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W. U. COTTON, Editor and Prop.

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This is No. 69

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, JAN. 6, 1910

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THE BRITISH FIGHT

The Unionists are relying upon two cries for success in Great Britain. The one cry is "Make the Foreigner pay," and the second cry is "Land for the Farmer."

The Unionists want to bring in protection. They want to fool the electors with the idea that the keeping of the home market will relieve unemployment. They present two arguments. The first is that, with a protective tariff, prices will not go up, because the importing foreigner will have to pay duty, thus putting money into the treasury without the Britisher paying for it. The second argument is that by keeping out the foreign goods, the home market will be supplied by home workers thus giving work. These two arguments are mutually destructive. Either the foreign goods will be admitted and the unemployment in Great Britain will still remain unsolved, or the foreign goods will be kept out and the foreigner will not pay any money into the treasury.

The other cry of the Unionists is that of selling land to the farmers and farm laborers so that men may own the land they till. A big Unionist land owner declared that he would be glad to sell his land and to put the price into some form of security less liable to attack.

Individual proprietorship by small farmers as proposed by the Unionists is not an advance. In France where the peasant proprietors are so numerous, rent-racking goes on. The little proprietor will let a part of his small farm to a tenant. The little proprietor has to work with individual tools. His little barn contains a little harvest. Individual work on individual small farms is a most wasteful method of farming. The amount of useless labor done is enormous. The result in France is that the peasants leave the farms and the depopulation of the rural districts is a serious problem.

The Lords are feeling the coming of the revolution. They therefore want to unload on the state. They want to be bought out at a big figure like the Irish landlords were. The nationalization of the Land, the demand of the Socialists, frightens them. The want to get out before the revolution hits them.

ANTI-SOCIALIST UNION

A Nonconformist Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain has been organized. Among its other objects are:

1. To fight Socialism in all its forms.
2. To withstand the encroachments of Socialism among the members of the Nonconformist Church.
3. To protest against the use of the pulpit for political ends.

The above society is a little inconsistent in its aims. The Union is the union of members of a religious sect for political ends. It is a religious union for the fighting of a political party, the Socialist party. It wants to take the religion of its members into a political fight. So far so good; but the society does not want the Socialist party to bring its politics into the pulpit. The Union wants to take its religion into politics but does not want its political opponents to take their politics into religion. This is what Socialists are up against continually; and when they protest against their opponents dragging religion into politics, they are accused of attacking religion.

The U. S. railway employees are demanding an increase of wages. The railroad officials say the railways cannot afford to raise rates just now. The railways are paying two hundred million dollars more in dividends now than they were six years ago. But the railways cannot afford to raise the pay of the employees. That would hurt the increased dividends and anything which hurts dividends cannot be done.

Decadent capitalism is top heavy and about to fall.

Warships are provocative of war.—Andrew Carnegie.

The revolution will be won by blood and brains.—J. Stitt Wilson at Montreal.

The Christmas spirit in modern times has taken the form of swapping useless presents and working girl clerks to death.

The class struggle is a fact, not a theory. The Socialist philosophy did not create the class struggle, it but recognized it.

There were seventeen thousand suicides in the U. S. last year. Capitalism produces a golden harvest for some and a ghastly end for more.

The workers of the dominion of Canada elect their bosses to go to Ottawa and then whine because their bosses make the laws in the interest of the bosses.

The Socialists want to introduce a system whereby rent, interest and profits shall be abolished, and the plutes declare that Socialism attacks their religion. This but proves that the plutes make a god of their profits.

Why do not Socialists try more co-operative schemes? Because, if the scheme were a small one, it would be crushed out, and if a big one, the capitalists would make laws that would put the co-operative out of business.

There are many plutes who think Cotton's Weekly is stirring up the dangerous element. To the plute mind the dangerous element consists of the workers who want the full return of their labor power.

Lord Strathcona worked for forty years in the wilderness. Then came the C. P. R. graft on the people of Canada and Lord Strathcona got a hustle on and is now the biggest parasite that is sucking the blood of the workers of Canada.

Many persons wonder why Socialists do not attempt to overthrow the capitalist system by cooperation within the mode of capitalist production. A little study on their part of the capitalist mode of production, would show them how impossible this would be.

Does the principle of love, or the principle of hate rule the world? For what reason and to what extent are the two principles active in the world? The study of the socialist philosophy and material determinism will unravel the mysteries of the operations of the two.

The Dominion of Canada gives the privilege of making paper money to the banks and they make paper money, flood the market with it, and the bank owners wax fat and prosper. But if an ordinary man makes paper money he is dubbed a counterfeiter and the cold walls of the penitentiary close around him for fourteen years. It is great thing to stand in with the makers of laws, is it not?

The American government is losing money in carrying second class mails matter. Taft says the postal rates must be raised. The American government pays the railroads eight cents a pound for carrying this mail. The express companies pay the railroads one cent a pound to carry express parcels. Taft does not hint that the railroad graft might be curtailed. That would interfere with his friends of Wall Street and Taft would not see them hurt for worlds.

WHAT THE LORDS FEAR

The lords do not fear the tax of the Budget. What they do fear is the valuation which is provided in order that the tax may be levied.

There is no land valuation in Great Britain which is worth anything. A valuation has not been made for years. The value of the land is not known. It can only be guessed at. The budget proposal is that the land be valued. This is what frightens. When once the people of Great Britain find out how valuable the land is, it is likely that the Socialists' rapks will receive a mighty army of recruits.

When I was in Scotland I was shown a narrow strip of land which lay between a coal mine and the public highway. The coal had to pass over that narrow strip of land, about two hundred feet wide, to get to the road. The owner of the strip of land collects twelve cents for every ton of coal that is taken out of the mine, or the coal cannot reach the road.

The Duke of Hamilton possesses an immense park and castle. Under the park are large coal mines. These coal mines are not worked. It would spoil the look of the park. The park pays no taxes. For coal mined outside of the park a shilling a ton is collected by the land owner. The land owner does nothing but collect his shilling.

When the values of large parks in the centre of populous cities are valued, and when the occupied areas are also valued, the nation will be astounded at what immense sums the land-owning classes collect for doing nothing. The Lords fear the discovery by the people of the rent graft.

The landlords in their wrath would like to show up the graft—the financial and commercial pirates collect from the useful workers. They started to talk upon this line but quickly shut up. The people were listening too eagerly to the tales of exploitation. The Lords saw that the exposure of industrial robbery would but further arouse the anger of the people against all exploitation. Moreover the Liberals got wise and quit showing up the robbery of the land owner. Just as Fowler with his wine, women and graft, shut up Liberal criticism and the Conservatives also became suddenly mum, so the Lords became mum and the liberals began talking lamely about curbing the power of the Lords. The fight has developed into a fiasco.

PRESS BITTERNESS

The Woodstock, Ont., Sentinel-Review says, "Canadians are learning some things from the British election campaign, and unlearning some things. The bitterness of the fight, the intemperance of the language, the display of class, and even of personal hatred—these things come as a shock to Canadian observers who have been taught to look upon British statesmen as models and to regard the conditions of British public life as approaching the ideal. The fierce partisanship of the British press comes also as a painful revelation. The Canadian press is far enough from being perfect, but apparently it ranks high in comparison with the British institution. Most Canadian newspapers, however partisan they may be in their editorial pages, make at least an attempt to be fair in their reports."

The editor of the Sentinel-Review is evidently surprised at the bitterness of the British press. This bitterness is easily explainable according to the Socialist doctrines. When you touch the means whereby men live they turn savage and brutal. This is what is taking place in Great Britain. The Sentinel-Review turns the white wash hose on the Canadian press. This fairness of the Canadian press is also easily explainable. The Canadian press is tumbling over itself to heap flattery on our industrial and financial magnates. The Canadian press backs the Laurier government in giving Canada away to the plutes. The Tory papers gently lament that the Conservatives were not chosen instruments for the presentation of the gift. But let a strong radical and socialist press rise, and the plute press would snarl and rage and be bitter just like the British press is.

"We'd rather strike quick than starve slow."—Slogan of the girl shirt waist makers on strike in New York City.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS

Every little while the capitalist upholders and little reformers hit upon some new scheme for the relief of the miseries caused by the capitalist mode of production. One of the latest to be resurrected is that of employment bureaus. There is much unemployed. Many men seek work. Now therefore let us organize employment bureaus so that the unemployed may know where the jobs are and not waste time in hunting them. That is the idea of the employment bureau and it is being put forth in order that the workmen may bend their energies in chasing the proper remedies for their miseries.

The employment bureau is a fake. The employment bureau will not solve the unemployed problem. Under capitalism the unemployed problem cannot be solved.

Under capitalism, business is run for profit. A worker gets two dollars a day and produces ten dollars worth of goods. The bosses waste great quantities of what the workers produce. Even then the bosses cannot waste all and there goes on the market, to be bought back by the worker with his two dollars, three or four dollars worth of goods. The workers cannot buy back what they themselves produce; mills are shut down and, although the mills are there, and the workers want work, the bosses will not run the mills because there is no profit to be got. Mankind must suffer because the production of the necessities of life will not yield a profit to the labor thieves. It is impossible for the workers to get work because the owners of the machinery of production declare that the mills shall stand idle.

The workers become restive and the masters see that something must be done. The workers, if not beguiled by some phantom hope, will hit upon the true remedy for the ills that afflict them. That would never do for then the bosses would have to go to work.

So the employment bureau is trotted out as a hope for the workers. The bosses say: "See, we are going to tabulate the jobs and we are going to tabulate the workers on little index cards in some nice offices. Then when in actual life a worker gets separated from his job, these little bits of paper will tell us where another job awaits the workless worker."

Thus say the bosses and in Great Britain and elsewhere the workers are deceived and pursue after, and elect to, parliament the men who say they are going to put the scheme into operation.

One thing is lacking to the success of the scheme. There are far more workers than there are jobs. The little bits of index cards in the employment bureau will show far more workers than jobs. The bosses will know where they can get scabs in particular trades when some section of the workers strike for better living conditions. The employment bureau scheme will put the workers more absolutely under the control of the bosses than the present chaos, because the workers can be made to go more keenly for the well paid jobs thus making them less valuable for the workers and more profitable for the bosses.

The employment bureau idea is a fine thing from the bosses' point of view because it keeps the workers chasing a phantom remedy which, when applied, will but make wages lower and profits higher. How the bosses must laugh at the poor, deluded, simple minded workers.

The social unrest is becoming so keen that popular magazines are finding it profitable to exploit it. Thus the American Magazine is running a series of articles on Barbarous Mexico. Everybody's is running a series on "The Beast and the Jungle." In its last issue it had a first article on "The Blind Revolutionist," by Ernest Poole, a Socialist writer, and Success Magazine publishes Russell's article, "The Power behind the Republic."

The capitalists cry, "Socialism will destroy the homes." The capitalists are so blinded by self interest that they only look at their own homes. It may be true that Socialism will destroy the palatial homes of the rich by turning such palaces into municipal buildings or museums. But Socialism will give homes to the common people who now have to pay rent for the privilege of living in a building belonging to another.

God must love the common people. He made so many of them.—Abraham Lincoln.

The house of Lords is as essential to the Liberals as the devil is to the Salvation Army.—Harry Quelch.

The vast majority of the trades unionists of Canada are caste conscious. They are not class conscious.

A giant merger of coal is being engineered in the U. S. The American industrial tyranny is preparing itself for a grand bust up.

Count Hayashi urges Japan to act at once and annex Korea. Japanese exploiters are finding that they need the unpaid labor of the Koreans in their business.

The capitalists believe in a paternal government as long as the paternalism is exercised for the benefit of the capitalists. But they consider a paternal government perfectly abominable, when the paternalism is exercised for the benefit of the workers, or common people.

The American Federation of Labor has started its fight on the steel trust, with its billion dollars of capital, with its activities in coal, railroads, steel, lake carriers, etc. The American Federation will be forced to fight along other lines than craft unionism. Modern machinery and industrial conditions have broken down the old division lines which formerly separated the various crafts.

A BIG TRUST

According to the Toronto World a giant steel trust, similar to the U. S. Corporation, is being planned in Canada.

The companies which are said to be involved in the Canadian steel trust are the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., the Dominion Coal Co., the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., the Lake Superior Consolidated Co., the Atikokan Iron Co. of Port Arthur, the Montreal Rolling Mills, the Hamilton Steel and Iron Co., and the National Iron Works Co., which it is proposed to start up in Toronto within a very short time.

The prime movers in this big Canadian organization are: E. R. Wood, J. H. Plummer and Robert Fleming. Mr. Fleming is the representative of big moneyed interests in the London market. Some few months ago this London financier practically took over all the American holdings and other obligations in connection with the Lake Superior Corporation, and it is believed that he is the pivot around which the consolidators of all the leading steel and coal interests are revolving.

From Montreal it was learned yesterday that changes in the directorate of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. are already in contemplation and that Rodolphe Forget and Max Aiken are to be put on the board of this company. Mr. Aiken, although a young man, has already made a record in the matter of amalgamations, and his prospective appointments to the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal directorate is regarded as one of the signs in the association of this big trust.

The capitalization of the Canadian Steel trust is placed at five hundred million dollars. The securities of the new enterprise will be put on the London market as one of the attractive features of Canadian investments.

The reasons announced for this combination are numerous. The principal one is the reduction of competition. There are other reasons all of which accord with the Socialist doctrines. The big corporation is the logical outcome of the hunt for dividends. With the consolidation of steel there will be many men thrown out of work. Those who do work will be forced to work on the terms dictated by the trust unless the trades unions stop fooling and get to work to organize all the workers on a revolutionary basis.

The steel trust will pay the labor thieves big. The workers will be beaten down. Even the appearance of competition will pass away and the class struggle will stand out so that all men can see it.

The steel trust is simply organizing itself for the sake of business. The capitalist mode of production is rounding itself out. The machinery of production is being systematized in the interest of the masters. The workers will be left out in the cold. Their only hope will be the social revolution that will expropriate the machinery of production for the benefit of the useful classes of society. But between the present capitalist proprietorship and the social revolution lie hardships and suffering for the steel workers. What are you workers doing to bring about your own emancipation.

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS ARE

The Socialists are taken to task because of their economic doctrines. They are called materialists and atheists and tearers down of religion and many other things which are grievous to be born. The attacks upon the Socialist doctrines of economic emancipation for the workers show the ignorance of the attackers.

Socialists do not declare that economic foundations are everything. Socialists are ordinary men and women with ordinary desires and passions and vices and virtues. Socialists know that flowers are sweet and that the gorgeous coloring of the sky under the rays of the sinking sun is well worthy the watching. They know the sorrows and joys of ordinary mortals. Love, truth, justice, humanity, tears, laughter, are all their lot as they are the lot of all men and women. I state this fact because there are some interested parties who go about declaring that Socialists are strange outlandish creatures who take a frenzied delight in robbing and pillaging and bloodshed. Socialists are not that kind of human beings at all.

Socialists are Socialists because they are human creatures and have so much human nature in them. They want sunlight and laughter. They want leisure and rest. They want the pretty things of life. They do not like to live in rented rooms. They want homes of their own.

It is because the Socialists want these things and because they want to see others having these nice things that they are Socialists. The present system condemns men and women to live under long hours of work. Ten hours a day in a grimy factory, twelve hours a day in a department store, the unemployment and the heartbreaking hunt for a job, these are not pleasant things for men or women. Such things take the joy of living out of all but the stoutest hearts.

The Socialists propound questions, very frequently, like little children. They ask why Strathcona should be able to get millions while boys and girls of Canada are becoming poisoned by slum life. They ask why Jas. Ross should get five million dollars for the coal which the Good God gave while men freeze and suffer and fierce soldiers stand guard over the coal with guns in their hands.

It is because of the deep humanity in them that men and women are Socialists. It is because they see how life could be made beautiful that they want the dawning of the co-operative commonwealth. It is not because they want to burn, rob and pillage that they are Socialists. It is because they want to live a life worth living and to give food, clothing and shelter and other things worth while to their wives and little ones that they become Socialists.

It may be that political storms are gathering dark on the horizon. It may be that Laurier and Borden and Strathcona and the false followers of the poverty-stricken Nazarene are planning to prevent the people of Canada from having warm clothes and homes and good education and leisure. It may be that bloodshed and barricades lie between us and the giving of true lives to the people. This however, is deeply deplored by Socialists. It is those who fight for freedom against entrenched privilege upon whom the burden of the fight falls the most heavily. The Socialists do not want barricades nor bloodshed. But the Socialists, with the spirit of humanity in their hearts and the love of freedom red in their veins, are bound to win the social revolution.

Nearly three hundred years ago England learned by an expensive lesson the economic waste and extravagance of putting men in jail. Prisoners taken into court for trial spread infection to such an extent that 300 judges, lawyers and spectators died from jail fever, and this event passed into history as the "Black Assize." It is safe to say that the graveyards which have been peopled by the "white plague" as a result of prison conditions would look with disdain upon their little neighbor which was the beneficiary of the black epidemic.—McKenzie Cleland.

The socialization of humanity is proceeding apace. Nothing can stop that socialization save some unforeseen cataclysm. The socialization of humanity was a process wrapped up in the latent potentialities of the primitive star mist.

The Workers Issue

COTTON'S WEEKLY, Cowansville, P. Q.

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Where Is Socialism

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD

Ladies and Gentlemen, the revolution is upon us! Boom! (Will you kindly oblige with a shudder?) Tzing!

For many hours (fateful hours) have passed us by, the British nation: Brixton and Bootle, Mayfair and Ponder's End, Llanfairfechan and Maida Vale, Glasgow Green and Dunleary, every Noak and Stokes, every Mac This and O'That, every Brown, Jones, and Robinson (not forgetting the ladies, bless them) will be locked (or is it clenched?) in the throes of the most horrific, cataclysmic, and blizzardily upheaval that ever shook the stars, appalled the gods, and tested the stability of the constitution. Tantan-tara! Tzing! Boom!

Citizens! To arms! Oh, then, know ye not, proud electors, that some issue of an indefinite but terrible character has to be fought out in blood and tears? Tantara!

On the other side, scornful, defiant, and coldly booted, are ranged the loathly peers; aristocrats compared to whom A. Ward's lop-eared Marquis was a soft-roed Evangelical dandy.

On the other side; prancing and snorting like the white-buckled hosts of the Argines (along the path of least resistance), loom the resolute (though somewhat heterogeneous) phalanxes of British Progress, Revolution and Compromise!

Strike drum: on lusty gentlemen! Oh, England (beg pardon, Britain), oh, my country (our country), in how short a time (about a fortnight) shall we feel the earth rock under our feet from the mighty impact, as the Iron Heel of Despotism meets the Flood Gates of Anarchy (led by Mr. Lloyd George) in headlong fury!

Shall it be Light; or shall it be Darkness? Shall it be the Everlasting Yea, or the Everlasting No? Shall it be Hector or Achilles? Box or Cox; Ormuzd or Ahirmanes; Short or Codlin?

That must be left to the arbitrament of arms.

When the horrid strife is over; when the demoniac crash and wild-beast shriek of war are hushed in the abyssal stillness of an awful peace; when Noaks has his proud foot upon the palpitating thorax of Stiles; when Brown lies prone, and Robinson is undone, and Jones triumphant; when the white-souled, far-seeing, terrible British electorate has hurled the fiat, and adjudged the apple; and there is no more beer; what Fate will be meted out to the pallid nations by the Returning Officers of Albion?

Will the Ayes have it; or the Noes? Will Mr. Asquith, the far-darter, march from the stricken field a conqueror, and proceed to do something of an unpleasant but ambiguous nature to the House of Lords?

Or will Mr. Balfour, the earth-shaker, lead the victorious but breathless aristocracy of Britain back to power, amid the plaudits of a discerning British public, who have long been sick of the Desperate Jack-Cadory and Timorous Ineptitude of the Political Mountebanks whom they elected with such wise enthusiasm—on a recent occasion?

Who knows? What does it matter? Where is the Home Rule? Where is the Newcastle Programme? Where is the Chinese Labour? Where is the Big Loaf?

What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1864?

As a middle-aged youth, who has been more or less in a hurry for twenty years, I turn my eyes from a protuberant and uninteresting present to an instructive but somewhat disconcerting past.

I remember Homeric struggles of an inspired few against a phlegmatic many; struggles for political independence. I remember how some of those who now lead the hosts of Labour (in alliance with the Liberals) would have cast out the Fabians as suspect; suspect of permeative doctrines, of a hankering for unholy alliances, of a weakness for small mercies, and a puling faith in half-leaves.

I remember that ten-years ago no prominent figure in the movement dared have breathed the words "Liberal Alliance."

I remember many books and pamphlets, and very many speeches, all of which went to the same tune: "A plague on both your houses."

I remember a word hateful to Tory and to Liberal ears; a word that was a song of promise to the workers; a word that shone like the Dawn Star in our eyes. I remember that word quite distinctly. It was Socialism.

Socialism was the only thing worth living for, hoping for, fighting for.

Socialism! Not a farthing tax on land! Not a demonstration against the House of Lords! Not a compromise with the most crafty, the most hostile, and the best-hated of our enemies.

We believed in Socialism; some of us; many of us—then. We worked for it; we gave ourselves to it.

Well? here we are at the end of 1909; the election is upon us.

It will be a hideous, disgusting nightmare of a time. It will be a harvest for the publications; it will be a field-day for the newspapers; it will be very bad for the picture-books, and the pantomimes; and the Tories will get in, or the Liberals will get in. And then—?

Then we (some few of us) will see a question written upon the heavens in

characters of fire; and the question will be:

Where is Socialism?

There will be many answers to that question. Some will say: "They sold it to the Pharisees for thirty seats of silver."

But then we are dreamers, we are impossibilists; we are out of touch with the movement. And although our hands are thereby the cleaner, we have wasted twenty years.

Twenty years. And now we are to fight the Lords.

I remember how we spurned that bait when Lord Rosebery trailed it across our path. I took the chair for Kier Hardie three or four times in one week, and at every meeting he poured ridicule on the Liberal threat of abolishing the House of Lords.

Now the Labour Party is to help in another sham fight; is to help the Liberals to abolish the House of Lords.

Where is Socialism? Where is it? Does anybody care?

—British Clarion.

HERE'S A BARGAIN.

The following little books should be read by every Socialist, and passed along to those who wish to study socialism. They are attractively bound, and can be carried comfortably in the pocket. Read them in the order as here presented:

1. "Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford. Has made over a million and a half Socialists.

2. "The Socialists," by John Spargo. An easily understood presentation of scientific socialism.

3. "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Frederick Engels.

4. "The Communist Manifesto," by Marx and Engels. Necessary to every Socialist.

5. "Value, Price and Profit," by Karl Marx. One of the text books of the international movement.

The price is 10 cents per copy. Fifty cents takes the bunch from Cotton's Book Department.

The strike at Ludlow, Mass., of so called ignorant Poles against unbearable conditions has shown up how capitalists care for nothing but profits and has incidentally shown up the internationalism of capitalism. At Ludlow, when the cheap foreigners refused to be cheap and struck, the jute companies turned the workers and their families out of the company houses. Women, children, and babies were forced to sleep on the streets in a storm of sleet. The municipal authorities refused to allow the strikers to solicit aid because that would be begging.

As to the international nature of capitalism, listen to this.

"We must cut wages," said a trustee of the great jute factory. "In Calcutta, India, where they pay employees \$1 to \$3 a month, they are making 20,000,000 bales of jute bagging a year and sending it here; we can make only 19,000,000 bales. India is beating us."

The bosses became so brutal in their evictions and such a storm was roused in labor circles, that the state authorities intervened, and the evictions ceased. But the striking of Poles shows that economic determinism makes workers of all nationalities use the same weapon when the conditions demand it.

Paid in Advance

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

PARTY NOTES

The Provincial Executive of Ontario has engaged Gerald Desmond for a speaking tour of the Province beginning with Guelph.

The Socialists of Montreal have resolved to put up a Socialist candidate for the Board of Control. The Candidate will probably be Albert St. Martin who ran for member of parliament at the last Dominion elections. The running of a Socialist Candidate will show how many voting Socialists there are in Montreal as the Controllers are elected by the votes of the whole city.

Concentrate United States Army in Industrial Centres

In the campaign of 1900 Mr. Bryan declared that a plan was under contemplation in the United States looking to the concentration of the standing army near industrial centres. He said this was to be done for the purpose of enabling the Government to overawe workmen when on strike. It is believed that something of the kind was contemplated then, but Mr. Bryan's agitation of the matter prevented the scheme from being carried out. Now, however, since the agitation has died down, a plan is under way looking to the concentration of the military forces of the country near great centres of population.

Labor must fight its own battles.

The class struggle is on and the workers have to free themselves from the control of the present capitalist class. No Christ is coming down to save them in the economic struggle.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

Copyrighted, 1907 by John B. McMahon.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Rensen went to his room in Scammel street strangely disturbed, half amused that the mildest statement of his life for the past ten years should be considered a fancy picture.

A sincere confession passed for a joke. The simple credulity of these men had a tragic element in it. But doubtless men of education would laugh even more heartily at such a recital, knowing its truth, understanding well its meaning.

His thoughts became agitated as he paced the little room. He was feverish and uneasy. Lack of appetite, a sensation of languor and a faint dizziness indicated physical causes.

"What if I should become ill?" he thought with alarm. "Nothing has been done. One might become seriously ill. I might die and leave it all in the same mess."

All the detached ideas of reform that had come to him in the weeks since he had turned laborer suddenly took united shape. He was glad now that so lately he had been visiting other foundries to learn of improved methods and conveniences.

He had managed this by leaving the shop promptly at the noon whistle. He ate his lunch of sandwiches while crossing the ferry to Williamsburg, where most of the foundries were located. It was not difficult to persuade the gatekeepers to admit a student of moulding, one who had the sooty badge on his face. Thus he visited half a dozen shops, saw the plants and talked with the men, and found there were at least three establishments, including the government navy yard, with conditions and equipments far better than his own. Returning from such a trip he had usually been at work by half past one, which of course meant a docking of pay and roarings by the foreman if he noticed the tardiness.

Now as he walked the room his mood rose to exaltation.

He felt a glow of pity and affection for the men beside whom he had worked, the rugged, ignorant, simple men who had toiled in the gloom all their lives, who saw their children's faces by daylight once a week, who had no restful day to hope for, black sand their green earth, molten iron their dawn and sunset.

He sat down and considered what should be done. Everything seemed perfectly clear and simple; the difficulties of a former time were imaginary. He wrote a letter of instruction to the superintendent, Mr. Townsend, saying that he wished the following changes and improvements to be made. The wording was too abrupt. A second draught erred in confidential verbiage. He labored over a compromise and thought it would have been easier to talk the matter out. At length he discarded details and put down the main points roughly.

"In the first place, half an hour will be taken from each day's work, reducing the total to eight and a half hours.

"The apprentices ought to have wholesome lunches at our expense. Moreover, the apprentices work too hard and their number ought to be increased, lessening the work of each.

"Discipline the foreman for abusing men.

"The doors and windows of the foundry to be put in order, and steam heat installed.

"There must be a system of ventilation.

"An electric crane. Labor-saving devices, such as molding-machines for small work. All machinery and tools must be kept in first-class condition so as to avoid accidents.

"We must have a tiled wash room with all sanitary conveniences.

"Arrangements for a mutual insurance society to take care of the sick and injured."

It was towards morning when Rensen finished this letter—he knew it was rather confused, for the writer was unwell—and addressed it to the superintendent.

He opened the window and let the air cool his throbbing, fevered head. The stars were shining on the silent roofs. He felt afresh a glow of brotherly love. His action seemed to him very great. It was in harmony with all the beneficent universe from the nearest world to the farthest star. One could imagine the amazement, the abounding gratitude of the men. The flood of feeling was almost greater than he could bear.

CHAPTER IX.

A man with a shaved head under a skull cap, sunken white cheeks, feeble eyes without lashes, all the skin taut and transparent on the bony features, lay in the white enamel cot.

His body was covered with a sheet. The small silent room had a hospital odor and cleanliness: a polished wood floor, oak-stained walls, windows with lower sash of ground glass; one chair, and a glass cabinet on wheels.

In this cell cut off from the world the man had been fighting for his life many weeks, not always conscious of it, but making instinctive resistances. Fearful things happened to him. Once he had shovelled sand all day and all night, hand-blistered, when they told him to help pour.

"I am burning up," he said, and tried to say, although the ideas became confused, that the blast deafened him.

"This will cool you," they replied, pouring a ladle of sparkling metal on his foot.

"O-o-o-e," he sobbed. "My foot is burned off. I smell it. Why do you torture me? Let me go home."

"You must finish the day's work," they said, and prodded the back of his skull with fiery skimmers.

"Let me sleep," he cried, groveling on the sand. "What has this to

do with landscapes and want? I am the only victim."

"It won't hurt you much," they replied, laughing good naturedly. "Our attorney will settle the claim."

"No, no. Don't torture me! Help, help."

He struggled with all his might, because they had seized him by the waist and were tossing him into a vast ladle whose white shimmering glow already roasted his flesh that stank as it burned. He fell in with a terrible human scream.

"Ice water, nurse, is the great specific in typhoid!"—a red bearded spectacled man was saying.

"Yes, sir. Are you satisfied with the case?"

"Fairly. What I don't understand is that a young fellow of his breed should come here in such shape. He stripped more like a truck driver."

"Aren't they sometimes pretty healthy, doctor?"

"Not in the second generation. When I heard his name and saw the diagnosis, I thought it would be a fine study in the dissect—"

The speaker's red beard caught fire and filled the foundry with dense, choking smoke, through which ladies swung and apprentices scampered.

At one time he was weighted down by iron bars across his chest.

The weight flattened him until the bones were crushed. They stabbed his sides to make vent holes. He sought the infinite relief of turning over, so as to be crushed and bruised in a new place; and it would have been possible to do so, but that a mental problem had to be solved at the same time. When the problem became clear, the fact of turning over was confused; besides, the blast in his ears and the skimmer burns on his skull made all effort useless.

Every day for ten years he was in bondage, attacked by his enemies, cast into ladles of white iron. Whistles blew, school bells rang. People who had no right to do so came in and made faces at him. The spite of his enemies went to the length of unlatching his brain—it came out like gray spider web—and they used it to drape the walls like tapestry. The pain was excruciating, especially as his thoughts became lost in going over so much ground. He shouted at them, he screamed, he bit himself in revenge, he tried to amuse them with the story of his life, he gave them cynical epigrams, he referred them to his banker and lawyer, he offered to prove his social standing by a union due book (the postage stamps were a mistake), he begged and wept, but they paid no attention. Sometimes it seemed as if another person was the victim, he a spectator; again his spirit, hovering above, felt a certain compassion for the suffering flesh.

These torments were over. He was able to-day to lift a gaunt hand above his head and take down the chart that recorded the hourly details of the struggle.

The chart lines zigzagged across the squares in plateaus, rising to foothills, leaping abruptly to mountain peaks, falling into deep valleys. The lowest depth was a symbol of the gulf he was slipping into one June afternoon. The day was bright. He knew well what was happening; he would not consent to go, setting his teeth and fixing a stare on the faintest breaths, sparing energy; the task left no room in his mind for speculation or alarms; yet there was a sense of infinite gravity. The door knob slipped out of sight once or twice, but resolve brought it back.

As he grew stronger, and reconnected himself with the living world, Rensen felt he had undergone some sort of a new birth. The work in the foundry, that had saved his life in the present crisis, had merely prepared mind and body for this event. Not a vestige seemed to remain of the complex habits of a dozen years. The milk-nourished child-like vigor of limb, the clear, smooth skin, the growth of new soft hair on his head, corresponded to the simple, placid aptitude of his mind. He was like a child, innocent and pleased when the nurse bathed his still helpless body. She seemed to him all that was beautiful, although she had a large, red face and big hands; the cap and starched blue-striped uniform was a costume.

"You must go to sleep now," she said, and he obeyed her in this as in everything. Sometimes she amused him by telling what the colored slips in the glass cabinet meant—white, an ice bath every hour; red, a half hour medicine, blue, something else.

For a long time he was content to rest and dream, pleased with simple things, the play of sunlight on the walls, the rustle of the poplar at the window, the faraway hum of the city. He liked to amuse on childhood days, going over plans of home-made canoes, cave digging and hunting.

"Guess you are well enough to sit up and have some friends call, eh?" said the red-bearded doctor one day.

"I would rather like to send for some books."

"Novels, I suppose?"

"No—the labor question."

"Anything to keep you occupied, but not absorbed," said the doctor, laughing.

(To be continued)

The Canadian government, like the Canadian industry, is run by business men in the interests of business men. For this they are not to be blamed. They are in politics for themselves, and nobody else. Their example should be followed by working people. Working class politics is what those who toil should develop.

The issue is between the have's and the have not's, the wealth-takers and the wealth-makers, the drones and the bees, the consuming non-producers and the producing non-consumers.

Prejudice is the twin-sister of ignorance. Broadmindedness is a criterion of culture.

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS REVOLUTION

Gerald O'Connell Desmond.

Sons of Plutus, have a care,
Tyrants, listen and beware,
On the heavy, sullen air
Sounds a voice—

Ye have thought that freedom slumbered;
Fools, your days have long been numbered;
Soon the people, chain-encumbered,
Shall rejoice.

For the great redistribution,
For the mighty restitution,
For the day of Revolution
Draweth nigh.

Like gaunt lions from their lair
Come the Rebel Proletaire;
If to cross their path ye dare,
Then ye die.

Not by tedious graduation,
From the earth ye soon shall pass;
But with lightning-like mutation,
In a day—

In a single glorious hour
Shall the clouds of vengeance low'r,
Shall your riches and your power
Fade away.

Oh, ye coward, robber class,
From the earth ye soon shall pass;
Ye shall wither like cut grass
In the sun.

Lo, your fate no land bereaves;
For your end not one thing grieves;
Earth shall laugh when rule of thieves
Shall be done.

So sons of Plutus, have a care,
Tyrants, listen and beware,
On the heavy, sullen air
Sounds a voice—

Ye have thought that Freedom slumbered;
Fools, your days have long been numbered;
Soon the people, chain-encumbered,
Shall be free.

WHY INTERFERE?

Don't you interfere with business, be the business what it may,
Don't interfere with business, interfere doesn't pay.

Let the briber breed corruption with his foully-gathered hoard;
Let the money-changers flourish in the temple of the Lord.

Let the poison vendors prosper, let the franchise grabbers cheat;
Let the debt financial juggler pile up millions through deceit;

Let the sharper tempt the gudgeon with his shining, gilded lure;
Let the grafter burst his coffers with the plunder of the poor.

Let betrayers fatten in their depths of native slime!
Don't interfere with business, though that business be a crime!

Live in oily, fat complaisance! Be a fat, submissive clod!
Don't you interfere with business—if the dollar be your god.

—Puck (New York.)

What it Costs to Print Cotton's

Following are the expenditure and receipts for Cotton's from Jan. 1st, to Nov. 15th, 1909:

Ordinary Expenditure.....\$2,827.95
Capital.....907.95

Total.....3,735.90
Cash Received.....1,835.49

Deficit.....1,900.41

THE STRUGGLE.

What drives children into the factories?
The struggle for existence!

What drives women into the white slave traffic?
The struggle for existence!

What drives men to crime?
The struggle for existence!

What drives one nation to prey upon another nation?
The struggle for existence!

LOW-PRICED PROPAGANDA

You send Cotton's for—
Three months to Five different addresses for 50 cents.

Three months to ten different addresses for \$1.00.

Three months to Fifty different persons for \$5.00.

Three months to One Hundred different persons for \$10.00.

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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

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

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

READ

The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

Box 886, Vancouver, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street. Business Meetings every Monday evening at Socialist Headquarters, 22 St. Lawrence Street.

L. S. JACKSON, Secretary
122 St. Lawrence Blvd.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the circulation of Cotton's for the issue of last week Dec. 30th.

Ontario.....	1492
British Columbia.....	951
Prov. of Quebec.....	805
Nova Scotia.....	517
Alberta.....	464
New Brunswick.....	272
Saskatchewan.....	271
Manitoba.....	195
Elsewhere.....	67
Yukon Territory.....	13
Prince Edward Island.....	5

Total.....5142

Gain for week.....128

Total issue for last week 8,000.

SHARP POINTERS

THE 5,000 MARK HAS BEEN PASSED. ONWARD FOR THE NEEDED 10,000

LOOK OUT FOR THE SUB BLANK

ENCLOSED in this First Issue of the New Year is a Sub Blank. The future of Cotton's hinges on this blank and YOU—you forgetting that any other subscriber is getting one of these blanks. The failure or success of your paper depends upon YOU making use of the blank.

We are into the New Year with a heavy deficit it is true, but with undiminished faith in the Hustlers Corps, and a determination to carry forward the work. The last week of the old year put the sub list over the 5,000 mark—5,142 to be exact. But it will need energetic work right now to keep it there. And you know that 10,000 is urgently needed to put the paper on its feet.

It is to your interest to assist in the grandest work that can be done today—spreading the gospel of Socialism—paving the way for the ushering in of the Co-operative Common wealth, where all will be assured a life worth living, free from exploitation and the competition of the present outworn capitalist system.

If you are with Cotton's in the propaganda for a sane system of living, under which you will get the full products of your toil, use this sub blank. The whole battle depends right here on you. Forget there are others. Give us the 10,000 needed to start the battle proper.

FIRING LINE

The Top Notchers

Wm. Watts, Ontario 25
F. F. Brignall, Ontario 12
Albert Asper, Alberta 10
John Lang, B. C. 8
R. W. Northey, B. C. 7
J. H. Davidson, Alberta 7

Two yearlies from Comrade W. K. Bryce, Bernard, Sask.

Three halfers arrive from Montreal Local No. 1.

A yearly and a trial drop in from Comrade E. Simpson, Edmonton, Alta.

Make use of the sub blank enclosed in this issue. It is now or never with Cotton's.

Six halfers and an order for books come from Comrade Ed. H. Dawson, Daysland, Alta.

Comrade W. H. Kyle, Strome, Alta., brings into the wigwam six halfers and a trial.

Ottawa local pays up for its bundle of forty copies a week and figures on increasing the bundle to one hundred.

No more single trial subs to Cotton's at 10 cents. Clubs of five and ten for 3 months, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Comrade Alex. Lyons, Toronto, leads three unbelieving halfers to the mourner's bench.

From Ottawa, Ont., Comrade Saul Shayer shoots in three halfers for economic enlightenment.

Chas. Sandquist, Dominion, Y. T., joins the bundle squad and takes a bundle of five for six months.

Three trials arrive per Comrade Mrs. E. Bellmore, Secretary, English Branch Toronto No. 1.

Comrade Phil Leader, McIntosh Mills, Ont., comes into the wigwam leading two bashful halfers by the hand.

Put Cotton's up to 10,000 and there will be something doing that will draw attention to socialism. Use the sub blank in this issue.

Comrade A. Lindley, Creston, B. C., sends along five halfers and a yearly to keep the flames of economic discontent awake in his vicinity.

Two letters come from Comrade Wm. Watts, Kewatin, Ont. Twenty-two more plates are to get Cotton's for a period of at least three months.

Note the club offers for 3 month subs in this issue. The single trial offer at 10 cents for three months has been withdrawn.

F. H. Boe, Comaplix, B. C., takes three months of the Socialist fight for liberty as portrayed through Cotton's.

Two yearlies stalk into the wigwam for a year's pow wow on the great fight. Comrade F. R. Mann, Box Grove, Ont., does the stalking.

Comrade Marion Palmer Purvis, Douglas Harbor, N. B., sends in a half yearly and a trial, just to keep the hope of economic freedom awake in Douglas Harbor.

Yes, comrades of the Hustlers Corps, we are over half way to the 10,000 mark. Use up the sub blank enclosed. It will help boost the other 5,000.

Comrade Hiram Guillet, Nelson, B. C., sends in two yearlies and complains that two subscribers are not getting their paper. They are both on the list and should be getting their copies.

Comrade A. G. McCallum, of the Ottawa Local, ordered two thousand copies of last week's issue to help make votes for Comrade Thos. Roberts among the wage slaves of the capital city.

"Dear Comrade, I have the pleasure of introducing to you two comrades," writes Comrade I. Churgin, Calgary, Alta. This is Comrade Churgin's first help in the ten thousand. He sends the two yearlies along as a Christmas present, and hopes to send a lot more later.

Wm. J. Northgraves, Berlin, Ont., sends in two yearlies and writes, "I am nearly sixty years of age but I am always speaking and upholding Socialism. Comrade H. Martin here is a grand Socialist, a fine and logical speaker. I am highly pleased with your paper."

The following Comrades pay up for six half yearlies: Alfred Wark, Kinross Mills, P. Q.; John Staples, Cloverdale, B. C.; Frank McKee, Wauchop, Sask.; P. O. Carr, Magnolia, Chas. R. Johnson, Ranfurly, and Ed. Chastain, Stoney Plain, Alta.

A yearly comes from Comrade John Hawk, Naughton, Ont., three halfers from Comrade R. H. Lowe, West Toronto, and two halfers from Comrade David Evans, Michel, B. C. Cotton's gathers its sub hustlers from the length and breadth of Canada.

Comrades—your paper cannot command respect in the plutocratic world without a good heavy phalanx of subscribers behind them. Figures "talk" as the saying is. The bigger the circulation, the more power for the cause. Make the figures talk by using the sub blank enclosed with this copy.

Writes Comrade R. W. Northey from Okalla, B. C., "Enclosed I send you seven names for six months. I think your sub list will grow to ten thousand if you do not ridicule or sneer at religion. I sent several bundles of Socialist papers to a Comrade at the Nickel Plate Mine, and he tells me that the miners as a rule prefer the Christian Socialist to any other. So you see the workers are not all materialists."

Seven halfers and a yearly arrive from Mother Lode Mine, Salmo, B. C. per the directions of Comrade John Lang. Writes Comrade Lang, "We have here in our midst a few capitalist plugs, but we are making it very hot for them at times, and if we keep hammering away at them they will have to capitulate sooner or later. It is only a question of time. I think you are making a very reasonable request when you ask for only ten thousand subs. Canada should be able to more than double that number."

Comrade J. H. Davidson, Bellevue, Alta., forwards six halfers and a yearly. He writes, "I have been a subscriber for six months. One of our subscribers refuses Cotton's at fifty cents a year, as he is an old pioneer of the Crows Nest Pass and comes from the Eastern Townships of Quebec. He says you must take one dollar or nothing. I know you will be mad but I can't help it. His name is Robt. Connelly of Bellevue. He is seventy years old and has only recently become an undesirable citizen."

Com. Albert Asper, of Sedgwick, Alta., writes, "It took me two years to see anything in Socialism. I was then most ignorant, and though I always had to work I can now read and understand works on evolution, history and other scientific studies quite easily. I consider Socialism the greatest boon to education there ever was. It calls a man to action. I am herewith sending you ten trials out of my own pocket and I hope you will be rewarded with some permanent subs from this region."

Eleven six-monthers, four trials and an order for seven copies of Merrie England is the latest stunt of Woodstock Local No. 21. Comrade F. F. Brignall, the Secretary, says, "It looks as though we were going to have some hustlers in our baby local. Keep it up boys, and let the people of Oxford County know that we are growing. Let them know who we are, what we stand for, and that we will be respected. Say boys, how many subs are you going to get in 1910? Do not lose an opportunity to land a sub. Every sub landed is a victory won. If there is a reader of Cotton's Weekly in Oxford County who would like to join Woodstock Local No. 21, S. P. of C., they can receive platform and application blank at 565 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont."

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund:

Previously acknowledged \$54.18

Comrade Reddy 1.50

Comrade G. Kay 2.00

Total \$57.68

EXPENDITURES

The contribution of Comrades Reddy and Kay were paid to Com. Gribble who holds them. 3.50

Amt. on hand \$54.18

Yours in Revolt

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE, Secy. Organization Com., Albert, Alberta Co. N. B.

U. S. A. RATES.

Single subscriptions, per year \$1.00

In clubs of 4 and over to same postoffice75

Five copies in one wrapper to one address \$2.50

World Wide Socialism

The State Federation of Labor of Pennsylvania has declared for political action.

The miners of New Zealand are organizing along the lines of industrial unionism.

Franklin Wentworth has been elected Alderman of Salem, Mass., on the Socialist ticket.

While the labor officials were at Washington to confer with Taft on the railway situation, Taft sidestepped the meeting and rushed to New York City.

The elections for the landtag in Saxony have resulted in the victory of four Socialists, in Apolda, Ilmenau, Jena and Ruhla-Marksuhl, while seven others are to take part in second ballots.

Harry Holland, secretary of the Socialist party of Australia, has been released from prison, where he served four months for his activity during the recent miners' strike at Broken Hill.

A wholesale co-operative society has been formed at the Rand school, New York City. The members of the Society must pledge themselves to Socialism as one of the conditions of joining the co-operative.

Zelaya has been well received by Butcher Diaz. Zelaya declares that Central America must unite to fight the U. S. Butcher Diaz may find that he has sold his country into bondage for a mess of pottage.

The New York Call put out a special edition last week in aid of the shirt waist strikers in that city. The edition was sold at five cents and the strikers acted as newsies. The total proceeds went to help the strikers.

Owing to the exposure of the Chicago Daily Socialist the Illinois state authorities are investigating the cruelties of overwork and underpay practised upon the Chicago department store clerks. Many of them, during the Christmas rush fainted at the counters.

Louis F. Phillip, the new president of the Central Trades and Labor union of St. Louis, Mo., declares that the workers must adopt independent political action and that the Socialist Party is at present the only party of the workingmen. Phillip is the president of forty thousand workers.

Verner Townley, a young Socialist druggist, moved to Trenton, Mo., and was succeeding in business until he subscribed to the Appeal to Reason. As soon as the first copy arrived through the village that Townley was a Socialist. He was immediately boycotted and was forced to leave the village at short notice.

The U. S. Government is planning to raise the postal rate on second class mail. This is being done to hit the Appeal to Reason which is published at twenty-five cents for forty weeks and which has shown up Roosevelt as a fakir. Taft as a tool of Wall Street, and the American Government as a backer of butcher Diaz and a friend of the grafters.

The Social-Democratic party in the German reichstag has given notice of twenty-five resolutions, including a demand for the eight hour day for all workers in industry, trade and transport (six hours in all underground work where the temperature exceeds 28 degrees Celsius), the responsibility of imperial chancellor for the extension of glassworkers, and many other highly important items.

Jack London wrote a book called the Iron Heel. In this novel the steel barons make a compact with the skilled steel workers and the skilled steel workers desert the rest of the workers so that every strike is broken and the unskilled laborer is beaten down to slavery. In actual life the U. S. Steel Corporation has started a profit sharing scheme which can only be entered by the skilled workers. The American Federation of Labor has started a labor war on the Corporation and the Corporation authorities are hoping that the profit sharing scheme will keep the skilled workers at work while the other laborers strike.

The Socialists in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies recently opposed the civil list of the King, which amounts to 3,300,000 francs (\$600,000), and reaffirmed their allegiance to a republic. M. Royer declared that the royal chateaux should be turned into sanitariums. The appropriations, however, were adopted by a vote of 100 to 29. The King's civil list is the same as that granted to Leopold, the new sovereign declining the Catholic party's suggestion of an increase.

The Socialist amendment calling for an inventory of the contents of the royal palaces, so as to prevent the sale of national property, as under King Leopold, was defeated.

J. B. Simmons, Jr., writes the following brief review of the Polish question as it stands at the end of 1909:

"The brave fight of the Poles for liberty has continued throughout the year, as has the cruelly savage repression of the Russian Government. The abominable atrocities of Russia against the Poles have broken every rule of civilized warfare, and have placed the country among the savage nations. To detail even a portion of the Russian outrages would be impossible. Men have been vilely tortured, women and girls violated and murdered, and even little children have not been spared. Poland cannot be expected to forget this, or to forgive those guilty of these atrocious acts, but she will not disgrace herself by imitating her oppressors. Poland's fight is a fight against a

cruel autocracy, but she has no quarrel with women and children, and will ever respect the weak and helpless. Meanwhile the fight for Polish freedom will continue, and can never end until that independence so basely taken from her nearly 138 years ago is restored in full.

The strike of Australian miners is seriously crippling Australian trade. Many ships are tied up for lack of coal and have paid off their crews in Australia. The strike has brought about a demand for the government ownership of coal mines. When the strike first started the strikers wanted the government to take over and run the mines temporarily but this the government absolutely refused to do.

Camille Huysmans, Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, Brussels, Belgium, declares that 'the Socialists of Europe quickly discovered that Samuel Gompers did not go to Europe to study labor problems, but to pick flaws in the activities of the Socialists.

The Socialists in Milwaukee have become so powerful that the Republicans and Democrats are uniting to fight them in the coming spring elections.

The Metaphysical at Springhill

Springhill, N. S.
Dec. 24th, 1909.

Dear Editor and Comrade:

It is a well known fact that the miners of Springhill are fighting for their bread and butter against capitalism. The miners of Springhill are becoming class conscious and begin to realize that they themselves must look out after their material body. They must no longer look for advice from one particular preacher of this place, because this particular preacher is against the workers of Springhill.

This preacher declares that the miners of Springhill dishonor their manhood by eating the bread of idleness. He declares that they should be men enough to work for their daily bread instead of listening to paid foreign agitators (the representatives of the U. M. W. of A.)

Poor little worm of the dust. He is certainly a feather in the cap of the incapable operators of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Co. I would like to remind this preacher that the U. M. W. are here to stay, and that the time is not far off when the operators of the Company will have to take their cap off (and down the feather will go) and settle the grievance of the miners with the officials of the U. M. W. Then the preacher will have to take a back seat along with his old friend, Mr. Sandford.

A PRESBYTERIAN

PAY ATTENTION

Cotton's Weekly is mailed to every subscriber every Thursday evening, and leaves for Montreal on the 7.15 train. Sometimes the western mail leaves a day earlier, as Cotton's goes to press Tuesday morning. It is very seldom that it is later than Thursday night. If you do not get your paper every week with reason, your paper is not expired and then go and have it out with your postmaster. If you get no results, write Cotton's giving your correct address, and we will endeavor to get the paper to you on time somehow or other.

A meeting of the citizens of Springhill, N. S., was held last month. At this meeting Mr. Angus McKinnon declared that the C. P. R. made millions in profit. Mr. McKinnon also stated that the C. P. R. was of more benefit to Nova Scotia than any other corporation. I would like to ask the Editor how a corporation can be of benefit to a province when it takes millions out of that province? Mr. McKinnon did not tell where those millions came from. He did not tell who produced them and who owned them. Mr. McKinnon is a leader of the Conservative party down there. The Conservative party has adopted a platform of collectivism. Mr. McKinnon is anxious for the C. P. R. to get a hold on Nova Scotia. Can the Editor tell me how a man can be in favor of collectivism and still be in favor of a big private corporation? Here is my opinion. The Conservative collectivism is simply to bluff the workers into voting the Conservative ticket at elections. It is a mere bluff. So much for Mr. McKinnon and the Conservative Party—Social.

Report comes from Ottawa that the Dominion Government has already purchased one cruiser for the Canadian navy, and is about to purchase another.

This action, taken before the question of creating a navy has been debated by Parliament's policy in the matter has been formally laid before the people's representatives, and in the face of a strong popular demand that the whole question be referred to the people, is about the most high-handed course that has ever been pursued by a Government in Canada. It amounts, in this case, to a total abandonment of the principle of representative government and the substitution of an oligarchy limited in time, it is true, but none the less an oligarchy.—Toronto Weekly Sun.

The issue is, human right vs. property right.

SWEATED WORKERS

The terrible story of "The Sweated Worker" in London, and what they earn is told by a writer in the London Express. The writer says:

Come with me into the tiny attic, where sits a solitary woman busily employed—so busily that from six in the morning until midnight she only rises two or three times to seek the food that will stay her growing weakness.

Look at the heaped-up-table and the strewn floor. There lies her work. Count it up if you like—288 little trays, fashioned precisely and papered; 288 covers for these trays; 288 pieces of sandpaper pasted on these covers; and then the 288 trays slipped into the 288 covers, and the whole tied up into a neat and secure parcel. That is the work which she toils at night and day, and 2½d is the exact sum which she is paid for it.

Step across the dark passage outside and look it at the open door opposite. Just such another room, just such another woman. But she is not making match-boxes to-day. She is carding hooks and eyes. That is to say, she has to sew hooks and eyes on cards. There are 144 cards to be sewn, and 288 hooks and eyes to each card. For that she will be paid 8d., a price so low that working fourteen hours a day, she cannot earn more than 4s. a week. But if she has children they are pressed into this miserable service, and in thousands of so-called "homes" little children, whose ages range from three to ten years, may be seen helping their mother—in the early hours before they go to school and late into the night after they come home—silently and grimly sewing with their tiny tired fingers while rubbing and blinking their weary eyes.

It would be easy to multiply these examples a hundredfold. Take, for instance, the prices paid for making strawberry baskets. The worker receives 3s. 6d. a gross for such baskets, and has to find the wood, which costs 2s. It takes two days' hard work to make a gross—her utmost earnings then amounting to 9d. a day. Again, take the makers of cheap corsets those which are retailed at 2s. a pair. They are paid 1s. 7½d. for making a dozen corsets, and the cane and cotton which they have to find cost 2d. Working hard, they can make eight corsets in a day, which means that their total wage amounts to 7½d. a day.

Again, the unhappy women who make blouses are in a similar plight. For making muslin blouses with twenty tucks in each of them they are paid 3s. a dozen; for nightgowns, with frills and insertions, 2s. 9d. a dozen; and for shirts, 8½d. a dozen—out of which the cost of the cotton has to come. The average wage earned by the shirtmaker is about 5s. a week.

Still worse, however, is the condition of the tailors. It is heavier work and paid at even a lower rate. Imagine the plight of the wretched woman who jumps at the chance of making reefer jackets at the rate of 2s. 6d. a dozen; who will gladly make any number of trousers you like at 4d. a pair; men's coats for 5d. each; vests with five pockets for 3d.; and boys' knickers at 2d. a pair! Let me take a typical case. A mother and her daughter have for some years past been earning what they euphemistically call "a living" by making costumes, consisting of a coat and skirt. They are both excellent workers, and appallingly industrious—they work from nine in the morning till 12.30 at night. And they are paid the magnificent sum of one shilling and a penny for each complete costume.

Just imagine for a moment the fearful conditions which such work and such wages must create. Think for a moment of the long, weary hours, by day and night, in the cramped "home," the insanitary conditions under which not only the worker works, but her children are reared; of the never-ceasing struggle to get work—even at a price which will not yield more than a halfpenny an hour; of the terrible inheritance into which thousands and tens of thousands of children—the future England, be it remembered—are annually born; and then you will believe the story of the Government inspector who found such a woman-worker, six hours after she had given birth to a child, sitting up in bed and already resuming her daily fight against starvation.

And the saddest part of the whole of this terrible phase of modern life is the apparent hopelessness of it. The individual worker herself is powerless—she is in the iron grip of deadly necessity. She is ground down to the bone as much by the desperate competition of starving women as by the remorseless greed of the sweater himself. Trade unionism, too, cannot help her. She is an isolated atom, and does not organize, and is, perhaps, unorganizable.

Curiously enough, there comes a breath of hope and helpfulness from our distant Colonies. Not for nothing are we an Empire, and our dominions beyond the sea have had to deal with this difficulty, and to a large extent, too, have dealt with it successfully.

In New Zealand and New South Wales, by means of arbitration boards and in Victoria, Australia, by means of wages boards, a minimum legal wage has been established—not, be it noted, necessarily a living wage. Just as in our own Government factories and among the coal miners, the cotton operatives, and the engineers a minimum rate is an established practice, so in these Colonies a minimum rate has been asserted and applied to all those

trades where sweating is rife. True, the minimum rate has not greatly advanced wages, but it has steadied and averaged them, and it has effectively prevented the lowering of them.

The wages boards, composed equally of representatives of employers, and employed, have worked amicably and, as experts, practically, and they have not only created a public sentiment hostile to sweating, but they have done great service in establishing rates which have been carefully adjusted and are widely known. But their special claims to the approval of the humanitarian and of those who desire to see the race preserved under conditions which admit of a decent house, wholesome food, and reasonable relaxation from toil is that they have placed the downtrodden woman who works as an isolated and helpless unit at home upon the level of those who do the same work in the better atmosphere of the factory.

Do not comfort yourself with the idea that these same sweating conditions do not exist in Canada. They do and Cotton's is aware of it. Montreal is full of it. This is part of what Canadian socialists are fighting. The miserable, mean, dirty and contemptible exploitation of women and children under the present capitalist system.

Chips from a Blockhead

By William Restell.

Socialism is a world-wide political movement of the working class that stands for the common ownership of the means of wealth production.

The realization of Socialism will mean an era of unparalleled culture for the human race, a civilization in which art and science and literature will flourish with tropical grandeur.

Every argument against Socialism is a boomerang that flies back and hits capitalism with redoubled force. Every objection that has been urged against Socialism can be urged with ten-fold effect against the competitive wage-system.

Revolutionists are not made overnight. Nor are they made by insulting people. Nor by shouting revolutionary phrases. They are made (1) by harsh social conditions, and (2) by having the necessity of revolutionary action explained to the people.

As long as Socialism remains a distant ideal, the propertied classes will not lose any sleep over it. They may even assent to its principles. But as soon as the positive program of the Social-democracy is beginning to be carried out, they will be found to turn against the movement. Their immediate interests will decide their attitude.

"The iron law of wages" simply means that the competition among the workers for the jobs has a constant tendency to make wages fall to a "bare subsistence level." In other words, in the struggle for employment the workers underbid each other to such an extent that they accept in wages only enough to buy the food, clothing and shelter necessary to keep them in good working order from day to day.

AN EYE-OPENER

Issue for Workers

The issue of Jan. 20th, No. 71, will be an Eye-Opener edition for Workers. Among other things Cotton's will publish a circular letter sent out by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to its members. This issue will show to the non-socialist wage-earner how the bosses gain their ends in parliament from the men the workers elect there; how they defeated the Eight-hour Bill at Ottawa, and how they continually manage to put down all measures in the interest of labor.

This issue will be a splendid one to get into the hands of all workers and trades-unionists and Cotton's urges you to get a bundle and spread them around. Fill in the blank at the bottom of the first page, and send in with a postal note for 50 cents, which pays for one hundred copies. Send in early.

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Better to sit in freedom's hall, With cold, damp floor and moldering wall, Than bow the head or bend the knee In the proudest palace of slavery. —Elijah Lovejoy

"DIGNITY OF LABOR"

Roscoe A. Fillmore

"The dignity of labor." Say, did you ever get struck right between the eyes by that phrase? Maybe you noticed the item under the caption "Labor men invoke Taft's intervention" in the daily papers recently. We are told that that dignified laborer Samuel Gompers together with his fellow convicts (to be) Mitchell, Morrison, et al. visited the White House a few days ago bearing a draft of "legislation looking toward the improvement of the conditions of the laboring man which it is desired the President should incorporate in his annual message to Congress." All of which goes to show the remarkable "dignity" of the workers.

Fancy the representatives of two million workers going to visit the representative of "pious coal oil John," J. P. Morgan and a half dozen other pirates and begging for a few "crumbs from the rich man's table," and then talk of the "dignity of labor." Fancy the Canadian Federation asking that half cent piece be issued from the mint on the plea that even a coin would be a wondrous boon to the workers and then prate of the "dignity of labor." Fancy men who claim to have been robbed of their constitutional rights by the Republican administration offering to lap up the dust before Wm. H. Taft of labor injunction fame. And then chant of the "dignity of labor."

There are probably twenty-five million workers in the United States and Canada. These millions, muscled men, and women who can wield a bolt pin with deadly effect, send petitions to "their" legislatures begging for a few crumbs in the shape of palliative measures. And when it suits the legislators will pass out a sop in much the same way in which a person will throw an old coat (that is too small for him) to a beggar. Remarkable proofs of the "dignity of labor."

Probably every reader of this paper has at some time or other been on a job where he had to keep one eye on his work and the other on the boss. Remember how you would "dig in" and perform prodigies of labor when somebody whispered "here comes the boss." More dignity. And so it goes. At every turn, every day of our lives we workers are compelled to "knuckle under" to some other person who controls our means of life. If we happen to differ from our boss or the political questions of the day we must keep our faces closed or prepare to hike. All of which is very dignified in a class that performs every useful function of society.

"The dignity of labor!" It is a windy, high-sounding phrase coined by a bunch of political hyenas for the purpose of duping the workers. It is the "good doggie, good doggie" that you use when you want to get Carlo by the collar so you can thrash him for some misdemeanor. But let it be said to the everlasting honor of the dog family that Carlo usually gives you a wide berth while the workers are always stung.

Honestly now, do you suppose a tribe of Anthropoid apes in the jungles of Africa would cut up such laughable antics as do the workers? Do you suppose that any creature, other than man, would make such an ass of himself as to ask permission to live of a bunch of thieving coyotes? And then to add dignity to the whole performance "our" labor (mis) leaders must point out to the masters (a mere handful of men) the fact that the better the wage-slaves are fed the better they will work. And so it goes on.

But will it always go on in this way? We Socialists say no. We believe that some day the workers will see the absurdity of the whole thing. They will then decide in favor of juicy steaks, good clothes and decent homes and allow the dignity incidental to working for a master to go to blazes. More than that, they will compel the afore time masters to taste also of the "dignity of honest toil."

The working class has the whole thing in its own hands. It is by permission of the workers that the Morgans and Rockefellers own and control the earth. And whenever the workers withdraw that permit and take the earth for their own use the Morgans et al. will be compelled to taste of the "dignity of labor."

When that time comes, when the workers awake they will take the governments and the machinery and natural resources of the earth and use them to provide protection, food and shelter for all useful members of society. And in the place of huge dividends for the few and misery for the many we will have a race of happy, healthy men and women, in the place of sweat shops and brothels we will have happy homes. In the place of child labor halls we will build kindergartens, schools and

beautiful parks in which the children of the workers may grow up healthy and happy. All this and infinitely more when the workers quit praying and petitioning for sops and vote for the earth and the fullness thereof.

Now you say this is a dream. Perhaps so but I will tell you of something that is not a dream. I can tell you of an army that is millions strong tonight and growing stronger every day. And that army has for its object the complete overthrow of wage-slavery and the realization of this dream of happiness for the race. That army is not a dream but a mighty stern fact and force. And you have only to throw away the catch penny phrases of your masters anent the "dignity of labor" and "identity of interests between capital and labor" and institute the motto "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain." When the workers realize this, capitalist institutions will speedily grace the junk heap. When a united working-class decides to free itself who shall say it nay?

Socialism in Brief

We are often asked for a brief statement of Socialism. Here is a very fair one from the columns of a non-socialist publication. It shows the influence that Socialist agitation is having on the editors of non-Socialist papers:

"Because Socialism is in its infancy and the true principle of the socialistic movement have not yet entirely emerged from crude ideas and passion its effect is perhaps not understood or fully realized by many people. We give below a brief summary of what true Socialism would accomplish as set forth by one well acquainted with the socialistic movement:

Briefly, Socialism will accomplish this:

It will give every worker the full value of the product of his labor.

It will reduce the hours of labor in proportion to the increased power of production.

It will entirely do away with child labor.

It will do away with the landlord and the capitalist.

It will give employment to all who desire it at remunerative pay.

It will pension the old.

It will do away with charity and give the people justice.

It will abolish poverty, want, destitution and the poorhouse.

It will permit every member of society to develop the highest and best there is in him.

It will do away with class legislation.

It will prevent strikes and lockouts.

It will make it possible for the people to make or reject laws for their government, according to the principles of the initiative and referendum.

It will do away with the trusts by making them the property of the whole people, to be operated for the benefit of the whole people instead of for the benefit of a few rich men.

It will do away with private ownership of street railways, lighting plants, and all other public service plants, and make them public property, to be operated for public benefit.

It will bring about the public ownership of railroads, coal mines, iron mines, oil wells, gas wells, the ships, the forests, the lakes, the rivers, the canals, the telegraphs and the telephone systems.

It will make labor-saving machines a blessing to mankind instead of a curse.

It will eliminate not only the poor idler, but the rich idler, both of whom are now supported by society.

It will introduce a social and an industrial system that will put an end to rent, and interest, and profit, and all forms of usury.

It will do away with armies organized for destructive purposes, and organize armies for constructive purposes.

It will remove the fear of want and poverty and make the earth a paradise.

It will prevent crime and criminals.

It will encourage study, exploration, invention and art.

Socialism is what every one wants as soon as they know what it is. The reason why it is opposed by many is because they want read.

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Workers Come to Us

CLARENCE V. HOAR

A few months ago, a debate was held in Boston between the State Secretary of the Socialist Party, James Carey, and the Secretary of the Boston Employers' Association. The latter had claimed, in one of his lectures, that Socialism was only a creed of despair. He was promptly challenged by the Boston Socialist Party and the debate was arranged. Needless to say, Jim Carey wiped the floor with him; you have only to read the concluding parts of his speech, as reported in the capitalist press, to see that the defender of capitalism was so badly rattled he didn't know where he was at.

But, after all, Socialism is, to a certain extent, a creed of despair. We wage-slaves did not come into the Socialist movement out of any humanitarian motives; we are not Socialists because it is just, or because of the high moral ideas which the movement would give us.

It is a fact that many party "leaders" continually chatter about "eternal justice" (whatever that may be), about the "rights of the common people," etc. But they are not true representatives of the rank and file. It is not so with us, the proletarians in the Socialist Party have had a better working-class education than any other class of people. We know that no childish ideas of justice could convert us to Socialism, that no moral (or immoral) teachers could bring us to realize that capitalism was wrong and Socialism right.

Economic Determinism has forced us into the party of the working class, in the same way as it has compelled the great mass of bankers, merchants, manufacturers, money-lenders, priests, politicians and lawyers to belong to one of the old parties. From this point of view capitalism is right and Socialism is wrong; capitalism is founded on liberty and Socialism on slavery. Under the present system, they have the right to oppress the workers, which is to them liberty, but when the Co-operative Commonwealth has been established that right will be taken from them—hence their very logical fear.

But with the proletarians it is wholly different. We despair of living under capitalism as we wish to live.

Moses found no rest in Egypt, he and his race were in the worst kind of slavery. He despaired of finding freedom under the rule of Pharaoh, so he led the Children of Israel to a land where they were their own masters. Luther despaired of finding religious liberty under the rule of the Roman Church and he fought that Church's Rule of Gold as long as his life lasted. Ingersoll, born one hundred years before his time, found no liberty within the "Christian" Church of the nineteenth century. His creed of despair led him to atheism and religious freedom.

So with the awakened working-class of the twentieth century. For hundreds of years we have lived before the advance of capitalism. At times we would fight, in a half-hearted manner, but we had no useful weapons, and would always lose; we fought singly against great odds. At other times we would bitterly complain but only to be met with contempt.

The inevitable result—we became desperate; surrounded by wolves of greed on every side, we gave up the struggle; we had played the game and lost, and nothing was left but black despair.

But lo! The darkest hour is just before the dawn, and even in our despair, we can see before us the bright star of human hope, we can see our own power, an irresistible force, in the presence of which nothing is impossible, and before which the capitalist system, though bulwarked with all its fabulous strength, and all the power given it by the one time ignorance of our class, must fall.

Come to us workers, we need you, as you need us, we must "rise or fall together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free."

Come to us, workers of the world, accept our creed of despair, and with it our surety of ultimate victory and political and industrial liberty.

Bernard Shaw and the World

By ROBERT HUNTER

How can you call America a free country when you know of the poverty of the masses and the frightful conditions of child labor in the Cotton mills in Carolina, which are worse than the mills of Manchester were a hundred years ago?—George Bernard Shaw.

What rubbish. There are nearly ten times as many paupers in Great Britain as in the United States—one in every thirty-six persons by the latest figures. There is nearly as much frightful poverty of the masses in London alone as in our entire vast country.—The World.

Rubbish? Bernard Shaw talk rubbish? Pish! You don't know Shaw. The facts are these. There are about two million paupers in Great Britain. In 1891 Professor Richard T. Ely and Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, then Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, estimated that there was no less than three million paupers in the United States. Today there are not less than four million.

The Board of Trade of Great Britain publishes statistics of unemployment. For ten years, the number of Trade Union men out of work has never exceeded nine per cent of the Trade Union membership.

The New York Bureau of Labor

publishes statistics of unemployment in New York State. The number of Union men out of work in 1909 averaged twenty-two per cent of the total membership. In 1908 it averaged thirty-four per cent; in 1907 fourteen per cent.

In the worst months of 1908 the percentage of unemployed among Trade Unionists rose as high as thirty-six per cent. In other words, out of every three Trade Unionists one was unemployed.

Nowhere in Great Britain, and, in fact, nowhere else in the entire world, are there such conditions of unemployment as exists here in America.

And now will the editor of the World question Shaw's statement that child labor in the South is as bad today as it was in Manchester one hundred years ago? The editor is evidently a very reckless person, but will he go that far?

As for the frightful poverty of the masses in London, is the eye of the editor so discerning that he can discover any material difference between the poverty of London and the poverty of Pittsburg, or of the lower East Side?

Does he happen to know that Mr. Jacob A. Riis estimated some time ago that about one-third of the people of New York City were dependent upon charity at some time during the eight years previous to 1890?

Does he happen to know that one out of every ten persons who die in New York City is buried in a pauper's grave?

And does he care to know that one out of every fourteen families in the Borough of Manhattan is evicted each year?

Rubbish? Do you really consider this rubbish?

If the editor of the World wants to know the facts about riches and poverty in Great Britain let him write and ask Mr. Bernard Shaw for Fabian Tract No. 5.

If he would also like to know the figures of poverty, misery and unemployment in the United States, Mr. Shaw will doubtless furnish him with these also.

Some one, I fear, has told the editor that Mr. Shaw is a humorist, without mentioning also that he is an economist, fairly conversant with the facts of poverty.

But while the editor does not know Mr. Shaw, Mr. Shaw unquestionably knows him.

G. K. Chesterton says: "The English Philistine complains that Mr. Shaw is making a fool of him, whereas Mr. Shaw is not in the least making a fool of him; Mr. Shaw is, with laborious lucidity, calling him a fool."

"G. B. S. calls a landlord a thief, and the landlord, instead of denying or resenting it, says: 'Ah, that fellow hides his meaning so cleverly that one can never make out what he means, it is all so fine spun and fantastical.'"

"G. B. S. calls a statesman a liar to his face, and the statesman cries in a kind of ecstasy: 'Ah, what quaint, intricate and half-tangled trains of thought! Ah, what elusive and many-colored mysteries of half-meaning!'"

It is only too evident that Shaw had the editor of the World in mind when he said in the interview from which the World quotes: "I notice that Americans never know anything about their own country. They always are astounded if you tell them what is going on there. For instance: They are ignorant of the fact that liberty does not exist there."

All Wanted

"A large portion of our farmers, professionals and other members of the 'middle classes' are directly and materially interested in the realization of the Socialist program, and many persons of all classes are sympathetically inclined towards Socialism for its ethical and idealistic aspects. They should all be brought into our movement. We address ourselves to the workingmen, not because they are a class of superior intelligence or virtue, but because our appeal touches more directly their material interest, and we are, therefore, more likely to succeed with them. It is a question of conservation of energy, not of principle, and if any farmer, intellectual or even capitalist overcomes the barriers of his economic class-interests, training, environment, etc., and comes to us, adopting our program and methods in good faith and without reservation, he is as important an acquisition to us as any working-man."

—Morriss Hillquit in N. Y. Sunday "Call."

One Effect of Factory Legislation

The horrors of the early portion of the nineteenth century in England under the domination of "Free Competition" called forth State interference in the interests of the wage-slaves who were being used up, and gave rise to the combination and the organization among the workers themselves. Increase in the cost of labor-power which followed as a consequence of slight improvements in the condition of the workers gave an impetus to the development of machinery; and that in its turn led to greater capital being required for carrying on any particular department of manufacture. The greater the capital required, the smaller became the number of competing manufacturers, quite apart from the keenness or otherwise of the competition for the sale of the commodities produced."

H. W. Lee, page 4, "The Triumph of the Trust under Free Trade."

No one should lack who is willing to work.

It is not homes, but homelessness, that capitalism will destroy.

When the workers take to studying the masters take to bludgeoning.

"Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth."—Lowell

The more combinations and concentrations of industry there are, the sooner will come the Socialist state.

A few Socialists are made through sentiment. But more Socialists are made through the pressure of economic facts.

When the workers strike it is because they know that they must fight for even a living wage. A worker dreads a strike more than does the big boss.

Secretary of War Dickenson, U. S. A., is not going to buy any more goods from the wicked Standard Oil Trust. This is another sideplay to the gallery.

No change in human nature is required. Socialism is coming because human nature is as it is. Men and women want the good things of life. The capitalists get them without working for them, the workers produce them without getting them. Hence the class struggle.

As long as the plutes can keep the farmers busy raising crops without thinking, so long will the plutes be happy. But as soon as the farmers want publicly owned elevators and government railroads and credit without interest, then the plutes get uneasy and squirm. Watch them squirm at the western Grain Growers Association.

THE SELLING OF TIME

Life is measured in terms of time. How often do ministers of the gospel preach that the golden seconds flow into minutes, the minutes flow into hours and days and years? These minutes should be sacredly used for right and not for wrong. Ministers of the Gospel declare that a judgement day is coming and that we must give an account of how we have used the minutes God gave us.

I have no fault to find with that teaching. If God has given to men golden minutes to use then these minutes are the gifts of God to men. If each man has to answer individually to some higher power for the manner in which he uses the minutes of his life, then for the sake of God and for the sake of man, let us free men from the bondage of wage slavery.

An expropriated wage slave must sell his labor power to get a living. For ten long hours he is at the beck and call of the boss. Sometimes in Canada under capitalism, the worker is bound to jump at the word of the boss for twelve, fourteen, sixteen and twenty-four hours at a stretch. Under capitalism the worker sells his time to his boss. The boss can direct the worker in the spending of that time. The boss can compel the worker to adulterate whiskey, can rotten food, sell shoddy as all wool, and to do many other rascalities. Nevertheless, according to the preaching of many ministers, the worker is responsible to God for the manner in which he spends his minutes.

If the ministers of the Gospel believe that the workers are responsible for the manner in which they spend their time, let the ministers begin the fight against wage slavery. Let them help the socialists conquer economic freedom for the workers. As long as man is bound by pay to his job, the laws of Canada declare that he is not free to do as God directs but as the little worm of the dust boss directs.

Let the ministers of the Gospel join in the fight for Socialism. Let them join in the fight to make men free from bondage to a profit-hunting boss. Until that time has come, the worker is not free to spend his time as he thinks God would like him to spend it.

Capitalist laws make a man's responsibility to God for the way he spends his moments a mockery and a hypocrisy. The man who is forced to work for another has not his moments to spend as he likes, while the dividend-drawing idler has not only his own moments to dispose of, but also the moments of the men who work to make him profits.

Why do I write this? Because I recently heard a minister of the Gospel declare from his pulpit that the poor man had as many minutes given him as had the rich man. I write this to point out that under capitalism this is not so. The capitalist system has transferred the moments of the poor to the rich. Under socialism when economic freedom has come, the statement of the minister will be true; under capitalism it is not.

YOU receive a Sub Blank with this issue of Cotton's. This is at this particular time a very important piece of paper. On it depends the future of Cotton's. If it remains unused, it means the retarding of the spread of our ideas and perhaps the failure of Cotton's to carry forward the propaganda and force the issue. If it is used, it means the bringing to the front the truths you believe in and have made sacrifices for, and putting in legislatures and parliament men who will fight for the principles you hold dear. It behooves you to use this blank. It spells the ultimate triumph of our cause.

PROFITS CREATE SLAVERS

"To the motive of business profit is due beyond question the influence which creates and upholds this traffic. The procurers who seduce, or otherwise entice the women to leave their foreign homes, the importers who assist them in evading the law, or who bring them into the United States for sale, the pimps and keepers of disorderly houses who exploit them body and soul, have only profit in view. The work is strictly foreign commerce for profit. Although many of the girls are brought here, innocent, betrayed into a slavery rigid in its strictness and barbarous in its nature, the price offered to the victim is only that of higher wages and better economic conditions."—Senate Document 196. (Commonly known as the white slavery report of the United States Immigration Commission, page 6.)

The above quotation is not taken from the tongue of a demagogue; its hideous indictment against modern industrial conditions does not find its source in the little speech of some woman sold into slavery, but is the calm expression of federal investigators and months of investigation, conducted by the United States Immigration commission, produced facts. The disclosure has a double horror. The conducting of the white slave traffic enlists minds of a high power, while at the same time girls, beaten down by murderously low wages, driven to despair by scant food, fall easy prey to men and women who are skilled diplomats, as deft schemers, as ever guided an intrigue.

It is organized cunning against hopeless weakness. It is master craft fighting for the great money stakes to be won by the sale of women—in the twentieth century A. D. It's not ancient Rome, or Tyre, or Sidon, but modern Paris, and Budapest, and New York and Chicago; it's just the slave market of the modern world. While over the huddled slaves stands "Necessity" cracking the lash of "Hunger."

For once the voice of sniveling hypocrisy has had to say. There is no talk of "fallen sisters"; there is no cant. The report tells the facts plainly, truly and with full understanding of their significance.

—Chicago Daily Socialist.

Frederick Greenwood, a London journalist, has just died. His death calls to mind the fact that it was through his suggestion that the British Government purchased the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. These shares have since quadrupled in value. The Laurier government would never think of buying over cheap securities which will become expensive. That would prevent its friends, the labor thieves, from making money. The Laurier government is busy buying in the other direction. It is handing over large lumps of valuable franchises and land to its favorites at nominal prices, and then giving the labor thieves a lot of cold cash to help them do business.

The former editor of the New York Call was much worried over the fights that took place within the Socialist Party of America. He wrote to Fred Long about his fears and worries for the future of the Movement and the bad effect the scraps would have on the members. Fred Long wrote back that "Rearing bull pups is not a pastime for refined old maids."

The only class hatred that Socialists teach is hatred of classes.