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Cotton's Weekly

This is No. 292

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Managing Editor — Established Dec. 3rd, 1908 — ROY WINE, Associate Editor

Published Every Week at Cowansville, P. Q., Canada. Thursday, April 16th, 1914

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

21,100

UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

By. J. Edward Morgan, in the New Review.

In spite of the conspiracy of profit sharks to cry down the obvious truth, there came three months ago a climax in the situation here: The jails were overcrowded. Denied the jails, ousted from the cheap lodgings and the saloons and the free lunches, driven by sure need, an army of unemployed began forming. In small companies at first, congregating on vacant lots, in alleys, on the plazas. Soon came agitation and organization. Socialist and I.W.W. speakers urged quick, united action for relief. Committees of the unemployed called on the Mayor and supervisors demanding immediate work for the unemployed. The petition was ignored. Then came a "wave of crime,"—but the jails could not hold the numbers guilty of petty larceny. Footpads terrorized the community, prowling nightly. Driven by fear of drastic action by the jobless thousands, the supervisors took the matter "under advisement."

Desperate from need and exasperated at the dilatory tactics of the supervisors, five thousand men and women marched to the Governor's residence. It was a long march and they found the Governor "not at home," as advised by the maid.

Determined to await his return, for two hours speaker after speaker addressed the throng from the steps of the Governor's mansion. His excellency did not return, so resolutions were passed demanding that he take immediate action in providing work for thousands of starving men. Adjourning to an uptown plaza, they left the resolutions with the maid, asking the Governor to meet a committee from the unemployed on his return.

Towards evening the Governor sent a message to the throng gathered upon the square. He was sorry for their plight and "regretted he could do nothing for them."

Back to the supervisor went the committee and demanded action in terms that received serious attention. Something must be done, and quickly, or the property owners would reap the consequence of their neglect. The thousands were out of work and would eat, work or no work.

Then was opened a soup house on Howard street. All desiring work was asked to register. Over six thousand registered the first day and thousands more were waiting to sign for work. The committee for the unemployed demanded the scale provided by the city charter—$3.00 for eight hours. Came days of bickering among the politicians. Went up a wail from the prostituted press and pulpit. "Here were a host of beggars demanding work and threating to loot the city if they did not get it; and these same beggars had the unmitigated audacity to dictate terms!"

$3.00 FOR EIGHT HOURS.

"We spurn your degrading charity! We demand our right to work like men for the wages of men. We protest against being forced to scab on union men by accepting your cheap charity." And so the unemployed gathered on vacant lots formed in line and paraded the streets carrying banners: "$3.00 for eight hours."

Dreading dire consequences, work was given a few hours a day at the union scale. Soon went up a howl in the press that over nine thousand were fed in one day at the soup kitchen. All were registering for work; the city had expended thirty thousand dollars and would soon be bankrupt. One paper wailed that the situation was so grave the city could not touch the surface of it; that the state could not handle so vast a project; that all the out-of-works in the country were scurrying to San Francisco to take advantage of her liberality in providing work; San Francisco would be swamped with an army like that which swept Rome. And so the work was stopped, registering stopped, and there was talk of abolishing the soup house and driving the vagabonds out of town.

How the agitators punctured the specious arguaments of the bought press! Always had it howled that the unemployed were bums who would not work. San Francisco offered them work and in a few days the supervisors threw up their hands crying: "We're swamped! we can't handle it! Stop the registering."

When the number fed daily reached close to ten thousand, and thousands more remained hungry, the accommodations being inadequate—the business interest suddenly discovered that with so great an army marching the streets daily and howling their wrongs to the winds, profits would go tumbling and the bottom might fall out of the great World's Fair project. Something must be done to hide the damning truth from the outside world. The army must be driven from the city. "As long as we feed them they'll hang around! "They're a bunch of bums—I.W.W.'s and anarchists."

When work was suspended and a cry went up to close the soup house, there came a change in the attitude of the unemployed army. They gathered on a vacant square between Mission and Howard. They deposed the old committee and selected a new one. They issued a paper called the Question, the voice of the unemployed army—writers and place of publication unknown to the police. Through this medium the facts are given to the public. They contend that on careful investigation fully sixty-five thousand are out of work in the city. They declare that an army of 65,000 hungry men and women is of vaster import than a world's fair to flaunt the stolen wealth of the world's commercial brigands.

The new committee called upon the supervisors but were ignored. Andrew Gallagher, union labor official, declared he would not treat with any committee that had an I.W.W. delegate. This turn down was followed by a march of ten thousand from the Howard Street Square to the Union Square Plaza, opposite the St. Francis Hotel. A frail woman, wheeling a baby carriage, led the army of marchers through the streets during the rush business hour. Trampling the grass into the earth, the ten thousand stood for hours under the very nose of the imposing St. Francis, listening to many speakers urging the vast throng to solidarity and to united action. The meeting was in charge of the unemployed women and was addressed by Ida Adler of the Cloak Workers, Lucy Parsons of Chicago, Pearl Vogel of the Waitresses' Union, and Thompson of the I.W.W. A committee went to the St. Francis asking a donation for the starving women of the glorious city. The affrighted guests stood aghast and some even dropped nickels and dimes in the hat.

Never saw San Francisco such a spectacle. The audacity of it! The disgrace of it! The most servile part of the press howled over the "insult to the Dewey Monument," "the insult to the guests of the St. Francis," and the tramping of the poor, dear, inoffensive grass of the Plaza. But other papers, the Daily news and the Bulletin, saw in the tremendous pageant a warning to all who despoil labor—a rumbling of the volcano asleep at the base of the robber system.

This great demonstration was followed by the closing of the sleeping quarters at the water front, and a threat to close the soup house on Howard street. William Thorne, chairman of the committee of unemployed, made every effort to prevent this parade, as he knew the police were prepared to turn it into a riot. Hundreds of police were in waiting, many in plain clothes swooped down upon the unsuspecting marchers like drunken savages. When their blood-thirst was satiated many faces were curtained with a crimson flood—bystanders falling victims to the blind ferocity of these uniformed beasts as well as the hungry marchers.

One man who was felled to the pavement and picked up unconscious from a pool of blood, was taken to the hospital. There his jaws were found to be broken, but what is of graver moment to the police and the interests they serve, the victim was discovered to be a prominent real estate man visiting in the city.

William Thorne, who took no part in the demonstration but tried to prevent it, is held with four others on a charge of rioting. At this writing Habeas Corpus proceedings are pending.

Monster protest meetings followed this bloody police riot. Speakers urged the unemployed to stay in the city and by the force of numbers compel the city to provide work. At Los Angeles, San Diego, Stockton, Sacramento, everywhere over California the same tale is told: unemployed and threatening starvation. From Vancouver, Seattle, Portland comes the same cry—hungry men and women, police riots, breadlines. From New York, Chicago, Denver the same; so San Francisco's army determined to fight it out here. "The Governor says he can do nothing," cried a speaker at a great gathering. "Loot the city and see how quick he'll send an army to shoot you down. See how quick they will vote money to hire thugs to kill you but not a cent to start work that you may live."

SAN FRANCISCO'S INFERNO.

On Eighth and Market is an empty two-story building—the Marshall Hotel. Like a ghastly nightmare it will haunt the memory of thousands all their days and is destined to become historic—the most widely celebrated spot in San Francisco. Out of a generous heart the great city offered the building as sleeping quarters for the unemployed.

Below are two large store rooms. One facing on market—main street of the city, the other facing Eighth street. To hide the shameful sight from the public, the large room was partitioned so as to exclude the men from the Market street side. When the thousands came swarming the partition was torn down and the entire building occupied from cellar to garret. Passing ten o'clock one beholds a sight perhaps not equalled for revolting horror anywhere outside of hell. By the dim light of the street lamps, looking through the large plate windows, the eye falls upon rows of men stretched upon the floor, covering every inch of space, squeezed tight together and overlapping like a great drove of hogs in a crowded pen. At first sight one might fancy the place a temporary morgue where, from some awful disaster, hundreds of bodies have been laid side by side in death. And indeed the hunger-pinched faces, lying in fitful sleep, glow with the pallor of death in the dim light from the street lamps.

Allowing two feet for a man, over two thousand lie upon the bare floors in the three rooms below. On the second floor are eighty small rooms. Each is packed to suffocation and after eleven p.m. one cannot set foot in any room or hallway without stepping on a man. Packed to nauseating discomfort, more than three thousand lie like pigs in a pen making a human carpet for every room and hallway. Even the stairs are covered with the ragged wretches.

The place is an inferno of degradation, stench and corruption. Lying in rows, closely packed, is a mothley throng of the living dead. Hunger-whipped, bedraggled and vermin-pestered in their isolated vagabondage, they remind one of the hope-lost wretches of the leper colony of Molokai. One night after nine I visited the abominable place. No capitalist paper in the country will publish the facts I ferreted out that night in this monarch of all pest houses. The room was not yet filled. Around a poor fire, the only one in the building, many were gathered drying their rags. In the midst of a group of some fifty talking together was a soldier, a dapper fine looking fellow of thirty, a graduate of the University of Tennessee. Just back from Manila, where he served six years in the Twentieth Infantry. He was interpreting a story of five Filipinos present. The five came recently from Hawaii with two hundred dollars in gold. They were held up on Third street and robbed of all their savings. Penniless, hungry and unable to speak our language, the poor wretches followed the clamoring crowds to the breadline and to the sleeping pen at Market and Eighth.

"What! Soldiers sleeping here?" said I.

"I should say yes! over a hundred soldiers and more than two hundred bluejackets," answered a husky six-footer from the Phillipines.

When I expressed my surprise, they crowded around, exhibiting their discharge from the army as evidence. Around me were more than fifty soldiers and sailors who had been standing for hours in the breadline in the drenching rain.

"How do you like a stink hole like this after years of patriotic service to your country?" I asked in all sincerity.

"It's hell!" said a soldier.

"It's a worse hell in the army," put in one man who had seen service in China and the Phillipines. Then came a discussion to enlighten me on the life of a private in the United States army.

Surprised to see so many brave and loyal flag defenders reduced to so filthy a vagabondage, eating charity soup and sleeping like hogs, with every brand of the outcast, I determined to study more closely the personnel of this motley aggregation.

There were four graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and one useful graduate of the University of Georgetown, each with his certificate of graduation carefully pocketed. Twelve doctors, eleven dentists, many "busted" small business men—one who claims residence in San Francisco since 1874. Him I found grimy and seedy, proud as Lucifer, trying to console himself with the belief that better days are coming. Among these wrecks of our social system, prone in the filth with bums, doctors, lawyers, graduate technologists, soldiers, sailors—and God only knows how many preachers, editors and outcast ex-policemen and police court judges—I found an old man of seventy. Scarcely may be seen a more pitiful spectacle. Wet, cold, without blanket, newspaper for pillow, feet wrapped in strips of gunnysack, lying squeezed in the mangy herd, he looked the incarnation of sorrow. Daily I had seen his bowed grey head in the breadline. He is the victim of a defunct bank that stole all his hard earnings. Another old man nearly eighty, bent, broke, body stiff from rheumatism and long years of unrequited toil, eyes sunken and almost colorless, looking like wells of grief. He was refused soup at the soup kitchen because he had come recently to San Francisco. I wondered what the old man could do, for he begged for work.

"Good God! look at them hands! Pick and shovel, of course!" he cried, and the gnarled and calloused hands he displayed should be a passport to whatever heaven awaits the disinherited sons of toil.

Many I found sick almost unto death. One old man in the last stages of consumption, too weak to walk to the breadline, in agony from rheumatism from standing hours in the rain. Every hospital in the city refused him admission because of his filthy appearance after a week in that hell hole.

At the midnight hour the rooms were all packed to their utmost capacity. There they lay—a nauseating sight, an army of vagabonds, squeezed tight and overlapping, grimy, filth encrusted, welting in the unutterable stench from unwashed feet and bodies, each gulping his share of the stink-laden air, smelling like seepage from a sewer, the lice rioting in their flesh. Soldier and sailor, doctor and lawyer, broken merchant and jobless slave; college men and unlettered beasts of burden, Christian and Pagan, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, white, black, yellow and brown, brothers all, reduced to one common heritage in this inferno of the damned. Squeezing for room, hugging up for warmth, swapping lice and sharing each other's noxious breaths, this dog-kenneled, soup-fed, louse-eaten aggregation should long remember the social leveling of Capitalism's victims at the free-for-all pest house—the Marshall Hotel.

But Marshall Hotel houses but a handful of the unemployed army. Nightly with rolls of newspapers under their arms, the many hundreds scurry for cover under sheds, in dry goods boxes, anywhere they can crawl in from the rain and cold. Scores crawl under the board sidewalks and there, in the grim and vermin-infested earth, smelling of sewerage and decay, they fall into a nightmare of sleep. On every vacant lot fires burn nightly and around this fitful warmth may be seen scores of hunger-bleached faces gleaming in the ghastly light like ghosts of the dead in some Gehenna of the damned. Around the fires they gather, cold and wet and hungry, with warmth and comfort and luxury on every hand. And in every group are some who know—know the cause of all the hell they suffer—and these talk, and many listen and think.

The end is not yet. Since the above was written, meetings of unemployed have again been broken up, scalps crushed, arrests made, the victims being held under heavy bail on the charge of "rioting." The approaching World's Fair now seems but a brigand's dream. You should see the sights at the Marshall Hotel!

REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND

Im 1880-81 the cost of the British army and navy was $125,000,000 per year. It is now $380,000,000 per year.

Three decades ago the cost of social services, national health, insurance, old age pensions, etc., was $75,000,000. Now it is $180,000,000 per year. While the increase on militarism has been around 300 per cent, the increase on social reform has been nearly 400 per cent.

Nevertheless the working class are not satisfied. They are pressing forward demanding ever greater concessions. The ruling class resist, nevertheless they have to yield. And in the future their yielding will have to be greater.

In Great Britain there are one million persons who pay taxes directly, and there are eight million voters.

To hold a majority of the eight million voters, Lloyd George is pressing the taxes upon the direct taxpayers. Income tax, super tax, death duties, land taxes, these are the sources from which the increasing revenue comes.

The source of taxation which is to be increased is the land tax. This tax will break up the big estates. The idea is to establish a peasant ownership to form a bulwark against advancing Socialism.

However, labor is awake to its interests. At the recent congress of the Independent Labor Party a resolution was passed declaring that the land should be nationalized and treated as a public trust instead of being thrust into the wasteful ownership of petty peasants.

In France the land is owned by peasant proprietors. With the increase of population the peasant holdings in the past were subdivided among the children till the holdings were getting too small to support the owners Thereupon the French peasants deliberately cut down the birth rate. Race suicide in France was a direct result of the economic interests of the peasant owners. This is what Lloyd George will bring about in England with peasant proprietorship.

While declaring for the nationalization of land, the Agricultural Laborers and Rural Workers' Union was started. This union has a membership of ten thousand. It demands a minimum wage, eight hour day with overtime pay, weekly half holiday, abolition of the tied house system, etc.

For the first time in history, the railway unions have compelled recognition by the railway companies.

In the big strike of miners pending, the men refuse to follow their leaders who are dickering with the bosses.

In the recent revolt among the army officers, it is pretty well known that the King sided with the officers and court influences were at work. The British Labor Leader, commenting on this, says, "So long as the King was a mere dummy and idol, he was a matter of supreme indifference to us. But now that he has become something more than a figure head, we must reluctantly interest ourselves in him, and that interest once aroused, will not terminate until hereditary Government has been entirely swept away."

If the king should lose his job, let not the people worry. He has patented a turning fireplace, which can be lit and warm one room, then turn around and warm the opposite room. He has sold this invention for $25,000. So under a co-operative community, the king could be given a job as inventor.

The workers are pounding away at the armament trust and exposing it.

They are pounding away at the use of the army in strikes as compared with its use in Ulster.

It is pounding away at the injustice of the deportation of the South African labor officials.

All along the line labor is awake and active.

PROHIBITION

The movement to abolish the liquor traffic is winning.

At present the movement is to abolish the bar. The underlying reason for this is that the worker who drinks is not such a good worker as the one who does not. Hence the employing class want to curtail the consumption of alcoholic beverages among the wage slaves.

In Ontario when the working day was twelve hours, the bars were allowed to open at six o'clock in the morning. When the day became ten hours, the bars could open only at seven. Now the day is shortening to eight hours, eight o'clock in the morning is the time of opening.

Moreover the employers are forbidding alcohol by direct industrial fiat. The Carnegie Steel Company of Pittsburg, Pa., has issued orders that only teetotalers among the employees shall be promoted. Many railroads and other concerns do not tolerate drinking among the slaves at all. Those who drink are discharged.

As there are more profits in prohibition than in the liquor traffic, prohibition will win out. And with the coming of prohibition, the slaves will have clearer brains to think, not only for the master class interests, but for themselves.

Prohibition will be a great aid to working class revolt.

From the time the iron ore comes from the ground to the time when the glittering finished mass of steel stands ready to manufacture commodities, labor, and labor only, has been the power which accomplished the transformation. The plute in his easy chair never did one stroke of brain work or muscle work towards its completion, yet he owns the machine, and owns the jobs of the slaves who will crowd each other for a chance to operate it. Doesn't it strike you as rather funny?

OVERPRODUCTION

A special correspondent to the Montreal Star declares that the experts of Europe believe that a universal slump is coming. This slump may beat the world slumps of 1901 and 1908.

Slumps in 1901 and 1908 and 1914 show that the periodical crises are coming swifter. Formerly they were looked for every eleven years. Now they are coming every six years.

Says the correspondent, "Ministers, bankers and experts are warning the manufacturers and exporters against plunging into big enterprises, as the world, they say, is suffering from over-production, and only by a sharp reduction in economical activity can equilibrium be restored."

The experts predicted the slump a couple of years before because so many workers were employed. "The world in 1912," says Dr. Emil Brezigar of Berlin, "was in precisely the same condition as in 1900 and in 1907. All three were years of unusually good trade, dear money, low unemployment figures, and exaggerated output of iron." During 1913 the unemployed figures increased rapidly till 80,000 unemployed were in Berlin alone. Unemployment among trade unions was eight per cent of the membership.

There is a certain gentleman friend of the editor of this paper who in his own opinion, has solved the whole problem of our troublous times. The working class are too extravagant. They want the very best. They will hire livery teams of a Sunday to take their young ladies for a drive, that is, the unmarried slaves who have not yet a family to support. The workers, instead of saving their pay, spend it all. If they only saved their money by living on peasoup, wearing very cheap raiment, etc., they would have money to tide them over hard times.

This gentleman who is but a specimen of our middle class economists who have only a very superficial understanding of present day problems, entirely overlooks the fact hat OVERPRODUCTION, according to the capitalist thinkers, is the trouble. If the workers saved their wages (providing they could live on air) commodities produced for the consumption of the working class would remain on the market and overproduction would come all the quicker. The socalled extravagance of the workers is what prevents the panics striking us all the sooner.

Overproduction is not the trouble with us. Underconsumption is the trouble. We have built a system whereby production outruns distribution. The working class produces tremendously. The product of the labor of the working class is not consumed by the working class. It is handed over to the capitalist class. It is poured through the hopper of capitalist ownership. The hopper is too small. The more the workers produce, the quicker the hopper is clogged. When the hopper is clogged, industry halts and the producing class go workless and hungry.

The remedy is simple. Abolish the hopper of capitalist ownership. Let the working class produce, own and consume. Then we will hear no more of overproduction producing want and misery. We will no more see the tragic farce of women and children going hungry and illclad because their husbands and fathers have produced so much wealth.

Socialism is the only real and sane movement now at work to end the nightmare of our present and future panics.

BOTHA'S FINISH IN SIGHT

Botha's government of South Africa in a high headed manner deported the union officials of the striking miners.

The government declared martial law. The troops rode down workers peacefully assembled. It was forbidden for any striker to go out of doors at night, to picket, and no one was allowed to give aid, financial or otherwise to the strikers.

Had J. P. Morgan been alive he would have said that Botha had shown himself to be a lion and not a mouse.

The transvaal elections were recently held. In the former house, the Labor party had only two members in a House of forty-five. Now the labor party has twenty-three members. Many of the elected members have just been released from prison. It has a majority of one. This may not be a workable majority. The Labor party intends to proceed, if it can, with a bold program of political and social reform. All property and sex disqualifications are to be removed, proportional representation to be restored, free elementary and secondary education, and taxation land values. This program would be made still stronger if the public were ripe. The work of education will be vigorously pushed along class lines.

A by-election has recently been held in the Liesbeek division of South Africa. This is a "respectable" suburb of Cape Town. It was formerly represented by a Unionist supporter of Botha. The result of the by-election was as follows, Magineas (Labor), 1,298 votes; Eddy (Unionist), 47[illegible] votes; Brydone (Independent), 337 votes. This is a remarkable turnover.

In the present South Africa House, Labor had six (now seven) representatives in a house of 121 members. It will be interesting to watch the next political contest.

Man makes machinery to lighten his labors, and machinery is driving him to the wall and causing him to labor harder. Why doesn't he own the machinery of the world to lighten he will be a slave.

Machinery was destined to be man's friend. Under capitalist ownership of all the machinery of production, it is his downfall. He must own the machinery of the world to lighten his labors and those of his fellow workers.

MASSES WILL NOT RESPOND

Kings, princes, and the royal parasites are not popular with Canadians. This fact is being demonstrated day by day and in various ways.

A while ago a kinemacolor show was touring Canada. The pictures were splendid, and were taken in the old country. They were in charge of a typical son of Albion, loyal to the core, a man who expected that Canadians would go into ecstacies over the royal mugs reproduced on the films.

The writer sat in a crowded opera house and witnessed the show. First came a colored picture of the union jack. Silence!

The announcer started in surprise, but passed on to the next. It was a race of hydroplanes near Portsmouth. Cheers from the audience.

Next came the investiture of the Prince of Wales, attended by the king and queen and other members of the royal family, with soldiers in their various colored uniforms. It was a magnificent display. The king and queen and prince were in the centre of the camera's focus all the time. Deep silence!

This aroused the announcer, and he plainly told the audience that he had always had the hand for that picture no matter what country he showed it in. He pleaded for applause. He wanted to work the audience up to an enthusiastic stage, and showed another picture in which both king and queen were right up near the camera in a carriage smiling at the audience. More deep silence!

This got the Britons. He appealed again: "Surely you have a cheer for your king?" A few raucous yowls from newly arrived emigrants in the gallery was the only response. A reel showing warships in a naval review at Portsmouth met with the same fate. That was all for the royal family that evening. The programme was revised, and splendid portrayals of life in England met with a good reception.

But no cheers for royalty. No spasms of foolishness for the parasitical crowd who cling to the backs of the workers. Patriotism of the old order is fast dying in this country. A man could march the length of the longest street in the largest city dressed in full military uniform and never be saluted.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The slaves of to-day do not have a blacksnake whip over their shoulders to keep them at their work, nor bloodhounds set on their track if they try to escape. The whip of starvation works lots better than the blacksnake, and if a slave refuses to work, the masters have a little law made for such cases which has bloodhounds beaten a mile.

The city of Montreal has turned itself upside down over the election of a mayor who will look after the interests of the capitalists of that city, and see that the poor workers do not steal from them.

WAGE-LABOR AND CAPITAL

By Karl Marx.

WHAT ARE WAGES AND HOW ARE THEY DETERMINED ?

If we were to ask the laborers, "How much wages do you get ?" One would reply, "I get a couple of shillings a day from my employer ;" another, "I get a half-crown," and so on. According to the different trades to which they belong they would name different sums of money which they receive from their particular employers, either for working for a certain length of time, or for performing a certain piece of work; for example, either for weaving an ell of cloth, or for setting up a certain amount of type. But in spite of this difference in their statements there is one point in which they would all agree: their wages are the amount of money which the employer pays them, either for working a certain length of time or for a certain amount of work done.

Thus their employer buys their work for money. For money they sell their work to him. With the same sum for which the employer has bought their work, as for instance with a couple of shillings, he might have bought four pounds of sugar or a proportionate amount of any other wares. The two shillings with which he buys the four pounds of sugar are the price of four pounds of sugar. The two shillings with which he buys labor for twelve hours are the price of twelve hours work. Work is therefore as much a commodity as sugar, neither more or less, only they measure the former by the clock, the latter by the scales.

The laborers exchange their own commodity with their employers—work for money; and this exchange takes place according to a fixed proportion. So much money for so much work. For twelve hours' weaving, two shillings. And do not these two shillings represent two shillings worth of all other commodities ? Thus the laborer has, in fact, exchanged his own commodity, work, with all kinds of other commodities, and that in a fixed proportion. His employer in giving him two shillings has given him so much meat, so much clothing, so much fuel, light, and so on, in exchange for his day's work. The two shillings, therefore, express the proportion in which his work is exchanged with other commodities—the exchange-value of his work; and the exchange-value of any commodity expressed in money is called its price. Wage is therefore, only another name for the price of work—for the price of this peculiar piece of property which can have no local habitation at all except in human flesh and blood.

Take the case of any workman, a weaver for instance. The employer supplies him with thread and loom. The weaver sets to work, and the thread is turned into cloth. The employer takes possession of the cloth and sells it, say for twenty shillings. Does the weaver receive as wages a share in the cloth—in the twenty shillings—in the product of his labor ? By no means. The weaver receives his wages long before the product is sold. The employer does not, therefore, pay his wages with the money he will get for the cloth, but with money previously provided. Loom and thread are not the weaver's product, since they are supplied by the employer, and no more are the commodities which he receives in exchange for his own commodity, or in other words for his work. It is possible that the employer find no purchaser for his cloth. It may be that by its sale he does not recover even the wages he has paid. It may be that in comparison with the weaver's wages he made a great bargain by its sale. But all this has nothing whatever to do with the weaver. The employer purchases the weaver's labor with a part of his available property—of his capital—in exactly the same way as he has with another part of his property bought the raw material—the thread—and the instrument of labor—the loom. As soon as he has made these purchases—and he reckons among them the purchase of the labor necessary to the production of the cloth—he proceeds to produce it by means of the raw material and the instruments which belong to him. Among these last two of course, reckoned our worthy weaver, who has a little share in the product, or in the price of the product, as the loom itself.

Wages, therefore, are not the worker's share of the commodities which he has produced. Wages are the share of commodities previously produced with which the employer purchases a certain amount of productive labor.

Labor, is therefore, a commodity which its owner, the wage worker, sells to capital. Why does he sell it ? In order to live.

But labor is the peculiar expression of the energy of the laborer's life. And this energy he sells to another party, in order to secure for himself the means of living. For him, therefore, his energy is nothing but a means of insuring his own existence. He works to live. He does not count the work itself as a part of his life, rather it is a sacrifice of his life. It is a commodity which he has made over to another party. Neither is its product the aim of his activity. What he produces for himself is not the silk he weaves nor the palace he builds, nor the gold that he digs from the mine. What he produces for himself is his wage; and silk, gold, and palace are transformed for him into a certain quantity of means of existence—a cotton shirt, some copper coins, and a lodging in a cellar. And what of the laborer, who for twelve hours weaves, spins, bores, turns, builds, shovels, breaks stones, carries loads, and so on ? Does his 12 hours' weaving, spinning, boring turning building, shoveling, and stone-breaking represent the active expression of his life ? On the contrary, life begins for him exactly where this activity of his ceases—at his meals, on the public house bench, in his bed. His twelve hours work has no meaning for him as weaving, spinning, boring, etc, but only as earnings whereby he may obtain his meals, his seat in the public house, his bed. If the silkworm's object in spinning were to prolong its existence as a caterpillar, it would be a perfect example of a wage-worker.

Labor was not always a commodity. Labor was not always wage-work, that is, a marketable commodity. The slave does not sell his labor to the slave-owner. The slave along with his labor is sold once for all to his owner. He is a commodity which can pass from the hand of one owner to that of another. He himself is a commodity, but his labor is not his commodity. The serf sells only a portion of his labor. He does not receive his wages from the owner of the soil; rather the owner of the soil receives a tribute from him. The serf belongs to the soil, and to the lord of the soil he brings its fruits. The free laborer on the other hand, sells himself, and that by fractions. From day to day he sells by auction, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen hours for his life to the highest bidder—to the owner of the raw material, the instruments of work and the means of life; that is, to the employer. The laborer himself belongs neither to an owner nor to the soil; but eight, ten twelve, fifteen hours of his daily life belongs to the man who buys them. The laborer leaves the employer to whom he has hired himself whenever he pleases; and the employer discharges him whenever he thinks fit; either as soon as he ceases to make a profit out of him, or fails to get so high a profit as he requires. But the laborer whose only source of earning is the sale of his labor, cannot leave the whole class of its purchasers, that is, the capitalist class without renouncing his own existence. He does not belong to this or that particular employer, but he does belong to the employing class; and more than that, it is his business to find an employer; that is, among this employing class it is his business to discover his own particular purchaser.

Before going more closely into the relations between capital and wage-work, it will be well to give a brief survey of those general relations which are taken into consideration in determining the amount of wages.

As we have seen, wages are the price of a certain commodity—labor. Wages are thus determined by the same law which regulates the price of any other commodity.

Thereupon the question arises, how is the price of a commodity determined ?

By what means is the price of a commodity determined ?

By means of competition between buyers and sellers, and the relation between supply and demand—offer and desire. And this competition by which the price of an article is fixed is three-fold.

The same commodity is offered in the market by various sellers. Whoever offers the greatest advantage to purchasers is certain to drive the other sellers off the field and secure for himself the greatest sale. The sellers, therefore, fight for the sale and the market among themselves. Everyone of them wants to sell, and does his best to sell as much, and if possible to become the only seller. Therefore each outbids the other in cheapness, and a competion takes place among the sellers which lowers the price of the goods they offer.

But a competition also goes on among the purchasers, which on their side raises the price of the goods offered.

Finally there arises a competition between buyers and sellers: the one set want to buy as cheap as possible, the other to sell as dear as possible. The result of this competition between buyers and sellers will depend upon the relations of the two previous aspects of the competition; that is upon whether the competition in the ranks of the buyers or that in those of the sellers is the keener. Business thus leads two opposing armies into the field, and each of them again presents the aspect of a battle in its own ranks between its own soldiers. That army whose troops are least mauled by one another carries off the victory over the opposing host.

Let us suppose there are a hundred bales of cotton in the market, and at the same time buyers in want of a thousand bales. In this case the demand is greater than the supply. The competition between the buyers will therefore be intense; each of them will do his best to get hold of all the hundred bales of cotton. This example is no arbitrary supposition. In the history of the trade we have experienced periods of failure of the cotton plant, when particular companies of capitalists have endeavored to purchase, not only a hundred bales of cotton, but the whole stock of cotton in the world. Therefore in the case supposed each buyer will try to beat the others out of the field by offering a proportionately higher price for the cotton. The cotton sellers perceiving the troops of the hostile host in violent combat with one another, and being perfectly secure as to the sale of all their hundred bales, will take very good care not to begin squabbling among themselves in order to depress the price at the very moment when their adversaries are emulating each other in the process of screwing it higher up. Peace is, therefore, suddenly proclaimed in the army of the sellers. They present a united front to the purchaser, and fold their arms in philosophic content; and their claims would be absolutely boundless if it were not that the offers of even the most pressing and eager of the buyers must always have some definite limit.

(To be continued.)

Let's Make Another Effort

R. W. Northey.

Comrades, I was glad, very glad in reading last Thursday's issue to see certain signs which looked to me as if it would not be a difficult task to amalgamate the S.P. and S.D.P. of Canada into one strong and conquering organization. I know it has been attempted before and failed, but things have changed and times have changed since then. The spirit of irreconcilability seems to have died out altogether, and I believe it would not mean another failure were the attempt made once more.

One of the signs I note with pleasure is the appearence of Wilfrid Gribble as a lecturer before the comrades of Brockville Local S.D.P. Those of us who used to read Comrade Gribble's bitter denunciation of the S. D. P. some years ago, will readily understand how much his action at Brockville will help towards reconciliation and amalgamation.

Another favorable sign is the splendid help in the shape of lectures Comrade C. M. O'Brien has been giving the S.D.P. locals in New Ontario and Kingston.

Now if we ever intend taking the destiny of Canada out of the hands of the plutes and their servile henchmen, the politicians, we will have to heal our differences, close up our ranks and become one intelligent, progressive whole.

We Socialists, who preach a lot about common sense, tolerance, fraternity and all the other qualities that make for brotherhood, ought surely to show the world at large that we really do possess them and practice what we preach. Let's make another effort to come together, concentrating our energies on economic and political methods. There is no necessity in the present phase of the class struggle for bringing in the religious question at all.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says: "But what they fail to perceive is that in a word like this made by infinite goodness and wisdom, right is always the great standby for men and for nations and for the rich as well as for the poor, and that wrong sooner or later ends in misery and destruction." That is sound moral teaching. We have been doing the wrong for the past century and we have reaped and are reaping "misery and destruction." It is time that we changed our methods which are ALL FUNDAMENTALLY WRONG, RADICALLY UNJUST, WHOLLY IMMORAL.—London Review of Reviews.

The Socialist army is never conquered. It has no deserters. It never decreases in numbers. It is marching steadily to the goal, gathering its recruits as it progresses.

Socialist Educatian in Germany

REMARKABLE WORK BY THE PARTY.

By E. B. Lloyd in the British Labor Leader.

The German Social Democratic Party is probably the finest organized political body in the world, and the remarkable efficiency of its organizations is in no way more clearly shown than by the splendid educational system which has been built up within its ranks during the last few years, with immense devotion and at great monetary cost.

The German Socialist Party, dissatisfied with the old attempts at educational work (more or less unsystematic lectures, classes, etc.) and recognizing, in view of the enormous and regular growth of the modern Labor movement, that new times demanded new methods, decided at the congress of 1906 to form a special Educational Committee. This committee, though it met at first with comparatively small support and was much hampered by lack of financial aid, has since made most remarkable progress; so much so, indeed, that to some people its work seems at least as valuable as the whole political activity of the party during the same period. In 1912 the total expenditure for educational purposes reached the figure of £35,000.

AMAZING EDUCATION PROGRAMME.

Starting from the idea that it is absolutely necessary to wean the working class from the more profitless pursuit of "beer and skittles" (which in Germany may be taken almost literally), the Committe set out with the avowed object of raising the whole level of the proletariat as regards taste and culture even under existing social conditions. To achieve this aim they have worked up an educational system ranging from staid lecture courses on Trade Unionism and the Basis of Socialism to cinematograph shows, literary and musical evenings, visits to theatres, museums, and art galleries, exhibitions of books, pictures, and furniture, branch libraries and catalogues of suitable literature for the young—this last being quite an important feature, for the war against "penny dreadfuls" and trashy literature is in full swing in Germany. A special magazine is now regularly issued, devoted solely to the interests of this side of the movement. Local education committees have been formed, and work together with the central Committee, which arranges courses all over the country by good travelling lecturers, making grants towards the expenses in the case of small and poor branches.

A STAFF OF LECTURERS.

As I write I have before me the Committee's Year Book for 1913-14 containing specimen programmes for the whole winter season (which, of course, need not be rigidly adherted to) for strong, medium, and weak branches. The expenses are carefully estimated and worked out with characteristic German thoroughness down to the most unbelieveable minute, such as the cost of the songs for a concert, hire of musicians (who can be provided from headquarters on application !) magic lanterns, obtaining of books for exhibition from the publishers, and the most suitable subjects of study for the various classes of workers—not too heavy for those branches whose members are mostly engaged in the more arduous kinds of works, not too amusing for those whose jobs are lighter. The lecture syllabus announces 30 regular paid lecturers, while there are some 35 different subjects to choose from, including in addition to those already mentioned, Art, Biology, History, and Geography (in the widest sense), and Literature—the last always specially attractive to the German mind. The lecturers go from branch to branch, arranging as far as possible to speak at places within reasonable distance of one another, so as to be able to reside at temporary headquarters while working any special district.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR SOCIALISTS

These lectures, though rightly enough regarded as the corner-stone of the scheme, are as I have said, very far from exhausting the list of the committee's activities. It is considered necessary to go further—to make of the lectures a starting point for wider education, of a kind which one may, perhaps, call "pleasure work." For the Germans have learned that the intellect of man—even the most enthusiastic—cannot live and thrive on "economics" alone; that an absolutely unmixed diet of Trade Unionism and Co-operation, etc. (necessary as these are), is as bad as an unmixed diet of steak and suet pudding for the body. Hence, by giving the workers a chance to acquire not only "facty" knowledge but also cultural improvement and even aesthetic amusement within their own party, the committee seeks to enable them to raise and broaden their whole outlook on life, and thus make themselves in every way more competent to hold their own (even superficially) with the ruling classes. Furthermore, a system of scholarships has been devised, by means of which a number of selected members (at present 30) are enabled to spend at least a year in Berlin studying at the Party's own school, all their expenses being paid from the party funds. The classroom at headquarters is a most enticing place, splendidly arranged; and I could well understand the pride which the secretary of the Education Committee evinced on showing it to me. The special Berlin Education Committee (founded last year) also publishes a separate year book and much other literature of its own, including a series of admirable little theatre hand-books—for in Germany the theatre is still far more of an educational institution than with us in England, partly owing to the prevalence of municipal theatres and the repertory system.

Apogee

"Babuslika" Breshkovsky and Mother Jones are in prison in the interests of law and order. Each of them is over eighty years of age.

Was it for this we crawled from out the slime
And trod our brother-brutes beneath our heel;
Winnowed the fleeing ages of their yield,
Garnered the harvest from the field of time ?
Was it for this Guatama saw the Light,
The Carpenter of Nazareth was slain ?
Was it for this that men have pictured gods,
And dared to live, and do, and die for dreams?
Is it for this we've plumbed the Universe.
And proved the unity of all the worlds ;
For this that princes, popes, and presidents
Hold dire dominion over all the world—
That on the very apex of the years
Is raised a thing so rotten in its pride,
It trembles at the touch of four old hands ?
Is it for this that half mankind stands armed.
The tides themselves are groaning 'neath the weight
Of all the blood-bought wisdomry of war—
To hold in chains two feeble women's hands,
And stain their twilight years in felony ?

Gerald J. Lively.

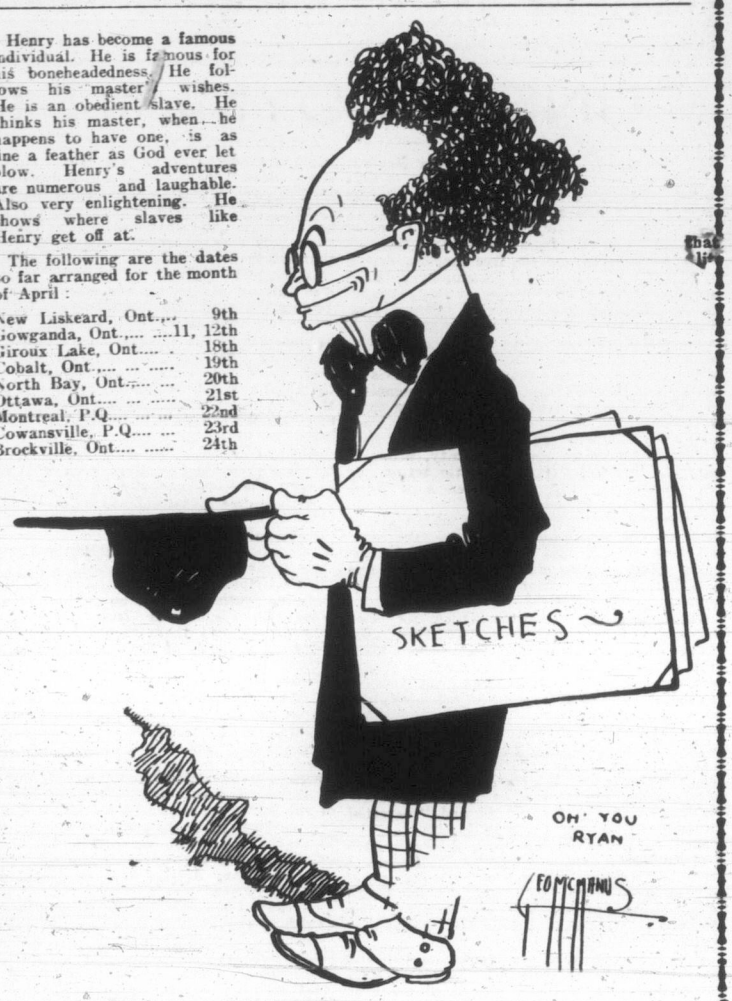
The banking graft is one of the biggest grafts in existence, yet the people patiently stumble along with the weight of heavy interest on their shoulders and think that the banking business is a necessary one.

RYAN WALKER, the famous New York Cartoonist, is touring in Canada. The subject of his lecture is "Life and Adventures of Henry Dubb"

Henry has become a famous individual. He is famous for his boneheadedness. He follows his master's wishes. He is an obedient slave. He thinks his master, when he happens to have one, is as fine a feather as God ever let blow. Henry's adventures are numerous and laughable. Also very enlightening. He shows where slaves like Henry get off at.

The following are the dates so far arranged for the month of April :

New Liskeard, Ont....	9th
Gowganda, Ont.... 11,	12th
Giroux Lake, Ont.... .	18th
Cobalt, Ont....	19th
North Bay, Ont.... ...	20th
Ottawa, Ont....	21st
Montreal, P.Q....	22nd
Cowansville, P.Q.... ...	23rd
Brockville, Ont....	24th



Everybody go, and see Henry Dubb as he travels through this vale of tears and patched trousers

Gumbo and the C.P.R.

You will remember how last week I tried to let you see what a liar Judge R. M. Meridith had proved himself in his summing up of the evidence given at the concilation board called to arbitrate in the case of the C.P.R. Maintainence of Way Employes' demand for a living wage, you will remember how I tried to ventilate his statement regarding the dear loving motherly "care" the C.P.R. manifests towards its injured employes. Therefore we will now proceed to examine another of these bountiful privileges emmerated by this puppet of the slave holders. He says: "Employes in due course receive a pension provided entirely out of the companies funds." Now before we call Judge Meridith a liar on this point, let us widely scattered readers of Cotton's Weekly each one try if we can locate any aged, worn-out wage slave in all this broad Canada at present in receipt of a pension from the C.P.R. Does any reader of Cotton's know at this moment of any former trackman now receiving a pension ? I myself know of one who when they saw him able to stick it for eleven years, forced him to sign a paper relinquishing all claim to a pension, should he prove able to remain in the service the necessary years.

No, Meridith, the C.P.R. doesn't take men into its employment to make pensioners of them. The C.P.R. doesn't give any of its employes the incentive to remain long enough in its service to be entitled to a pension.

The C.P.R. pays its bulldogs of officials a fair wage to give the poor convientious worker hell, if he happens to do what is right, and make him feel as big as five cents. No man except he is a born bully can rise in the service of the C.P.R. No man except he has the strength of a lion, the patience of Job, and the wisdom of Solomon, can ever hope to remain long enough in the track department to entitle him to a pension. The only man who remains in the C.P.R. track department is the man who has no other thing to turn his hand to. Ask some of the present occupants of the C.P.R.'s ready-made-farms what prospect they have of ever becoming the owners of the land the C.P.R. is soaking them for. Well, the prospect of any of the C.P.R.'s present holders of track jobs ever becoming pensioners is just as remote. The C.P.R.'s pension for track-men is just like the "pie in the sky" dope of the preachers—something that has a shadowy mysteriousness about it, a sort of unattainable thing, accessible only to the very few. The track department is one in which it is never made worth any man's while to stay. The C.P.R. compels its paid bullies to make its poor paid jerries feel as crestfallen, confused, embarrassed and angered as ever they possibly can. No word of commendation dare they utter, because if known, they won't utter many more. Their instructions are to get as much work out of them as possible, and if they show any signs of temporizing or aiding the men, their time will be short.

Now, I have again run into a lot of unnecessary words in order to analyse this further statement which at first sight would cause any person not knowing the ways of the C.P.R. to feel indignant at these poor muddy, dirty, stupid, wage slaves daring to present a claim for better conditions; but as there still are people in Canada not yet awakened from that dread sleep produced by the narcotics of capitalism in the form of a kept press, it behoves us who are itching under the lash to try and pack some mental dynamite into Cowansville in the hope that the fragments from the explosion—in shape of Cotton's Weekly—may alight in sight of some poor slave and awake him to class consciousness, and cause him to set his face towards the attainment of something better than a mere meal ticket.—GUMBO.

The concentration of capital into the hands of the few spells disaster to the concentrators.

Home Rule, any Old Rule

Its all the same to me. As I pen these few lines, England and Ireland, or rather the lords and dukes of England and the meek and mild and easily fooled workers of North Ireland are frantic with rage because the majority want home rule. Whilst the storm is at its height the Socialists of these countries lay back very peacefully and smile. They can afford to smile for it does not affect them in the least. The worker has been robbed for so many years and by so many masters that it matters not to him who is to do the robbing so long as he has to be robbed.

How delighted are the tiny little Oranges to witness the high and mighty army officers resigning their positions rather than shoot down Ulstermen.

Gentle workers of Ulster, do you imagine they have thrown up their jobs for your sake? Not on your life. You go out on strike, or commence to ask for better working conditions, ask that they stop exploiting you and yours and watch how many officers will resign. Can you imagine them doing it ? History must have taught you that they wouldn't, in fact, they would only be too delighted to have a smack at you and your class.

If a scrap should come it might help to rid the world of a few dough heads who allow themselves to be fooled by the cries of religion and patriotism. Sensible workers would not take part. When I look around and see the conditions of the working class, I sometimes think that the only salvation for the revolutionary working class, the class that demands what is rightfully theirs, the class that is sick and tired of being robbed, is for a few of these contented slaves to drop out of existence or to be sent to the front to fight for their lazy masters.

Men of Ulster don't be fooled any longer. If ever you see Home Rule, and the Pope ruling it won't be for long, for over 12,000,000 Socialists the world over are saying that. The people are going to rule. If you have any bones to pick at all, it is with these gentry who own your means of life, these humbugs who rob you of four-fifths of what you produce. Let those who own and control Ireland fight for their belongings. You own nothing, not even your own job.

This skin game has been played long enough Fancy intelligent workers putting their trust in such men as Carson. The handle to his name should be sufficient for you. These empty titles are not given the masters because they love the workers, not on your life. The number of titled gentlemen who love the working man, can be counted on the fingers of your left hand, after a saw mill accident. For gracious sakes, for your own sake, for the sake of appearing at least intelligent, "wake up" and keep awake. It is essential if you still wish to remain a human being.

Ireland will some day have Home Rule, the world will have home rule, but not the home rule we have to-day. The home rule of the future will be the people's rule. The capitalist class and working class will cease to exist. The people will take their place as one great nation. Grit and Toryism will be dead for ever. The religious views of the people will be their own affair. The brotherhood of man will be their goal.

Working men of Ulster, your duty is to see to it that the people rule and the only people worth considering are the workers. Let the lazy slick gents fight their own battles. Its up to you to fight your battles, the class war, the battles of your class the working class. Chas. Retsof. Brockville.

Steal, steal, steal. The police courts are filled with offenders against the capitalist law who have been unable to gain a living, and have been forced to steal. Nobody in the police courts ever thinks of placing the blame where it belongs—on the system which causes conditions of poverty and unemployment. The blame is always placed on the victim of the system.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada meets every first and and third Monday at 55 King street East. H. Martin, sec., 61 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—395.

ONTARIO Provincial Executive Committee, S.D.P., meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month, 8.15 p.m., Labor Temple, 167 Church St., Toronto. Secretary, P. C. Young, 83 Wroxster Avenue.—285.

MANITOBA Executive Committee S.D.P. of C., meets every second and fourth Monday night at Headquarters Hall, 215 Jarvis Ave. For information and literature write to Prov. Sec., J. Penner, Box 1582 Winnipeg, Man.—286.

BERLIN LOCAL No. 4, S.D.P. of C., meets every Sunday; business every first Sunday night at 7 p.m., at 55 King St. East. Secretary, 160 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—263.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Finnish Hall, 2605 Pender St. East, Vancouver, on the first and third Sunday of every month, at 2.30 p.m. General Business meeting on third Sunday. E. Winch, Prov. Sec., Jubilee Station P. O., Vancouver, B.C.—270.

ALBERTA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE S.D.P. of C., meets every first and third Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Moose Hall, Fraser Ave., Edmonton. Comrades desiring assistance in organizing locals please write Sec. C. Spencer, 86 Clara St., Edmonton, Alta.—268.

HAMILTON LOCAL No. 61 S.D.P. of C., meets every second and fourth Friday evening of the month in Swales Hall (cor Barton and Kinrade) at 7.45 o'clock. This is an invitation to attend. J. Alexander, Sec., 41 Fraser Ave.—274.

LIBERTY Co-operative Club, P.Q., 31 Butler Ave.

LONDON local No. 44, S.D.P. of C., meets every Sunday at 308 Dundas St. (rear of Ford Motor Co.) at 4 p.m. The Clarion call goes out to every Rebel in London to come along and hasten the advent of the Social Revolution. Godfrey E. Heathcote, Sec., 87 Smith St.—284.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets every Tuesday, 8 p.m., for business and propaganda in Labor Temple. Public meeting every Sunday at 8 p.m., in Colonial Theatre, Vancouver, B.C.—265.

NANAIMO LOCAL No. 11, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting, Tuesdays, at 7.30 p.m. Propaganda meeting, Sundays at 7.30 p.m., at Wharf St. Hall. William Watson, Sec., Box 120, Nanaimo, B.C.—286.

NUMMOLA Finnish Local No. 5, S.D.P. of C. Post Office address. S.S. Osorto, Nummola, Sask.—262.

PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P., meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., second and fourth Wednesdays 8 p.m., for business; and first and third Wednesdays to discuss matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 28 Ruttan St., Sec.—286.

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 32, S.D.P. of C., holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m., in the Miner's Union Hall, South Porcupine. Tom Meyers, Sec., Box 531.—252.

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published in the interests of Socialism by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowansville, P.Q. W. U. Cotton, Pres., Roy Winn, Sec.-Treas.

Printing Bulletin

All price lists formerly issued by this company are cancelled, and no more price lists or samples will be sent. We will be pleased to receive your copy or a description of your job, and will quote you prices by return mail on any quality of stock you may require.

Bulletins will appear each week giving prices of a few lines which are in daily use, and which an estimate can fairly be given. Watch for them and save money by getting your work done at a reasonable price.

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COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC. COWANSVILLE, P.Q.

Ryan Walker Delights Guelph Ont.

Dear Comrade:—I have been instructed to write you regarding Ryan Walker's two meetings in Guelph, on Sunday, March 29, and Monday, March 30.

We had about 325 people at each meeting. Comrade Walker drew pictures that words can not describe. There he stood dressed in the garb of an artist. The veins in his hands told of hard work. The audiences were both very attentive. With his chalk he drew the famous Henry Dubb, Sr., and at the same time lectures and talks, often getting in a witty story to illustrate his points.

He is certainly a wonderful asset to the Socialist movement, and if the Henry Dubbs could only see their position in society, they would never tire of working and agitating and educating. Henry Dubb is very familiar on the streets of Guelph now. A lot of people were introduced to Henry Dubb who never met him before. It was a very successful engagement all through. Of course both daily papers kept their reporters away, but that is a good sign, for it proves to the people that the press of the city are not working for the interests of the whole people.

If signs count for anything, we are to benefit at the coming provincial election. Every place that can possibly run a candidate should get busy and nominate a candidate, and educate the people to vote for that candidate.

Come altogether, comrades, get after Henry Dubb, and push the sale of Cotton's Weekly and boom Socialism, which will be to the very front in Canada in a few years, for all the economic forces of capitalism are at work.

So up with the red flag of justice and down with the black flag of capitalism. Yours in revolt.—Edward G. Hill, Guelph, Ont.

The Christian Guardian regrets to note that women in Chicago held mass meetings on Sunday afternoon to further their cause. Does the Guardian know of any other afternoon on which the majority of the women would have the time to attend meetings? In all probability the women worked the solid week through, and took their only chance. The capitalist system does not allow its women or men slaves any too much time to get together and talk things over. Its aim is to keep the workers apart. Gatherings of workers always works havoc with the dividends of the masters if allowed to take place. Why does not the Guardian say something of the railroad slaves of Canada, who in the great majority of cases hold their union meetings on Sunday afternoons?

Innovations, upheavals, upsets and changes that will greatly affect all existing society, civilization, courts, schools, hospitals, judges lawyers, physicians, teachers of every kind and quality, and mankind in general are due to this century and should not be delayed.—Prof. Edgar L. Larkin.

Marx declared the capitalists were their own grave diggers. Nevertheless the Socialists can help them.

3,000 Aliens Replace Easterners

Vancouver Daily Province.

It is not many moons since the big strike in Nova Scotia, mining circles was calling forth the fulminations against 'foreign' unions, as has been the case on Vancouver Island; when the same union was assisting the Nova Scotia miners in their struggle. If it were possible, the amount of flag-waving was even worse in Nova Scotia, seeing that the mine owners were assisted in the fight by what is known as the Provincial Workman's Association, which together with them expressed its horror of Canadian citizens belonging to an international union. The fact that the most of the capital in that corner of the globe is American, did not seem to worry them in the least, as consistency is not looked for in these cases. The following circular which has been circulated by thousands in Russia is therefore just such an exhibition of patriotism as those familiar with such affairs have been led to expect. It would now appear that even the Provincial Workmen's Association may make ready to transport its members from the eastern portion of Canada to make room for the workers whom their patriotic employers are seeking to bring in.

The contents of the circular need little comment; and the way they propose to dodge the Immigration restrictions is beautiful when the wholesale nature of the shipment is considered.

Thanks to the International Secretariat at Berlin, it is difficult to circulate even in Eastern Russia or for that matter anywhere else where there is a worker's movement, anything harmful to the interests of the workers at any other point without due note being made of the fact.

READ THIS CIRCULAR.

The General Agency—The Transatlantic in London England, has been commissioned to place 1500 men in the following works: The Dominion Steel Corporation and Dominion Coal Co. Limited, in Glace Bay, and the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. Limited, in Sydney, Canada.

The following men are required. Miners (cutters)—Possessing Certificates. Payments by the ton. Cutters earn from 40 to 100 roubles a fortnight—(One rouble equal 51½ p.c.)—Assistant Cutters.—Payment by the ton an average wage of 4 roubles a day and even more. Unskilled Workers—(1000 to 1500) for work above and below ground. Wages, between 14 and 15 cents per hour. Nobody is bound to work under ground but better wages are paid for this work.

Coke oven workers for Sydney—Wages about 15 cents per hour. Work time 11 hours, but work is light. Foundry Workers for Sydney—Work time 10 hours. Wages the same as Coke Oven Workers.

Workers for Stone Quarrying—In Marble Mountain. Work time 10 hours. Wages about 15 cents per hour. Life in the Marble Mountain is very pleasant.

No experience and no knowledge is demanded. Every healthy and willing man will be engaged. The following are also required. Stockers—(4 roubles a day)—Iron Turners, Carpenters, and Foundry Workers and others.

Every unskilled worker who is in communication with the General Agency, the Transatlantic, may be sure of employment the first day of arrival. A minimum wage of 2.8 roubles ($1.43) will be guaranteed to begin immediately. Later 4 roubles a day can be earned. Skilled workers can earn 4.8 roubles a day. (about $2.80).

The Works Management looks after board and lodging. The necessary outlay amounts to 80 kopecks (approximately 40 cents) a day so that each worker can save out of his own wages 2 roubles a day (about $1.03). In cases of sickness the workers receive medical attendance and financial assistance to the extent of 10 roubles a week. The travelling expenses must be borne by the workers themselves. No money will be advanced by the works management. Knowledge of the language is not necessary. In Canada, and especially in the trades in question, there are many Russians, and many workers from Austria and the Balkan States, so that every worker can get along with his mother tongue.

Every worker who wishes to emigrate to Canada should write to the office of the General Agency stating his name, age, nationality, and the name of the ship in which he will sail, and the date of the sailing to Canada. He will then receive a certificate of employment gratis from this office. Whoever possesses a certificate will experience no difficulty in landing in Canada.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is My Own, my native land.—
—Sir Walter Scott.

Ryan Walker in the For st City

On Thursday, March 26th, Comrade Ryan Walker lectured at the first public meeting organized by London Local 44 S.D.P. since inception a few months ago.

Numerically and financially, the meeting was not an overwhelming success, but enthusiastically!! Ye gods and little fishes!! How the audience (with the exception of two or three who will be Henry Dubbs until they die—and, after that possibly, and these got so mad they couldn't see straight) cheered and laughed as Ryan drove point after point home, illustrated by those vitriolic cartoons. By the way, will the gentleman who stole them afterwards kindly note that our chairman is out hunting for him with an axe?

The chairman wishes to deny the report that Ryan made him laugh so much that he "went dry" and was met by several of the Comrades coming out of a nearby hotel! It is not true. Well, well, Ryan, you've given us a great boost here, and the boys are going to follow it up good and hard. We shall meet again some day—

And when thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scatter'd on the grass,
And in the joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one—trim down an empty glass.

And say Ryan! It's not often the "Red Flag" is sung in a Y.M.C.A. auditorium, is it? Oh! you Ryan!!

London Comrades are arranging for a series of public meetings on Sunday afternoons. Full particulars later. Henry Dubb (and others) in this vicinity please note.

Why arent more readers of "Cotton's" joining our Local?

"Would ye struggle upwards to the light? No longer beg, but ORGANIZE AND FIGHT."—Godfrey E. Heathrote, 87 Smith St., London.

The famous Bernard Shaw declares that medical etiquette is really a cloak for a huge conspirady of silence against the public and that its object is the protection of the doctor's livelihood and the concealment of his errors. They foster cases of imaginary illness in order to increase their incomes. They magnify trifling indispositions into serious maladies in order to obtain the credit of remarkable cures.—Collier's Weekly.

They Never Mention It

R. W. Northey.

The big family newspaper and weekly compendium of world-wide happenings is a well-developed feature of our twentieth century civilisation. Canada has two or three of these great papers which certainly must be a large factor in moulding the opinions of the rising generation, as they are read in nearly every home in the Dominion, and I must admit that they are mostly well worth reading, quite up to date, and equal, if not superior to anything of the kind published in the United States or any other country. But this reading matter is carefully weeded of anything that would have a tendency to open the eyes of the workers to the manner in which they are exploited, or anything that would induce them to make an effort to free themselves from the bonds of wage slavery, although a few of their contributions are allowed to indulge in the harmless pastime of "muckraking" now and then.

I have been a subscriber to one of these big papers for many years, and generally find time to skim through the greater part of the mass of widely varying reading, from the doctors' columns to the natural history club, but my chief delight is the back page of the first section, which carries the editorials and two or three columns of sanctified dope from an old-fashioned contributor under the nom-de-plume of "Observer."

"Observer" is evidently a sedate old chap trained in the ethics of the mild-Victorian era. He is quite adept at ladling out patriotic taffy, which he mixes with fulsome eulogy of the topnotchers in the political game and downright servility towards the titled aristocracy which has so graciously condescended to come over here to rule over us. Yet with all his subserviency he is an interesting old body. He is a sturdy defender of the under dog, i. e. on paper. He believes "the laborer is worthy of his hire and should receive a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," etc., etc.

Of course he does. Bless his dear old heart, doesn't he know that every man jack of us believe the same thing? Why Borden and Laurier both believe that, and so does Roosevelt, and Taft, and President Wilson, and even old John D. himself. That's the very point, my dear "Observer," where you and the numerous moral and social contributors of moral and social platitudes in the widely-read columns of the great family weeklies of the average worker's family all kinked up. You preach that the worker should be greatful to his employer for robbing him of three-fourths of his product. Of course you are too foxy to put in plainly like that, but that is the effect you desire to inculcate, isn't it? The feeling of gratitude on the part of the worker towards the beneficent master who provides him with a job so that he can maintain his family and do his duty to his king and country as a fearless, honest, trustworthy Britain should! Hey? Isn't that about the sense of it?

My friend "Observer", and all other capitalist morality writers of the same kidney, certainly do not believe that the worker should receive all he produces. If they do they never mention it. They stand for the workers dividing up with the parasites, as has always been the case since civilization began. Their motto is laissez-faire, let things remain as they are, we are content. They'll never have the honesty to proclaim that the only really just and equitable settlement of the labor controversy is for the parasites to get off the backs of the workers. You bet they won't, for they are parasites themselves. But that same thing must come to pass before any final settlement can take place. TO THE WORKER THE FULL PRODUCT OF HIS LABOR!

This Glorious Canada

Comrade, New Norway, Alta.

Oh, you Socialists, you are a bunch of kickers, don't you know that we are living in the great Dominion of Canada. This glorious land of freedom and prosperity.

Where many thousands of men and women are out of work, looking for work, and cannot find work, and are told to go to work by politicians, preachers, judges, and other lazy parasites who are living off the fat of the land.

Where workers are thrown out of work by their masters and put in a pen if they cannot find another master to take some more hide off.

Where men pray on their knees on Sunday and on their fellowmen the other days of the week.

Where farmers are forced to work their horses ten hours per day and themselves from sixteen to twenty.

Where longcoated preachers are paid $1,000 per year for preaching forty minutes on Sunday and working men $2.00 per day for shovelling gravel 10 hours per day, six days in the week.

Where smoothed-tongued, drumheaded and softhanded politicians get rich, and hardworking, hornyhanded laborers are forced to starve.

Where politicians sell their tongue willingly and women sell their body unwillingly.

Where farmers raise wheat for 70 cents per bushel, and sell it for 60 cents.

Where workingmen get handouts and railway companies get $25,000,000.

Where politicians talk about universal peace and ask the people for $35,000,000 of hard earned money for warships.

Where young men are told to go to church on Sunday and to join the militia and shoot their fellowmen on Monday.

Where a working man is called a bum and a robber is called a gentleman.

Where men are fined or imprisoned for shooting buffaloes and pensioned for shooting workingmen. (Of course buffaloes are more scarce than workingmen.)

Any one who has not been in Canada, be sure and come and see this grand country where labor skinners live in mansions and the men they skin live in tumbledown shacks or in the streets.

Where the poor suffer from want of food and the rich from the want of exercise.

Where women are smart enough to work and raise families but not smart enough to vote.

Where 100 men earn money and one man spends it for them.

Where a politician's word is good for a few thousand votes and a worker's word is not good for 50 cents.

Where men get free rides to a job and get sacked and walk back on the ties.

All you workingmen who are not satisfied where you are just come to Canada, where you can get skinned and skinned quick.

Bank clerks of Canada are organizing. The masters are alarmed. They have robbed the bank clerks for many moons, and the easy money appears to be flowing away from them. The bank clerk has been long suffering and hard-worked, but is becoming wise to the impositions practiced upon him. He will revolt, and be a help in the struggle.

Pensions for Mothers

By Elizabeth H. Thomas, in the Labor Leader

She was just a pale little woman, dressed in cheap mourning. She carried a pale little baby and two pale little children clung to her skirts.

"Is this the place where mothers get pensions?" she asked timidly.

The fat lawyer scowled because he saw by her clothes that not very much money could be got from her. But he knew by experience that some money can be made even from poor widows. So he took the cigar from his mouth and asked shortly, "Was your husband a soldier?"

"No," said the small woman. "Oh no! He was a brakeman, killed in a railway smash-up."

"Then why do you want a pension?" said the lawyer, sternly.

"Because I haven't any coal, and Joey and Kitty need shoes and warm clothes, and I can't get them enough to eat, and the baby is always sick.

"And last night, when I was coming home from the house where I do washing, there was a man talking at the street corner.

"And he said it was ridiculous to give pensions to soldiers and not to mothers.

"And he said that mothers' noble work was to bring human beings into the world, and the soldiers' mean work was to shoot holes in them. And he said that every mother risked her life more than all the soldiers in our Cuban war, who were not in any great danger from the poor, scared Spaniards.

"And the only risk our soldiers ran was from the embalmed beef which the Government and the Meat Trust fed them on.

"And he said the most precious wealth of any country is its children. That when we defend them from disease and early death we are defending our nation a great deal more sensibly than when we sail away with rifles and bayonets to kill a few Filipinos or Spaniards, who never came within a hundred miles of our country.

"Then he said that since the work of the mothers is to defend and care for our young citizens, they deserve to be rewarded by the government. And that every mother, especially every widowed mother, ought to draw a pension that would enable her to feed, clothe and house her little ones properly.

"So I thought I'd come to you and see if you could do anything about it. I need a pension so bad. Oh, you don't know how hard it is to hear the children cry and have no bread to give them.

The lawyer stared in amazement.

"Do you think we live under a Socialistic Government?" he yelled at her. "That man at the street corner was a Socialist! That is the sort of people who destroy the foundation of society!

"I would just like to put them all behind prison bars! Pension you! I guess not. Don't you know that society is maintained by the survival of the fittest? If your husband was killed in a railway accident that proves that you and your children are not fit to survive. Pensions for mothers, indeed! Socialist rot!"

And when he went out to lunch on turkey and oysters and cocktails, he told the story to a reporter who met him on the street on a hunt for humorous anecdotes.

And the reporter wrote it up in a delightfully comical way, making so much fun of the Socialists that everybody laughed when they read the account in a Capitalist newspaper.

But the little woman did not laugh when she dragged her little brood back to her fireless lodging.

And little Joey said, "Mother, I'm cold!"

"And little Kitty said, "Mother, I'm hungry!"

And the pale baby wailed with a dying child's low, long pitiful wailing.

Three Books

William English Walling, the American Socialist, has written three books. These books have stirred up much comment. Their titles are, "Socialism as it is," "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," and "Progressivism, and After."

In the first of the trilogy, Walling gives the various tendencies of the Socialist movement. To one looking for dogmatism or postive assertions, the book is not satisfactory. But to one wanting to know the various tendencies as they are, the book is a mine of information.

In the second books, "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," Walling gives the various philosophic viewpoints of non-Socialists. He shows how the movement is bigger than the Socialist parties. He shows how out of modern conditions the tendency towards Socialist reasoning is increasing. He deals, not only with the central ideas of Socialism, but pursues the movement into its various ramifications.

In "Progressiveism and After," Walling shows how conditions are forcing the politicians along the way of revolution. As the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange shifts, the social organization changes, and as the social organization changes, the political and intellectual outlook changes and must conform to the new economic base.

Walling has had many critics among Socialists. Yet he is following out the Marxian method. He is applying the principle of economic determination in an analysis of present capitalist society.

The books are published by the MacMillan Company.

When will this weary round of toil be over? Work, work, work, old, young, male, female, hustling to work in the early morning, slowly, and with wan, hopelass eyes, feeling their way back to their rented hut in the evening. Girls in the shops waiting on crusty customers long hours, or in the house helping mothers in their slavery for the family. Boys in their apprenticeship doing the work of a man for a miserable pittance. Fathers in the window-grated factories, sweating in dust, smoke and steam, urged faster and faster by bulldog foremen with their words "You're Fired" just behind their teeth. Mothers beaten down by the toil and misery and hopelessness of years, their former hopes faded into nothingness, nothing but the gaunt spectre of despair appearing in their eyes. When will it all be over? When will the workers awake to the fact that the capitalist system under which they labor and vote is the direct cause of all their misery and blasted hopes? When will they see the light of Socialism and liberty shining through the maze of darkness and the pall of capitalist gloom? Not for long, we hope. Humanity can stand only so much of oppression and slavery. The time for emancipation may be soon at hand.

Under capitalism labor distributes everything from the manufacturer to the consumer and creates and runs the medium of transportation. It could still do it under Socialism.

Rent, interest and profit are sapping the lifeblood of the nation.

Glace Bay, N.S., News

To Cotton's Weekly:—It is hardly necessary that I should warn the workers to stay away from Nova Scotia, as I believe the terrible conditions that prevail in this part of Canada, is fairly well known to the English speaking workingmen at least, to need no further comment from me. With thousands of the workers idle, and the wages so low when they do work, that they are constantly face to face with starvation, and so far as hours is concerned per workday, from nine to twenty-four, as the boss feels like it, there are hundreds of men that would gladly leave here if they had the means to do so.

However, in the face of all this, the big corporations are busy with their agents scouring the European countries, to bring in more men in order to further reduce the conditions of the workers to abject slavery, if such were indeed possible. I am enclosing copy of circular which is self explanatory, and trust that you will publish same for the benefit of those who are not yet in the union, and are anxiously waiting with their mouths open, for the big corporations to start dividing up their enormous profits with those who produce all the wealth, but have none of it.

The few that was left of the so-called loyal men, that the Coal Co. used as scabs and strikebreakers are now forced to leave for pastures new, and make room for a better class of workmen from Southern Europe.

The Clergy and Church Laymen are very busy in this locality at their old game, stirring up bitter strife among the workers along the religious line, so that it will be easier to keep them under the absolute control of their taskmasters. And the politicians are abusing each other, for their lack of interest in the welfare of the workers, for the purpose of getting a few votes, while they are handing out millions of the people's money to unscrupulous and merciless corporations, to still further crush the Canadian toilers.

But the saddest thing to my mind is how the worker is often persuaded to stay away from his organization, by these same wolves in sheep's clothing, and on election day will vote to send these same mis-representatives back to parliament. But the workers are being educated, and those who never took an active part before are beginning to think about organization and education now. And before long we hope to be able to permanently establish International Unionism, and Industrial Liberty even here in Nova Scotia.

And to you true and noble union men who are dues paying members and who made great sacrifices to maintain the Organization here, that stood for principle against great odds, and refused to sell your manhood for a few paltry dollars, you who have born your cross in silence waiting for your fellow worker to assist in the terrible struggle, be patient a little longer, as it is to you the rising generation must look for deliverance, from the cruel greed of the capitalist class.

I again appeal to the mineworkers of Nova Scotia, in the name of God and your fellow men, and in the interest of your homes and families, that you get into the union, the United Mine Workers of America, pay your dues and assessments, so that you will have protection, and be able to assist in bringing about better conditions and happier homes.—James D. MacLennan.

If a horse with a sore shoulder or a lame foot is worked by its owner, there is a society whose members are always on the alert and who will have the owner of the horse arrested and fined for his cruelty. There is many a poor man who has lost a leg or two in the service of some company who thanks his lucky stars that the company will find him some cheap job to do that he may earn enough to live.

The county doctor at Port Huron, Mich, recently deported a woman who had been in labor 18 hours when he called, and her child being born a few minutes after her arrival in Sarnia. These officials are appointed by capitalists, and there are hundreds such, in Canada and the U. S. A government official is rarely appointed for his workingness to fill the job. It is pull, not his moral and intellectual ability which counts.

The financial pages of the dailies record company after company as making huge profits in the past year. There is no cry of distress in these pages. Everything appears to be rosy among the robbers; they know not hunger, nor poverty, nor misery, and they care not how much of it is caused in order that their company may be reported as paying dividends of robbery.

The law is supposed to be for all the people but it is not. The workers have laws galore aimed to suppress them. These laws cannot be applied to the loafing capitalist class, for they are made by henchmen of that same class. Any law which apparently can touch the capitalist class is sneered at. They can dodge laws of any sort, and are doing it every day.

"All work is honest," some say. Perhaps, but only about half of it is useful, every section of the capitalist system which extorts profits on a commodity has to keep a staff of people to handle that commodity. The work they perform is of no use to the whole people; it is simply to help that certain branch of robbery to gather in its share of the spoils.

Soldiers are well clad. Thick serges and overcoats, fur caps and good thick boots adorn their useless carcasses during the winter, when the hard-working useful producer is forced to go about half clad, exposed to all the elements. This is the way the capitalist system uses its pets and its slaves.

John Park, of Poland, Ont., was found dead in his bed by a neighbor. Not a bite to eat nor a stick of fuel was in the windowless hut in which he lived. He had been dead a week when found, and no doubt was in the heaven selected by the sky pilots for the working class.

The man who studies Socialism is just that far ahead of his fellow worker who is contented to toil in slavery and misery. When the revolution comes, he will join with the rebels with a full knowledge of what he is doing and where his policy will lead him.

The soldier is an incubus. He does nothing useful to help the progress of the world. When he is not engaged in his miserable profession of murder and destruction he is loafing. He is a natural loafer, and a hurdle in the path of progress.

Scientists declare that though the bee is a hard worker, it works only four hours a day and lays off all winter besides. That is what can be accomplished under organized, co-operative effort. The bee gets the value of what it produces.

If Cotton's had a better list of subs coming in each week, we could run the paper with a less number of ads and give more space to the propaganda.

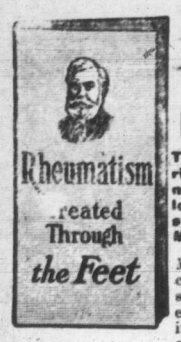
If You Have

RHEUMATISM

Write your name and address here.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

And Send to Frederick Dyer, Dept. RD15, Jackson, Mich. Return mail will bring you This Book and My $1.00 Drafts to Try FREE as explained below.

Cut off here



Send Today for this **FREE BOOK**

Tells how to get rid of Rheumatism no matter where located, or how severe, without Medicine.

My method has created such a sensation all over the world by its extraordinary simplicity, as well as by its certainty to bring prompt and permanent relief, that every sufferer should learn about it at once. Men and women in every civilized country and in every climate are writing me that my Drafts have cured them, some after 30 and 40 years' suffering—a whole lifetime of pain—cured even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. No matter what your age, nor where or how severe the pain, I take all risk of failure and send you the drafts right along with my Book without a cent in advance—TO TRY FREE.

Then after trying my Drafts, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Dollar. If not, KEEP YOUR MONEY.

You decide and we take your word. Send above coupon, today and get my Drafts and my illustrated Book, by return mail, prepaid. Address: FREDERICK DYER, Dept. RD15, Jackson, Mich. Send no money—just the coupon.

Says the Toronto Weekly Sun, in speaking of the Liberal party, "Although it contains Socialistic elements, there is no reason to believe that the substance of it which still rallies to the cry of freedom of trade and wider markets is tolerant of Socialism." The Sun is right. Wider markets mean wider opportunities to skin the wage slave. Freedom of trade means freedom to hire the wage worker at as low a wage as possible. Liberalism has no affinity for Socialism which stands for the abolition of the wages system.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions

It is a stern fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars or bottles; the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this, there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use ordinary mercolized wax instead of cosmetics, they would have natural, healthy complexions. This remarkable substance absorbs a bad skin, also unclogging the pores. Result: The fresher, younger underskin is permitted to breathe and to show itself. An exquisite new complexion gradually peeps out, one free from any appearance of artificiality. Get an ounce of mercolized wax, at your druggist's and try it. Apply nightly like cold cream, for a week or so, washing it off mornings.

To eradicate wrinkles, here's a marvelously effective treatment, which also acts naturally and harmlessly: Dissolve 1 oz. powdered saxolite in ½ pint witch hazel, and use as a wash lotion.

WANTED---ORGANIZER

A live-wire red is wanted to act as organizer of the S. D. P., to begin some time in May. Here's a chance to put in all your time working for the Revolution. Applicants communicate with P. C. Young, Sec. Ontario Provincial Executive, 82 Wroxeter Avenue., Toronto, Ont. 291

TO WESTERN FARMERS

Orders will be taken from April to June for eggs for hatching purposes from my stock of Pure-bred White Plymouth Rocks. $1 per setting of 15. Jos. Effler, Grandview, Man.

The Woodstock, Ont., Sentinel-Review published an article upon why workingmen do not go to church. It published the sentiments of one minister that the spread of Socialist sentiment was the cause. C. P. Culliford, of Beachville, Ont., got a column letter in reply published, showing that the churches are largely against the working class. Breaking into the capitalist press is a fine method of getting Socialism discussed.

World Notes

George Bernard Shaw declares that childbearing should be a paid profession. He says if he were a woman, his fee to become a mother would be $10,000.

W. Wertheim and Co. of Berlin., who conduct a big department store, have failed. Liabilities were $4,500,000. Assets $125,000. This is an echo of the Princes Trust when the bloods of Germany thought they could skin the workers in trade as well as by owning land and running the government.

"White Wolfe," a Chinese "brigand," is attacking and capturing Chinese cities. His success is endangering Yuan Shi Kai. If White Wolf over throws Kai, then White Wolf will become an eminent statesman and can borrow millions from the Christian bankers of Europe. His brigands will become highly respected soldiers and when they kill, it will be under the guise of law and order.

"The revolutionary movement is deeper and stronger in Russia to-day than when it attracted world-wide attention in 1905. To-day there are two Socialist dailies in the Russian language and the weekly with which I am connected, printed in the Russian capital. Fourteen Socialists sit in the Russian Duma." This is the way in which Marx Golfarb summarized the situation in Russia during a speech in St. Louis.

With the intention of busting the Housing Trust, syndicates of middle class and working class flat dwellers have been formed all over Switzerland, and are making a bitter fight. The Housing Trust have boosted rents thirty per cent in the past few years.

The Chinese government have issued new press laws. Publishers, editors and printers must be over thirty years of age and must not be officials or students. All publications must be licensed by the local police officer and security must be given. They must not "misrepresent" the system of government under penalty of confiscation and imprisonment of publisher,, editor and printer. Articles "disturbing the peace" or revealing diplomatic, political or military secrets are publishable by fines.

Har Dyal, Hindoo philosopher, arrested in the U. S. and held for deportation for advocating armed revolt in India, quotes Bryan in his defence. William Jennings Bryan, writing in 1908 on British rule in India, declared, "British rule in India is legalized pillage. This is a strong word, but no refinement of language can purge the present system of its iniquity. The government of India is as arbitrary and despotic as the government of Russia ever was."

The March number of "Nineteenth Century and After" publishes an article advocating a Cabinet Minister for Britain to represent women.

Arrangements are being made for 1,100 British co-operators to visit Paris for a week, while French parties are being arranged to visit Belgium.

German Socialists recently instituted a "Red Week" to boost Socialism. As a result, the party has 120,000 new members and the national Socialist journal has 53,100 fresh readers. The party membership is now 1,100,000.

M. Tutrovitch, editor of the fortnightly publication of the Servian Socialist party has been sentenced to jail for writing a book criticising the late war.

122,000 youths are under forced military training in Australia. Prosecutions for refusing to train number 21,300 and 3,400 boys have been imprisoned.

K. Mikhail, a well known Egyptian journalist, has written a pamphlet exposing the suppression of a free press in Egypt by the British. Criticism of the English rule is not allowed.

S. P. of C. Local Suggests a Referendum

We, the Socialists of Eckville, Alberta. Local No. 58, S. P. of C., are pleased to note the position taken by the official organs, Cotton's Weekly, and the Western Clarion, regarding the probability of the unity of the two Socialist parties of Canada.

We, however, respectfully call the attention of the members to a few existing conditions which are a hindrance because of the disorder of the parties.

1st. That of our provincial secretaries through lack of sufficient remuneration, are unable to devote their entire time and attention to the parties' interests, regarding organizers, correspondence with locals, distribution of literature, etc.

2nd. We are reproached with the condition of being divided among ourselves, because of the two parties.

Furthermore, is it not a fact that the tactics adopted by all ruling powers are: Divide and rule, meaning, to keep the voters divided by continually placing new issues before the public, while they, being the interpreters, become elected and rule to their interest?

Therefore, we think that we are justified in saying: United we win; divided we fa,l!

In view of the foregoing statements would it not be advisable to submit to a referendum vote the joining of the two parties under some one name? We shall be pleased to hear the expressions of other locals of the two parties.

I Cured My Rupture!

Perhaps the Same Thing Will Cure Yours

Years ago, while I was a ship captain, I sustained a double rupture that kept me bedridden for years. After trying every kind of truss and harness I could hear of without doing any good, I discovered the right way and completely cured myself. Now, I'm trying to help others by sending my FREE book and medicine without a penny of cost to all who write me. If you are ruptured, I want to hear from you right away.

CAPTAIN W. A. COLLINGS, (Inc.) Box 391, Watertown, N. Y.

American Notes

John D. Rockfeller, Jr., declares that the mineowners of Colorado are prepared to lose every cent invested rather than yield to the miners union. John D. is some bluffer.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has signed an order which absolutely prohibits the use or introduction of alcoholic liquor upon any vessel of the navy or within the confines of any navy yard or short station. This rule is to go into effect July 1, 1914.

By the unanimous vote of three employers, three employes and three representatives of the public, $10 per week is recommended as the minimum wage for women employes of mercantile establishments at Washington's first minimum wage conference which met recently at Olympia, Wash. In the state of Oregon the minimum wage has been fixed at $9.25 for Portland and $8.25 for the rest of the State.

Two unemployed agitators of New York City who at a demonstration in Rutgers Square called the police hoodlums have been jailed for two months.

Illinois miners have voted $150,000 to aid the striking coal miners of Colorado.

New York Central railway has discharged 27,600 men in six months. The Pennsylvania has let out 15,000. Other railways have discharged thousands of employes. The railways are going to teach Wilson who rules, the railways or the government. Wilson is learning his lesson for he is about to allow the railways to advance their freight rates five per cent.

Regulating the hours and working conditions of nurses, housemaids and cooks and other domestic servants is urged by the Pennsylvania State Commissioner of Labor Jackson.

The Socialists of the Seventh Congressional District of Oklahoma are working hard to return a Congressman to Washington this fall.

The Socialists of St. Louis have sent three shipments of clothing and shoes to the striking miners of Colorado.

The Executive of the Socialist Party employ 32 persons. Headquarters are in Chicago, and the rent for cramped quarters is $2,500 per year. The Executive is urging the Party to buy a plot in the suburbs and build.

The Socialists in the recent election held Butte, Montana, and gained control of Missoula. Butte has a population of 39,165 and Missoula has a population of 12,869.

The old party fusion in Girard, Kansas, has lost that town to the Socialists. Houghton, Socialist, was elected mayor three years ago. Although the Socialist vote increased 44 per cent, the fusion won out.

In the election for Congressman in the 7th Congressional district of New Jersey, Demarest, the Socialist candidate received 5,053 votes, which tripled the vote of 1912. The republican candidate received 10,620 votes and the Democratic candidate received 5,240 votes.

ATTENTION TORONTO READERS

Last September a few of our young people got together and organized a Y.P.S.L., and while the membership is not as large as they would like, yet they have accomplished quite a good deal of work. The winter has been devoted to lectures, debates, and lessons in parliamentary proceedings. They have also given several successful social affairs.

They are now working hard to make a success of the dance which you will find advertised elsewhere in this issue, and from the proceeds of which they expect to put the League on a firm footing.

It is to be hoped that the Toronto readers will take advantage of this opportunity to spend an enjoyable evening and at the same time help these young people to make their League a factor in the progress of the city.

The Committee promises an excellent Hall, good music, (which will be furnished by a four piece union band) and dainty refreshments.

MAY DAY CELEBRATION.

Arrangements for the May Day demonstration by the Socialists of Montreal are now far advanced. At a meeting held this week May 1, a tag day, and orders have been given for ten thousand tags. The parade is expected to be an imposing one. To the music of brass bands, with the red flag at the head of the line, the Socialists, several thousand strong, will march through the streets to the Champ de Mars, where orators will address the crowd from six platforms and in six languages. It is expected C. M. O'Brien, Socialist member of the Alberta Legislature, will be one of the speakers. Later the Socialists will proceed to Colonial Hall, Clarke street, where more speeches will be made, dancing indulged in and refreshments handed out. The May Day committee meets every Friday night in St. Joseph Hall, St. Catherine St. east.

THE DANCE OF THE SEASON

A GRAND BALL

under the auspices of the

Young People's Socialist League

will be given on

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ADMISSION 25c.

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Four to Napanee, Ont.
Four to North Bend, B.C.
Five more to Sunkist, Sask.
Five subs from Dauphin, Man., are grist for the revolution,
Four from Davidson, Sask., with best wishes for the paper's unprecedented success.

"Enclosed find $1 for sub cards. Am going to get some more of these scissorbills."—Mair, Sask.

A Victoria, B. C. Comrade sends two subs and takes ten sub cards to go and hunt victims with.

Peterboro, Ont., and Minitonas, Man., and Hanover, Ont., each send $1 for subs, and Burmis B.C. sends six.

$7.50 for bundles from Nanaimo, B. C., Local S.D.P., and $10 from Victoria Local S.D.P. for the same purpose.

"I am a pioneer here, but am working hard to make the Socialist movement grow here."—Baie St. Paul, P.Q.

Plunkett, Sask., Kingston, Ont., and Toronto, have hustlers who send the price of the Weekly to be sent to four slaves.

From Waldville, Sask., comes an order for $12 worth of subs and sub cards. There will be made a big hole in the defences of capitalism thereabouts.

"Please forward $3 worth of sub cards. Ryan Walker's meeting was O.K. We made a success of it entirely. Sold over 350 tickets."—Stratford. Ont.

"Enclosed find $1 to renew my paper and for Battery. Am sorry I cannot get out and hustle subs, but am marooned on 160 acres with no time or money."—Marwayne, Alta.

"Enclosed please find twenty-six subscriptions. Socialism is new to many in these towns and as I am interested I intend to make Socialism known."—New Glasgow, N.S.

A Niagara Falls, Ont., Comrade takes $3 worth of sub cards. Those sub cards will be sold and the message of the common people will be spread in the ears of many slaves.

"I find it hard to get subs up in this country as all slaves cannot talk English. I hereby send five dollars to help push the parasites a little nearer the edge."—Jasper, Alta.

"Enclosed find $1 for sub cards. Hope to take another $1 worth shortly. Just had two dandy lectures from Ryan Walker. Crowded theatre each time. Things going fine for the cause here."—Hamilton, Ont.

Guelph, Ont., Local, S.D.P., sends $10 for bundle account. In bundle lots taken for three or more months Cotton's is half a cent a copy. Great work can be done for Socialism by taking and distributing a bundle.

"I want Facts," says a Toronto Comrade as he deposits twelve subs on the counter. Facts is his now.

"I send in my single sub as I want the paper now. I will send in a club just as soon as I can get time to get out around the neighborhood."—Polworth, Sask.

"The paper has made quite a few reds here. We held the record for copies coming to any town in the dominion last year. Our new record is to be the strongest English Local in B.C. We are gaining fast now. Will do all we can for the dear old Rag." Mission City, B.C.

The Register, of Berwick, N.S., is publishing three columns of co-operative news a week. The department is under the control of the United Fruit Companies of Nova Scotia which handles the sale of fruit on a co-operative basis. The middleman is getting put out of business. The turn of the big capitalist will be next.

A CORRECTION.

Dear Comrade:—In your issue of 26th, February, I notice a little item re the refusal of the McBride government to investigate the causes of the coal miner's strike on Vancouver Island. You state therein that many of the coal miners are getting what they voted for.

This, I think, is rather unfair to the coal miners, as their votes elected two Social-Democratic members of the legislature in the last provincial contest. The coal miners are not getting what they voted for, but what a majority of the British Columbia working class outside of the Vancouver Island coal camps voted for. The Social Democratic local in Nanimo is 300 strong—probably the largest local in Canada—so you see how they feel towards the McKenzie and Mann owned MrBride government. Yours fraternally, Geo. E. Winkler, Victoria, B.C.

CONDITIONS IN THE WEST.

Farmers and wage slaves out here in the west are groaning in a slavery worse than ever Israel groaned in and with far more cause. It is a case of being forced to make bricks without straw over and over again. So it is for us who have seen the light to help what we can in passing it on to others and helping to hasten the glorious day of emancipation from this soul destroying grind. —Gumbo.

How many millions of money has been spent and how many millions more will be spent on the Trent Valley Canal by the governments for political purposes may never be known. When this ditch is finished all it will have to its credit will be its length, and lack of breadth and depth. By that time some other political feeler to catch the votes of the hair-brained will be brought forward.

Gadsby says that the Rideau Canal is occupied chiefly with Dennis Murphy's barges, and that the Trent Valley Canal last year carried a few thousand tons of freight, mostly cannoists.

Circulation Statement

Circulation statement for week of April 9th, 1914.

	Off	On	Total
Ontario	129	100	7261
Alberta	74	36	2097
British Columbia	26	20	2849
Saskatchewan	38	44	2338
Quebec	31	10	1184
Nove Scotia	19	27	1188
Manitoba	21	12	734
Foreign	3	3	495
New Brunswick	52	25	210
Yukon Terr.	4	0	204
Newfoundland	1	0	113
Prince Edward I.	0	0	48
	393	277	19401

Loss for week—116.
Total issue last week—21,100.
Another loss to record.
The spunk seems to have gone out of you.
You seem to have become docile slaves of the master.
Your paper, declines, declines, declines, and you let it decline, decline, decline.
There is no use of flogging a dead horse.
I want every one of you who reads this to gather at least four subs and send them in. You surely can scare up four persons who will part with two bits. If you cannot rustle subs, you can send a dollar for Agitation. If you cannot scare a dollar, two of you can combine on the Battery contribution.
Cotton's must have more revenue or Cotton's will not be able to continue in existence.
Get busy.

CASH RECEIPTS.

Cash receipts at Cotton's Weekly for the first week in April, 1914, as compared with the corresponding week in 1913 were as follows:

	1913	1914
Subscriptions	216.76	90.31
Book Sales	7.45	13.15
Advertising	29.10	8.50
Job Printing	56.10	30.16
Total	309.41	142.16

Compare the receipts for subs for the corresponding weeks.

The same tale is told of every week this year. Shrunken receipts.

We have kept up a brave appearance, BUT THIS CONDITION CANNOT GO ON and have Cotton's live.

You are treating Cotton's as though it were a luxury. You are starving it to death.

Is Cotton's needed for the movement? If it is, it is for you Comrades to support it with subscription lists.

If it is not necessary the quicker the paper is put out of misery the better.

If it is necessary, the quicker you gather up a list of subs and shoot them into us, the better it will be for the movement.

I guess, Comrades, your editor will have to talk like a Dutch uncle to you again. For the receipts at Cotton's will shortly spell disaster.

THE JEROME CASE

Comrade Editor:—In reply to article of March 19th, headed "Capitalist Henchmen Hound a Socialist", as Comrade Morgan has been mininformed regarding the J. O. Jerome case, and the larger part is drawn from imagination, I hereby wish to correct a few errors committed therein.

First, Jerome was not arrested for wife desertion, but for wilful neglect of wife and family. The complaint of such was sworn out by his wife and her evidence substantiated by three Socialists of this comunity. To this charge Jerome entered a plea of guilty.

As to Jerome's land, he moved into a deserted trapper's shack on surveyed land in a timber limit, which remains in the same condition yet. It was not gobbled up by brazen real estate parasites as referred to in the article of March 19tg.

In regard to the police chasing Jerome's partner off the land, this is a mistake as the man referred to is residing there yet.

I believe that the readers of Cotton's Weekly are more interested in the emancipation of the wage slave than they are in freeing a man that has pleaded guilty to wilful neglect of wife and family.

I will not go into details of the case, which as shown by the court records which show wilful neglect to say the least. If a man is hauled through courts and convicted in behalf of the Socialist cause, then as a party of principle we would defend him. But if a man becomes the victim of the courts through other motives, why does he appeal to the Socialist press for defence? Only too often do Socialists become involved in arguments and debates, that even if they are right does not promote the cause, but only causes enmity among themselves. Let us not rush to the defence of any individual until we know he is worthy of the cause. Let us teach the Socialist doctrine of better food, clothes and homes. And by so doing we will hasten the time when we can overthrow the government as it exists to-day, in favor of the capitalists, the money powers, and the trusts.

Yours for the cause and the truth, Olaf Finstad, Holmes Crossing, Alta.

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