

## LIBELLING THE KING

Edward F. Mylius has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for libelling George Wettin, otherwise known as King George the Fifth. Mylius circulated a publication called the Liberator, a paper published in Paris by Edward Bolton James, an American millionaire. This paper contained the old story that George had married a woman of the people whom he discarded for Queen Mary and the British throne.

I do not know whether this story is true or not. I was not in Malta at the time the alleged morganatic marriage took place. But I have heard about this marriage for many years back. Its reputation has circulated widely.

To stop these stories George Wettin jumped on Mylius. He accused him of libel and hauled him into a court of justice of which George Wettin is the titular head. George Wettin hauled his victim before the court of which George Wettin was chief because Wettin is also King.

Mylius asked George Wettin his accuser to step into the box and be cross-examined. This request was refused. How could the King George the Fifth, Emperor of Rex, step into one of his beastly courts? No. King George would not allow himself to be examined. When King George wanted to get the scalp of his accuser he came forward as a private citizen. But when the accuser said, "Come on, you private citizen and let me get a whack at you in the witness box," Wettin said, "Not on your life. I'm King."

Admiral Seymour and his daughters came and testified that the King had not married any of them. And Mylius was sentenced in King George's kingly court for libelling George Wettin, King of England.

Have you noticed how the plute papers of Canada have been saying that the King's reputation has been cleared? This little trial has been whooped up as having cleared up the matter for good and aye. Wait a moment. Let us look at the criminal law regarding libel and then see.

When you accuse a man of doing something wrong, you must prove what you publish up to the hilt. You must prove that the events took place at the place mentioned at the time mentioned with the parties mentioned. In a celebrated libel case down in Nova Scotia against a cabinet minister the accused was convicted of libelling the minister because, although he proved the immoral conduct, he did not prove that the immoral conduct occurred at the exact street number alleged.

There were three women mentioned as being the morganatic wife of George Wettin. Edward Bolton James mentioned one of the women. Forthwith this woman marches up and says she is not the lady. George Wettin keeps out of the way.

James has again attacked Wettin and declares that the alleged wife is out on the Pacific Coast. His publication has again been circulated in England much to the exasperation of Mr. Wettin.

Whether the story is true or not makes little difference. It matters mighty little to the Canadian wage slave whether a royal parasite over in London has been once, twice, three or a hundred times married.

The great question for the Canadian slave is not the foreign parasite but the local parasites and the international parasites who are astride the slave, forcing him to work long hours, and robbing him of all but a bare living.

The U. S. Government is enforcing peonage. It is engaging directly in it on the Panama Zone. W. D. Boyce, a U. S. capitalist, says of the workings of the Panama Canal Commission, "The peonage system of practically forcing labor to remain here, by arresting, fining and imprisoning any person who employs a man working for the Canal Commission, or who wishes to work for it, is without parallel except in times of war. No employee can get out of the country without a pass, and no steamship company will sell a ticket without a permit is furnished by the commission. Making law by 'Executive Order' is new to free Americans."

In the February number of the Woman's Home Companion is a series of conversations bearing on the high cost of living. The conversations purport to show that the high cost of living is due to inexperienced or foolish and extravagant wives buying the best roasts and turning up their noses at everything but the choicest bits. The Woman's Home Companion is a product of the Cromwell Publishing Co., which is controlled by J. P. Morgan. So you can see why the cost of living is shoved off on a scapegoat by this publication.

## 'SPRING IS COMING

Spring is coming. Already there is a tang in the air that presages the coming of April days. The sun is rising higher each day and his beams are shedding warmth as well as light. Spring is the season of renewed life. The delicate flowers raise their tender buds from the earth. The trees put forth their green leaves. The melting snows and gentle breezes act on the blood like wine.

With the spring and summer comes the call of nature. We realize our oneness with the earth from which we have come. We feel like getting out into the open away from the eternal grind of work. We can appreciate the beauties the poets see. We can appreciate their moods. "Mid toil and strife a space to dream on nature's face." I have laid my cheek to nature's; put my puny hand in hers. "June, June, rhythm and tune, breath of fresh roses and gleam of the moon."

Yes, we all feel the call. But oh, you poor wage slaves. When nature is running riot, when the sap in every live tree is mounting from the roots, when the whole of nature is bursting with new life and love of living, you cannot share in the joys. You are slaves. You are tied to the Sisyphean task of ever rolling up profits for your masters to squander. You are chained to your job. The whistle blows for you at seven o'clock and you must obey. Your masters have been cunning. They know you will not stand for chattel slavery. So they bind you with wage slavery. They continually hold out before you the hope they know to be vain. They deceive you with a damnable deception.

And while the spring runs riot in your veins, they have taken unto themselves the fair spots of the cities. They have you away from nature when you are not working, and they provide you monsters of ugliness to work in when you work. Have you grown old in wage slavery? Are your eyes growing dim and the twilight of life descending upon you still bound to your tasks? Have you grown hopeless of ever escaping the capitalist exploiters?

Then we bring you words of cheer. We, the International Socialists, are marching to victory. We are strong in numbers, strong in vigor, strong with a conquering enthusiasm. We bring you tidings of joy. The day of the liberty of the slaves is at hand. Your children and your children's children will see the glorious fruition of a century long conflict with the enslavers of labor.

A few more springs are but to pass and then the men and women who have labored so long to produce wealth for others will have thrown off their taskmasters and will be free to produce wealth for themselves that they may enjoy the call of Spring, carefree and happy.

## BUNDLE PRICES.

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10 copies per week, for 6 months	\$2.00
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Why can we send a letter to Australia for two cents. Simply because the post office is a socialized industry. It has been organized to eliminate waste and competition and profits. Why can the government afford to carry newspapers at one-fourth of a cent a pound and distribute them to all the subscribers? Because rent, interest and profit have been eliminated as well as waste. It costs eight and twelve cents a pound to send packages by express. It costs one-fourth cent a pound to send newspapers. Co-operation, elimination of useless charges and organization could so reduce expenses as to produce food, clothing and shelter in abundance for all so that want would be eliminated. Why do we not adopt this sensible course? Because this would be Socialism and people's minds have been poisoned against the word by predatory interests.

King, Minister of Labor, weeps copious tears over the sad lot of the wage slaves while his official colleague, Sir Frederick Borden, the chief and head of Canada's bayonet stickers, keeps a bunch of official murderers down in Springhill to turn live workers into dead cannon should they object too strenuously to being wage slaves. King is tarred with the same dirty stick and bears the same marks of being a sturdy henchman of the labor skinner as the other plute political heeled.

Socialism stands for the brotherhood of man through the co-operative commonwealth. At the present moment, however, the class struggle is playing the very Sam Hill with the brotherhood theory.

## BUNCOME &amp; SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER VII.  
(Continued.)

Billy Gay was a fine strapping young fellow of twenty-six and worked next to George at Buncome & Scrapp's. He owed his conversion to Socialism to Alan Maynard, who was a most earnest and fluent preacher of the new doctrine, and it was not very long thereafter before Billy Gay became one of his most able assistants, especially in the sale of literature. And Billy had helped George considerably in his early days, the cobwebs of lies and misrepresentation that had been so assiduously spun by old party spellbinders and other capitalist henchmen in both Church and State. He had served his apprenticeship at Buncome & Scrapp's and had never worked in any other shop, but he was a very skillful machinist and was one of the first to be promoted to the five-dollar-a-day class by Scrapp. Billy was the possessor of a fine, clear tenor voice, and it was a treat to hear him sing "Annie Laurie" or "Kathleen Mavourneen" with either of which he could fill the eyes of any patriotic exile from Old Scotia or Erin. Now there really was a "Kathleen Mavourneen" in the case in whom the young fellow was deeply interested. But as Kathleen Malone makes her debut later on it will not be necessary to introduce that young lady just now, so we will turn our attention to Fred Wilson.

Wilson, as we know, was cashier at Buncome & Scrapp's. He was a youngish looking man, probably under thirty, and had been married about two years. He was not a Socialist yet. But he was great friends with George Workman, and for next door neighbors they were remarkably and unusually neighborly. In fact, both families usually spent Sundays in the same house; and that house, of course, was No. 17, because the baby was there. But here comes Fred, so we'll not say anything more about him behind his back.

"You got my note all right," I see," he said as he came down the steps.

"Yes," returned George, "what's the trouble?"

"Well, I've got some evidence against Sweeney, and I wanted you to keep Billy here till I could get away. Of course I could have told you this evening after supper, George, but I wanted Billy to know right away, so's he could enlighten Frank Wells and the other men at Smoothe & Grabbitt's who are opposed to the strike as to the game Sweeney is playing. In my opinion he is nothing but a tool for McSully. But here's a Green Street car. That's your car, Billy, and it'll suit us. George, as we've got to transfer at Main Street anyway."

They got on a trailer that was not so crammed as those that had been passing for the last fifteen minutes. It was now quarter past six and the flood tide of flowing humanity had already begun to ebb.

Then Wilson told them how Jimmy Hike had disturbed the conference between the superintendent and Sweeney and how the kid had received a reprimand for coming in before Sweeney had time to reach his hindplace.

"Jimmy has told me several times about seeing Sweeney sinking into McSully's office," he continued, but this is the first time he's been able to give 'em a look in, and he actually 'caught 'em in the act,' as the old sleuth would say."

"I ain't surprised at anything Jimmy Sweeney said in the sinking business," said Billy. "We all know pretty well why he was so strenuous in advocating the strike last night. But what puzzles me is how in the world it is going to benefit McSully if there should be a strike at Smoothe & Grabbitt's?"

"Oh, that's easy, my son," said Wilson. "Haven't you heard about that contract for supplying dynamos and electrical machinery to the new Stephenson river? It's not so much the size of the job that counts in this case; it's the fitness and delicacy of the machinery, and a big price will be paid for it. The only two firms in this city that are equipped for such fine work are Buncome & Scrapp's and Smoothe & Grabbitt's, and if it was a case of the work going to the shops best fitted to do it there would be no question about its coming to Buncome & Scrapp's. But money counts in this job, as it does in every thing else, and Smoothe & Grabbitt's tender will probably be thousands of dollars below Buncome & Scrapp's. I say probably because I know Scrapp's figures are always pretty high and Smoothe & Grabbitt's are always pretty low, and if there should be a strike at Smoothe & Grabbitt's, why, that would put them out of the running altogether, see?" "That's so," said Billy. "That's plain enough. But I wonder what Sweeney is getting out of it?"

"Oh," said George, "I don't think he's getting anything but promises yet. He's got to make good before he gets his reward. That's the way with all these labor traitors. They don't amount to very much in the bosses' estimation as long as they are only one of the rank and file. They've got to reach the top and become real 'leaders' before they can count on getting any reward for their services. If you look into the thing you will see that it has always been the big guns in the labor unions, the men who could deliver the goods, that got the rich plums. No need to name them; they're pretty well known. Now I'll admit that Sweeney has all the requisites for making a 'labor leader' and he has tried his best to climb up, but he'll never reach it. The time is past when a labor leader can sway a body of unionists to his way of thinking unless his way is the right way. There's too many Socialists in the unions now for any leader, no matter how clever he may be in covering up his

tracks, to lead the union like a flock of sheep to the shambles."

"Ha, ha," laughed Wilson. "George is on his hobby again. But seriously, boys, we ought to try and circumvent that skunk Sweeney, and that's what I wanted to see Billy about. I thought he could see some of the men tonight and call another meeting of the union for tomorrow night to discuss the strike at Smoothe & Grabbitt's, and if he told them about Sweeney, I don't think there would be any difficulty in getting a lot of them to vote the other way. But Billy, don't mention a word about Jimmy or about me. Your best plan will be to explain the whole thing to Frank Wells, he's trustworthy, and let him do the unmasking business. It would lose us our jobs if it got out how they got the information; but no doubt McSully will suspect in any case."

"That's just the very thing we'd do," said Billy. "After the meeting last night we drew up a petition with fifteen names and presented it to President Merriale. He said it was perfectly legal according to the union rules and he could do no other than issue notices for a special meeting on Thursday night, that's tomorrow, and I expect to find my notice when I get home. I dare say you'll get your's too."

"That's fine," said Wilson. "All you have to do now, Billy, is to see Frank Wells and put him wise to the whole matter. And be sure to impress on him the necessity of keeping dark everything as to how he got his information. He mustn't let out that Sweeney was seen in McSully's office; that would nail Jimmy Hike at once. You two must work out a good-enough story that will do its work without implicating anybody from Buncome & Scrapp's. Now, don't forget that, Billy. I'll look out for that," returned Billy. "I guess we can fix it all right. Fortunately I won't have far to go to find Frank. He moved into No. 9 Baker's Row only last week. We live at No. 5."

"Well, here's Main Street," said George. "We've got to get out here. So they were soon standing on the corner of Green and Main, and while George and Fred waited for a Grosvenor Avenue car Billy went down Main Street towards Baker's Row, having, as he said, "a lot of work to do tonight."

The houses at this end of Baker's Row were larger than at the other end where the Harrises lived. The Gays lived in No. 5, a two-story house of six rooms, with a lean-to shed at the back. The family comprised the mother, two sons and two daughters. Billy was the eldest and was the mainstay of the family. One of the daughters was a music teacher and the other a milliner. Edward, the youngest, a lad of sixteen, attended the high school. They were a healthy and happy family, and had never known the pinch of poverty, although Mrs. Gay had had a rather hard struggle after the death of her husband and before any of the children were capable of earning.

When Billy came in he found the notice he expected, which read as follows:

"Dear Sir and Brother:—Your attendance is requested at a Special Meeting to be held at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, August 18th, 19—, when a matter of great importance will come up for discussion. Fraternally, John Merriale, President; Alexander Ford, Secretary."

## CHAPTER VIII.

An After Dinner Discussion.

Have you ever noticed how the Scot has taken possession of the engines of the world—the English-speaking world I mean? In the engine rooms of the British navy he is paramount; he is in a big majority in the British tramp steamer fleet, and he more than holds his own on stationary engines wherever the English language is spoken. He may not be so plentiful on locomotive engines, I don't know. I am not in a position to say. But he is not unknown in the American navy, and a few years ago he was almost supreme in the Japanese navy. The Scot's ambition certainly runs or used to, anyway—to steam mechanism as naturally as a second year onion runs to seed.

Another peculiar feature you might have noticed—that is if you are of the noticing sort—is the fact that the man who wields the shovel that throws the coal that feeds the boiler that makes the steam that runs the engine that drives the machinery is generally an Irishman. Go down into the bowels of the big ocean liners and see the brawn and muscle of the men who are throwing the black feed into the fiery maw of the open-mouthed furnace. With nothing on but a pair of canvas trousers the play of their muscular biceps is noticeable under the thick coating of coal dust through which little rivulets of sweat are ploughing their way floorward. Ever watch 'em? I have. "Sure, it wouldn't surprise ye, would it, if ye were told that most of these byes hailed from th' Old Sod?" And in the stockholds of the navy! Well, it is pretty nearly tantamount to saying that "No English (or Welsh) need apply."

Sandy at the throttle. Pat at the shovel. I don't know how it came about, as it started before my time and I suppose it will continue as long as coal and steam and machinery are needed for creating motive power. Probably there was and still is a cause for this condition of things, but we have no time now for hunting it up.

At Buncome & Scrapp's the rule held good. The engineer was a big, brawny Scotchman named Dugald McNair, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, grey at the temples, but still in the prime of life looking as strong as an ox. He was usually recalcitrant and somewhat "dour," but

became quite talkative after a few swigs at the bottle of "Old Scotch" which he kept in a cupboard in the engine-house. But McNair was never drunk. Instead of paralyzing his brain whisky seemed to clear it, and the only noticeable effect was a loosening of the tongue.

The boss of the shovel was a stocky, well-set-up man of medium height and good muscular development. His name was Dennis—Dennis Malone. Of course everybody called him Dinny. Nobody would ever think of calling an Irishman by his full given name. If he were christened Tugane, or James, or Patrick, he would go through life as Terry, or Jimmy, or Patsy. This habit of using the affectionate diminutive name is one of the kindest traits of the Irish people, and one of the strongest links in the chain that binds them to each other and to that "Green little isle across the seas," it is, perhaps, the sweetest chord in their national melody.

(To be continued.)

Israel Tarte, one of Laurier's chief supporters and cabinet ministers in days gone by, declared that elections were not won with prayers. Tarte ought to know as he was close to the Liberal organization and the reptile funds. Now Laurier has hatched up a scheme for reciprocity with the U. S. Mark how cunningly it will be worked. The manufacturers do not want reciprocity. The Liberals need barrels of money for the coming elections. The plum tree must be shaken. The political plot is working. The manufacturers cry out against reciprocity. How much will the manufacturers and protected interests pony up? That is the practical question that men are asking themselves. It looks as though the plum tree had been shaken. The Liberals are showing signs of weakening. Champ Clark, the leader of the Democrats across the border, has come out with a speech in which he declares that reciprocity will prepare the way for the union of Canada and the State under one flag, Old Glory. Here is the excuse that will be seized upon when the time comes. When the campaign chest is full then we will see a lot of political jockeying going on to keep Canada whole for its own rising class of financiers and predatory rich.

This is what Jerome K. Jerome, the famous English humorist has to say of the attitude of the British wealthy classes. "Listen to their talk in the clubs, in the drawing rooms. It is a little different to what one hears on the platform. Oh, yes, there the workingman is a fellow-citizen—sons of the Empire—honest, laboring men. But behind the closed doors? They are the canaille, the rabble. They never ought to have been allowed to vote. Education! What has it done for them? Spoiled them for their place as servants. 'The British working man' is he ever mentioned in their drawing rooms without a sneer? Class hatred! I say God help the rich if ever the day should come when the workers hate them one-hundredth part as much as they hate the workmen, on whom they live." There you have a revelation of what the masters think of the workers. You Canadian toilers do you think those who live by the sweat of your brow care a hang for you save what they can get out of your hides? If you are as simple as to look to your masters for friendship and succor, you are easy caught suckers.

Five thousand skilled workers are out of work in Toronto besides many unskilled workers. These masterless wage slaves can starve. The politicians do not care what happens to them. The government funds are not for the wage slaves who are thrown out of work by the anarchy of our industrial system. The government funds are for the plutes and their hangers-on, such as King George and the bayonet stickers. Sir Frederick Borden announced in the House of Commons that 717 officers and men of our official murderers are to go over to England to attend the theatrical entertainment provided for the delectation of the parasites in the shape of the royal coronation. Free transportation over thousands of miles for parasite soldiery. Starvation at home for industrious out-of-works. Now cheer for Laurier, you plundered wage slave. Make a loud noise. And above all, don't think for yourself. You might get some sense if you did.

Milton R. Hersey, Chemical analyst of Montreal and millionaire Cobalter, announces that there is very little impure food sold in Montreal. While in the past great quantities were sold, most of the manufacturers of such stuff have been put out of business. Impure food is a side issue of capitalism. The main issue is the abolition of wage slavery and the putting of the workers in control of the means of production of the necessities and comforts of life. In Great Britain there is very little adulteration of food, and the poor die of starvation in the streets of the cities.

## JAIL

Once upon a time we all looked upon jails as disgraceful places to be in. We looked upon the people incarcerated therein as jail birds, creatures to be shunned and abhorred.

But now we know differently. The jail is a capitalist institution for confining the men and women the capitalist system have victimized. Moreover, the jail has been hallowed and glorified by numberless martyrs who have laid down their liberty for the progress of humanity.

More recently still the jail has become an instrument in the class war. The Industrial Workers of the World have discovered that jails can be used as an instrument against the capitalist class.

The capitalist class hate to spend money. They are all the time for reduction of expenses. Jails are necessary for the maintenance of capitalist order by depriving of liberty those persons who have been turned into criminals by the oppression of our modern slave system. While jails are necessary for the capitalists they want them run as cheaply as possible. Wherefore we see Hanna, Whitney et al of Ontario turning the prisoners into actual slaves so that the prisoners may be made to provide for their own cost of keep.

The International Workers have beaten the capitalists on the jail question. The capitalists through their politicians threatened jail for the workers who dared speak up for the streets of Spokane. This was the call of battle. Hundreds of wage slaves took up the dare. They spoke. They were arrested, clubbed and thrown into jail. They turned the jail upside down. They screamed, shouted, shook the iron bars, refused to work. They had their limbs broken. They were starved. They were forced into the chain gang. But still the free speech fighters rushed to the fight. More and more flocked to jail until the jails overflowed, until the armory, turned into a temporary jail, overflowed, and still the free speech fighters kept flocking to Spokane.

The Spokane authorities were forced to weaken. The cost of special guards, old police, court trials, of hospital bills, of military, staggered the niggardly plutes and they gave in. The Spokane workers can speak on the streets now. The same fight is being waged in Fresno, California, and the city council is being staggered by the cost of the fight.

A working class that can laugh at the bogey terror of jail possesses a spirit that the master class cannot conquer. The capitalist class through their corrupt courts condemned Fred D. Warren of the Appeal to Reason to jail. He would not weaken and Taft in despair was forced to pardon him.

In Montreal the unemployed walk the streets. Comrade Saint Martin likes to get hold of a masterless wage slave who will kick. Such a wage slave he advises to go break a window and get arrested. He advises the working class in general to do this in times of distress. "Let the government feed you," he tells them. And the police of Montreal fight shy of Comrade Saint Martin and his masterless wage slaves who want to break into jail.

## THE MASTER CLASS OF CANADA CANNOT FRIGHTEN REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISTS WITH THE THREAT OF JAIL

## Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of February 16.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	228	95	323
British Columbia	28	33	151
Alberta	16	26	136
Prov. of Quebec	14	31	115
Nova Scotia	30	14	99
Manitoba	14	15	84
Saskatchewan	11	13	68
New Brunswick	6	6	19
Elsewhere	4	4	164
Yukon Territory	0	0	45
Newfoundland	0	0	22
Prince Ed. Island	1	0	15
Total	352	237	10,797

## Loss for week 115

Total issue last week was 11,600

The slaves of Canada must look to themselves for their own freedom.

**\$1.35** pays for 100 Good White Wave of Bond Letterheads, 8 1/2 x 11, ruled or unruled, and 100 X-X White Wave Envelopes, well printed, and postage prepaid to address in Canada. All kinds of printing at same brand of prices. Union Label. Ask for samples. Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Vancouver, B. C.

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## Dr. W. J. CURRY

DENTIST

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