton's from Jan. 1st, to

Nov. 15th, 1909:

Ordinary Expenditure.....\$2,827.95

Capital.....997.95

Total.....3,735.90

Cash Received.....1,835.49

Deficit.....1,900.41

Greenwood Riding Vote

The following comes in from a

Comrade at Greenwood, B. C.

Dear Comrade—The B. C. Elec-

tions are over, and you will hear a

great deal about the Conservatives

sweeping the country but you will

hear nothing about the C. P. R. run-

World Wide Socialism

The Socialist vote for Vancouver

was 5,890.

Two Socialist Candidates have been

elected to the B. C. Legislature.

The Italians of Milwaukee have or-

ganized a branch of the Socialist

BE A KICKER

By Roscoe A. Fillmore

We are informed that the Standard Oil Company, the "Octopus," as it has been called by the popular muck-rakers, has been found to be a "combination in restraint of trade" and must dissolve. I suppose you, my reader, remember that twenty-nine million dollar fine, don't you? Have you heard anything about its being paid lately? Judge Landis and a few others became celebrities through that affair and then it was decided that the Standard Oil crowd were all good fellows and couldn't afford to pay such a fine anyhow and the matter stands just about there now.

Did you ever hear the story of the young fellow who inherited his grandfather's farm? Well here goes. The old gent died and John succeeded him as proprietor of the old homestead. Among the many relics of grand-dad's day was an old grindstone. This set in a corner of the tool shed and was so placed that every time one turned the crank his knuckles struck the wall. John was turning the stone one day and the air in the immediate vicinity was rendered decidedly sulphurous by the terror of his remarks. His knuckles were skinned and bleeding freely. A friend in passing heard the unseemly racket and started to investigate. He found John still swearing and turning the stone at each revolution of which his knuckles came violently in contact with the wall. Of course each time his hand struck a few more black marks were added by the book keeper up above. The friend looked on in amazement for a moment and then burst out with "You mutt; why don't you move the stone so you won't bark your knuckles?" John looked aghast for a moment. When he had recovered himself he said disgustedly "That stone set there all grand-dad's life. It was good enough for him and what was good enough for grand-dad is good enough for me. You're a bloomin' agitator. Git out."

Now that is just about the position taken by these trust busting Don Quixotes. That is those of them who are not worthy of mention. The fellows who are really trying to smash the trusts are like John. They want to go back to what "was good enough for Grand-dad." They say "these monopolies are bad for the country. We will smash them and go back to the old little-business methods of our grandfathers. Back to the democracy of Jefferson etc." So they pass laws against monopolies, combinations and trusts. Yet these same legislators would be shocked if it was suggested that a law be passed making the present school system illegal and compelling the country to go back to the days when each man hired his own teacher and the family kitchen was the only school room. They would be shocked if it was suggested that each person should build a road of his own. Or suppose we were compelled by law to go out and smash every labor-saving device that was introduced. In the latter part of the eighteenth century men did this in spite of law. What would you think of a law-making body that would pass such laws as these?

Well, the legislatures of this and every other country are continually making a big noise over this question. "Restrict the monopolies," "Bust the trusts" are familiar to all of us as election red herrings. And when one becomes conversant with economies he finds that these howls are but calls to ignorance as were the cries "smash the machine" a century ago. Those chaps did break up a few machines at that time but the trust busters cannot point to a single monopoly that they have even embarrassed. The machines that were broken were replaced, improved from time to time and are today the causes for the growth of the monopolies. The fellows who tried to destroy them are forgotten or remembered only as fools. They bucked against Progress and became lost.

Now we have twentieth century machine breakers, fellows who should know better but do not. They should know that the same economic laws that compelled them to unite and build roads, bridges and school-houses also compelled business men to get together and form combinations to protect their business and increase the profits.

The trust is a huge, intricate, labor-saving machine. The greatest machine on earth. It is one of the signs of Progress and yet mightier machines. It eliminates waste and makes it possible for commodities to be produced cheaper. It bears the same relation to the business machine of the days of Jefferson as does the Lusitania to the dugout of the primeval savage. Suppose the trusts could be broken up. What would happen? Society would have to pass through the same stages as we have passed through in the past

century and the ultimate result would be another harvest of trusts. Pleasant looking prospect surely!

We Socialists have the only solution of the trust problem. We consider it one of the milestones on the road to our goal—emancipation, freedom. When we read a new merger we say—"good, just that much nearer the next milestone—the co-operative commonwealth—" For, fellow-worker there is another milestone in sight. Daily we are drawing a little nearer and a little nearer to it. Every merger is a step, every strike, every disrupted union merely steps, and the post draws ever nearer.

We will reach that milestone presently when the industries have all been trustified and the trusts merged into one gigantic trust. We will then step in and by using our ballots intelligently as members of the working class take the trusts. We will make them the common property of all useful persons. They being the instruments used by the capitalists in robbing us that robbery will cease, and consequently poverty will disappear for it is but the product of the robbing of labor. As the trusts will be our own common property, employment will then be as free to us all as is the use of the common highway today. Unemployment and its consequent miseries will be things of the past.

All this can be done by our class, the workers. When we have quit tinkering with Liberals and Tories and struck out for ourselves and our class. When we send a good strong majority of our own men to parliament and watch them good and sharp to keep them straight we will see these changes made. If we do not do this we will, sooner or later, starve. Better strike good and hard fellow workers while you are fairly well fed and in good form. You can hit harder and have lots of satisfaction too. Be a kicker, Brother!

The Women's Club of Montreal are preparing a "white list" of grocers, butchers, etc., who take pains to see that their goods are in proper condition before placing them on sale. This is what may be called a reform move. No doubt the plute apologists will hail this move as a wonderful example of the goodness of capitalism and the absolute folly of trying to improve the system when "white lists" are prepared to show people where to trade. But the white list is being prepared for up-town stores. You see the down town purchasers and the East end purchasers, who are the workers, can eat rotten food without warning. The Women's Club are composed of up-town women and so it is the up-town section which is to have the "white list." The ladies trade in the up-town stores and do not want to eat rotten food. Moreover there is no "white list" of stores selling good food cheap. Such a list is impossible under capitalism. The up-town ladies can afford to pay high prices for good food. The Women's Club are not preparing a "black list" of the sellers of rotten food. The preparation of such a list would mean libel suits. So the ladies content themselves with the white list of stores that will sell pure food and charge fancy prices for the same, prices beyond the poor man's pocket. This Women's Club with its activities simply show that the workers have nothing to gain from the reform activities of the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie are out for reforms that will make themselves more comfortable and healthy without hurting their incomes which are stolen from the labor of the proletariat.

Capitalism puts a man on the stock exchange and tells him, "Go ahead and make money." The men go ahead and make money by buying up all the wheat or cotton or oil and then making the people pay dear for what was purchased cheap. Then the foolish people who howl against Socialism raise a great howl about the iniquity of a Patten or a Rockefeller. The dear, foolish people cannot see that capitalism will inevitably produce capitalist results.

Some of the American papers wonder how it was that the stock market did not show any feverishness before the delivery of Taft's last message. The answer is easy. Taft is the puppet of the Wall Street crowd. They need not worry about what their puppet is going to do when they have their fingers on the strings which make him jump.

O'Brien wants seven million dollars for the O'Brien mine. Under capitalism silver is used as a medium of exchange and the raw silver is given away to a few men to hold up humanity for the use of it. Under Socialism, when the time value labor check will be the standard of value and the medium of exchange and the silver shall be socially owned, the multimillionaire silver mine owner will disappear along with the rent collector and the wheat king.

INTERNATIONALISM

A sense of solidarity is growing among the workpeople of all civilized countries, and across frontiers and over oceans, is being extended the hand of friendship. Trades-unionists all over the world lend their moral and sometimes financial support to their fellow trades-unionists wherever they might be fighting for more favorable conditions. Not long ago British colliers sent £2000 across the channel to aid 200,000 German coal miners who had gone on strike for higher wages. The Belgians at the same time declared a sympathetic strike. Organized labor everywhere stands opposed to war. When the governments of Norway and Sweden were getting noisy over the separation question, a mass meeting of 30,000 citizens of Christiania issued a proclamation to the people of Sweden, saying that the workmen of Norway would never lift up the sword against their fellow-workers in Sweden. In his address to the American Federation of Labor congress held at Pittsburgh, November, 1905, President Gompers said:

"Organized labor stands for peace, industrial as well as international, carping critics to the contrary notwithstanding. We want international peace. All mankind yearns for it; humanity demands it."

Whatever attitude we take toward the Social-Democratic party now entering the political arena of this and every other country, we must pay tribute to it for its efforts to promote international brotherhood. Socialists everywhere stand for arbitration and the abolition of war. The Socialist ideal is a world ideal, the ideal of uniting all the peoples of the earth into one great co-operative commonwealth. The Socialist movement is avowedly international, and boasts a strength of eight million voters. And is growing fast. We cannot leave it out of our calculations. It is undeniably the most revolutionary movement of history. Its emblem is a globe, across which are clasped two hands in token of brotherhood. Its slogan is "Workingmen of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, and you have a world to gain." And the workingmen, the intelligent workingmen of the world, are uniting, and under the teaching of Socialists are seeking entrance into legislative halls wherein to achieve the triumph of labor. Shrewdly enough, they refuse to allow wars to divide their ranks. In the French Chamber of Deputies and the German Reichstag the Socialists have persistently urged arbitration as the exclusive means of settling international disputes. When France and Germany were snarling ominously over the Moroccan question, and war between the two countries seemed imminent, the Social-Democrats of Germany, whose voting strength exceeds three million, sent greetings to their fellow-workers in France, and said that the Kaiser and the President could fight a duel if they chose, but that the workingmen of Germany would never again spill the blood of their brother-workers in France. This is the spirit which is prevailing the workingmen of Europe and America, and it is a spirit which might well fill the hearts of our trading and professional classes.

—W. R. Shier in the New Age, N. Y., official organ of the New York Free Masonry.

Competition is Lawlessness

Competition is not law, but lawless. Carried to its logical outcome, it is anarchy, or the absence of law. Man is a moral spiritual and social being, not dominated by animal law. There can be no such thing as a harmonized society with any competitive element in it and Christianity is impossible. Every man owes the world his life, and must live to have a life to give. In competitive conditions no character, but cunning survives. The gospel of success is the great insanity or modern materialism, absorbing the best brain, thought and life of the race; we have been feeding our children to this great Moloch of success, but it results in warping the intellect and making moral idiots. We are coming to a higher evolution, in which the law of mutual service shall be the law of our life. Any attempt to build society on a competitive foundation is fundamentally anarchical. The idea of brotherhood has come to stay, and will not back down at the bidding of politicians, monopolists or theologians. The years behind us are but getting together.—George D. Herron.

Here is a pungent truth, briefly said: The great herds of mankind have been educated to starve, fighting each other, rather than co-operate, helping each other to live in peace, plenty and happiness.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

All subs received up to Monday night go in this week's issue. Those received after, will go on next week. This is unavoidable as subs must be entered and put in type in a systematic manner.

What any part of the people can do, all of them co-operating can do better. There is no reason, except selfishness, for private ownership of progress.

Socialism is bound to come through confiscation. How can the workers get all they earn if they agree to still pay big revenues to the parasites?

If a wage slave suffers from parasite bugs on his physical body he keeps quiet about it. If he suffers from a parasite lot of bosses he is proud of the fact.

Commercial crises do not come from over production but underconsumption. Underconsumption is due to the fact that the bosses take four-fifths of what the workers earn away from them.

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.

The Stone of Ignorance

I would feel very bad if no one found fault with what I write, for it would indicate that I wrote nothing worth of printing. People are never taught anything by people who tell them only that which they knew and agreed with. The greatest teachers of the earth have met with the greatest opposition. When some one yells out in vain or terror at what I say I am reminded of the following from Oliver Wendell Holmes "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

"Did you ever in walking the fields, come across a large flat stone, which has lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, close to the edges,—and have you not in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your foot or your finger under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, 'It's done brown enough by this time?' What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Levine watches; (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern, live timekeepers to slide into it); black glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, larvae, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stiltiness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them enjoy the luxury of legs and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being."

"The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are found beneath are crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall nature which has lain bleached and broken rise in its full stature and notice hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beautiful spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted."

"You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it."

"Every real thought on every subject knocks the wind out of somebody or back. As soon as his breath comes back, he very probably begins to expand it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say. Dr. Johnson was disappointed in the effect of one of his pamphlets. 'I think I have not been attacked enough for it,' he said; 'attack is the reaction I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.'"

GIVING WORK

I have been hearing the phrase from the labor-thieves, "But we give work," until I am sick unto death of it. A man who sits down and does nothing but cuts coupons, says, "But see the work I am giving to men on my big house." A woman who rents farms and makes the poor beggars of tenant farmers sweat to pay her the rentals says, "But see the work I give to my gardener and cook and housemaid."

These parasites never give work. They rob the workers and then compel other workers to slave for them. A labor thief parliament and a labor thief legislature sit year after year and make laws for the benefit of the men who want to see labor robbed of its product. Capitalist minded judges sit in capitalist courts in capitalist judgement on men who cannot live according to capitalist laws. Capitalist police enforce capitalist laws and the whole of Canadian industrial life is torn by the capitalist system of robbery and exploitation.

In the midst of the turmoil the cruel and greedy and the innately selfish look about them for their own profit. They cannot be blamed because self preservation is the first law of nature. These men look around as to where they can get a good big hunk of unearned riches. If they are cute enough to bribe a parliament or steal a mine, or to find out when a mine is to be stolen and get in on the ground floor—if they are cute enough for this, then they get rich. Their parliament will make laws whereby the workers are robbed and the product goes into the hands of the idlers.

The robber, with his riches plundered from the blood and bone and sweat of workingmen, employs other workers and makes them sweat and strive and bend their backs to heavy tasks that the robber may live at ease.

Then the robber, living in ease, watching the toiling slaves under his eyes, pats himself on the back and says he is giving work to the workless. If there ever was a capitalist hypocrisy this is one.

The moral is plain for the workingmen. When the capitalist can live at ease without work, or when with work, they can spread themselves abroad and get much stolen labor products, the capitalists are not going to change that system. It is up to the working classes to get busy and elect their fellow men into power. The wage slaves must organize to throw off the parasites which fasten upon and bleed the useful workers.

SOCIALIST PARTY PRINCIPLES

WILL R. SHIER.

Do you believe that those things on which the people in common depend for employment should be by the people in common be owned? In other words do you believe that the mines, the forests, the land, the waterfalls, the railways, the departmental stores, the foundries, the telegraphs, the telephones, the banks, the factories, the steamships, the lumber-mills, in short, the whole machinery of production, should be owned and democratically managed in the interests of those who toil?

Yes? Then you accept one of the cardinal tenets of the socialist party. Now, do you also recognize that the interests of capital and labor are antagonistic, that employers and employees are in unreconcilable conflict with each other? And do you side with the workers against the exploiters?

Yes? Then you accept a second tenet of the socialist party, the doctrine of the class struggle.

Furthermore, do you realize the necessity of the workers gaining control of the law-making and the law-enforcing powers, such as the legislative chambers, the courts, the police and the militia through a party of their own. And in support of such a party are you prepared to pledge yourself not to support in any way any political organization outside its pale, not to contribute to its campaign funds, not to vote for its candidates, not to influence others in its behalf?

Yes? Then you accept the third great requirement of the socialist party platform and pledge. You are a thorough going social-democrat and qualified to become a member of the S. P. of C. Your place is in the party, not outside of it. Your help, your work, your ideas, your dues are needed to advance the cause of the working class emancipation.

"Oh, but" you say, "what is the use of me joining the party. I am not competent to take an active part in its propaganda and organization work."

My friend, you are mistaken, you can have given the matter no thought. There is lots of work you can do.

You can help do the routine work of the party by filling some office or other.

You can help distribute literature, sell books at propaganda and business meetings and canvass subscriptions to Socialist papers.

You can serve on committees. If you sing or play a musical instrument, you can take part in party entertainments and help enliven party gatherings.

If you cannot speak in public, you

may possibly learn. Others have done so! Why not you?

There are various tasks you can be set to do, once you are inside the organization.

Join the party of your class. Help build it up. It is meant to leave all the work to others. We want fighters in this movement, not spectators.

The Bees and the Drones

"I tell you, my friends," said a big wasp at the busy bees' convention, "I'm sick and tired of listening to those disgruntled, discontented, dissatisfied, demagogic bees who are continually howling against the drones. Why, my friends, if it wasn't for the drones, you'd starve to death! The trouble is, you haven't half enough drones in the hive; that's the reason you can't get rid of this omnipresent overproduction which causes hard times." (Great applause.)

"Now, let us reason together," said the wasp. "It's as simple as a, b, c. The more drones you have, the more honey is eaten. The more honey is eaten, the more work you have producing the honey. Do you follow me? And work is what you're always looking for, isn't it? (Vociferous applause.)"

"Now, my friends, I repeat, let us reason together, continued the wasp. "Let us suppose you didn't have a single drone in the hive, what would you do with all your honey, I'd like to know?"

(A voice: "Why, eat it ourselves, of course!") Cries of "Order! Police."

"And if you didn't have drones," continued the wasp, after the commotion had subsided, who'd support your churches and seminaries? Who'd endow your hospitals and libraries? Who'd subsidize your college and newspapers? Who'd contribute to your soup-houses and foreign missions, I'd like to know? Why, my friends, if you didn't have drones, you wouldn't have anyone to be kind to you and give you charity! You wouldn't have—"

(A voice: "We wouldn't need charity if we didn't have drones!") Meeting breaks up in confusion.

Who Are the Intellectuals

Within the Socialist Party of late we have heard much about the "intellectuals." Indeed, they are a bone of contention on all sides. Some maintain that they should not be allowed to join the organization. Others think they should, but advise that they be given no seats on important committees or positions as editors and organizers. Still others urge that they have as much right in the party as anyone who subscribes to its platform and pledge, and that if they are more competent to fill office than others, we should not curtail their field of usefulness.

Now, how is one to tell whether such and such a comrade is an "intellectual" or not. There are "two ways, firstly, by his vocation, secondly, by his point-of-view. Professional people who join the movement are commonly called "intellectuals." Likewise with merchants, employers of labor and the well-to-do. These people throw their forces on the side of the rising proletariat, not because their material interests so dictate, but because they regard socialism as a worthy ideal, or because they consider its philosophy to be correct, or because they are disgusted with capitalism and its brutalities. But wage-workers may also espouse the socialist cause from artistic, scientific, philosophical and humanitarian considerations rather than from a desire for more material comforts. And these too are "intellectuals."

W. R. S.

Society Wrong

Society is the aggregate of human association. It makes by law or custom certain regulations, according to its ideas of right, to govern the relations its members shall bear to each other. The different laws of different countries represent the different ideas of right that prevail. But the structure of society must be wrong or the following paragraphs would have no meaning:

Society spends millions annually to punish murderers, yet will not spend a dollar to surround men with conditions that they have no desire to murder.

Society spends millions to punish crimes against property, but not a dollar to create conditions that would prevent the incentive to such crimes.

Society spends billions in war to kill people and destroy their property, yet all the time claiming to protect life and property. And it never spends a dollar to assist people to live and build up a country.

Society creates conditions that force millions of its members out of work, and then punish them for having no visible means of support.

Society creates conditions by which it is robbed annually of billions by a few of its members in the distribution and adulteration of the products of society, and yet will not invest a dollar in distributing its own products to its own members. Society creates money, and in the same breath declares it the root of all evil, and never makes an effort to protect itself from the evil.

If society, as at present constituted, does anything right, except wrong, I fail to see how or wherein. It is a mass of incongruities, contradictions. It fails to grasp any meaning to right and justice.—EX.

Industrially, I divide mankind into two great classes—wealth makers and wealth takers. A farmer, a mechanic, a laborer, is a wealth maker. A millionaire, a usurer, a capitalist, is a wealth taker. A tramp is a wealth taker on a small scale. He begs for what he gets; the other fellow simply takes it without begging.—J. A. Edgerton.