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W. U. COTTON, Editor and Prop.

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This is No. 70

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, JAN. 13, 1910

Sub Price 50c a Year—25c for 6 months

CHARLES W. MORSE

Charles W. Morse, the one time ice-king and multimillionaire, has been sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. There are many persons who consider that the conviction of a rich man shows that justice is yet powerful in the States. Gustavus Myers, in his History of the Great American Fortunes, however, puts a new interpretation on the events leading up to the conviction of Morse.

There is a plutocracy in the States which have gained their power by corruption and fraud. Morgan founded his fortune by purchasing condemned guns from the American government during the civil war for a mere song, and then selling those same guns back to the U. S. as new and safe guns. The history of the great fortunes has been one of corruption, thievery, and fraud.

Morse started out to become rich. Heinz and others joined him. They got copper mines and a string of banks and a railway and a line of steamships and the ice trade of New York set out the most approved style of corruption and thievery. They were becoming powerful and were cutting into the profits of the real plutocracy, the Morgans and Rockefellers. That was the trouble. They were getting too powerful. So the more powerful gang set out to break them. A money panic, a run on the banks of the syndicate, a raid on copper stocks, the arrest of Morse for using the funds of his bank to sustain the market, these were all swung against Morse and his gang at one and the same time.

Morse was a new comer. He had not had the time to have his judges elected in New York. Heinz had been able to capture Montana, but New York was a different proposition. The little gang were fighting the big gang in a territory where the judges were controlled by the big gang. The result was almost a foregone conclusion.

Morse, just before the closing of the doors of the penitentiary upon him, let out the truth as to his conviction. The jury were drunk. The jurymen had been picked by the private detectives of the big gang. His conviction was certain.

His appeal was not listened to in the court of appeal. The big gang had been sure of his conviction from the very start.

The conviction of Morse does not prove that the U. S. Courts are the dispensers of justice. It proves rather, that they are the special instruments for the protection of the plundering plutocracy.

Capitalism is top heavy in the U. S. It is rampant and predatory. It has bought judges and legislatures and voters. One thing it cannot buy, that is the Socialist spirit in the hearts of the protesters against capitalism. It is trying its best to down this new force. Socialist papers are suppressed or harassed, Socialist speakers are arrested, Socialist meetings broken up. The capitalists can down the little grafters who poach on their preserves, but they will have to yield before the onrushing tide of Socialism.

Socialists believe that material bread and butter, and vegetables will stave off that material state of the body known as hunger. Socialism wants the food of the people to be produced at cost for the people. Capitalism wants food to be produced for the profit of the labor thieves.

A street car ran off the track in Montreal and ran into Police Station No. 4. That is the station where I put in a night in the police cells for not obeying a policeman who wanted to break up a Socialist demonstration. I knew something was going to happen to that police station when they dared lock up a Socialist in it.

The switchmen's strike in the U. S. is nothing much according to plute reports. Nevertheless many cities are suffering from coal famines.

If a workingman wants to see his income double let him hustle in the Socialist state. Under capitalism his income is apt to dwindle.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson declares that the farmers are not getting the benefit of the increased cost of living through higher prices. Of course they are not. The working farmer is not in the plute class. He gets skinned along with the ordinary day wage plugs.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the members are going to vote by pressing an electric button. The members, however, show no sign of a desire to have their salaries lowered because they will have less work to do. They are going to get the same old pay.

Socialists are materialists. It is true. They consider that warm clothing is more apt to keep out the cold than thin shoddy clothing. Socialists want warm clothing to be made for the bodies of the people, not to be made for profit.

Capitalism produces corrupt millionaires, over-worked laborers, and broken-backed hoboes. Socialism will produce a robust race of co-operative workers who can look all men in the face without fear, because of their economic freedom.

The judges of capitalist laws decide according to these laws in Canada. The workers think those laws are fair. In the Worker's Issue of Cotton's Weekly I will quote the workers the law of the land that will make their eyes bulge out of their heads. Don't fail to order a big bundle of this issue. It will do more to make Canadian Socialists than anything that has yet appeared in Canada.

"The increased cost of living" is the subject of a concurrent resolution offered in Congress by Representative Hull, of Tennessee. It provides for a joint committee of seven members of the House and five members of the Senate to investigate conditions and report upon them, and as to what remedies may be effected through legislation. The resolution sets forth that during the past twelve months there has been an advance in the prices of commodities of from 11 to 30 per cent., and during the past thirteen years of more than 50 per cent., which is entirely disproportionate to the increase in wages, making it difficult for millions of people to procure food, clothing and shelter consistent with their needs."

You give the printing presses and coal mines and railways to a lot of greedy-fisted men who want to make money. You then elect men put up by those owners of the printing presses and coal mines and railways to make you laws against you. You then go to the owners of the machinery of production and ask to be allowed to work at the machines and raw material you have given to the bosses. You get a job on condition that you will work for just enough to keep up your muscle so that you can work again and to bring up children enough who will work in the same way. Then you wonder how it is that your bosses have the palaces and the best seats in the theatre and automobiles and private cars while you live in rented shacks. Say, you working plugs of the Dominion of Canada, you are the easiest things out. If the plutes had any spark of manhood in them they would be ashamed to rob you. It is like stealing milk from babies.

A LESSON FROM HAWAII

The American government exists for the purpose of assisting the labor thieves in squeezing the workers. The American government usually succeeds in doing what it sets out to do, thanks to the simplicity of the squeezed workers. Sometimes, however, the purposes of the government are frustrated temporarily. Hawaii is a case in point.

The American exploiters thought they saw a good chance in sugar in Hawaii. The natives were cheap and sugar was high and the amount of profits that could be realized seemed to be big. So the United States government took the islands and the labor thieves rushed to the feast. But difficulties arose. The natives would not be exploited. Capitalism came into contract with a backward race and could not conquer it for the purposes of capitalism. The race could be exterminated but not exploited.

If home labor could not be exploited then cheap foreign labor could be imported. Japan seemed to be running over with cheap docile laborers so it was resolved to import Japanese. They were imported and set to work. Profits appeared to be in sight. The territorial government was an instrument in the hands of the exploiters. The Japanese were exploited a little to hard and last summer they struck. The planters did not fear the strike as they thought government by force would soon make the Japs see the error of their ways. But the Japs would not see. Here is the story as told by a plute paper.

"Employers in the extreme west who have been looking with more or less favor upon the importation of Japanese laborers, on the ground that they are more tractable than white or black workers, may learn to their sorrow that the 'yellow peril' is not a mere bugaboo conceived by American labor fearful of Asiatic competition."

"I have been informed by a U. S. government employe at Honolulu that the strike of some 10,000 Japanese plantation laborers in the Hawaiian islands was one of the bitterest struggles ever waged in any land. The money losses mounted high into the millions."

"When the strike started the Japs had no union and the employers expected an easy victory. However, the Jap laborers not only formed a union, but they introduced military tactics and their organization operated like clock work. The thousands of strikers were divided into squads, captained by the most intelligent among them; the roll was called twice a day; leave of absence could only be obtained by securing a pass bearing a time limit; a commissariat was conducted, supplies purchased through bidders, meals were wholesome and regularly served, and the housing was carefully looked after. Even court martials were introduced and offenders were penalized in various ways."

"Finally the plantation owners who imported the Japs were compelled to make important concessions, after losing millions of dollars, to end the strike. In Honolulu the people are saying that the Asiatics have taught the Americans how to strike."

After the concessions were made the planters began to hunt round for other workers who would be more amenable to the argument of the big stick. Portuguese were hit upon. The American government was petitioned to bring in Portuguese and the plute government sent agents to Portugal to inveigle Portuguese into the web of the Hawaii planters. As to the success of the planters, the following press despatch will give fair impression.

When the immigrant ship Swanley arrived from the Azores last Tuesday with only 874 Portuguese instead of 2,500 expected, the board of immigration and sugar planters were inclined to think they were badly done. Now they are convinced of it. For almost without exception the new arrivals declined to go to work on the plantations, preferring to go with their relatives and friends to the sunny slopes of Punch Bowl and live as city residents.

New arrivals were persuaded not to fulfil their contracts by Portuguese here who were imported several years ago and who are now small shopkeepers and laborers in Honolulu. The result is that probably no more Portuguese will be imported to work on sugar plantations.

Verily the way of the exploiter is thorny when such creatures as the patient Jap and the oppressed Portuguese can escape the lash of the slave driver to the detriment of dividends.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON TAFT

There are things going to be done in the U. S. shortly. It will pay every Canadian worker whether farmer, wage worker or small trader, to keep his eye on the States.

Roosevelt talked much and did little. The influences were too powerful for him and he was by birth and training on the side of the exploiters against the exploited. He believed in exploitation of the workers providing that exploitation was not too brutal and raw. So he was a failure as a radical.

He had a hanger-on by the name of Taft. For some reason he took a fancy to this chap and shoved him on. Finally he had him shoved down the throat of the Republican party and elected as President.

Taft has no backbone. He is putty in the hands of Cannon and Aldrich and Ballinger. Taft has betrayed the interests of the people at every point. He is weak and like weak men thrust into high positions, he has petty dislikes and takes vengeance on his personal opponents.

Taft came into power pledged to a revision of the tariff downwards. Whether this will benefit the people or not is not the question here. The people thought it would and Taft said he would see that the will of the people was carried out. The tariff was revised upward by Cannon and his gang, and Taft meekly signed the Tariff bill.

There are seven Republican Senators who are now in insurrection against the Republican machine. They come from the West where the people wanted lower tariffs. These Senators wanted to fulfil their promises and want still to keep faith with their constituents. Taft took a trip out west and spoke at numerous places. He got a frost. Like a weak man he is mad and went plugging with the insurgent Senators any more. He has petulantly announced that he will not appoint any official recommended by the naughty Senators who are not nice to him.

The richest coal seams in the world have been discovered in Alaska. These coal fields have been grabbed by the Guggenheims and U. S. Senators and other high personages in finance and politics. These grabbers have not a shadow of right to the coal mines. They belong to the United States government. The coal thieves are threatening to bust Taft and to put prison stripes on United States Senators. Ballinger is trying to protect the criminals from prosecution and to let them keep the coal fields, valued all the way from two to six billion dollars in coal profits. Pinchot has been trying to keep the coal fields for the public. Taft, the puppet of the trusts, has sacked Pinchot and whitewashed Ballinger.

Taft went down and shook hands with Diaz on the American border near Mexico. Under Diaz rule every crime known to man is committed in the name of stable government. The Appeal to Reason exposed the rottenness over a year ago. As that paper is a Socialist paper its charges were ignored. Now the American Magazine is exposing the conditions in a series of articles under the title of "Barbarous Mexico." These crimes are committed against workers and women and small landowners. The people are robbed of all they possess and the property is given to American financiers in the shape of haciendas, cheap oil lands, railroad franchises, and slave labor. A billion dollars of American money is in Mexico earning immense dividends because of the slave labor they can get. Taft was directed to go to Mexico and shake hands with Diaz the Butcher. He obediently went.

The radical and Socialist periodicals have tackled him hard. He don't like it one little bit. He dare not come out into the open and answer the charges like a man. He is too weak and flabby. He is going to put the papers that attack him out of business by raising the postal rates on them. It is announced that there is a deficit of seventeen million dollars and that the deficit is due to the carrying of second class mail matter. This matter in Canada goes for a quarter of a cent a pound. In the U. S. the government charges a cent a pound.

Taft does not want to hit the local weeklies nor the daily papers. The local weeklies have no influence, so they are carried free. No postal charges are made for local weeklies within the county in which they are published.

The big dailies are bound by their advertising matter and dare not expose the corruption of the government. So Taft does not want to hurt them. He proposes to increase the rate on the weekly and monthly publications of general circulation. The increase would practically amount to a government tax on radical thought.

Taft could prevent the deficit if he would bring the railroads to time. The railroads charge the government five cents a pound to carry mail matter. They charge the express companies a cent a pound. Moreover the railroads rent mail cars to the government at an annual rental of over fifty percent on the original construction price of said cars. Taft makes no mention of cutting down the exorbitant charges of the railroads. He is after the radical papers that attack him.

The free speech fight in Spokane is a side issue of the main fight. Spokane is corrupt to the heart. It is in the hands of a gang of freebooters who have stolen public lands and public timber and water power, and who have shared in the Alaska coal thefts. These corruptionists were on the point of being tried when they attempted to focus public attention on a free speech fight. Their minions began arresting men who spoke on the streets. The corruptionists were attempting to raise the cry of anarchy by provoking peaceful citizens to retaliation by brutal police attacks. But the free speech fight has roused the nation against Spokane and Taft instead of turning public sympathy towards them. The free speech martyrs have suffered the outrages of the police with patience, and the whole American nation are beginning to see the true nature of the fight.

Taft is getting to the end of his tether. Keep your eye on Taft and his crookedness and watch the revolution in the U. S. The common people are getting tired of their government, and the long nosed Americans are not patient under the yoke of despotism.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

With the advancing demand for government control the governments are forced to take up the task of government ownership. To many persons, government ownership appears to be a cure-all. But from the workingman's point of view, government ownership in a capitalist state will not cause exploitation to cease. The worker will be robbed and the profits will go to the bondholders of the government or to those friends of the government who are exploiting the workers. Government ownership without control by the working classes simply means state capitalism.

The Ontario government has been boasting about its government ownership policy. It owns the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Ry. which runs up through Cobalt. This road has paid the state well, but the Cobalters are complaining that they pay the profits through exorbitant charges. The government has gone in for a government owned railway and is busily engaged in squeezing big profits out of the operation of the road.

The Ontario government has just recently given a practical monopoly of the cartage business of the railway to a company known as The Northern Transport Company. Independent carters in Cobalt have been taking the goods from the railway and delivering them to the local companies and stores. Hereafter the Northern Transport Co. will do this work, thus freeing the teamsters out of business.

Along the waggon road to Gow Ganda, recently opened by the Ontario government, there are small eating houses, operated by men, who have put up rough buildings and who are supplying food to the prospectors. These people have been ordered to vacate as the privilege of feeding people along the road has been handed over to a company.

The Ontario government has gone in for state capitalism, which means that the state will exploit the workers directly instead of handing over the privilege to a private railway company. The workers will not be the less exploited because the province exploits them.

Government ownership by a capitalist state will not increase the wages of the workers nor will it diminish the number of the unemployed. Government ownership simply substitutes state exploitation of the workers for the benefit of the labor thieves, instead of direct private exploitation by the labor thieves themselves.

A FREE PRESS

The free press is necessary to keep the people informed as to the conduct of the officials. When a tyranny arises a free press must vanish. The fight now is for a free press.

In another column will be found an account of the arrest and imprisonment of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn-Jones, written by herself. This account was sworn to and published in the Industrial Worker of the World. Spokane police confiscated the paper, and refused to allow it to be further published in Spokane. Police brutality and immorality were too clearly shown up to please the prison and police officials who are the special agents of the land thieves and employment sharks and corruptionists in general.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, said an old orator. A free press in the U. S. will last only so long as the working men unite to back up their publications. The I. W. W. is suppressed in Spokane, but the workers of the U. S. are swinging in to line to make the allied grafters and official thugs allow free speech and a free press.

In New Castle, Pa., is published The Free Press with a guaranteed circulation of ten thousand copies. This paper gave a detailed account of the capers of Sheriff Waddington with female prisoners. The Free Press was not suppressed nor was there any libel action taken against The Free Press. The I. W. W. were backing the paper, and the officials were frightened. Waddington is still Sheriff. The Steel Trust need such men to do its dirty work and to make dividends for Morgan et al.

The Appeal to Reason is exposing the rottenness of the American Judiciary. It is showing how judges of the courts are bought and paid for by the big corporations. It declares that Judge Pollock was beastly drunk on the Bench, that he is a law breaker and that he has been bought and paid for by the Corporations. It has begun an exposure on Judge Grosscup and promises to show where he was bribed to give decisions in favor of the corporations. The Federal authorities are doing their best to put the paper out of business by high postal rates and expensive law suits. It dare not suppress the paper as it has too much backing. Our own little tuppenny officials at Ottawa a few years ago forbade the mails to the Appeal because of its alleged seditious utterances. But such a tide of protest rolled into Ottawa that the officials crawled and let the seditious paper in. The character of the paper had not changed. This shows that the Ottawa officials were either acting unjustly in refusing the paper in the first instance, or they were recreant to their trust in letting a seditious paper through the mails. This little incident shows that a free press can only be maintained by making the henchmen of the labor thieves frightened for their jobs.

In Canada we have and have not a free press. A little paper down in New Brunswick published the fact that a judge was drunk on the bench. The Editor was jailed. The truth of the matter did not matter. It was less majestic to the bulwarks of the plutes. In Canada we have a press free to flatter the plutes. We have a press free to hammer the plutes, if the press does not hammer too hard. But the moment the Socialist press of Canada begins to hammer the labor thieves so that they will feel the effect on their pockets, then the Socialist press will need the eternal vigilance of every lover of freedom to maintain itself against a reactionary Ottawa government hastening to do the bidding of the plunderers of our workers.

No one thinks of blaming a stone mason because he busies himself in building the foundations of houses instead of looking up at the stars. The mason sees the stars when he looks at them and he knows they are there. In the same way Socialists are busy at the economic foundations of society. They know there are stars and sunsets and music and art, but their work calls them to foundation work. A socialist is a materialist in the same way that a mason is. Both know that structures cannot be reared by star gazing.

Decadent capitalism produces nascent Socialism.

The Workers Issue

COTTON'S WEEKLY, Cowansville, P. Q.

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BRUTAL TREATMENT

Meted Out to Women at Spokane

In the City of Spokane, Washington, the workers are forbidden to talk Socialism in public. A censorship as bad as that in Russia has been established by the Spokane police. Mrs. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn-Jones has been sentenced to three months in jail for daring to talk Socialism in that city. The newspaper, *The Industrial Worker of the World*, attempted to publish her story of arrest and imprisonment. The Spokane police confiscated the issue, invaded the headquarters of the I. W. W., smashed all the furniture therein and arrested all on the premises. The following is the article written by Mrs. Flynn-Jones which caused the paper to be confiscated.

State of Washington, County of Spokane, ss. Elizabeth Flynn Jones, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:

On Tuesday, November 30th, at about eight o'clock, I was walking towards the I. W. W. Hall. As I reached the corner of Stevens and Front I was accosted by Officer Bill Shannon with the demand: "Are you Miss Flynn?" I replied "Yes, whereupon he grunted. "Well, we want you," I asked, "Have you a warrant?" "Naw, we haven't," he rejoined, when the other officer stepped up and remarked, "There is one at the station." I accompanied them to the police station, where I was booked and a warrant read for criminal conspiracy. I was then taken to the chief's office, where the prosecuting attorney, Pugh, put me through the "third degree." Mr. Moore, attorney for the I. W. W., came to the door and asked for the chief, demanding to see me, but they unceremoniously slammed the door in his face. The chief said, "Let him wait till we get through." At that time there were present beside the chief and prosecuting attorney, Commissioner Tucker, stenographer and several other officials unknown to me. I refused to answer the prosecuting attorney when he fired the first question, saying, "I don't know who you are." Indignantly the chief introduced us with necessary formality: "This is the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Pugh, Miss Flynn, the I. W. W. organizer." They were all extremely courteous, probably due to the information conveyed to them over the phone that my physical condition was such that it would be dangerous to be otherwise. But the ordeal of a rapid-firing of questions is not as easy as it looks from the outside. Every trick known to a shyster lawyer is resorted to. Every appeal made to the honesty, sincerity and truthfulness of the average citizen that the questions are presumably had no respect for themselves. Frankly the only mistake I made was to talk at all but what I "forgot," or "refused to answer," "didn't remember," and "couldn't recall" would fill a book. A man they would have put in a sweat box and broken his physique and spirit and eventually got him so faint and sick that he wouldn't know what he was saying.

The idea of the third degree is evident, namely, to trap you into attempting to prove yourself innocent, into forgetting that it is up to them to prove you guilty. Some of the cross-questions were entirely humorous. For instance, Mr. Pugh remarked: "You know it is useless denying what is an apparent fact, easily proven by scores of witnesses?" To which I retorted, "Well, why do you ask me so many questions for themselves?" The chief of police was anxious to know if Katherine Flynn, who signed the Irish Socialist communication, happened to be any relation of mine. Irish on both sides of this fight annoys the chief in the face of his assertion that we are all foreigners.

With an assumption of innocence Pugh asked: "Why are the Executive Committee and who handles the finances?" The first I didn't know, the second I refused to answer. He asked: "Do you know?" and I answered, "Of course I know." And he asked: "You refuse to answer?" I said: "I certainly do." He asked: "Did you say so and so in your speeches?" To which I replied: "I talked so much I don't know what I say." They all gave him the laugh and he asked if that statement wouldn't probably, if published, injure my reputation as a speaker. Anxious he was for me to maintain my standard as an agitator, indeed! Finally he said, with a very smooth preliminary about not caring to prosecute a woman, that I might go if I would state that I had no connection with the free speech fight, was not in sympathy with the tactics of the I. W. W., and had not induced men to go to jail. I refused to either deny or affirm, declined to be tried and found guilty or judged innocent in the chief's office, and that settled me.

I was allowed to see Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers in the chief's office after which I was taken to the county jail in the patrol wagon. The morning *Spokane Review* had a story that I had requested to be taken across the river in a hack. The idea never occurred to me and if it had I would have known better than to lay myself open to being refused. The *Review* lied, as usual.

I was placed in a cell with two other women, poor, miserable specimens of the victims of society. One woman is being held on a charge that her husband put her in a disorderly house. The other is serving ninety days for robbing a man in a disreputable resort in Spokane. Never before had I come in contact with women of that type and they were interesting. Also I was glad to be with them for in a jail one is always safer with others than alone. One of the worst features of being locked up is a terrible feeling of insecurity of being at the mercy of men you do not trust a moment day or night, unable to defend yourself or call for help. These miserable outcasts of society did everything in their power to make me comfortable. One gave me the spread and pillow cover from her own bed when she saw my disgust at the dirty gray blankets. I could not eat the heavy, soggy food, stew, etc., nor drink the terrible stuff they called coffee, but the girls gave me fruit that had been sent into them. They moderate their language, apologize for their profanity and pathetically try to conform to some of the standards of decency when they see that you are "different." They have been so accustomed to being ill-used and brow-beaten they rather expect it, yet become indignant when it is done to another. In the morning they gave me soap and clean towels that I might not have to use common soap or dirty jail towels.

The jailers are on terms of disgusting familiarity with these women, probably because the latter cannot help themselves or don't care. Imprisonment does not seem to have any horrors for them. Content to sleep and eat, they seem as happy in jail as out. They are unconscious of their degradation and solicit no sympathy. Perhaps they shouldn't be conscious, for society is to blame and not they.

I was put in with them about 11 o'clock, yet the lights were burning brightly and they showed no sign of retiring. Three little iron beds were the furnishings of our sleeping facilities, so I threw my cloak over me and tried to sleep. The younger girl still remained up, though she turned the light down that I might rest several times as she went to and fro asking if she disturbed me. Finally the jailer came, opened the cell door and took her out. She remained a long time and when she returned I gathered from a whispered conversation with the older one the following: That he had taken her down to see a man on the floor below, a "sweetheart" she called him to me afterwards. She went again and remained a long time, and whispering told the other woman on her return that "Bert" (I judged to be the jailer) would have brought "Jack" up but for this woman-indicator. "They don't trust her," she said. Perhaps I am carrying out her suspicion in writing this. But the whole performance bore the earmarks to me of a putrid state of morals inside the county jail of Spokane. Taking a woman prisoner out of her cell at the dead hours of night several times to visit sweethearts looked to me as if she were practicing her profession inside of jail as well as out! And what particular interest did this man "Bert," so intimately designated by his first name, have in the matter? It would bear investigation. Readers may well imagine the horrible night of restlessness I put in.

Early in the morning a man by the name of Bieglov, jailer, I presume, came into the cell with breakfast. Instead of leaving it in the ante-room of the cell and going about his business he marched straight into the room where we were all still in bed. He laid his cold hand on my cheek and I awoke with a start. My anger blazed up and I said, "Take your hand off me; I didn't come here to be insulted." He murmured some inarticulate excuse. "Of course not," or words to that effect, and got out. It certainly is a shame and disgrace to this city that a woman can be arrested because of union difficulties, bonds placed so high that immediate release is impossible, thrown into a county jail where sights and sounds, horrible and immoral and absolutely different from her ordinary, decent mode of life can be forced upon her, her privacy invaded while trying to steal some sleep by a brute of a man in a jail that hasn't attained the ordinary standard of civilization, that requires a matron for the care of women prisoners. This all for law and order!

"O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn-Jones.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of December, 1909.

FRED H. MOORE.

Notary Public in and for State of Washington, residing at (Seal) Spokane, Washington.

Paid in Advance

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

HERE'S A BARGAIN.

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

1. "Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford. Has made over a million and a half Socialists.
2. "The Socialists," by John Spargo. An easily understood presentation of scientific socialism.
3. "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Frederick Engels.
4. "The Communist Manifesto," by Marx and Engels. Necessary to every Socialist.
5. "Value, Price and Profit," by Karl Marx. One of the text books of the international movement.

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

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

Copyrighted, 1907 by John B. McMahon.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Rensen, minding vaguely the college list, fancied that three or four volumes would cover the ground. He was astonished when the librarian to whom he sent forwarded a case of three dozen books, saying these would give one a general idea.

He spent the long summer days reading the books, beginning with those called economic. It amazed him to find such difficult reading; a blend of politics, mathematics and astronomy; labor troubles connected with the weather bureau; financial panics ascribed to cyclic habit; human laws linked with the action of the tides; conflicting axioms, statistics and citations of authority from the founders of the republic and the authors of the bible. The nations were suffering from a hundred diseases and as many remedies were proposed.

Puzzled and worn out in trying to discover any truth in these matters, Rensen took up an easy book, telling how some manufacturers realized ideal conditions for their employees. They built model homes, and clean, light, ventilated shops, with vases of flowers near the machines; reading rooms, luncheons, gymnasiums, evening schools, insurances, and many other benefits. It was startling information for one who had fancied himself almost a pioneer in philanthropy. Years ago others had done more in this direction than he had ever dreamed of. It made one blush to think of the meagre benefits planned; and he suspected that vanity all so involved, the self-commendation allied with generous emotions.

"How indulgent," he said to himself, smiling slightly, "the stars were that night when I told them my schemes."

His thoughts went back to the basic problem, especially after reading a book that held a statement of conditions, instead of theories and arguments. He learned that while the country was very prosperous, having riches under the earth, on it and above it, and a bigger per capita of wealth than any other, forty million people were living on day's wages. If day's wages failed them, as often happened, they could do as not a few—starve, beg or steal. Next to these, thirty million people belonged to the class of small farmers or clerks, on the ragged edge. The country was prosperous because a ten per cent. middle class had sufficient salaries and savings. But the country was prosperous for the reason most eminent that the rich, being one per cent. of the population, owned more than one-half of the total wealth of the nation. Four thousand individuals alone would find it an easy matter to pay out of their private purses the national debts of this country and all Europe. This was the mildest, most conservative statement of conditions.

If these were true, Rensen could see no excuse, astronomical or mathematical, for them. The argument that the men of his class were a superior mold, and like the queen bees ought to be gorged with honey at the expense of the lean workers, no longer appealed to him. As he lay in bed looking at his shrunk, white hands that had lately tugged with death, he saw no difference between wheezing, "Clo's!" Bu-y-y east clo's!" as he passed the hospital.

"On the contrary, the rag man has probably earned his own living in the last dozen years, while I have done nothing but squander a fortune, corrupting myself and those about me. His life has been useful; mine, idle, vicious, worthless. Perhaps a man in my position is a pillar, so to speak, in the social structure. What have I upheld? By the act of birth I acquired so many houses, so many shares of stock, and the Atlantic foundry. Witness the artistic detachment from my property, that I could go to work as a laborer without knowing I employed myself. How many other owners are better acquainted with their possessions? We read often of the nice people who own, unwittingly, tenements and worse. A superintendent manages everything and remits the yearly profits of twelve to eighteen per cent. It is very convenient. But what right have I to a single penny that comes from the toil of these men whose existence I was lately unaware of? Is it for value received? Do they pay me a pension? Or a tribute?"

"It is said, however, that leaders of industry are necessary and they demand vast rewards in return for their supervision. The case of Mr. Townsend, one out of many, goes to prove the contrary; that a plain employee may attend to all the business, while the leader of industry is yachting and otherwise amusing himself. But grant the industry of some leaders; the men who perform the greatest services for their country, whether statesmen, generals, lawmen, scientists or inventors, are usually content with moderate wages. The greatest benefactors in all ages have been satisfied with a plain livelihood. The men who do comparatively the least for humanity, taking advantage of science and the simplicity of the people, are the ones who amass wealth."

Rensen marveled that the great simple truth he saw was so belocled by the writers. It seemed to him that a child could understand and set right matters that confounded the minds of aged wise men—wise men, blinded with selfishness and a haze of prejudice. If the many were hungry and the few glutted with food, why not make distribution a little more equal? If the country was wealthy enough to support all in comfort, why ruin the few with superfluity and the many with want? Why mention provi-

dence or meteorology, when a fraction of the nation's pastures, farms and factories, could produce abundance for all the people; when co-operation, shutting off the mill-race waste of our present system (the ton of coal burning with nine-tenths loss is nothing in comparison,) discovering new wealth, more than was ever taken from land or sea, would further the general welfare to a point inconceivable.

"But," he thought, "to waive any millennium of theory, imagine a just distribution of our present resources. . . . Three houses, equivalent to five hundred comfortable houses; a special golf train that would carry a thousand passengers; an automobile, the recreation of another thousand that might need it, a year's gambling, enough to pension a regiment of Limpy Jacks. . . . One hundredth part of the population has more than half of everything. . . . As for man's natural depravity nullifying the benefits of economic justice, it is an argument too far-fetched, an excuse for slavery and every immoral wrong. When the people are allowed to possess their own, to be well fed, housed and educated, it will be time to consider other matters. The first thing is to do justice."

Rensen could not doubt he had hit upon the secret of the world's misery. A common sense plan that could be put in operation in a few days, so to speak, would bring true liberty and happiness to all. What were the difficulties? Why had it not been done long ago?

At first the answer to these questions worried him terribly. He became so wrought up that his pulse beat fast, he was fevered and sleepless.

"My boy," said the red-bearded doctor on this occasion, shaking a threatening finger, "I will have to prescribe a diet of novels. It is evident that economics, which are other men's sleeping powders, act like champagne on you."

"Do you regard it as a sequel of typhoid?"

"Ah, that is a question. I have known cases—but I believe you came to us with the virus in your system."

"A book of statistics would help me more than anything else."

"You can't have anything more," cried the doctor in alarm. "I won't answer for your mind if you get any more."

The patient laughed, but he could not rest until he had settled the question, what hinders progress? He realized at length with sadness, that any man and every man was a stumbling block, all had intelligent persons, all good stupid persons—he himself, who had lived ten reckless years without giving a thought to the duties of life. The poor were too ignorant, the middle class too content or ambitious, the rich too selfish or indolent.

His thoughts led back to himself. "What must I, not another, do in order to set myself right?" For the new birth, the spiritual awakening, had not come without a tenderness of conscience that reflected on all past events. The past was not blotted out nor blurred; rather for the first time its vivid blackness was seen by the light of purity. The very phrases of cynical self-exuse had a bitterness in the recollection. And like jostles in a crowd, sometimes dagger thrusts—whether promoted by color, a sound, a word, or by action of mysterious chance—came up a thousand perverse memories. This was the disadvantage of new birth; or perhaps the sign of health being restored on payment.

He frequently recalled with pain a conversation with the nurse in the early days of recovery. He sat in an arm chair beside the open window; the day was hot, but the leaves of the poplar fluttered and danced in the little breeze.

The nurse was tidying the room. He admired the quiet energy of her movements, the strength of her large hands and arms. She did not speak until he addressed her.

"Yes, sir, you may talk; I don't mind." She adjusted the blue-striped uniform, slightly awry from a reach under the bed. "But you've had your say already."

"I've had my say already?"

"You said considerable the first few days."

"Oh, that is what I wish to ask about."

"Well, you had a notion the ice water would burn you—seemed as if you'd been working in a foundry like."

"But what was the worst thing I said?"

She laughed. "Every one wants to know the worst. I got so used to hearing things, I never pay much attention. Of course they turn themselves inside out—they tell about everything from stealing to murder. Poor fellows, one of them says to me, 'Take back this roll, Senator,' and he offered a handful of bedclothes and begins to cry like a baby. He was a politician."

"Please tell me what I said." The agile poplar leaves, with their glossy tops and creamy undersides, suddenly recalled those other leaves that were opening on the spring day along the lower avenue.

"I guess it would take a book to tell. All about college and painting and a trip to Europe, society doings, clothes, getting arrested for speeding the auto, golf, card playing and my Lord! a lot about sand and melted iron. All mixed up. Couldn't remember half of it."

"So the worst was like the best?"

"Do you want to know, really?" The nurse's amiable tone became oddly severe. She dusted the interior of the glass cabinet, "Of course, people sometimes imagine things," she added, softening.

"What was it then?"

"Don't get excited, or I won't tell. She wiped the sweat from his brow with a sponge. "It was the way you acted to the tall ugly girl from the country. She was good till she met you. Didn't you ever have a sister?"

(To be continued)

The Velvet Lined Cage

By Rev. Eliot White.

In the incredibly wealthy church the tip-toeing ushers have seated the strangers with tactful courtesy, and Scripture reading and hymn, prayer and quartet anthem have completed preliminary exercises as faultless as the polish of rare onyx.

As the minister begins his sermon, his athletic figure in smooth frock coat is outlined against a crimson velvet curtain that hangs in deep-shaded folds along the back of the platform.

The visitor wonders what such a man is to say, thus lifted up between earth and heaven, with a multi-millionaire listening from every tenth pew below him, and a God of unveiled truth and flaming justice listening above him.

He pleads with his women auditors to do their Christmas shopping before the holidays and lessen the weight of toil on overwrought employees during the final tumult that ushers in Christ's birthday.

With eloquence and sympathy the preacher reminds his congregation that great numbers of their fellow-men and women are pitifully undernourished, underpaid and overstrained, till their bodies are enfeebled and their souls endangered.

He seems to tear from the life of the mass of those who labor and are heavily laden the veil that conceals as yet from universal sight the causes of their excess in toil with penury in health and joy.

He seems on the verge of flinging to the winds all fear of consequences to himself, if only he may strip bare the iniquity of such gigantic theft, and like a new Samson thrust the pillars from beneath the house of Wrong, though in its fall it crush his worldly hopes to dust.

But no, he would have those who must lay burdens on the overborne not wait to fling them in one sheer bulk, but with consideration add them pound by pound, that little children's limbs and women's fragile shoulders may learn to bless such clemency.

Again he cries aloud upon myopic vision that sees as secular, not sacred, the bestowal of a million dollars to fight the great white plague.

Another step in sacredness he leaves untried—that those who earn should keep, and have their own sunlit rest and nourishment, till health laughed o'er the land and wrought a nobler than an Age of Gold.

And now the preacher tarries to tell full tenderly of Francis of Assisi, who sang of sweet Poverty, the Sister of Christ."

And the millionaires seem overcome at least with wonder, if not the admiration that their pastor feels.

But he leaves no flavor of the long ago too strong upon their spiritual fare, and lets sweet Wealth be close at least as cousin to the Lord.

That new and generous affluence, so far removed in every trait and tendency from ancient Mammon, enemy of God!

But so it is that as the preacher stalks to and fro on his platform, vehement, and pleading, sometimes thunderous of voice and turbulent in gesture.

He yet seems confined securely as by invisible bars of a cage, lined with the hanging velvet that it be not harsh.

He may advise the rich how to give to the needy and the "worthy," how to be good "stewards" and "consecrate" their worldly goods, but there the unseen yet all-powerful iron gate is set, and he must halt.

How modern wealth is won, why the poor are mulcted ever more ruthlessly for food and shelter, light and warmth, while "king," "lord" and "baron" of the people's inheritance wax richer to all dizzy heights, and dwell, like Simeon on his pillar, lonely on their Alpine crags of gold.

Why idlers gorge on dainties, while the toilers lack for simple needs, why jewels flash—gorgeous mockery into the eyes of starvation.

And stealthily wheeled cars of the luxurious who repudiate labor as a curse, jostle freezing bread lines of those who are denied the use of God's land and the machines born of the generations' genius, God-inspired.

Such questions are not spiritual, they breed unrest in precincts of the saints, and hurt the "influence" of shepherds with the finer flocks.

'Twere heresy to such considerate

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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

Ten cents a copy; \$1.00 a year; to Canada \$1.20; to other countries \$1.36. Local and traveling agents wanted; will start you with 10 copies of the latest Review and 4 subscription cards good for three months each, all for \$1.00.

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READ

The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street. Business Meetings every Monday evening at Socialist Headquarters, 222 St. Lawrence Main.

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

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The circulation went behind 82 last week, and it seems at present writing that another slump is due for this week. Immediate work is needed on the part of the Hustler's Corps to keep us above the 5,000 mark. Use the Sub Blank sent you with the last issue. It will do the trick.

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Jan. 6th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario.....	98	48	1442
British Columbia.....	9	31	973
Prov. of Quebec.....	28	10	877
Nova Scotia.....	27	16	506
Alberta.....	11	13	466
New Brunswick.....	2	3	274
Saskatchewan.....	10	28	284
Manitoba.....	38	3	160
Elsewhere.....	3	1	64
Yukon Territory.....	1	12	12
Prince Ed. Island.....			5

Total..... 215 133 5060
Loss for week..... 82
Total issue last week 6,000.

doctrine, to deem this Samson captive, with locks shorn, eyes stopped with earthly favor, and preaching fraught as with creaking travail at the Philistines' mill.

In former days, before the cage of velvet-hidden bars lured such a lion to its hold, he roared to some purpose, it is said,—

Paying small heed to threats of crafty builders, whose iniquitous foundations he smote with strong blows and showed all men their rottenness.

But now he tries in vain by vehement calls, and paces from the cage's end to end, to assure himself and men and God that he ranges fearless on steep mountain slopes of truth.

One door that no hand can shut, one way to leave the costly cage, stands open yet, but ah, so low, so narrow and so dark beyond!

The gate of utter obedience to a still small voice, that tells what is and ought to be, and not what dominant power would have men think.

That Voice, that heedless of advantage, place and honor summons the prophets of all ages to the deserts.

Where angry beasts of the world's scorn and resentment lurk, and the Tempter lays snares, but where the thorn bush is ablaze with God, and after the fasting angels minister.

—The Christian Socialist.

WORLD WIDE SOCIALISM.

The Socialists of Prussia are protesting against the three class reactionary system of voting. The three class system practically prevents the workers from having any control in the Prussian government at all. If other means fail the Socialists will hold nightly street demonstrations.

Reports to hand show that the Southern States are being stirred by Socialism.

Ann Morgan has withdrawn her support from the striking shirtwaist makers of New York City. The strikers were too Socialistic in spirit to suit philanthropic Ann.

The following are the seats for which British Socialists are running, Burnley, Northampton, Haggerston, East Bradford, Carlisle, North Aberdeen, South West Ham, Brightside and Rochdale. In addition about fifty laborites are in the field.

Socialists believe that airy homes are better for the growing up of children. Socialism wants to give homes to the people at labor cost, without people having to pay toll to rent lords and rent collectors and banks and capitalist tax gatherers.

LOW-PRICED PROPAGANDA

You send Cotton's for—

Three months to Five different addresses for 50 cents.

Three months to ten different addresses for \$1.00.

Three months to Fifty different persons for \$5.00.

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

"Knowledge," says Samuel Johnson, will always predominate over ignorance. The workers will never achieve their emancipation until they understand the nature of their enslavement.

Comrade K. C. of Cotton's off to hustle yearly subs. That is the crease. Old get new sub your Cotton worker and v

Comrade R. Alta, sends writes, "The was at one ings, Sunday could under they were sa hungry for I had ad at ward ren these th time together drink, yet coffee.

A. B. C. C. copy of Cott sult is that ately forward receiver of t to try to lan pay day. B was their n are holding a talist system appreciate ay the Gospel want Christi they are op The Carpent strong on laborers of f

GREAT BOOKS

—BY—

Great Men

Origin of Species, Darwin; Age of Reason, Paine; Riddle of the Universe, Haeckel, 25c each by mail. Merrie England; God and My Neighbor, Blatchford, 20c each by mail. Send for Catalog.

The People's Book Store

Cordova St. W. VANCOUVER, B. C.

FIRING LINE

The Top Notchers

Jules Lavenne, Springhill, ...
N. S. ... 23
Edgar Smith, Vernon, B. C. ... 8

Comrade Albert Jeserick, Montreal, takes a yearly sub.

Five trials come from Comrade H. H. Bilton, Elkhorn, Man.

Two halves from Comrade C. B. Strandberg, Lost Lake, Alta.

Comrade R. Clayton, Amherst, N. S. sends in two halves and a trial.

A yearly and a trial come from Comrade H. E. Hatch, Kelowna, B. C.

If you have any sub cards around the house, put them into commission. We need 'em all.

Comrade S. B. Wambolt, Dartmouth, N. S., forwards the price of a yearly and five halves.

Comrade Wm. Watts keeps everlastingly at it. Another list of ten trials from Keewatin, Ont.

Comrade John Robinson, Hillcrest Mines, Alta., forwards four yearlies for economic enlightenment.

Comrade E. Biddlestone, of Preston, Ont., wants two yearlies enlisted on the sub lists for the fight against capitalism.

Cotton's brought you a sub blank last week. It is for use, as subs are urgently needed. The 10,000 is in sight if you use that bit of paper.

Four halves are paid for by Comrade A. G. McCallum. He reports that Socialism is taking hold of Ottawa, the abiding place of the plutocrat.

Comrade H. Smart, Montreal, writes, "Please find enclosed three quarterly subs for our paper. With best wishes for our paper."

You received a sub blank in last week's Cotton's. It is for use. Take it around with you, get it full of names and send it in.

Comrade Geo. Penfold, Guelph, Ont., is to hand again with a yearly, two halves and a trial. He wants to end the old year right, so sent the last day of the year.

Comrade Geo. E. Ford, Cowansville, drops into the office and deposits three yearlies to the credit of Socialist propaganda of the Eastern Townships.

Have you ordered a bundle of No. 71, "The Workers Eye-Opener Issue"? Better get into harness. One hundred copies costs only 50 cents. See bottom of page 1.

Comrade G. W. Gleason, Mound, Alta., is on a homestead twenty-five miles from the railroad. He still has the energy to hustle subs. Has captured a yearly and a half and says he will soon have more.

That special "Eye-Opener Issue" comes out next week. Fill out the blank on the front page. You can do good work with one hundred copies.

Comrade Edgar Smith, Vernon, B. C., pays for a bundle of twenty-five for three months, six half yearlies and two yearlies. That is going some in the way of a propaganda stunt.

Comrade Geo. Toseland, Dauphin, Man., wishes us a happy new year and presents six half yearlies as a New Year present to his friends, and takes a bundle of a hundred copies for Gribble's meetings when Gribble strikes Manitoba.

Comrade W. H. Arthur, Port Arthur, Ont., wants four yearlies to receive a year's instruction in the subject of the exploitation of Canadian workers by those who sit in high places.

Comrade Geo. A. Faulkner of Conjouring Creek, Alta., forwards the price of six half yearlies. He tried to sell some of the sub cards to local merchants but they can't see it that way. They will see all right when the capitalist juggernaut bumps them good and plenty.

There are plenty of sub cards at Cotton's willing and waiting to go to work. All you have to do is to intimate that you can use them. Get the cards and remit after selling. Both yearly and half yearly cards on hand. Try a half dozen.

The following Comrades each forward the price of six half yearlies. Comrades, A. Anderson, Slocan, B. C.; Alex. McClelland, Kelowna; A. Abbott, Wiggins; F. J. Hollender, Columbia, British Columbia; Arthur J. Gookey, Fred Deer, Alta.; W. K. Bryce, Bernard, Sask.

Comrade Knight Johnson, Peardonville, B. C., received a sample copy of Cotton's Weekly and started right off to hustle for the paper. Got two yearly subs and is out for more. That is the way the sub lists increase. Old sub hustlers hustle and get new sub hustlers. Hand along your Cotton's to some unwakened worker and watch it do the trick.

Comrade R. D. Harris, Wetaskiwin, Alta., sending in three yearlies writes, "These are all Findlanders. I was at one of their Socialist meetings, Sunday, Dec., 26th. While I could understand scarcely a word they were saying, they seemed to be hungry for Socialism to come. After I had addressed them with a few words, I was able to capture these three. We all had a nice time together, with plenty to eat and drink, yet nothing stronger than coffee."

A. B. C. Comrade got a sample copy of Cotton's weekly. The result is that his roommate immediately forwards seven yearlies and the receiver of the sample copy is going to try to land a bunch himself next pay day. Both Comrades do not want their names to appear as they are holding down jobs under the capitalist system. Both Comrades deprecate any attack on Ministers of the Gospel as such. They do not want Christianity attacked although they are opposed to Christianity. The Carpenter of Nazareth has a strong on many of the manual laborers of the present day.

Twenty-three subs come from Comrade Jules Lavenne, of Springhill Mines, N. S. Comrade Lavenne writes, "I have had the opportunity of visiting Jiggins Mines and you know I cannot remain passive at any time. Therefore I made a little round for Cotton's which proved successful. The workers here want to wake up. We need some good hustlers in this place. There are a lot of readers for Cotton's if only we had a couple of hustlers to dig them out. The boys here are in good fighting spirit. Happy new year to you all. The subs will help in putting Cotton's Weekly to the test. Let us show the capitalists our true spirit." Comrade Lavenne evidently is one of the revolutionary spirits in Springhill which F. A. Acland declared should be weeded out of the place before peace would come to Springhill.

THE AGITATION BATTERY NEEDS RECRUITS and Ammunition

There is nothing to report in the way of additions to the funds of the Agitation Battery. We earnestly wish there was a column of names to go in this issue, so urgent is the need of Funds for the work in sight.

There are big things ahead of Cotton's in the next six months. During that time we will issue a Series of Special Editions, all working to one end—the showing up in Cold Figures where your hard-earned money goes, and how you are shamefully robbed on every side.

The next issue of Cotton's is an "Eye-Opener for Workers," showing how the Manufacturers get in their fine work in Parliament against all Labor Bills. But this will be nothing to what will follow.

You will learn how the Life Insurance Companies get their graft; what it costs to pay the big fellows, the total profits, and what per centage you get out of it. How other financial concerns do the trick; how much goes to the geniuses, and where the people are stung. The Farmer will not be forgotten. One issue will deal especially with his case. He will learn how the railway and other companies play the merry game with him. Figures that must convince. And there will be lots of other valuable information in these issues—Canadian Figures and Statistics never before presented in a digestible manner.

All to conclude with a Grand FACTS ISSUE. Nothing but Canadian Facts and Figures that can't be brushed aside.

Now comrades here is the chance for very effective propaganda. These Special Issues must be put before the people all over Canada. The information contained will interest non-socialists as well as Socialists. This information has cost us a lot of time and money to get, but you all know that it has long been called for. Cotton's is the first to come to the front. These editions should run up into the thousands, but we lack the funds to do it. And here is where the Agitation Battery steps in. It can and will, we feel assured, provide the ammunition. Every reader of Cotton's should be a member. Fifty cents or a dollar bill will send out 100 or 200 copies of an issue, or help in putting on subs where needed.

The standing of the Battery Funds are the same as at last report:

Total Receipts \$29.75
Total Expenditures 26.00
Balance on hand \$3.75

You see we have only a balance on hand of over three dollars. It should be over Three Hundred Dollars.

The first step on the program will be to send Cotton's to every weekly and small daily in Canada. They will help in spreading the information in these Special Issues. This is necessary—At Once—Immediately. So let's hear from YOU. If not a member of the Battery already, become a member. Send the ammunition—50 shot or a 100 shot, or as many more as you like to the Agitation Battery, Cotton's Weekly.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

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

Ordinary Expenditure \$2,827.95
Capital 907.95
Total 3,735.90
Cash Received 1,835.49
Deficit 1,900.41

U. S. A. RATES.

Single subscriptions, per year \$1.00
In clubs of 4 and over to same postoffice75
Five copies in one wrapper to one address \$2.50

America would be Socialist now except for two things—ignorance and prejudice.

World-Wide Socialism

The newspapers of Seattle, Wash., are beginning to denounce the brutality of the Spokane police.

The workers at Spokane are obeying the orders of a secret committee in the free speech fight.

C. W. Post, the U. S. labor baiter, wants to organize a boycott on the part of the advertisers against Socialist papers.

Fourteen delegates of the Board of Miners' Federation, Australia, have been sentenced to two months in prison for "exciting miners to strike."

Prominent merchants and professional men of Paris have organized an association to fight the movement for collectivism which has grown so powerful in France.

H. S. Nagle, recent Candidate for U. S. Senator from Oklahoma on the Democratic ticket, declares that Democracy is dead and that Socialism has taken its place.

At Albi, France, the tannery workers have been joined in their strike by the drivers and delivery men. As is usual in France the strikers have sent their children to be cared for by Comrades in neighboring towns.

On January third, at Lille, France, at one of the large theatres the stage electricians struck for higher wages.

The management were forced to grant the increase as the audience was impatiently waiting for the performance to begin.

Revolutionary unrest is growing rapidly in Spain. Weyler, the Butcher of Cuba has been hurried to Barcelona by the authorities. The Moroccan war is far from being suppressed and the Republican agitation is therefore strong.

The vanishing middle class of America is feeling the pinch of high prices. An association has been formed to boycott trust made goods. How they will be able to boycott clothes, food, and land, however, has not yet been determined.

Chinese are being deported from the U. S. at the expense of the American government. A lot of chinks were working on railroads when the jobs gave out. They are unemployed and thus get a chance for a free trip to their native land.

The labor unions of Chicago are asking for an investigation into the cereals of Charles W. Post of Battle Creek, Mich. In a train wreck recently several cars, consigned to Post's factories, were found to be filled with nothing but peanut shells.

Two British subjects have been unlawfully railroaded to jail in the Spokane Free Speech fight. The Socialist members of the British Parliament will interpellate the government, when Parliament meets again, on the lawful imprisonment of British subjects.

The French Socialists will run Amilcare Cipriani against the Premier, Aristide Briand, in the St. Etienne division in the coming Elections. Although Cipriani is an Italian he is nevertheless eligible as candidate in France, having fought under Garibaldi in 1870 on behalf of France against Germany.

Bill Haywood will hold a big meeting in Boston on the 13th. January. The unions are taking an active interest and the meeting promises to be a grand success, recalling the monster demonstration on Boston common at the time Roosevelt dubbed Haywood an "undesirable citizen."

The wife of Eugene Azef, the revolutionary traitor, committed suicide at St. Petersburg Jan. 4th, by taking poison. Mme. Azef was a genuine revolutionist and for weeks following the exposure of her husband, she refused to believe his treachery to the cause. At last she became convinced of his guilt and grief over this is believed to have prompted her self-destruction. Azef is still missing.

Montreal Socialists

Montrealers have not yet begun to take their Socialists seriously. There is reason to believe that in the popular mind they are connected with Toradors, as persons who are addicted to waving red flags in places where they will cause the most excitement.

That analogy requires the comparing of the Montreal police-men to bulls is not wholly in its disfavor. In a mild way a good many of us are Socialists, because we have suffered severely from the misuse of a certain form of property known over here as franchises, which we firmly believe to belong to the people as a whole and to be only loaned to their present holders on good behavior, but which the said holders, describing themselves as "innocent," stoutly claim to be their inalienable possession.

When we find these present holders describing us as Socialists because we want to regulate their use of their franchises, we are disinclined to worry about the spread of Socialism. It should be noted that to the English-speaking mind Socialism connotes merely an economic doctrine and not a substitute for any established religious cult.—Montreal Herald.

Montreal Socialists Choose Candidate

Mr. Albert St. Martin, official court stenographer, stands as candidate for the Board of Control as a Socialist.

At a meeting of the local at 222 St. Lawrence street four names were proposed: Messrs. St. Martin; Albert, of the Amalgamated Carpenters' Union; Cotton, editor of Cotton's Weekly; and Wayman.

Immediately after having accepted the candidature, Mr. St. Martin was required to write out his resignation of the position of controller the date line being left blank. Should Mr. St. Martin be elected, and his work not satisfactory to his electors, the resignation will immediately be dispatched to the City Hall.—Montreal Star.

An Unexpected Revolution

In the Mail and Empire's London letter to-day an unexpected, but not unprecedented, situation in British politics is shown to have arisen. The Liberal leaders have entered into an understanding with the Socialistic element in order to avoid three-cornered fights and consequent losses to both parties. But, as the arrangement comes to be understood by the moderate Liberals, men of that class are weakening in their support of the Government. At the same time the Socialists, as a body, do not accept the Liberal alliance, and while many prominent social democrats and Independent Laborers join with the Liberals, others of equal authority are standing aloof and are demanding that the fight be continued along the old lines.

—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Bundle Boosters

Energetic Bundle Boosters are wanted as never before. Five Special Editions are under way for the first six months of 1910, and they need special boosting. These issues alone will be worth the yearly price. Read all about them in another column. Here are recent additions to the list of Bundle Boosters:

Geo. Hees, Alberta 5
Chas. Sandquist, Yukon 5

Now is the time to enroll as a Bundle Booster. Important information to be put before everybody. Order a bundle for six months and show that you are with Cotton's to the finish. Below are the Bundle prices:

BUNDLE PRICES.
10 copies per week, for 3 months \$1.00
25 copies per week, for 3 months \$2.50
5 copies per week, for 6 months \$1.00
5 copies per week, for one year \$2.00
10 copies per week, for one year \$4.00
Bundles not less than one hundred, at the rate per 100 50

ARE YOU A MAN?

By Geo. Toseland.

Are you a man? Or are you just so much flesh, blood, and bone, in an existing condition? Is your thinking apparatus your own? Or is it molded into shape by others to suit their requirements? Do you think for yourself? Or are your thoughts the thoughts of others, blended by environments? Do you speak the truth fearlessly in the face of opposition? Or do you bend the truth to meet the requirements of others? Can you look a person in the eyes and say "I am your equal?" Or do you bend your knees and say "Sir," or "My Lord?" Do you refuse to do that which is dictated to you knowing it is wrong? Or do you humbly submit? Do you read without prejudice original matter? Or do you take for granted second hand material from the lips of others? Do you feel free to think and act that which is right? Or do you feel under some obligation for your existence? Do you put a cross on the ballot where it will do you the most good? Or do you vote against your own interest? Do you belong to the great international brotherhood? Or do you suffer from patriotic enthusiasm?

You are either a man or a fool. To which class do you belong? There is only one type of man, but there are a large variety of fools. To be a man it is not necessary to have a college diploma; many fools are vested in Greek, etc.

A man has broad intellect, free thoughts, and absolute command of mind and body. A man stands for equal justice for all, and no halfway compromise. A man values human life above all the gold on earth. A man is not a spiritual, but a material advocate.

Are you a man? If so, prove it. Idle words do not count, only in deeds can you prove to the world that you are a man.

Do you workingmen like to live on side streets? You may grow indignant but you know that the men for whom you labor live far better than you do. You know that their children have a better chance to get education, and skilled doctors in sickness. You know that they have more sanitary homes and warmer clothing. If you want to see your children getting a fair share in life, then get into the Socialist ranks and take up the fight for your children's sake.

Socialism at Ottawa

The votes cast for Com. Thos. Roberts in Ottawa for Board of Control numbered 662. Not so bad, all things considered. Comrade J. Still Wilson is in Ottawa and he is doing more to stir Ottawa than all former speakers combined. That is the word sent down by Ottawa Comrades.

There is no crime but parasitism

THE PROPAGANDISTS' FORUM

Conducted by W. K. Shier

Philadelphia Methods

Philadelphia has no local organizer, experience having satisfied the majority that an organizer can do very little good, and is apt to cause considerable trouble. When the work at headquarters reached a point that the services of some one were required throughout the day, the secretary of the campaign committee was selected for the position and paid a normal salary.

The campaign committee consists of five members. Its duties are to carry on the political agitation, arrange for mass meetings, take advantage of public occurrences, etc.

There is an organization committee of five, entrusted with the work of informing sympathizers about the party, keeping in touch with new members, assisting the financial secretaries of branches in keeping members in good standing, securing lists of subscribers to Socialist papers for canvassing, keeping in touch with the trades unions and in other respects systematizing the work of organization.

The educational work of the party was established on a sound basis by a library committee of five, which started a circulating library of works on Socialism, and social science and arranged study classes for the branches.

A naturalization committee of three and a referendum committee of three complete the locals' roster of standing committees.

Funds, in addition to those from dues, profits from literature sales and campaign lists, come in from the annual picnics and carnivals and a mutual supply company, which obtains a commission of 10 per cent on merchandise purchased from certain dealers.

Philadelphia is trying to inaugurate house-to-house canvassing by the rank and file of the party, to be done concertedly and systematically, the year round. The purpose is to make the work of every member, not otherwise active, to help build up the Socialist party as a political organization; to canvass from house to house with literature, free and for sale; take subscriptions, and keep a record of all work done, to have some idea of the progress made.

A Propaganda Stunt

A comrade in Peterboro has a bundle of his favorite socialist papers come weekly to his house. After reading his own copy, he marks the best articles therein with blue pencil and writes on the margin of the front page—"sample copy, subscribe." Then he consults a list of names he procured from the town directory, writes across the top of each paper the name and address of so-and-so and delivers same late Saturday evening or early Sunday morning. This is undoubtedly good propaganda. It has the personal effect. A paper is thrown into your house. You have all day Sunday to read it. It is addressed personally to you. You spy a marked article and read it. Then you read others. On top of that you have the suggestion to subscribe. This kind of propaganda is the kind that produced results, especially if it is followed up by canvassing for subscriptions. Locals might supply any of its members who have not the means to purchase weekly bundles with ammunition of this kind, providing they will guarantee to play the game in the same way as has been herewith described.

W. R. S.

Introducing Without Introduction

For some years I have often taken the liberty of writing a short query to any likely address. I got hold of, something after this fashion: "Are you interested in the Socialist movement?" "If you are not a Socialist, do you know why?" "Do you read the Western Clarion, or any other Socialist paper?" In fact, put up any question likely to prove a thought-provoker. It would surprise many Socialists to know the number of answers received, and results obtained by such methods of propaganda. It can be done in the quiet of your home—if you have one. It often touches a responsive chord in the person addressed. It leads to all kinds of interest—if one is inclined to follow up the correspondence. Invest a few cents in postage stamps. Devote an evening or two as outlined above, and watch results.

R. P. PETTIPIECE.
—Western Clarion

Timely Propaganda

"This function of the Socialist movement should receive greater attention and extension than heretofore. Whenever an event of public importance occurs, whenever a movement of social significance arises; whenever a large battle of labor is fought, whenever the constitutional

liberties of the people are threatened or violated, the Socialists should be the first to take a public stand; hold demonstrations, issue proclamations, circulate petitions, take part in public hearings, indorse, defend, support, condemn, as occasion may require, but always be alive, always be on the spot. Our motto must be 'Nil humanum me alienum est.' Nothing human is alien to us. The progressive portion of the population must learn to expect and to hear from the Socialists the first word on all questions of public interest. And this work must always be carried on on a large scale. To enmesh or to indagate ourselves within our own circles serves no good purpose; we must carry our enthusiasm or indignation to the masses."

Morris Hillquit in N. Y. Sunday "Call."

SOCIALISM AT ADVERTISING RATES

The enclosed clipping is from the Daily Sentinel Review, Woodstock, Ont. Comrade C. P. Cullford took up a subscription among the boys to pay for it—thought it would boost the socialist press. The Review has a large circulation covering that entire community.

The plute press will advertise ten etc. as reading matter but not Socialism. The Review had to put the word "adv." at the end of the article to let its readers know it was an advertisement.

SOCIALISM PROPAGANDA POINTERS.

Socialism is Christianity applied. Francis E. Willard.

Socialists are not ahead of the times, it is non-socialists who are behind the times.

It is just as much of a crime to steal with the long head, as with the long arm. Eugene V. Debs.

The Golden Rule against the Rule of Gold—Motto of the Christian Socialists.

The time has now come, when man deserves to be called intelligent who neglects to inform himself about the Socialist movement.—Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle."

For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened? * * * that there may be equality.—Apostle Paul, II Cor. 8:13-14.

They are slaves who dare not speak for the fallen and the weak; They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three. —Jas. Russell Lowell.

Even if you are not in favor of Socialism, you should read Socialist literature to form an unbiased opinion.

Read the Christian Socialist, 5623 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Cotton's Weekly, Cowansville, P. Q. Samples on request.

adv. 1t

AN EYE-OPENER

Issue for Workers

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

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

Everyday Commonsense

Nature has provided for all. The capitalist restricts the output. Nature finds work for all.

The capitalist puts a bar up. Nature provides for use; the capitalist for the market; wages make the market; cuts in wages break it.

All industry is operated by the people; not for themselves, but for the capitalist.

The capitalist pays wages and takes profits; reducing the former and increasing the latter.

Machinery is the means by which the worker's product is increased, his wages lessened and his craft rendered useless.

By the private ownership of the machinery the workers are reduced to mere parts of the machine. As it moves they move; while it stops they stop.

When the capitalist orders the stoppage of the machine the worker begins to starve.

If the workers owned the machine they could suit themselves as to when it should run or stop.

The profits of the capitalists would go to increase wages and reduce prices—a double gain which would soon be followed by reduced hours of working.

How is that to be brought about? Simply by voting for the party which advocates these principles.

SUB PRICE OF COTTON'S

Six Months, 26 copies 25c
One Year, 52 copies 50c
Three Months, club of 5 50c
Three Months, club of 10 \$1.00

MILITARY GLORY

Roscoe A. Fillmore.

The scheme of diverting the people in times of discontent by howling for military glory is not by any means new. It is not a twentieth century invention. We read of such games being worked very successfully in the old days when Patrician and Plebeian squabbled in Rome.

"After the deluge," said Louis XV to those who stood around his bed. Throughout his whole reign there were mutterings from the fourteen million starving peasants. But the outbreak was postponed by the continuous wars which he waged, thus making the people forget their miseries in the blaze of military glory. He knew that the deluge was inevitable but was determined to stave it off until his career was under the sod. Louis XVI was able to hold the job down for a short time. But he took the wrong course. And with the slogan "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," millions of starving peasants arose and swept feudalism from off the face of France.

When the revolution broke out in France and Louis was executed, other monarchies—England, Holland, Germany, Spain and Russia, in order to smother out the democratic mutterings that threatened to culminate in trouble for them also, declared war. They resorted to the popular love of brass buttons, military conquest and decorations (jingoism for short) to avoid revolution. Then Napoleon appeared and was later enabled to trample upon all the democratic institutions of the new democracy and proclaim himself emperor through an appeal to the general thirst for military glory.

Later, almost in our own time, Napoleon III, in order to save his head, brought about the Franco-Prussian war, and a few years ago Spain, because of discontent at home, engaged in the Hispano-American war.

These are a few of the many instances in which grave internal disorders and revolts have been postponed by an appeal to the so-called "patriotism" of the people. The appeal has always worked heretofore. The question which is today agitating the capitalist world is—"Can we, with safety to ourselves and our property interests, hoodwink the workers again?" For the masters know that the end is near. They know education which is assuming such huge proportions today spells ruin for them. They know our final victory is inevitable and they are putting forward frantic efforts to postpone the Deluge.

This is the reason that we have heard so much of the "Yellow peril," the "German peril" and sundry other perils lately. This is the reason that so many Dreadnoughts are being built. This is the reason that such silly jingo productions as "An Englishman's Home" have been scattered broadcast. And for this reason Lloyd George recently launched his thunderbolts against the lords.

Will it work again? It remains for us of the working class to answer this question. If we say no; if we arise and forbid the useless waste of millions of lives and untold wealth, the parasitic jingoes of the master class will be powerless.

The Socialist movement is the bogie, the spectre that is haunting the masters, and they are doing their utmost to postpone its final triumph. Do not allow them through their bought papers and politicians to bunco you, fellow worker. There is only one issue before the world today and that is "Shall wage-slavery continue?" We workers possess the power necessary to remove slavery in every form from the face of the earth. It remains only for us to learn the proper use for that power.

We workers want the things that we must use in order to live. We want these things because the fact that others own them gives them the power to rob those who toil. And we purpose taking them because we have the power. Now in order to get hold of these things we must cripple the power by which the capitalists are enabled to hold them. And that power is government, whether it be monarchical or Republican. It is through governments that the masters control Dreadnoughts, territorial armies, militia, police, all the powers of repression which they use to force us to remain slaves. Then it's up to us to get hold of this instrument, government, and thus hamstringing the capitalists.

So this is what we Socialists ask the workers to do. Vote for men of your own class to represent you in the parliaments of the world. Vote for Socialists, men who are determined to smash capitalism and know just how to do it. Vote for yourselves and your class; vote for your wives and children; vote for decent houses; vote that the robbing of the

workers may cease and for the elimination of poverty in a world of plenty.

The best way to show your sympathy with Socialism is in Subs.

"Those things that economically we should use together we should own together; what we use individually, own individually."—Debs.

It is not a wise thing to talk against Socialism. Your children will not like to think about fathers who fought against their emancipation.

"You can find happiness only in consecrating yourself to human service. No man can possibly enjoy what comes to himself at the expense of a fellow man."—Eugene V. Debs.

The economic processes of production go on back of the individual wills of the producers. Socialism is the unfolding of those processes. You don't believe that economic processes go on in spite of the wills of the ones therein engaged? Listen to this true tale. Once there were a couple of young men in Boston who had no money. They wanted to get money and they thought a failure was the quickest way to get what they wanted. So they rented a store on tick, bought stock in the same way, and started in to fail and put the kibosh on their creditors. But they occupied a good stand and, in spite of themselves, their business grew by leaps and bounds and they found they could meet all their obligations and have more left over than they thought they could make by failing. So they kept right on and became respectable merchant princes of Boston. Their foresight was much praised and they were held up as examples of what industry and honesty and energy could accomplish.

CONFISCATION

Confiscation is a great word and frightens many people. But do the people ever stop to think that confiscation is going on all around them? A little store keeper works up a local business. He toils day and night and makes a living. He has worked faithfully and well. Suddenly a department store begins to invade the locality with catalogs, the people rush to buy from the department store, stock goes dead on the hands of the little store keeper and he fails. The department store has confiscated his business for its own profit.

A teamster works up a business in Cobalt, and saves his money. The wage plug follows the advice of the master class, lives frugally and saves up enough to buy a few horses, partly in cash and partly on credit. Suddenly the Ontario government gives a monopoly of all cartage along its line to a company organized in Toronto for the exploitation of carters. By this order the business of the little carter is wiped out, his horses are sold for debt, and the carter sees the effort of years of toil confiscated by the executive order of a capitalist state.

A worker on the C. P. R. starts to work in the Farnham, P. Q., car shops. He is frugal and saves his money and buys a home, putting a mortgage on the home for the balance of the purchase price. He labors on, saves every penny he can, pays the interest and wipes out a good part of the principle of the mortgage. Suddenly the C. P. R. close down their Farnham shops and four hundred workers are forced to leave the town and go to work elsewhere. A couple of hundred houses become unoccupied and must be sold by the owners. The town becomes stagnant because of the closing of the shops and no one wants to buy. The worker finds that all he saved and spent to get a home has been confiscated by the action of the C. P. R. He must begin to save over again to buy a home in a new place.

Confiscation is the word the plutocrats like to use when talking against Socialism. They do not talk about the jobs and the homes and the horses and the property they have confiscated from the workers.

Wake up you workers. You are having a skin game played on you. You are being skinned alive. Every gag to rob you of your wages and of your savings is worked upon you. Your labor power is confiscated from you. Your homes and your jobs are confiscated; your savings are confiscated. When are you going to wake up to the fact that when the upholders of capitalism talk about confiscation under socialism, they mean that under Socialism they will not be able to confiscate what belongs to you? Wake up and get into the ranks of the Socialists, who alone are the only ones who want to give you a fair, square, honest deal, the first one you have ever had in the history of the world.

WHO WILL STRIKE THE BLOW FOR LIBERTY?

By WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

The other day the writer of this article had a conversation with a Fabian friend of his own on the subject of tactics.

My Fabian friend thinks that the middle class is the backbone of the socialist movement. He has also great hopes for the capitalists themselves. He says that they are good-hearted fellows who need only to have the claims of humanity laid before them in order to fall in with the socialist program.

And he put up a stiff argument in defence of these views. He pointed to the large number of middle class persons that are advocating socialism with might and main. He drew my attention to the prominent positions they occupy within the socialist party itself.

He produced a catalog of socialist books and made out a list of their authors, then triumphantly told me their occupations. Few there be that are not professional writers, university professors, lawyers, clergymen or ex-clergymen, merchants, artists, members of the leisure class. He emphasized in particular the names of Marx, Lassalle, Engels, Kautsky, Ferri, Labriola, Jaures, Vandervelde, Hyndman, Morris, Bax, Spargo, Hunter, Lewis, Hillquit, Vail, Bernstein, Adler, H. G. Wells and Sydney Webb.

"Come now," said Fabius, "admit that the middle class is the brains of the socialist movement. Admit, too, that a propaganda among the exceedingly well-to-do is worth while, for there are many rich persons, some of them reputed to be millionaires, that are backing up the socialist cause with their money and their time."

"My friend," I replied, "I will not dispute the fact that our movement owes a great deal to the middle class. From it we have drawn many of our foremost theorists, ablest writers, most successful propagandists and parliamentary representatives. All that is granted. Yet I am still unconvinced that this class, much less the class that stands above it in point of wealth, will prove, in the long run, the main regiment in the revolutionary army."

"The fact is," I continued, "Socialism has hitherto been an intellectual rather than a class movement. That is characteristic of all popular movements in their pioneer days. While in their swaddling clothes they attract only idealists, iconoclasts, sentimentalists, philosophical radicals and the intellectually abnormal. These are recruited mostly from the educated class. For a long time this element preponderates, and, indeed, from the first chapter to the last play an important part in the movement. But this would not deceive us into discarding the doctrine of the class struggle. One swallow does not make a summer. Nor do a thousand, nor ten thousand, idealists from the upper classes prove that the moneyed people are with us."

"No," said my friend, "nor does it prove that they are necessarily against us."

"Quite so," I went on. "But history sufficiently demonstrates that when it comes to a fight the privileged are always on the side of re-action. Not all of them, of course, but the overwhelming majority. This is amply shown even now in England where the landed nobility are lined up against the budget that threatens to make inroads upon their unearned increments. And mention need only be made of the bitter class struggles in Russia during the past few years, in France in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, in England under the leadership of Cromwell."

"Now, as long as Socialism remains a distant ideal, the propertied classes will not be keen in their opposition to the party. They may even take a good-natured attitude toward it. And when they are appealed to from the ethical, religious, scientific, humanitarian or artistic standpoints, they may assent to its claims. But when it attains a degree of power, when it becomes a real menace to the established order of things, when it becomes a real, live force battling in the interests of labor, then, my boy, it will be found what untrusty allies you have been depending on."

"The fact is that the socialist program, even its immediate demands, can not be carried out without depriving the rich of both power and wealth. It is they who must pay the bills. Take even such reform as old age pensions, workmen's compensation acts, the reduction of the working day, state employment of the unemployed, advanced factory legislation and the feeding of school children, none of them can be

effected without tapping the incomes of the wealthy through taxation and strengthening the wage-workers in their fight against the employers. For this reason the plutocracy will wage a bitter war upon the social-democracy. They will be compelled to do so in defence of its immediate interests. Only unsophisticated sentimentalists will harbor the thought that business men can be inveigled into supporting a proposition that means lesser profits for them and a final overthrow of their control of the means of life. We have only fierce opposition to expect from landlords, money-lenders, employers of labor, financiers, stock gamblers and those who have much to lose and little to gain from the awakening of labor."

"That may be true of the capitalist class," said my friend, "but how about the middle class, the petty manufacturers, the shopkeepers, the farmers and the professional men?"

"Well, they are a problem. This class is at heart re-actionary. It wants a return to the old days of competition. Financially it is overshadowed by the family compact of trust magnates, and politically it is weak along side of the proletariat. Sections of it are worse off than the industrial workers, and are, indeed, being constantly pushed into the ranks of the wage-earners. Other sections are naturally capitalistic in their outlook and sympathies due to their associations and comfortable circumstances. The farmers, shopkeepers and petty manufacturers will support parts of the socialist program and oppose other portions of it. Their immediate interests dictate a vacillating policy. Hence the middle class will prove an uncertain factor in the social revolution."

Here our conversation ended. I cannot, however, close this article without stating that there is only one class that can accept the socialist platform in its entirety. That class is the proletariat. It is this class, as Marx said sixty years ago, that has everything to gain and nothing to lose through the great change. The wage-workers will undoubtedly prove the backbone of the socialist movement. It is they who will fight an uncompromising battle for the right of the laborer to the full product of his toil.

Truly, as the poet Byron once magnificently said: "They who would be free must themselves strike the blow."

Have You Ever Looked at It This Way

The ruling class over nineteen hundred years ago denounced Christ as a social disturber and criminal, just as Socialists are denounced today.

Copernicus was denounced and one of his disciples was burned at the stake, for saying the earth was round as a globe, the ruling class crying out that it was contrary to the bible, and against religion, just as Socialists are denounced today.

Christopher Columbus was considered a fool and a visionary by the public majority, just as Socialists are considered today.

The art of printing in its early days was denounced as being in league with the devil, just as Socialism is denounced by some people today.

The abolitionists in the States were called anarchists, free lovers, and destroyers of the home, the same old gags that are thrown at Socialists today.

The early free school advocates had the terms, anarchists, free lovers and home destroyers hurled at them, just as Socialists have in this advanced day.

In every century, you will find if you study history, that the advanced thinkers have been branded as anarchists and dangerous citizens, just as Socialists are branded in some quarters today.

The ruling class has always opposed a free press and free speech, claiming it to be dangerous to the country, just as

The Socialist press is opposed today.

The Early inventors were opposed by the masses, claiming they would destroy them, just as

Is said of Socialists today. But just as all these things have progressed and become part and parcel of our everyday life, so will the principles of Socialism triumph and become the guiding light of the world.

Make a study of Socialism. Don't stand in the path of progress. You will get run over.

—H. H. Ashby.

We all want the good things of life. In order to get them we must fight for them. And, furthermore, we must know whom to fight and how to wage the battle. That requires study. The most important study workingmen can take up is political economy.

THE NEW SOCIALISM OF HUNGARY

Every little while the plute papers report how Socialism has been side-tracked by concessions made by capitalist governments. The following is the latest. The article, taken from the Literary Digest, is interesting because it shows how European governments are being forced into activities in the vain hope of stopping the onward sweep of the Socialist movement. The governments should remember that every advance towards Socialist activity but whets the appetite of the workers for more.

Hungary is one of the most aristocratic countries in Europe; yet, under the surface, it is the hotbed of Socialism. The ruling class or caste are said by Socialists to be careless of the lot of the proletariat. Yet it is in this same land of the Magyars that a step has just been taken by the Government which is unexampled in Europe, if not in the world. In Great Britain and Germany various municipalities have been socialistic enough to build houses for low rental to the poor, but no national government has gone into this field before. Dr. Alexander Wekerle, the Hungarian Premier, has, by doing this, killed two birds with one stone, thinks the Budapest correspondent of the London Daily Mail. He has dealt a blow "very effectively felt in counterbalancing the excesses of the 'landlord-usurers' trust," while at the same time he "has outdone the Socialists" by an economic "experiment" of a regular and orderly character.

These houses, we learn, are being built at Kispest, on the outskirts of Budapest. They will be 960 in number, and consist of 4,300 flats, fitted with modern improvements and capable of accommodating 25,000 individuals. The rents amount to only 30 per cent. of that charged by "landlord-usurers." The writer visited Kispest and thus describes his impressions:

"Kispest is covered with snug dwelling-houses, with characteristic Hungarian fronts, quaint roofs, airy rooms, and neat little gardens. The men engaged in the construction of the houses have done their work well, and we seem to be wandering among villas put up by the wealthier citizens as summer resorts rather than among the dwellings of 'thirty-shillings-a-weekers.' The air is pure and invigorating, and the lot of the inhabitants is really enviable. In spring the gardens will be planted with young trees, and pretty flower-beds laid out; and the mother who has hitherto seen her children at play in a dismal courtyard will have the happiness of watching them running and rolling on the grass of her own garden."

Dr. Wekerle has "stolen a march upon the Socialists," whose leaders "have been busy haranguing fellows" and "telling them they are the victims of injustice and tyranny." The writer, who is evidently anti-Socialist in his sympathies, speaks thus optimistically of the experiment:

"Dr. Wekerle has outdone the Socialists. His principle in devoting a large sum of public money to the building of a model town has been not to reduce all to the same level of misery, but to raise the poor man out of the 'slough of despond.'"

"And the Cabinet has belied the reproach that Hungary is groaning under the yoke of a caste system by beginning its work of reform on the lowest grade. The work of leveling has been initiated not, as the Socialists would have it, from above, but from below. The workman is not told that he must wait until 'high and mighty' have been brought down to him, but is shown that he can rise by his own exertions to their level."

"The Socialism which is heralded by Dr. Wekerle's experiment is the right sort of Socialism."

"He has, in fact, stolen a march on the leaders of the Socialist party who, if they had been as ready to do as to talk, would have long ago anticipated the action of the 'caste' Cabinet which they are so fond of maligning. The cost would not have proved a barrier, for they could have provided the money out of the hard-earned savings of 'poor' comrades."

"But it has been left to the leader of the 'privileged' Parliament to make the first start."

A GIGANTIC TRUST

A gigantic trust of what are called with grim irony "public service" corporations has just been started in Chicago. It includes only the south side street railways at present. But it is closely affiliated with the stock yards, the Commonwealth Edison Electric company, powerful banks and other industries that already dominate Chicago.

It is claimed, and with good reason, that this corporation is but the base upon which will be consolidated a large number of industries with a total capitalization of close to a half billion dollars. These corporations already have a close "community of interest," so that the proposed step will only give legal form and sanction to what already exists in practice.

Such a corporation would control the street cars upon the surface, the subways under the earth, the telephone wires above the ground, the power plants that supply light, heat and power to the industrial life of the city. It would own the docks and the harbor barges for transportation and would be powerful in its control over the great railroads that form the veins through which the life blood of the city's heart must throb.

Such a combination would own more than these things. It would own the jobs whereby a mighty army of men and women and children are permitted to live at the pleasure of

the owners. It would control the Democrat and Republican parties and every other party save the Socialist party. It could not control the Socialist party, because it is the only party that is financed, controlled and administered by and through the working class.

Sooner or later it will come to a finish fight between these two powers. Either the workers must own this gigantic combination or it will own them.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

Pungent Paragraphs

By W. R. Shier.

The opposite of free love is enforced love, which, of course, is an absurdity.

It is not the realization of Socialism that human nature will prevent, but the perpetuation of capitalism.

There is no hope for the ignorant. Uninformed minds are content with all that brutalizes and degrades.

The mission of the Socialist Party is to build up a strong, well-educated, closely-knit working class movement that will abolish wage-slavery.

The map who can build a house has more genuine education than a man who can say "hie, haec, hoc" in Latin.

The issue is between having industry organized in the interests of the few and having it organized in the interests of the many.

"Pour thy purse into thy head," said Shakespear. When the workers take to doing that, the doom of capitalism is sounded.

The trusts are good in so far as they economize labor and curtail waste. They are bad only because they are owned by the few in the interests of the few. Private ownership must go.

Wages must fall lower and lower and lower. Why? Because the competition for the jobs among the workers is becoming keener and keener. The army of the unemployed is increasing in size.

"Your college bred people have no monopoly of education. They only have a monopoly of insolence and gall. The ungrammatical fellows who can do things are more highly educated than the grammatical fellows who can merely say things."

Prices are soaring higher, jobs becoming relatively fewer and wages standing still. Those are pleasant prospects for the workers, are they not? At any rate, it would seem so from the contentment that still pervades the working class mind.

If it is worth while spending many years and hundreds of dollars learning a trade in order to become one of capitalism's skilled minions, surely it is also worth doing a little studying how to prevent yourself being deprived of the values your labor creates.

Low tariffs, high tariffs or no tariffs is no remedy for our social ills. In the highly protected United States and in free-trade England poverty abounds, unemployment is common, crime is rampant, strikes take place and long hours of labor prevail.

If Andrew Carnegie should die today and be reborn to-morrow, he could not duplicate his achievements in the steel industry. When he started in to make a fortune, he had no gigantic steel trust to nip his efforts in the bud, no great corporations to compete against, no cornered markets to capture.

Socialist propaganda should be directed to the propertyless rather than to the propertied classes. Though there is much in Socialism that commands the support of the well-to-do, yet the realization of its program, the enacting and enforcing of working class measures, will mean riding rough-shod over the immediate interests of landlords, capitalists, money-lenders and their kin.

Society is divided into three classes—beggars, thieves and chumps. The chumps create the wealth, the thieves appropriate it and the beggars get the crumbs that fall from lordly tables. The thieves ride upon the backs of the chumps, and the beggars cling to the legs of the thieves. And the many part of it is, the chumps say that if it were not for the thieves they would not be able to live.

The high-schools and universities are musty with the scholasticism of the middle ages. They crowd the memory with a mass of detailed knowledge that might very well be forgotten. They do not cultivate originality, nor the habit of research, nor the power of thought. Nor do they teach you to do things worth while. Nor do they even teach you how to live hygienically. They are a failure in every respect.