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THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

Alphonse Verville introduced an eight hour bill for labor on government works. This bill produced a lot of talk from the henchmen of the labor thieves at Ottawa. Labor has been meek and quiet while the capitalist has been bold and blatant. Labor has shrunk away at sight while the capitalist has crowded up and wanted both feet in the government trough. The result has been that labor has got little while the capitalist has got much.

Alphonse Verville has at last plucked up courage to introduce a little bill in the interests of the laboring man. At once the members began to jump on the bill. Macdonald of South Toronto sneered at Verville for not introducing the bill sooner. He also strongly objected to Verville's proposition that all material used in government works should be made under union conditions of eight hours labor. Edwards of Frontenac declared that farmers could not give their men an eight hour day and that if the bill passed the farmer would find it more difficult to get farm hands. This is all rot. What Edwards was trying to say was that such a bill might prevent the farmers from driving their farm hands as hard as at present. Edwards also lunged in the sham fight between Liberals and Conservatives by declaring that such a bill would only benefit Grit workers as the Grit government would only employ Grits. Edwards also was very solicitous for the profits of the labor thieves. He declared that the bill would interfere with labor in large concerns; because workers producing, say cement, for the government, would be put on an eight hour shift while workers producing cement for the combine's private customers would then kick if worked two hours longer. It would be well for the workers to keep their eye on this Edwards and retire him to private life.

Turcotte of Quebec, Goodeve of Kootenay, and Rhodes of Cumberland, are all more or less in sympathy with the principles of the bill. It is a peculiar circumstance that in those counties where the revolutionary workers are strong the M. P.'s are in such sympathy with the workers.

The debate dragged on till finally, to get rid of the bill, it was sent to a committee.

The little bill to have the government employ labor eight hours a day produced a tempest in teapot among the members. The bill so small and innocuous has stirred up much criticism among the labor thieves' upholders. It would be curious to watch the antics of these members should a real revolutionary get to Ottawa and propose bills would while for labor. Suppose a Socialist should move that the national debt be repudiated, or the C. P. R. be confiscated, or the properties of the Dominion Coal Company be handed over to the miners and other workers to run in their own interests. Suppose a socialist should move that the Governor-Generals pro tem be requested to give up their labor-thieving rents and revenues which they get from plundering British laborers or give up their job, what a powwow they would be.

These measures, of course, will never pass a bourgeois parliament. The workers will have to get down on their knees and beg their masters for a little better living conditions before the masters will even deign to listen. Until the workers learn the lesson that they must depend upon themselves for their own emancipation, they will live in slavery, and the Alphonse Vervilles will be timorous before the representatives of capitalism.

In the discussion in the House of Commons over the eight hour day it was peculiar to note how these members who came from counties in which the working vote is strong, sympathized with their lips with labor. Some day the workers will confer upon these lip sympathizers the insignia of the ancient order of the grand kibosh, and will elect doers instead of talkers.

In the discussion over the eight hour day at Ottawa some of the Liberals and Conservatives got to wrangling over the question of which party had done the most for the workingmen. If the workingmen were wise they would vote both old parties into the limbo of forgotten things and elect workingmen.

The progress of the race is coming, not because of the capitalist class, but in spite of it.

When Socialism grows strong in Canada the struggle for power will lead the labor thieves to have repressive laws passed.

The capitalist class are scared to work for their daily bread. They are in the same class with the tramp who refuses to do useful work.

The abolition of private property in the means of production will be a great boon to the people who are not afraid of work.

"When will the fight for the capture of economic power be on in the States?" I asked Bill Haywood. "It is on now," He replied.

Free access to the means of earning a livelihood will be guaranteed under Socialism. Capitalism will always have its unemployed problem.

The Canadian government does not like freedom. If it did it would not put it in the power of any company to force men into wage slavery.

Socialism has its idealisms. But its idealisms are based on material scientific deductions and not on the pipe dreams of arm chair dreamers.

"I do not dare to preach Christianity to you. It would be too revolutionary," J. Stitt Wilson to the plutes of Montreal.

The capitalist system has produced numerous wrecks in Canada. Recorder Weir and Dupuis in Montreal and the various other recorders in the other cities are busy lecturing those wrecks, produced by the capitalist system, on the evil of their ways and the wickedness of being wrecks.

It has been found that corruption arises where private interests conflict with the interests of the public. Under a socialist system this corruption could not arise as all the interests would be public and there would be no malefactors of great wealth who could debauch the public servants.

LLOYD GEORGE

Asquith and Lloyd-George differ in their policies. Asquith is cold, calculating, a great hedger. George is headlong and revolutionary. Asquith promises and hedges. He will give the suffrage to women—when they show they want it. He will draw the teeth of the Lordly tiger—that is he will file them a little. He is going to give the people a little more democratic government. He is going to give the workers a little relief in the shape of taxing the Lords just a little.

The difference between Asquith and George is due to their different training and their different constituencies. Asquith wants to win the middle class of Great Britain. Lloyd-George is a Welshman and appeals to a Welsh constituency. There is the difference.

The Welsh to a large degree are miners. They have won the eight hour day. They go to work at six in the morning and quit at two o'clock in the afternoon. They have time to dress and be civilized.

They have time to read and discuss questions. They understand economic questions. The Socialists have been permeating the countryside and the Welsh are not slow to learn.

Consequently George is appealing to his audience. In a revolutionary centre he can talk of revolution and the almost complete abolition of the Lords.

Asquith, appeals to the middle class. He thinks he is playing a winning game, but he is in danger of getting shoved aside. It is the revolutionary George who gets the applause when he appears at an English meeting. It is Asquith who is received with coolness.

Asquith must wake up or he will get left. The time has gone by for appealing to the middle classes. Great Britain is composed of a plutocracy and a democracy. The lines are being drawn sharply and Asquith will find himself between two hostile forces. Asquith is the weakness of the Liberal party. George gives it its strength.

But the time is soon approaching when even George will no longer be listened to with hope by the British people. The day of the Victor Graysons is near.

THE WOMAN WITH THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

William Watson, wrote a poem entitled "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." William Watson has declared that this poem is a composite picture of Mrs. and Miss Asquith, wife and daughter of the Premier of Great Britain.

At once the plute papers begin an onslaught on William Watson. All sorts of hard names are hurled at him. Thus the Winnipeg Telegram declares that to take revenge upon a woman is surely as unusual among poets as unknown among gentlemen. An excited press is running to the defence of two women attacked by a pen. Gentlemen will more or less shun William Watson and a bourgeois world will swell out its breast and declare that womanhood is sacred and will be protected. No doubt many ministers of the gospel will use this illustration as an example of the uplift the church has had on the chivalry of the world and the capitalist apologists will declare that the system is ideally good.

I wish I could see eye to eye with these blind people. It would be so much more comfortable to go through this life with rosy enthusiasm for present institutions. But I know that the whole rushing to the protection of the women attacked is nothing but a cowardly sham.

You see Mrs. and Miss Asquith are two ladies whose husband and father is a millionaire. He is moreover the Premier of Great Britain and at his word Lord's are made and good fat contracts are given. He is the de facto head of the British Empire.

So when a bold poet dares criticize these two women, a timorous capitalist press and place hunting politicians and men who want to be on the side of the big battalions and the money power, rush to the defence of two women who have powerful natural protectors. All these persons rave over the dignity of womanhood and the horrible ungallantry of Watson. And a hypocritical press and a smug bourgeoisie pat themselves on the back because of the wild vociferations on behalf of women who need not their assistance.

This same press and these same attackers of Watson are arrant cowards. They care nothing for womanhood as such. They are care nothing about the rank injustices of our present society. They only raise their voices on behalf of the powerful.

When a departmental store will keep women standing twelve hours a day they raise not a cry against the store. When cotton mills pay wages below the cost of living and women in a weary world must do the best they can to make up the difference, this same capitalist press will fawn on the cotton mill proprietors. When a Rev. Arthur French and a Recorder Weir will snarl and rage against the prostitutes of Montreal, women who have found their sloping shoulders too weak to bear the heavy economic burdens placed upon them by the capitalist system and have sunk under the burden, there is not a cry raised against these hounds of law. Nay. They are praised as the protectors of society. Away with the prostitute, to jail with her. Ye are mighty and valiant men, gentlemen recorders. When a brutal Gladstone will give the order to forcibly feed suffragettes, women of delicate sensibilities, the capitalist press of Canada will sneer at the sufferings of the women and will praise the ungallant Gladstone.

The Winnipeg Telegram declares that to take revenge upon women is surely as unusual among poets as it is unknown among gentlemen. What about the prostitutes of our big cities? Who are bearing the burden of the iniquities of gentlemen more than these women? And do not gentlemen Lauriers and Borden pass laws taking revenge upon them because they bear the sins of Society? Do not gentlemen judges pass harsh sentences upon them? Do not Captains of Police get their Christmas dinners out of the gifts made to them by women of ill fame out of their dead earnings? Do not Ministers of the Gospel thunder against them? Do not Salvation Army men and women live by herding these women into their horrible barracks? And do not these women go to their death in a few years because they have borne the sins of society?

Under the capitalist system there is no protection for the woman who has to earn her own living in an overcrowded market. Gentlemen are the first to revenge themselves upon these women; and judges and lawyers prey on them. The whole of society takes revenge on

But when a poet writes a poem against two women whose husband and father is perfectly able to protect them, the whole of the capitalist press, run to their assistance needlessly and declare that womanhood must be protected from revenge.

I would say it is to laugh were it not so tragic.

THE MONTREAL INVESTIGATION

The Montreal investigation has been held and the report is out. In this report Judge Cannon declares the aldermen have been corrupt and that twenty-five per cent. of the city funds have been wasted.

Immediately there is a great outcry and the citizens of Montreal are talking about jailing the guilty ones. The horrible corruption must not be allowed to go unpunished. As Dean Walton of McGill declared, the decent citizens must be avenged.

There is a peculiar thing about the investigation. Only little men were caught. Little aldermen in little deals with little men. The trail of the graft higher up was lost. There was just one hint of the graft leading up to some of the big chaps, but it was quickly denied and quickly hushed up. I do not consider that this investigation is anything wonderful. Montreal is in the grip of powerful combines and if there were anything these combines had wanted they would have got it. When the big public franchises were being handed out about a dozen years ago, every one remembers the evil odor that spread from the city hall, clear up to the big men.

Just at present it is evident that there was little to be given away and the aldermen had to exercise their privileges of graft in small ways. There were no big financial deals on. There were no big men interested in plundering the city. The aldermen therefore stood alone without powerful backing.

That being the case it was a good time to have a moral reform wave sweep over the city. The big men helped the reform. An investigation was held. The little men were caught. The people are again fooled with the idea that righteousness rules and that our institutions respond to the will of the people and that the grafters will be caught.

But let some big deal be on hand whereby the rights of the people are to be betrayed and there will be another story to tell. When millions are involved, a campaign will be laid out. Corruption will get in its fine work at Ottawa, at Quebec and at Montreal. The wheels will be greased all the way to the national and provincial capitals. There will be subsidized campaigns in the plute press about development and the initiative of our big business men. And the people will wake up to the fact that another tentacle of the plutocracy has been fastened upon the people.

When only little men are involved let us have investigations. It will serve to fool the people and it will also get rid of the petty grafters who are in the way when a big deal is to be consummated. Let there be publicity and a talk of civic righteousness. While the public eye is upon the small grafters the big business thieves can fasten their suckers upon the purses of the people without the people waking up to the fact of what is going on.

Supposing a man should discover a way of making fires without coal or wood. Supposing society should say to that man that he, because of his discovery, should have full control over the new fire stuff and get all there was in it. Suppose through this means all the coal miners and makers of coal cars and teamsters and furnace men now employed in dealing with coal should lose their employment. Would society be justified in being proud of itself for handing over to one man the fires of a nation and of depriving millions of men of their means of livelihood? Yet that is just what society continually does under capitalism. A Harriman rises and consolidates roads and throws men out of employment. A sugar trust rises and closes eighty mills. A Standard Oil arises and ruins thousands of men. Would it not be a wiser system to have the means of life owned, controlled and run by the nation for the good of the nation?

The members of parliament are not to be blamed for supporting capitalism. That is what they were sent there to do.

Keep away from Spring-
hill. There is a Strike on.

LABOR PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Capital for humanity and not for the capitalist is the demand of the Socialist.

The horrors of Christian capitalism equal the horrors of pagan civilization.

When the workers get their eyes open there will be things happening to the pluteland.

If a capitalist paper talks of war, that is all right. If a Socialist paper talks of war, that is anarchy.

It is the duty of Socialism to rescue Christ from the clutches of plute Christianity.

If the worker likes to live in wage slavery and jump at the bellow of a boss, why that is the thing the worker likes.

The coming of the giant machine has rendered it unnecessary for Society to build a system of culture on the basis of human slavery, whether that slavery be chattel or wage.

When Socialism comes prostitution will disappear. Until Socialism does come our Recordors can get their living by looking fierce and talking bold to the prostitutes.

The workers fear a capitalist tyranny and the capitalists fear a labor tyranny. The only way to remove this fear from both classes is to abolish the capitalist class.

The charity organizations of Montreal are declaring that there will be little suffering from unemployment this winter. You see there are only five thousand out of work; which, to plute ways of reckoning, is very good indeed.

The problem of suffering and sorrow worries the religious minister a great deal. So much that they keep whacking away at it instead of getting up and hustling for the overthrow of the system that makes the suffering.

SHIRT WAIST STRIKERS

The shirt waist makers of New York city have been striking against the employers. The girls want living conditions and living wages. Many of the bosses have yielded but others are hanging out.

A peculiar think about this strike is the interest shown by some of the rich women of New York city. A committee of the girl strikers appeared before the members of one of the richest and most exclusive woman's club of the city to explain the reason of the strike and the conditions under which the girls work. A collection was taken up and bills of large denomination were contributed. And Morgan is deeply interested. The strikers have got the ear of the rich women.

It is a peculiar situation. J. Pierpont Morgan crushes out all unionism from the steel plants. His daughter backs the girl strikers of New York city. This is an apparent contradiction, but yet it is explainable. The shirt waist makers are employed by little bosses. There are no big dividends for the Morgans in the shirt waists made by the little employers. The Morgans therefore can become interested and back the strikers.

Moreover the rich women of New York do not care about the prices of shirt waists as ordinarily made. They are not financially interested either as producers or consumers. Consequently they can back the strikers against their bosses, and appear to be real sympathetic and philanthropic.

But let a strike take place in the steel mills or street railways or in the large factories from which the women draw their revenues and there would be a different tale to tell. The rich women would retire to the background while policemen and soldiery would succeed in driving the horrible workers back to work and "pacify" the people and sustain law and order.

It is nice for the rich to help the strikers against the little bosses. It is also good at present that such powerful interests take up the cause of the strikers. Nevertheless the class conscious workers will not forget that they must fight for their interests themselves. The strikers will remember that the working classes have little to hope for in the way of amelioration from the master class.

LABOR THIEVES

Many labor thieves do not like the way Cotton's Weekly dubs them. These labor thieves, who have an inkling of the Socialist economics, become the apologists of their class. They point out that the Socialists recognize the great capitalists as the means whereby the economic organization is prepared for the consumption of the Socialist State. They point out the doctrine of economic determinism and say that Socialists themselves admit that man is governed by his economic interests and that therefore the capitalists should not be blamed for their capitalist mode of living.

All the above is admitted. Cotton's Weekly does not blame the capitalists for being capitalists. But the labor thieves who become the apologists of their class do not state truly why they object to Cotton's stand.

The reason they object is because Cotton's Weekly dubs them "labor thieves and will not let them slide comfortably into the ranks of Socialism while they still have the capitalist outlook. It is so nice and comfortable to say, "You know I am a Socialist. I think that the workers should get all they earn. But you know as long as the capitalist system lasts there must be capitalists." Such people like to talk of the brotherhood of man and the rights of the workers and to give the glad hand to the Socialist lecturer who deals in glittering generalities, and to feel the warm glow of companionship in their hearts, and then to go home and eat the fine food prepared by good cooks while the workers are locked out of the mill or go with empty bellies and houseless bodies through the winter's cold.

I recognize that as long as capitalism lasts there must be capitalists, just as I recognize that as long as the farmers do not get up and hustle, their fields of corn will be choked with weeds. I recognize that the Socialist state is an unfolding out of the capitalist state just as I recognize that rich soil fit for bountiful harvests is due to the past vegetation that grew and rotted and enriched the barren soil. But because I recognize that the rich soil has been produced by the rotting of past weeds is not to state that I want weeds in the farmer's fields in this twentieth century. And because I recognize that weeds are a natural product of the ground and should not be condemned for being weeds, is no reason why I should want to see them growing plenteously in grain fields. In the same way because I do not blame the capitalists for being capitalists and labor thieves, it is no reason why I should desire to see these capitalists fasten themselves on the labor of workers. And because past capitalism is producing the Socialist state it is no reason why I want to be overly nice to the present capitalists who control the government and persuade the corrupt legislators to give them greater and greater privileges to the detriment of the useful toilers.

If the capitalists want me to recognize them as natural products of the past economic conditions and ignorant workers, I am willing to do so. But when they come to me and tell me that I should recognize them as brother Socialists with the good of the workers at heart I ask them "What are you doing?" Their answers are generally lame and then I laugh at them. They are capitalist-minded creatures who want to be thought well of; and their Socialism is a sham just as their religion is a sham and their moral ethics are shams and their words about honesty and business integrity are shams.

I am willing to recognize capitalist as Socialists who are willing to abolish themselves as capitalists and are willing to merge their own interests in the interests of the working classes striving to attain economic emancipation. But I do not recognize as socialists those capitalist henchmen who say Socialism, Socialism with their lips, but whose hearts are with the labor thieves.

Glorious news comes from all over the world of the advance of Socialism. It is actually being discussed in the House of Lords. But the Lords, poor creatures, do not know what Socialism is. All they know is that it is some sort of bugaboo to be frightened at.

"SHINE SIR"

(Short Story)

By GEO. TOSELAND

The night was Christmas eve. The family were gathered around the fire having a merry time. We were having the usual yule-tide pastime, telling yarns. Blood curdling ghost stories kept the children's eyes open, peering into every dark corner of the room. The older folks had formed a half circle facing the bright log on the open hearth, each one taking their turn story telling. Romance and adventures, true and fictitious, brought laughter and sighs. Jokes cracked in the ark and the latest Punch, side-splitting mingled with accounts of panic in a recent earthquake, made the evening a typical Christmas gathering.

It was Uncle Jim's turn and we pressed him for the most sensational incident in his adventures in foreign lands.

Uncle Jim was an old Crimean veteran and had served in many wars. He had a head full of stories and we looked for something good, knowing it would be true. He took a lot of coaxing, but we would not excuse him, he must tell us just one story.

For future reference and in memory of the dear old man who shortly after passed over the great divide, I penned these lines, and those who doubt the truthfulness should live in the slums of some large city and take the news first hand of starvation in the land of prosperity. This is the story that was told.

Well, children, you ask for the most sensational incident in my adventures. I do not like to relate a story that would cover the sun of mirth with clouds of sadness, and shade the merry sunbeams on your faces and cover them with sad thoughts of sorrow for those who live and die in the underworld.

You ask me for a sensational story, a story that could stir the hard heart of a soldier into lifetime remembrance, and the pick of a gem amidst thousands of jewels.

Being an old soldier, you expect a story of blood and fire, or some heroic deed, or may be a sensational moment when life and death swayed in the balance. All of these I could relate many times, but the story I have to tell occurred in this town not an hour's walk from this house, in a neighborhood well known to you all, but shunned by people of your stamp.

It was the most heart-rending incident I was ever up against. Many times in the ranks my comrades have fallen bleeding at my feet, and one I remember ran several steps headless before falling. I have crawled wounded in retreat over hundreds of dead and dying, and through rivers of blood. But war is only a trade, we expect to meet with horror, it's our price for bread.

I was taking a stroll last Christmas, just a year ago. It was early morning. Damp fog and sleet falling made the streets muddy and breathing difficult. Shivering with cold, I cut short my morning walk. Passing the market place on my way home, I was astonished to see the little boot black in his usual place, just under the fish monger's arch. I wondered what could bring a boy out of a warm home to try and raise a penny on such a day as this, and especially such a delicate child as this little fellow, with his thin weak body and hollow eyes, half clothes and shoeless.

I had been in the habit of getting my shoes cleaned every day by this lad, for over a year. There were times they did not need it, but something like a look of sadness on his face when I passed him without my usual shine, prompted me to employ the lad every day. The smile of thanks alone was worth the penny.

But to-day I shivered at the thought of standing in that draughty archway, so pulling the muffler high around my face, I would have passed on, but the lad faced me with his usual cry, "Shine sir?" Gad! how that face haunts me. It seems to be engraved on my brain. Even at night it gets mixed up in my dreams. I see the large eyes and hollow cheeks, teeth chattering with cold, and skin of a yellow tint, but clean. But the expression, I cannot find words to convey.

I had seen it on the face of a dying man, out on the battle field; but never before on the face of a child.

Well! I handed the boy a penny and received his silent thanks and again resumed my walk. Just as I was turning into High Street, I felt someone pulling the tail of my coat, it was the young boot black out of breath with running. I had given him a florin in mistake. I always admired honesty, so I took the lad to a nearby coffee house to reward him with a hot feed.

I was astonished to see, when the food was placed before him, he was in no hurry to eat, and instead of a happy look on his face, he was crying.

We sat at a small table in one corner of the dining-room. No one was near to interrupt our conversation, so I extracted the life story of this frail child.

He could not eat, he said, while his mother lay in a damp cellar without fire, dying of that dreadful disease so common in the slums of the cities. His father was a reserve man, but fell in the African campaign. Mother had made a scant living, carding buttons in a nearby factory. But she took consumption, and the health inspector made complaints. The buttons sewn on by a consumptive were dangerous to the public. They moved from their attic home, to a cheaper place in the basement. The youngster started blacking shoes to make a living for the two. He did fairly well in the summer, as their expenses were low; but in the winter, they needed fire and coal was so very dear. Often they lived days on a crust of bread, that they

might buy a little coal to warm the damp cellar.

But to-day their fire was out and their money gone. His mother was worse, and did not want him to go out, saying there would be no one needing a shine to-day. "But I thought of you sir," said the lad, "and pennies I knew were there, so I walked to the same old spot for you to come."

After I heard his story I got him to eat a little and accompanied him home. After walking about a mile through some of the worst streets of the town, we turned up one alley more narrow and black than any of the previous ones.

At the corner I noticed a shop that sold most everything. It was a kind of general merchant business, but compared favorably with the community in which it was situated.

We went inside. I ordered eatables and fuel to be delivered at the boy's address. The boy did not thank me in words, but his look of gratitude spoke more than any tongue could speak.

I noticed that his step was lighter until we reached a door under a long dark building. There he stood for a few seconds, paler than ever. "I do not hear her cough," he whispered to me. Then with trembling hand he opened the door.

What happened after that, I have only a slight recollection. I remember walking into a cellar as cold as the air outside. It was several seconds before I could see. When I got used to the darkness, I discovered a little of straw in the corner, and what appeared to be a few rags covering the prostrate body of his mother.

With a cry half human, such as one hears on the battle field, the shoe black ran across the room and threw himself down by the side of the dead body, with his arms encircling its neck.

I turned away, I could not bear to witness the sorrow of the newly made orphan. I have seen comrades fall dead and wounded at my feet and have climbed over their bodies. But we soldiers expect that as it is our price of bread. But in a land of plenty, where God is the God of Gold, to see his victims falling and the sorrow of the underworld is more than an old soldier can bear without cursing a system that draws the blood from the workers, and makes it into pleasures for the idle.

I surveyed the contents of the cellar home. It contained little more than the hole of a bear. I had heard of such places before, but never dreamed of there being any in this city. I thought that this country was free from the likes of this.

Just then a rat went scurrying across the floor and dived into a hole in the wall. I thought of the warm beds of straw and the piles of eatables collected from the neighborhood, stored away in some obscure nook, the home of rats, a little paradise, free from the care of this world. But to think of human beings starving when the fruits of the earth lay rotting, was a puzzle, more than my brain could conceive.

With my back to mother and son, I had forgotten them in my meditation for a few seconds. The thought of death came back to me with a shock. Then I remembered that I had not heard a sound of the boy since that one blood curdling cry.

I thought of arousing him and getting him away from this place, but he took no notice of my calls, so taking him by the arm I lifted him up.

It's hard to relate the finish, but you ask for a story that clings to me like death. This one was the turning point of my life, when I swore I'd help stamp out a system of misery, and establish Christ's kingdom on earth.

Well! the boy was dead. The doctor said it was caused by the shock when his body was in bad condition, through lack of nourishment.

I called in some neighbours and did what I could for the dead. When leaving that dark hole some time later, I met the man from the corner store wheeling a truck of coal had several paper wrapped parcels.

But it was too late. Dauphin, Man.

Hands Across the Chasm

President Taft spoke in a Bowers mission the other day. He announced that one of his objects in speaking to the poor derelicts of the slums was to convince his hearers "that the so-called chasm between you and those who seem for the time being to be more fortunate is not so much of a chasm after all."

It has been a principle of the Socialist philosophy from the beginning that the slum proletariat is the tool of reaction. It is too weak, physically and mentally, too exhausted and crushed, to struggle against oppression. In every period of unrest it has been used by the ruling class as a tool with which to fight any real militant movement of labor. Taft would use it in the same way today. With Joe Cannon, he would give aid and comfort to the supporters of Tammany hall in New York, just as with Lorimer he lends aid to Roger Sullivan and the Brennans, Hinky Dinks and Bathhouse Johns of this city.

He is nearer right than might be thought when he declares that the chasm between the slum and boulevard is "not so much of a chasm after all." The criminal outcasts of the slum are always close to the predatory criminals of the boulevard. They are allies in the war against those who would throw off the exploiting class.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

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Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

Rensen shaved himself and put on the ready-made suit he had bought for Sunday wear. It was a respectable lead color with green stripes; the sack coat had large horn buttons and a correct slit on the back. A turnover collar, gray tie and felt hat made up the costume, a bargain at eleven dollars and sixteen cents.

He breakfasted heartily in the restaurant below, oatmeal, fruit, pancake, sausage and coffee, while trying to follow a half-foreign conversation on politics and music. The proprietor seemed at home on the subjects; he brought the oatmeal saying the tariff was too high and delivered a steaming pancake with the remark that Beethoven ist ein unsterblicher Gott.

"May I ask, sir," a long-nosed fellow man suddenly accosted Rensen—"what you voted last election?"

"The last election?"

"Yes, you are a citizen, I guess?"

"I did not vote. I was in the country," said Rensen.

"But the election before?"

"I don't remember," which caused the long-nosed questioner to snort—something about citizens who do not vote.

"But what is your vote of the future of music?" demanded the pale wavy-haired young man at the other table.

"Ach, Beethoven ist im Himmel," said the proprietor.

"That is not the question. Kindly answer me, sir, do you think progress lies in an entirely new direction or must we go back somewhat to the classic?"

"I agree with you," said Rensen absently, wondering how such questions came to be discussed here.

"You agree with me? You agree with me?" exclaimed the young man rapidly and came over to his table.

"Is it sure you have heard of me and my work as cantor in the congregation Beth-Israel? I have composed many songs, a sonata and two operas."

"Music is one thing, political duty is another," said the long-nosed man rising. "Fritz, give me my bill."

"Pardon me if I ask you for a cigarette," resumed the cantor.

"Thanks. As I was saying, my voice is tenor and I have sung in the best synagogues uptown, but the East Side is my home."

"Is there much music on the East Side?" asked Rensen.

"My dear man! What a question! Music is based on suffering, we suffer, and we have the best music in the city. We are the musical centre of New York. Where do the violinists, where do the pianists and song writers come from?"

"Ach, Beethoven," sighed the fat, red-faced proprietor.

"He was an example. Miserable, except in his art. I starved for six years before I gained my place as cantor. Look at the Russians, they are great because they are sad. They are highly sincere, and the Jew has the same merit."

"Do you advocate misery?"

"I do not know," said the vivacious cantor. "Only it is a fact that grief is like a grain of sand that makes the pearl. Doubtless millions of souls are killed by it; a few produce immortal harmonies. But let me advise you, sir, to get acquainted with the East Side music. . . . I must go now. Auf Wiedersehen!"

Rensen started out that evening with the idea of looking into East Side music. He did not know especially where to go.

After wandering through tenement streets and streets with rows of old brick houses, clamorous frowly localities, alleys of gloom, past cigar stores with siren attendants, he came to the brilliantly lighted, populous Bowery. An electric sign heralded the Vienna Garden, admission ten cents. The doorman, however, said that it was fifteen cents on Sunday night. Inside the large hall, fringed with artificial palms, several hundred people sat at round tables, drinking beer and listening to the concert. A low gallery was partly occupied by men and women who wore diamonds, evidently prosperous merchants and their wives. German family parties, sailors, clerks, mechanics, longshoremen, street girls and working girls, made up the lower audience. The held an orchestra of twelve pieces, and in front stood a woman in short red skirt and magenta net stockings. Her head was bent, her bare plump powdered arms stretched in coquetish appeal of the song she was singing:

I love you, boys, don't leave me.
When I am gone you'll grieve me.
Don't go away.
Stay just to-day.
Be jolly and tra-la-la-la-la!

Doubting that this was the music he sought, Rensen soon made for the door, when he saw at a corner table Tom Locker, dressed in a gray cutaway, a brown derby hat, a seal ring on a massive finger. Altogether he was the popular type of the handsome athletic young man of fashion.

"Hello, Otis," shouted Tom, good-naturedly. "Come over here and have a beer. Say, I'll give you an introduction to my friend here. Sonia, shake with Mr. Otis, the only lad that ever had the nerve to hit yours truly."

Rensen immediately recognized the girl who sat in the window opposite his room, working at a sewing machine. A closer view was disappointing. The trim figure, the swarthy oval features, quick black eyes and short, curly hair had a boyish beauty; all feminine was her smile and the softness of a throaty voice.

"The concert is very interesting," said Rensen, out of polite habit.

"Do you think so?" retorted the girl with a confusing quickness.

"The audience is interesting," he

amended, noting that she wore something in olive green and a jaunty turban.

"You can't jolly Sonia," observed Tom largely. "She's the president of the Ladies' Shirt Waist Union and I guess there's more ginger in her than any man east of the Bowery."

"Is that a fact—the Ladies' Shirt Waist Union? How many members have you, Miss Sonia?" Rensen thought she could not be more than nineteen.

"About two hundred in my local," said the girl.

"It must be a difficult job to manage all the business connected with it."

"You bet your life," exclaimed Tom, ordering three beers by finger language. "Them girls fight like cats—but they think they're going to do more than all us men."

"The men have done so little, it's time the women took a hand," said Sonia with a sharpness of tone.

"Now what have you done?" Tom emptied his glass, with a grumble, because it was thick in the bottom.

"That's a question for the men," replied the girl disdainfully. "They have been organized a hundred years and they have only knocked off an hour or two of work and added ten or twenty cents to their pay. The women won't be like that. When they once understand a thing they go the whole length."

"How far can you go with a sewing machine?" asked the young molder, winking at Rensen.

"We sew many things with the sewing machine." The sparkling black eyes ignored Tom and fastened on the other. "As well as shirt waists we make shrouds."

"Shrouds. . . . Rensen decided there was some uncomfortable meaning. "The new machines," he said, vaguely, recalling an advertisement, "make very little noise, I believe."

"Yes, separately; but when they all go together and join all the other wheels in the country, there may be a whirl loud enough to wake the nation."

He wondered. "Isn't poverty an incurable disease?"

She smiled strangely. "Yes, as long as the doctors of poverty are paid to keep it incurable."

"Say, there's a peach in a low neck," cried Tom, as a new singer took the platform. Finding himself ignored by Sonia, he sulked a little, but soon became cheerful, drinking beer and applauding the performance.

"Did you ever think," said Rensen, "that the rich suffer from their wealth? Is not poverty conducive to a noble life?"

"All that line of talk is based on priest superstition," replied the girl, decisively. "It is all crooked and twisted. Wealth, which hypocrites and sentimentalists denounce, is the life blood of the people. When it is equally distributed it nourishes all, but when it gathers in one spot it makes tumors, while the rest of the body is starved."

"Then it is only the excess or deficit that causes misery?"

"Nothing else. All life and happiness is owed to wealth, evenly distributed. We need enough for comfort, not enough to be idle."

He was reminded that his own life had been successful in the early years of moderation, and only fell off in the last decade of superfluity. But he said—

"Suppose wealth distributed equally, wouldn't it be a bagatelle in raising the standard of comfort?"

"Have you read much on the subject?" retorted Sonia.

"I can't say that I have. May I ask you what you have read?"

The girl cited a list of books on economics, foreign and domestic; United States government reports, statistics of state labor, and incidentally mentioned the Russian novelists. The mere titles and names sounded strange to his ears.

"Then it isn't much use to argue with me," said Rensen, smiling, albeit nettled. "I suppose you have studied at some university?"

"I have a degree," answered Sonia coolly. "Yes, from the sewing machine."

He looked at her boyish beautiful face. The diploma is pricked on your fingers, I see.

"Yes, and elsewhere. In that way we don't forget our studies."

"Still, you might answer my question about there not being enough to go around, supposing wealth were equally divided."

"I'll answer it," she said, "because I don't think you realize it is a dishonest question. Even if the people had five cents a piece stolen from them, it wouldn't be honest. But in this country every rich man appropriates the industry of thousands of the poor. One baby uptown has more money spent on it than is used on the life and death of five thousand East Side children—one young lady of fashion spends enough on her self to redeem all the street-walkers below. Fourteenth street."

Sonia did not raise her voice at all; it seemed a familiar subject to her; but she looked steadily and seriously at the young man.

(To be continued)

"Within ten years the value of prosperity in the U. S. has doubled. We now have property worth or 'capitalized' at a hundred billion dollars. Divided per capita, every man, woman or child in the U. S. would be worth \$1,250. Divided among families every family would have more than \$6,000."—World's Work, January, 1907.

According to the report of the Bureau of Labor statistics of New York State for 1892, the family income of the laboring class was on the average, approximately \$750.00. The average family expenditure was as follows—for subsistence \$377.00; clothing \$136; rent \$90; fuel \$8.00; sundry expenses including savings \$113."

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

The Street Corner Orators

Rose E. Shirland.
Aloft on his stool o'er the crowd,
Prophetic and earnest he stands.
His bearing defiant, unbowed
By toil that has coarsened his hands.

His face, weather-beaten and worn,
Stray silver amid the black hair,
Deep eyes that behold a new morn
Arising o'er hills of despair.

A spirit wide-soaring and strong,
That thrills through each eloquent word,
Magnetic it flows, till the throng
To swifter emotion is stirred.

His gestures are free as his tongue,
He throws down the gauntlet to power,
Imaginary monsters are flung
To earth, where neath clenched hands they cower.

Behind them in dark silhouette
The factory giants arise,
Where daily men toil and forget
The wonder of woodland and skies.

But now, looking up, they behold
The glory of cloud-gleam and star;
His words a new area unfold,
And hope seems now lagged, nor far.

He speaks of a day when the earth
Shall give of her bounty to all,
With labour a blessing, and mirth
To dance where the shadows now fall.

A herald of Hope for a space,
To-morrow to labour he goes,
But, lighting his fine furrowed face
Is joy of the Truth that he knows.

—London Justice.

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing
With the flame of Liberty;
Light is breaching—thrones are
quaking.

Hark! the trumpet of the free!
Long in lowly whispers breathing
Freedom wandered drearily—
Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing

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

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

Soon the slave shall cease to sorrow,
Cease to toil in agony;
Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow
Over land and over sea—
"Brethren, shout!—ye are all free!"

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

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

GOOD BOOKS TO CIRCULATE

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 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.

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Underneath his prejudice and ignorance, every man is a Socialist.

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\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

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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, Socialist Headquarters at 22 St. Lawrence, Montreal.

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 528 Chatham St., Montreal.

READ

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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

143 Cordova St. W.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

FI

W. V. N. E. R. B. J. N. D. Alex. a bund. Alex. subs. A. Kee. W. a year. A. h. Rumfo. M. N. Cotton. A. Two. Heathe. Five. the lat. from C. Cotton. year. The. Berlin. H. Man. Percy. brain f. a halfe. Six h. ward l. comman. W. W. Santa. four ye. The. Comrad. Y. T. Wm. ten tri. just for. H. H. takes s. and a c. "Here. for you. Comrad. Six h. the late. Legge. H. E. takes a. along th. wigwag. Two y. ers from. Winnipeg. catch so. Alex. wants to. Western. months. F. L. wants f. quant. along a. Two y. circula. pliments. Machinis.

FIRING LINE

The Top Notchers

W. W. Jones, Sask. 14
E. N. Crandell, Sask. 12
R. Brydson, Toronto, Ont. 11
Wm. Watts, Ont. 11
Jules Lavigne, N. S. 10

N. Deskin, St. John, N. B., takes a bundle of Cotton's for his local.

Alex McDonald, Calgary, becomes a subscriber for a year.

A trial per Comrade Charles McKee, Gowanda, Ont.

W. L. McNeil, Star City, captured a yearly and duly delivered him.

A half yearly from Peter Henry, Rumford Falls, Me.

M. Murawetich, Cobalt, revisits Cotton's with a halfer.

Two yearlies from Comrade Geo. Heatherston, Greenwood, B. C.

Five trials and six half yearlies are the latest contribution to Cotton's from Comrade R. Brydson, Toronto.

A. Crego, Kimmount, Ont., finds Cotton's good, so he renews for a year.

The price of a bundle for Local 4, Berlin and a trial come per Comrade H. Martin.

Percy J. Ashby, Cobalt, wants the brain food delivered to a yearly and a halfer.

Six halfers and a trial went forward last week to Toronto at the command of Comrade Alex. Lyons.

W. W. Jones, Alameda, Sask., Santa Claus into Cotton's with four yearlies and ten halfers.

The price of a yearly comes from Comrade David McCullen, Dawson, Y. T.

Wm. Watts sends along his usual ten trials with a halfer thrown in just for luck.

H. E. Hatch, Kelowna, B. C., takes six half yearlies and a yearly and a copy of Merrie England.

"Here is one year's subscription for your excellent paper," writes Comrade W. Franks of Galt, Ont.

Six halfers and his own renewal is the latest stunt of Comrade T. B. Legge, Brandon, Man.

H. E. Bushey, Kingston, Ont., takes a halfer and guides two trials along the foot path that leads to the wigwam.

Two yearlies and two three monthers from Comrade John Meier of Winnipeg. He is certain he can catch some more for the wigwam.

Alex. McDonald, Calgary, Alta., wants to try the dope on three Westerners for the space of six months.

F. L. Jennings, Kentville, N. S., wants five of his friends to get acquainted with the paper. So sends along a trial sub for each.

Two yearlies make their bow to the circulation man and bring the compliments of the Association of Machinists, Vancouver, B. C.

Ole J. Giarde, Radford, Y. T., says we are handing out the right dose all right and wants it for a year.

A yearly and six halfers is the way Comrade John E. Peterson, Unity, Sask., feels about spreading the ideas of Socialism.

Wm. Taylor, Winnipeg, takes six half yearlies on the road to Socialism and inveigles Com. F. Erickson to head another band of the same stripe.

G. W. Staples, Steelton, Ont., writes, "Enclosed please find money order for one dollar for four half yearly subs. Expect to hear from me again in the near future."

J. Watson, Winnipeg, enters two halfers on the ledgers of the dope sheet and says that the wage slaves are waking up although the cursory onlooker might not perceive the fact.

W. T. Buckell, Conjuring Creek, Alta., is alone on a ranch with fifty head of cattle to tend to. Nevertheless he has the time to rustle up a yearly and two halfers.

Mrs. Joseph Leonard Allen sends a sub clear from West Fernie, B. C. Mrs. Leonard was the first woman to join the local three or four years ago. Wants to see more articles on Questions for Women.

W. A. Rideout, Airdrie, Alta., brings five trials to take off their shoes at the portals of the temple of reconstructed society and to listen to the truth as trumpeted through Cotton's.

I. A. Austin, Nelson, B. C., forwards a yearly and writes, "We had five converts at last local meeting. We are glad to see the plugs getting saved. We had Comrade Gribble with us a short time and he certainly can deliver the goods in fine shape and we hope he may return this way. We will promise them a full house."

Edgar N. Crandell, Clearfield, Sask., writes, "You look to me to fire in the subs; I'm going to fire in a few." With this statement comes the price of twelve halfers. Comrade Crandell was responsible for thirty subs dropping Cotton's way last summer and he is evidently on the warpath again.

Six halfers come from Comrade Geo. H. Townsend with the comment, "I am hoping you will come to me more strongly on the necessity of Industrial Unionism." Our vote will be of little use without it. We the working class must be able to take hold when the mandate of the ballot comes."

F. Reynolds, Beaver Point, B. C. Geo. McMillan, LaCalmette, Alta.; P. D. Mills, Vancouver, B. C.; F. J. Caldwell, Cobalt, Ont.; Wm. Reveley, New Ontario, Ont.; R. Heilinger, Montreal, G. W. Graham, Grand Forks, B. C.; Alex. McPherson, Kilam, Alta.; W. Freedman, Winnipeg; and S. T. Benson, Raven, Alta., all furnish the price of six half yearlies.

A sub from Comrade Green, Central Park, B. C., who writes, "Dear Comrade, it is who recently I could use such an appellation to a fellow man in a Socialist sense. I must say

that I have always been a Socialist now that I know what Socialism is. I have been a Socialist many years, and I have proved the old saying to be a fact that a man is never too old to learn."

E. Anderson, Ymir, B. C., writes, "We were not as successful as we had hoped to be in the recent provincial campaign. There was no Liberal candidate in the Ymir district and a majority of the Liberals voted for the Conservative candidate. This was our first struggle in this riding, and taking all things into consideration, we did fairly well. Relying upon the inevitability of Socialism we will ever be found ready for the fray."

C. J. Swanson, Raven, Alta., sends along the price of six half yearlies and writes, "Give the tyrants what they deserve. They have given me hell and made my life a continual torture, frustrating my efforts to make myself a home four times, and now, at the age of sixty-two, my lot is like that of Columbus, 'to die in poverty and neglect.' When it comes to destroying the home capitalism has socialism beaten to a frazzle."

Ten trials from Comrade Jules Lavigne, Springhill, N. S. He writes, "Our future for long was dark, and always we had to suffer. But our heaven, drawn with clouds, hourly becomes brighter. If we want that our dreams at last shall be reality; if we want to see to heaven ascend the pure star of equality; if we want that the misery squeeze no more humanity; hurry up, all proletarian, get ten thousand subs for Cotton's Weekly."

Four yearlies, a halfer and a trial drop into the hopper from Comrade Wm. Coulter, Central Park, B. C. Comrade Coulter wants to hear our opinion of whether it would not be a good idea to go after the farmer as he is always at home, does not move from place to place, and cannot be disfranchised. The Socialist tactics is to go after every one who can be got to see the Socialist philosophy. Yet there are difficulties in the way of going after the farmers, they are scattered and cannot easily get together and their industrial organizations are weak. On the other hand the city workers can easily get together and have strong industrial organizations.

At the annual meeting of Local No. 2, Springhill, N. S., S. P. of C. a resolution was passed protesting against the execution of Ferrer.

The strike situation at Springhill is about the same with the exception that some scabs are being imported into Springhill from Montreal.

Comrade Gerald Desmond has been touring the Eastern part of Ontario. He has spoken at Ottawa, Brockville and Toronto, and will probably speak at Galt, Brantford, Berlin and other places. After this he will return to Elk Lake.

Stitt Wilson in Montreal

J. Stitt Wilson started his second series of lectures in Montreal under the auspices of Local No. 1 S. P. of C., on Sunday afternoon last, at the Labor Temple. A good sized audience was present, who heard Socialism explained in a way that the simplest mind could understand.

It was an address direct to the working class to organize for their own emancipation. The address was enthusiastic, and on an appeal to join the S. P. of C., and to work for socialism today, twelve new members signed application blanks. Other meetings are being held this week in various sections of Montreal.

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

St. John N. B. Local

The comrades at St. John, N. B., are keeping up the pace. The local has secured the club rooms in McLean's Building, 198 Union Street, and meet the first and third Mondays in the month. N. Deskin, 34 Mill Street is secretary. The comrades in Canada's winter port will be heard from as time goes on, with no uncertain sound.

Unions Yield Party recruits

The National Executive committee of the Socialist party of the United States, held a session of three days beginning on Saturday, Dec. 11. The larger portion of the session was taken up with the mass of routine matters in the various states that had arisen since the last meeting.

The report of Dan A. White and John Collins of their work as special organizers among the trade unionists, and the discussion and action on that report was by far the most important work. White had been working among the molders, of which he is a member, and Collins had devoted his time to the machinists, the trade at which he has worked for many years. Both organizers reported a most enthusiastic reception by the union men and a large number of letters were read from non-Socialist members of the unions expressing their interest in the meetings and asking for return engagements.

The method under which they had conducted their work was to ask for time at the regular union meetings in the various cities, instead of holding the gatherings directly under Socialist auspices.

Blanchford's "Merrie England" is a splendid book to hand to anyone interested in Socialism. Has made a million Socialists. Ten cents from Cotton's Book Department.

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year is almost here and with it the plutes will make good resolutions. They will resolve to be good and not to say naughty words and not to booze and to tend right, straight to business and make money. They will keep the last resolutions. Socialists will not make resolutions. The Socialists know what they want and keep everlastingly after it. They want the economic emancipation of the human race to become an actual fact. They are after that one thing. Anything that helps is good and anything that hinders is bad.

At the beginning of the present year Cotton's was a plute paper. At the beginning of the year it became Socialist and all its old readers faded away like snowflakes before an April sunbeam. They were so frigidly congealed to plute ideas that they made themselves scarce. But in their place have come a host of new readers, a crimson bannered host whose numbers grow with every issue.

Cotton's makes no good resolutions save the perpetual one of being bad from the plute view point. But Cotton's wants to do things this coming year. There are many things to be done. There are many sleeping men and women to waken. There is the work of gathering the statistics of Canadian commerce and employment. This work has not yet been done from a Socialist viewpoint and we have to rely upon American and British figures for the robbery of the workers. Cotton's wants to show up just how the Canadian workers of the various trades are being robbed.

Then there is the continual battle to be fought on behalf of labor against the capitalist. The wage worker needs all the help he can get to have his side of the case put before the public. We have all sorts of exposures on the part of American muckrakers. But Canadian companies need the refreshing application of the muckrakers. There was the extortion on the G. T. P. lines. There are many things which need to be brought to the light of day.

These latter can only be brought when Cotton's gets self-supporting, and with a big army behind it. But such exposures will come in time.

In the meantime the sub hustlers will keep pouring the subs in. I expect to see Cotton's with a circulation of twenty thousand before another year is over. Does this look too big an order? It does if you are a pessimist. But if you have once felt the throb of the Socialist movement as we feel it here, as letter after letter comes pouring into the office, then the order of twenty thousand subs within the next twelve months will look just about the right thing. The sub hustlers throughout Canada are just getting their second wind after the first twelve months of work, and they are going to do great stunts towards the final overthrow of plute oppression.

THE AGITATION BATTERY

There is big work ahead of The Agitation Battery, or whatever it will be decided to call this effective organization among Cotton's readers. You comrades who have no time to rustle subs, will do well to get enrolled with the opening of the New Year. Our propaganda has got to be pushed with redoubled energy in 1910. The time to pound at capitalism is here and now. Cotton's is stirring them up some now, but wait till the battery begins to play on the trenches of Capitalism in earnest. There will be fun and excitement. Take the invitation, join the Agitation Battery and see the broadsides raise the smoke of action.

Recent additions to the funds by the Agitation Battery are:

T. Beech, Wigwam, B. C. \$ 3.50
A. W. Baker, Brantford 50
An Ontario Comrade 10.00
Am't at Last Report 15.75

Total \$29.75
Expended 26.00

Balance on hand \$ 3.75

If you buy three hundred thousand dollars of Nova Scotia soft coal in one year you get it for \$2.90. If you take five hundred tons only you have to pay \$4.25. This is the statement under oath of Reid Wilson of the Dominion Coal Company. The small man is penalized \$1.35 a ton because he is in a small business. The big railroad gets the benefit. Capitalism is a process for squeezing out the little chaps in favor of the plutocracy. Socialism is a scheme for squeezing out the plutocracy in favor of the workers.

"A multi-millionaire is building a house in New York City at a cost, it is said, of \$4,000,000. This expenditure represents labor of one man at \$4.00 per day for 3,300 years."

THE PROPAGANDISTS' FORUM

Conducted by W. R. Shier

Some Propaganda Advice

In fighting the good fight for socialism, temper your zeal with tact. The first essential, of course, is to get people to listen to you. You can only do this by getting them interested at the outset. There is no rule by which this can be done. You must judge your audience in every case. A good plan is to begin talking on a subject familiar to your listeners, one in which they are interested; and from that lead up to the main topic. Or if you start right in, go about it simply and directly, choosing well known facts and popular doctrines as the basis on which to build your argument. But always begin at the beginning. Take one step at a time. Lead your listeners gradually forward and convince as you go long. Feed socialism to them as you feed milk to a child. Don't try to pour the whole bowl down their throats at once, but use a spoon and take your time.

It is a very bad mistake to get into an argument with your audience at the outset. It puts them and yourself into a contradictory spirit. And such a spirit will defeat your ends. In fact, you should avoid controversy as you would an enemy. Reason, patience and relentless logic, harping back to the beginning as often as necessary, undermining your opponent's position by dispassionate talk, will usually bring victory; but to dispute with a person, to get into a heated controversy with him, profits nothing.

It is good policy in debate to allow your opponent as much ground as possible. The advantage of this is that you put him on the defense. His line of defense is long and open to attack. You can keep him busy maintaining his own ground, thus giving him no chance to invade yours. If you have a good magazine of facts and a trained rifle of logic, you cannot be defeated. Grant him every point of vantage and you can take them all. It is possible to give your opponent a good deal of ground without being put at a disadvantage.

Toledo's Headquarters

In reply to enquiries about the headquarters in Toledo, I received the following letter from Harry Bothast:

Toledo, O., June 8 '09
Will R. Shier,
Dear Comrade:—Your communication just received, will answer your questions as asked.

1. What rent do you pay?
\$30.00 per month, \$2.15 for light, \$3.00 for telephone.

2. How is the rent defrayed?
Profits from dues and stamps, and profits from stock.

3. Is the store open all day, etc.
The store is open from 8:30 a.m. until midnight every day. I have charge of the headquarters, and receive a salary of \$2.00 per day.

4. What stock do you carry?
Will enclose statement of last month's receipts, which will answer you.

I have very decided views about the man in charge, as the success of the venture depends entirely on his character and ability. He must be well read, well posted, a judge of other people, good natured, pleasing to others, and above all self-sacrificing, because many times he will have to give up what is his own interest, for the best interests of the organization. Above all he must be able to dig up his salary as well as all other expenses.

5. Has the headquarters really proved a good propaganda stunt, etc?
The headquarters has done more to advertise Socialism in six months than the old system would do in six years. We have sold more literature in one month than they ever did before in a year. We have made the word Socialism respected and have battered down the wall of prejudice against the organization. This has been done by a system of Wednesday night lectures where we invite reformers, faddists, theorists, and sometimes fakirs, (religious, charity, political and other kinds of fakirs,) who have a following. These non-Socialists are given a respectful hearing; then after the lecture the meeting is thrown open to general discussion, and that is where we teach the difference between Socialism and reform, between science and sentiment, between the economic interests of the workers and the economic interests of the masters.

We started this headquarters during the heat of the last political campaign. We paid \$65.00 for one month's rent. That exhausted our resources but with a little nerve, we borrowed a cigar stand from a brewery, a lunch counter from a saloon which we used for a literature table, 200 chairs from a church, a stock of cigars from a wholesale house, all the literature the organization had, then I begged or borrowed all the books that the industrial comrades had, and started in. We had socialist speakers (local) every night, took up collections and when the campaign was over, had all bills paid and a small surplus.

We decided to have permanent headquarters, borrowed \$90.00 for one year without interest, bought that much stock, and still have \$90.00 worth of stock after paying all expenses and part of old debt of the organization.

I am responsible to a committee of

three who do not interfere, but really help all they can. They report to the organization, who pass resolutions but do nothing practical to assist, in fact at times they are absolutely obstructive, and can never be entirely depended upon. As an instance, you have sent me more throw away cards and advertising matter in your letter, than local Toledo has had in three years. Will enclose one of our cards, which the headquarters is responsible for—but not the organization. In conclusion would say that all locals should maintain a headquarters, of course some will be more elaborate and successful than others, that the only danger to fear is debt. Don't go in over your heads. Be satisfied begin small and grow up with your opportunities, for growth and development will be constant.

Wishing you success
Yours fraternally
HARRY BOTHAST.

Socialism in Brief

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

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

Briefly, Socialism will accomplish this:

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

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

It will entirely do away with child labor.

It will do away with the landlord and the capitalist.

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

It will pension the old.

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

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

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

It will do away with class legislation.

It will prevent strikes and lockouts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It will prevent crime and criminals. It will encourage study, exploration, invention and art.

Socialism is what every one wants as soon as they know what it is. The reason why it is opposed by many is because they won't read.

762 Miners Killed

Imitative Japanese capitalists refuse to be outdone by anything that the industrial tyrants of the United States may seek to accomplish. On the heels of the Cherry mine disaster details have been brought by the steamer Montague from Japan of the mine horror at Onoura colliery, Eukupka prefecture, November 24, causing the loss of 762 lives.

This is one of the greatest mine slaughters the world has ever seen, far eclipsing the effort of the St. Paul Coal company, when it violated the child labor law and sent a mere boy into the caverns of the earth to do its bidding.

Only 43 of the Japanese escaped the grave that had been prepared for them by the progressive business interests of that country. The mine is one of the largest in Japan, employing 4,755 men. Its output is 44,000 tons monthly.

Haywood in Cape Breton

Glace Bay, N. S.
Dec. 4, 1909

The Comrades round here are somewhat disappointed that Comrade Haywood's tour through the Province of Nova Scotia has not received more attention in the Party Press, more especially as they know what a favorable impression was made all through this district. He drew the fire of a number of high dignitaries, and even yet the smaller fry are parrot like crying out at Big Bill.

Comrade Haywood first opened fire at Sydney Mines where he held a very successful meeting on Monday. On Tuesday afternoon and evening he was at King's Theatre, Glace Bay, with full houses at both meetings. In the evening his subject was The Class Struggle. For over two hours this "undesirable citizen" held an audience of about a thousand workers while he pictured the world wide class struggle and submitted the only remedy—Socialism. In graphic and dramatic language he first described that historic day in Russia, known as "Bloody Sunday," and the audience seemed to see that advancing host of workers, bearing holy icons and the holy cross of Christ, carrying their humble petition to their Little Father, met with a hail of steel that cut its way through flesh and bone, filling the square with the blood of its victims, but not ending the class struggle in Russia.

Passing from this event he touched on the revolution in Spain and the death of the immortal Ferrer, the great strike in Sweden, the unrest in India and the unrest in the whole world. Even down here in Glace Bay thousands of miners were striking for what they believed were better conditions. All these were better symptoms of the Class Struggle.

He appealed to the workers to study the symptoms, discover the cause and apply the remedy, Socialism. In one place only were the workers in supreme control of the means of production, and that place is in their minds. They can do their own thinking, produce their own thoughts. Don't take any other man's say-so. He asked that they read the only political literature extant, that of the Socialist Party. They could find it in their libraries, it was there. Read the Socialist papers, the pamphlets and books, and depend upon their own brain to weigh and determine, accept or reject.

Speaking of the strike at Telluride among the lead miners, he described the disastrous effect of that occupation. Joints became twisted, hair fell out, teeth were lost, and the whole nervous system so wrecked that a glass of water could not be carried to the lips without spilling half of it. After about seven years of this life the men were ready to be thrown on to the capitalist scrap heap, or dropped into the capitalist hell, the slum. "But," he said, "I would rather be a lead miner than a sweated factory operator in the city of Montreal or the cities of New England States." In these cities he had seen little children, wives and mothers chained to machinery by stronger bonds than those of steel or iron, the bonds of economic necessity.

He threw a lot of hot shot into the old political parties, Republican and Democrat, Grit and Tory, Prohibition et al. He told the workers that they must achieve their own emancipation. They need not look for some kindly savior to do it for them. The capitalists were having a good time of it as it was and could not be expected to tell the truth to the workers. The politicians will not try the truth, even when they know it, and preachers dare not tell the economic truth of Socialism, for they are afraid of their jobs. The latter statement caused a mild sensation in some of the local pulpits the following Sunday.

He advised the workers to beware of the labor leaders who did not want politics talked in the union hall, and also of those who were in favor of wage slavery. He gave a very different idea of unionism from that held down there in the past—that of making the union an industrial school in which the workers study and develop themselves in such a manner that, when the Socialist Party has achieved political emancipation, the industrial union would be prepared to efficiently and economically man and administer the means of production. His picture of the coal miners under an industrial democracy brought forth the hearty and spontaneous cheers of the workers.

His vivid and dramatic story of the Colorado labor war, told in the strong free language of the west, held his audience spell bound. His reference to Theodore Roosevelt who, while they lay bound and gagged in prison, had deliberately stepped down from his high and exalted office as the first magistrate of the in the face, was, he said, but the action of a man who would shoot a fleeing Spaniard in the back and then write about it in a book afterwards. This was a quotation, "The first shot I missed him but at the second I got him, and I thought my act was unique. It was only the next day that I learned that Lieutenant had got his man also." A cold chill of horror was felt throughout the hall as the full significance of the character of the man they had to fight was brought home to the audience.

He thanked the workers for what they had done to save his and his companions' lives. But for the workers of America he would now be sleeping in a bed of quicklime in the yard of the Idaho state prison.

Successful meetings were held at Dom. No. 6, Dom. No. 1. At Sydney on Sunday afternoon another successful meeting was held. Since then we learned of good meetings in Amherst, Halifax, and other places. At Halifax the students turned out en masse to hear Haywood.

—By order Local Cape Breton.

BLATFORD AND WAR

At last the plute press has discovered Robert Blatford. At last, when some excuse is wanted to turn attention away from internal reforms and social amelioration, when side issues are to be raised, Blatford, the Socialist, is dragged to the front.

The plute press at last has discovered that Blatford believes in the German peril. Blatford is a Socialist. So cablegrams come pouring across the pond about a Socialist who wants armaments against Germany. It will appear a peculiar thing that Blatford's views are being hailed as something new, and it will also appear a peculiar thing that Blatford's views are mutilated almost beyond recognition. These two things are only peculiar until the materialist doctrine is understood and then these things no longer seem peculiar.

Blatford runs the Clarion, a Socialist paper with a circulation of eighty thousand copies a week. This paper has gathered round it some of the ablest minds of Great Britain. With its circulation of eighty thousand a week it has done more to change public opinion than the Daily Mail of Northcliffe with its two million copies a day.

Blatford is thoroughly convinced that a war with Germany is inevitable. For a long, long time now he has been hammering away at the question. This is one of the least of his activities. He has written many books which have deeply stirred. His Merrie England has had a circulation of a million and a half copies. His God and My Neighbor roused the wrath of nearly all the clergymen of Great Britain. These two books have been his most influential works.

But Blatford believes that a war with Germany is inevitable. He has had this view for a long time and has given expression to it. Blatford is an ex-soldier. Consequently through material determinism, he has the soldier's outlook. He holds that the German nation is friendly to Great Britain, but that Great Britain has not got to deal with the German people, but with the German war machine controlled by selfish rulers who are seeking political aggrandizement. It is the German army and navy and war lords and not the German people that the British have to fear and prepare for.

Blatford has been giving forth these views for a long time and no one remarked. He was a Socialist you know, and Socialists must not be quoted if you can possibly avoid it.

But when a fight come on and the nation is in an upheaval, when Socialism is mentioned on all sides and it becomes harder and harder for such betrayers of the people as Landsdowne and Asquith to keep the demand for social amelioration down, then if a Socialist can be found whose words can be twisted into an advocacy of war or warlike measures, he comes as a God-send to the betrayers. Hence over against the cry of justice for the workers is set the cry of, "Beware of the enemies without our gates," on the principle of turning the question into something else. And Blatford is naturally quoted as an authority for the howlers of "Wolf, wolf."

But let us look into what Blatford actually advocates. He was a soldier and still has the spirit of one. Hence the fine spun theories and diplomacies of Grey and Edward do not please him. When noble lords talk in vague terms of some awful peril threatening Great Britain, Blatford says bluntly, "That's Germany." When the same spinners of diplomatic tangles speak of the information they possess which leads them to tell the people that they must arm, Blatford tells them, "Spit it out men, and let the nation hear what it is. The spirit of Britishers is not dead yet. Let us know our dangers and face them like men." This is why Edward, whom Blatford has told to mind his own business, and Grey and the other war spinners, do not like Blatford. If they told the people what they knew then the people could look to themselves for protection and the jobs of the little men in high places would be gone. So Edward and Grey and their ilk hug their knowledge of this fearful enemy to themselves and will only give out vague utterances like old Egyptian or Roman priests, who used to say they had a cinch on the Gods and the people would need them for protection.

But there is another point in Blatford's war articles which make Eddy and Landsdowne and Grey and Asquith terribly uneasy. Blatford does not mince matters. He declares that Britain must defend herself, but that the might of the land are sucking the strength out of the men who should defend Great Britain. He wants the Lords and the King and the capitalists

to get off the backs of the workers. He wants to see a race of stalwart Britishers grow up who can defend the British Isles. He wants to see men grow strong by eating good food and wearing good clothing and living in wholesome air and by having leisure to renew their strength. He wants not a standing army, but a citizen army. He wants to see every Britisher with a rifle in his home.

He fulminates against the land lords and money lords. His scathing denunciations are poured out on the heads of the false rulers of the British Isles. He tells them that they are the greatest enemies the Britishers have, because they suck the life from the workers and make the workers weak and wretched and unfit. In reading his denunciations against the rulers I am reminded of the fierce utterance of Jeremiah and Amos against the Jewish rulers. Take Jeremiah, "They are waxen fat, they shine; yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: and the right of the needy do they not judge. As a cage is full of birds so are their houses full of deceit: therefore they are become great and waxen rich." Therefore, "Evil appeareth out of the north and great destruction." That, put into twentieth century English, is Blatford.

Again Amos, "They sold the poor for a pair of shoes, for they know not to do right who store up violence and robbery in their palaces. Therefore the flight shall perish from the swift, and the strong shall not strengthen his force. Therefore, an adversary there shall be round about the land." Sounds a good deal like Blatford.

But the plutes of Great Britain are not quoting those parts in which Blatford shows them up as the ones who are making Britain weak in the face of the enemy. All they quote is those parts in which Blatford says there is an enemy to be faced. It is cold comfort the plutes can get out of Blatford; and when they are forced to quote a Socialist, it shows how near the heretofore looked-up-to of Great Britain are to the dust bin.

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.

The C. P. R. is starting a scheme of small holdings. The C. P. R. is going to prepare land for the small settler, break it, and seed it, build the settler's house and start him in business and the settler will only have to plunk down five hundred dollars to begin on. If the Canadian government should do that, the big plunderers would tip the wink to the Canadian plute press and the plute press would begin to howl about paternalism and extravagance and the prevention of initiative. But as a big company is going to do this there is no outcry raised. Just the reverse. The company is praised for its fatherly care for the welfare of Canada. Socialism would take the land out of commerce, would squeeze the profit out of the deal, and would give homes to the people without a mortgage on them.

In the Province of Quebec, little Catholic children go to school and are taught to tell their beads, and to say their prayers in Latin to the Saints, and to do many other stunts of a like nature. The Protestant educational authorities are grieved at such training and declare that the children are educated in ignorance, that such training is no good for a life in this age. The Protestant educational authorities hold that a child should be taught to compute interest, to figure up profit and to add up items of rental bills. The Socialist declares that all such stunts perpetuate in the brain of the child a false notion of life. The Protestant culture, in many respects, is as outworn as the Catholic.

There are many men who do not like the way I talk about the workers. The lawyers, the notary, the policeman, the court official, the advertising agent, etc., all think they are useful workers. I admit these men in many instances are hard workers but their work, under a sane system of co-operative helpfulness, would be absolutely useless. They may work hard, but they work to keep alive competitive and private brutality, and in the long summing up of history they will be looked upon as curious specimens of workers.

The many toil and the few despoil.

ITALIANS AT SPRINGHILL

At last the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company is importing strike breakers to try and break the strike of the Western Federation of Miners at Springhill, N. S. A carload of Italians have been imported from Montreal. General Manager Hargraves met the foreigners and the foreigners were banded down in the company's boarding house and in some of the company's tenements.

Whenever workingmen demand better conditions the bosses refuse to grant them. A foolish lot of workers have voted to send the representatives of their bosses to Ottawa and to Halifax and the workers have got what they voted for. They are skinned by their masters and when they object they get kicked.

At Springhill the coal mines and railway and tenement houses in which the workers have to live are owned by the master class. The workers have no control over their jobs and have not the right to the home in which they live. These belong to the company.

The Springhill miners struck for better conditions of employment. That is to say they refused to work for their masters in the hope that their masters would give them better conditions rather than to entirely lose their labor thief incomes. The mines have been tied up for four months now.

But when the jobs and the government are at the disposal of the masters; the masters can make short work of the strike as long as an international spirit of working class solidarity is not developed. A capitalist government gets Italians imported and these Italians are shipped down to Springhill to work. Legalized thugs are imported to beat up the strikers should the strikers not docilely submit to see their jobs disappear. If the company bulls are not sufficient to cow the strikers and protect the dagoes then the troops will be imported. A capitalist government must do the will of its masters and the right of labor thieves and their henchmen to smash workingmen's organizations must be protected.

The strike at Springhill shows that there is not a spark of patriotism in Canadian capitalists. Native born Canadians are displaced by Italians. The hunt for profits on the part of capitalists makes them blind to all ideas of patriotism and of protection of Canadian workers.

Nova Scotia is in the grip of the Canadian parasites. In 1907 the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company sold all its property to the Royal Trust Company of Montreal. The Coal company wanted to borrow a million and a half dollars and to raise it sold all its property to the Trust Company for the benefit of the bond holders. If the Company cannot pay the interest on its bonds then it is sold out. The Coal Company undertook to carry on its business in an efficient manner and to pay the interest on the bonds. It may be that the Coal Company is being pushed by The Trust Company for the interest on the bonds. It is hard to get up-to-date information about the Company's affairs as it keeps mum about its business. But it may be the Royal Trust is pushing the Company to live up to its agreement of carrying on its business and its other pledges.

The workingmen will always have strikes and scabs who are willing to break strikes, they will have to face company bulls and militia and regulars, they will always have to fight for their jobs and get less than they earn, until they wake up and capture the political power. When the workers will have the gumption to capture that power, then the pain and misery and sufferings of strikes will be over. One set of men will not own the jobs while another set of men beg for leave to work. Workingmen will socially own the machinery of production and will therefore control their jobs. Let the workers capture the political power and legislate such parasites of the labor thieves as Cowans and Hargraves out of their jobs.

The plute press of Canada congratulates itself upon the fact that Canada is free from the problems of other countries. Canada is getting them fast enough. The polyglot population introduced by the contractors for cheap labor, and the grabbing of the land and the franchises of Canada by the capitalists, and the high prices charged and the low wages paid all go to make up the beginning of a most beautiful specimen of the capitalist hell. The groans of the damned can now be heard in many sections of the country.

A morality crusade is on in Montreal. The conditions had got so corrupt that even the plutes were ashamed of themselves.

WORLD-WIDE SOCIALISM

At Marseilles, France, a new Socialist paper has been started. The new paper is called La Verite.

Forty-two sentences by court martial have been imposed in Spain under the new "Liberal" government. Eugene V. Debs is going to make a tour through the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania early in January.

The Canton of Zurich, Switzerland, had twenty thousand organized Socialists in 1907. This year the reports show a large increase.

A state of siege exists in Buenos Ayres, Argentina. Five hundred persons have been arrested and have been dubbed "anarchists" in order to save the face of the government.

At Lorient, France, the seamen went on strike and paraded the streets under the red flag. This angered the police who broke up the procession.

Finnish Socialist Party newspapers are driving out capitalist Finnish papers. Four have already succumbed and others are in a dying condition.

John Harrington defeated Socialist candidate for Fernie, B. C., is contesting the election of Ross the Conservative candidate on the grounds of corrupt practices.

The American Federation of Labor is commencing a fight with the steel trust. This battle will inevitably lead the men into industrial unionism.

At the recent municipal elections in Madrid, Spain, two Socialists were elected. Fifteen Liberals and eleven Republicans were also elected. All the Conservative candidates were defeated.

Francisca Pacik has been sentenced to a week's imprisonment at Reichenberg, Austria, for advising the mothers of the region to refuse to bring children into the world to have them shot in war.

A conference of the Southern-Slave Social-Democrats was held on November 21 at Laibach, Austria. All the speakers accentuated the necessity for national autonomy and international solidarity.

The Socialists of Indianapolis have secured the largest hall in the city for a big meeting to be held January 22nd, 1910, during the convention of the United Mine Workers which convenes there Jan. 18th.

Recently the authorities of Milwaukee ordered in troops to stir up trouble among the workers. The order went forth to twenty thousand Social-Democrats to buy rifles and the city authorities crawled and the order for troops was countermanded.

At the recent election at Limoge, France, Pressmane, Socialist, received 7,181 votes as against 8,862 votes for Tarrade, radical, and 411 for Debonis, conservative. In 1906 Pressmane received only 1,874 votes. This means victory in 1910.

Mario Antonio, Spanish Socialist, is making arrangements with the American Socialist Party to tour the States. Antonio was a member of the committee of the general strike in Barcelona last July. He is secretary of the working class organization of Catalonia.

The Socialist Juvenile Union of Sweden has just held its annual congress in the People's Hall of Stockholm, with 180 delegates present from 200 juvenile clubs. The juvenile movement of the Social-Democracy in Sweden comprises 429 clubs with 15,000 members.

Vignaud, editor of the Voix du Peuple, has been condemned to prison at Paris for republishing the anti-militarist article, "Pioupiou de l'Yonne." This article was published some years ago and Briand declared himself at that time as thoroughly in sympathy with the sentiments therein expressed.

The Lower Austrian organization of the German-Austrian Social-Democracy held its annual conference in Vienna on November 21 and 22. Fifty-three delegates from Vienna (of whom 14 were women) were present, and 66 from the provinces; also 19 representatives of the trade unions and 24 representatives of the party press.

The Unionists have won the big strike in Sweden. The bosses call off the lockout and recognize the unions of workers. However the workers of Sweden still are in dire need of help as industry is paralyzed and twenty thousand workers will not be able to get work till the spring season.

At New Castle, Pa., twenty-four strikers have been sent to jail for "disorderly conduct." New Castle is the home of The Free Press and of Solidarity, the new organ edited by A. M. Stirton, formerly of the Wage Slave. Industrial Unionism has got such a strong hold in this section that the plutocracy are anxious to stop the spread of these ideas and use plant judges as tools for the purpose.

The department stores of Chicago have decided on a lockout against union men. The Ladies Tailors union is starting a Co-operative to get work on their own account. In the same way the boss window cleaners of New York have forced the men into going into business on their own account under guidance of the union.

James Connolly, editor of The Harp, the Irish Socialist paper of New York, is taking his paper to Dublin as the Socialists there need a Socialist Weekly.

On November 22, and the following days, the Swedish trade unions held their fifth Congress in the large hall of the People's House in Stockholm. The financial report showed that the voluntary contributions from the various countries to the recent mass-strike had been as follows: (in crowns, a crown is 27 cents) Germany, 1,030,286.71; Denmark, 304,429; Sweden, 188,050.94; U. S. A., 107,209.83; Austria-Hungary, 50,063.34; Finland, 39,194.56; Great Britain, 35,778.02; Switzerland, 29,084.96; Holland, 7,011.11; France, 5,445.10; Belgium, 4,521.40; Canada,

1,289.19; Spain, 786.35; Russia, 766.76; Italy, 773.90; Bulgaria, 711.80; Rhodesia, 180.90; Panama, 40.90; unknown localities, 74—Total, 2,173,345.95.

A trade union journal, "The Worker," which appears in Chicago in the Japanese and English language, lately published an article on the trade union movement in Japan, from which it appears that certain trade unions have existed there since 1886. Till 1900 they were in high favor with the Government. During that time they were quite dominated by the ideas of the Conservative politician Yajiro Schinagawa, who in quite a European manner, accentuated the harmony of interest between capital and labor. This idea inspired the most important of these unions—that of the printers in Tokio—as well as many others. In some localities the unions were very large, and even some local authorities forced their workers to join them. But in 1900 all this began to change. The spirit of Socialism began to gain ground among the workers, and already in 1905 two new miners' unions, free from the old influences, came into being, and soon attained great importance, and organized a large number of strikes and boycotts, in connection with which several serious encounters with the police and soldiery took place. Also many other trades the movement has gained a firm footing, and at present the unions are undergoing a sort of process of clarification. In this young movement the modern trade union ideas and those of "pure" syndicalism are face to face with each other—Justice.

It is peculiar how some workers love to hug their chains.

Men need space to live. Men cannot afford to occupy much space where they have to pay rent. Therefore in the cities the race becomes deteriorated.

The Canadian surplus is sixteen million dollars. The workers can bet their life the plutes will not allow it to be spent in giving labor a chance to employ itself.

The hope of the future lies in the Socialist movement. With the Socialist movement out of modern life we would be heading straight for the extinction of the human species.

Do you notice how the capitalist papers are talking about Socialism? Socialism is to the front in all the civilized countries of the world and will not down.

First grew the family, then the tribe, then the nation. Now the national bonds are disappearing and the great struggle is ceasing to be national and becoming a class struggle.

Many opponents of Socialism declare that the Socialists want to change human nature. This is incorrect. Socialists want to have humanity live in accordance with human nature.

Montreal has had an investigation of its rottenness in municipal affairs. The big interests did not need corrupt aldermen just now, so the little bourgeoisie has been allowed to play at reform and municipal housekeeping.

Eight Montreal Aldermen have been named by Judge Cannon as grafters and they are all as indignant at the term applied to them as capitalists are when dubbed labor thieves.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy wants Canada to build a couple of Dreadnaughts and rent them to Great Britain at a dollar a year. Sir Thomas thinks it a good plan to inject high finance into statesmanship.

In 1904 the desertions from the French army numbered 2,316. In 1907 the desertions numbered 3,487. Last year they numbered still more. The French youth are getting tired of being war slaves for the protection of the privileged few.

Out in Spokane the workers are arrested and jailed for reading the Declaration of Independence on the streets of the city. The plutes are frightened to let the American workers know that the Constitution guarantees them liberty and free speech.

The bill to do away with the necessity of the two hundred dollar deposit has been knocked on the head and gently laid to rest. It would not do to remove that disability. Why, some penniless worker might be elected and try to get back through legislative means what he and his fellow workers have been robbed of through plute laws.

The political state is going and the industrial state is coming. Shall the coming state be managed by the people for the benefit of the people, or shall it be managed by the few for the benefit of the few? That is the great question now before the people of the various countries.

PERSECUTION

By W. R. Shier.

Persecution defeats its own end, unless it be persecution to extermination. Persecution fires the persecuted with fanaticism, crystallizes opposition into organized antagonism, drives the members into closer fellowship, inspires them with religious zeal, directs the attention of multitudes to the new doctrines, enlists the sympathy of outsiders, and contributes in every way to nourish the latent energies of the oppressed and to advertise their doctrines. What was the effect of persecuting the followers of Christ? Only to scatter abroad the adherents of the new faith and to spread their doctrines far beyond the precincts of Jerusalem. What was the effect of the Roman persecution on the early Christians? Only to inspire them with unquenchable zeal and to advertise the new faith. Persecution puts into the hands of the persecuted a powerful weapon, the weapon of sympathy. Lollardism as an organization was broken by hostile laws, yet it and its spirit thrived under the most adverse conditions. It is difficult to determine whether persecution really hinders or really advances a cause. The Flame of Lutheranism which set Europe in a blaze was fanned by the Roman Church itself. Protestantism in England owes thanks to Bloody Mary for the service she did it by sending zealots to the stake. "Every death at the stake," says Green, "won hundreds for the cause for which the victims have died."

LAYMAN ABBOTT

Clarence V. Hoar.

"There's no rest for the wicked" is the old proverb, and the wicked Socialists are just now getting it in the neck.

Lyman Abbott (who is called "Slimey Limey" by Geo. Allan Englund) has been lecturing the Harvard students on Socialism. There was a time, not very long ago, when Mr. Abbott travelled through America on a lecturing tour. "There will never be peace in this country," he said, "as long as one class owns that which another class must use in order to live." But he is no longer Mr. Lyman Abbott; instead he is the very Reverend Slimey Limey; he has turned from unprofitable radicalism to well-paid conservatism. Now he exists only as a protegee of the capitalist class.

Slimey says "As a protest against present conditions of industry I would favor Socialism, but as a programme of action, I am strenuously opposed to it. Notice that word 'Strenuous.' Ever see it before? Yes, you did. The strenuous Roosevelt alone makes use of that expression." We all thought he had it copyrighted.

Now you see how Lyman Abbott's personality has sunk, how his individuality has gone down under the rule of the dollar. He even adopts the peculiar language of his new master. Once Mr. Abbott was a famous man, once he was a leader in reform movements; now he has deteriorated until he is nothing but a capitalistic spittoon-bearer.

Abbott believes in Socialism as a protest but not a programme (unlike other anti-Socialists he thinks the Socialists are too practical.) Yes, we intelligent voters favor trust-busting as a protest, but not as a programme of action. That's why we elected Mr. Roosevelt.

But as for Mr. Abbott, he is in his dotage and—hurrah for Oslerism.

Under the name of interest and profit the masses pay to a few five-sixths of all they create. This is startling, but it is certainly true that labor receives on the average but 16 per cent of what the final consumer pays for its products. Or to put it another way, men labor five days to support idle rich and unnecessary middlemen for the privilege of getting what they create on the sixth day.

Harriman "made" \$140,000,000 in ten years. This is the statement put out by the plute press. Was Harriman a counterfeiter? If he were not how did he make it? No man can make a hundred and forty million dollars, nor a million dollars. All a man can do is to deflect to himself the product of the labor of others. When Socialism comes this will be impossible. Then each person will get the full value of his labor.

There is an old joke that says there are two classes of people, men of ability and men of nobility. The men of nobility are given rents which they do not earn while the men of ability do work for which they do not get paid. Socialism will abolish this anomalous state of affairs by abolishing the private ownership of the means of life.