

THE CENTURY CONTEST

W. U. Cotton.

Have you ever studied what persistent effort can do? It is to encourage persistent effort that the hundred dollar prize is offered.

The conditions of the century contest are these. The One Hundred Dollars are to go to the sub hustler who sends in one dollar for five half-yearly subs, five half-yearly sub cards, or for five half-yearly Agitation Battery subs. No bundle subs figure in this contest.

If you miss a week you drop out. If you send two dollars one week and none the next, you are counted out of the race.

You may think this is easy. You may think that this contest will last a long time and it is useless to enter into it.

I do not know whether the contest will be long or short. But if past history repeats itself the contest will be over in less than two months.

Cotton's Weekly has over a thousand sub hustlers. Hardly a dozen of these have sent in one dollar a week for three weeks in succession. The best record of our active sub hustler in this line lasted for seven weeks. Then came no hustling for a couple of months on his part.

It is not the amount of subs that count in this race. It is the persistence. One sub hustler may send in ten dollars' worth of subs in one week. His ten dollars will count no more than your one dollar. If he misses the next week he will be out of the race.

Hustlers in the small cities will have as good a chance as the hustlers in the big cities. Many of the best sub hustlers who will enter this contest will find to their surprise how steady, persistent work tells for Socialism.

The contest starts off Monday August 7th, and subs to count on the first week start of the contest must be in Covansville on or before Friday August 11th. The second week ends Friday, August 18th, third week, August 25th, and so on. Each week ends on Friday, and hustlers must register by Friday to stay in the contest.

This prize is offered to spread the power of Cotton's Weekly. It is offered to teach the sub hustlers the benefits of steady persistent work and to show some of them how much more they accomplish by getting one dollar's worth of subs each week than they do in sending in five or ten dollars worth of subs once every five or six months. It is offered finally to give the most enduring sub hustler a prize worth while.

This contest is open to all. The young are not excluded.

How many of you are going to get in on this chance of showing your mettle in persistent agitation work, in steady effort for the spread of Socialism, and of getting one hundred dollars in Canadian currency?

LOVE OF WORK.

Work is not only necessary, but it is a pleasure. Workers are not only satisfied to work, but they are hunting work, and find a joy in the work and their associations. That which is not pleasant is failing to get the full results of their labor. When driven to extreme exertion by fear of losing a place to work, work becomes labor and is hateful; to work and see others getting the results is hateful; to be driven to work by the fear of want is hateful. Activity is the law of life-inactivity the law of death. Happiness is not to be attained by diversion but by occupation. How many thousand times have you heard the expression: "I would rather work than be idle." To have nothing to do makes life dreary and weary. Men can and do work at some occupation all their lives and enjoy life better than those who try to pass life in finding diversion for it. Under a sane system of industry there will be no shirking, for all will work and all will enjoy the products of that work, and the comradeship of work will make it a joy. And when healthful pleasures are provided they will awaken a keener zest than is known to those who now surfeit on them. Socialism will make a new heaven and a new earth in fact.

POLITICAL MAXIMS.

A bribe in time saves nine.
A friend in need is a good voter.
A scratched ticket bothers the boss.
Investigations are odious; also odorous.
It is a long administration that has no ousting.
There is no use crying over wasted white wash.
A vote in the ballot box is worth all those outside.
A would-be officeholder and his money are soon parted.
Deeds are thicker than promises. (Also, promises are more numerous than deeds.)
Socialism will take human flesh and blood out of the commodity market.

DIVIDING UP

There are those who say that Socialism means dividing up. They declare that this is impossible and that therefore Socialism is impossible. Needless to say it is the ignorant and the untruthful who assert this. Socialism does not mean dividing up. Socialists recognize that dividing up is impossible.

Socialists do not contend that when a man's work is done in a car shop that he should lug home a couple of car wheels in payment of his day's work. We do not hold that a trackhand should take home a couple of steel rails torn from the road bed as payment for his ten hours work. A workman who is building a house is not supposed, under Socialism, to carry home in his pocket a part of the wall he has erected. Socialism does not aim at dividing up the capital of the country. It would be impossible. We all recognize that fact.

So far from wishing to divide up the capital of the world, we wish to socialize it. We say that capital is a social product and should be socially owned and operated for the benefit of all.

We Socialists are against dividing up the capital of the world. When the capitalist upholders pour scorn on Socialists for wanting to divide up, the ignorant plute apologists have not the brains to see that they are arguing against the capitalists. For capitalists believe in dividing up the ownership of capital. One capitalist will own one-tenth of a mill. Another capitalist will own one-tenth of a railroad. Another will own four or five tenement houses. Under capitalism the capital of the country is divided up and subdivided up and tied into double bow knots of legal tangles. The capital is divided up in all sorts of queer ways and the capitalists are all the time squabbling over their respective shares.

Socialism declares that this state of divided up capital is unjust and inequitable. Let the capital of the country be collectively owned. It is against the nature of capital to be divided. It is essentially collective. The capitalists, therefore, are unreasonable and illogical when they want to divide up the capital among themselves, and the Socialists are logical and reasonable when they want to make naturally collective capital to be the collective property of all the people.

War-What For?

Eugene V. Debs:—"This wonderful book—the book of an epoch, an immortal achievement. War-What For? has set fire to all the blood in my veins. It is useless to attempt to describe the book. This book delivers to war and to the social system responsible for war a deadly blow."

"War-What For?" is a handsome, gold-stamped, high-grade, cloth-bound, double-backed book, printed in easy, open type on high quality paper, 8x5 inches in size. This book contains: 352 pages; 12 chapters; 13 intensely interesting full-page pictures (three powerful half-tone); several literary photographs of hell; trenchant discussion of every phase of war, militarism, and social struggle; more than a dozen strong passages for school and entertainment declamations; over 300 citations and quotations from authorities; bibliography; numerous suggestions for promoting the propaganda against war and capitalism; an abundance of material for lectures on war, militarism, the class struggle, capitalism, socialism, and the history of the working class. A book of this size, stock, binding, and richness of illustration is usually sold at \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Prices—Single copy prepaid \$1.20; clubs of 3 to 10 copies, prepaid, 80 cents each. This book cannot be obtained from the publisher nor any one else for less than the above prices. Send your orders to Cotton's Weekly.

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Subs to the United States are \$1.00 per year. This is on account of the postage, which is one cent per copy.

In Germany there is an insurance law for workers. The funds are provided by the employers and employees. The employers provide one third and the employees provide two thirds. Hitherto the law has given the workers two thirds of the representation on the insurance boards. The employers had one third. The workers controlled and elected Socialists and the funds were administered to the best advantage. The bosses did not like this state of affairs, so a law was proposed to make the bosses pay one half of the funds and possess one half of the control. As the law was finally passed the bosses were given one half of the representation while paying only one third of the cost. This new law is arousing much anger and will help to swell the triumph of the Socialists in the coming elections.

THE BRITISH PUPPET SHOW FROM VARIOUS ANGLES

"In London many thousands of men roam about begging in vain for work. Yearly, hundreds of mothers are arrested because they smother their children rather than try to rear them in the unspeakable hell wherein they themselves must dwell.

In this city you may see in one huge, overcrowded and hideous region of it vast swarms of listless, inert, underfed, undeveloped creatures shaped like human beings and yet without one beauty in their lives to redeem life from abject brutishness, men with faces like tallow and hands like claws, poisoned in body and stunted in mind, incapable physically, mentally and morally misshapen and inept, crushed and maimed and despoiled of man's attributes, the frightful products of the modern inferno. You may see vast swarms of them today and vaster swarms tomorrow for relentlessly day after day their numbers swell and the deadly threat of them grows in the face of England and of this king now to be crowned with loud acclaim.

In this country now resounding with plaudits and hymnals of praise, what are known as the dangerous trades slay every year more persons than were ever slain on any modern battlefield. Every year these trades, with the unhealthy dwellings, insufficient food, poisoned air, dreary lives and monotonous drudgery that are the portion of the majority of its inhabitants, slay more persons than were ever before slain in any modern war.

All of these slaughters are unnecessary; all of them are so many murders; all of them are so many indictments of the existing system of which the gracious king and his gracious crowning are but the type and the highest expression.

What do we care? We are crowning another king.

Crowning him in a country where darkness broods and poverty spreads; where already poverty has wrought the physical and mental decline of the huge classes at the bottom of the glittering social pyramid; where insanity increases so rapidly that all the alienists are alarmed; where tuberculosis increases so steadily that all the health authorities are alarmed; where in twenty years the average physical stature has so diminished that three times it has been necessary to lower the standards for admission to the army; where decency, comfort and sufficiency are limited to fewer than one-fifth of the inhabitants; where in the teeming slums every year come into the world a hundred thousand.

In such a country in the midst of a rising bleak sea of poverty and pain, a handful of the Lord's anointed have erected a little island for themselves and their fellows and cheer themselves into hysteria because they have another king.

All about them is acute suffering and grisly death. What do they care? Here comes the grand procession, moving slowly forward with pomp and majesty, music and dazzling pageantry; and every foot of the way it wades through blood and rolls over the bodies of those that must give up their lives to sustain the existing system, of which this is the type and the perfect expression.

At one stage of the august ceremony the august archbishop of some-thing or other took in his hand the crown that still in the twentieth century is the emblem of sovereignty and power, and after many curious and barbaric tricks he put it upon the gracious king's head. Just this moment suppose there could suddenly have appeared in Westminster Abby a picture of the real England over which this gracious king is graciously pleased to rule. Suppose just one family of the East End degenerates should have marched down the aisle and thrust their tallow faces and scrawny claws before the holy archbishop and the gracious king. Suppose they should have shown their deformities and demanded vengeance upon the system that made them what they are; I guess that would have jarred the proceedings for a moment or two. I guess that would have shocked the sensitive nerve of the better classes, exclusive of proprietors of the royal pageantry.

Yet that spectacle, incongruous and strange as it would seem, would have been infinitely more typical and appropriate than anything that graced the splendors of coronation day. It would have been typical of the real England—Charles Edward Russell, Coming Nation.

What a Spectacle!

Throughout the coronation exercises in London the Socialists made excellent propaganda. Meetings by the score were held and leaflets by the ton were distributed attacking the monarchy and exposing the pauperism of the people due to the robbery and extravagance of the rich.

Even the cables were compelled to heed to the contrast of the wealthy wasting enormous sums while the poor watched for the tossing out of crusts like abandoned dogs in the street. The Associated Press and special writers for the big plute papers cabled that the show was a grand success, and that the British people are more deeply steeped in monarchy than any time in history. On the other hand, the United Press pronounced the affair a frost, showed that the monarchy had a hired army of claqueurs stationed along the line of parade to lead in applause, and declared that the people were cold and indifferent and not nearly as many witnessed the procession as were expected. Possibly if it hadn't been for the shiploads of American flunkies and king worshippers who went across, as well as thousands who flocked to London from the continent of Europe, the blowout would have been a complete failure. Of course, we ought to feel proud that J. P. Morgan, "Brother Charley" Taft, Whitelaw Reid and John Hays Hammond strutted around in knee breeches and were given a cordial welcome by his most gracious majesty, but somehow the American people didn't tear their hair out in a mad frenzy of delight. Still it must have been just lovely for those half-civilized American women who carry their millions abroad in their title-worshipping adventures. If some of them were compelled to do an honest day's work—such, for instance, as washing their soiled linen—they might be in better business.—Cleveland Citizen.

ANTI-MILITARY ISSUE NO. 147

Q This is the finest propaganda issue that ever came off Cotton's press. It contains two splendid articles with cartoons, "Get Off Our Backs," and "The Boy Scouts," and is packed full with other grand propaganda matter. We have only a few thousand on hand, and while they last the rate is 50 cents per one hundred copies. Order early as the demand is keen.

MONARCHY MUST GO.

The institution of monarchy is one of the oldest among the many old institutions with which humanity is cumbered. The venerability of this institution is its greatest, perhaps its only reason, for existence in modern times. Humanity has so long shouted "God save the king," that the hereditary respect of the people for the monarchy is the greatest asset of an institution which was long ago insolvent, and which is rapidly approaching bankruptcy.

The education of the masses, is the factor which will sound the death knell of monarchy, and the signs of the times indicate that the period is not far distant when monarchy, already tottering to its fall, will disappear altogether from before the march of evolution, as feudalism and chattel-slavery have disappeared. Has the reader realized the fact that the very name, "subjects," applied by the king to the people, is a name of degradation and servitude? One definition of the word subject is: "A person placed under the power of another." Every person born within the British Empire is, theoretically, under the power of the King of England. In the seventeenth century, in England, the king was proclaimed by the ministry to be above all human laws. We know better, in these days, yet there can be no doubt that a superstition still prevails among monarchists that they are entitled to more of the good things of life than are "common people."

Along with the institution of monarchy we have the nobility, which is an essential working part of the machine. The nobility is a class created by the monarch for the purpose of propping up and ensuring the continued existence of the monarchy. In England, titles are now bestowed by the king, but the time was when they could be bought. The title of Baronet was created in the seventeenth century (by James I) and sold for an amount equal to five thousand dollars.

For hundreds of years we have shouted "God save the king;" for hundreds of years we have been told what a necessary, useful, and divinely ordered institution monarchy is; but now a new day dawns, a day which shall see monarchy consigned to the junk heap of outworn institutions where it belongs. History teaches us nothing more certain than that the destiny of the institution of monarchy is decay and final dissolution.

THE BRITISH CROWNING.

Magnificent spectacles were those royal coronation tableaux in London last week. There was a toy throne, a toy crown, a toy king and consort. They were surrounded by toy aristocrats in a curio church-edifice, and there were toy ecclesiastics to officiate at the toy crowning. Outside, for the entertainment of commoner and the commonest crowds, which lined the streets with only purchasable places for distinction, there was a procession of more or less animate toys skillfully arranged in sets and brilliantly costumed. Expensive it all was, and the expense was wrung from the sweat of labor.—The Public.

THERE is a Century Contest Sub Blank enclosed in this copy of Cotton's. Use it to enter the Century Contest for the \$100.00 prize.

THRIFT

The capitalists and their apologists preach thrift. They tell the workers to save their money and not spend it foolishly. They are told to cut down their expenses and save and invest and grow rich. This is the hope held out to the exploited wage slave by parson, banker, employer, newspaper writer, and the other capitalist agencies. All these people are either ignorant, or else are deliberately attempting to mislead the workers to their injury.

Wages always hang round the subsistence level. The worker goes and sells himself on the labor market. He gets only the going price. That price is the amount of money the worker can support himself on according to the standard of living of that country and time.

If the workers began to be thrifty, if they began to cut down their expenses and live on less, the standard of living would fall and wages would fall so that the workers would only be able to live on the wages given with a lower standard of subsistence and would not be able to save a cent. Thrift, universally practised by the workers, would mean a deeper degradation for them. Thrift is preached in order to lead the workers to cut their own throats.

This is how it works out. The workers are the great body of spenders. It is their wages that buy so many things. It is their wages that make industry hum.

If the workers began to save their wages and not spend them, hard times would come quicker than they do now. Let us imagine that the workers ceased going to moving picture shows, ceased smoking, bought ten cent hats instead of plug hats, wore the very cheapest clothing, ate the cheapest food, and lived in the most tumble down houses they could find. Supposing they did this in order to cut down their living expenses so as to begin to save money to become rich. The result would be the opposite to that intended.

When the workers ceased to smoke, the tobacco hands would be thrown out of work. There would be no market for their goods. The moving picture employees would be thrown out of employment. The hatmakers would find their occupation seriously limited. Carpenters would find their trade dull. Thousands of employees, now working owing to the so-called extravagance of the workers, would be thrown out of their jobs. They would clamor at the gates of the factories where workers might still have a job. The labor market would be overcrowded.

As the workers would have deliberately cut down their living expenses, they would have lowered the standard of living. The bosses would say to them, "Here you, you can live on less than what you are getting. We're going to cut your pay in half. If you don't like it, you can go and we will hire these out-of-workers who want a job."

Thus wages would be reduced, the workers would have a lesser subsistence level, profits would be bigger, and the workers would have to scrimp to live because they began to scrimp to save. It is to induce the workers to enter a more wretched state of existence that the masters may get bigger profits, that the doctrine of thrift on the part of the workers is so sedulously taught by the masters.

The workers should not practice economy. They should try to get new wants. They should endeavor to cut down their hours of labor and learn to live on more. They should strive to raise their standard of living. And finally they should aim at capturing the political organization in order to confiscate the property of the master class and make it the collective capital of the workers.

SOCIALISTS FIGHT ON!

As long as competition's reigning, And grasping hands more power gaining,

So long, my friends keep on complaining,

O Socialists, Fight On!

Success today depends on lying, Greed, cunning and assembly buying,

To change all this, is worth the trying,

O Socialists, Fight On!

A glorious day you are preparing, While you fight on, there's no despairing,

March on, the banner of justice bearing,

O Socialists, Fight On!

The Star of Hope, above is shining, Its rays a future love divining,

That love will come, all hearts entwining,

O Socialists, Fight On!

Howard Carrington.

Socialist Stickers—Miniature Posters printed in Red and Blue, on gummed paper. Good for back of letters and every other place they can be seen. 12 cents per hundred, assorted; 500 assorted, 60 cents; 1000 assorted, \$1.00.

OUR COUNTRIES

The following is the address of Comrade Gustave Herve of France, before the jury which sentenced him to five years in solitary confinement because he dared expose the true nature of patriotism and war. The basis for the action of the ruling class of France in his book called "My Country, Right or Wrong."

Revolutionary Socialists have discarded a flag along whose folds are blazoned in letters of gold the words of so many butcheries. Flags are merely symbols. They have no value except for what they represent. What, then, is the Fatherland? What, indeed, are all the present nations? The nations, all nations, whatever may be the ethics of their system of government, are composed of two sets of men, one far the smaller in numbers, the other comprising the vast majority of the population.

The first class is seated around a well-set table, where nothing is wanting. At the head of the table, in the place of honor, are the high financiers. Some of them are Jews—yes, the others are Catholics; some more are Protestants and others, free thinkers. They may be in disagreement with each other over the question of religion or philosophy, or even over rates of interest; but as against the great mass of the people they are banded like thieves at a fair.

To the right and left of them are the Ministers of State, the high functionaries of the civil, religious, or military administrations, not to omit the general treasurers, with their 30, 40 or 60 thousand francs salaries per year; a little further around, the full Council of the Order of Lawyers, the glorious spokesmen of the Universal Consensus; next the gentlemen of the court, and their precious auxiliaries, the solicitors, notaries, and bailiffs.

The big stockholders in mines, factories, railroads, and steamship companies, the merchants, the possessors of castles and large estates, are all at this table; all those who own four-pence are here at the foot of the table; they are the small fry who have, nevertheless, all the prejudices, all the reactionary instinct of the big capitalists.

You, also gentlemen of the jury, I must place among the number of privileged persons gathered around this table. It is not an evil fate, I assure you. In return for work—when you do work—which is of an intellectual character, often pleasant, which always allows plenty of leisure, which flatters your pride and vanity, you get in return a bounteous life, rendered endurable by all the comfort, all the luxury which the progress of science has placed at the disposal of the favorite of fortune.

Far from that table I see a herd of beasts of burden, condemned to labor which is repugnant, unclean, dangerous, brutalizing, with neither rest nor respite, and above all, without security for the morrow; petty merchants, tied down to their counters on holidays and Sundays, pressed more and more to the wall by the combinations of large stores; small land-holders, dulled and stupefied by workdays 16 and 18 hours long, whose toil only goes to enrich the big brokers, millionaires, wine commission merchants, and sugar refiners. Further still from the table around which they are gathered is the great mass of the proletariat, whose sole fortune is but their arms or their brains, workmen and women of the factories, liable to long periods of unemployment, petty officials and functionaries, forced to eke out a low, and conceal their opinions; domestics of both sexes, food for exploitation, food for cannon.

There are your countries. A country of the present time is nothing but this monstrous social inequality, this monstrous exploitation of man by man.—Gustave Herve.

"Let us prey," is the motto of the capitalists.



No, you can't buy a copy of "Cotton's Compendium of Facts" with money, and we don't believe there's another book like it in Canada. It was printed with the socialist idea—Work to win. It comes "Free" for a little work. A \$3.00 order for Subs, Sub Cards, Bundles or Agitation, brings it by return mail.

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