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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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THE INDUSTRIAL UNIT

At one time the political organization was the one around which rolled the life of the community. The king at the head with his nobles and priests around him formed the unit of organization. Soldiers bore the commands of the king to rebellious regions at the sword's point. The common people struggled to get the king's favor turned their way. The common needs of the people were said to be satisfied by the king's commands. If robbers were troublesome, the king's soldiers were looked to for remedy. If taxes were heavy the king was petitioned to remove the most burdensome ones. Death lay in the king's frown and wealth and power lay in his smile.

The political organization was befitting a feudal state but it interfered with the rise of industries. When a king would give a monopoly of the woollen trade to one favored noble the gift would seriously interfere with the trade of little merchants. The bourgeoisie therefore were against the political power of the state. They broke through it in the French Revolution and in the British revolutions. When the bourgeoisie triumphed the state lost power. The commercial and industrial units became the chief centres of the life of the people. The state instead of being the supreme central body became a sort of adjunct to the rise of the industrial barons. Laws were passed to give freedom and license to the corporations. The state was used as a highwayman's club to give to the rising plutocracy an opportunity to rob a helpless and subdued people. It was to force the people to accept the industrial unit as the chief one.

Politics to day in Canada play only a secondary role. Men are not vitally interested in the political state. They are however vitally interested in the actions of such corporations as the C. P. R. To the average man the state is an unknown force run by corrupt politicians in the interests of big business. The average man is right in his opinion. The state as it at present exists will be abolished and the industrial unit will take its place. The C. P. R. instead of going to Ottawa to get laws to keep its slaves in order will become one of the supreme units with no higher laws than its own to guide it, save as it is bound by the rules laid down by other industrial units. The C. P. R. will not be controlled by the present dividend hunting gang but it will be controlled by the body of workers who run it. The bosses will be abolished and the railroad will become democratically managed by the men who do the work. Such men as Van Horne will have their careers closed to them. It will be laboring men who will rise on the industrial votes of their fellow laborers.

Many persons do not realize how the industrial unit is becoming the all powerful one and how the state is sliding into the background. The C. P. R. is again the illustration.

The state passes a law to forbid spitting in public places. The law is disregarded. The police are inefficient. The C. P. R. officials pass a by-law forbidding spitting and its order is enforced over ten thousand miles of railroad. To change the name of a town or village a special act of the Legislature is necessary. The C. P. R. along its Boston branch from Montreal is changing the names of the towns and villages. Orders are issued to the brakemen and the name of East Farnham becomes East Farn. Mansonville Station becomes Highwater. Sutton Junction becomes Drummondville Junction. The travellers alighting at these places call them by the names which appear on the railway folder and which are shouted by the brakemen. The names are changed by custom in spite of the protests of the local inhabitants.

The C. P. R. sends certain youths to college. It irrigates vast regions, it reforests large areas for the sake of ties. It makes and unmakes towns. It pulls men from low positions to high positions. Within the system the C. P. R. takes the place of the old political state in the hopes and fears of the men employed by it.

Of course the C. P. R. owners or

dividend receivers no more do the work than did the old kings. They get the benefit while others do the work. The workingmen reforest the land and the C. P. R. owns the timber. The workers do the work while the owners get all the surplus values.

But the C. P. R. and other giant corporations are breaking down the authority of the state. They are performing the work that should be done in theory by the state. And while the C. P. R. officials and owners are breaking down the power of the state the C. P. R. employees are undermining the power of the owners and officials. The unions are getting stronger and are planning to conquer many important reforms within the C. P. R. organization. These unions do not realize it as yet but they will soon realize that their fighting does not go far enough. The unions must prepare to take over the railroad and run it. They must prepare themselves to kick out all the dividend hunters. They must prepare for the time when they shall elect the general manager and all the other officials. The great change brought by democracy was the election by the people of the state officials instead of their appointment by the king. The great change that will be brought about by the workingmen will be the election by the workers of the officials of the C. P. R. and other corporations instead of their appointment by the shareholders. When the workers elect their officials they will elect men who will see that there is no surplus left over, after the payment of the workers and other expenses, to be divided among idle dividend-seeking drones.

The Provincial Government of Manitoba has appointed a commission to inquire into conditions and to frame a workman's compensation act. Under capitalist laws and capitalist rule the question of allowing a pension for an injured workman is a delicate one and must be closely examined lest a workman get a few dollars too much when he gets half killed. Under socialism there will be old age pensions for everyone and all the sick, the feeble and the injured will be taken care of as of right. Capitalism is based on brute force and the right of the stronger to prey on the weaker. Socialism is based on the brotherhood of man with every capable man a worker.

The C. P. R. is cutting a nice juicy melon. Its officials are putting out thirty-millions of stocks at \$125. As the stock sells for \$180 on the open market and as the officials are giving this stock only to the shareholders at the price named it means that each stock certificate given will be a present of \$45 dollars to the recipient. The wage plug of the C. P. R. gets that much for working a month. The stockholder gets that much for nothing. You railway chumps who vote the old party ticket must like to have your pockets picked.

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 little red address label on it, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the socialist doctrines. You need not hesitate to take Cotton's from the post office as no bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

The Lord Mayor's Show, the historic pageant of London, has been abandoned. The new mayor is replacing it by a naval and military display. The British plunderers are going to show their wageslaves the brute machine of murder that will be turned against them if they are not obedient to the whims of the master class.

The Czar was to have visited Italy but his trip to that country has been again postponed. The socialists have been bitterly denouncing him in Italy and the Czar has decided not to go to the country.

The Rev. D. H. Carrick, of Lawrence, Kansas, has left the ministry and has become a conductor on the street railway. He says that no minister of the Gospel can lead on honest life, so he quit. Many ministers are feeling the galling of their chains. They cannot preach anything but blank materialism and dollar getting. The rich people, right here in Cowansville, as well as elsewhere, will have none of Christ's teaching. They want a religion that will not interfere with their dividends and the preachers have to give it to them or quit their jobs.

AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE PARTY

There is one party that desires peace and not war. There is one party whose members are for the abolition of armies and navies, and that party is the international socialist party.

The various socialist organizations throughout the world are for the workingmen every time. Being for the workingmen these organizations are of necessity against war. When war breaks out it is the common men who are drafted into the armies and sent to the butcher line. The financiers and industrial magnates stay at home. When loans are to be raised it is the financiers who have stayed at home who loan the money at ruinous interest to the nations in order that the common men may be kept on the butcher line and in order that bayonets and cannon balls may be made to butcher the common men on the battlefield. It is the workingmen at home who have to work hard to make the cannon balls and bayonets with which their brothers may be murdered. It is the workingmen at home who must work hard in order that the financiers who get the ruinous interest on loans may be paid.

The workingmen have all to lose and nothing to gain by a war. Therefore the socialists stand for peace. The socialists of Great Britain and Germany fraternize and pass peace resolutions in times of war frenzy. The German and French socialists exchange fraternal greetings and declare the one to the other that they have no desire to fight each other. The French socialists are imprisoned because they are anti-militarist.

The workingmen have nothing to fight each other for; but the master class have grave reasons for setting common workingmen at each others' throats. The workingmen are slowly waking and asking why the dividend receivers who do nothing should get so much. The workingmen are seeing that they produce everything and receive little. They are resolved to change the order and to bring about a state in which the able bodied man who does not work shall not eat. They are going to bring about a state in which the surplus values shall not be concentrated in the hands of a few men.

To divert the attention of the workingmen the rich and powerful shout for war. They try to arouse workingmen against workingmen. This is the secret of Strathcona's desire for a butcher army. Under the guise of patriotism he desires an army and navy which will keep the workers busy making murder machines which can be turned against the workers when they come to the conclusion that Strathcona's palaces and lands and railroads do not rightfully belong to him but to the people who do the world's work.

Study the question well, workingmen, and you will see that the patriotism of the plunderers of Canada who shout for war is a sham. They want to lend back to the nation the money they have stolen from you. They want to make you sweat to pay the interests and, above all, they want to set you to work killing each other in order that you may not have the leisure to think upon how they are robbing you.

To New Subscribers

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

THE KING HAS NO CLOTHES

Once upon a time there lived a king in great pomp. Courtiers crowded his throne room and the earth bowed before him. To his court one day came two weavers and they came before the king and begged the king to allow them to make him a magical robe. The peculiar quality of this robe was that the cloth would be invisible to those who were unfit for their offices, either through ignorance, incompetence or wickedness. The king was delighted and though the price of the robe was high, he set the weavers to work because he thought that at last he had found a way of discovering the incompetent persons of his household.

The weavers set up their looms and began to weave. And at the end of the third day the king visited them at their work. They conducted him to the loom and showed him the beautiful cloth they were weaving. The king could see nothing. "Can it be," thought the king, "that I am unfit to rule my kingdom?" So he praised the cloth highly and left them. The Lord High Chamberlain came, but could see nothing. So he praised the robe and went his way. After him came the captains of the army and the household servants and the rulers of far provinces for the fame of the robe was noised over the kingdom. They too could see nothing and all doubted in their heart that they were fit for their jobs. So they praised the robe and went their ways.

Finally, the weavers announced that the robe was ready and the king ordered a great procession to march through the streets of his capital behind him and his wonderful robe. On the day of the procession, the weavers fitted the invisible robe upon the august person of the king, received their pay and disappeared. And the king mounted his charger and rode through the streets of the city with his courtiers and warriors behind him. And all the people praised the robe of the king which they could not see. Finally a little child held aloft by its mother to see the great king pass in his glory said, "Mamma, the king has no clothes on." And the woman said to her husband, "Husband, the king has no clothes on." And the cry went up and down the street that the king had no clothes on. The people laughed and the courtiers and warriors smiled behind their hands and the king fled to his palace in confusion and dismay. And the city laughed aloud at the embarrassment of the king and their own folly in being deceived by two clever strangers into the belief of the existence of a robe invisible to their eyes.

This old fable brings its message to the people of Canada. We hear the words "liberty for all" echoed in our newspapers and by our rulers, till we are forced for fear of ridicule to say that the people of Canada are free. We say to each other "Canada is free," and in our hearts we know it to be a lie. The guns of the soldiers at Fort William and Glace Bay show that we are not free. Clever tricksters at Ottawa and at Montreal, the Cloutons and the Borden and the labor thieving despots who run our big corporations tell us that Canada is prosperous. We say with our lips, "Canada is prosperous," while in our hearts we know this to be a lie. The girls in the cotton mills working for wages they cannot live upon, the clerks in the departmental stores struggling against fierce poverty, the gaunt hungry men hunting for jobs and the crowded misery of our slums show that Canada is not prosperous. Fortune hunting politicians tell us that the people rule. We echo with our lips "the people rule," and in our hearts we know this to be a lie. Even as the politicians are prating of the rule of the people, they are taking their fees and are selling the people of Canada into bondage to the financiers and the corrupt plutocracy. Our press and our sycophantic publicists tell us of the kinglike qualities of our Van Hornes and our Booths and our Manns and our lips echo that these men are great and noble while our hearts tell us that they are not.

No one dares challenge these statements which he knows to be false. So

the lies of the tricksters go unchallenged till the socialists proclaim the truth abroad. "You leaders are hypocrites. Your maxims are lies. Your great men are plunderers, labor thieves, and traitors to the best interest of the people." The people are coming to see eye to eye with the socialists and if it were not for the fierce anger that is stirring in the hearts of the people, the Haw Haw of a people's titanic mirth at the folly and greed of our would-be leaders would be echoing from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

RECORDER WEIR ON THE FAMILY

Recorder Weir has declared that his experience on the bench of Montreal has led him to the conclusion that those who cannot bring up a family properly should not be allowed to marry. The experience of a judge on a bench is one of the worst kinds of experience, for a right view of facts.

A judge on the bench, especially a criminal bench, is forced to decide cases according to a scheme of rewards and punishments. Now if there is one thing that modern knowledge has taught us, it is that the theory of rewards and punishments is an unscientific one and one that is founded on error. That being the case a judge who all his life has been deciding and punishing according to erroneous principles and unjust laws is the last man from whom a correct viewpoint can be obtained.

Judge Weir holds that a man who is not fit should not marry. His remedy is to prevent people from marrying. He has nothing to say against the conditions which make people unfit for marriage. He has nothing to say about how men and women are forced to live unnatural lives and to enter into all sorts of crimes to get the bread by which they must live. Judge Weir believes in punishing the individual because he or she is forced, into what society calls a criminal life by that society itself.

The temperance crank who holds that society which licenses the saloon is responsible for the crimes of drunken men has a glimmering of the truth. But all judges who have conscientiously followed the laws of the land and believed in them are hopeless people; and when they try to give maxims for the conduct of society are but blind leaders.

The prevention of marriage of the unfit is a hopeless procedure, because under modern institutions the fit are continually being turned into the unfit. The underpaid girl who becomes a prostitute, the unemployed who becomes a hobo, the working mother whose children are born tired, these are examples of the fit becoming the unfit. Judge Weir declares that the remedy is to prevent the unfit from marrying. What folly.

THE UNION LABEL

Cotton's Weekly would carry the union label, if there was a typographical union in the Eastern Townships. We have not enough employees to form a union, so we are forced to wait till such times as an organizer of the I. T. U. gets through this district and brings the printers up to the mark.

The election campaign is on in New York City. In reading the plute organs it would appear that there are only two candidates, the Democratic and the Fusionist. As a matter of fact the Socialists have a candidate up for Mayor in the person of Edward F. Cassidy. But it would never do for the plute organs to admit the fact that socialism is rampant in New York City.

The junkers of Germany have to import farm hands for the autumn harvests. These farm laborers come from Poland and Galicia. They are a wild lot. Their masters have embittered them and now suffer for it. These harvesters have been burning barns and slugging farmers. The slaves become brutes and turn on their masters after the fashion of wild beasts. The masters are to blame.

GRAFT

Graft is a familiar term which is variously interpreted. To the capitalist graft means the taking of a bribe to swing profits to a competitor. To the socialist graft is the taking of rent, interest and profit from the labor of others.

The capitalist has no fixed standard by which he can judge graft. To the free trader a protective tariff is a straight case of graft for the manufacturers. To the manufacturers a protective tariff does not do anything but give them an opportunity to make legitimate profits, and it is perfectly right though illegal to give bribes for the enactment of special protective schedules. Once admit that it is just and right to live by the labor of others, and it is impossible to draw any logical line where profit ends and graft begins.

To the socialist all rent, interest and profit is nothing but labor thieving. To the socialist it does not matter whether the unearned profit comes from the ownership of the land or from a high tariff enacted by a purchased parliament. To the socialist, graft does not lie in the method of getting unearned profit, but in the profit itself.

According to the socialist philosophy, Strathcona and Earl Grey and Sir William C. Macdonald and James Ross are just as much grafters as are the boodling aldermen of Montreal. These men are in receipt of money earned by other men. They are labor thieves. They are grafters. It does not make one particle of difference that the capitalist laws of the land have legalized their incomes.

There are only two things requisite for the production of the necessities of life, raw material and human energy, mental or physical. When men do not expend human energy and yet absorb the results of the human energy expended by hundreds of other persons, the conclusion cannot be avoided that these men are working others for themselves without giving a return.

The reformers are anxious to catch the illegal grafters, those grafters which the law recognizes as such. The socialists are out to catch the grafters both legal and illegal. It is but natural that the legalized grafters who get much for nothing should hold the socialists and their philosophy in abhorrence.

The tuberculosis commission of Montreal is now ready for work. This commission will investigate and resolute and prepare reports and the people will still die of tuberculosis. A little revolutionary spirit injected into the workers of Montreal would do more to wipe out tuberculosis than all the commissions of lawyers and doctors for the passing of vapid remarks. Let the workers of Montreal demand better homes. Let them refuse to pay rent. Let them organize for the obliteration of the master class. There would be some tall squealing from the cultured labor thieves but tuberculosis would get a great set back. Overcrowding and underpay due to the desire to rob the workers of the product of their labor power has much to do with deaths from consumption.

The Arkwright Club, composed of cotton manufacturers and controlling fourteen million of the seventeen million spindles in New England, are going to shut down for twenty-two days. The American Cotton Manufacturers' Association which controls fifteen or twenty million spindles in the South, are going to shut down one day a week. Failing profits make mills shut down under capitalism. Under socialism, with production for use instead of for profit, the mills would not shut down as long as there were people who needed cotton cloth to wear.

The Pennsylvania Railway is planting three and a half million trees. Our industrial order is replacing the political. But as the political is the club which the masters use to beat down the workers and to capture the ownership of mine, mill and factory, it is up to the workers to wrest the control of that club away from the bosses and to swing the club in the interests of labor.

INDIAN MILL LIFE

Operators' Conditions and the New Factory Bill

By James Haslam.

There isn't much heaven on earth in the Indian factory system. An attempt is now being made to improve it by means of a bill, which has been submitted to the Viceroy's Legislative Council. But if this proposed measure be adopted, without making any concessions to its opponents, the Indian factory system will, in all probability, still be lacking in heavenly qualities. At least it would seem so.

THE EMPIRE OF WHICH, ETC.

But let us look at what this system is and has been of recent years. And I may say that I am basing my remarks on piles of evidence which I have collected, representing all classes of British and Indian opinion. Well, up to about 1894, the hours of labor in Indian textile factories were from sunrise to sunset. They were called daylight hours. They were at the sunniest part of the year 13½ hour per day; at the shortest days they were 11 hours; they averaged throughout the year 12 hours and five minutes a day, or 72½ hours per week, to say nothing of Sunday labor in the shape of oiling and cleaning machinery, etc. Not being able to lengthen the daylight by appealing to the sun to be more generous towards them, the capitalists introduced electric lighting in the factories—thus getting at the wonderful Orb by indirect light. Whilst some mill-owners were content to work the mills what were regarded as reasonable hours, others were not. To cut short a long and lamentable story, the whole of those in the textile industry were compelled by competition to follow the suit of the more soulless ones. Hours were lengthened. Men and women and children were worked to death. In Bombay Island the actual working hours per day varied from 13 to 13½. At Ahmedabad they varied from 13½ to 14½ per day. At Agra the minimum was 13½ hours, and the maximum 15½. But in the jute weaving mills of Calcutta they broke the record of 15½ hours by going up to 16 hours per day. That is 96 hours per week, not counting the cleaning of machinery on the Sabbath morning.

THE HAPPY INDIAN CHILD

I have a few worse things than this to relate. And for fear that you should think I am exaggerating, let me say that what I have given you is taken from the report of the Indian Factory Labor Commission, issued in July of last year. And mark this—in some instances even married workers had been found laboring in mills on night shift, after having been engaged in some other mill for the long hours I have recorded. And what of the children? Here it is that some of the most inhuman details come in to fill up the dismal picture. In some cases it was found—found by the cool, calculating commissioners' mind—you—that many many children were at the grinding wheels before the legal age of nine! I have a communication from an Indian mill manager, who tells me that he has seen the youngsters at the spindles and looms at the age of eight years and at seven years of age! But let us go back to the Labor Commission appointed by the Indian government. Listen. In Calcutta, the headquarters of a special factory inspector from 30 to 40 per cent. of the children, employed as half-timers, were under the legal age of nine. They were employed in jute factories. Have you any idea how dark and dusty and unsanitary and ill-ventilated some of these jute mills are? Anyhow, it was found also that in some instances about 60 per cent. of children under the age of fourteen years were employed on full time labor. The youngsters were worked the same number of hours as the adults! To emphasize what that means, I will repeat that adults from 13 to 16 hours a day—from 78 to 96 hours per week, not including the Sunday labor. Sometimes they didn't actually work all these hours, because they couldn't do it; they fell asleep by the machinery; both children and adults frequently stole away from the iron wheels and came back when they were driven back by various circumstances. Their wages were low; their housing conditions were abominable.

UTOPIAN PROPOSALS

What all this must have meant to

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

the life, health and happiness of the people, I must leave to the reader's calculation. Let us weigh up the new bill for a moment. Its most drastic proposal is in the clause which declares that the hours of labor in any textile factory shall not be more than 12 per day. That means 72 hours per week. In Lancashire mills the hours are 55½ per week. The bill proposes that work should not commence before 5.30 a.m., nor continue after 7 at night. This would give to the operatives one hour and a half for meals. There is a clause to the effect that there shall be one holiday of one whole day a week, which would, of course be Sunday. So that if the bill passes the Indian textile factory operative will still be blest with a week's burden of 72 hours in an Indian mill, in an Indian atmosphere. That alludes only to textile mills. In other industrial establishments he will be still left to work all the hours that the god of capital cares to dictate.

But—take note of this "but"—there is a probability that this only drastic clause in the bill will not be accepted by those who may pull the wires of the Government. I mean the clause to regulate the hours of adult textile workers to 12 per day, or 72 per week. Within the last three years there has been sufficient evidence to indicate that there is a strong body of men in India who are opposed to any restriction to the hours of the adults. It is being generally recognized, of course, that 12 hours a day for six days in the week are quite enough. But if this cannot be secured by law, millowners will be still in a position to abuse what would only amount to a voluntary understanding. This is exactly what they have done and are still doing.

SLAVES AT NINE.

Then what of children under the new measure? The bill does not propose to raise the age of half-timers. They will still be taken to the wheels at nine years of age. It is proposed, however, to regard a "child" as a person under the age of fourteen, and to restrict the hours of a "child" in textile factories to six per day, and in other factories to seven per day. The hours of women are to be fixed at 11 per day. But the terrible conditions of women and children that have hitherto blackened the history of the Indian factory system have been due to the fact that the law has been ignored. Inspectors have been aware that children, for instance, were being pitilessly utilized for the sake of profit. They have been aware of this, and they have not interfered. And in spite of this glaring negligence, the bill does not propose the appointment of a chief inspector of factories, nor would it make any very effective alterations in the present loose methods of the inspectorate (so that you see there isn't much heaven on earth for the Indian textile worker.) There is not likely to be much of it in the future, even if nothing is done to make this capitalists' bill worse than it is.

SHORTSIGHTED PROFIT-MONGERS.

Not only are the workers enslaved by the long hours I have named, but their homes are damp, dark and miserable. In 1907 the Textile Factories Labor Committee (not the Labor Commission I have already mentioned) visited the "challs" in which the operators were housed. The conditions were wretched. Even after making allowance for the very limited space which will satisfy Indian workers and their families, they said: "The houses were distinctly overcrowded, dark, damp, and ill-ventilated. Admission of fresh air seemed a practical impossibility, for the dwellings were surrounded by narrow gullies for carrying off waste water and sullage, the offensive vapour from these gullies permeating the whole of the surrounding atmosphere." In fact, the lot of the Indian factory operative this last fifteen years has been in every way deplorable. And more deplorable still is the very mean and selfish attitude now being shown by the blind opponents to suggestions of reform. They are blind, in their greed, to their own interests; for it has been shown by mill-owners in India itself that the long-drawn-out hours of labor now practised there have resulted in diminished output as regards quantity and quality of production. But, then, stiffness of neck is rarely accomplished by common sense.—The Labor Leader.

"Morrie Englan"

We are having quite a demand for this excellent little book by Robt. Blatchford. Probably the best book to hand to anyone who knows nothing of socialism. Has had a sale of over a million copies. Up-to-date edition from Chas. H. Kerr Co. Ten cents per copy.

AN EASY LESSON

IN SOCIALISM

By Wm. H. Leffingwell.

Proposition (a): A complete revolution in the method of producing has taken place in the last fifty years, improved machines, increased division of labor and large corporations, making it possible for the workman to produce nine times as much as they did fifty years ago.

There was a time, up to about fifty years ago, when machines were few in number, crude and comparatively inferior, and the factories were very small. Hundreds upon hundreds of small shops were in existence and hand work was the rule and not the exception as it is today. In those days the workmen got a much larger proportion of his product than he does today, but he did not produce nearly so much. Just about this time the invention of machinery received an impetus on account of the extensive use of steam as a motive power. Large factories were built up and there was an increased division of labor, which continued gradually improving until today the workman is given a simple task to perform and kept at it. At present the division of labor, together with the use of machinery, has been carried to a very high degree of perfection. For instance, there are over sixty separate and distinct tasks in the making of a pair of shoes, while formerly this work was done by one man. This division of labor, combined with the improved machinery and large factory organization, makes it possible for the workman to produce nine times as much as he did in 1850.

Proposition (b): This wonderful change has been brought about by the changing of the method of production from an individual or competitive basis to a social or co-operative basis.

As noted before, there has been a complete revolution in the manner of producing in the last half century. Fifty years ago, nearly everything was done by hand; today almost everything is produced by machinery. The present wonderful productivity could never have been possible under the old handicraft or individual system. While it now takes over sixty men to make a pair of shoes, as compared with one in the olden times, these sixty men can produce many times more shoes than an equal number of men could have done on the individual plan. We now do everything co-operatively. The large department stores are co-operative institutions, the immense factories are co-operative—in fact everything is co-operative nowadays in production. However, when it comes to distributing the wealth thus produced by the workers, the capitalist class, who compromise 15 per cent of the population, receives 83 per cent; and the working class, get 17 per cent. Not much co-operation there.

Proposition (c): But while this change has taken place in producing, the workers are only partially benefited by it, the capitalist class reaping the largest rewards in increased profits.

Think of the progress that has been made in the past half century. Now there are electric lights, electric cooking apparatus, electric heating, telephone, sanitary plumbing, houses of a grandeur such as was never known before, clothing of the finest fabrics and furniture of all kinds better made than ever before. In fact at the present time it is possible for a man to live in absolute comfort and comparative luxury. You produced these things—that is you did your share, together with your fellow workmen. What do you get? Poverty, tumble down shacks that are not fit for a dog to live in, with no sanitary plumbing, no conveniences, no telephone, your clothes are shoddy, your furniture is cheap and poorly made, and your food is adulterated to such a great extent that you are surprised if you discover an article of food that is pure. Who is it, then, that has these fine things? The capitalist class, the class that owns the factories, mills, mines, etc., etc.—the class that appropriates your product after you toil so hard. They do all the traveling, they have all the conveniences, and you get most of the discomforts.

Proposition (d): Therefore it is evident that it is the private ownership of the means of production and distribution which prevents the workman from receiving the full social value of his product.

Now, is it not plain to you that if the class you belong to, the working

class, which produces everything, lives in poverty, while the capitalist class, the class which owns the machines, the factories, the mills, mines, railroads and land, live in luxury, that the cause of your poverty must be in the ownership of the means of life? This capitalist class owns everything; but they offer you the opportunity to produce wealth for them and then they give you a miserable pittance, barely enough to allow to you to exist. They would not give you even this, only you would starve otherwise, and therefore would not be able to produce any more wealth for them.

Oh, what a chump you are! Just think of a man who will work all his life making things for other people and taking nothing in return for himself except enough barely to keep him alive. How foolish it sounds when you come to think about it in the right light!

But I will not call you down very hard. If you will promise to vote for a change of the system, I will consider that you have a little common sense left. You see, it won't do for me to call you too many hard names, because I used to be that kind of a fool myself once. I used to think the boss was very kind to give me enough to live on. Now, since I have my eyes open I realize how kind I have been to him. For many years have I given him everything I have produced. The only thing that worries me now is how long YOU will keep me from getting the full share of my product. You are the only obstacle in the way. Until YOU vote the Socialist Party ticket, too, I shall have to stand it.

Fifteen Years of Agony

"Fruit-a-lives" Promptly Cured Him After Doctors Had Failed To Give Relief.



CHARLES BARRETT, Esq.

Harbor au Bouche,

Antigonish Co., N.S., March 24, 1909.

"I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the great benefit I received from taking 'Fruit-a-lives.' I suffered from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for fifteen years and I consulted physicians and took many kinds of ordinary medicine, but got no relief. I was in miserable health all the time and nothing did me any good. I read the testimonial of Archibald McKechnie, of Ottawa, and I decided to try 'Fruit-a-lives.' I have taken a number of boxes of 'Fruit-a-lives,' but before I had taken one box I felt better and now am entirely well. 'I am thankful to be well after fifteen years suffering, and I am willing to have this statement published for the sake of other sufferers, and to them I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-lives.'"

(Signed) CHARLES BARRETT.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

A certain rich man in a small town built himself a big house. And he reared the workers white according to his capitalist ideas. He gave them big wages and worked them none too hard. And when their day's work was done they would congregate in the town beer parlor and speak many ill things against the rich man. And the plute worshippers became vexed and said that the workmen did not know when they were well used and that the old custom of driving the workman to work under the lash should be revived. But the workmen were right when they spoke against their boss, because the rich man lived on the work of others. He drew dividends which are but unpaid labor. He was a labor-thief and his workmen knew it. Even if he did treat them white, they knew that the money with which the rich man paid them did not rightfully belong to the rich man but he had got possession of that money through labor thieving laws. No rich man can treat workmen white. For if he pays certain workmen well he but pays them with money he has stolen from other workmen.

Humanity cannot stand still. The race must go forward or backward. Shall it be forward into the brotherhood of man based on economic liberty, or backward into the slavery and robbery of barbarous ages?

Cotton's Weekly

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PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits and to the worker an ever increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads etc.) into the collective property of the working class.
2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.
3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE

The Golden Grain

HALDANE BURGESS

The golden harvest of the year
Is gathered gladly once again;
But there are those that look in vain
For the fair fruit of the full ear.
For them no happy harvest home—
No weighted wains beneath the trees—
No laden ship from distant seas,
Swift, bearing food across the foam.
What is this barrier between
The hungry and the bread they crave?
Can neither priest nor statesman save
People from a fate so mean?
Can man, who, leaving gods behind,
Has weighed the planets in his hand,
Not gather grain from off the land,
And share it justly with the fam?

"Death Only Dies"

BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE

Unto each man his handiwork, unto
Each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him
And his own lays down.
He, dying so, lives.
Whoso bears the whole heaviness of
The wronged world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though
He faces man's fate;
How should he die?
Seeing death has no part in him any
More, no power
Upon his head;
He has bought his eternity with a little
Hour,
And is not dead.
For an hour, if ye look for him, he is
No more found—
For one hour's face;
Than ye lift up your eyes to him and
Behold him crowned,
A deathless face.
On the mountains of memory, by the
World's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is
On all past things,
Death only dies.

The Voice of the People

ELLA WHEELER WIDCON

Oh, I hear the people calling through
The day time and the night time:
They are calling, they are crying for
The coming of the right time.
It behooves you men and women, it
Behooves you to be heeding,
For there lurks a note of menace un-
derneath their plaintive pleading,
Let the land usurers listen, let the
Greedy hearted ponder
On the meaning of the murmur, rising
Here and swelling yonder,
Swelling louder, waxing stronger, like
A storm-fed stream that courses
Through the valleys down abysses
Growing, gaining with new forces.

Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic

Cured Miles Maroney of Serious Lung Trouble.

Blissfield, N.B., Dec. 26, 1909.
Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd.

As a patient of Father Morrissey's
I would thank you for an opportunity
of giving expression to the benefits I have
received from his prescriptions and
medicines, not on one occasion but at
different times.

Some eight years ago I had occasion,
to apply to the Rev. gentleman for
treatment for lung trouble which proved
to be of a serious nature; so serious was
my case that my friends looked upon
my recovery as almost hopeless, but
after his treatment I am thankful to say
that to-day I am in perfect health.

On Feb. 26, 1907, I had occasion to
ask his advice and treatment for a lame
back. I received a prescription which
gave me immediate relief.

Thanking you, I am
Yours faithfully,
MILES MARONEY.

If you know of a case of Lung trouble,
tell the sufferer of Father Morrissey's
"No. 10" (Lung Tonic). Trial Bottle
25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's,
or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co.,
Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Yes, I hear the people calling, through
the night time and the day time.
Wretched toilers in life's Autumn,
weary young ones in life's May
time—
They are crying, they are calling for
their share of work and pleasures.
You are heaping high your coffers while
you give them scanty measure,
You have stolen God's wide acres, just
to glut your swollen purses—
Oh, restore them to His children ere
their pleading turns to curses.

Sayings Of The Past

The spirit of monopolists is barren,
lazy, and oppressive.

—Gibbon.

On the irresistible momentum of
these two inevitable and ever-growing
forces—the concentration of in-
dustry and the growth of the new
democracy—Socialism depends for the
realization of its scheme of trans-
formation.

—Encyclopaedia Britannica.

In the reign of Henry VIII. seven
thousand people were branded with a
hot iron and hung for being poor.
To assure the working poor that
history repeats itself and then con-
demns them to involuntary idleness,
is a dangerous proceeding!

F. M. Sprague.

Pauperism accompanies progress;
to see human beings in the most
abject, the most helpless and hope-
less condition, you must go, not to
the unfenced prairies and the log
cabins of new clearings in the back
woods... but to the great cities
where the ownership of a little patch
of ground is a fortune.

—Henry George.

Until all men were clothed, housed,
and fed, and furnished with material
appliances for their higher life, like
books, pictures, musical instruments,
church buildings, etc., it will be a
manifest absurdity to talk about a
general over-production. . . . A glut
in the market always means under-
consumption. This is one of the sad
and curious features of the life of the
modern socio-economic organism.

—Prof. R. T. Ely.

There is a code for the family, the
social circle, and the church, and a
different one for mercantile life. It
is a common remark that . . . a
sensitive conscience must be left at
home when its possessor goes to the
office or the shop. We helplessly
deprecate the fact, we lament the
forms of business depravity that
come to our notice, but attack them
with little confidence.

—Prof. J. B. Clark, in "Philosophy of Wealth."

Whenever a part of society possess-
es the monopoly of the means of
production, the laborer, free or not
free, must add to the working time
in order to produce the means of
subsistence for the owners of the
means of production, whether the
proprietor be the Athenian Etruscan
theocrat, the Roman slave-owner,
Norman baron, American slave-owner,
Wallachian boyard, modern landlord, or
capitalist.

—Karl Marx.

Ask Your Neighbor

Why, as a class, the people who
actually produce all the world's wealth
are poor while those who do not ever
assist in the production have nearly all
of it.

If the man with the most capital and
the best machinery can produce goods
cheaper than the fellow without them
how long will it take to run all the
little fellows out.

What freedom he has if others have
the power to put the price on his nec-
essities and on his wages or prices on his
crops. At what point does freedom
and slavery begin.

If it is the titled personages of
Europe who keep the people poor, or
if it is not the industrial lords who own
the land and machinery who keep them
poor just as it is in Canada.

Why the rich and powerful are al-
ways advocating laws for the protec-
tion and benefit of laboring men, when
they are continually reducing wages
and raising the food the poor devils
have to buy.

The machine has done more to
change man's habits and moral outlook
than all the abstract ideas put forth by
idealist preachers.

Questions Answered

What is civilization?

Civilization may be summed up in
the one word, culture. A nation is
considered civilized when a portion of
its people have their intellectual and
moral faculties—their higher nature—
developed. True civilization would
be found in a community where all
those mentally competent had attained
a high degree of culture. This is
impossible under any system where
there is not equality of opportunity.

How was civilization made pos-
sible?

By the application—unknowingly—
of the law that "labor in common is
more productive than isolated labor."
(Rodbertus.)
Co-related thoughts: "Alone man
would scarcely produce enough to
live upon. Let him be incorporated,
on the contrary, into a social organi-
zation and the productivity of his
work goes on ever increasing in pro-
portion as the divisions of labor, the
convergence of effort, the perfecting
of tools, increase his power over
things." (Collectivism, Vander-
velde.)

What have been the three great
steps in civilization?

Chattel slavery, serfdom, capital-
ism.

What was chattel-slavery?

The state of society when civiliza-
tion began to emerge from barbar-
ism. All, or nearly all, the workers
were slaves, owned body and soul by
the masters.

Master and BODY slaves.

What was serfdom?

That state of economic develop-
ment known as Feudalism, when the
worker, belonged to the land and
the land belonged to the lord.

Feudal lords and vassals.

Masters and LAND slaves.

What is capitalism?

The present system: in which the
worker works for a wage, and the
tools he must use belong to his
master, who is thence called a capital-
ist.

Capitalists and proletarians.

Masters and TOOL slaves.

"A social system based on the private
ownership of the means of
wealth production and distribution;
carried on, as a rule, co-operatively
by wage-workers or proletarians
whose compensation is based upon the
cost or value of the energy they
expend. The political administration
may be republican, democratic, or
monarchic, either limited or abso-
lute." (Dr. Alely.)

What, in the natural progress of
humanity, will be the next great
step?

Socialism.

What is Socialism?

"Industrial Democracy." (Stark.)

"Government ownership and man-
agement of all wealth-producing in-
dustries." (Wiltshire.)

"By Socialism we mean a social
system based on the collective own-
ership of the means of wealth pro-
duction and distribution, carried on
co-operatively by all who are phys-
ically and mentally able to work—un-
der a semi-democratic, semi-re-
publican administration—compensa-
tion for services being on the basis
of to each according to his deeds,
less his proportionate share of the
social expenses." (Dr. Alely.)

The Ant and the Sluggard

The Sluggard went to the Ant to
consider her ways. He lay in the
shade near where several colonies of
Ants were building their homes, and
faithfully watched them a long time,
until he fell asleep. When he awak-
ened he went back to his companions.

ALL CRIPPLED UP FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE

Cured by Gin Pills.

Mrs. John Pettigrew, of Central Econ-
omy, N.S., was practically helpless from
Kidney Trouble.

She could not stoop, and her limbs
ached so that it was torture for her to be
up and around the house.

As Mrs. Pettigrew put it, "I was all
crippled up. I saw Gin Pills advertised
and sent for some, and after taking only
two boxes am a different woman. Gin
Pills are the only thing that helped me,
and I cannot say too much for them."

If you have that dreadful pain in the
back—if you are tortured with Rheuma-
tism or Sciatica—if you have trouble with
your Bladder and especially in passing
water—if your Liver is torpid and you
are Bilious—get Gin Pills at once.

Perhaps you do not care to buy a reme-
dy which is unknown, personally, to you.
Very well. Will you use Gin Pills if we
send you a free sample? Simply write
the National Drug & Chemical Co., Dept.
Q, Toronto, Ont., and you will receive
a free sample of Gin Pills by return mail.
After you have seen for yourself that Gin
Pills are all that we say, get the regular
size boxes at your dealer's—50c, or 6
boxes for \$2.50.



McClary's Sask-Alta

Saves a Lot of Fuel

Sask-Alta Steel Range is built to be very, very easy on fuel as well as a perfect baker and cooker. To describe in detail the various schemes which save fuel would be too long a story for this space, so we ask you to allow the McClary agent to tell you how the following features save fuel:

- Wide Fire Box—Double Duplex Grates—Asbestos Lined and Anti-Rust Coated Flues—
- Top and Bottom of Oven with Asbestos Lining—Heat Retainer at Back of Oven.

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

One of them regarded him critically for a few minutes and then remarked:

"It doesn't seem to me that wisdom is oozing from your pores."

"Oh, I got wise, all right," answered the sluggard.

"As how?" inquired his companion.

"Like Solomon and thousands of other Sluggards have done since his day," returned the modern Sluggard.

"It's a dead sure cinch that if the working class can be made to hustle like the Ants do there will never be any need of us working. It's a great thing to get wise in that fact."

"And that is what you learned. Well, I think it is highly immoral and unscriptural."

"I don't see why. You don't say that when the captains of industry gather that lesson from it and proceed to fortify themselves as sluggards."

"But they gather enough wisdom to be silent about it."

"There may be something in that. But since I have been investigating I will be kind enough to put you next.

So long as people work as hard as the Ants they can be fooled and kept at it. When you look at two Ants pulling in opposite directions on something they want to carry forward, and when you see them climb a weed to the top and then go down on the other side, as a means of getting around it, you can see very readily why they can be kept at work as they are.

Solomon was right, 'Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways and get wise,' and then you won't have to work any more. But, say, I have a great scheme for you to work out; you like to work, you know."

The Sluggard's companion had collapsed by this time, yet he managed to falter; "What is your scheme?"

"If we could only cross the Ant with his working mule we would have labor down pat."

The Sluggard's companion fainted dead away.—Appeal.

Farmers and Automobiles

The young man did not find Brother Ben at the store and so sought him at his home, coming upon him in the field digging potatoes. He felt sure of making a sale and began.

"Brother Ben, I am glad to see the farmer so prosperous. Farming is at the foundation of all other industries, and if the farmer does not prosper none prosper."

"Yes," replied Brother Ben, "we do get plenty of work, and that is what the rich idlers tell us we need. But this thing of being the foundation and having the rest of Society on top of you is sort of tiresome Young Man."

The Young Man coughed. "It has been bad enough. But prosperity is coming now. I am told that the farmers are buying automobiles."

"Did you ever see a farmer who had an automobile?" I never did. There are such people, but they farm by proxy, just as the city fellows who own automobiles who work by proxy. They are both capitalists, and none of them are real farmers. The real farmers buy the automobiles all right, but not for themselves. They sell their

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

wheat and corn at whatever they can get, and the speculators who farm the farmers buy the automobiles off of their profits.

"There is too much truth in that," replied the Young Man, coloring and trying to get out of it. "But the farmer is a capitalist. He has an investment in his farm."

"He is a play capitalist, you mean. He has an investment in something which he ought to be able to use without investing a penny, but he lacks one essential of being a capitalist."

"What is that?"

"He doesn't make a profit. He merely works and gets whatever the market and the railroads will permit him to as payment for his work; but he never makes a profit until he ceases to be a real farmer and becomes a capitalist, farming by proxy."

The Young Man did not reply to this but began: "Brother Ben, I have here a work."

But Brother Ben interrupted him. "So have I," he said, as he resumed the digging of his potatoes.—Appeal.

Every time a workingman votes for either of the old political parties he votes to allow his boss to steal half the pay from his pay envelope.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Two Englishmen have been touring Canada. One has been Beresford howling for a bigger navy. The other has been Will Crooks who tells the working people to stand together and get rid of the drones. Both ran for Woodrich and it was Beresford who got licked. This shows what the working voters think of the difference between the two men.

Socialist papers print the truth Paste it in your hat.

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MONTREAL, P. Q.

INSANITY AND PAUPERISM

Becoming a Greater Burden every day in Montreal

The following article is taken from the Montreal Star, and is a striking indictment of the capitalist system:

A report has been completed at the City Hall by Mr. Bienvenue, who is head of the License Department, and who is secretary of the Civic Charities Committee, in regard to pauperism, insanity and uncared-for children in Montreal.

The report in part says:

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

"The number of uncared-for juveniles whom the city was compelled to take charge of, in order to prevent their becoming vagrants or starving to death, shows a considerable increase. This is a statement which sums up the situation with reference to the industrial schools in 1908. The application granted were 476 against 283, in 1907, an apparent increase of 193, but as 87 more children were recommended in 1908 than in 1907, the difference between the two years is really 106 new cases.

"Such a material increase would leave the impression, either that the cases were generally more urgent in 1908 or that the sub-committee having supervision over the commitments of uncared-for juveniles was less particular in its consideration of the applications. But, when it is seen that the applications themselves were 178 more in 1908 than in 1907, it must be concluded that the increase is not only due to a want of control, but to the fact that a greater number of families were in need of assistance during the year.

"Although the applications were more numerous in 1908 than 1907, viz, 178 more, the sub-committee refused twice the number of applications, in 1908, that it did in 1907, viz, 148 against 74. The proportion is certainly remarkable. It shows that the control over the commitments of uncared-for juveniles, which is of so material importance to the city's finances, is still very effective.

ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE

The number of insane paupers committed at the city's expense is increasing every year. There will probably be no change in the situation until the causes of insanity have disappeared, for the increase is not due to a want of control over the commitments of the patients, but to the progress of the disease itself.

"In every country, the world over, great anxiety is felt at the frightful ravages caused by insanity. It is sufficient to mention that in the State of New York alone the increase in the number of cases has been from 500 to 1,000 per cent, for some years past in order to illustrate that Montreal is not an exception with respect to the number of insane patients who must be committed to asylums by the public authorities.

"Last year 318 new patients were committed at the city's expense, which was 55 more than in 1907. This amounts to 11 per month more than three years ago.

"The costs of maintenance of these patients added to those incurred for the patients already committed bring up to over \$50,000 the sum which the city had to pay to the Government for its share of the care of insane, in 1908.

"This large sum represents only half of the costs of maintenance of the Montreal patients, and the cost of maintenance of the insane, throughout the province, has come to be a burden of \$400,000 for the Provincial Treasury.

DEPORTING THE INSANE

"The Dominion Immigration Act, under which the deportation of the insane may be made within two years from the date of their arrival into the country, was enacted in 1906 and amended in 1907. It was only in 1908 that it must be considered to have been put to a practical test. During that year, it was made possible to deport or send back to their own country, through the Immigration Department, eleven insane patients.

"From information furnished by the Charity Organization Society, whose self-imposed task is to specially investigate all cases of poverty reported to its office, and to see that assistance be given to the needy, it is found that more applications for relief were made in 1908 than during the preceding years, owing to the business depression of 1907; but these conditions in their opinion, are

only temporary. The number of cases attended to by the Society showed an increase of 3,552 over 1907.

"From this, it may be inferred that the applications for the relief made at the City Hall must also have increased in number, and, in fact, from 86 that they were, in 1907, they have gone up to 274, on 1908, an increase of 188.

SUMMARY OF THE WORK DONE.

"To sum up this report, there is given a comparative statement of the work done by the Municipal Assistance Bureau in 1907 and in 1908. It will be seen that this work is greatly on the increase:

	1907	1908
Applications for Industrial Schools.....	421	686
Applications for lunatic asylums.....	263	332
Applications for relief to homeless.....	86	274
Applications for incurables.....	13	25
Applications for maternity.....	2	2
Total.....	785	1,319

An increase of 534 over 1907.

The number of investigations made by the department's investigation officer, in cases other than those of mendicancy, were 869, in 1908, against 591, in 1907, viz., 278 more.

—Montreal Star.

Revolutionary Paragraphs

By Will R. Shier.

A strong revolutionary movement that challenges the right of the master class to the ownership of the means of life will frighten the conservative elements into granting more reforms than any of your mild-mannered, weak-kneed, white-livered, wobbling, ill-educated, hat-in-the-hand parties will in thrice the time.

It is not according to what we have been taught in Sunday school, but it is none the less true, that all government rests ultimately on force. If it were not for the police, the army, the prisons and other agencies of compulsion, law-making would be a pretty farce. In the past this citadel of strength has been held by master classes—by military cliques, castes, landed nobilities, ecclesiastical orders and capitalist cliques—who have used their power to exploit labor and keep the masses in subjection. And so it will always be until the workers study, organize and fight in their own interests.

We men who toil must cease to prostrate ourselves before the "rights of property." We must realize that there is only one right, namely, pleasure, only one wrong, namely, pain. Capitalism is right for those who profit by slavery. For those who don't, it is a colossal wrong. It is wrong, damnable wrong, for those who most submitted to unrequited toil, to poverty, to disease, to degradation, to death. If the "rights of poverty" stand between the people and happiness, then the rights of property must be swept aside. An enlightened proletariat will recognize only one right, the right to enjoy life to the full. In this they will have learned a useful lesson from their masters.

In one of the Hindu sacred books, the Bhagavad Gita, there is a passage which says that "one only receives what he dares to demand." And we might add that it is useless to demand what you have not the power to take. The fellows who are afraid to ask for more than half a loaf usually only get a quarter, for example, our good friends, the trade unionists. A party that can be dickered with will not gain nearly as much for labor as a party that stands for all the world and the fullness thereof. And herein lies a reason why a vote for Socialism is never lost. Though the socialist party has only a small representation in parliament, or no representation at all, the fact that this party of revolution grows apace strikes uneasiness into the hearts of the conservative classes and leads them to throw sops to the workers in order to allay the discontent that is drawing them into the ranks of the Social Democracy.

POPE GETTING SCARED

Rome, Oct. 3.—The Pope is much dissatisfied with the result of the recent progress of Italian teachers, in which Socialist ideas prevailed.

He intends to appeal soon through the Bishops to Catholic teachers to direct their efforts more actively toward fighting the teaching of Socialist ideas, because they threaten to destroy orthodox religion and the capitalist state.

Spread the light of Socialism. Cotton's is a good medium.

AIR SHOOTERS and CREAM PUFFS

It is a settled policy of Cotton's Weekly not to publish articles derogatory to Comrades. We have an article attacking Will Crooks. We have turned the article down. We are glad to get articles from comrades that attack the horrors of capitalism. We will not publish articles attacking comrades.

As last week a reference crept in re a Montreal comrade in Toronto, we publish the two following articles to give the other side. Comrade Wayman is a fighter and a revolutionary. He has probably suffered as much for his love of Socialism as any other comrade in Canada. The publication of the following articles are nothing but his just due.

THE MONTREAL "AIR SHOOTER."

Reading a criticism in the Western Clarion by Comrade Wrigley and a criticism by Comrade Gribble in Cotton's Weekly re the speaker Toronto Local had from Montreal (which was Comrade Wayman) I think it will be fair to the readers of these papers to hear what one has to say who heard the speaker speak, as they have already read comments by two comrades who never heard him speak.

Comrade Wayman was working at the Toronto Exhibition and being around the meeting, some of the comrades asked him to speak and I am of the opinion and many others, (not sentimentalists) that it was the best speech, by far, we have had on the soap box this year. Comrade Wayman outlined the class struggle as well as ever I heard it and did not mince words. Altogether this comrade spoke eight times on the box and despite the criticisms about him, I can assure Comrade Wayman by the comrades I know, that whenever he comes back to Toronto that he will receive a hearty welcome and that the soap box will be there whenever he likes. It seems strange that Comrade Wrigley should write such an insulting letter to the Clarion, especially when he never heard him. But that is usually what comes of second hand thoughts, anyone spinning a yarn with a prejudiced mind can do more harm in five minutes than the average man can do in a life time and though Comrade Wayman may not see eye to eye in economics with some of the Toronto comrades it does not do the Toronto comrades much good to prate over their "superior" intellect, and cheap sarcasm is the last resource of ignorance. I think had Comrade Gribble heard Wayman he would have been satisfied that he was dealing out the goods. But perhaps the writer is a "sentimentalist" and no judge until he reads more. Here's wishing you, Comrade Wayman, the best of respects, and may you continue educating the working class along the same lines to their historic mission of freeing themselves from slavery and then, no more "Cream Puff Air Shooters" will be required. Yours in revolt.

ALEX. LYON.

THE PARABLE OF THE BIT OF CREAM PUFF

By M. WAYMAN

A certain man from Montreal who belonged to the "Imperfects" went into a far province where abode the "Immaculates" and he dwelt there for a month. And certain of the Immaculates besought him that he might speak in that city. "For," said they, "although we be perfect and our city immaculate, yet there is a fraction of the people abiding herein who are no better than thou." And the imperfect looked upon the multitude and behold he found that the fraction was slightly over ninety-nine per cent, and he marvelled at so much error prevailing in such a perfect city and so he consented to speak and admonish them. And his heart was filled with compassion for them for he said "they are even as I am, untaught and unthinking." And he would not call them liars and spittles and wage plugs, etc., even as one of the red-haired Immaculates had done. "I must get them to listen before I can teach them." So he gave them the following bit of cream puff:

"My fellow toilers, ye have much to be thankful for. Ye have not the same worries as your bosses. Ye would fain fill your bellies with the food that your boss does eat, but no man will give it to you, pay from the rise of the sun to the setting thereof, his life is one of uncertainty and worry. When he rises in the morn, he must perforce ring the bell

for his shaving water and then he has the trouble of choosing between many changes of raiment, and to walk down stairs to the dining-room and along a long hall to the reception room and another walk to his library to read his mail, and to choose between his carriage and pair and automobile; and then the bewildering variety of dishes to choose between at dinner, whether it be a monkey banquet, a dinner at the club, or in one of his homes, and the knowledge that ye are always on the verge of striking, or his stocks may drop in price, thereby reducing his wealth from ten millions to nine and three quarter millions, and then the time hanging on his hands because he has drunk all that is drinkable, travelled everywhere that is travelable, bought all that is purchasable and life has lost its savor, and e'er he can sleep he must choose between green and blue pyjamas, and then the finding of no bed soft enough to produce sleep for his wine sotted brain. Why, see ye my toiling brethren. Early in the morning an alarm wakes you and ye can lean out of bed to stop it. Ye turn the other side to wake the wife and then light the gas stove to boil the kettle, wash your hands at the tap, pull your trousers from the bottom of the bed, and ye have not changed your position one iota. And do ye not sleep in the same shirt as ye toil in, and do ye not the same work today as yesterday and the prospect of the same tomorrow if the boss will let you, and do ye not swallow the same food today as yesterday. Verily, my brethren your life is simple, compact and monotonous, but it brings to you quickly a restful death. And though your body shiver with cold here, ye shall have a warm hereafter. So sayeth your master's black-coated hirings. For ye are never satisfied, ye are like unto two small boys that carried the little old woman's basket and the smarter of them so leaned the basket that the contents and weight thereof fell upon the arms of the witless one and when the work was done she called the clever lad and said, "Here are some plums and some nuts as a reward for your services, share them with thy fellow." And he placed the nuts in one pocket and the plums in the other and going to his mate he said "Now which half chooseth thou, the outer or the inner." And the witless one said, "the outer." And the other pulled out the nuts and gave him the husks. And when they were through, he said, "now which chooseth thou again for I am fair unto thee." And the other said, "this time I'll have the inner half," and the clever one divided the plums, giving the stones to his helper. So it be with you, ye have done the toil and ye get the husks and stones. How long will ye be getting wise and cease to share thy earnings with the boss? While thy nose is at the grindstone he rifles thy pockets. Whilst thou toilst continuous, he surfeits with pleasure. Read I beg thee of the socialist papers and throw the scales of prejudice from thine eyes."

And so he finished. And while he was speaking many stood and listened. In fact, a multitude had gathered around him as he spoke from the altitude of an O'Keefe's beer box, and they smiled and said, "verily, he speaks well." But the language did not suit one of the immaculates who spoke after, and though the red hair bristled as he spoke, the crowd dispersed with a rapidity that bordered upon marvellousness. This surely vexed the immaculate one and turning to the imperfect sojourner, he said in anger, "They will not listen to me after that stuff." And he proceeded to spill his vinegar upon the head of the imperfect one. And it came to pass that when the immaculates met they accused the imperfect one of speaking without showing a card and further with putting on his hat when he went into the street; and dissension arose amongst the immaculates and two of them were for banishing the arrival. But the others fell on his neck and kissed him, calling him comrade and his heart went with them and he spoke again at their request, nay, even nine more times, and they said when he had gathered a big crowd "we will take a collection." And they gained in wealth thereby. And he objected to being made a mountebank and then the two got busy and numbered him amongst the transgressors and ignorant and uttered dire threats. And the two were not satisfied, but caused false accusations to be written concerning him and wrote to the magnetic uncle about him and he got a thrashing he little deserved, and made up his mind never again to show his countenance amongst either the red or green immaculates.

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NEW SOCIALIST GAME

"The Class Struggle" Good line, good propaganda. The whole team is a play. It is a game, a game, a game. CHARLES H. KERN & CO., 115 Maple Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Booster's FORUM

Conducted by W. R. Shier

Will every reader of Cotton's sit down immediately and write the Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York, asking them to have written up the great international Socialist movement. This magazine has a enormous circulation.

Comrades would do well to purchase two or three copies of "Merrie England" and keep circulating them among their acquaintances. It is certainly a clincher. It has converted tens of thousands to Socialism.

Will not you comrade, make it your especial business to attend the propaganda meetings of your local and tackle those who come for subscriptions to this or some other good Socialist paper. This is exceedingly effective work.

Start an economic study club in your town. An excellent book for this purpose is Vail's "Principles of Scientific Socialism."

An enthusiastic comrade in Ontario has succeeded in winning over quite a number of his acquaintances by simply having trial subscriptions to this paper sent him on the quiet. Every copper put into this sort of propaganda is well placed.

All locals should attempt to secure musical talent for their propaganda meetings. Pianists, violinists, soloists are easily obtained. It is a case of "seek, and ye shall find." A special committee should be appointed for this purpose. Where practical, a party choir should be organized.

Comrades should keep their eyes "peeled" for good propaganda ideas. Whenever you come across any propaganda suggestions in the Socialist press, clip, paste in scrap book and refer to often.

A comrade in Toronto is adding substantially to his earnings by selling Socialist books, which he procures at wholesale prices from the publishers direct or from the literature agent of the local. He has sold a large number of cloth-bound works on Socialism among professional men and persons known to be interested in labor questions.

A comrade, who desires his name withheld, has converted his trade union into a bee-hive of Socialists. This is how he did it. He had trial subscriptions to this paper sent to the brainiest and most active men in the organization, loaned them Socialist books and got them to attend some of the propaganda meetings. He is a force for the cause.

OF WHAT VALUE ARE PUBLIC MEETINGS

An exceedingly large question mark needs to be put after each and every one of our propaganda methods. We should be continually asking ourselves whether the money and the effort devoted to this or that form of propaganda could not be used to better advantage.

Especially true is this of public meetings, the principal means of propaganda employed by locals throughout the country. Are they really of much propaganda value? Are they worth the time and labor and cash put into them? The question is an important one. It can only be answered by observation, comparison, reflection. Let us weigh their good points against their bad points.

In the first place, public meetings, especially hall lectures, serve to maintain party enthusiasm. There is inspiration in listening to a good speaker, in being in a gathering where most of those present think and feel as you yourself think and feel, in meeting the comrades and having a little chat over matters pertaining to the movement. One gathers strength and encouragement and hope from numbers. Meetings help to infuse life and animation into the movement. But a small number are sufficient for this purpose.

Again, numbers of people who do not read much gain their knowledge of Socialism thru our meetings. And their votes count for as much as anyone else's. Yet it is doubtful whether it is at all worth while trying to catch these people. A man or woman who will not read is not worth while trying to bring into the movement. We want propa-

gandists rather than voters; and no one can be an effective propagandist without study. It is the man, rather than the man's vote, the Socialist Party requires.

Then, too, a number of party members who have the gift of oratory, but who would be useless for other kinds of work, are given a field for their talents. Yet on the whole those who are capable of speaking in public are capable of doing other things equally desirable from the propaganda standpoint.

Now that, it seems to me, is all that can be said in favor of public meetings. Not much, is it? Now for the points that detract from their value.

First and foremost, those who attend socialist meetings are socialists or near-socialists. The non-socialists do not attend either from indifference or prejudice. Yet these must be reached, for they are in a majority.

Again, even if non-socialists did form a considerable part of our audiences, only a comparatively small number of people are reached in this manner anyway.

Moreover, propaganda thru the spoken word is superficial. The way to make socialists is to get people reading along our lines. Street meetings at which literature is not sold are failures.

Hence, locals that depend upon meetings to spread the propaganda don't make much headway. Other means must be devised to foster growth.

TALE OF A TOUR

EIGHTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Since last writing I have held two meetings at McAdam Junction where a local has been duly organized. There is great hope for the future at this place, which is a railway centre and a great deal of resentment is still being left among the men at the failure of the strike on the C. P. R. The spirit of revolt being shown is excellent, but it must be followed up by education and I have no doubt the new Maritime Executive will see to this.

In Comrades Murtha and Johnson we have two very earnest revolutionists, and there is some very excellent material besides in the new local, but, however excellent, we must remember that in all these places where there are only a few comrades, they have a hard row to hoe, especially at a place like McAdam, where they are always under the shadow of the blacklist. Not the least of the important things to be attended to is the encouragement of the comrades at these little outposts. I have long since pointed out how this can be done.

I am now where I have looked forward to being for a long time, at Albert, where the headquarters are still going. Terrorism exists here and our meetings, which were well attended the last time I was here, are now very poorly so. You should hear Fillmore express himself on the matter. Evidently the village-aristocrats think themselves capitalists and have passed along the word that they don't want their slaves to attend the meetings, but—Socialism is in Albert to stay.

I wonder, though, what proportion of the comrades in larger locals could stand the racket if condemned to live in these small places. It is all very well to be a good socialist with the inspiration of numbers, but at a place like Albert,—well—again you should hear Fillmore's vivid word-picture on the subject. Oh, it takes comrades of more than ordinary calibre to take the gruel that is served out to socialists at these out-of-the-way places. You may depend upon it they are pretty thorough if they stick—long on fundamentals and short on fads.

Comrade Hoar has left Albert and is now living in Portland, but retains his card as a member of Albert Local, as being a revolutionist he says he has no wish to transfer to a party with a string of reforms as long as your leg, with an "ultimate" demand incidentally stuck in.

WILFRID GRIBBLE

Effective Propaganda at Low Cost

Cotton's can be sent for—Three months to one person for ten cents.

Three months to ten different persons for a dollar.

Three months to fifty different persons for five dollars.

Three months to one hundred different persons for ten dollars.

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

The man or woman who looks into Socialism with a perfectly open mind will surely be convinced of the truth and justice of its teachings.

The Firing Line

Keep Up the Gait

For that 10,000 very urgently needed for Cotton's to put it on its feet and make a good start in its life work.

Several of the comrades are writing in to say that I was becomingly modest in asking only for 10,000. They claim it should have been 50,000. Well, all I have to say is, that you can make it 50,000 if you will, but send in the 10,000 immediately.

After launching that half page about the 10,000 for Cotton's I took to the tall timbers for a holiday. My first extended holiday in over ten years. When I left the firing line was down to zero, but when I came back you had literally flooded us, and I have been working night and day to catch up with you.

This is encouraging comrades. You are doing grand. It is gratifying to see the noble way you are rallying around Cotton's. Keep up the same gait, and there will be no trouble about the 10,000 and more.

The expiring subs are very heavy this month. Our Montreal list has suffered severely. Also the Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba lists. I hope the comrades in Montreal and these provinces will make a special effort to pull the lists up again.

You will find a statement on this page of what it has cost to print Cotton's since Jan. 1st. I ask you to give it a careful perusal. Make a resolve to put Cotton's where the expenses will break even with the receipts. A circulation of 10,000 would be a good start.

One of our earnest comrades has remarked that he has had to read my appeals for Cotton's in this column in installments, as they worked on his emotions so much that the "lump" would rise in his throat and the "dew" affect his eye sight, in his deep interest in Cotton's and for fear that it would go under.

Well Comrades, I write as I feel, and while having no fear that Cotton's would haul down the flag, you will admit from a study of Cotton's financial statement, that it was hard to be anything else but serious.

I have until recently conducted the Firing Line, but owing to pressure of work have reluctantly turned it over to Comrade Cotton, the editor. He will do you full justice. He has a great big heart for us workers, and a burning-over enthusiasm for the cause. Read what he says below.

If you keep him busy acknowledging subs, I will "keep hustling to keep happy" in looking after the multitudinous details that a live socialist paper daily brings forth.

Keep up the gait for the 10,000 for Cotton's.

H. A. W.

J. D. Cameron of Hamilton, Ont., sends in a yearly.

F. J. McNeely, of Gopher Head, Alta., drops in with two yearlies.

Isaac Parkin of Sandwick, B. C. takes a hundred copies of Cotton's for propaganda purposes.

J. Goodmurphy of New Westminster becomes a subscriber to Cotton's.

John Wright of Brussels, sends in a yearly sub with a dollar bill. Will send in another sub soon.

J. B. Johnston, of McAdam Junction, N. B., takes a trial sub. Wants to investigate the question of socialism further.

Jas. G. Robertson and Geo. Lucas, of Enderby, B. C., send in their subs. Glad to see that Cotton's has taken the field for the cause.

Keep up the agitation for 10,000 comrades. You can make it 50,000 if you like, but get the 10,000 here as soon as possible.

B. Liss of Berlin, Ont., sends in a yearly. Every new reader captured for Cotton's means a new fighter for socialism.

Cotton's very urgently needs that 10,000 circulation. Let all the comrades get out on the firing line and do their share. "Many hands make light work."

Indoor meetings have commenced. Now is the time to reap the harvest of subs for Cotton's. Anyone interested enough to attend a socialist meeting, will part with either fifty cents, a quarter or a dime. Ask them anyhow.

G. J. Cundance of Toronto sends along a trial and a half yearly. Comrade Hibberd being temporarily laid up Comrade Cundance is taking his place as a sub hustler. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. When Comrade Hibberd gets around again Cotton's will have two sub hustlers where before it had but one.

Three yearlies come from McCallum of Westville, N. S. Comrade Gribble has a great opinion of the revolutionary boys of Westville. Nova Scotia is waking up.

John Beekman of Meeting Creek, Alta., sends in his sub. He is hot for the revolution and like many more, grows weary waiting for the dawning of the day of emancipation.

Charles Butler of Arthurvale, Alta., sends in a yearly sub for himself and a trial for his neighbor. Thinks a three month trial will make him a permanent reader.

Thos. Roberts, of Ottawa, Ont., sends in a trial and takes a bundle of thirty-five as bait to go fishing for plute thinkers in his city of political henchmen and government mismanagement.

R. Bryden, of Toronto, Ont., sends in ten trial subs. Toronto is waking up. Montreal had better look out or there will be more subs going to Toronto than there will be to Montreal.

Wm. Coulton, Central Park, B. C., sends in five yearlies. Says if the paper proves a live socialist sheet he will send more. The paper is getting spryer every issue. The plutes won't like us pretty soon.

Comrades who have not the time to land subs, can send in a contribution to the Agitation League. Subs will be placed in the outlying towns all over Canada, where socialism has not any foothold. Let the good work go on.

S. Erkila, Gold Rock, Ont., sends in his sub for a year, together with that of a neighbor. The plutes will be scratching their heads pretty soon wondering what has struck the political majority of their purchased candidates.

Geo. Heatherton, of Greenwood, B. C., sends along two yearlies. The British Columbia boys are going to be up against an election soon and are hustling to get a good nip at the plute government which enforces their slavery.

We get a yearly sub from a post-mistress in Manitoba. Says she is greatly interested in the questions the paper discusses and will try to get her neighbors interested. Even the government employees do not find it a bed of roses to work for the plute lackeys.

Book orders are on the increase. Have you read any of those excellent little books on socialism which sell at 10c per copy? Now is the time to get your order in, as long evenings are with us. A thorough knowledge of socialism will enable you to do better work for the cause.

Andrew Rafu of Bon Accord, Alta., sends along two yearlies. He first heard of Cotton's through the little old Appeal. Is going to help to awaken Canadians to the rotten state of political life. He is anxious to see socialists get into the Canadian Parliament to begin the clean up of the Augean stables.

L. S. Grue, of Brockville, Ont., captures a trial and five yearlies. There are some of the sub hustlers who drop into Cotton's as regularly as clockwork and flop a whole bunch of scalps on the counter as a matter of course and then go leisurely after another bunch. In another letter in the same week Comrade Grue shoots in five yearlies.

Harry Peters of Guelph, Ont., sends along eleven trials, one yearly, and two halfs. From the same town Geo. Penfold sends in a yearly, a half and a trial. These two comrades are evidently out to convert the workers of their locality to socialism. Both Brockville and Guelph will be good places for socialist candidates.

Seven halfs and three yearlies come from Salmo, B. C., per the efforts of Harry Isnor and Alex. Matheson. British Columbia is pretty well revolutionized. It makes me long for the time when the old Province of Quebec becomes awakened with a like spirit. The comrades of Quebec have many difficulties to contend with but the light is slowly breaking.

Thomas Ellis of Lindsay, Ont., sends along his sub together with another yearly. Socialism is creeping in all over. The conditions in which men find themselves are forcing them to do a lot of thinking. They cast around for a remedy and can find none till they strike that of the socialists. Then the way of escape from impossible conditions is seen to lie plain before them through the bars erected by capitalism. With feverish energy they then begin to clear the way for the co-operative common wealth and socialism has a few more recruits.

H. C. D. Gildemeester, Secretary of the Campaign Committee, Enderby B. C., orders a bundle of five for three months. Wants the gospel of economic emancipation spread. The doomance of capitalism is on in B. C., even if Earl Grey, the titled labor thief does go out there and mounthes about the necessity of slaves.

H. G. Ross is rounding up the workers of Cape Breton and gathering them into the socialist camp. His latest bunch consists of one trial, twelve halfs, and one yearly. No wonder the plutes of Canada want a navy. Cape Breton lies on the seaboard and the labor thieves could easier attack the place by water than by land when the social revolution threatens their labor thieving operations.

A yearly and a trial comes from Jas. E. Vannatter, of LaCalmette, Alta. Many socialists believe that three months reading of Cotton's will make a man a permanent reader. The socialists think Cotton's gives the truth and therefore the people take it. But one plute told me that the paper gave a man a perverted taste for pernicious literature and played the devil with a man's mind and was as bad for the mind as rotgut whisky was for the body.

J. M. Staples, of Cloverdale, B. C., sends along a dollar bill for ten trials. He sent one before and his neighbors are reading Cotton's Weekly. Some of them find it queer getting out and rustling for subs and reading, but Comrade Staples tells them to read it and get to know the reason why so many men are tramping the files looking for jobs. He guarantees that if they get to know socialism they will pity the job hunters instead of setting the dogs on them. Hopes Cotton's will hit the ten thousand mark soon.

S. Rebrag of Montreal sends along a big bunch of subs. Comrade Rebrag protests against the management of Cotton's for asking for a circulation of ten thousand when fifty thousand can be had. "What is fifty thousand if you appeal to every reader to introduce Cotton's to his friend. We would have fifty thousand if every reader should get one subscriber a month. Also wake up local Montreal. I notice Cotton's subs come from only four or five members. Is that all the members local No. 1 has?" Comrade Rebrag has been doing his duty well. Cotton's would have fifty thousand circulation if all worked as well as he does.

Edgar Smith, of Vernon, B. C., sends in a yearly. The British Columbia boys have done well this week. I would like to see the other provinces take a deep breath and plunge for subs. B. C. is the premier province for socialism. In the other provinces there are many sub hustlers who never rest in hunting for new readers. But the burden rests on too few shoulders. It would do many of the readers of this sheet good to get out and hustle for subs. They would find out what dense ignorance the socialist organizers have to fight against. And by getting out and rustling for subs and talking socialism they will be pre-gearing the way for the organizer and making his path a little easier against the time of his coming.

M. Murawchik of Port Cobalt, sends in a yearly sub and takes a Pocket Library of Socialism. He reports on the condition of Cobalt. Minister Hanna of the Provincial government had been there and asked the papers to make no reference to the fever conditions of the town as it might hurt business. Cobalt has been having a fever epidemic due to the criminal neglect of the most elementary sanitary needs of the town. The companies were after dividends and the business men were after profits and the men took fever and have been dying like flies. One lad from Cowansville who went to Cobalt has died, killed by criminal neglect of the profit hunters and labor thieves. When will the workers and patriots of Canada wake up to the fact that the insane hunt for profits is responsible for plague, famine, hunger and death?

Cotton's is certainly stirring them up. Newspaper agencies are writing in wanting to get rates as they are having many inquiries. Exchanges are becoming numerous. Some of the largest papers in Canada are anxious to find out what Cotton's is talking about. The Stratford Daily Herald has a long letter in which Cotton's is violently attacked. The Editor of the Herald gives a two column editorial in which he completely smashes the thing he calls socialism. Just think. He calls old Plato, the founder of the philosophy of the slave drivers, a socialist. Both the letter and the editorial show that the writers know nothing of what socialism is. But Cotton's has stirred the writers up and socialism is getting a lot of advertising. Com-

rade Webb on his return from New Brunswick declared that the New Brunswickers are facing the same problems as the workers of the other provinces are, and they are doing a lot of thinking. Cotton's is helping them. Just look how the N. B. list has grown this week. All along the line the week has been a stirring one. Good lists, although a small decrease, and a big kick from some plute papers.

I want to get those ten thousand subs. Every movement passes through the stage of derision and then of hostility. Socialism throughout Canada has been sneered at and derided. It was not thought worth fighting. Now, however, the bosses are beginning to wake up. They see that socialism will put them to work. They are in power and will want to use that power to nip the socialist movement in the bud. The postoffice in Canada can be just as dictatorial and tyrannical as in the United States. So far as Cotton's has had no trouble save with individual postmasters who took it upon themselves not to deliver Cotton's. But the time may come when the word will go forth that Cotton's be debarrd from the mails because, on the ground that it is subversive of the present order of things. With a small subscription list a paper can be easily cut off. Give Cotton's a circulation that will make the plutes think twice before they pull the strings at Ottawa to have its mailing privileges taken away.

A SERIAL STORY

A powerful serial story starts in Cotton's this week on page six, entitled "Toilers and Idlers," by Com. John R. McMahon of New York. The story is published through the courtesy of the Wilshire Book Co., publishers of the book. Following is a synopsis of the story:

A rich young man, tired of a monotonous life, goes to work in a New York iron foundry, which he discovers to be his own property. He lives in the East Side, meets many surprising characters, and has a variety of adventures. His social studies are interwoven with his relations to three young women of diverse charm, a working-girl agitator, a girl who paints, and one who belongs to high society. Scenes of uptown life contrast vividly with the world of labor. A powerful romance of real people and things.

Three new members joined Montreal local at their meeting in the labor temple on Sunday, Oct. 3rd. A good audience was present. Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

A new local has been started in Montreal, to be called the Lettish branch. A list of 18 comrades joined on the start. Socialism is growing rapidly in Montreal.

A new English local is a certainty very shortly at Westmount, the high class suburb of Montreal. The more the merrier.

Wm D. Haywood, one of the survivors of the notorious Colorado-Idaho kidnapping case, who has been lecturing through the west, and is now in Ontario, will shortly speak in Montreal, under the auspices of Montreal local No. 1. He will no doubt, as in other places, be greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences.

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....\$98.30
Ontario Prov. Ex.....10.00
Total.....\$108.30

EXPENDED
Paid to W. Gribble.....50.00
Travelling Expenses, postage, telegrams etc.....30.08
Total.....\$80.08
Amount on hand Oct. 6th to 9th.....\$28.22

Yours in Revolt

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

The Nova Scotia fire insurance companies are joining to fight adverse legislation at Halifax. Under capitalism the various groups of plunderers have to fight to maintain their grip upon unearned dividends. Under socialism there would be no need for fighting as the interests of each would be the interests of all.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

Following are the expenditure and receipts for Cotton's from Jan. 1st, to Sept. 30th, 1909:

Ordinary Expenditure.....\$2,361.43
Capital.....755.93
Total.....3,117.36
Cash Received.....1,563.87
Deficit.....1,553.49

Socialism does not stand for free love. Capitalism stands for that. Socialism stands for allowing young persons to marry at the proper age. Capitalism stands for the prevention of marriage and permission of prostitution.

The brightest and brainiest writers in the magazines today are all socialists.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, meets at Socialist Headquarters, No. 10 St. Charles-Bonhomme Street.
OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY,
525 Chasse St., Montreal

What to Read on Socialism

By Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review. Lightly illustrated. Includes a study, concise statement of the principles of socialism. One copy free on request. 32 mailed for \$2.00; 100 for \$12.00; 1,000 for \$100.00.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO.,
163 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS TO READ ON SOCIALISM

To be Obtained from

Cotton's Book Department

5 CENT BOOKS

Paper
See Titles in advertisement of Pocket Library of Socialism at the bottom of the column.

10c BOOKS

Paper
Blatchford—Merrie England
Connolly—Socialism Made Easy
Deville—The State and Socialism;
Socialism, Revolution and Internationalism
Engels—Socialism, Utopian and Scientific
Liebknecht—Socialism, What It Is
Marx—Value, Price and Profit
Marx and Engels—The Communist Manifesto
Morris and Others—Socialist Songs with Music
Spargo—The Socialists

25c BOOKS

Paper
Lewis—The Art of Lecturing
Spargo—The Common Sense of Socialism
Vail—Modern Socialism
Principals of Scientific Socialism, 35 cents

50c BOOKS

Cloth
Boelsche—The Evolution of Man; The Triumph of Life
Engels—Origin of the Family, Socialism, Utopian and Scientific
Ferri—Positive School of Criminology
France—Germs of Mind in Plants
Kautsky—Ethics and the Materialist Conception; The Social Revolution
Lafargue—The right to be lazy; The Industrial Revolution
La Monte—Socialism, Positive and Negative
Lewis—Evolution, Social and Organic; Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind; Vital Problems in Social Evolution
Liebknecht—Memoirs of Karl Marx

50 CENT BOOKS

Marx—Value, Price and Profit
Marx and Engels—The Communist Manifesto
Meyer—The End of the World, The Making of the World
Morris and Bax—Socialism, its Growth and Outcome
Spargo—The Socialists
Teichmann—Life and Death
Untermann—Science and Revolution; Blind; Vital Problems in Social Evolution
Vanderwilde—Collectivism and Industrial Evolution
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Burrows—Loves Coming of Age
Engels—Landmarks of Scientific Socialism
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Fitch—Physical Basis of Mind and Materialism, Socialism and Philosophy
Labriola—Essays on Historical Materialism, Socialism and Philosophy
Lafargue—The Evolution of Property
Lewis—The Rise of the American Proletarian
Moore—Better World Philosophy, The Universal Kinship
Rappaport—Looking Forward
Spargo—The Common Sense of Socialism
Triggs—The Changing Order
Untermann—Marxian Economics
Vail—Principles of Scientific Socialism

\$1.50 BOOKS

Morgan—Ancient Society

\$2.00 BOOKS

Franklin—The Socialization of Humanity
Marx—Capital, Volumes I, Capital, Volume II, Capital, Volume III
Ward—The Ancient Lowly Vol. I, The Ancient Lowly Vol. II

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

POCKET LIBRARY of SOCIALISM

1. Workers and the Social Problem, Wm. Wood Thomas.
2. The Evolution of the Social Problem, W. Wood Thomas.
3. The Social Problem, Robert C. Marsh.
4. The Social Problem, A. H. H. H.
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A NEW SERIAL STORY

TOILERS AND IDLERS

By John R. McMahon

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John R. McMahon

CHAPTER I.

RENSON was strolling down the lower Avenue that morning when he saw a new kind of game and immediately became interested.

He had been engaged in a very unpleasant if languid study of the nature of things. The result of his logic seemed to be that nothing was worth while. Nor was he poor, sick or worried by cares; merely, a wealthy young man who at thirty had sneaked the orange dry, thanks to modern conveniences to speedy appetite. A poor consolation, now the orange was finished, to boast progress over one's ancestors who made it last twice as long.

So a pulse of hope when he saw the new game and felt the chance of an emotion even beyond the range of polite manners. After all, happiness was happiness, and why should not one seek it in the highway as well as in the select corners? Kings and poets before this condescended to romances of the pavement. What zest in the unexpected, what charm in pursuing the unknown through the town of labyrinth! A chase of eyes and petticoats with surprise, risk and reward surpassing.

She was young, tall, angular, with red hair plaited under a felt turban as many seasons behind the mode as her black gown. At any distance one noted the free gait of heelless shoes used to country roads and how the moving shoulders twisted the seams of the tight sash. Like a young animal sniffing the air she moved her neck about, showing the shell transparency of skin over thin muscles.

In contrast to vigorous freedom and naïveté interest in shop windows—as qualities of fascination—the well planned features had a gaunt effect. The cheeks lacked flesh, the sharp chin and long straight nose made a profile something like a crow's. The combination of ugliness and fresh innocence was unique—a graceful air done on the bassoon.

A little guide book was consulted at intervals. Her ascending eyes met the signs of rug merchants on tall buildings, she stared at piano salesrooms, and clasped hands while reading titles before a bookshop. An ecstatic upward gaze was specially evoked by the picture dealer's display that held her for a quarter hour.

Renson kept on below Fourteenth street, more and more interested. He put his stick under his left arm, took a cigarette from a silver case and lit it. He unbuttoned his frock coat and threw back the satin lapels, breathing deeply of the spring air in imitation of her freedom. Seeing the image of himself in a window glass, the well-fitted square shoulders, the lustrous of linen, patent leather and headgear, he had a vague sense of gratitude to somebody or other.

It was a sunny, warm day in March; the little poplars at the curb were sprouting varnished leaflets, and yellow-green spots of turf showed through the marble arch at the end of the Avenue. The girl had an affectionate gaze for the poplars, where some sparrows danced and chattered. She turned from this to study the ivy's lacework of stems and new leaves on the crumbling buttress of a church.

She was looking up at the tower when Renson approached, doffing his hat.

In a moment by some polite device which neither afterward remembered, they were on terms of lively conversation. Either he introduced himself as a fellow antiquarian or apologized for mistaken identity. She stared at first with her frank hazel eyes and even blushed, but as a school girl or a stranger put under obligation; perhaps a moment distrustful, and then ashamed of knowing so little of the world's ways.

"As for guide books—" he said with a humorous gesture of gloved hand toward his smooth, plump face. "You mean they only tell history, not the things happening to-day?"

"Exactly. Why, the public auto is

better, because the megaphone man shouts the latest gossip in front of each house."

"Does he really? I wish I could go along. I was just looking in the book for some of the fine houses."

"That's the fault of the old-fashioned guide—the fine houses are all up town."

"Oh! Then what are you doing down here?"

He enjoyed it to the extreme. His attention before had been less on her words than on the strange quality of the contralto voice, the freckles on her large features, the incredible drops of jet and gold in her ears.

"My dear Red Riding Hood—you see, they let us out occasionally for exercise. And what is your exercise. And what is your excuse?"

"Mr. Wolf, I have been in the city a month and I came to study art."

"Capital." He saw the gold glint in her eyes as they went skyward.

"If you really care to know," she said with quick impulse, "I'm nobody at all. Of course at East Vienna, New York, when my father was county judge, we used to put on airs."

Then, when I was left alone with Aunt—

"Please tell me all about it. Where did you begin art?"

"At the Seminary—it was miniature painting and china, and they said the teacher was very good. I had some piano, too, and a whole lot of solid reading. I loved painting and reading. But Aunt wanted me to become a missionary."

"I see. You decided to enter the home field."

"Oh, no. You misunderstand. I sort of ran away to New York so I wouldn't have to be one."

"I fancy you've joined some studio class?"

"N-no. I brought letters of introduction to a few church people and they advised me to go to Paris—if my conscience would allow it."

"And that was all the help they offered?"

"Well, one of them said it would be a good thing to copy the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum."

"You are wonderful," he observed, reflecting that certain types of ugliness can be translated into superb beauty. A few yards of cloth, some flesh in the face, a society poise... and that angelic upglance of eyes, slightly modified.

"You don't mean silly to talk on so? But it's so fearful to see millions of people and not talk to anybody. And about study, it was really discouraging—"

"Wait—is that yours?" he exclaimed.

"Yes." She unclasped the medalion at her neck and gave it to him. "But this is fine—it shows talent beyond museum copying. Original treatment of that child's hair."

"Is it really good?" she said, anxiously confused and blushing. "Nobody here has thought so."

"Don't worry. You have talent. Forget the church people and remember it's against principle for 'nobody' to approve a beginner. I know plenty of artists—thought I'd be one myself on a time—and I can give you a card. That is, direct you where to go."

She murmured agitated words of gratitude.

Renson found himself drifting into an attitude so friendly and sympathetic that he hastened to resume his natural tone of lightly cynical banter. Whatever she understood of it pleased her in a novel way and she tried to make suitable retorts.

"Oh, but everything in the city is so grand and beautiful," she exclaimed, unable to continue in the vein. "I can't help wondering and admiring. . . . Now look at the woman in that carriage. I mean her complexion and her shoes and clothes."

"And the stateliness of her coachman, the elegance of her toy spaniel."

"Yes. At East Vienna, you see, we learned that society women lived fast and so they must look hideous. Wasn't it absurd?"

"Well, they're a bit made up, I fancy—like actors."

"I don't care," she asserted, rallying. "they are very beautifully made up. And how could they have false skins and cheeks? . . . At home one was taught it was a sin to look well."

They were walking by the bronze Garibaldi in Washington square. The

upward sweep of her eyes took in the clock tower.

"Oh, I'm sorry to have used so much of your time. I suppose you must be terribly busy and I interrupted you on the way to Wall street."

He laughed. "I am never busy and I never go to Wall street or anywhere except for amusement."

"Honestly? Well, you have been very kind—"

"A moment, please. It is nearly luncheon time. Suppose we go to an Italian restaurant where the artists meet, and afterward an auto trip through the Park and to-night the theatre?"

He rather prided himself on the rectitude of presenting a complete program at the start, whereas other men would weave a web of successive obligation. . . . It came as an added sort of justification that the medalion showed no particular talent; at least nothing certain. What would be the future anyway?

"Oh," she murmured as her eyes fell from aerial voyage to confront him with a hint of puzzle.

"Well, what do you say?" he demanded in the affected tone of gayety and good will that went with a certain squaring of shoulders.

"Is it the custom for gentlemen to invite—"

"Certainly. For gentlemen—" He winced.

"You are making fun," she concluded, because you are really very busy and I have taken up so much time. It was my fault. Thank you."

She nodded and walked away.

He stood in astonishment a moment, swinging his stick. When he realized her state of mind, the manœuvre of coquetry performed by innocence, he felt all the stronger urge. A loosening of the lower lip, an absorbed pursuit of vision ranging from the plaited coppers hair to the seam-twisting bust. His face became red, eager, tense yet feebly self-indulgent.

Twice he started forward. There was something in the air of spring, the cloudless blue sky; and a pair of chimney swallows twittering as they skimmed over grass and asphalt. This or something else evoked a reminiscence of the fresh valleys of youth, blameless and joyous. Perhaps simplicity called for its like—a sense of the gulf between them that ought not to be bridged.

"Has anything happened?" asked the girl as he swiftly overtook her.

"Yes—that is, do you mind telling whether you have means of getting along?"

"I have been promised a place in a shop," she brought out falteringly. "I mean to study at night."

"It won't do. You ought to go into a studio."

"I must earn something to pay—"

She seemed frightened by his manner. He scribbled on his card and gave it to her. That's Ackley Smith's address, nearby, and if he doesn't give you a chance, let me know."

Renson walked on. As his pulses cooled, he felt a little resentment against her for depriving him of amusement, for leading him into a worse slough of reflection. . . . She fancied one must have occupation in Wall street or elsewhere—that one must have something to do, though there was nothing worth doing. He smiled bitterly. . . . Moreover, she reminded one of childhood, the dreams of youth, a time when the world was wide and free. There arose a panorama of the hay country where a boy spent summers of riotous delight. The dewy fields, the toil better than play, the wholesome balance of the senses, sleep perfect and delicious. Perhaps it was the same country the girl came from, where everybody was busy and glad.

When one entered college it was pleasant, too, to study and to spend abounding strength in games before thousands of cheering spectators. A

monotony, to get away from a hated nothingness, this self, extolled by sages, but in fact a small, cheap, despicable nuisance.

"If they need an epitaph—" he mused. "Here lies a decent fellow, who used up sixty years in half the time."

As in a dream he perceived the background of narrow streets, a gray glimpse of the East river beyond ferry houses, the arches and soaring cables of the incomplete Williamsburg bridge. Strange bits of dialect

and Avenue amid strange people of high cheek, dusky color, and sibilant, guttural speech; but his reflections again carried him away and he wandered on, so absorbed that when a man asked for a light he gave him his match case. The man ran after him.

He became gloomy reviewing the last ten years. One might have done better to follow in the footsteps of his father, the art connoisseur and philanthropist. Upon his father's advice he had taken a trip to Europe and tried genre with Ackley Smith. But how could one study art and fulfil social duties, witness the Grand Prix and hurry over to take in the opening ball at Newport?

"A good mind, but you are too rich to paint, mon enfant," said Maitre Gerome, repeating the absurd sentiment of the university professor. At times he had thought to emulate his grandfather, who established the family fortress. Business, however, proved to be a mistress no less jealous than art, and he never saw the advantage of making money.

It was true, Renson argued, that he had cut out a difficult path at his father's death by attempting to keep up the family houses on Fifth avenue, at Newport and Morristown. This was done especially on the advice of his aunt, Mrs. Morris—the dear old lady constantly plotting to give him. It had been a great bore to keep all these places and entertain people; the tangle became worse; quarrels and nameless intrigues involved host, guests and servants. He resolved one day to test simple life. The three houses were leased, the army of servants dismissed, and he took up residence at the Belvedere club with a valet. This left one absolutely without cares, save dining out and week-ends at country places, free to start at a moment's notice on an auto tour across the continent or a cruise to the north sea.

"Beg pardon, sir, what number are you looking for? This ain't a very nice locality—" The friendly policeman waved his club at the tenement fronts.

"Is that so?" The wanderer became conscious of beshawled women, groups of noisy children, bearded peddlers filling the street.

"They're a rotten lot, you might get bricked or robbed."

"Thank you," said Renson, passing on; but he had sardonic thoughts. Suppose for instance that the despoiler had to accept also his victim's mental and moral constitution.

His properties cost him not a moment's worry. Trustworthy, honest men managed everything and deposited the various incomes in the bank. A few strokes of the pen in a check book adjusted all financial matters.

Renson tried to account for himself the last month on the theory of an insidious disease. In fact when one came to think of it, there were plentiful symptoms. The specialist, consulted at an expense of a thousand dollars—since he came from another city by special train—after many questions and taps, said:

"Sound as a gold piece. Nothing at all wrong. Your habits seem to be most exemplary. Amuse yourself, my boy."

"I have tried to amuse myself all my life."

"Ah, well. Go at it harder. Or take a rest."

This seemed unnecessary sarcasm. Nevertheless, Renson attended dinners with a little more diligence, went to the opera, and sat up three nights gambling at the Belvedere club. Although he lost a large sum of money, he was scarcely interested. Blake-Lawrence, the elderly clubman, tried to divert him, first with the idea of marrying his daughter, Gracia, and chiefly by exquisite supper parties which became the talk of the town. The wines were half-a-century old; a dozen chefs prepared single masterpieces that came to table in covered silver-gilt dishes, sealed with violet wax.

A certain thing, to which all his thoughts focussed, suddenly became clear. He was surprised not to be shocked and guessed that it was probably because the thing had become unobscurely familiar. Once spoken it became reasonable and very desirable. Nor was it gruesome to go a step farther and consider ways and means, how other people did it and what might be expected of a gentleman. One would prefer a quiet accident, nothing violent or scenic. What then? To lie in a stiff box. What then? To go under ground. What then? But that made no difference. The thing was to escape monotony, to get away from a hated nothingness, this self, extolled by sages, but in fact a small, cheap, despicable nuisance.

"If they need an epitaph—" he mused. "Here lies a decent fellow, who used up sixty years in half the time."

As in a dream he perceived the background of narrow streets, a gray glimpse of the East river beyond ferry houses, the arches and soaring cables of the incomplete Williamsburg bridge. Strange bits of dialect



A Crayon Enlargement, 18 by 24 inches, of one of the best photographs of the late Rev. Father Morrissey, the renowned priest-physician, has been prepared for admirers of the priest himself or of his wonderful prescriptions. Better even than the small reproduction above, it is a very handsome picture, worthy of framing. The Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., of Chatham, N.B., will be glad to send an enlargement, absolutely free, to each one who writes for it.

name for cleverness and originality was gained. Later on, step by step, college life became complicated, what with keeping a kennel of dogs, entertaining actresses, gambling and drinking. It was rather a relief to be expelled in the third year. One could straighten out the tangle, relinquish equally the illusions of scholarship and dissipated pleasures, devote himself completely to living.

"I fear that your income is your enemy," this had been the foolish word of the fatherly old university professor.

Renson noticed that he was in Secrecalled foreign cities. The swarming population overflowed the sidewalks. Some white-faced children were playing jacks. A fat woman whose black hair showed under a red wig sold cabbage from a push cart.

He was reverting to the subject of epitaphs when his eye was taken by a brick-arched gateway where a crowd of grimy, woolen-shirted men were passing in and out. A clock in the centre said it was noon. Beside the gate was a sign:

"Man wanted. Apply within."

Renson stared a long time at the sign. It seemed an odd thing to him that a man was wanted, here or else, where on the planet; that possibly he might be wanted, while he had not the least want or use for himself. A curious affair. These grimy fellows, coming and going as if with a brisk purpose, seemed to be well content. He had a desire to discover their grounds of satisfaction with life. Should he ask them questions? Probably their secret was not to be told in words. . . . It was a challenge and an invitation of fate.

He stared and waited. At length he crossed the street.

"Yes, sir," said the tall old gatekeeper in response to Renson's question. "They's a chanst for a laborer."

"I would like to have the place."

"My God, you! Where'd you come from?"

"Uptown," said the applicant briefly.

"Don't try it, young fellow. Maybe you're kind or desperate, bein' out of work in the dry goods stores and times hard, but you can't make out laborin'."

"Give me a chance to show what I can do."

"Look here, why don't you hook them clothes? This ain't no soft ladylike job. Look at them hands. You'll sweat blood."

"That's just what I want."

"You want to sweat blood, hey?"

"Yes, I'd be very glad to."

"Been out of work a long time?"

"Yes a very long time."

"Well, they told me to take most anybody," muttered the gatekeeper, and he brought an application blank to be filled out.

Renson poured awhile over the application blank, which put such riddles as where, how long and for what wages he had worked last, what was the previous occupation and the occupation before that. He was on the point of filling the spaces with a series of dashes and question marks when the gatekeeper said that, after all, a mere laborer's pedigree was not necessary.

A greasy visor cap, jacket and pair of overalls were loaned to him by the gatekeeper, and Renson went to work.

CHAPTER II.

The yard within was paved with cobbles and irregularly surrounded by single-story brick buildings. At the small paned windows there were glimpses of a belted wheel, the arm of a crane or other machinery. Sounds came from different quarters,

the hiss of steam, clang of hollow iron, a shout of command, indistinct rumbles approximating laughter. A car track wound its way across the yard from the noisiest corner to a cylindrical structure, like a giant railroad stove on stilts, built into the wall and topped with a lofty smokestack. A flat car stood at the door of the corner shop, and beside it a small, quiet man in shirt-sleeves was swinging a sledge-hammer. Somebody who had authority told Renson to join this worker and do exactly what he was doing.

(To be continued.)

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Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

CITY VESPERS

By EDITH WYATT

Come home, my child, come home.
The fogs are falling:
Along the blue-walled street the whistles calling;
Along the street ten thousand foot-steps falling,
Through steam and smoke-wreath's foam.
Bells cry afar; afar the darkness winging,
Soars throbbing with the chimes and whistles ringing,
The breath of night, the twilight city, singing:
Come home, my child, come home.
Lock fast the locks, drop down the shutters shading,
From shop and counter, counting house and trading,
From dock yard, stock yard, derrick, crane and lading,
From caisson, clay and loam,
Come home, my child, come home, in many-chording
And rushing voice, the city sings, from hoarding,
From spending, grudging, saving and recording,
Come home, my child, come home.

Come from disgrace and honor, craft and scheming,
From work and shirking come, from deed and dreaming,
Success and failure, where the lights are streaming
Azure and chrysolite,
Yellow and crystal, where the mists are falling,
The yard bells ringing, engine whistles calling,
Along the street ten thousand foot-steps falling,
Come through the dark-brown night.

Where tall-piled height and dusky cornice lower
On storied citadel and tall-crowned tower,
Corner and curb a million are lights flower
Full in the twilight air,
If all the foot-falls spoke the destinations
Of all the dreams of all the generations
Upon their way, all shames, all aspirations
Would find their kindred there.

Here steps your fate, my child, your generation
That walks through time to some far consummation
Unknown along the blue street's destination
Through fog and smoke-wreath's foam.
Here flies your life, for worse or better winging
And pulsing with the bells and whistles ringing,
The heart of night, the full-throated city singing:
Come home, my child, come home.
—Collier's.

MARRIED WOMEN

MARY COTTON WISDOM

The other day while chatting with a physician (a really fine young fellow, belonging to a nice family and well endowed with this world's goods) he told me that if he were married, his practice would be double what it is now, as most people prefer a married family physician.
Naturally, then I asked him why then he did not marry, what was my great surprise to hear him give as an answer to my question that all the nicest girls seem to be married. Such an answer came as a revelation to me, for I thought as a rule the nicest girls remained single, because the ordinary mediocre man could not appreciate them.
The young man who told me this as

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his reason for remaining single, in spite of the fact that he would rather marry, was an intelligent man, so I began to cast his saying over in my mind. It was a new idea and gave me food for thought. I have arrived at several conclusions none of which required deep reasoning. For one thing, a married woman knows that a man is only a man; she clothes him with no undue respect. She can look him squarely in the face, without her heart beating faster than normal, therefore, she is at ease and can show her best side.

A married woman may love her husband dearly and be perfectly happy as his wife; but she knows that, like herself, he is only mortal. The romantic ideals of her youthful days have completely vanished before the commonplace facts of ordinary married life.
An unmarried woman has rosy dreams of an affinity. I once had dreams of that sort myself; but the rosy gleams of life's morning dreams quickly became ordinary day light, when I once began to daren that affinity's stockings and to patch his trousers and perform various other wifely duties of a similar character.

A young girl, no matter how much she loves, must keep it hidden deep down in her heart. She may adorn herself and look her prettiest, but she must not in any way show her preference, for fear of gossiping tongues. She must modestly wait for the man's approval and his request to marry him. The survival of some old ideas makes this request a great honor. Why, I could never understand, for marriage is a business partnership, into which firm the wife gives the most.

A married woman does not care a rap if the ordinary man admires her or not. Her mind is centred on her husband, her children and her home. She has self assurance; she can be as pleasant as she wishes, without fear of gossip.

It is a pity that any man, especially a good-looking splendid fellow, like the young doctor to whom I refer, should have formed such wrong impressions about this matter. All the nicest girls are not married. If he should choose any one of our intelligent, pretty, nice Canadian girls as a prospective bride and go awooing in earnest, fate would almost to a certainty prove kind to him.

There are no better wives or mothers under the sun than our Canadian bred maidens. Any man who says that all the nicest girls are married has a very crooked view point of life and deserves no better fate than to be a lonely old bachelor to the end of his days.

A Socialist Woman's Reason

J. G. K.

Why am I a Socialist? Because—I like nice things. I like beautiful, splendid things. I like the sort of things that the common people today do not have. The working class, to which most of the people belong, live mostly in cheap, shoddy homes. Their houses are ugly on the outside, and fairly hideous inside, if we judge from the artistic standpoint—and until we do judge from that standpoint we are not a cultured, civilized people. The working people for the most part have in their homes cheap varnished furniture that they buy on the installment plan; they must do with ugly ingrained carpets, or coarse Brussels rugs on their floors; it is fairly inhuman to sell them many of the pictures that hang on their walls. They eat out of coarse earthenware, and do without the conveniences that make home life a comfort and a joy. And as their lives are, so their tastes and their desires are warped and stunted.

What to the average person is a Bokhara, or a Cashmere rug? A Cloisonne vase, a bit of Serbian china, a piece of Martele silver, a Turner picture, a strong mission chair with straight lines, and the fine grain of the wood showing? What are splendidly bound books on commodious shelves? What operatic music, and the truly great in the drama?

And if there are a few to whom all this means something they so often say

that these things very properly are, or should be, the property of the rich.

And yet the rich are so few, and the poor are so plentiful. And because the poor are so plentiful—we must see everywhere the ugliness of their lives—of their environment. The truck, which, for commercial reason, is forced upon them, must always be with us, too. For it is out of their cheap, shoddy goods that the factories make their greatest profits. And the poor people pay these profits when they buy their ugly house furnishings.

Under Socialism cheap stuff will not be made for commercial reasons. Things will not be made to sell, but to use. And they will be good things, artistic, and well made. Almost every artist is a Socialist—and there is a reason. He hates the vulgarity of a commercialized life. He likes beautiful things; not to own always, but to look at always. And he knows that under capitalism these beautiful things are as scarce as the people who can own them.

The material reason for being a Socialist leads to the spiritual reason. We absorb our environment. What we live in, we grow like. Morality has generally been considered to consist in refraining from killing our brother, stealing our neighbor's wife, or pilfering from another's purse. Under this limited definition many a mean person is considered highly moral. When we are really developed we will discover that bad tempers, evil thoughts, jealousies, bickerings, scandal mongering, cruelty, ugliness, and a host of other recognized virtues are highly immoral. That they are enervating, depraving harmful. We will also learn that an ugly environment is largely responsible for all of this immorality. And we will proceed to make a better environment, one thoroughly good, and beautiful and pleasant. In this way we will produce poets, singers, humanitarians, workers, lovers, artists, and a real brotherhood of man, where we today have anarchy, strife greed and individualism rampant.

This is the reason I am a Socialist.
—PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

On Women

In his noble book, "The Duties of Man," Joseph Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, more than half a century ago, wrote as follows:

"Love and respect woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort, but a force, an inspiration, the redoubting of your intellectual and moral faculties."

"Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over women. You have none whatever."

"Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial local inequality and injustice have created that apparent intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression."

"But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a fact of his own creation? The feudal castes that withheld education from the sons of the people, excluded them on the grounds of that very want of education, from the rights of the citizen, from the sanctuary wherein laws are framed, and from that right of vote which is the initiation of their social mission. The slaveholders of America declare the black race radically inferior and incapable of education and yet persecute those who seek to instruct them."

"Now, we men have ever been, and

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still are guilty of a similar crime toward women. Avoid even the shadow or semblance of this crime; there is none heavier in the sight of God, for it divides the human family into two classes, and imposes or accepts the subjugation of one class to the other.

"In the sight of God the father there is neither man nor woman. There is only the human being, that being in whom, whether, the form be of male or female, those characteristics which distinguish humanity from the brute creation are united—namely, the social tendency and the capacity of education and progress."

"Wherever these characteristics exist the human nature is revealed, and thence perfect equality both of rights and duties."
"Like two distinct branches springing from the same trunk, man and woman are varieties springing from the common basis—Humanity. There is no inequality between them, but, even, as is often the case among men, diversity of tendency and of special vocation. Are two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of indifferent nature? Man and woman are the two notes without which the human chord is impossible."

Increased Cost of Living

When demands have been made by the workers, whether organized or unorganized, for a slight increase of wages, they have been generally confronted by the plaint that "business won't stand it," but increases have, however, been granted of from 5 per cent to 20 per cent in the last few years. The latest statistics published by Bradstreet's show that the cost of foodstuffs, light, rents, clothing, heat, etc., have advanced 100 per cent. since 1896. Bradstreet's report further states that the five cent loaf of bread of thirteen years ago has advanced to ten cents at the present time and in some instances has shrunk to half its size or weight. Where steak for the table cost \$1, it now costs \$2, and if that extra dollar is not to be had, it means an inferior cut, or substitute, or no meat at all. The report continues. The housewife who formerly laid aside \$15 or \$20 out of her allowance each month for the butcher must now double it or see her table less abundantly supplied—all of which goes to show that profits are increasing, money is being accumulated, riches are being attained by one class while the other class struggles for an existence in an endeavor to make ends meet.—Ex.

The Arrogant Farmer

By GEORGE E. BOWEN

"There is too much truth in the report that out of their present great prosperity farmers are buying automobiles and indulging in the unnecessary things of luxury."—Extract from Reported Speech of James Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture.

Since Adam, the man with the hoe had been bent
To the task of producing the bread of the race,
In toil should he glory and find his content
In the rows that he hoed by the sweat of his face.

The life that is simple and servile was made
For the man with the hoe and his brother, the ox

The joy of the automobile is a trade
That only the money of leisure unlocks.

What imprudence, truly this clothopper dares
To ride like a king on the roads we enjoy;

Our profligate madness he brazenly shares
While seeking our caste and our cult to destroy.

O woe to the man with the hoe if, some day,
He learns that he earns what we merrily waste,

For him all the fevers that weaken our sway;
For us not an unhoed potato to taste.

Go back to your hoeing, O farmer, O fool!
Prosperity wanes when your idleness rides;

Go dig up more dollars, while gaily we rule—
And tax you more dollars for ruling, besides.

The trust is the organization of industry for the doing away of wasteful effort. The trust is preparing the way for the triumph of those who work.

ADVERTISEMENTS

PSALMS

PSALM 38.

11 My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore, and my kinsmen stand afar off.

12 They also that seek after my life lay snares for me; and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

13 But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.

14 Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.

15 For in thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.

16 For I said, Hear me, lest otherwise they should rejoice over me: when my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.

17 For I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me.

18 For I will declare mine iniquity: I will be sorry for my sin.

19 But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong; and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.

20 They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries; because I follow the thing that good is.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.

22 Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

PSALM 39.

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence; I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity, Selah.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity, Selah.

12 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

CHAPTER 3.

9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

10 And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

11 I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire:

12 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

13 Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

17 And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

CHAPTER 4.

1 Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2 And when he had fasted forty

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 21.

6 The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.

7 The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them; because they refuse to do judgement.

8 The way of man is froward and strange: but as for pure, his work is right.

9 It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.

10 The soul of the wicked desireth evil: his neighbor findeth no favor in his eyes.

11 When the scorner is punished, the simple is made wise: and when the wise is instructed, he receiveth knowledge.

12 The righteous man wisely considereth the house of the wicked: but God overthroweth the wicked for their wickedness.

13 Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.

14 A gift in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.

15 It is joy to the just to do judgment: but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.

16 The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.

17 He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

18 The wicked shall be a ransom for the righteous, and the transgressor for the upright.

19 It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and an angry woman.

20 There is treasure to be desired and oil in the dwelling of the wise: but a foolish man spendeth it up.

21 He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honour.

22 A wise man sealeth the city of the mighty, and casteth down the strength of confidence thereof.

23 Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

24 Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath.

25 The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labor.

26 He coveteth greedily all the day long: but the righteous giveth and spareth not.

27 The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination; how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind?

28 A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

29 A wicked man hardeneth his face: but as for the upright, he directeth his way.

30 There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord.

31 The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord.

days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.

3 And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4 But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5 Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

6 And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it was written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7 Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8 And again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9 And saith unto them, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10 Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11 Then the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

12 Now when Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee;

13 And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim:

14 That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying,

15 The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles;

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. THERE CAN BE NO PEACE AS LONG AS HUNGER AND WANT ARE FOUND AMONG MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE, AND THE FEW WHO MAKE UP THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE ALL THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

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Ontario.....	1064
Manitoba.....	196
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Elsewhere.....	64
Total.....	3830
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The total number of this issue is 4,250 copies.

Socialism stands for the abolition of the robbery of the workers.

Capitalism stands for the rearing of palaces for the robbers and hovels for the workers.

"I see nothing to be thankful for while one woman or child is left hungry on the byways or highways."
—Will Crooks at Winnipeg.

The commission plan of city government sounds the deathknell of democracy within the capitalist state.

The workingmen have the numbers and the votes. It is up to them to stop the plunderers who rob labor. The only thing that allows the fool worker to be robbed is the fool worker.

Men at present frequently live well and do no work. They can live well because they receive rent, interest and profit. Abolish rent, interest and profit and men will not be able to live idle lives.

The suffragettes of New York City are heckling the candidates for Mayor and are adopting the tactics of their British sisters. The Socialist candidate has pledged himself for women suffrage. Gaynor has hedged.

Miss Mary McArthur the English woman labor organizer is in Chicago. Miss McArthur is not in favor of the suffragette aims. They are too limited. Miss McArthur fights for adult human suffrage. The fight of the ladies of Great Britain for woman suffrage based upon a property qualification is, in her estimation, too narrow.

A wreck near Rainy River on the C. N. R. resulted in the death of the fireman and brakeman. At the coroner's inquest it was proven that the whole crew of the train had been on duty for twenty-six hours. The workers fall beneath the juggernaut of profit for private individuals. They are worked 'till they can't stand and then are killed because they sleep at their posts.

Canada is going to have a navy that will cost twenty million dollars. Twenty million dollars would go far in giving every Province a good set of school buildings, with good teachers. But the patriot plunderers of Canada want a navy to help waste the resources of Canada and their political henchmen at Ottawa look religious and say, "So be it."

Women unionists of Chicago are stumping the state of Illinois advocating the passage of a law limiting the hours of female labor in factories to eight hours. This law has been attacked on the ground of its unconstitutionality. It is said to interfere with the freedom of contract guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. The court of first instance has held that the law is unconstitutional. It is probable that the higher courts will upset the first judgement. A similar law passed in Oregon has been maintained.

Socialism does not stand for making the workers divide up with the drones. Capitalism stands for that.

The capitalists say, "Blessed are the meek, for we can pick their pockets in peace."

Another merger. This time three car companies are amalgamated with a capital of ten million dollars. This is but the beginning of the process.

China is going to build eight warships, twenty cruisers, ten gun boats and many torpedo boats. China is developing along capitalist lines. She is developing bourgeoisie culture which is based on guns and murder.

The Trades and Labor Council is to spend several thousand dollars in organization work. Let the organizers be well imbued in the revolutionary spirit and the money will be well spent.

When a man is out of a job and his wife is fretting at home there is apt to be ill temper shown. Ill temper leads to quarreling and separation. Capitalism with its horrors of unemployment is fast breaking up the homes that still remain to the working people.

Socialism aims at giving every man a chance to develop the best that is in him. Capitalism stands for giving a few rich persons and a few unscrupulous devils a chance to develop the best and the worst that is in them at the expense of everybody else.

A thirteen year old negro boy in South Carolina stole a pair of shoes. The judge condemned him to a whipping and to six months of attendance at Sunday school. Evidently in the South Sunday schools are kept for the special purpose of instilling into little negro boys the sacredness of the property rights of the labor thieves.

The Retail Merchants of Canada recently suggested a Board of Commerce to prevent unfair competition in the retail line. The Board would be like the Board of Railway Commissioners and would be controlled by the government. The Retail Merchants are feeling the pinch of the big departmental stores and are squealing.

Mrs. Frances Hughes sued the Canada Northern Railway for the death of her husband. Damages alleged was ten thousand dollars. The case was heard in Montreal. At the conclusion of the evidence the Company moved to have the case dismissed because no evidence had been offered to show that the platform on which the husband had been killed belonged to the railway. The judge at once dismissed the case. Under capitalism the judges are bound by red tape. They give law and the law is rotten. Under socialism the railway companies will cease to exist. The judges will not have to decide whether a widow should be well provided for or starve according to the rules of tweedledum and tweedledee. Humaneness will rule even among men and women.

A capitalist definition of personality is as follows, "Personality is a consciousness which is conscious of consciousness and which is capable of directing that consciousness in the realms of feeling, of knowing and of willing." A socialist definition might be as follows, "Personality is a combination of ideas and emotions thinking and expressing themselves." The capitalist definition is supposed to be good and the socialist definition is supposed to be wicked. The reason is not far to seek. The capitalist definition gives the big plute a chance to swell out his chest and pretend to be it. The socialist definition puts him on a level with an intelligent jumpingjack. The socialist definition is therefore wicked because it contains the germs of less majestic to plute pride.

Fifty-four thousand acres of land has just been sold by the C. P. R. out west. One company has the disposal of fifty four thousand acres of land and the capitalists say that is all right. But if a socialist should suggest that a municipality be given the control of the land within its limits that would be horrible. There are some villages in Eastern Canada whose territorial limits are but six hundred acres. To pass a law declaring that the title to this land should be held in trust by the municipality for all the people is an outrage according to the plute apologists. They would prefer that one capitalist should own all the six hundred acres and make everybody who lives on the land pay him rent. According to the socialist idea the land would be employed for profit. The owner now gets his rent and is free to spend it on wine, women, and luxury. Private initiative and reward of ability! Bah!

Britain's Inevitable Conflict

The following editorial from the Toronto Globe shows that some capitalist papers catch at times a gleam of the truth:

The Budget is only an incident. Discussion of land taxes touches only one point in the problem. Protection or Free Trade is a phrase of a far larger controversy. Lloyd-George, the Liberals, and the Labor men are not the cause of the struggle; they are merely voices giving utterance for the moment to the passion and the hope that stir in the heart of the nation. The conflict was inevitable. Its beginnings lay far back in the history of Britain's evolution into freedom. It is the age-long struggle of Privilege against Equality.

The Privilege is doomed. Despite all fine speeches about hereditary rights on the one side and the peril of Socialism on the other, things as they are cannot remain. By no desert of theirs the few have been born to idleness and luxury. By no fault of theirs the many have been born to toil and want. The idle rich at one end and the idle poor at the other are the extremes of a civilization that cannot endure. A century ago Burns saw the tragedy of unemployment, when, for the sake of wife and offspring, the haggard out-of-work only "begs a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil." That condition cannot survive. It is doomed because it is unjust. Today as never before in a thousand years the heart of Britain is moved as with a great tide, and the issue of it all, if British civilization is to be saved, will be a new social order in which no man shall eat bread by the sweat of another man's brow. A nation with a million paupers huddled and hustled together in the city slums, and with a half-dozen landlords holding millions of acres of land for sheep and rabbits and red deer—that nation in God's world can have no peace but a sword until justice is done and the honest man has an honest chance.

That time is at hand in Britain. The present distress may wear the guise of the day of the sword, but out of the coming confusion will emerge a new Britain. Mr. Will Crooks bears about in his body the marks of the conflict, but in his heart is the assurance of triumph. Lloyd-George, knowing by hard experience the injustice of things as they are, has come into the kingdom for such a time as this. Men like Asquith and Edward Grey will not turn back. If they did others would rise and reform would go on. The conflict is inevitable. The storm centre is not the Budget, but the social order. Equality will win.—Toronto Globe.

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Every copy of Cotton's Weekly is paid for before it leaves this office. If you get Cotton's through the mail with a little red address label on it, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the socialist doctrines. 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.

There is a struggle on between the Canadian trade organizations and the international unions. The workingmen do not know their own interests. Some day, however, when the slavery becomes a little too galling the two organizations will merge into one to fight the bosses. The workingmen of the world are bound to unite. Until they do unite they will have to crawl at the heels of the men and women who treat them like cattle and keep them around only for profit.

The Wealth of the Farmers

BY THE EDITOR

There are many labor thieves who delight to tell the farmers how rich the agricultural producers of Canada are. Glibly from the lips fall the tale of the farmers' wealth. Just recently Clouston of the Bank of Montreal returned from the west oozing words of wealth about the farmers. Let us look a little more closely at how rich the farmers really are.

In the fall, the time when the labor thieves take it upon themselves to declare unto the farmers the enormous agricultural wealth possessed by the hardy sons of the soil, the crops are harvested. The hay is in the barn and the fodder corn is in the silo. Thrashing is taking place and all the products of the year's toil is laid out and can be seen by the eye.

The labor thief comes along and says, "You have so many bushels of corn. The market price is so much. You have so many bushels of wheat. You have so many bushels of potatoes, and apples and turnips. You have so many hogs and cattle and lambs. The market value of this wealth is so much. You have therefore produced so much wealth this year. You are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. What are you growling about?"

Although the farmer may have all these things he quickly finds out he cannot sell them and keep the farm going. If he sells the cows he will not be able to take the milk to the factory. His monthly check from the milk factory or the creamery will no longer be coming in. He cannot sell his cattle and continue in the farming business.

He cannot sell his hay or his fodder corn. If he sells them or his root crop his cattle will starve. He must keep the feed to feed to his cattle in order that they can live that he can draw his monthly check from the creamery.

Moreover he has to haul and plow and harrow and rake and he must keep his horses in fit condition to do the farm work. They must be fed. Again he must keep his hay and grain for them.

Then his wife and children and himself must be kept alive. He must keep sufficient of the food he has raised to prevent them from losing strength. He and his wife and children are as much farm animals forced to labor for a living as are the horses in the stable.

After all these crops are kept for home consumption, there is a certain surplus that can be sold. A few hogs and sheep and an old cow or two. This is all that is left of the wonderful wealth produced by the farmers. But even here there is no money for the farmers out of the sale of these things. There are the taxes to pay, there are clothes to purchase, there are farm implements that need repairing and there are needed phosphates and paris green and harnesses and coal oil and a host of other things absolutely necessary to keep the farm going. When the farmer gets through the year and paid toll to the railroads and to the Cloustons and others of a like financial ability the farmer can feel glad if he comes out where he was at the same time the year previous.

The wealth of the farmers is purely in the hands of the financiers and industrial and railroad barons. These gentlemen find the farmers mighty good picking and to these gentlemen the farmers are a source of wealth. But for the farmers themselves there is a lot of hard work and little profit. The wealth they produce is easily consumed. The most of it is of necessity consumed on the farm itself. It cannot be sold without putting the farmer completely out of business. The financiers and other labor thieves who take the sum of the autumn crops of the farmer and tell him that he is worth a whole lot of money because of them are liars.

Imagine a hungry family about to eat dinner. There are soup and potatoes and turnips and meat and pie for the meal. Just before the dinner begins in walks a bank manager and says, "Hold, I want to see how much you people are worth." He finds there are five people at dinner. He looks over the table and sees the bill of fare from the neighboring hotel and says, "Five persons mean the following dishes, five soups, five potatoes, five turnips, five meats, five orders of pie. At the hotel across the way this dinner would cost you three dollars. You should be happy to possess such wealth. You are worth three dollars." Then the financier walks out, the family eat their dinner and then wonder where in thunder the three dollars which the financier told them they were worth has gone to. Clouston, in telling the farmers how rich they are has played the same kind of a mon-

key game on them. Great financial magic. It is fun and money for the labor thieves but it's hard on the working farmers.

U. S. Flag Not to Shelter Taft

H. Martin.

The following is one of several letters which the Editor of the Berlin Daily Telegraph (capitalistic) has refused publication. Disloyal sentiments the chief offence. The weak kneed flabbiness of the Canadian press is well shown up when it turns down a mild article like the following:

Through "international courtesy" the American flag will not appear at the disgraceful meeting between President Taft and "Czar" Diaz of Mexico, for the territory on which the two officials will meet is in dispute and will therefore be considered neutral.

Since drinking to the health of Czar Nicholas, Taft is well prepared to take Diaz by the hand, or welcome him in whatever way may be required by the etiquette of the occasion.

The English language contains no word that adequately expresses the cruelty of the Russian and Mexican governments in their efforts to continue their present absolutism.

Their methods of torture, their outrageous disregard for human rights and their despicable struggle to thwart every advance of civilization and self-sale, brand Russia and Mexico today as the empires of death. If civilization means anything it means that we have passed the dead line of cruelty and unkindness. A government or society that will freeze and famish its subjects, then torture them for aspirations toward liberty and democracy is too despicable to be worthy the respect of any fair minded person.

How can any thinking person condone the actions of these governments to preserve that which has outgrown nature.

I declare that the peasants of Russia and the peon slaves of Mexico are actuated by the highest motive that has ever been a mainspring of human action—the desire to secure a little more freedom for the weak and oppressed.

When Taft was in Russia he drank the health of the Czar. He is now on his way to shake hands with Diaz. When he has done this he will in his personality, have linked together two of the worst brutes that modern times have produced. But a few months ago I had the unpleasant experience of hearing one of our clergymen, who had made Taft's acquaintance as a college mate, (but surely could not have known him as a politician, and now as president of the greatest republic ever,) eulogize this same Taft as a good christian man and brother beyond reproach.

Of course the hand of God is working mysteriously through King's, Queen's, Czar's, Emperor's, Shah's, President's and the rest of them, and therefore any criticism would be and should be looked upon as an act of disloyalty. Bah.

Don't you think it is about time a thinking people get away from this divine right of kings?

Mexican railways, mines and plantations are owned by American capitalists. These industries are owned by American capitalists. These industries are worked by enslaved peons. Upon the perpetuation of that slavery depends the dividends for these securities owned by American capitalists. Peonage in Mexico rests upon the brutal rule of Diaz. Therefore Taft as the representative of American capitalists, shakes hands with Diaz.

What could be more treasonable to free government than any sort of sympathy for Russian and Mexican despotism today?

A Catholic Priest at Glace Bay where the strike is on took the side of the strikers. The labor thieves in Montreal were much put out and the church authorities told the priest to keep his mouth shut. The church is the faithful upholder of capitalism. It upheld feudalism and now it has become the political supporter of the industrial highwaymen. The church is the semper cadum, it still supports the robbers.

Two hundred tars deserted the British fleet in New York during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. It is all right for labor thieves like Asquith and the lords to mouthe about the glorious liberty under the British flag but, the sailors who know how harsh the butcher slave-drivers under that flag can take the first opportunity that offers to escape its protecting flappings.

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"In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch"—Karl Marx.

Class Rule Over Mind

One of the interesting sights in New York this week is the view from Riverside Drive of the great international fleet. During the evening the river sparkles with electric lights. In mid-stream, stretching away for miles, lie the warships of many nations. In all they number fifty-seven.

It is a scene worthy of contemplation. A body of troops appears much as did its predecessors of a hundred years ago. A battleship presents concretely to the eye the highest application of the machine process of our age to purposes of war. The inflexible and New Hampshire are the result of the combined inventive genius and social labor of the world's workers. But the capitalist class of the world owns them and directs them on their careers of destruction.

As he looks down on the ships from the Drive, the boldest worker must be profoundly impressed by the power of the masters. The funnels and masts of the American fleet up the river show like a dark, ugly forest. The owners and rulers of the world have it literally gripped in a clutch of steel.

But this view, to him who lingers a while, is incomplete. Armies and fleets are but a show of power. Imagine the workers of America assembled on the shores of the Hudson. They might reflect as follows: "The real power of the capitalists consists in what they persuade us to think of them. We wish them to have troops and ships of war. We consent to their ownership of land and mines and railroads and factories. We agree with them that they deserve the best food and clothes and homes, the works of art, the seats of learning, and the opportunities of life. We produce everything and surrender all to them gladly, asking but the chance to produce more. These ideas constitute treason to ourselves. Without the treason throughout our ranks the battleships might as well be made of cork and their guns of paper."

The foundations of capitalist power are laid deep in the minds of the workers.—N. Y. Call.

Salvation Army "Sweating"

A public demonstration to protest against Salvation Army "sweating" was held in Trafalgar-square, London, on a recent Saturday afternoon. Mr. James Macpherson, chairman of the United Workers' Anti-sweating Committee, presided.

The Chairman said the object of that meeting was to protest against the diabolical system of sweating which was carried on under the cloak of religion and philanthropy. There were many kinds of fraud, but this, in his opinion, was the biggest fraud of the lot. All the property of the Salvation Army was invested in the name of the general. He had nothing to do with the religious principles of the Army, and from a personal point of view he was extremely sorry that General Booth was at the present time laid up. (Hear, Hear.) They had no personal feelings in the matter, but they condemned the system as a whole.

Mr. S. Stennett moved a resolution which was adopted—condemning General Booth for refusing to grant a public inquiry into the charges which had been made, and asking the public to withhold their contributions to the funds of the army until such inquiry had been held. In the course of a lengthy speech he charged the Army with sweating, with under-selling, with supplying the workers with insufficient and rotten food, and with robbing its victims of the small sum of from 6d. to 1s. 6d. a week which they received. They meant, he said, to continue the agitation until they had proved to the public what a damnable fraud this social work of the Salvation Army was.—English Ex.