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# Cotton's Weekly

W. H. COTTON, S.A., S.C.I., Managing Editor ESTABLISHED DEC. 2nd, 1905

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What the capitalists call confiscation Socialists call restitution.

A vote for the Liberal or Conservative party is a vote for slavery.

We want to capture the political state in order to allow the producers to govern themselves.

The Social Democratic party of Canada and the Socialist party of Canada should become one organization.

The plate does not like Socialism for the same reason that the devil does not like a Christian—it kills his business.

When the culture of profit perches itself on the spire of the house of our Lord, is it any wonder the workers refuse to attend that house?

The capitalist reformer wants to give the female wage slave a living wage. The Socialist wants her to receive the equivalent of the social wealth her labor creates.

The Dominion Textile Company has net profits of \$1,350,000 for the past year. This is equal to the annual earnings of 3,220 Canadian wage workers. The capitalist system is nice for the idle profit getters.

If the hold of capitalism grows much stronger upon the Canadian farmer, he will soon have to beg for the bite he eats from his masters. He was once a king in the land is now a vassal slaving for the trusts of the country.

The farmer is gazing at his growing crops, wondering how much he will be able to pay off on the mortgage debt when the crops are threshed. Not much. By the time the machinery agent, loan shark and the rest of the piratical horde get through with Mr. Farmer, he will be about in the same place he is in the spring, with a chance to perform the same stunt once more.

The barons of old used to look with contempt on the underlings who contributed to his support. Some of the present breed of robbers have a tendency to do the same, but the custom is dying out. The big robbers are skimming the little robbers so fast that the little fellows are afraid to antagonize the working class, as they know not how soon they will be forced back to that class, and they would much rather be assured of a peaceful welcome.

The railroader says, "Well, I don't have to pay for my rides, anyway. I have the bulge on the rest of the working class in that respect." The railroader pays his rides all right, only he can't see it that way. When he makes a 300-mile trip in a day from Montreal to Toronto he pays for his rides, and for the rides of many a lazy capitalist in the Pullmans also. If railroaders would do little figuring they would soon see that the difference between what they get and what they earn pays for a lot of things which have nothing in common for them or their slave existence.

"If it wasn't for capital, railroads, industries, and all such would have to close up," asserted the non-Socialist. These men never seem to take labor into consideration in the least. The next time the Imperial Limited is ready to leave Montreal let Sir William Van Horne climb to the locomotive cab, and after all the big capitalists have filled the tender with the money they possess, start to shovel money into the fire box. Would the engine steam up on the money and silver coins? Nit. All the paper money in Canada would not generate enough steam in the locomotive to start the train.

A bill was introduced in the Canadian House of Parliament to prohibit the sale of firearms unless the purchaser is first provided with a proper certificate from the chief of police. The same old capitalist government tactics. Why do they not prohibit the manufacture of these murderous weapons? Why should anyone, anywhere, have in his possession a revolver? The only use they appear to have in these modern times is to protect the property stolen from the working class, which the big thieves are afraid will be taken from them by the workers. But the workers have a far better weapon than any firearm, and that weapon is the ballot. Properly used the ballot will make restitution of all that has been stolen from the toilers. The proper place for murderous firearms is at the bottom of a nice, deep, quiet lake.

An immense wave of common sense has struck the city of Buffalo. There is a strike of drivers from the express companies and department stores. The mayor of Buffalo has been working in the most frantic manner to uphold what he terms law and order, and defeat the cause of the strikers. Strikebreakers have come, and gone; policemen have been placed on the wagons, and have quit their jobs; the officials of the masters are at their wits' end. The other day seventy police threw up the sponge and refused to act as scabs any longer. One policeman appeared at headquarters with a "bum lamp." His wife and her brothers were Socialists, and he said he hit him in the eye when he told her he had gone to work as a policeman. He quit. Another young fellow said he had been expelled from a social club, and none of the girls would dance with him if he did not throw up his job. He quit, too. The masters' hold on the rope is slipping. We will soon have the rope, and all that goes with it.

## Two Little Journeys to the Scriptures

### A Visit to Joseph

Comrade S. Shonts, of Rocky Mountain House, Alta. sends us a leaf out of the "Sunda School Banner" of April 11th. This is the paper used to instruct teachers of the Methodist Sunday schools. It is published in Toronto.

The lesson of May 11th was on Joseph, and these were the instructions given to the Sunday School Superintendent when he talked to the united classes:

Call attention to the fact that as Pharaoh sought for an able viceroy, so others are seeking for able men to manage their affairs now. The truly capable men are always in demand. The youth who wants a good place can get it just as Joseph got his: by showing himself bright and intelligent and loyal. It will be a long time before there will be a glut in this market. The young men who fail are those who are indolent, careless, stupid, and indifferent to their employers' interests. Cigarettes and strong drink and loafing around saloons are the practical explanations of the numerous failures that are found on every hand. We hear of no youths falling if they are industrious and honorable and earnest. None of us may be Josephs, but we may have Joseph's principles, and we may trust in Joseph's God.

That sounds good, and poor little children going to the Sunday schools will get a false notion of life. Comrade Shonts points out just what Joseph did. If we examine his career we will find it is not one to be followed at all. A modern Joseph, doing the same thing, would probably be hung as an enemy of the people.

Joseph thought a famine was coming after seven years of plenty. So he and the king of the Egyptians planned to rob the nation wholesale through the tricks of trade backed up by the power of the state.

During seven years of plenty Joseph and the king of Egypt used the national revenues of the country to buy grain cheap. As there was an abundance the price was low. They got lots of it. When apples lie rotting on the ground now, the farmers will take anything to get rid of them. Then the tillers of the soil accepted a low price. And Joseph and the king bought and bought and bought. Then the famine came. The price of grain went up. Joseph and the king had cornered it. The first year Joseph took all the money of the Egyptians for food. Having cornered all the food supply he monopolized all the circulating medium.

The second year the Egyptians had no more money, and still had to have the grain which the king through Joseph had cornered. So Joseph made them barter to him all their horses and cattle and flocks and asses. He did this as the agent of the king. He now had got all the work animals of the Egyptians, save the human ones.

The 3rd year Joseph made the Egyptians sell their land and themselves for the grain with which to live. He made them bondsmen, slaves, serfs on the soil of the king. He transformed a free nation into a nation of slaves.

Now he had everything. The fourth year he gave them seed and set them to work working for the king. A fifth of all they raised was to belong to the king. This was in addition to the revenues which the king had formerly obtained through the ordinary means of taxation.

See what a dirty, lowdown trick Joseph played on the Egyptians. The Egyptians were not lazy. They produced all the grain which Joseph cornered. The royal parasite and parasite Joseph produced nothing. But they schemed, and in the end the do-nothing-useful schemers had everything and the do-everything-useful producers had nothing.

Now see what a miserable, hypocritical, babe-deceiving lesson the Methodist church draws from this. Read the extract from the "Banner" of April 11th. The babes are taught that as Pharaoh sought for an able viceroy, others are seeking for able men to manage their affairs now. The youth who wants a good place can get it just as Joseph got his: by showing himself bright and intelligent and loyal. It will be a long time before there will be a glut in this market. The young men who fail are those who are indolent, careless, stupid, and indifferent to their employers' interests. Cigarettes and strong drink and loafing around saloons are the practical explanations of the numerous failures that are found on every hand. We hear of no youths falling if they are industrious and honorable and earnest. None of us may be Josephs, but we may have Joseph's principles, and we may trust in Joseph's God.

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### A Visit to Isaac, Jacob and Esau

On Sunday, May 25th, I attended divine service in the Congregational church, Cowansville. I attended, not in the hope of receiving spiritual blessings therefrom (I have sadly given up hope of receiving such comfort in the temples of manna erected throughout Canada) but from a curious motive to see what foolish thing I could hear. My curiosity was satisfied sufficiently for three more months. After that length of time I must go again.

The text was the 16th and 17th chapter of Genesis and related two of the chief culminating points in the career of Esau and Jacob. It is true he spoke of Jehovah as a tribal god, though I do not think the audience grasped the reference, they were too reverent, or sleepy to analyze what the minister was saying. It is true he gave the Latin and the Greek word for "profane." It is also true he slightly referred to the influence of environment on actions. He also expiated a little upon the fact that the birthright which Esau sold—the right to offer sacrifices to the tribal god—meant head-

Two men, a schemer and a strong foolish person, got upon an island. The wise man said, "This island belongs to me." The fool agreed. "Now," said the wise man, "you are on my island. You go pick coconuts and catch turtles and bring them to me and get other foodstuffs you can." The fool did so and then prepared them for food. Then the wise man ate and gave the scraps to the fool. The fool protested and thought he ought to have better treatment. "Fool," said the wise man, "I do not feed you and keep you? You are unjust and ungrateful after all I have done for you to complain." And the fool kept on his foolish way supporting the two of them and thinking he was being fed by the wise man. This lasted till the pair were taken back to civilization. Today in Canada the working class support themselves and the capitalist masters. Many foolish workmen think the capitalists are supporting both the capitalists and the workers. The foolish system now in vogue in Canada will continue until the workers grow wise enough to refuse to create all the wealth and live on the scraps.

The plute press of Canada at last admits that the three year term is unpopular with the French soldiers. At Macdonald 100 soldiers assembled and sang the "International." At other places protests have been made. The "intense enthusiasm" for the three year term exists only among those who do not have to suffer.

A fool in revolt, says Kossuth, is infinitely wiser than the most learned philosopher making an apology for his chains. There are many who apologize for their chains by saying, "You must have masters and leaders." Such people like to be led.—International Socialist, Australia.

The other Sunday a minister made the remark that people would rather go fishing on Sunday than attend church. But he didn't mention anything about the freight trains and the whistles and shrieking all over Canada disturbing the Sabbath rest. Of course not; there might have been some good pillars of his church present who were large holders of railroad stocks, and who would not like anything said which might tend to injure their dividend getting. If freight trains were not allowed to run on Sunday, the companies would require more motive power and rolling stock, and the unearned revenues would not flow so fast to the shareholders. The worker must not have a little fishing excursion at the end of a week of toil and slavery, but the wealthy loafer may tear up and down the country in his joy wagon, howling and yelling and deserting the Sabbath, and the minister sees him not. At least he doesn't make it part of his business to try and put a stop to it. That does not seem to be part of his business. He is probably content to "let George do it." Anvil chorus for the worker: the soft pedal for the plute. Heck, what a bad man the worker is getting to be.

ship of the clan. But these were only slight references. He seemed to know little of the economic determinist theory.

First of all he painted the picture of Esau coming hungry from the chase and Jacob tempting him to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. While he was talking I was thinking of the evolution in the material basis of life, or the materialistic conception of history.

Esau was the hunter, Jacob was the pastoral. Esau depended upon the running down of wild beasts for his living. Jacob raised his food supplies. Esau had to go far afield. Jacob had to go to his tent door for food.

Jacob had an easier method of living than Esau. Consequently he and his clan were bound to multiply more rapidly and grow more powerful than Esau and his clan.

Jacob lived fat and Esau lived lean. Jacob grew contented, and Esau discontented. This was nothing, but economic determinism. Jacob, growing in economic power, planned and connived to overthrow the political power of Esau. The culmination of his struggle came when Esau was faint unto death with hunger. Jacob was felled. Now, an empty stomach is not a match in reasoning power with a full stomach. Esau sold his birthright. While the minister was telling how Paul condemned Esau, and as the minister was condemning him too, I was saying to Esau, "If I had been in your place, old chap, I am mighty sure I'd have sold my birthright too. Wasn't Jacob a sneak?"

The minister went on then to the 27th chapter of Genesis, and read how Jacob had deceived Isaac. Isaac wanted a mess of venison from Esau. Evidently he still hankered after the hunting meat and did not care so much for the back door meat of Jacob. While Esau was away, Jacob put goat skins on his hands and neck and went in to his blind father and pretended to be Esau. Isaac was a little dubious and felt the hands and neck. He said, "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." He then ate the kid meat thinking it was venison. This showed how his senses had failed. He was no longer fit to manage his business.

He blessed Jacob, thinking it was Esau. Esau came back and lamented and wanted to kill Jacob. The blessing, which was a "last will and testament," giving Jacob the greater part of Isaac's possessions, could not be revoked.

The minister spoke and spoke, and I was thinking of the question from the modern legal point. In the first place, Esau would have gone to a court and had Isaac interdicted as an incapable and a judge would have appointed a curator to manage the affairs of the estate while Isaac lived.

In the second place, after the blessing had been given, Esau and Isaac would have taken it to court, and asked to have the contract giving Esau nearly all the property set aside on the ground of error. It is a well known principle of modern law that when you make a gift to one person thinking it to be another, the gift can be set aside.

What Paul said about Esau when writing to the Hebrews nearly two thousand years ago is a little archaic for modern needs. And how one son of a polygamist chieftain of a nomadic tribe aimed at and succeeded in supplanting another son of the infirm old man has mighty little bearing on this age of trains and telegraphs and parliaments and machine and capitalist exploitation.

The finest pump in the world is the human heart. Inventors have tried to apply the principle of the human heart, pump into their creations, but with small success. It still remains the acme of perfection. Every living person is in the possession of one of these valuable engines, and are supposed to run them. But do they?

Under the system we are struggling under most of the throbs of the worker of his heart throbs for the gods of profits. For ten hours each day does the heart send its life stream coursing through the body of the worker. In about three hours the toiler has produced enough to buy food to keep the pump working for the remaining twenty-one hours, with shelter and clothing added. When these three hours pass, the pump still keeps on throbbing and working with never a stop, but not for its owner—oh no, for the master who can direct the owner of the pump to do this, or do that, and who can at a moment's notice take the means of life away from the toiler, when the pump will have to cease its labors, and its owner die.

The capitalists cannot devise anything to resemble the human heart pump, but they can take its owner and bind him into slavery, and rob the worker of his heart throbs for many hours each day.

A United States farmer, when he ships eggs, slips a copy of the Christian Socialist into the crate, thus spreading Socialism. Canadian farmers can do the same with Cotton's Weekly.

A live Socialist movement makes the plute a Gloomy Gus.

### Why Do They Do It?

Why do ministers preach from these archaic texts? Why do they delve into outworn incidents that have lost their message thousands of years ago? There is a reason. Economic determinism. The minister must not offend his congregation.

There is a story told of two preachers who were friends at college. One became a successful city preacher, and the other always got the backwoods charges. The poor preacher visited his prosperous confrere and out of generosity he was asked to preach. But the city preacher wanted to know the subject. The country preacher suggested he preach against cards or dancing, or wine, or stock gambling, and the city preacher demurred, because various members of his flock were interested in all these things. Finally the country preacher preached against the Jews who crucified Christ. It was a harmless topic.

Today they preach about Jacob, Isaac and Esau.

I looked over the congregation. There were eighty-seven present. I did not see one wage slave.

Occupying a prominent seat was the employer of eighty workmen. Across the church was his general manager. The minister could not preach against wage slavery, or they would withdraw their support.

Ahead of me was a gentleman who had cleaned up \$60,000 speculating in Crown Reserve. The minister dare not preach against the corrupting power of gold, as he depends upon that gold for a living. I thought how that very Sunday, the miners of Cobalt were balloting whether they would go on strike to help their striking comrades of Porcupine, of how they work for a bare living wage in darkness and damp that the gentleman who listened so reverently to the preacher mandering along about Isaac could clean up \$60,000.

There were landlords and landladies of the Cowansville shacks present, listening to the parson. I thought of the slaves living in those shacks, and stinging their families to pay the rent. "Feed my lambs," said Christ, and the false teachers of today preach Isaac to the parasites who take the bread out of the mouths of the children.

There were farmers present who had inherited money or who had grubbed their lives away saving a few hundred dollars. They listened, but had not the intellect to take in what the minister said. They had saved, and not learned.

There were little merchants present and small contractors, but the wage slaves were conspicuous by their absence.

When I got out I hustled over to a comrade's house and smoked a cigar and thought of the Christ who was the blasphemer of his day because he fought for the under dogs. I thought how his eyes would blaze and how that whip of his would get busy in the Cowansville Congregational church, the same as it got busy in the temple at Jerusalem.

They preach Christ and betray him with every word.

They have made of his worship a bulwark of robbery.

And the new spirit of Christ, the Socialist movement, sweeps on and is fought by the churches supported by mammon in the name of Christ.

So I stay away from the Cowansville Congregational church, and the other churches, and whenever I feel like resting on my oars and floating, go to church, get disgusted, and fighting mad.

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A live Socialist movement makes the plute a Gloomy Gus.

Socialism is freedom, with a capital "F".

Without the workers everything must stop.

Experience is a hard teacher. It is through experiencing capitalism that the working class learn to want Socialism.

Capitalism is driving toward destruction with a reckless pace which is soul-satisfying to the Socialist.

Reports from Scotland declare that pauperism increased greatly there in spite of the good trade. More and more under capitalism, prosperity is reversed for the master class.

Cumberland, B. C., workers are learning how well their masters "love" the working class. When the workers refuse to be profitable work-beasts the masters show their true nature.

The capitalists today let their greed of wealth and power run to selfishness in extreme, and often forget that the workers are human beings like themselves, and should be treated as such.

The workers send the henchmen of their masters to Ottawa, and they scrap and fight, and gabble and chatter like a flock of parrots, and fill whole pages of Hansard with a superfluity of nothingness. The stunts they pull off annually are for no other reason than to befuddle the brains of the working class, and cause them to back up any outlandish scheme the capitalists may suggest for them to carry through.

Not so many years ago the liquor interests did practically no advertising in the press of Canada. In these days the papers lashed the liquor traffic morning and evening. Today nearly every newspaper or magazine one may pick up fairly bristles with "hop" ads. The capitalist press are mum. The liquor interests with their blood money have placed a silence on the muzzles of the journalist sharpshooters. They keep Mum(m).

How the little retailers howl about the way the large departmental stores are taking the trade of Canada from under their very noses. These same people used to cry aloud about free competition was the life of trade, etc., etc. But of late departmental stores are cropping up in all the large cities, and the little fellows are getting all the competition they want, and more. They are helpless when the giant powers of organized capital bunt up against their measly little bank account.

Customs appraisers assert that a total of \$16,000,000 worth of gems have passed through the New York customs house since the first of the year, and wonder what has become of them. Well, the workers didn't get them. They went to adorn the persons of the idle rich. The workers carry this idle class on their backs, and in order to make their burden heavier dive in the ocean and delve in the mines, and toil in the jewellery factories producing geegaws for the parasites to plaster on their lazy carcasses.

Masey is now premier of New Zealand. When he was after the job he declared that the Prime Minister of Tom Mackenzie would bring the country to unutterable ruin. After Masey got the job by ousting Mackenzie, he sent Mackenzie to England to represent New Zealand. If Mac, was such an incapable, why should he get a responsible job? The explanation is that the old political parties, whether in New Zealand, Canada or elsewhere, are one at heart and serve the capitalist class. Their fights are sham fights to deceive the slave class.

The soldier cleans guns, polishes harness, brushes uniforms, scrubs swords and bayonets and barrack room floors, drills and marches and counter-marches, and wears his hat at precisely the angle suitable to the whims of his bulldozer officer. Now, isn't this a noble vocation for a man who thinks he is any sort of a man at all? On top of all this he gets a wage which would not pay his board were it not supplied for him by the classes he is hired to suppress. The soldier is certainly a creature endowed with a Joblike patience and humility, else he would chuck the whole job.

Two friends met on a street in Montreal the other day who had not passed the time of day for quite a while. "Say," said one, "who do you think I met the other day up on St. Catherine street? You remember Katy?" "I Well, I was talking to her for a few minutes. The poor girl has been trying to live decent on the miserable wages she was getting in the factory, and you should see her. She is so thin you would hardly recognize her, and she honestly didn't have enough rags on her back to dust a fiddle. I made her take a loan, and gave her a wrong address, so she can't pay me back. I wonder how long she will be able to hold out against her hard luck? Not for long, I imagine. I've seen too many girls like her in this town go down and out. There is not much chance for a girl in Montreal when the cards are all stacked up against her from the start. It's too bad, isn't it? S'long."

Socialists and Radicals have made great gains in the Danish elections. The new political wine is fermenting in the old bottles, and there may be surprises in store for those who do not read the signs of the times.—Toronto Globe.