

propaganda
tributing 500
number of the
that the capi-
to show the
rying the war
therefore its
own" for the
ere, who are
ld be "lead-
have all left

ings are con-
hat handbills
of advertising
little propa-
and bill itself,
no disturb-
yet. We give
entering the
er to canvass
we are not
e done noth-
ing we get the
alist records
we will be
little music.
"shire's" let
here gets a
here's every
in a local
are on view
two cents and
ents on every
this is to get
es where our
ld not reach
have the "In-
view" on sale
will come of

Barber shop"
Local paid for
"it" for every
the result has
satisfactory. It
few cases the
read by the
at in the vast
pers were not
ntly, the pro-
or put away
of remarks
rejudged and
made. We
ularizing the
tly where our
chance to be
d where they

an say regard-
this city, and
small to com-
order organized
time and we
ood as any of

Glare
and quanti-
children's gar-
eered for the
Also money
care of these
ing winter.
of E. P. Bick-
ational Red
apply to the
undred miners
ine at Cherry

passed since
ck and shovel
at their fami-
the way mod-
aves!
political econ-
the wages of
y the substi-
so fertile in
plain the des-
the entombed

these men were
the Chicago.
Railroad, a
The profits
ers went, year
the bottomless
il treasury.
are killed the
to the nation
e and provide
with the means

the generosity
ent on our la-
particularly our
law, the most
barbarous on

glare of the
the light up the
ll.—New York

talism
India recruits
se of harlotry
disregard for
pearance. On
(now Lord)
ircular memo-
general officers
and districts.

bazaars it is
icient number
are that they
and to provide

these instruc-
manding the
allunder, wrote
rmaster as fol-

magistrate has
one occasion
ain a number
attractive wo-
or no success.
aled to. The
anding should
cal government
ment magis-
point, that they
o commanding
ufficient num-
re and healthy

istrate acting
instigation of
rious "harmy."
al to Reason.

of competition
your neighbor
akes Christian-
le.

Total No. of Subs
for Issue of Nov. 25
4,520
Total Edition
Last Week... **6,000**

W. U. COTTON, Editor and Prop.

This is No. 64

Cotton's Weekly

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, DEC. 2, 1909

Sub Price 50c a Year 25c for 6 Months 10c for 3 mos. Trial

NOTE THE RED ADDRESS
LABEL on your Paper
If it is No. 65
Your subscription expires Next
Issue. You should renew at least
two weeks before your sub expires
so that you will not miss any
numbers.

H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

THE FIRST TWELVE BILLS

The following are the first twelve bills introduced in Parliament. How much is there in them of benefit to the workers?

The first bill to be introduced this session deals with oaths of office. This was introduced by the Prime Minister. Nothing in it of benefit to the useful workers.

The second bill to be introduced relates to the railway act and provides that railways cannot charge a lower rate for shipping goods and thus escape liability for damage without informing the shipper that a higher rate is in force which the shipper can pay and under which the railway is responsible for all damages for shipped goods. This is of little value for the useful worker. It is of value to the shipper of goods who is usually a labor thief and hampers slightly the railway labor thieves in their hunt for profits.

The third bill introduced limits the appeal of parties from the decisions of the Railway Commission. The employers of wage slaves in industry do not want to let the employers of wage slaves on the railways have all things their own way. The amendment is of no value to the useful workers.

The fourth bill provides that in case of expensive railway crossings of roads over railway tracks the village municipalities will not be called upon to contribute to the cost.

The fifth bill introduced gives the Railway Commission power to hear cases where railway contracts are not being lived up to. There is only one clause of even the slightest interest to the workers in this amendment. When railroads are not using the safety appliances ordered by law the Railway Board can investigate and order their use.

The sixth bill introduced tries to stop race track gambling.

The seventh bill introduced establishes an official unit for measurements of electricity.

The eighth bill allows a man to pay a mortgage after it has become due.

The ninth bill establishes a fee of fifty dollars for bonding warehouses for storing whisky in.

Bill ten establishes a safety load line on vessels.

Bill eleven compels a wireless telegraph apparatus on all ships.

Bill twelve ratifies an agreement with the French Republic by which scrawny Canadian cattle will be admitted to France on the minimum tariff charges.

Say what do you workingmen think of your legislators? Two hundred and twenty-one men, who charge you twenty-five hundred dollars a year apiece for their wonderful brain power, get together and the first ten bills introduced are the above. These bills are all the members can squeeze out of their brains. Those are the bills to be discussed and passed upon. How much is in them of benefit to labor? What changes do they promise? Very few.

You see the capitalist class have got a cinch on Canada and so the members of parliament have little to do but yawn and think up a few little things about which they can talk.

If you had a dozen revolutionary socialists at Ottawa representing your interests things would get a hump on. The capitalist members would sit up and get busy. No doubt they would try to gag the socialist members, but the gag would not work.

The socialist members would be putting forward all kinds of proposals for the benefit of the working class. They would propose that the C. P. R. be taken by Canada and the profits which now go to the labor thieves be spent in old age pensions or bigger pay for the workers. They would attempt to vote bonuses to assist striking workmen to win their strikes against their bosses. The troops would be withdrawn from Glace Bay or the socialist members would know the reason why. The conditions of the workers on the Grand Trunk Pacific would be investigated. Motions would be put looking to the abolishment of rent, interest and profit.

But there are no socialist members at Ottawa. You fool workers in your infinite wisdom have seen fit to vote your bosses and your bosses' henchmen to make laws to govern you. You see the consequences in the few little ideas that the members want to see enacted into law.

When are you workingmen going to

wake up? When are you workingmen going to get vexed with your own stupidity? When are you going to turn the whole caboodle of plute representatives out and replace them with labor members who are acquainted with the socialist philosophy? When are you going to get wise to your own interests?

The useful toilers have to support themselves. Besides supporting themselves capitalism forces them to support a whole host of useless parasites in luxury. Socialism is the remedy that will give the useful workers the simple task of supporting themselves and such incapables as the workers themselves will decide should be supported for reasons of humanity.

In all probability a continental labor federation will be formed in South America next year. The unions of Argentine Republic have issued a call for a congress to assemble in Buenos Ayres on April 30. It is expected that delegates from Brazil, Chili, Peru and other countries will be in attendance. Unions of North America will also be invited to send representatives to explain the conditions that exist on this side of the equator.

The nurses of New Glasgow, N. S., are paid ten dollars and twelve dollars a week and board. Recently the nurses tried to raise their wages to fifteen dollars a week. As the average wage worker with a family to support only gets twelve dollars a week some of the nurses refused to demand the new union scale of wage. From motives of humanity they resolved not to charge so much. As long as capitalism lasts the people who work will have to be content with wages that are below the standard of the earning power of the individuals. As long as the rent lords and interest lords and dividend lords suck the surplus value from the laborers those who work will have to be content with a smaller remuneration for their services than they would get under socialism.

POLITICAL DEMOCRACY

Two measures are being advocated which are of great interest to working people. Those two measures are longer voting hours and the abolition of the two hundred dollar deposit in Federal Elections.

A favorable sentiment exists in Montreal to increase the voting day and have the polls remain open till eight o'clock. Many of the employers of labor are in favor of the measure. They want to see the workingmen have a chance to vote. If the workingman has to work on election days then, unless the voting hours are continued till after laboring hours, the worker loses his vote.

The second measure is the abolition of the two hundred dollar deposit for Dominion elections. At present each candidate has to put up two hundred dollars which he forfeits if he does not receive one half the number of votes of the successful candidate. This provision keeps out many socialist and labor candidates.

The mere fact that capitalist supporters are in favor of the two above measures shows that the capitalists of Canada do not fear socialism very much. This state of the capitalist mind proves that the workers of Canada are not awakened to their own interests. The workers of Canada in large numbers believe that the interests of the capitalist and of the laborer are identical.

If the capitalists of Canada are willing to allow the workers of Canada to give free expression to their political views through the ballot then the social revolution can come peacefully. Socialism cannot come until the majority are for it. When the majority are for it, if we have free voting powers, then the socialist state will be introduced by political and constitutional measures. If however the vote is taken away by gerrymandering, by property qualifications, by exclusion of foreigners from naturalization, by crooked election methods, all of which means are used in the United States to defeat the will of the majority, then the solution of the capitalist decadence will have to be by force.

As yet, in Canada, there are only isolated attempts to steal the franchise away from the workers. This simply means that the workers have not sufficiently awakened to attempt to use their franchise in their own interests. The recent B. C. elections show this.

RUBBER

A great outcry is being raised in puritanical England over the Congo atrocities. In Belgian Congo the natives are forced to gather rubber. If they do not gather sufficient rubber to suit the capitalists then the hands of those who do not bring in the required quantity are cut off. A foot is severed or a child of the delinquent is mutilated. If a tribe falls below the required quantity a cannibal tribe is turned loose on the settlement and after the cannibals are through there is little left.

Great Britain, it is said, is roused over these atrocities. Public meetings are being held and the Belgian authorities are scored by British orators. The British imperial colonialists are proud of righteous old England and declare that the old land is still taking the side of right against oppression.

But when the people of Great Britain are said to be roused over oppression, when the plute press expose the outrage, I always suspect there are some moneyed interests being hit. Great Britain does not give a hoot for injustices if they do not affect the pockets of her rulers.

Great Britain forced opium on China. She has forced prostitution on the native women of India. She almost declared war on the Northern States when they were trying to put down chattel slavery in the south. She has enslaved Egypt to the bondholders. She is at present enforcing her money grip on India and exiling and hanging the patriots of that country. Some of her biggest cities have founded their prosperity on the blackest of crimes. Liverpool grew rich on the trade in rum and black slaves. When Great Britain talks of righteousness, therefore, it is a good thing to see where the shoe pinches.

The reason for the outcry in Great Britain against the atrocities in Congo is that rubber is getting scarce. Crude rubber lately took a jump of two dollars a pound. The Congo has been one of the great exporting areas of crude rubber. As long as there were slaves to gather the rubber and rubber was plentiful Great Britain did not care. The atrocities in the Congo have been notorious for years. Great Britain never moved. Were not her merchants and business men getting cheap rubber? Then let well enough. Business is business. It is impossible for one nation to interfere in the internal affairs of a friendly nation. Let the Belgians bear the punishments of their own iniquity. If there is iniquity in the Congo the Lord will punish. These are some of the glib phrases with which the Britishers satisfied themselves as long as there was cheap rubber.

But it follows as the night the day that if you cut off people's hands and feet and kill their children and take their little fields away from them and turn cannibals with modern rifles loose on them that there will finally be few people left to gather rubber. And it also follows that if you force whole tribes to gather rubber under threat to kill them that they will tap trees to get the last drop of rubber till the trees die from exhaustion. Both the depopulation of the country and the extermination of the rubber trees have taken place in the Congo. Now rubber is scarce and high.

Dear rubber is the cause of all the uproar in Great Britain. The makers of rubbers for the feet, erasers, mackintoshes, pneumatic tires, etc., are pinched through the scarcity of rubber. They have to pay dear for rubber goods. Therefore a cry goes forth that the Congo atrocities are horrible. The non-interference policy, the business is business maxim are dropped and the people of Great Britain are ready to don the armor of the Lord and go forth to fight for better treatment of the Congo natives and cheaper rubber.

A German poet, I think it was Heine, was exiled from Germany because of his poems for liberty. He went to England and saw the righteous Englishman go to church on Sundays with his bible under his arm and his Sunday face on. He saw the same Englishman on Monday busily engaged in cheating his neighbor as hard as he could and at night living in bestiality. He went to France and saw the Frenchman not pretending to be good. The Frenchman went to church because it was the fashion. He was kindly and did not pretend to be good but only human. He saw more real brotherhood spirit in France than in England and after studying the conditions and character of the two races he came to the conclusion that he would rather hear a Frenchman swear than an Englishman pray.

SIXTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

The government at Ottawa has been the vest pocket possession of the labor thieves of Canada. Consequently the labor thieves have been getting what they asked for.

They have wanted bounties on pig iron and lead and many other things. That is to say the bosses wanted help from the government for doing business. Just imagine the cheek of a set of men going to the parliament of a nation and asking that parliament to pay them to do business. Yet that is just what the labor thieves have done. And they were received affably and were given what they wanted.

During the past ten years over sixteen million dollars have been paid out of the nation's purse into the purses of the labor thieves. This money has gone into the pockets of Plummer and Forget and Robert Mackay, and Van Horne and Cox and Allen, etc. The government of Canada gave these men and their companies a gift of sixteen million dollars. Just think of that, you men who get less than four hundred dollars a year and work like a machine to get it. The government of Canada gave these gentlemen the sum of sixteen million dollars.

No wonder the steel companies and coal companies can go into a merger and clean up millions of dollars. No wonder steel companies can pay high dividends on watered stock. The government of Canada is at their back and if the multimillionaires do not think they are getting enough, just a word from them and more millions will be turned their way. Does not the government belong to the labor thieves? Then why should it not do the will of its masters?

But you men who work, just think how those sixteen million dollars could have been spent if your representatives had been running the government. Old age pensions, homes for the workers that would be worth living in, a strike fund that would beat the bosses, providing your representatives were foolish enough to let the bosses still control industry, these are some of the things those sixteen million dollars could have been used for.

But the combines and the big corporations are run for profit by the labor thieves and the government is run by the henchmen of the labor thieves. Therefore what else could be expected than that the henchmen would vote government money to the big corporations in order that it might trickle into the pockets of the national plunderers of the useful Canadian toilers?

THE A. F. OF L. RESOLUTION

The Woodstock Sentinel-Review in an editorial declares that the American Federation of Labor has put forth a startling doctrine in the following resolution with regard to injunctions, passed at the Toronto meeting: "When any court assumes to exercise powers not delegated to it by the Constitution, it evades the rights specifically reserved to the state and the people its actions become void from lack of jurisdiction and should not be obeyed."

The Sentinel-Review asks, "What is the difference between this doctrine and sheer anarchy?" All the difference in the world. The resolution of the A. F. of L. is in strict accordance with constitutional doctrine, while the action of the American courts of justice, when they break the rule laid down in the resolution, are anarchistic. Under the American Constitution there are certain rights guaranteed to the people. These rights are freedom of speech, freedom of press, and a jury trial. The Supreme Court of the United States, against which there is no appeal, has been taking upon itself the unconstitutional liberty of hampering free speech by injunction. When the injunction was not obeyed the courts would jail the person breaking the injunction for contempt of court. This without a jury trial. The American courts have been declaring the Constitution unconstitutional. They have been riding rough shod over all the liberties guaranteed to the American people. Under such circumstances the A. F. of L. simply declares what is known to everyone, that in so doing the American courts become illegal tribunals and their orders should not be obeyed.

Socialism is the doctrine of the liberty of the workers.

The one desire of the Socialists is to see the day of emancipation of the useful laborers.

The rewards under capitalism go to the cunning schemers and not to the honest workers.

Socialism will mean shoes and stockings and school books for the children of the present poor.

"I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery and by the help of God I'll not turn back."—Elijah Lovejoy.

Socialists rely upon the desire and will power of the workers transmuted into action to throw off the parasitism of the capitalists.

The monogamous family will not be done away with under socialism. On the contrary socialism will give the monogamous family a chance to develop.

The plute Christian gets down on his knees and thanks the Lord for putting him a position where he can plunder the work of his fellow men.

Socialism will mean that the idle luxurious rich will have to go to work. Their idle hands will be forced to do useful work to the great improvement of their morals.

The class antagonisms existing in society are bound to grow more pronounced until the opposing forces face each other in the final struggle, and the workers win.

The United States Geological Survey has compiled data which sets forth that since 1889, 23,000 persons have been killed and 50,000 seriously injured in coal mine disasters.

Chile is at last building her own locomotives. The countries on which the capitalists of Europe and America depend to take the surplus product are failing them.

It is said that the copper merger will "earn" thirty million dollars. This means that thirty million dollars which the workers, either mental or physical, earn, are stolen from them by the labor thieves.

Will it make a workingman immoral to get five times the pay he is getting now? Will it make a woman immoral to give her food, clothing and shelter so that she can live without worry? If these things are immoral then all the political economists who have taught that the home is the basis of the state have been teaching immoral doctrines.

The plute press sometimes acknowledges that the socialist doctrine is fine in theory but does not consider it practicable and dread an attempt to put it into force. As socialism means the abolition of the power of the capitalists the plute press naturally does not like to think of it being put into practice.

"I have made up my mind that wage slavery is the greatest crime of this age and that the crying evils which surround us all flow from that crime, and regardless of consequences to myself I am going to use every particle of my energy and every atom of my power to destroy that institution and emancipate the human race."—Fred D. Warren.

Twenty thousand ex-soldiers are out of work in the United Kingdom. These are men who are anxious to work, but no work offers. Lord Roberts, the pensioned butcher, says that he can do nothing to remedy the disgrace. On the other hand the British Anti-Militarist Association have determined to undertake the task of finding work for these men.

The Lake Seamen have been on strike for months against the Lake Carriers' Association. It is reported that the bosses are ready to give in. The Seamen, however, want two million dollars as back pay for the time when they were on strike, and it looks as if the bosses would have to pay up. There are great times coming when the workers will have their plunderers beaten into a dividendless existence.

FREE SPEECH

The American Federation of Labor at Toronto passed a resolution congratulating Canadians upon the freedom of speech allowed here. Canadian papers naturally quote this resolution with a great deal of pride.

It is true that we have a greater freedom of speech than is possessed by the people of the United States. In the United States capitalism is a good deal further advanced than it is in Canada. With the advance of capitalism, class antagonisms are increased. With the increase of class antagonisms naturally comes the desire on the part of the dominant class to prevent utterances of sentiment detrimental to its interest. Suppression of free speech is attempted and we have the conditions presently existing in the United States.

In New York City police invade halls and arrest the speakers who utter thoughts not agreeable to the class served by police. In Spokane, Washington, four hundred men and women have been jailed for speaking on the streets. Fred D. Warren, of the Appeal to Reason, is under six months sentence for offering rewards identical with the rewards offered by bank presidents and private detective agencies. Along the Mexican border Mexican refugees are flung into American jails, if they dare to tell the truth about Mexican conditions.

In Canada conditions are not so developed as in the States for an attempt at the suppression of free speech. Our Canadian West is filling up and our plutocracy is too busily engaged in grabbing Canada to turn their attentions to side issues. But when Canada has been grabbed and an attempt is made to give Canada back to the workers then the fight for free speech in Canada will be on in earnest.

Canada as yet possesses in large degree the right of public assembly and the right of free speech. When these rights begin to interfere or seriously threaten the incomes of our plutocratic families then the fight will be on. Even now the fight is on in spots. In our large industrial centres men have to fight for the right of expressing their ideas freely in public places.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BILL

F. D. Monk has reintroduced the Cooperative Bill. This bill passed the House last session and was defeated in the Senate by nineteen votes to eighteen. The bill provides for the legalization of co-operative societies under Federal Charter among both farmers and workmen. The bill was defeated last session owing to the opposition of the retail merchants. The bill should pass as this is the day of the disappearance of competition and the coming of co-operation. The only question to decide is whether that co-operation shall be reduced to the financial benefit of the workers or to the financial benefit of the exploiters. The mail order houses are putting the smaller retailers out of business. It is possible that co-operative societies may seriously interfere with the business of the retail order houses.

The dentists of New York are organizing to buy their supplies and instruments direct from the manufacturers thus eliminating the middle men. The Italian fruit vendors of Toronto are organizing to buy their fruit direct from Italy and elsewhere, thus eliminating the fruit jobbers. In these cases the middle men will be eliminated, but the resultant benefit will go in part to the useful workers and not to the labor thieves. This result of course is merely temporary but temporary advantage to the working classes is not to be despised while the fight for the full result of their toil to the laborers is still on.

The capitalists try to persuade the people that the problem of the unemployed is due to the shiftlessness of the unemployed. They know this to be a lie but they know also that when the people wake to knowledge of the real reason for the unemployed the power of the capitalists will disappear.

In Cumberland County, N. S. Landry, the labor candidate, got 1,232 votes out of 6,803 votes polled. There are 1,232 voters in Cumberland County who recognize the fact that labor has nothing to hope for from the two old parties.

A Morning Meditation

J. Stitt Wilson.

It is the year of 1908—eight years into the 20th century. I don't know how many centuries of human history have passed. I don't know how many are yet to come.

We talk of civilization and speak of ourselves as the Moderns, and look back upon Dark Ages past and Ancient History.

But perhaps the human world is but barely begun. Perhaps we are not one-third up the ladder of Human Ascent. Perhaps after all we are sub-human. The Real Humanity is yet to appear.

I look up from this page as I write and a policeman passes my window—stern, erect, uniformed, armed. The carter comes next, only half a man, still a young man, but bent and ill-shaped—the horse that draws the load is a magnificent animal, with arched neck, and round rump, and powerful back and limbs, and keen intelligent gaze. Across the way is the steeped church—very silent—it is Friday. Two days more, and in solemn tones they will chant ceremoniously "Give us this day our daily Bread." But down the road I see the unemployed gathering in clusters about the mill gates, and they are crying "Give us this day our daily bread."

Policeman, carter and horse, steeple and mill-gates—all tell me that we have not arrived. We are still in the Dark Ages. We are the Ancients, the Moderns are not yet born. Civilization is a Nightmare.

If a man have Taste, the sense of Beauty, then Civilization is Ugly.

If a man have Sympathy, or a care for Human Welfare, then is Civilization a rude, cruel, heartless monster.

If a man have the sense of Justice, then Civilization is a thief and a robber dispensing its victims and leaving them half-dead by the roadside, for priest and levite to pass by.

If a man have the Comrade Spirit, the Lover's Heart, and the Friend and Brother Soul, then Civilization is War, and Strife, and Separation.

If a man be a Democrat, then Civilization is a mass of imprisoned spirits—some pompous, proud, pretentious, imagining themselves superior; others, bowed, cowed, dispirited, imagining themselves inferior—the Democrat Soul shivers at this great damnation.

I say in 1908. But I don't know where that is in Human History. I think it is a fair start. It is not as statesmen and preachers and conservers think. It is not near the end of the volume. It may be the end of the first chapter.

The land is sweet and rich, yet people starve. The powers of nature are conquered, yet the people are slaves. We crowd to our temples of worship, we write ten thousand books of wisdom, and boast of law and order, of parliament and councils, and yet multitudes of human beings stand in our streets, crawl through our dirty lanes in meaner estate than barbarians of long ago—meaner in body—having lost the early instincts, and destitute of the new intelligence—without the courage, daring, spirit, of the noble savage.

I am not cynical. I am not pessimistic. This is not a growl. It is a witness. Civilization is one of our great words. But we are not civilized. Christianity is our great religion. But we are more pagan than Christian, and we copy the worst rather than the best elements of Paganism. Democracy we boast of. But Mammon rules, and Gold is King. And the eyes of many are opening to see the horror, the greyness, the hypocrisy, the liar-heart of this Civilization called Capitalism.

Beneath dung-heaps there is rich fertilizer for golden harvests. And beneath the dung-heaps of Capitalism there is the germ and Juice and Soul of a better world. And yet this better world will not be the best. Urge on, urge on, urge on. The hopes of the Socialist Revolutionist of this hour may never be realized in the form in which his imagination depicts. But Capitalism is doomed. Its pillars are rotten. Its foundations slip. Its Soul is being unmasked—and when the mask is torn off—all arriving Humans shall hate it.

I proclaim a Free Humanity. I announce Freedom. I would poultice out the soul to demand its full expression and realization. That may be delayed. But History has no other ultimate.

I want a race with beautiful and powerful Bodies. Even the body does not know how to move until the Soul, the Spirit of the Man, is untrammelled. The spine can never be true, the step firm, the head poised, the chest expanded, the eye undaunted,—no outer or inner organ of the Body can be beautiful, powerful, graceful, grand,—if the spirit within is bound, hindered, cowed, dejected, subordinated, humbled, depressed, owned, hired, or breathing in any climate but the climate of Freedom.

I want a race of intellectual athletes—not for show—not to write books, or to paint pictures, or to carve the stone, or to clean the air, or smite the rock—for the plaintiffs of the people. But each for his own sake in intellectual self-sufficiency. To perceive Truth, that is the luxury. I want for every child the culture of mind that will release his own original powers to original action and expression. As I want him not blind of eye, but perfect in vision, just for his own sake: so I want his mental eye free and penetrating and creative. I would have his education begin before he is born—at least in his mother's womb. I would have the mother, while bearing her child, breathe intellectual atmospheres, atmosphere of daring Truth, of Soul-

Enfranchisement, of Beauty, not the artificial, but the Real. Nine months of careful Inspiring Education before a child is born is greater than nine years afterwards.

I want a race of Comrade-Souls—not whining religionists, not cadaverous priests, not the good whose virtues are a vice. But great Brothers, courageous, frank, ingenuous, hospitable, hearty, full of laughter, not afraid of danger, or death, knowing that Death introduces to still greater worlds for Life and Love. I would have them royal, princely, dignified, proud, and powerful without aristocracy or emptiness of imagined greatness.

And I can't have this while Capitalism lasts. Capitalism is not sacred. But these are sacred. Put away your rotten and stinking garment of Capitalism. O, men, and put on the New Garment of the New Order!

DETERMINISM

Determinism is a word which frightens many people. Many Christians consider determinism to be impious and refuse to hear the question discussed. It would be a surprise to these Christians to be told that their religion agreed with the determinist idea.

The determinist doctrine is this, that men's actions are controlled and their morality based upon their manner of gaining a living. That men's actions are governed by the hope of reward and that no system of morality can live which does not base itself upon the material benefits of its supporters.

The man in the job will develop a code of ethics which will be abhorrent to the employer. The capitalist and employer will develop a code of ethics which the workers will consider to be selfish and inhuman. It is only as men come to see that they can be better off in a material way under socialism that they will support the socialist system of economics, of ethics and of morality.

Men's rules of conduct are determined by what they think will be the most advantageous to themselves personally. The Christian is no exception to this rule. He follows a line of conduct because he considers that in the long run of eternity it will be advantageous to him. He gives to the poor that he may get ten fold. The Christian trusts in Providence for his reward. In modern commercial parlance he backs a blind pool in which the profits are guaranteed to be a thousand per cent. The Christian is a determinist in that he follows a line of conduct which he thinks will be materially beneficial.

The Christian recognizes the determinist position to be true, when he endeavors to prevent any agnostic or non-believer from showing that the rewards promised by the Christian system do not exist. It is only by determinism that history can be unravelled and the present actions of individuals and classes explained. Without determinism, the whole of history becomes but a pageant, the meaning of which is beyond the brain of man to fathom.

7,993,245 Socialist Votes in 19 Nations

One of the interesting features of the Periodical Bulletin of the International Socialist Bureau is a tabulation of the Socialist parliamentary representation in different countries and the total votes cast by Socialists at recent elections. The annual meeting of the bureau is now being held in the People's Palace, Brussels, Belgium. Victor Berger of Milwaukee, Wis., is the representative from the United States.

The report from the Interparliamentary Commission to the bureau is as follows: Germany—Deputies 44, Votes 3,258,969, 1907. England—Deputies 31, Votes 342,196, 1908. Argentina—Deputies 0, Votes 5,000, 1908.

Austria—Deputies 88, Votes 1,041,948, 1907.

Belgium—Deputies 35, Senators 7, Votes 492,210, 1906-8.

Bulgaria—Deputies 0, Votes 3,000, 1908.

British Columbia—Deputies 2, Votes 6,700, 1909.

Denmark—Deputies 24, Senators 4, Votes 92,648, 1909.

Spain—Deputies 0, Votes 29,000, 1904.

United States—Deputies 0, Votes 600,000, 1908.

Finland—Deputies 84, Votes 336,896, 1909.

France—Deputies 55, Votes 1,120,000, 1906.

Holland—Deputies 7, Votes 82,494, 1909.

Italy—Deputies 44, Votes 338,885, 1909.

Luxembourg—Deputies 10, Votes 1,909, 1908.

Norway—Deputies 11, Votes 45,000, 1908.

Servia—Deputies 1, Votes 30,000, 1905.

Sweden—Deputies 34, Votes 75,000, 1909.

Switzerland—Deputies 7, Votes 100,000, 1908.

Total of deputies, 478, Senators 11, Votes 7,993,245.

Tremendous gains have been made in several of the countries named since the vote given was cast. This is especially true of Germany, France and Norway. It will also be noticed that the vote in several countries is not given, chief among these being Australia and New Zealand, not to mention Japan, where the Socialist movement is making itself felt under difficulties.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

Copyrighted, 1907 by John B. McMahon.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

"Who gets all the money? Can you afford it?"

"Of course it's hard to pay so much," she replied, "but we get lots of benefits back. It's like life insurance. Some of the money goes to the Local and some to the National. Just now I'm in hard luck—there's nothing doing in the trade, so I put in a line of out-of-work stamps."

"What happens if you have hard luck right along?"

"Well," said Peggy mournfully, "the out-of-work stamps keep me in good standing for thirteen weeks and then if I can't pay they'll suspend me from the union."

"Unless," he suggested, "the president of the local comes to your aid."

"He wouldn't break the rules. The corners of her mouth twitched. "But he might lend a fellow something."

Rensen laughed heartily, and Peggy also laughed. The little girl left him to fetch some new exhibits. He rose, went to the window and gazed at the river with its ever changing points of light, vast shadows, glittering wakes, moving spectral shapes that breathed heavily or shrieked. A slight mist blurring the scene to even tones heightened its beauty and gave infinite mystery.

While enjoying this view and glad that it moved him so, he became aware of voices in the next room. He would rather have cultivated the access of idyllic feelings; but the strident tones of the speaker, at least, could not be avoided. This man was accusing someone of being too easy—the union ought to assert itself—the shop was nominally closed, but not recognized by the superintendent.

John Day's mild voice argued in favor of letting well enough alone, not creating hostility until there might be serious occasion. The other said that employers were always waiting a chance to down the union; the men ought to forestall them. A reply of conciliation led to another angry outbreak.

As Rensen, puzzled over his awkward situation, the door opened and Zienski came, stamping into the parlor. The shaggy hair, unkempt black beard, the wrinkling brows and fierce small eyes were not changed by the fact of a fairly decent coat, dotted silk neck scarf and gunmetal watch chain across the meagre stomach. At sight of the visitor he stopped short.

"Good evening," said Rensen, politely.

"Hullo," growled Zienski. He seemed to consider. "You, what are you doing here? What made you quit the counter?"

"I'll answer him," exclaimed Rensen, offended more by the manner than the question.

"Answer me then," sneered the other.

"Just this, Mr. Zienski, I choose to work here. A man has a right to work where he pleases."

"That's a lie—you know it!"

"Kindly explain if you—"

Zienski folded his arms, brows twitching, a ferocious gleam in his eyes, the thin lips drawn back. There was something fascinating as well as repellant in his savage impetuous reply.

"You come down a floater to work few days—you go back to kid gloves, expect you become employer! You belong not to the people, but to the upper class who say, right to work! right to work! and they are not with those who sweat for the day's wages—they expect to make fortunes—they are carpetbaggers and Chinese—reap where they not sow, steal bread from mouth of honest men. Have they struggle with the capitalist—have they help to raise wages—have they been in jail, perhaps? Right to work! Yes! As the crow pick corn in the farmer's field. They think their one-time need better as the long welfare of all. Yes! they are like him on the shipwreck who gets up in the night and fills his belly with the grub that was saved to keep all from death!"

Rensen afterward pondered these ideas.

CHAPTER VI.

Some days later a cold morning made things seem very different in the foundry. A cellar-like damp and chill arose from the wet sand; wintry currents of air swept through the loose doors or broken windows. Men were coughing. Some of them stamped their feet or slammed arms around their bodies. Nobody failed to keep on his coat, buttoned to the chin.

Rensen heard a man telling of rheumatism. Another replied it was no wonder, after kneeling in damp sand every morning and being scorched by the pour every night. A molder lived in the attic and the tropics at once. But last winter was the time, when the clay-water froze and the snow drifts piled up at the windows and doors.

The national union, said the speaker, had paid out nearly two million dollars in the last ten years for sick benefits to members, and most of it during the winter months.

However, a laborer, not having the delicate tasks, could warm himself by effort at the shovel. There were sand mounds to be reduced, spaces cleared, casts of yesterday to be dug out and sent to the cleaning room by the aid of the crane, flat car or barrow. All so the flasks had to be moved; those temporarily out of use carried into the yard; new-shaped boxes brought inside.

In a pause of labor Rensen noticed a molder who was working alone in a dim corner. This man had a long, white, haggard face, bright eyes, bony hands not to be forgotten. He found occasion to move some boxes near him and it seemed strange that such an emaciated transparent body could perform the least work.

"Take my place, partner," said a neighbor who had come up. "What for?" The long-faced specter coughed and glanced nervously. "It's out of the draught."

"I haven't favor myself," was the reply in a hoarse whisper.

"Come on, change places, partner."

"I haven't—the foreman is waiting the chance to fire me. Much obliged to ye, Joe."

A few minutes afterward Mr. Hewitt walked past. The specter began to work very diligently, searching his tool bag, adjusting the pattern of a grille gate that would defend some marble porties. His hand shook as he used the spirit level on the bottom flask.

"You're not well this morning," said Rensen, when the foreman had gone.

"What's that your business?" The haggard face, at first startled, became indignant.

"Of course, I didn't mean to—"

"I'm all right—healthy as they make 'em—only a little cold—"

"Healthy as they make 'em," muttered the other, and, coughing, he spat red on the sand.

Rensen was sent to work awhile in the cleaning room, whence so much noise had greeted his ears the first day in the yard.

Every process and contrivance here seemed to be a noise maker. A ribbed iron barrel revolving on its axis with clank and jangle, cleaning small casts within by friction. Beside it a structural Ionic pillar hung aslant in chains and a man with sooty eyebrows scraped out the burnt core, using a hoe-like tool. The black dust fell on his neck and face. Elsewhere the base of another pillar met a whirling emery wheel to send downward a brilliant fire-rain, magically quenched as it touched earth. At intervals the attendant drew back the wheel carriage, checking the rasping din, and measured the base to see if it was true.

The greatest noise was made by the air chisels and hammers, like old pistols, with writhing tubes attached to the handles. They gave forth a continuous rat-tat, shrill or sonorous, far too rapid of stroke to be counted. A fin of metal on the edge of a cast fairly peeled away before the vibrant chisel blade. Chips and particles flew about, not without danger to the eyes.

Rensen was allowed to try the air hammer a moment. He took a firm grip on the handle, stiffened his arms, and passed forward in the approved manner. The jar seemed to disjoin his wrist.

He had not realized before how imperfect the best work came to the cleaning room. The varied shapes, coated with tawny burnt sand, pitted with tiny holes, sometimes an expanse of lustrous gray, had to be rid of gate knobs, blisters and lace-like excrescences. Every core had to be scraped out with patient intricate labor.

"That's a blow-hole for fair," shouted a man with goat-like hairy ears to the group inspecting a cast lately brought in. "Right where the bearings come."

Rensen saw a cavity revealed by the cleaner's wire brush and thought of "the molder's judgment day."

"No putty for her," vociferated another. "The inspector throws her out sure. I bet the molder gets docked."

"It ain't his fault," shouted the man with hairy ears. "It's the core-maker."

"Anyhow, the cast is lost. The molder'll lose his time."

"Boys, can you bet on this—Tom, Dick and Harry loses up to the limit, but the shop never loses nothing!"

"Sure thing," chorused the others, breaking into raucous laughter that added itself to the loud metallic din.

(To be continued)

WOMAN'S COLUMN

Shrewd Financing

"These great financiers are deserving of our praise," declared the speaker of our praise, "they have made possible giant business enterprises. We may deride them now, but future generations will reverse the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and the—"

"Pardon me," interrupted a little woman in the audience. "But you have not named the greatest financiers."

"Ah, I would be glad to hear you suggest the names of greater ones," said the speaker.

"I will not call the names, for there are too many," replied the little woman, "but I'll tell you who they are. They are the hundreds of thousands of women wives of workingmen whose average wages are less than four hundred and fifty dollars a year. Such able financiers are they that they are able to give their children nourishing food, pay the rent, buy fuel and educate the children, cloth them and give them medical attention, and fit them for a noble citizenship—and all on a paltry sum that is mere weekly pin money for the wives of the men you named. I claim that the women I mentioned are the ablest financiers in the country. If they are not, the privation that is already too prevalent would be woefully greater than it is."

And all the cheering that followed was for the little woman and her kind, and not for the orator and the financiers he named.

There are six penitentiaries in Canada with sixteen hundred convicts in them. The plutes are casting longing eyes on all that cheap labor. If you workingmen do not look out you will have to compete not only with Chinese labor but also with forced convict labor. You are competing now with that labor in some lines.

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

The Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded off our martyred dead,
And ere there limbs grew stiff or cold,
Their heart's blood died its ev'ry fold.

CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng.

CHORUS.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its colour now.

CHORUS.

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last,
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Oh human right and human gain.

CHORUS.

It suits to-day the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down.

CHORUS.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall,
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

CHORUS.

Coming Liberty

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing
With the flame of Liberty;
Light is breaking—thrones are quaking
Hark! the trumpet of the free!
Long in lowly whispers breathing
Freedom wandered drearily—

Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing
For the day when there should be
Freemen shouting "Victory!"

Now she seeketh him that speaketh
Fearlessly of lawless might;
And she speedeth him that leadeth
Brethren on to win the Right,
Cease to toil in agony;
Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow
Over land and over sea—
"Brethren, shout!—ye are all free!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
All day long and never tires;
No more sadness—all is gladness
In the hearts that she inspires;
For she breathes a soft compassion
Where the tyrant kindled rage;
And she saith to every nation,
"Brethren, cease wild war to wage
Earth is your heritage!"

Who Are The Thieves

By WILLIAM DENTON

What stores of wealth in soundfound mines
The rich old earth contains!
Of iron, silver, lead and gold,
What piles within her veins!

While still with bounteous harvests swell
Our mother's undrawn breast,
Of sweetest fruit, of corn and oil,
To make each poor man blest.

What rocks to make his palace walls!
What cedars for its beams!
Our paupers might as wealthily be
As misers in their dreams,

What woods uncut! what fields unploughed!
The laborer is God's heir;
Who steal his proud inheritance?
Who are the thieves, and where?

Who lock up Nature's boundless wealth,
Nor heed the need'y cry?
They are man's greatest enemies;
And they or we must die?

If potato bugs thought about it and could talk, no doubt they would pronounce themselves as unalterably opposed to Paris green. It is in the same manner that capitalists and their henchmen oppose socialism.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Nov. 25th.

Ontario.....	1296
British Columbia.....	908
Prov. of Quebec.....	891
Nova Scotia.....	405
Alberta.....	303
New Brunswick.....	259
Saskatchewan.....	192
Manitoba.....	192
Elsewhere.....	63
Yukon Territory.....	7
Prince Edward Island.....	4

Total.....4520
Gain for week.....263
Total issue for last week 6,000.

The Serious Side of Jokes

C. P. Culliford.

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.
Judge Giles Baker, of Pennsylvania county, was likewise cashier of his home bank. A man presented a cheque one day for payment. He was a stranger. His evidence of identification was not satisfactory to the cashier.

"Why, Judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence a man to be hanged on no better sentence than this!"

"Very likely," replied the judge. "But when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

Many of the injustices of the present day are looked upon as good jokes by the capitalist press. The above story illustrates what Socialists all contend, viz, that the laws are made to protect property rights, and that personal liberty and human life are held very cheaply by our courts of justice. To say courts of justice would be a misnomer, since justice for the oppressed is seldom found within them.

HIS ROLE.

"That man made an immense fortune out of a simple little invention."

"Indeed? What did he invent?"

"Invent? Nothing, you dub? He was the promoter."—Cleveland Leader.

Here is another one containing more truth than poetry. Some people ask what will be the incentive to invention under Socialism. It must be conceded that there is very little incentive to-day. Very few inventors reap the benefit of their mental efforts, under capitalism. It is filched from them by idle company promoters, who think it a huge joke, and laugh at the inventor for his simplicity. The inventor is robbed of the product of his labor as surely as the wage slave, the farmer, the small merchant and all other victims of the system.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel."

"Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?"

"I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby—Delineator.

There is more sense than nonsense in this little joke. Bobby is just like every other healthy natural child. He is not anxious to be an angel. He would rather be a man first, and take his place in the world among men. We Socialists are continually telling the preachers that the material needs of life are the paramount issue. Provide a man with all the necessities of life, so that he may "bake no thought of the morrow," and then he has the time and inclination to think about his spiritual welfare. Many paid ministers contend that we should carry our religion into business and politics, that religion pertains to our well being in this world as well as in the next. Precisely what Socialists are working for, and yet many of these same preachers treat the socialist movement with contempt.

"Eyes have they and see not, ears have they and hear not." Here endeth the reading of the first lesson. Let us p-r-e-y.

STATEMENT

circulation of last week

1296
908
891
405
303
259
192
192
63
7
4
4526
263
week 6,000.

de of Jokes

HER COLOR.

of Pennsylvania cashier of his presented a cheque t. He was a ce of identifica- to the cash-

the man. 'I've ce a man to be sentence than

plied the judge. to letting go of e to be mighty

ces of the pres- upon as good list press. The

ist what Social- that the laws property rights, erty and human cheaply by our

say courts of nismomer, since essed is seldom

E. an immense for- little invention. he invent? He

you dub? He Cleveland Lead-

one containing try. Some peo- the incentive to alism. It must

ry few little ry very inventors their mental ef-

m. It is flehed company promot- huge joke, and

tor for his sim- or as surely as armer, the small

their victims of

LOUDER THAN

S. class was sing- Be an Angel," louder, Bobby?"

loud as I feel," lineator.

than nonsense Bobby is just healthy natural

xious to be an rather be a man

place in the world belists are con- preachers that

ds of life are the Provide a man

ries of life, so no thought of

then he has the to think about

Many paid min- we should carry

business and poli- pertains to our

world as well as rely what Social-

or, and yet many hers treat the so- with contempt.

and see not, ears not." Here end

the first lesson.

AL W

ustrated maga- bled twice since

to 100. More ories and news.

to other ed; will d 4 sub- \$1.00.

, Chicago.

BOOKS

Men

es, Darwin; Age

g; Riddle of the

age each by mail.

FIRING LINE

With Cotton's

The circulation this week takes a good healthy jump. A jump of two hundred and fifty a week will put Cotton's over the fifteen thousand mark within a year.

It is surprising how much Socialist sentiment there is in all ranks of life. The principles of Socialism are popular and are getting more popular every day.

But Socialism is a bread and butter question for the workers. Robert Owen found that all the rulers were in sympathy with his doctrine of a Utopian state—until he tried to put the doctrine into actual practice. Then they turned on him.

The proletariat and those who work on small farms will find that they must depend on themselves for their own emancipation. That is the fact I want to drum into the heads of the men and women who work.

I meet many men who live off the labor of others. They are glad to hear me expound the principles of Socialism. But when it comes to the realization of the Socialist state I know that these well wishers will be against us.

That is why I want Cotton's circulation to boom. I want the paper to circulate among the men and women who work, and among those idealists of the oppressive ranks who are willing to abolish their present status in life in order that the mass of humanity may have a larger freedom.

I am proud of the way the wage slaves are rallying round Cotton's. There are many people who sneer at the deficit. They ask me if that is the kind of helpless, spineless people I am trying to help. They do not stop to think that in less than one year this paper has got over four thousand socialist subscribers. They sneer, but I am content.

We are on the up grade and we are going like a runaway engine down grade.

Two trial subs come from Montreal.

H. Martin, Berlin, Ont., sends along six months.

G. Goodmurphy, New Westminster, B. C., forwards four yearlies.

Three yearlies come from Andrew Oberg, Daysland, Alta.

L. M. Funcheon, St. Therese, P. Q. sends along a yearly. Old Quebec is waking up.

J. B. Johnston, McAdam Junction, N. B., brings six months into the wigwag.

Thomas Dinmore, Hespeler, Ont., forwards the price of six six months.

W. H. Vallans of Calgary sends forward another yearly. He wishes it were a hundred instead.

W. Norwood, Elmira, Ont., forwards three half yearlies and hopes we will soon have that ten thousand.

W. K. Bryce, Sask., received a sample copy of Cotton's and immediately got ten persons to take trial subs.

A. Soper, Aylmer West, Ont., drags in six victims and wants them to be kept in the wigwag for six months.

Gustave Prager, Berlin, Ont., sends along four half yearlies. Says that after Christmas he will have more time to hustle for subs.

Frank Edney, Sherbrooke, P. Q., writes, "Enclosed two yearly scalps and the price of six six months. Every little bit helps."

Edwin Smith, Galt, Ont., sends along five half yearlies. The sub list of Cotton's Weekly is looking up considerably of late.

J. H. Wood, Montreal, forwards two yearlies for the ten thousand mark and declares that Cotton's is the best cent's worth any man can invest in.

Edgar Smith, Hamilton, Ont., sends along six months and hopes for the better day when socialism shall be a reality and not a dream.

John Wright, Brussels, Ont., although he has not worked much for the past four years, nevertheless sends along the price of six half yearlies.

Chas. Cunningham, Montreal, wants to see Cotton's going to six persons for six months and signs himself, "Yours for the good time coming."

Ed Stewart, Byron Wing, and others, of Brockville, Ont., forwards a string of scalps. Six yearlies, twelve halfers and thirty trials come in one letter. Heavy drum taps for socialism.

S. Rebrag, Montreal, sends in three trials. Complains that three of the subscribers he got to subscribe are not getting their paper. Two of these have been ordered off by the P. O. officials.

Ed Hutchins, Steelton, Ont., sends along the price of a yearly and six half yearlies. Then vanishes for more. A lot of Cotton's sub hustlers do little talking but they keep everlastingly at the job of getting subs.

John McKiernan, Cobalt, comes forward leading a yearly and five halfers who have heard of Cotton's concentrated brain dope, guaranteed to cure the wage slave of his head foolishness, and who want to see what effect it will have on themselves.

F. G. Allen, North Battleford, Sask., sends along two yearlies and is going to rustle up some more. He reports that the Branch of the S. P. of C. there is growing larger each month and they have a library of about forty socialist books.

M. Murawchik, Cobalt, Ont., sends along four half yearlies. He writes, "I have met one person to whom I sent a trial. He says that it opened his eyes and he is going to keep Cotton's right along. His next vote will be for the Socialist Candidate, Hurrah."

C. P. Colliford sends along a yearly with the following remarks: "A

new socialist chicken has broken his shell and now sees the light of day. Enclosed please find fifty cents to feed him on Cotton's for a year. Cotton's is the greatest combined incubator and brooder we know of. We have a number of embryo Socialists around here and hope to have a big hatch before long."

C. A. Kinder, Peterboro, Ont., wants the dope to go to six persons in his town. Says that Peterboro is a hard town to canvass for subs as the intelligent people are now busy canvassing votes for prohibition and say they have not time to read socialist literature. Comrade Kinder trusts that with a little more capitalism the wage slaves will come hustling into socialism like homing doves.

Chas. Settee, West Selkirk, Man., writes, "I was handed a copy of your paper lately and I have found it an educator along lines other papers are silent on. The people of Canada want to know how they are ruled, and if there is a better system under which we may live. Every intelligent man should know what is for the best interests of all the people."

Wm. Coulter, Central Park, B. C., sends along a yearly, a trial, and a halfer. Wants to know why his former contribution of three yearlies and a halfer were not acknowledged. They were acknowledged in the issue of the 18th of November in the second column of the Firing Line. There Comrade Coulter will find himself spread over two inches of our valuable space.

Wm. Robinson, Poplar, Ont., sends along six halfers. He exposes a little plute trickery. A few months ago the railroads were trying to get some timber concessions from the Ontario government. The railroads were said to be in need of timber limits to get ties from, as they could not get ties elsewhere. Many of the people on Manitoulin Island have had ties cut and ready to ship for the past two years. Formerly the railroads paid thirty-five cents. Now they offer but fifteen for good cedar ties. Comrade Robinson adds that there is some good coming from the trickery as it is making a lot of people round him do a lot of thinking.

From Nova Scotia comes two yearlies, two six months and a trial. The sender is an unemployed wage slave. He writes as follows: "I have been out of employment about a month now and you don't know how careful we have to be in advocating socialism. I am not an eloquent speaker, nor am I too learned in socialism, but I want to see the cause carried forward with might and main so that there will be no other end but victory for such as myself and other poor unfortunate, modernized, machine made, political, military slaves of this century. I will tell you some day my experience here if you will not put my name to it." By all means send along the story. Your name will be buried in the archives of the office while your story will likely see the light of day.

H. Nid, Reome, Ottawa, Ont., forwards a yearly with the following remarks, "I am not gifted with the gift of tongues, and by this letter you can tell what schooling I have had. But such as it is I have converted eight of my brothers to Socialism, and they have all got a better education than I. They always call me the black sheep, and about a year ago when I began to talk Socialism they thought I was going crazy at last, and so much did their view impress me that I myself began to think I was a little crazy. But now, I am conscious that class consciousness is right and that is a great consolation." Comrade Reome need not worry about being thought crazy. A man with new ideas is always looked upon as queer.

The persons with old ideas do not want to admit their ideas are out of date and consequently fall back upon the thought that the man with the strange thoughts is not right in the head. There are lots of people in Cowansville who consider that the editor of this paper is heading straight for the bug house. I laugh. The world is in the grip of new ideas. The poor fools who are trying to live according to outworn ideas are in for a hard time in the near future. If it consoles them, let them hug their delusions for a while.

THE AGITATION LEAGUE

Offers a chance to the comrades who have not the time to canvass and hunt up subs, or are not situated where they can effectively apply themselves to this all important work. The League has one main object in view—the circulation of Socialist propaganda through Cotton's, in every part of Canada.

The funds of the League can be applied in several ways. Subs can be sent to districts where as yet Socialism has not penetrated. Bundles can be sent to comrades who are anxious for them, but have not the means. A copy of Cotton's can be sent to every local weekly newspaper in Canada, or a certified list of trade unionists can be covered.

Keep the Agitation League in mind, and plunk in an addition occasionally to keep it booming. The latest recruit is:

Com. Mathurin, Montreal \$.50 Previously acknowledged \$ 15.00

Total on hand \$15.75

A new and appropriate name is wanted for the Agitation League. Put your idea on a postcard, and let it slide. Right away—now.

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

The Bundle Boosters

The above will be the new and permanent title for the increasing list of hustling comrades all over Canada, and in the United States too, who are taking a bundle of Cotton's every week for propaganda work. Comrade Frye, of New Glasgow, N. S., is the lucky suggester of this name, which caught on with the staff at once, and was unanimously adopted as a good one. The next move is for a Bigger List of BUNDLE BOOSTERS. Note the Bundle Prices below. Very cheap, and a membership in the Boosters opens up a splendid means of circulating the Socialist Goods.

Here is the latest addition to the Bundle Boosters:

A. L. Fineburg, Jewish Local 100 Keep scattering the Seed. Good will result.

BUNDLE PRICES

10 copies per week, for 3 months \$1.00

25 copies per week, for 3 months \$2.50

Bundles not less than one hundred, at the rate per 100, of 50c

World Wide Socialism

The Socialist vote in Los Angeles was 4,975.

Eugene V. Debs is going to Spokane to help the Free speech fight.

At Elbling, Germany, three Social Democrats have been elected by large majorities.

In England the trades union are going to finance a labor college to be situated in London.

Last year the Socialist vote in Virginia was 251. This year the Socialist vote is 1,398.

Eugene V. Debs declares that next year Socialist Congressmen will be returned to the U. S. Congress.

At Barman, Germany, five Social Democrats have been elected. Formerly there was but one councillor a Socialist.

The Federated Socialist Workingmen of Salonika, Turkey, have protested against the execution of Ferret.

Robt. J. Wynne, formerly American consul general at London, is of the opinion that socialism will win in England.

Four hundred Socialists have been jailed in Spokane for speaking on the streets and the free speech fight is just beginning.

J. G. Phelps Stokes is busy organizing a branch of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at Yale, New Haven, Conn.

A concerted action is evidently being taken by the U. S. judges to discover and refuse citizenship papers to Socialist applicants.

At Elberfeld, Germany, four Social Democrats have been returned against the united efforts of all the old parties.

U. S. Senator Clark, just returned from Europe, declares that Socialism is making vast strides in every European country.

The Political Refugee Defence League has taken up the fight for Inez Ruiz, Mexican revolutionary, to prevent his being railroaded to Mexico and death.

South Dakota leases out her convicts to labor contractors. The press and public opinion are so much against the practice that it is likely to be abandoned.

One hundred and forty Union Socialist Locals of New York are contributing a dollar a week to keep the New York Daily Call going till the paper becomes self supporting.

National Organizer A. Litman, U. S., has organized Jewish branches in South Bend and Indianapolis, Ind.; Erie, Pa.; Buffalo, Utaia, Gloversville and Binghamton, N. Y.

The Socialists have captured another seat in the German Reichstag. This time they triumph in Halle. Their majority over the Radical candidate was four thousand.

Gompers declares that Judge Wright who condemned him was biased and unfit to be judge. Gompers declares that he will not seek for pardon being guilty of no crime.

In Guatemala a laborer in debt to his master cannot leave his master's employ till the debt has been paid. In Guatemala the laborers are practically chattel slaves in many instances.

The Social Democrats of Austria are working to establish a daily paper in the city of Prague. If their efforts fail to start the new paper, the present weekly Freigeist will be made a daily.

The newly elected Socialists in the Saxon Diet have given notice of a resolution to solve the unemployed problem in Saxony by advances from the savings banks' surpluses and by taxing public entertainments.

The Social-Democratic organization in the Canton Zurich, Switzerland, has just published the report of its activities since October, 1907, from which it appears that the membership of the party at present is 10,000.

The seven comrades who were arrested in Roumania in connection with the Rakovsky demonstration were tried and acquitted. But as the public prosecutor gave notice of appeal they were not set at liberty. All had been wounded.

On October 29th, an immense demonstration protesting against the execution of Professor Ferret was held in Teheran, Persia. The police instead of preventing the demonstration, did all they could to keep the way open for the procession and the crowds back.

The Vienna "Arbeiterzeitung" was confiscated some little time ago on

account of some sentences contained therein, one of which was as follows: "As regards the Christian religion, Jesus will always be precious to us as one of the first Socialists." A protest was at once sent in against the confiscation, and now notice has been received that the interdiction is removed.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of New Zealand recently met in a two days session in the Socialist Hall, Wellington. Among others the following immediate demands were suggested for ratification by the Party: Absolute abolition of private ownership of land, six-hour working day, free education from primary to university, free national medical service.

A conference of 32 delegates, representing every Socialist and Labor body in South Africa, sat on October 10 and 11 in the Trades Hall, Johannesburg, and resolved to form a South African Labor Party, with the following objective: The socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic State in the interests of the entire community.

The new Danish Minister of Justice and Minister President Zahle addressed a circular on November 6 to the police-director in Copenhagen, and all the officials in the country, urging them before condemning anyone there to be flogged to communicate to the Ministry of Justice all the evidence of the case, at the same time expressing their opinion as to how far the condemned person is deserving of being reprieved. This will probably mean, in practice, the abolition of flogging, though it can, of course, only be removed from the statute-book by Act of Parliament.

Labor Saving Machinery

More and more is manual labor being displaced by machinery. Take it on the farms in the United States, for instance. Seed potatoes are now cut and planted by machinery. A self-feeder on the threshing machine displaces two men. Blast stackers and gasoline engines as applied in agriculture have abolished the constant annual labor of 150,000 men.

The hand sheep shearer has been supplanted by a machine that makes 3,000 clips per hour.

The combined header and thrasher with a crew of five men can do the work that the old style machine required 20 men to do, and yet even the old style machine could do the work of 500 hand scythes and flails.

One of the remarkable inventions of the century is the derrick pontoon that loads and unloads coal and iron ore at seaports, making thousands of manual laborers unnecessary. The new device has nine hydraulic grabs, which grab down into the hold of a vessel, pull coal, weigh and register it and drop it through chutes on to barges and railroad cars. It can handle 5,000 tons daily.

Down south a machine is coming into general use that plants tobacco, cotton and other products. A large planter is authority for the statement that with the cheap iron slave a profit can be made with five-cent cotton.

The manufacturing of boots and shoes offers some very wonderful facts in the matter of the displacement of human labor. In one large and long-established manufacturing plant in an eastern state the proprietor testified that it would require 500 persons working by hand processes to make as many women's boots and shoes as 100 persons now make with the aid of machinery, a displacement of manual labor of 80 per cent. In another class of the same industry the number of men required to produce a given quantity of boots and shoes has been reduced one-half. One operator can now stitch 1,000 pairs of shoes a day; in the old days it required a very fast worker to sew six pairs a day.

This machinery is capable of doing one of two things besides turning out the particular product for which it is designed. Under private ownership and operated for profit their effort will be vastly to increase the army of unemployed. Not only so but in obedience to the law of supply and demand to decrease the wages, lengthen the hours and make worse working conditions generally for those who are employed. On the other hand, under collective ownership and operation, for use the direct effect of all labor saving machinery will be to shorten the hours of toil and increase the comforts of life for all making it possible for everyone not only to make a living but also to make a life.—New Castle Free Press.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen small barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do they not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Compete and fail.

THE PROPAGANDISTS' FORUM

Conducted by W. R. Shier

ONE CENT A DAY

I met a comrade the other day who is devoting one cent a day to the cause of Socialism.

That may not seem much to some of us, but considering the poverty of this comrade's family and the manner in which he is carrying on the propaganda, it is worth writing up.

One cent a day judiciously devoted to arousing interest in the socialist movement can have wonderful results.

This comrade has made out a list of the foremost periodicals in Canada and the United States that he thinks worth while trying to induce to publish articles on Socialism from time to time. He writes them each a postcard saying that as a reader of their publication he should appreciate an occasional article dealing with the Socialist movement. He adds that as the interest in Socialism is becoming wide-spread he has no doubt that quite a large proportion of their readers would also like matter of this kind. When he has gone thru the list once, he starts all over again, only under a different signature.

In this way the comrade is creating a demand for socialist articles, which, if backed up in the same manner by others, will doubtless make an impression on the capitalist press.

Editors are really anxious to know what their readers want. The success of their publication depends upon giving people the kind of matter they desire to read.

If requests for articles along a certain line are received from even a few persons, the editor reasons that if a small number of people will take the trouble to write him for such, there must be large numbers in his constituency who want the same kind of stuff but who are too bashful to say so.

Socialists should keep their eyes on capitalist magazines and newspapers. They afford a rich field for propaganda. I do not mean to say that he can hope to preach revolutionary doctrines in their columns, but by handling our cards rightly we can get them discussing various phases of the socialist movement, telling of its great progress in Europe and America, describing its leading men and women, explaining, criticising and advocating its doctrines, writing up its methods of propaganda, in short, arousing interest in the subject among millions of people whom our official propagandists fail to reach.

Whenever articles appear that are grossly unfair to the movement, postcard protests should pour into the editorial sanctum. On the other hand, comrades should write their appreciation to editors whenever they publish articles that are honest in character, and correct in their statements.

The present writer is following the example of Comrade Snider of Oshawa. I hope we will be joined by a throng of others in this postcard campaign.

I append a list of periodicals worth while, a small list it is true, but one that can be added to indefinitely.

The American Magazine, 141 Fifth Ave., New York City; American Review of Reviews, 13 Astor Place, New York City; Appleton's Magazine, 436 Fifth Ave., New York City; The Atlantic Monthly, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass.; Canadian Courier, 61 Victoria St., Toronto, Canada; Canadian Magazine, Toronto, Canada; The Century Magazine, Union Square, New York City; The Circle Magazine, Madison Ave. & 26th St., New York City; Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York City; The Craftsman, 29 West 14th St., New York City; Everybody's Magazine, 31 East 17th St., New York City; The Forum, 43 East 42nd St., New York City; Grit, Williamsport, Pa.; Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York City; Harper's Weekly, Franklin Square, New York City; The Independent, 130 Fulton St., New York City; McClure's Magazine, 65 East 23rd St., New York City; Metropolitan Magazine, 3 West 29th St., New York City; Munsey Magazine, 175 Fifth Ave., New York City; The National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.; New Age Magazine, 1 Madison Ave., New York City; New Thought Magazine, 1170 Caxton Bldg., Chicago; North American Review, Franklin Square, New York City; The Outlook Magazine, 35 West 31 St., New York City; The Outlook, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City; Pearson's Magazine, 20 Astor Place, New York City; The Reader Magazine, Indianapolis, Ind.; Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.; Scribner's Magazine, New York City; Service, 324 Dearborn St., New York City; Spare Moments, 170 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.; Success Magazine, New York City; The Technical World, 3325 Armour Ave., Chicago; Unity, Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago; Van Norden Magazine, 24 Stone St., New York City; The World To-Day, 67 Wabash Ave., Chicago; The World's Work, 303 East 16th St., New York City.

How Addresses Should Be Entitled

Lying before the writer is an excellent little card advertising a course of Wednesday evening lectures arranged by the socialist Local of Berlin, Ont. It is a convenient size for slipping into one's vest pocket. On one side is the program of meetings to be held from October 13 to April 13, the whole season. Across the top of this side of the card is printed in large type "Where do you spend your evenings?" Below that is a little paragraph inviting people to attend the lectures specified on the card. On the opposite side of the card is a catchily written piece of propaganda designed to arouse interest in our movement and lead peo-

ple to attend the lectures. It is a model card except in one respect, namely the titles to the subjects are very ponderous and uninviting. This is a mistake. I criticize a few of them herewith.

The subject for October 13 is "Economic Determinism." That is enough to give your ordinary man a headache. Only party enthusiasts and dry-as-dust professors would be attracted to the hall that night. How much more inviting would it have been to say "The Motor Force of History."

October 27, "Evolution of Industry." That is not so bad, but "The Story of Industrial Evolution" would have been better.

"Science and Socialism" for Dec. 22 is not very exciting. How about "Is Socialism Scientific?" or "Is Science the friend of Socialism." It is a good trick to put your title in the form of a question.

"The Class Struggle" also is tame. Why not "The fight between capital and labor."

The address entitled "Value and Surplus Value" won't be largely attended. It might be, however, if it were called "Why the many are poor and the few are rich."

Naming your subject is an art. It requires to be studied. Sometimes the success or failure of a meeting will depend on it. Comrades of Berlin, comrades of everywhere, take note!

What a "Dreadnought" Costs

Bishop Mallieu has given a very practical turn to the "Dreadnought" discussion, which is still going on in two continents. In a recent article in the Michigan Christian Advocate, he makes these interesting observations, which are calculated to set sensible people thinking:

"It costs about \$1,500 every time a twelve-inch gun is fired. This, of course, includes the wear and tear of the gun. But \$1,500 would build a neat cottage for a laboring man. It would support two first-rate female teachers. It would support a minister of the Gospel in heathen lands for a whole year. Then it costs \$10,000,000 of good money to build one of these horrible 'Dreadnoughts,' and \$1,000,000 per annum to keep one of them afloat, and in ten years or less the ship that costs all this goes to the junk-heap. But what could be wrought with the \$20,000,000 thus spent on one engine of war in the brief space of ten years? Two thousand school-houses could be built, each costing \$10,000; or twenty thousand school teachers, good men and college graduates, could be employed

A Morning Meditation

J. Stitt Wilson.

It is the year of 1908—eight years into the 20th century. I don't know how many centuries of human history have passed. I don't know how many are yet to come.

We talk of civilization and speak of ourselves as the Moderns, and look back upon Dark Ages past and Ancient History.

But perhaps the human world is but barely begun. Perhaps we are not one-third up the ladder of Human Ascent. Perhaps after all we are sub-human. The Real Humanity is yet to appear.

I look up from this page as I write and a policeman passes my window—stern, erect, uniformed, armed. The carter comes next, only half a man, still a young man, but bent and ill-shaped—the horse that draws the load is a magnificent animal, with arched neck, and round rump, and powerful back and limbs, and keen intelligent gaze. Across the way is the steeped church—very silent—it is Friday. Two days more, and in solemn tones they will chant ceremoniously "Give us this day our daily Bread." But down the road I see the unemployed gathering in clusters about the mill gates, and they are crying "Give us this day our daily Bread."

Policeman, carter and horse, steeple and mill-gates—all tell me that we have not arrived. We are still in the Dark Ages. We are the Ancients, the Moderns are not yet born. Civilization is a Nightmare.

If a man have Taste, the sense of Beauty, then Civilization is Ugly. If a man have Sympathy, or a care for Human Welfare, then is Civilization a rude, cruel, heartless monster.

If a man have the sense of Justice, then Civilization is a thief and a robber dispensing its victims and leaving them half-dead by the roadside, for priest and levite to pass by.

If a man have the Comrade Spirit, the Lover's Heart, and the Friend and Brother Soul, then Civilization is War, and Strife, and Separation.

If a man be a Democrat, then Civilization is a mass of imprisoned spirits—some pompous, proud, pretentious, imagining themselves superior; others, bowed, cowed, dispirited, imagining themselves inferior—the Democrat Soul shivers at this great damnation.

I say in 1908. But I don't know where that is in Human History. I think it is a fair start. It is not as statesmen and preachers and conservers think. It is not near the end of the volume. It may be the end of the first chapter.

The land is sweet and rich, yet people starve. The powers of nature are conquered, yet the people are slaves. We crowd to our temples of worship, we write ten thousand books of wisdom, and boast of law and order, of parliament and councils, and yet multitudes of human beings stand in our streets, crawl through our dirty lanes in meaner estate than barbarians of long ago—meaner in body—having lost the early instincts, and destitute of the new intelligence—without the courage, daring, spirit, of the noble savage.

I am not cynical. I am not pessimistic. This is not a growl. It is a witness. Civilization is one of our great words. But we are not civilized. Christianity is our great religion. But we are more pagan than Christian, and we copy the worst rather than the best elements of Paganism. Democracy we boast of. But Mammon rules, and Gold is King. And the eyes of many are opening to see the horror, the grossness, the hypocrisy, the liar-ship of this Civilization called Capitalism.

Beneath dung-heaps there is rich fertilizer for golden harvests. And beneath the dung-heaps of Capitalism there is the germ and Juice and Soul of a better world. And yet this better world will not be the best. I urge, urge on, urge on. The hopes of the Socialist Revolutionist of this hour may never be realized in the form in which his imagination depicts. But Capitalism is doomed. Its pillars are rotten. Its foundations slip. Its Soul is being unmasked—and when the mask is torn off—all arriving Humans shall hate it.

I proclaim a Free Humanity. I announce Freedom. I would polioe out the soul to demand its full expression and realization. That may be delayed. But History has no other ultimate.

I want a race, with beautiful and powerful Bodies. Even the body does not know how to move until the Soul, the Spirit of the Man, is untrammelled. The spine can never be true, the step firm, the head poised, the chest expanded, the eye undaunted,—no outer or inner organ of the Body can be beautiful, powerful, graceful, grand,—if the spirit within is bound, hindered, cowed, dejected, subordinated, humbled, depressed, owned, hired, or breathing in any elimate but the climate of Freedom.

I want a race of intellectual athletes—not for show—not to write books, or to paint pictures, or to carve the stone, or to clean the air, or smite the rock—for the plaudits of the people. But each for his own sake in intellectual self-sufficiency. To perceive Truth, that is the luxury. I want for every child the culture of mind that will release his own original powers to original action and expression. As I want him not blind of eye, but perfect in vision, just for his own sake. I want his mental eye free and penetrating and creative. I would have his education begin before he is born—at least in his mother's womb. I would have the mother, while bearing her child, breathe intellectual atmosphere, atmosphere of daring Truth, of Soul-

Enfranchisement, of Beauty, not the artificial, but the Real. Nine months of careful Inspiring Education before a child is born is greater than nine years afterwards.

I want a race of Comrade-Souls—not whining religionists, not cadaverous priests, not the good whose virtues are a vice. But great Brothers, courageous, frank, ingenuous, hospitable, hearty, full of laughter, not afraid of danger, or death, knowing that Death introduces to still greater worlds of Life and Love. I would have them royal, princely, dignified, proud, and powerful without aristocracy or emptiness of imagined greatness.

And I can't have this while Capitalism lasts. Capitalism is not red. But these are sacred. Put away your rotten and stinking garment of Capitalism, O men, and put on the New Garment of the New Order!

DETERMINISM

Determinism is a word which frightens many people. Many Christians consider determinism to be impious and refuse to hear the question discussed. It would be a surprise to these Christians to be told that their religion agreed with the determinist idea.

The determinist doctrine is this, that men's actions are controlled and their morality based upon their manner of gaining a living. That men's actions are governed by the hope of reward and that no system of morality can live which does not base itself upon the material benefits of its supporters.

The man in the job will develop a code of ethics which will be abhorrent to the employer. The capitalist and employer will develop a code of ethics which the workers will consider to be selfish and inhuman. It is only as men come to see that they can be better off in a material way under socialism that they will support the socialist system of economics, of ethics and of morality.

Men's rules of conduct are determined by what they think will be the most advantageous to themselves personally. The Christian is no exception to this rule. He follows a line of conduct because he considers that in the long run of eternity it will be advantageous to him. He gives to the poor that he may get ten fold. The Christian trusts in Providence for his reward. In modern commercial parlance he backs a blind pool in which the profits are guaranteed to be a thousand per cent. The Christian is a determinist in that he follows a line of conduct which he thinks will be materially beneficial.

The Christian recognizes the determinist position to be true, when he endeavors to prevent any agnostic or non-believer from showing that the rewards promised by the Christian system do not exist. It is only by determinism that history can be unravelled and the present actions of individuals and classes explained. Without determinism, the whole of history becomes but a pageant, the meaning of which is beyond the brain of man to fathom.

7,993,245 Socialist Votes in 19 Nations

One of the interesting features of the Periodical Bulletin of the International Socialist Bureau is a tabulation of the Socialist parliamentary representation in different countries and the total votes cast by Socialists at recent elections. The annual meeting of the bureau is now being held in the People's Palace, Brussels, Belgium. Victor Berger of Milwaukee, Wis., is the representative from the United States.

The report from the Interparliamentary Commission to the bureau is as follows:

Germany—Deputies 44, Votes 3,258,969, 1907.

England—Deputies 31, Votes 342,196, 1908.

Argentina—Deputies 0, Votes 5,000, 1908.

Austria—Deputies 88, Votes 1,041,948, 1907.

Belgium—Deputies 35, Senators 7, Votes 492,210, 1906-8.

Bulgaria—Deputies 0, Votes 3,000, 1908.

British Columbia—Deputies 2, Votes 6,700, 1909.

Denmark—Deputies 24, Senators 4, Votes 92,648, 1909.

Spain—Deputies 0, Votes 29,000, 1904.

United States—Deputies 0, Votes 600,000, 1908.

Finland—Deputies 84, Votes 1,326,96, 1909.

France—Deputies 55, Votes 1,120,000, 1906.

Holland—Deputies 7, Votes 82,494, 1909.

Italy—Deputies 44, Votes 338,885, 1909.

Luxemburg—Deputies 10, Votes 1,000, 1909.

Norway—Deputies 11, Votes 45,000, 1908.

Servia—Deputies 1, Votes 30,000, 1905.

Sweden—Deputies 34, Votes 75,000, 1909.

Switzerland—Deputies 7, Votes 100,000, 1908.

Total of deputies, 478, Senators 11. Votes 7,993,245.

Tremendous gains have been made in several of the countries named since the vote given was cast. This is especially true of Germany, France and Norway. It will also be noticed that the vote in several countries is not given chiefly among these being Australia and New Zealand, not to mention Japan, where the Socialist movement is making itself felt under difficulties.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

Copyrighted, 1907 by John B. McMahon.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

"Who gets all the money? Can you afford it?"

"Of course it's hard to pay so much," she replied, "but we get lots of benefits back. It's like life insurance. Some of the money goes to the Local and some to the National. Just now I'm in hard luck—there's nothing doing in the trade, so I put in a line of out-of-work stamps."

"What happens if you have hard luck right along?"

"Well," said Peggy mournfully, "the out-of-work stamps keep me in good standing for thirteen weeks and then if I can't pay, they'll suspend me from the union."

"Unless," he suggested, "the president of the local comes to your aid." "He wouldn't break the rules." "The corners of her mouth twitched. "But he might lend a fellow something."

Rensen laughed heartily, and Peggy also laughed. The little girl left him to fetch some new exhibits. He rose, went to the window and gazed at the river with its ever changing points of light, vast shadows, glittering wakes, moving spectral shapes that breathed heavily or shrieked. A slight mist blurring the scene to even tones heightened its beauty and gave infinite mystery.

While enjoying this view and glad that it moved him—so, he became aware of voices in the next room. He would rather have cultivated the access of idyllic feelings; but the strident tones of the speaker, at least, could not be avoided. This man was accusing someone of being too easy—the union ought to assert itself—the shop was nominally closed, but not recognized by the superintendent.

John Day's mild voice argued in favor of letting well enough alone, not creating hostility until there might be serious occasion. The other said that employers were always waiting a chance to down the union; the men ought to forestall them. A reply of conciliation led to another angry outbreak.

As Rensen puzzled over his awkward situation, the door opened and Zienski came stamping into the parlor. The shaggy hair, unkempt black beard, the wrinkling brows and fierce small eyes were not changed by the fact of a fairly decent coat, dotted silk neck scarf and gun-metal watch chain across the meagre stomach. At sight of the visitor he stopped short.

"Good evening," said Rensen, politely. "Hullo," growled Zienski. He seemed to consider. "You, what are you doing here? What made you quit the counter?"

"I'll answer him," exclaimed Rensen, offended more by the manner than the question.

"Answer me then," sneered the other.

Just this, Mr. Zienski, I choose to work here. A man has a right to work where he pleases. "That's a lie—you know it!" "Kindly explain if you—"

Zienski folded his arms, brows twitching, a ferocious gleam in his eyes, the thin lips drawn back. There was something fascinating as well as repellent in his savage impetuous reply.

"You come down a floater to work few days—you go back to kid gloves, expect you become employer! You belong not to the people, but to the upper class who say, right to work! right to work! and they are not with those who sweat for the day's wages—they expect to make fortunes—they are carpetbaggers and Chinese—reap where they not sow, steal bread from mouth of honest men. Have they struggle with the capitalist—have they help to raise wages—have they been in jail, perhaps? Right to work! Yes! As the crow to pick corn in the farmer's field. They think their one-time need better as the long welfare of all. Yes! they are like him on the shipwreck who gets up in the night and fills his belly with the grub that was saved to keep all from death!"

Rensen afterward pondered these ideas.

CHAPTER VI.

Some days later a cold morning made things seem very different in the foundry. A cellar-like damp and chill arose from the wet sand; wintry currents of air swept through the loose doors or broken windows. Men were coughing. Some of them stamped their feet or slammed arms around their bodies. Nobody failed to keep on his coat, buttoned to the chin.

Rensen heard a man telling of rheumatism. Another replied it was no wonder, after kneeling in damp sand every morning and being scorched by the pour every night. A molder lived in the attic and the tropics at once. But last winter was the time, when the clay-water froze and the snow drifts piled up at the windows and doors.

The national union, said the speaker, had paid out nearly two million dollars in the last ten years for sick benefits to members, and most of it during the winter months.

However, a laborer, not having the delicate tasks, could warm himself by effort at the shovel. There were sand mounds to be reduced, spaces cleared, casts of yesterday to be dug out and sent to the cleaning room by the aid of the crane, flat car or barrow. Also the flasks had to be moved; those temporarily out of use carried into the yard; new-shaped boxes brought inside.

In a pause of labor Rensen noticed a molder who was working alone in a dim corner. This man had a long, white, haggard face, bright eyes, bony hands not to be forgotten. He found occasion to move some boxes near him and it seemed strange that such an emaciated transparent body

could perform the least work. "Take my place, partner," said a neighbor who had come up.

"What for?" The long-faced spectre coughed and glanced nervously. "It's out of the draught." "I dasen't favor myself," was the reply in a horse whisper.

"Come on, change places, partner." "I dasen't—the foreman is waitin' the chance to fire me. Much obliged to ye, Joe."

A few minutes afterward Mr. Hewitt walked past. The spectre began to work very diligently, searching his foot bag, adjusting the pattern of a grille gate that would defend some marble portico. His hand shook as he used the spirit level on the bottom flask.

"You're not well this morning," said Rensen, when the foreman had gone.

"What's that your business?" The haggard face, at first startled, became indignant.

"Of course, I didn't mean to—"

"I'm all right—healthy as they make 'em—only a little cold—"

"Healthy as they make 'em," muttered the other, and, coughing, he spat red on the sand.

Rensen was sent to work awhile in the cleaning room, whence so much noise had greeted his ears the first day in the yard. Every process and contrivance here seemed to be a noise maker. A ribbed iron barrel revolving on its axis with clank and jangle, cleaning small casts within by friction. Beside it a structural Ionic pillar hung aslant in chains and a man with sooty eyebrows scraped out the burnt core, using a hoe-like tool. The black dust fell on his neck and face. Elsewhere a whirling emery wheel to send downward a brilliant fire rain, magically quenched as it touched earth. At intervals the attendant drew back the wheel carriage, checking the rasping din, and measured the base to see if it was true.

The greatest noise was made by the air chisels and hammers, like old pistols, with writhing tubes attached to the handles. They gave forth a continuous rat-tat, shrill or sonorous, far too rapid of stroke to be counted. A fm of metal on the edge of a cast fairly peeled away before the vibrant chisel blade. Chips and particles flew about, not without danger to the eyes.

Rensen was allowed to try the air hammer a moment. He took a firm grip on the handle, stiffened his arms, and passed forward in the approved manner. The jar seemed to disjoint his wrist.

He had not realized before how imperfect the best work came to the cleaning room. The varied shapes, coated with tawny burnt sand, pitted with tiny holes, sometimes an expanse of lustrous gray, had to be rid of gate knobs, blisters and lace-like excrescences. Every core had to be scraped out with patient intricate labor.

"That's a blow-hole for fair," shouted a man with goatee and hairy ears to the group inspecting a cast lately brought in. "Right where the bearings come."

Rensen saw a cavity revealed by the cleaner's wire brush and thought of "the molder's judgment day."

"No putty for her," vociferated another. "The inspector throws her out sure. I bet the molder gets docked."

"It ain't his fault," shouted the man with hairy ears. "It's the core-maker."

"Anyhow, the cast is lost. The molder'll lose his time."

"Boys, can you bet on this—Tom, Dick and Harry loses up to the limit, but the shop never loses nothing!"

"Sure thing," chorused the others, breaking into raucous laughter that added itself to the loud metallic din.

(To be continued)

WOMAN'S COLUMN

Shrewd Financing

"These great financiers are deserving of our praise," declared the speaker of the evening. "They have made possible giant business enterprises. We may deride them now, but future generations will revere the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and—"

"Pardon me," interrupted a little woman in the audience. "But you have not named the greatest financiers."

"Ah, I would be glad to hear you suggest the names of greater ones," said the speaker.

"I will not call the names, for there are too many," replied the little woman, "but I'll tell you who they are. They are the hundreds of thousands of women wives of workmen whose average wages are less than four hundred and fifty dollars a year. Such able financiers are they that they are able to give their children nourishing food, pay their rent, buy fuel and educate the children, cloth them and give them medical attention, and fit them for a noble citizenship—and all on a paltry sum that is mere weekly pin money for the wives of the men you named. I claim that the women I mentioned are the ablest financiers in the country. If they are not, the privation that is already too prevalent would be wofully greater than it is."

And all the cheering that followed was for the little woman and her kind, and not for the orator and the financiers he named.

There are six penitentiaries in Canada with sixteen hundred convicts in them. The plutes are casting long eyes on all that cheap labor. If you workmen do not look out you will have to compete not only with Chinese labor but also with forced convict labor. You are competing now with that labor in some lines.

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

The Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red; It shrouded of our martyred dead, And ere there limbs grew stiff or cold, Their heart's blood died its ev'ry fold.

CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high! Within its shade we'll live and die. Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer, We'll keep the Red flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze; The sturdy German chants its praise; In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung; Chicago swells the surging throng.

CHORUS.

It waved above our infant might When all ahead seemed dark as night; It witnessed many a deed and vow— We must not change its colour now.

CHORUS.

It well recalls the triumphs past; It gives the hope of peace at last, The banner bright, the symbol plain Oh human right and human gain.

CHORUS.

It suits to-day the weak and base, Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place, To cringe before the rich man's frown And haul the sacred emblem down.

CHORUS.

With heads uncovered swear we all To bear it onward till we fall, Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim, This song shall be our parting hymn.

CHORUS.

Coming Liberty

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing With the flame of Liberty; Light is breaking—thrones are quaking. Hark! the trumpet of the free!

Long in lowly whispers breathing Freedom wandered drearily— Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing

For the day when there should be Freemen shouting "Victory!"

Now she seeketh him that speaketh Fearlessly of lawless might; And she speedeth him that leadeth Brethren on to win the Right.

Soon the slave shall cease to sorrow, Cease to toil in agony; Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow Over land and over sea—

"Brethren, shout!—ye are all free!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth All day long and never tires; No more sadness—all is gladness In the hearts that she inspires;

For she breathes a soft compassion Where the tyrant kindled rage; And she saith to every nation, "Brethren, cease wild war to wage Earth is your heritage!"

Who Are The Thieves

By WILLIAM DENTON

What stores of wealth in sunfound mines The rich old earth contains! Of iron, silver, lead and gold, What piles within her veins!

While still with bounteous harvests swell Our mother's undrawn breast, Of sweetest fruit, of corn and oil, To make each poor man blest.

What rocks to make his palace walls! What cedars for its beams! Our paupers might as wealthy be As misers in their dreams.

What woods uncut! what fields unploughed! The laborer is God's heir; Who stole his proud inheritance? Who are the thieves, and where?

Who lock up Nature's boundless wealth, Nor heed the needy cry? They are man's greatest enemies; And they or we must die?

If potato bugs thought about it and could talk, no doubt they would pronounce themselves as unalterably opposed to Paris green. It is in the same manner that capitalists and their henchmen oppose socialism.

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Of, by and for the Working Class. The only great popular illustrated magazine that stands for revolutionary socialism. Circulation doubled twice since present editors took charge. Size increased from 68 pages to 100. More and better scientific articles than ever, besides pictures, stories and news.

Ten cents a copy; \$1.00 a year; to Canada \$1.20; to other countries \$1.35. Local and traveling agents wanted; will start you with 10 copies of the latest Review and 4 subscription cards good for three months each, all for \$1.00.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 130 Kinzie St., Chicago.

READ The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA Box 386, Vancouver, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, 812 Denison Street. Socialist Headquarters at 225 St. Lawrence, Montreal.

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 225 CHAMBERLAIN ST., MONTREAL.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Nov. 25th.

Ontario.....	1296
British Columbia.....	908
Prov. of Quebec.....	891
Nova Scotia.....	405
Alberta.....	303
New Brunswick.....	259
Saskatchewan.....	192
Manitoba.....	192
Elsewhere.....	63
Yukon Territory.....	7
Prince Edward Island.....	4

Total.....4520
Gain for week.....263

Total issue for last week 6,000.

The Serious Side of Jokes

C. P. Culliford.

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

Judge Giles Baker, of Pennsylvania county, was likewise cashier of his home bank. A man presented a cheque one day for payment. He was a stranger. His evidence of identification was not satisfactory to the cashier.

"Why, Judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence a man to be hanged on no better sentence than this!"

"Very likely," replied the judge. "But when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

Many of the injustices of the present day are looked upon as good jokes by the capitalist press. The above story illustrates what Socialists all contend, viz, that the laws are made to protect property rights, and that personal liberty and human life are held very cheaply by our courts of justice. To say courts of justice would be a misnomer, since justice for the oppressed is seldom found within them.

HIS ROLE.

"That man has an immense fortune out of a simple little invention." "Indeed? What did he invent?" "Invent? Nothing, you dub: He was the promoter."—Cleveland Leader.

Here is another one containing more truth than poetry. Some people ask what will be

FIRING LINE

With Cotton's

The circulation this week takes a good healthy jump. A jump of two hundred and fifty a week will put Cotton's over the fifteen thousand mark within a year.

It is surprising how much Socialist sentiment there is in all ranks of life. The principles of Socialism are popular and are getting more popular every day.

But Socialism is a bread and butter question for the workers. Robert Owen found that all the rulers were in sympathy with his doctrine of a Utopian state—until he tried to put the doctrine into actual practice. Then they turned on him.

The proletariat and those who work on small farms will find that they must depend on themselves for their own emancipation. That is the fact I want to drum into the heads of the men and women who work.

I meet many men who live off the labor of others. They are glad to hear me expound the principles of Socialism. But when it comes to the realization of the Socialist state I know that these well wishers will be against me.

That is why I want Cotton's circulation to boom. I want the paper to circulate among the men and women who work, and among those idealists of the oppressive ranks who are willing to abolish their present status in life in order that the mass of humanity may have a larger freedom.

I am proud of the way the wage slaves are rallying round Cotton's. There are many people who sneer at the deficit. They ask me if that is the kind of help, spineless people I am trying to help. They do not stop to think that in less than one year this paper has got over four thousand socialist subscribers. They sneer, but I am content.

We are on the up grade and we are going like a runaway engine down grade.

Two trial subs come from Montreal.

H. Martin, Berlin, Ont., sends along six months.

G. Goodmurphy, New Westminster, B. C., forwards four yearlies.

Three yearlies come from Andrew Ober, Daysland, Alta.

L. M. Funcheson, St. Therese, P. Q., sends along a yearly. Old Quebec is waking up.

J. B. Johnston, McAdam Junction, N. B., brings six months into the wigwam.

Thomas Dinmore, Hespeler, Ont., forwards the price of six months.

W. H. Vallans of Calgary sends forward another yearly. He wishes it were a hundred instead.

W. Norwood, Elmira, Ont., forwards three half yearlies and hopes we will soon have that ten thousand.

W. K. Bryce, Sask., received a sample copy of Cotton's and immediately got ten persons to take trial subs.

A. Soper, Aylmer West, Ont., drags in six victims and wants them to be kept in the wigwam for six months.

Gustave Prager, Berlin, Ont., sends along four half yearlies. Says that after Christmas he will have more time to hustle for subs.

Frank Edney, Sherbrooke, P. Q., writes: "Enclosed two yearly scalps and the price of six months. Every little bit helps."

Edwin Smith, Galt, Ont., sends along five half yearlies. The sub list of Cotton's Weekly is looking up considerably of late.

J. H. Wood, Montreal, forwards two yearlies for the ten thousand mark and declares that Cotton's is the best cent's worth any man can invest in.

Edgar Smith, Hamilton, Ont., sends along six months and hopes for the better day when socialism shall be a reality and not a dream.

John Wright, Brussels, Ont., although he has not worked much for the past four years, nevertheless sends along the price of six half yearlies.

Chas. Cunningham, Montreal wants to see Cotton's going to six persons for six months and signs himself, "Yours for the good time coming."

Ed Stewart, Byron Wing, and others, of Brockville, Ont., forwards a string of scalps. Six yearlies, twelve halfers and thirty trials come in one letter. Heavy drum taps for socialism.

S. Rebrag, Montreal, sends in three trials. Complains that three of the subscribers he got to subscribe are not getting their paper. Two of these have been ordered off by the P. O. officials.

Ed Hutchins, Steelton, Ont., sends along the price of a yearly and six half yearlies. Then vanishes for more. A lot of Cotton's sub hustlers do little talking but they keep everlastingly at the job of getting subs.

John McKiernan, Cobalt, comes forward leading a yearly and five halfers who have heard of Cotton's. He has brain dope, guaranteed to cure the wage slave of his head foolishness, and who want to see what effect it will have on themselves.

F. G. Allen, North Battleford, Sask., sends along two yearlies and is going to hustle up some more. He reports that the Branch of the S. P. of C. there is growing larger each month and they have a library of about forty socialist books.

M. Musawehik, Cobalt, Ont., sends along four half yearlies. He writes: "I have met one person to whom I sent a trial. He says that it opened his eyes and he is going to keep Cotton's right along. His next vote will be for the Socialist Candidate, Hurrah."

C. P. Colford sends along a yearly with the following remarks: "A

new socialist chicken has broken his shell and now sees the light of day. Enclosed please find fifty cents to feed him on Cotton's for a year. Cotton's is the greatest combined incubator and brooder we know of. We have a number of embryo Socialists around here and hope to have a big hatch before long."

C. A. Kinder, Peterboro, Ont., wants the dope to go to six persons in his town. Says that Peterboro is a hard town to canvass for subs as the intelligent people are now busy canvassing votes for prohibition and say they have not time to read socialist literature. Comrade Kinder trusts that with a little more capitalism the wage slaves will come hustling into socialism like homing doves.

Chas. Settee, West Selkirk, Man., writes: "I was handed a copy of your paper lately and I have found it an educator along other papers are silent on. The people of Canada want to know how they are ruled, and if there is a better system under which they may live. Every intelligent man should know what is for the best interests of all the people."

Wm. Coulter, Central Park, B. C., sends along a yearly, a trial, and a halfer. Wants to know why his former contribution of three yearlies and a halfer were not acknowledged. They were acknowledged in the issue of the 18th of November in the second column of the Firing Line. There Comrade Coulter will find himself spread over two inches of our valuable space.

Wm. Robinson, Poplar, Ont., sends along six halfers. He exposes a little plute trickery. A few months ago the railroads were trying to get some timber concessions from the Ontario government. The railroads were said to be in need of timber limits to get on from, as they could not get ties elsewhere. Many of the people on Manitoulin Island have had ties cut and ready to ship for the past two years. Formerly the railroads paid thirty-five cents. Now they offer but fifteen for good cedar ties. Comrade Robinson adds that there is some good coming from the trickery as it is making a lot of people round him do a lot of thinking.

From Nova Scotia comes two yearlies, two six months and a trial. The sender is an unemployed wage slave. He writes as follows: "I have been out of employment about a month now and you don't know how careful we have to be in advocating socialism. I am not an eloquent speaker, nor am I too learned in socialism, but I want to see the cause carried forward with might and main so that there will be no other end but victory for such as myself and other poor unfortunate, modernized, machine made, political, military slaves of this century. I will tell you some day my experience here if you will not put my name to it." By all means send along the story. Your name will be buried in the archives of the office while your story will likely see the light of day.

H. Nid, Reome, Ottawa, Ont., forwards a yearly with the following remarks: "I am not gifted with the gift of tongues and by this letter you can tell what schooling I have had. But such as it is I have converted eight of my brothers to Socialism, and they have all got a better education than I. They always call me the black sheep, and about a year ago when I began to talk Socialism they thought I was going crazy at last, and so much did their view impress me that I myself began to think I was a little crazy. But now, I am conscious that class consciousness is right and that is a great consolation." Comrade Reome need not worry about being thought crazy. A man with new ideas is always looked upon as queer.

The persons with old ideas do not want to admit their ideas are out of date and consequently fall back upon the thought that the man with the strange thoughts is not right in the head. There are lots of people in Cowansville who consider that the editor of this paper is heading straight for the bug house. I laugh. The world is in the grip of new ideas. The poor fools who are trying to live according to outworn ideas are in for a hard time in the near future. If it consoles them, let them hug their delusions for a while.

THE AGITATION LEAGUE

Offers a chance to the comrades who have not the time to canvass and hunt up subs, or are not situated where they can effectively apply themselves to this all important work. The League has one main object in view—the circulation of Socialist propaganda through Cotton's, in every part of Canada.

The funds of the League can be applied in several ways. Subs can be sent to districts where as yet Socialism has not penetrated. Bundles can be sent to comrades who are anxious for them, but have not the means. A copy of Cotton's can be sent to every local weekly newspaper in Canada, or a certified list of trade unionists can be covered.

Keep the Agitation League in mind, and plunk in an addition occasionally to keep it booming. The latest recruit is:

Com. Mathurin, Montreal \$.50
Previously acknowledged ... 15.00

Total on hand \$15.75

A new and appropriate name is wanted for the Agitation League. Put your idea on a postcard, and let it slide. Right away—now.

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..... 907.95

Total..... 3,735.90

Cash Received..... 1,835.49

Deficit..... 1,900.41

The Bundle Boosters

The above will be the new and permanent title for the increasing list of hustling comrades all over Canada, and in the United States too, who are taking a bundle of Cotton's every week for propaganda work. Comrade Frye, of New Glasgow, N. S., is the lucky suggester of this name, which caught on with the staff at once, and was unanimously adopted as a good one. The next move is for a Bigger List of BUNDLE BOOSTERS. Note the Bundle Prices below. Very cheap, and a membership in the Boosters opens up a splendid means of circulating the Socialist Goods.

Here is the latest addition to the Bundle Boosters:

A. L. Fineburg, Jewish Local ... 100

Keep scattering the Seed. Good will result.

BUNDLE PRICES

10 copies per week, for 3 months \$1.00

25 copies per week, for 3 months \$2.50

Bundles not less than one hundred, at the rate per 100, of 50c

World Wide Socialism

The Socialist vote in Los Angeles was 4,975.

Eugene V. Debs is going to Spokane to help the Free speech fight.

At Elbing, Germany, three Social Democrats have been elected by large majorities.

In England the trades union are going to finance a labor college to be situated in London.

Last year the Socialist vote in Virginia was 251. This year the Socialist vote is 1,398.

Eugene V. Debs declares that next year Socialist Congressmen will be returned to the U. S. Congress.

At Barman, Germany, five Social Democrats have been elected. Formerly there was but one councillor a Socialist.

The Federated Socialist Workingmen of Salonika, Turkey, have protested against the execution of Ferret.

Robt. J. Wynne, formerly American consul general at London, is of the opinion that socialism will win in England.

Four hundred Socialists have been jailed in Spokane for speaking on the streets and the free speech fight is just beginning.

J. G. Phelps Stokes is busy organizing a branch of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at Yale, New Haven, Conn.

A concerted action is evidently being taken by the U. S. judges to discover and refuse citizenship papers to Socialist applicants.

At Elberfeld, Germany, four Social Democrats have been returned against the united efforts of all the old parties.

U. S. Senator Clark, just returned from Europe, declares that Socialism is making vast strides in every European country.

The Political Refugee Defence League has taken up the fight for Inez Ruiz, Mexican revolutionary, to prevent his being railroaded to Mexico and death.

South Dakota leases out her convicts to labor contractors. The press and public opinion are so much against the practice that it is likely to be abandoned.

One hundred and forty Union Socialist Locals of New York are contributing a dollar a week to keep the New York Daily Call going till the paper becomes self supporting.

National Organizer A. Litman, U. S., has organized Jewish branches in South Bend and Indianapolis, Ind.; Erie, Pa.; Buffalo, Utica, Gloversville and Binghamton, N. Y.

The Socialists have captured another seat in the German Reichstag. This time they triumph in Halle. Their majority over the Radical candidate was four thousand.

Gompers declares that Judge Wright who condemned him was biased and unfit to be judge. Gompers declares that he will not seek for pardon being guilty of no crime.

In Guatemala a laborer in debt to his master cannot leave his master's employ till the debt has been paid. In Guatemala the laborers are practically chattel slaves in many instances.

The Social Democrats of Austria are working to establish a daily paper in the city of Prague. If their efforts fail to start the new paper, the present weekly Freigeist will be made a daily.

The newly elected Socialists in the Saxon Diet have given notice of a resolution to solve the unemployed problem in Saxony by advances from the savings banks, surpluses and by taxing public entertainments.

The Social-Democratic organization in the Canton Zurich, Switzerland, has just published the report of its activities since October, 1907, from which it appears that the membership of the party at present is 10,000.

The seven comrades who were arrested in Roumania in connection with the Rakovsky demonstration were tried and acquitted. But as the public prosecutor gave notice of appeal they were not set at liberty. All had been wounded.

On October 29th, an immense demonstration protesting against the execution of Professor Ferrer was held in Teheran, Persia. The police instead of preventing the demonstration, did all they could to keep the way open for the procession and the crowds back.

The Vienna "Arbeiterzeitung" was confiscated some little time ago on account of some sentences contained therein, one of which was as follows: "As regards the Christian religion, Jesus will always be precious to us as one of the first Socialists."

A protest was at once sent in against the confiscation, and now notice has been received that the interdiction is removed.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of New Zealand recently met in a two days session in the Socialist Hall, Wellington. Among others the following immediate demands were suggested for ratification by the Party: Absolute abolition of private ownership of land, six hour working day, free education from primary to university, free national medical service.

A conference of 52 delegates, representing every Socialist and Labor body in South Africa, sat on October 10 and 11 in the Trades Hall, Johannesburg, and resolved to form a South African Labor Party, with the following objective: The socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic State in the interests of the entire community.

The new Danish Minister of Justice and Minister President Zahle addressed a circular on November 6 to the police-director in Copenhagen, and all the officials in the country, urging them before condemning anyone there to be flogged to communicate to the Ministry of Justice all the evidence of the case, at the same time expressing their opinion as to how far the condemned person is deserving of being repressed. This will probably mean, in practice, the abolition of flogging, though it can, of course, only be removed from the statute-book by Act of Parliament.

The Propagandists' Forum

Conducted by W. R. Shier

ONE CENT A DAY

I met a comrade the other day who is devoting one cent a day to the cause of Socialism.

That may not seem much to some of us, but considering the poverty of this comrade's family and the manner in which he is carrying on the propaganda, it is worth writing up.

One cent a day judiciously devoted to arousing interest in the socialist movement can have wonderful results.

This comrade has made out a list of the foremost periodicals in Canada and the United States that he thinks worth while trying to induce to publish articles on Socialism from time to time.

He writes them each a postcard saying that as a reader of their publication he should appreciate an occasional article dealing with the Socialist movement.

He adds that as the interest in Socialism is becoming wide-spread he has no doubt that quite a large proportion of their readers would also like matter of this kind. When he has gone thru the list once, he starts all over again, only under a different signature.

In this way the comrade is creating a demand for socialist articles, which, if backed up in the same manner by others, will doubtless make an impression on the capitalist press.

Editors are really anxious to know what their readers want. The success of their publication depends upon giving people the kind of matter they desire to read.

If requests for articles along a certain line are received from even a few persons, the editor reasons that if a small number of people will take the trouble to write him for such, there must be large numbers in his constituency who want the same kind of stuff but who are too bashful to say so.

Socialists should keep their eyes on capitalist magazines and newspapers. They afford a rich field for propaganda. I do not mean to say that he can hope to preach revolutionary doctrines in their columns, but by handling our cards rightly we can get them discussing various phases of the socialist movement, telling of its great progress in Europe and America, describing its leading men and women, explaining, criticizing and advocating its doctrines, writing up its methods of propaganda, in short, arousing interest in the subject among millions of people whom our official propagandists fail to reach.

Whenever articles appear that are grossly unfair to the movement, postcard protests should pour into the editorial sanctum. On the other hand, comrades should write their appreciation to editors whenever they publish articles that are honest in character, and correct in their statements.

The present writer is following the example of Comrade Snider of Oshawa. I hope we will be joined by a throng of others in this postcard campaign.

I append a list of periodicals worth while, a small list it is true, but one that can be added to indefinitely.

The American Magazine, 141 Fifth Ave., New York City; American Review of Reviews, 13 Astor Place, New York City; Appleton's Magazine, 436 Fifth Ave., New York City; The Atlantic Monthly, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass.; Canadian Courier, 61 Victoria St., Toronto, Canada; Canadian Magazine, Toronto, Canada; The Century Magazine, Union Square, New York City; The Circle Magazine, Madison Ave. & 26th St., New York City; Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York City; The Craftsman, 29 West 14th St., New York City; Everybody's Magazine, 31 East 17th St., New York City; The Forum, 45 East 42nd St., New York City; Grit, Williamsport, Pa.; Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York City; Harper's Weekly, Franklin Square, New York City; The Independent, 130 Fulton St., New York City; McClure's Magazine, 65 East 23rd St., New York City; Metropolitan Magazine, 3 West 29th St., New York City; Munsey Magazine, 175 Fifth Ave., New York City; The National Magazine, 944 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.; New Age Magazine, 1 Madison Ave., New York City; New Thought Magazine, 1170 Caxton Bldg., Chicago; North American Review, Franklin Square, New York City; The Outlook Magazine, 35 West 31 St., New York City; The Outlook, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City; Pearson's Magazine, 20 Astor Place, New York City; The Reader Magazine, Indianapolis, Ind.; Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.; Scribner's Magazine, New York City; Service, 324 Dearborn St., New York City; Spare Moments, 179 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.; Success Magazine, New York City; The Technical World, 3325 Armour Ave., Chicago; Unity, Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago; Van Norden Magazine, 24 Stone St., New York City; The World To-Day, 67 Wabash Ave., Chicago; The World's Work, 303 East 16th St., New York City.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

More and more is manual labor being displaced by machinery. Take it on the farms in the United States, for instance. Seed potatoes are now cut and planted by machinery. A self-feeder on the threshing machine displaces two men. Blast stackers and gasoline engines as applied in agriculture have abolished the constant annual labor of 150,000 men.

The hand sheep shearer has been supplanted by a machine that makes 3,000 clips per hour.

The combined header and thrasher with a crew of five men can do the work that the old style machine required 20 men to do, and yet even the old style machine could do the work of 500 hand scythes and flails.

One of the remarkable inventions of the century is the derrier pontoon that loads and unloads coal and iron ore at seaports, making thousands of manual laborers unnecessary. The new device has nine hydraulic grabs, which grab down into the hold of a vessel, pull coal, weigh and register it and drop it through chutes on to barges and railroad cars. It can handle 5,000 tons daily.

Down south a machine is coming into general use that plants tobacco, cotton and other products. A large planter is authority for the statement that with the cheap iron slave a profit can be made with five-cent cotton.

The manufacturing of boots and shoes offers some very wonderful facts in the matter of the displacement of human labor. In one large and long-established manufacturing plant in an eastern state the proprietor testified that it would require 500 persons working by hand processes to make as many women's boots and shoes as 100 persons now make with the aid of machinery, a displacement of manual labor of 80 per cent. In another class of the same industry the number of men required to produce a given quantity of boots and shoes has been reduced one-half. One operator can now stitch 1,000 pairs of shoes a day; in the old days it required a very fast worker to sew six pairs a day.

This machinery is capable of doing either of two things besides turning out the particular product for which it is designed. Under private ownership and operated for profit their effect will be vastly to increase the army of unemployed. Not only so but in obedience to the law of supply and demand to decrease the wages, lengthen the hours and make worse working conditions generally for those who are employed. On the other hand, under collective ownership and operation for use the direct effect of all labor saving machinery will be to shorten the hours of toil and increase the comforts of life for all making it possible for everyone not only to make a living but also to make a life.—New Castle Free Press.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you do exactly that same thing in the matter of your grocery, dry goods, clothing, drug and other stores. I say your stores, for do you not furnish the profits that build them and fill them? You are so childish that you cannot reason and apply a good rule to anything except the one you have seen, and you go stumbling along, gathering in poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance, when a little thought would bring peace, plenty, nobility and wisdom. Co-operate and win. Comrade.

Co-operate and Win

If it is best to have several stores, why not have several postoffices in a town? If such were the case, would not postage have to be increased in order to pay the additional useless expenses and labor? Then don't you see that the additional expenses of many stores have to be added to the cost of goods, and you have to pay it? Why not co-operate and own one great store instead of smaller ones, as you do in postal affairs? If you own the store it will not raise prices on you any more than the postoffice does. If you are men and women, endowed with reason, why don't you see the reason? You would call a man crazy who would advise you to build a dozen barns on your farm and supply each with all conveniences or keep a dozen times the help needed, or dig a dozen small wells instead of one a little larger that would supply you. Yet you

Is Socialism Against Religion

By Roscoe A. Fillmore.

We hear a lot of preachers and others nowadays declaring to all and sundry that Socialism will smash religion. This argument is considered a clincher by our religious friends. Now I would like to have a little talk with some of these people. And I will try hard not to use any swear words.

My religious friends, let us reason together. You say you believe in a Supreme Power. So do I. I call that Power Cosmic Evolution, you call it God. I believe this Power is responsible for the great changes for the better which have taken place even within the short space of time of which written history gives us a record. And right beneath our feet we have history of the past, dating back millions of years, which proves that this Power has led us from countless ages from the very lowest possible form of life to the high place which we humans at the present occupy. The Power which has done these things is known by various names. Some call it God, others Evolution, others Nature and the American savage called it the Great Manitou. But at any rate whatever it may be, dwells within you and I, in fact within everything. The phenomena of Nature are the clothing of it. It is everywhere visible. Surely you can go thus far with me.

Like most religious people, you, perhaps, believe that this God, by a single act or a succession of creative acts, formed the earth and all that is upon it. Well let's suppose that He did. Now do you suppose that a Power grand enough to do all this would be mean enough to say after the job was done, to the Baers, "Here are seams of coal. They are yours to do with as you please, and here are slaves for you. Work them hard. Make them go into the bowels of the earth and dig out the coal that you and your ladies may warm yourselves. When your slaves are plentiful, crush them, bury them in your mines; for they are cheaper than timber. They are yours to do with as you please."

Or would he say to the Rockefellers, "Here are lakes of oil created for your benefit. Take these slaves whom I have created and compel them to toil long hours at the most arduous work. When they have become too old and infirm to work throw them on the scrap-heap; for there are many more being born every hour of the day to take their places. Make them create mountains of profit for you. They are yours to use as you think fit."

Or do you suppose this God, grand and great enough to hold millions of earths in their places, would stoop to such meanness as to say to Carnegie and Morgan, "Here are vast seams of iron ore. Yours to exploit to their full limit. Force the hordes of slaves who are all around you into the ground. Crush them and maim them for they are of less value than shore timbers. Bury them by thousands in your mines for they are so plentiful that they cumber the earth. Make them dig out the ore and transport it to the great furnaces. Make them smelt it, staining every pound of it with their blood and sweat. Make them refine it and make steel with which to build great warships, railway systems, etc. Don't be particular about safety appliances for lo! the slaves multiply like rats and will over run the earth if you don't kill off a few occasionally."

Or do you suppose this Power would say to all the lords of the earth—"Here is the earth. It is yours forever and ever. Make war one upon the other. Compel the slaves to do all the fighting and bear all the burdens. Build vast navies, create huge armies, waste the labor of millions in building great forts. Then man your ships with the bravest and best of the slaves. Recruit more slaves for your armies and hurl them against each other even as wild beasts. Devastate cities, maim and murder millions, ravish the women of the slaves of your opponents. Conquer those nations which are still in savagery. Introduce civilization and its attendant—Prostitution, drunkenness, famine, pestilence, crimes unspeakable, in the lands of peoples who were once happy and prosperous. If the slaves revolt, kill them, hang them, turn out the standing army of slaves and compel them to slaughter their brothers."

Honestly now, do you suppose this God would do the like? Or would he, after creating these good things, say to all the creatures he had made "Here is a garden full of good things for you. It is only necessary that you apply your labor power to the common store of natural resources in order to make a good living. Let all labor. Let not any man eat bread produced by the sweat of another man. Dig out the coal and let all be warmed. Pump out the oil and let all enjoy the heat and light which it contains. Bury your weapons and live together as human beings. Friends, which course would a just God take? Surely the latter.

But today we find the Morgans, Rockefellers, Baers, Rothchilds, and a few more in full possession of all the good things which our labor has taken from nature's store house, the earth. And they enforce their possession of these things by the use of huge armies and navies, powerful courts and police forces. We are slaughtered in millions at the word of these pirates, and they claim Divine authority for all their acts. They drive out mothers, sisters and daughters into mills, factories and brothels. They drive millions of tender children into mines and mills, and for even this, claim Divine sanction. Friend, the church upholds these things. It stands back and you know it, da—(almost a break there), well you know it. And the Socialist Party is the only organization that protests.

When the Socialists see the crimes

perpetrated upon our class, and hear black-frocked priests and preachers, who never performed an hour's useful labor in their lives, say that our conditions are alright we are mad. Some of us swear good and hard. We denounce the church as the accomplices of these cut-throat financiers and labor skimmers. And are they not? Do they not attack Socialism the only movement which protects, and which in fact is the only movement that backs every move for better conditions for the toilers? We hit back at every opportunity.

We intend to destroy capitalism because we hate it; because it has degraded and brutalized us; because of its cruelty to our class. We will inaugurate a system under which every productive worker will receive the full value of his toil, under which no child will be driven to the workshop but will have an opportunity to become educated, healthy and happy. All this we will do by taking from the financial pirates their power to rob us through their ownership of the natural resources and machinery of the earth. That's Socialism. If to feed the hungry; clothe the naked; minister unto those who are physically unfit to toil; lift the downtrodden and oppressed and take from the oppressors their power to crush humanity; if to do this is injurious to the religion of any man, then the sooner mankind says goodbye to such a religion the better. If to do this will smash religion, then religion is doomed and justly. But will it?

In conclusion allow me to quote from Comrade McKenzie—"We care not what God ye worship, so long as ye do not worship Mammon."

HISTORIC UTTERANCES OF GREAT (?) MEN

The following are some of the utterances of politicians, soldiers and financiers of the United States. Liberty is guaranteed by the Constitution of the States as it is in Mexico. But that liberty is a lie when the men appointed to uphold liberty break their oath of office and become tyrants. At the present time you have in the States, "Freedom free to slay herself and dying while they shout her name." No wonder the socialists fight the government when under the government such sayings as the following can be put forth and the men who utter them still retain their office or their position of dominance in the business life of the country.

"The public be damned! I'm not running this road for the benefit of the public. I'm running it for my own benefit."—Cornelius Vanderbilt, of the New York Central Railway.

"The damned fools don't know what is good for them."—J. Pierpont Morgan, speaking of the striking steel workers in September, 1901.

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country."—Geo. M. Baer, mine owner, during the coal strike of 1902.

"I see no solution for the problem until hunger compels capitulation."—Charles L. Eidlitz, President of New York Building Trades Employers' Association, during the lock out in July, 1903.

"To hell with the Constitution."—Major McClelland commanding the state militia (paid by the Mine Owners' Association) during the Colorado miners' strike and lock-out of 1904.

"Habeas Corpus be damned! We'll give them post mortems instead."—Adjutant General Sherman Bell of the Colorado militia, defying the orders of the civil courts.

"What's the Constitution between friends?"—Timothy Campbell, of Tammany Hall.

"I'm working for my own pocket all the time."—Richard Croker, of Tammany Hall, under whose regime Schmittberger became a power in the police.

"Men who object to what they call 'government by injunction' are in hearty sympathy with their remote skin clad ancestors who lived in caves, fought one another with stone-headed axes and ate the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. * * * They are not in sympathy with men of good minds and good civic morality."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"God knows; I don't."—William H. Taft, at Cooper Union, February, 1908, when asked, "What can be done to give men work in hard times?"

"Strike! They (the American workmen) have no jobs now. We do not want to take up work again now. So what can they do? They will have to submit or they will starve."—J. Pierpont Morgan, February, 1908.

"The Club is mightier than the Constitution."—Inspector Schmittberger, of the New York police, during the riot in Union Square on March 28, 1908.

The Battle for Bread

All self-respecting workpeople want the best of food, the best of clothing, the best of housing.

They want security of employment, short hours of labor, healthy conditions in the mines and shops and factories.

They want education for their children, freedom from the fear of want and a voice in the management of industry.

They want the means and the leisure with which to enjoy life. In short, they want the good things of life, and they want them in abundance.

Are they getting them under the present industrial system? No. Notwithstanding the fact that all wealth is produced by labor, the workers must be content to eat cheap food, wear shoddy clothing and live in tenements of miserable-looking houses.—W. R. S.

HOMES AND JOBS

You will have to own your job or your job will own your home and you. With the consolidation of industry the large corporations are becoming the owners not only of mines and mills but of the homes of their employees as well. In many places in the United States employing companies own the mines in which the men must work, the homes in which they must live and the stores from which they must buy. The wage worker is plucked by the one giant corporation. In the days of the petty bourgeoisie, the wage worker was plucked by three separate parasites. He was plucked by his employer in the mine; he was plucked by the landlord in rent and he was plucked by the store-keeper in profits. If he lost his job the landlord might still allow him to live in the house, and the store-keeper might still give him credit.

Now, however, his job, his home and his base of supplies are all owned and controlled by the same company. When he strikes or is black-listed, he can buy no more goods at the store and he is evicted from his home. He is at the complete mercy of the men who are exploiting him for profit and the tender mercies of those men are cruel.

These same conditions exist in Canada. The Nova Scotia coal company evicted their striking workmen from their homes. Canadian workmen are facing the same problems that are being faced by their American comrades. They will have to come to the socialist conclusion that they must own their jobs or their jobs will own them.

THOUGHTS ON JUDGES

H. REOME

Christ said we should not judge. Wherefore judges?

A judge who gives a man a sentence and will not do the hanging himself cannot believe that hanging will do much good to the man hung.

I was talking to an intelligent sarcastic tongue about judges. The man said that judges were justified in hanging one man for killing another. I asked him how he would like to find his head in the hangman's noose. He replied that he would not do anything which would disgrace him so much as to cause him to be hung. But after a little talk he agreed that if he got mad enough he would kill if he got a chance. So I have come to the conclusion that any of us are liable to do something desperate under this system.

The British suffragettes have been breaking up political meetings. British rowdies are now beginning to break up suffragette meetings. The Canadian press seems to take it that this is a just retribution. The Canadian press does not seem to reason right. The British women are deprived of the vote. They suffer an injustice. Being powerless to get men to listen to reason, they break up their meetings. They meet an injustice with rowdism. When rowdism answers back it but makes the original injustice from which the women suffer all the more glaring.

Percy F. Morse is put up as Socialist candidate for Mayor of Portland, Me. The municipal program laid down by the Socialists of Portland contain the following: Municipal fuel yards with sale of fuel at cost. Municipal gas works, with sale of gas at cost. Eight hour day on city work. Municipal hospital for tubercular patients. Medical inspection of school children. The shifting of the burdens of taxation from the shoulders of the poor to the shoulders of the large property owners. This municipal platform is probably the best that the Socialists of Portland could lay down for city work. Until the centre of government is captured and society revolutionized and rent, interest and profit abolished, municipal campaigns can only be educational and palliative. As long as the central power which protects labor thieving remains in the control of the labor thieves, municipal socialist bodies can only act along the line of reform, and socialists must mark time till the coming of the revolution.

There are in the United States two classes of public service corporations which have enslaved the middle class of the U. S. The one class is the railroad and the other the insurance. In Canada the middle class is yet strong and our legislation reflects this strength. The Railway Act of Canada curbs the railroad with respect to charges for goods that will interfere with the profits of the middle class. The new insurance act introduced on November 17th, by Cartwright will put the screws upon the profits of insurance companies. The middle class in Canada are being as well protected as they can be by the Laurier government.

But the middle class is doomed to extinction, and Laurier cannot save them. In trying to be fair to the plutocrats as well as to the middle class he but assists the plutocracy to crush the middle class out of existence. While railroads and insurance companies are partially curbed yet such is the force of capital-ist accumulation that the steel magnates and railroad magnates and manufacturing magnates are bound to dominate until the working class, from whose labor the master industrialists suck their profits, rise and throw off the incubus of the men who bulk so large in present day Canadian history.

THE B. C. ELECTIONS

The British Columbia elections have been fought and lost. In the last Legislature there were three Socialists. In the present Legislature there are but two.

A Socialist now in Canada when fighting for the Boers in South Africa, captured a Canadian. In talking over politics, the Canadian prisoner informed him that in Canada there were but two parties and both were under the control of the railroads. The Socialist did not understand the situation and thought the Canadian was spinning yarns, until he came to Canada.

Canada has been handed over to the railroads. The C. P. R. has been given millions. Immense cash grants or land grants or credit grants are given to railways, unfortunately always just before elections. The Province of Quebec gave millions of acres of land to the railways just before the last elections. Now the McBride government grants an enormous line of credit to the C. N. R.

When the railways get a huge gift from the Dominion or a Province just before an election, people naturally conclude that the gift has a string attached to it, that the railway companies must grant a part of the gift to the party managers for election purposes. The Toronto Globe declares, "The Conservative machine resorted to scandalous methods in herding the purchasable voters to the polls." An enormous bonus to a railway and a bribed electorate to let the deal go through appear to be closely connected.

Another fact that accounts for this enormous Conservative majority is that traditional hostility of railways was not manifested in the B. C. elections. The C. P. R. worked in with the C. N. R. and as a result the Liberals were annihilated. When the Liberals, backed by the G. T. P., fight the Conservatives, backed by the C. P. R., the fight is pretty even, and it looks as though the people were really governing themselves. But when the G. T. P. takes no hand in the game and the C. P. R. and the C. N. R. united for the Conservatives, then there is a landslide.

Undoubtedly the Railway grants have had an enormous effect on corrupting the electorate. Campaigns funds do not come from air but from some unknown but well suspected source. The C. P. R. could have afforded to pay each voter of Canada five dollars for his vote and the sum total would have scarcely been missed by the corporation, so great have been the sums it has got from Canadian governments.

As to corruption it is useless to wait about voters selling their votes. Men will take the money for their votes as long as they do not realize that their vote is worth more than they are getting for it. The purchasable votes no doubt went for McBride. By the result they scarcely could have gone for the Liberals. The only remedy for political corruption and for railway bonuses is to waken the workers to the value of their votes when used in their own interests. Let the workers get it into their heads that they can use their votes in such a manner that they can get for themselves five times the wages they now enjoy, and the price of votes will rise from five dollars to one thousand dollars each. Such a value placed on votes by their possessors would prevent corrupt elections.

Chips From a Blockhead

The way to win Socialist votes is to make Socialists.

An understanding of economics is as essential to the social reformer as a knowledge of physiology is to a medical doctor.

Socialists are not made by denouncing other people. They are made only by hearing the Socialist philosophy explained.

People who can be bulldozed into anything can be bulldozed out of it again. Throwing bricks at people does not educate them.

If a cess-pool under your house is making anyone sick, call in a drain-digger, not a doctor. If society is suffering from mal-distribution of wealth, consult an economist, not a theologian.

W. R. S.

SUB PRICE OF COTTON'S

One Year, 52 copies 50c
Six Months, 26 copies 25c
Three Months Trial, 13 copies 10c

The Socialist Faith.—Justice to all mankind; the same chance for every creature born. No tyranny, no oppression. The watchword—labor; no laziness a crime. The motto—the noble one supplied many years ago by Tom Paine: "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

Capitalists must not be confounded with capital. Capital is necessary but the capitalist is a useless drone.

The workers want the right to work while the capitalists fight for the right to shirk.

The socialist say, "If a thing is a sham let us expose it." The plutocrats say, "If a thing is a sham let us keep mum about it as we gain our riches by a systematized sham."

Under capitalism the cruel and unfit are protected and preserved. Under socialism the cruel and unfit will be provided for but not at the expense of the merciful and fit.

Under capitalism the bosses can legally lock out the workers. Under socialism it will be the workers who will be given the right to lock out their bosses.

Out of fourteen hundred convicts last year eight hundred were under thirty years of age. Capitalism is turning the young into criminals. This year the proportion of young criminals has increased enormously.

We should not blame the judges of Canada too hard for their decisions. In the first place they get their living by judging men and they are slaves of the dollar like other men. In the second place many of them really do not know any better.

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.

During the past ten years sixteen million dollars have been paid by the government to the labor thieves as bounties to them for just doing business. How would you workingmen like to have that amount with which to fight your bosses in times of strike? You can have that and more if you will only vote socialist workmen into the lawmaking bodies.

The Ross rifle is the official murder weapon. The Liberals and Conservatives are quarrelling about it. The Conservatives say it does not kill as it should. The Liberals declare that it is a perfect murder instrument. And there is not one Socialist in the House to raise his voice against official butchery and say, "Away with the official murder instrument altogether."

F. D. Monk, Conservative member for Jacques Cartier, made a long speech in the House of Commons about the benefit that would ensue if the youthful convicts were kept separate from the older convicts in our penitentiaries. Capitalism is all the time trying to get bright minds to solve the problems raised by its inherent contradictions. Capitalism makes criminals of various degrees. Under socialism there will be so few criminals that the problem of criminality will solve itself. From a socialist point of view Monk is wasting his breath. Let him get to work and try to remove the causes that make criminals.

J. D. Taylor, Conservative for New Westminster, B. C., is poking his nose into all sorts of things for which the plutocrats won't like him. He ferreted out the anomaly of the union label being printed on the Labor Gazette and being omitted from the other government publications. The union label on the Blue Books of Canada would be offensive to the labor thieves. Therefore it is omitted. But as the Labor Gazette is circulated among workmen the union label is plunked on it to make the workers feel that a labor thieves' government is their friend. J. D. Taylor is also poking his nose into the question of the poor pay given to post office clerks. He is the first sign of a member taking an interest in labor questions yet seen at Ottawa. Verville from Maisonneuve, Montreal, of course mutters a few words in favor of labor, but he is securely fastened to Laurier's apron strings and his utterances can be shoved aside as mere inanities.

Effective Propaganda at Low Cost

Cotton's can be sent for—

Three months to one person for ten cents.

Three months to ten different persons for a dollar.

Three months to fifty different persons for five dollars.

Three months to one hundred different persons for ten dollars.

Locals please note the effective propaganda that can be done at small cost.

OH YOU LAWYERS

Listen, you men of the world's useful work, listen to the regulations the jackals of the labor thieves have drawn up for their guidance. Do you know that the advocates of the Province of Quebec consider it more dishonorable to do useful work than they do to betray a client?

You have often heard advocates get up in public and talk about the dignity of their profession. You have no doubt read long accounts about the nobility of the men who deal with the law. It is all a sham. The lawyer is the jackal of the labor thieves. He deals in property rights and makes money by evictions of the men from their homes. The corporation attorney is the best paid of the profession. The young advocates look forward with watering jowls to receiving fat fees from the C. P. R. or the Bank of Montreal or the other organizations for the robbery of the useful workers. The lawyer is a parasite upon the workers. He frequently gets good pay from the biggest parasites. They find him necessary to devise cunning schemes by which the results of the toil of the useful workers may be filched from them.

The Advocates from the Province of Quebec have recently drawn up by-laws for their government. Being an advocate I received a copy of these by-laws. Of course what I am going to tell you may get me into trouble with my fellow lawyers. They do not like their little secrets exposed. However, I would rather stand in with the useful workers than with the parasites of the parasites.

Article six of the by-laws of Bar of the Province of Quebec, as passed by the General Council of the Advocates, declares that the carrying on of any handicraft, industry, trade or commerce is incompatible with the dignity of the legal profession. Just think of that you men who build the homes of the advocates, you who dig the coal that the advocate may be warmed, you who lay the tracks and drive the engines that the advocate may transport his carcass from one point to another. Remember that it is written in the book of the lawyers that to do such things is beneath a lawyer. If a parasite ever was proud of his parasitism that parasite must have been a lawyer. His dignity is so great that he must do no useful work.

But listen to what comes after. In the same book of by-laws, there is an article seven. This article declares that it is derogatory to the honor and dignity of the profession to do the following things, divulge confidential information received professionally, to forsake a client at the hearing of a case, to betray his client for personal gain, to keep money collected on behalf of a client.

The advocates of the Province of Quebec stand naked and ashamed before all men who toil. The advocate of the province of Quebec considers it a smaller offence to betray a client than he does to do something useful. It is incompatible to the dignity of a lawyer to do something useful. It is only derogatory to his dignity to betray his client.

Yet these are the men who fill our legislative halls. These are the men who become judges, men who consider it less harmful to betray than to work.

Yet, laboring men, the lawyer will strut and wax fat and be proud and insolent as long as capitalism lasts. He is but an effect of the present system of rich idlers and hunger smitten toilers. It is no use to attack the lawyers directly. You must attack the cause.

You workingmen must unite against the labor thieves. You must gather together and send your representatives to Ottawa, to Quebec and to other centres. Send your comrades who work beside you to represent you. Get over the pernicious habit of yours of voting to send your boss to rule over you on the political field. Get over the habit of sending lawyers. Go to parliament yourselves. And when you get there see to it that you legislate the labor thieves, your dividend-hunting bosses, and their jackals the advocates, into the ranks of the useful toilers.

It is not calumny nor treachery that does the most harm in the world. They are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian; the provident lie of the politician; the jealous lie of the partisan; the merciful lie of each man to himself which darkens and degrades our life.—Ruskin.

Revolution does not mean armed uprisings, assassinations, street riots, blowing up of buildings, though these often accompany reforms and reactionary measures. Revolution means the attainment of political power by an hitherto subject class and their use of the governmental machinery to advance its own interests.

"Science," said Emile Zola, "Behold the only true revolutionist."