

HOW MILLIONAIRES ARE MADE

By W. E. Hardenburg.

Of course most of us are already acquainted with the methods of the ordinary millionaire-in-the-making.

We all know that he is usually the son of a desperately poor, but honest parents and that he generally got his start by working in some country store at nine dollars a week for seven or eight years. His honesty, ability and energy were, of course proverbial for twenty miles around. He always went to church two or three times every Sunday and attended a prayer-meeting four or five times a week. Then, after the seven or eight years in the country store, he usually became dissatisfied with his job and started in buying railway systems or building steel plants.

It is worthy of note, however, that details, as to how he managed to save up the money necessary to embark in these latter operations, are invariably omitted.

According to some recent American press despatches, however, an association of New York cotton speculators have originated a much simpler and easier plan. Knowing the poverty of most of the readers of Cotton's Weekly, I think it my duty to acquaint them with this simple method so that they, too, may become millionaires.

It appears that this plan was simply to "scatter through Georgia and South Carolina a million cotton-boll-weevils, so that the fields in these states would be attacked by the pest, and the yield of cotton correspondingly reduced—and the prices boosted."

Now, why couldn't you wage-slaves evolve something like that? It is simply because you haven't got the brains. Brains are necessary to think out such "high finance" schemes as this. That is why you are poor—you haven't got the brains.

It is true that considerable brains and education are necessary to become an expert crack-man, but, of course, that is an entirely different matter. Our "captains of industry" say it is, anyway, and they must know.

It also takes brains to bribe politicians to pass laws that enable one to get all kinds of special privileges, such as government bounties on certain products; protective tariffs for "infant industries"; incorporations of water-logged mergers; railroad and steamship subsidies; in short, anything one wants. You see it is brains that count.

If you workers had any brains at all, you would use them something after this fashion:

What causes bribery, corruption of public officials, etc? Is it not because certain private individuals have certain private businesses (which they run, not for the public welfare, but for their own private profits) that they want favored? Now, if these private individuals had no private business, but were just workers, like you are, they would have no motives whatsoever to bribe or corrupt public officials, would they? On the other hand, if the people owned these businesses collectively, they would have no motives to bribe anybody either would they?

What causes panics—"hard times"? How do they start? Is it not something like this: ACCORDING TO STATISTICS, THE WORKERS RECEIVE ONLY ABOUT 25 PER CENT OF THE PRODUCTS OF THEIR TOIL. In other words, the wageslave can only buy back from his master, with his wages, about one quarter of what he has produced. Thus the owners of the various factories, mills, mines, etc., accumulate wealth in the form of surplus products. Every ten or fifteen years so much wealth accumulates that the masters decide to lay off their men, until they have marketed the products that have accumulated. The workers, deprived of their wages, are soon unable to buy these products. A panic ensues. Goods do not sell well, so the masters raise prices in order to maintain their profits. Hard times set in. Workers and their families go hungry and ill-clad, although stores and warehouses are filled to overflowing. They cannot get enough to eat because they have produced too much. Finally, after this surplus wealth has been consumed by the parasitical army and an infinitely small proportion of it has been doled out to the workers as charity, the masters again give the workers permission to earn their living. Question: Could such things happen if the workers themselves owned collectively the machinery of production?

What causes prostitution? Is it not mainly because female workers are miserably under-paid? And are they not underpaid so that the masters' profits may be the greater? How can factory girls, department store girls and other women wage slaves live on \$4.00 per week in New York? How about the sweat shops? Have you ever heard of the women chain-makers of Croyley Heath, England,

who get two pence an hour? Do you think such things would happen if the PEOPLE owned these factories, these department stores, these chain works, instead of private individuals, who run them only to make private profits?

Do you think God ever decreed that 90 per cent of the people must sweat and toil through all their cramped and dreary lives in order that the other 10 per cent might live in ease and luxury, might have steam yachts and palaces, mistresses and champagne? Do you think the people will ever decree it, once they own what they have produced—viz, the machinery of production and transportation?

But of course that would be "impracticable"—for the people to own and control what they MUST use. It would be "visionary"—so our masters say through the parasitical press. Of course, they speak disinterestedly. Still, on the other hand, it was once thought "impracticable" and "visionary" for the people to own collectively or socially such things as roads. Private roads, having toll gates, etc., were the only practicable thing. To propose any such scheme as free, public roads at that time would have been very visionary. Would it not? The same applies to schools, and many other things.

Have you ever wondered where the campaign funds for the two "grand old parties" come from? Do they not come from the men at the head of our "infant industries," our railways, our manufacturers? And why do these men give so much money to these two political parties? Is it because our "big business men" and "captains of industry" are generous enough to give such large sums away for charity? If so, why do they not contribute to the funds of the Socialist Party?

And how is it that it sometimes happens, especially in the States, that the same corporation subscribes to the funds of both of the old parties? Do you suppose they do it without expecting anything in return? Are the candidates of these two old parties generally working men, or are they generally lawyers or even Big Men themselves? If the candidates are not working men, men of your own class, why do you vote for them?

Is it because they have brains? Or is it because you have not? Think it over.

Among the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners of London, England, the bicycle has been much discussed. There were certain workers who had bicycles and used them in travelling about to do the work of their employers. Others had no bikes and went on foot. The employers were giving preference to the bike owners as more work could be done in less time. The bike was part of the machinery for producing more work and the possessors thereof were in an advantageous position as compared with the propertyless, bikeless co-workers. By a vote of 11,260 to 1,456 the Carpenters and Joiners have declared against using bicycles in working hours. The vote no doubt shows how many were bike owners and how many were not. This little incident shows how true the Socialist philosophy is. The vote was governed by the economic interests of the voters. The property owners of bikes were in a minority but although in a minority they were forcing many of the propertyless majority into the ranks of the unemployed. If you wish to get the key to the apparent contradictions in society and to find the motives of men and in what direction society is tending, study the Socialist philosophy.

There are sixty-four millionaires in Montreal. Many of these are multi-millionaires. If we presume that they average two million each and that they get four per cent returns on their possessions, these sixty-four gentlemen will be in receipt of a parasitic revenue of five million dollars a year. A worker's family averages an income of not more than five hundred dollars a year. There is good reason why the capitalists support this present system as the best ever. But why workmen should vote for it is a curious thing that puzzles Socialists.

Sheldon is being brought back to Montreal. Sheldon got away with a few hundred thousand dollars in a crooked manner. Now the plutocrats will jug him. The plutocrats will see to that. When a small fish like Sheldon is put behind the bars it kind of makes the ignorant think that our law courts are made to stop dishonesty. This is the opinion the plutocrats want to be possessed by wage slaves. The court protected graft of the parasites will be all the more secure.

Cotton's carries in stock three of the best propaganda books published: "The Common Sense of Socialism," by Spargo; "Industrial Problems," by Richardson; and "Principles of Scientific Socialism," by Vail. Well and tastefully bound in paper at 25c. a copy.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

John Logie Thanks the Chairman for his Consideration.

John Logie once more rose in his place. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I am one of the oldest members of No. 91 and have attended most of its meetings, and I must say that in all my experience I have never attended a more interesting meeting than the present one. We have all heard the case against Brother Judson Sweeney, and for my part, while I do not care to pass judgment on circumstantial evidence, yet, like the lady in Shakespeare's play, methinks he doth protest too much. More than that, he gives himself away when he asks 'What is there in it for me?' He says he couldn't make anything by it. Now it seems to me that a man with such mercenary ideas as that would be capable of doing anything for reward. The man who always puts the question to himself 'What is there in it for me?' before he performs any act, good or bad, must be of a pitifully small nature. He is of the earth, earthy. If Judson Sweeney is guilty, he can rest assured that sooner or later he will, like Judas, get all that's coming to him, for there is an immutable law that metes out exact justice, and there is no more heinous crime than the betrayal of one's fellows. In his ridiculous charges against Socialism the man is to be pitied rather than blamed, because he unwittingly displays his utter ignorance of what he is condemning, and I am of opinion that it would be useless to attempt to enlighten him. But there are men here of broader intellect and higher ideals than Judson Sweeney, and to them I would point out that while we have been organized for many years and fought for the right to live in many industrial battles we unionists are really no better off than we were when we started. While there are many millions more of wealth in this country today than there were fifty years ago none of it is in the hands of the workers. We are allowed what the workers have always been allowed—a bare living and no more. And to get even that bare living we have to go to some master and petition for a job, or, in other words, for the right to live. Some unionists talk a lot about the right to work. There is no such right. There is no law in this or any other country that gives the worker the right to use the masters' machines without the masters' consent. And even if we succeed in getting such a law as the right to work passed, of what use would it be to the workers unless it carried the right to be paid for that work? The right to work demand under the present system is one of the most foolish demands that ever emanated from a foolish brain. Under Socialism every man will have the inalienable right to work. It will be the birthright of every child born under the new dispensation all over the broad earth. (Applause.) Just imagine how different, how much better it would be, the living for all humanity, if the mines, mills, factories, railways, great industries in fact, were owned collectively, if the vast profits that now go into the pockets of the great corporations and their wealthy stockholders were retained by the men who do the work." (Applause.)

At this juncture Sweeney and three or four of his sympathizers left the room, but as the chairman made no move Logie went on. "As the lid is off for tonight I may not be called to order for touching on a matter that has hitherto been zealously excluded from union meetings. Almost from the beginning of unionism we have been bound by the east-iron rule of 'No politics in the union,' and so we have been forced to confine our fight to the industrial field, where we are at the greatest disadvantage. Comrades, we have been fighting on the wrong field! On the political field we are IT, because we have the votes! In the industrial field we are weak, because we have not got the dollars to carry a strike to success, and even if we had the vast number of unemployed, increasing all the time, would beat us to a standstill. And who could blame them? Where is the man who would rather see his little ones starve than see on his fellows? "Once the workers begin to realize this truth they will combine in one great political party—the workers' party—and vote themselves into office with power to make the laws of their country. Then, and not till then, will the workers come into their own and no more be wage-slaves for the maintenance of a leisured class who do no useful work. Then, and not till then, will they have the right to work, and the right to choose the work they best like to do. In conclusion, let me say that such a political party is already in existence and is winning fresh victories all over the civilized world. That party, Comrades, is the Socialist party. (Great applause.) Mr. Chairman, allow me to tender my thanks for the great consideration you have shown in permitting a Socialist to address a union meeting." (Applause.)

The Chairman: "Of course it is against the rules, but as they have been suspended during this meeting I had no alternative. But although I do not exactly understand what Socialism is and although I have always thought it visionary and an idle dream, I am beginning to think that we have been fighting on the wrong field. I am so far interested that I would like at some future date to have the rules suspended again so that the matter may be more fully discussed. There are many members of this union who are bitterly opposed to Socialism, and I am not ashamed to admit that I have always been a consistent opponent of it, in the union and out. But there is certainly a lot of commonsense in Brother Logie's statements and I've been thinking I'll take a look into it myself. (Great applause.) I don't think there is any necessity for taking a vote on the strike question as the meeting seems to be almost unanimous against it, and as Tuesday's decision has been resinded we'll leave well alone." (Applause.)

The meeting adjourned.

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Wimple Receives Something of a Shock.

It was Friday afternoon and Roshton N. Scrapp was seated at his desk in his private office dictating an important document to Miss Wimple who was taking it down in shorthand. That it was important was evidenced by the fact that at times he had recourse to a pile of papers, apparently plans and specifications of machinery, for information.

"Be very careful about these figures, Miss Wimple," he said. "This is the tender for the Stephenson work. I want to get this job, as it is the finest and most delicate machinery ever yet attempted in this country. The drawings are splendid and are a credit to the draughtsman. I don't think there is another firm in the city outside of Buncome & Scrapp's that has the facilities for turning out such work properly."

"Very well, sir, I'll be most careful," returned Miss Wimple, and the dictation went on.

Before it was completed, however, Supt. McSurly came in. He was looking quite smart, with his hair nicely brushed and a beautiful red rose stuck in the lapel of his coat. He made an elegant bow to Miss Wimple as soon as she looked up.

"Hello, Mac," said Scrapp. "Hall a minute, an' nearly through. Sit down."

"If you're on the Stephenson tender," said McSurly, "is about that I want to see you. I thought you would be working on it, as tomorrow's the last day."

"Well, what about it? Anything new?"

"Yes, it's something new, alright, something that will probably cause you to reduce the figures a bit."

"Well, what's the trouble? Something about the strike, I'll bet."

"That's what it is," returned McSurly. "The strike is off."

Miss Wimple didn't want to lose any time today as she had promised herself a trip out to the Harrises' this evening, and there was quite a lot of correspondence to be typed off before she could get away. Besides, there was no knowing how long McSurly would sit there talking to her. So she withdrew to her desk by the far window and began her task without delay.

"I thought you said the union had voted to strike," said Scrapp.

"That's right. The strike vote was carried at the regular meeting on Tuesday night and rescinded at a special meeting held last night. And the joke of it is that the anti-strikers were the Socialists."

"Joke? Where's the joke?"

"Why, can't you see anything of a joke in the Socialists voting against a strike? Ain't Socialists always ready for a strike, or anything that will start a rough house for the bosses, no matter whether they are good, bad or indifferent?"

"Aw, aw, the joke is on you, Mac. It is very evident you don't know anything about Socialism."

"Well, I must admit, that I don't know very much about it, but it looks that way to me. I thought the strike would be a sure thing with all them Socialists in the Machinists' union."

"And so you counted on their help to carry the thing through? Well, Mac, you ain't the first to make that kind of a blunder. The police and the judges and the government have been doing it for years. Unless they thoroughly understand Socialism they can't successfully fight it, and once they do, they thoroughly understand it they don't want to fight it."

"Aw, said McSurly somewhat puzzled, then I suppose I may conclude that you're something of a Socialist yourself?"

"No, Mac, you mustn't suppose anything of the sort, because such an accusation would be wide of the mark. I have read most of their standard works, spent a lot of time over Karl Marx's Capital and thereby obtained a fairly good working knowledge of Scientific Socialism. And let me tell you, Mac, that it is because I do understand Socialism that I can see the futility of fighting it. If I were a working man I should certainly be a Socialist, but as a partner in the prosperous firm of Buncome & Scrapp's I don't need to be. See? Perhaps when I'm an old man and have had my fling I may take up the ethical side of the movement and use what wealth I may have left to further the cause from an altruistic point of view. You didn't know there was an ethical side to Socialism did you, Mac?"

"No I didn't. All I know or want to know about Socialism or Socialists is that the whole gang ought to be put to work on the rock pile."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's where you show your ignorance, Mac. There's quite a lot of officials like you. They put me in mind of an enraged elephant lumbering around in a china shop smashing and trampling delicate and rare old china that can never be replaced. They are bludgeoning and destroying all that is best and highest in human nature, and in their ignorance are sowing a crop of dragon's teeth that will have to be reaped in terror and bloodshed later on. Some of these Socialists will have their names emblazoned on the scroll of fame a hundred years from now, Mac, when such common mortals as you and I are forgotten dust. But my ambition don't run in that direction, at least not just now, and I am content to enjoy the fruits of my twenty

years' battle for the prize I always kept in view. But there, read it up and judge for yourself, Mac. After you began to understand it a little you'd become quite interested."

"Not me," said McSurly. "I don't want to be interested."

"There you are," said Scrapp. "That's typical of all the pudding-headed opponents of Socialism. They don't understand it because they don't want to understand it. That's the real standpatter. But, after all, there's very little difference between us, Mac. You don't understand it and you don't want it, while I do understand it and don't want it—not yet at least."

Scrapp was a many-sided man and his energy and resources were phenomenal. He was bound to be a leader in whatever he undertook, and had he studied Socialism before he became a sure winner in the race for wealth he would probably have been a shining light in that growing army of comrades which is camping on the trail of greedy old king Profit all over the civilized world. As it was, the study of Socialism had done Scrapp no harm, because he was the one man in the firm of Buncome & Scrapp's who had discrimination enough to understand the meaning of anything like justice towards the men who did the firm's work and earned the firm's income. Buncome hadn't the least little bit of such discrimination and, as we have seen, McSurly was lacking the same thing.

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor

CAPITALIST POLITICIANS AT WORK.

Ingersoll, Ont.

I thought it would interest you, unless you have already been informed, that a certain firm has made advances to the minister of education for Ontario, drawing his attention to the increased agitation of Socialism in Canada, and asking his cooperation in facilitating the sale of anti-socialist literature to collegiate institutions and high schools. In the circular to collegiate principals it states that they have had the consent of the minister of Education to go ahead. They also state that the U. S. A., European countries have formed anti-Socialist associations and it was time to organize similarly in Canada. Great stress was laid on a book they were selling, which they guaranteed to offset any Socialist argument. The name of the book is "The Impossible Vagaries of Socialism, its Fallacies and Illusions," by Robert Larmour, an ex-railway president.

I am sorry I am not in a position to take a share in Cotton's, nevertheless, I hope it will not be discontinued. Some years ago I worked for Wilshire's Magazine and we had a local here, but it was short lived. The people here will flock by hundreds to a patent medicine show, but would have to be paid to attend a lecture.

I wrote a couple of weeks ago to Malcolm Schell our M. P. for North Oxford about the government discrimination against the Co-operator, but as yet have received no reply.

Yours truly, C. F. Fleischer.

GRAND AND INSPIRING.

Dear Comrade—The picture of Jules Lavenne and the Socialist Young Guard is grand and inspiring, and the Buncome & Scrapp's story, your valuable paper is interesting and instructive, showing what is likely to take place if we do not have labor parliaments in the near future. Strikes and riots are incipient civil war, and unless industry becomes socialized will probably end in whirlwinds of rebellion shaking the earth. Ancient Rome went down in the zenith of her glory because a few parasites owned almost everything, and her sixty million slaves were ruled by brute force. Accursed profit must be abolished or the race become degenerate and extinct. Millionaires and paupers are not desirable citizens and under Socialism there will be neither rich nor poor, but all will be comfortable and happy.

Capitalism produces—Cannibals, Blackhanders, burglars, highway robbers, infanticides, mercenary marriages, children's courts, lunacy and suicide, starvation and misery in lands of plenty. A French scientist says all mankind are more or less insane, which seems true, judging by the chaos that exists everywhere. Alien capitalists have possession of coal mines and Canadian soldiers are called out to put down starving strikers in Nova Scotia. Thank heaven, Jules Lavenne is there also. A. Ames, Toronto.

A CRACKER-JACK OF A STORY.

Dear Comrade—That was a cracker-jack of a short story you had in about a month ago, written by a Berlin comrade. I gave it to the Baptist minister to read, and he said he would not be afraid to don his old clothes and go out and look for a job. Said I, "In the slums of a big city?" Said he, "No, not there."

The census taker will soon be around. I wish you would suggest to the Christian Socialists who read your paper, no matter what denomination they belong to, or if they belong to none, when asked their religion by the census taker, to see that he writes down, "Christian Socialist." This will give us some official recognition in the blue books. The motto of the Christian Socialists is "The Golden Rule against the rule of Gold." We have it lettered in red and hung up in the Methodist church here. Comrades in other churches please follow suit. Yours for the red.

C. P. Culliford.

The Banner Collection is the best combination of books for the new Socialist. The Advance Collection leads right on to Marx. The two sets of books \$1.00, 50 cents each.

Cotton's will not issue any more sub cards on credit. It has proved too costly in book-keeping and postage. Cash must accompany all orders.

STILL KEEPING OVEN 10,000

We have a loss of 66 to report this week. Gracious, this is not the turn in the affairs of Cotton's which leads on to victory and a whale of a big sub list, which we have been talking so long about. We can't just convey to you the strenuousness with which we wish it was. If there is not a decided change, the figures will dip well below on next week's report. We feel ashamed if it goes below the 10,000 mark again. The reason for this must be that Cotton's grand brigade of hustlers have been waiting—waiting for what—why waiting to see if Cotton's was going to pull through.

Several comrades writing in about stock during the past two weeks have stated that they would send in a good bunch of subs as soon as they received a guarantee that the paper was going ahead. Well take it straight right here that Cotton's is going ahead full steam. Get those bunches of subs on the way to Cotton's and put the list up to a higher mark than we have ever reached. Get rid of the "Cold Feet" feeling and get into the optimistic mood that now prevades at Cotton's, the Temple of the Revolution.

Sit right down now and figure out that healthy list you ought to send us May Day, the day when labor should be feeling and thinking red, sheep that red banner flying proudly to the breeze. Let the 1st of May mark the beginning of a big advance for Socialism in Canada.

Get out into new territory and force the propaganda. A grand advance all along the line is now in order.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of April 14.

	TOTAL
Ontario	107
British Columbia	32
Alberta	37
Prov. of Quebec	29
Saskatchewan	18
Manitoba	21
Yukon Territory	2
Newfoundland	0
Prince Ed. Island	0
Total	286

Loss for week 64

Total issue last week was 11,100

Cumberland Election Fund

By Jules Lavenne.

I have received the following funds towards the Cumberland County Election Fund, since last report: Hamilton Karl Marx Club, wishing you and the boys every success, K. Knudsen \$3.50 M. Lazaris, N. Wellington, B. C. with hopes that we will be successful in the campaign. 1.00 W. W. Jones, Alameda, Sask. Stay by your post we are with you \$2.00

Since last report \$6.50 Previously acknowledged \$2.00

Total \$8.50

I also acknowledge the receipt from Comrade F. Farrell, Hespeler, of two six month sub cards. This means two new readers for Cotton's. Also two sub cards for International Socialist Review from Com. W. W. Jones.

Come along comrades, help us. We have a double fight on hand. After 20 months of strike, we are more determined to win than ever, and we are going to strike at the ballot box. Here is what appeared in the capitalist papers: "Socialism is much feared. It is reported that 1600 workers have joined the ranks of the Socialist Party in Cumberland County, N. S." So help us, comrades. Yours in revolt.

In the Nova Scotia legislature a bill was introduced to prevent the fishing rights in the rivers and on the shores of the sea from being disposed of to become the exclusive right of the capitalist-purchasers. The good fishing spots are being acquired by the rich and the boys and men who formerly took a day off to go fishing are finding that there is no place for them to fish. The bill was defeated. The capitalists are to be allowed to monopolize fishing as they have been allowed to monopolize industry. We cannot expect any other treatment from capitalist politicians. They must serve their masters. The only hope of the common workers is to work with the political party, the Socialist party, that stands for the social ownership and enjoyment of the things which nature has furnished and which can be used for the needs and enjoyments of man.

WHAT & WHY COMBINATION—One hundred of each of our three best Leaflets: What Socialists Want, What is Being Done for You, and Why I am Not a Socialist, for only 25 cents. Ask for What & Why Combination.

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