

## BUNCOME &amp; SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

## CHAPTER V.

Old Man Harris gets the Surprise of his Life.

(Continued.)

"That's true," returned Miss Wimple. "The wealthy classes have always monopolized everything worth having, and today they own almost every avenue by which the worker can make a living. I do not believe that God ordained such a condition of things, or that He sanctions it, because I do not believe that God interferes in the affairs of mortals in the way that the churches teach and most Christians believe. The present unequal and unjust condition which prevail in all civilized countries are not the work or the will of the Almighty, but merely the results of the work and will of man himself. His greed for power, his greed for money—for money gives power—has gradually made him callous to the misery of his weaker brother. We are only able, under present conditions, to follow in the footsteps of our ancestors and use the system they bequeathed to us. It is a terrible and heartless system, but the present generation never knew any other. Some day it will stop with a crash. It must. It is proving its incompetence to provide even a bare livelihood for an ever increasing number of human beings—human beings who according to the divine will should have an equal right to the enjoyment of a free and happy life on this planet, and only 'the system,' as you call it, stands between them and their heritage. It denies them even the right to live unless they consent to relinquish the biggest portion of their earnings to the cunning ones who have been farsighted enough to band together to enforce their illegal claims of 'ownership.' Ownership of what? Ownership of the whole earth that God gave to us all for our enjoyment. Under this system the few have so made the laws that they can dictate to the rest of humanity how they shall live, what they shall eat and what they shall wear. And these unjust laws are making paupers and criminals and parasites faster than he system can assimilate them. But there, I'm talking too much. I do this sometimes when I stumble on some of the cruel injustice that is rampant everywhere."

"I think you must be a Socialist Miss Wimple," said Harris. That's the very same doctrine, almost word for word, that I listened to the other night when I was down town. It was a soapboxer, as they call 'em, and there was quite a crowd around him till the police arrested him for obstructing the street."

"If my views are Socialistic I was not aware of it. I have not read any Socialist works nor listened to a Socialist speaker. All I know about Socialism has been what I have read in the daily papers, and from the description given there I have always thought Socialism to be a repellent and dangerous thing—just a chry, atheism and bloodshed, as signified by their blood-red flag. But you must excuse me, Mrs. Harris, I did not come out here to discuss Socialism or any ism with Mr. Harris, but to take tea with you. Besides I have some real good news that I can't keep to myself much longer."

She had taken off her hat, coat and gloves and laid them on the bed in the inner room. There were three rather small windows in the house, one in each room, and these were wide open to admit the warm evening air. The old man soon had the fire going in the little stove in the tiny kitchen and Miss Wimple, at Mrs. Harris' request, laid the table with the old-fashioned china that reposed on the shelves behind the glass doors of the oak-stained dressers. This china was only a remnant of the fine collection Mrs. Harris used to be so proud of in the days of their prosperity and had not been used for many years. It was the only remaining link with the past and was only used on great occasions. But great occasions had not been of frequent occurrence a No. 23 Baker's Row.

Then Miss Wimple opened her parcels, and soon the delicate china plates bore a display of dainty confectionery and the old china punch bowl made a fitting receptacle for the luscious peaches which had so fortunately escaped the slightest blemish by the strap hangers. By this time the kettle was boiling and she made the tea according to Mrs. Harris' measure—one heaping teaspoonful. Then, with the old man's help, she pushed the table close to the invalid's chair, and going into the bedroom she took a pillow and placed it behind the old lady's back.

Well, everything was ready. Mrs. Harris had been so enlivened by the little bustle of getting tea and seeing Mrs. Wimple setting out her beloved china once more that she found herself able to sit upright, and the sight of the china and the feel of it helped a lot towards the happiness she could hardly conceal as she sipped her tea. It surely was recital to that poor, wistful old soul. And it conjured up visions, too, of the happy, long-gone past, and the scenes of other and happier days flitted before her mental gaze. When she and Henry were first married the china had graced a fine polished table in a lofty room—it had been a wedding present from her father—and had been admired by all for its fragility and delicacy of coloring. Again she saw faces and forms that had long since mouldered into dust, and while she looked the tears that blurred her eyes obscured the present scene and made the inner reminiscent vision seem to be reality. She saw troops of loved faces flash by, each bringing its share of the crowding memories that followed. It was Henry's voice that brought her back to the present.

"Mary," he said, while the tears stood in his eyes, "do you remember the first time we used this set of china?"

For answer Mrs. Harris burst into tears. The pent up misery and hopelessness of long years of poverty had found vent and would not be suppressed. Tears are always woman's best relief.

Miss Wimple knew this and made no attempt to console or pity. So she waited for the old lady to become calm before she began her good news story. Then she took from her pocket a sealed envelope addressed "Mr. Henry Harris" and laid it before him.

"Open it," she said, "it contains a very cheering message."

Tremblingly the old man tore the end off and pulled out the contents—a fat wad of currency. He straightened it them out on the table and counted them mechanically. There were eight \$20.00 bills and one \$2.00 bill. He looked at Miss Wimple in a dazed sort of way and his wife wiped her eyes and looked just as vacant as he did.

"One hundred and sixty-two dollars, Miss Wimple," he said at last. "Did you find it?"

"Yes," she replied, "I found it today, about two hours ago."

"I suppose you will want to find the owner. Will you advertise?"

"I don't need to advertise. I have already found the owner."

"Oh, you have found him. Well, he's a lucky man whoever he is. May I ask his name, Miss Wimple?"

"Certainly. His name is on the envelope."

He took up the envelope and read the address once more. "Surely this is not a joke Miss Wimple," he faltered. "I don't know anyone of that name but myself, and I don't see how this money can belong to me. It isn't possible."

"But it is possible," she replied. "The money is yours. And that isn't the whole of your good fortune. Your wages are to be restored to nine dollars a week, so after this you will not be forced to walk to and from your work."

Then Old Man Harris got the surprise of his life when she told them the whole story. How Scrapp had not known his little joke had had such a cruel reality for the Harrises, and how McSurly had said he could stay at home and nurse his wife as long as she was sick without losing his job or being docked of his wages. But she did not enlighten them as to the real motive of the latter's generosity. She did not care to admit that, even to herself, although McSurly had made it so apparent to her. She preferred to let the good deed stand to McSurly's credit.

(To be continued.)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## STRIKERS ARRESTED FOR GATHERING REFUSE COAL.

Springhill, N. S.  
Jan. 16th, 1911.

Dear Comrade—  
The strike situation is the same. Some of the strikers were out in the woods three miles away from Springhill where there were eight inches of coal cropping out near the surface. This piece of land where the coal was belongs to a Mr. Ryan, a farmer. The Company sent its thugs over to Ryan's farm and arrested six men and charged them with stealing coal to the amount of ten dollars. They were taken before a judge and fined five dollars and costs which were \$8.35, or thirty days in jail. The boys decided to go to jail.

Canada for the Canadians, and there they are in jail!

On Saturday, January 14th, a big labor meeting was held in Amherst, under the auspices of the newly organized Union. The hall was packed full. W. Watkins spoke on the strike situation. I made a short address in French and English. Then Jas. D. McLennan of Glace Bay gave some good dope for an hour and a quarter. David Irvine of Pennsylvania pointed out the necessity of using both the political and the industrial power.

Five strikers are up before the Supreme Court at Halifax. You know the injunction is still on. All the five are U. M. W. men. I will send you the decision.

Two strikers were arrested January 14th for picking coal from the dump. This is where they put all the refuse from the mines.

On Monday, January 16th, just as I came down town I am told that seventeen men have been arrested for digging coal at the same place.

We who toil are shut out from the means of warmth unless we submit to work for less than living wages. The parasites own and the workers can shiver with cold.

Yours without truce nor rest,  
Jules Lavenne.

## A FARMER SPEAKS!

Strathmore, Alta.  
Dec. 30th, 1910.

Comrade Editor:—  
Of all the foolish things, there is, in my opinion, nothing more directly reactionary, more wasteful of energy than, by quasi scientific reasoning, to put up a strawman and then attack him as tho' he were the real thing. He can stand more pummeling than any host of men can give him and yet remain the strawman.

In saying this I particularly have in mind the "frightful" attacks to which the farmer is subject from the ultra scientific-scholastic or doctrinaire—pr-revolutionary, pr-roletarian Socialists, men who have just taken up certain phases of the broad subject and are as sectarian, dogmatic and exclusive as the most bigoted.

It is perfectly true that the farmer question is a knotty one; the farmer is a small capitalist without the question of a doubt. He is, and must be to exist, an exploiter of labor. In fact he is one of the worst, ruthlessly exploiting himself, his family and his help. Further, the farmer is hard to approach. He wraps his seclusion around him till it enfolds him in an impenetrable fortress.

But, although all I have written above are facts, they are mere facts, true because frequently met with. But they are not characteristic of the militant body of farmers.

The progressive farmer everywhere is of a different stamp. He has few capitalist notions. He is a working-man first, a homebuilder next. He is not planning for vast speculative undertakings. His scheming is not to add another tenth of one per cent to the interest from some investment.

Or the contrary, the farmer who is travelling to Ottawa to interpellate the Premier, is the man who is getting his fellows into his union. He is class conscious if not scientifically so.

He expresses this view in his desire to co-operate. His wish to have co-operative credit institutions is based on the fact that he is anxious to invest his savings with greatest security, loaning them to his fellow farmers, not with the hope of beating them out of their possessions—the capitalist instinct—but to make his security a resultant of their ability to better establish themselves. Many if not most of these farmers have come from labor's ranks and far, far, far the most of them have children and close relations in the ranks of the present and future wage slaves.

Let us realize the vast work of education yet to be done amongst the farmers. Let us carefully estimate the great obstacle to be removed before their course leads unobstructed to the co-operative commonwealth. But for the hope of our future, for the good of our cause and for the promotion of our true material interest, let us desist from knocking a vast branch of the members of our class simply because they have a few measly dollars invested and pay as low wages as capitalism compels them to do.

Yours for the unconventional,  
Daniel F. Boissevain.

## A LITTLE CORRESPONDENCE

The following two letters are clipped from the columns of the Cumberland, N. S., Tribune. They will be interesting reading, I think, for the readers of Cotton's Weekly.

## SOCIALISM AND THE BIBLE.

To the editor of Cumb. Tribune.  
Dear Sir,—I was handed in the Post office the other day a copy of "Cotton's Weekly" which is understood to be the organ of the Socialist Party.

Such a paper is expected to deal and to deal only, with economic questions, and the relations between capital and labor.

Mr. Cotton has a perfect right to discuss such problems from the labor standpoint.

But he oversteps his duty, and the purpose of his paper, when he goes out of his way to attack and make

fun of what even Christian Socialists accept as true.

By placing the Scriptural narratives regarding Adam and Eve, Moses, Daniel and Jonah, on a par with "Jack and the Bean Stalk," and other fairy tales, he insults the intelligence of thousands of Canadians, of whom many are probably better Socialists than he is himself.

If Mr. Cotton had written that ninety-five per cent of Christian ministers believe these stories, when looked at in their right meaning, he would have been nearer the truth. That Socialism which is not built on Christian principles is a poor thing.

Yours most sincerely,

A. Graham-Barton.

## TO THIS LETTER COMRADE LAVENNE REPLIES AS FOLLOWS:

To the Editor Cumb. Tribune:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of Dec. 31st, 1910, you publish a letter entitled "Socialism and the Bible" signed "A. Graham-Barton."

This gentleman tries to lead your readers to believe that Mr. Cotton, editor of "Cotton's Weekly" has attacked Christianity.

Mr. Barton says that Cotton's is the Organ of the Socialist Party. Let me tell Rev. Graham-Barton that Cotton's Weekly is a socialist paper, but it has no official connection with the "Socialist Party of Canada." As a member of the S. P. of C., I recognize the right of every other member to complete liberty of opinion in matters of religion—so does Mr. Cotton; as a matter of fact many readers of Cotton's are Catholic, and many are Orthodox Protestants. Cotton's has published a number of articles from the Christian point of view. It has even printed the "Book of Psalms" from beginning to end, and may print and publish more of them in the future. But W. U. Cotton claims for himself the same right he concedes to others, and I for one recommend Cotton's Weekly as one of the clearest, sanest, most logical papers in the Dominion of Canada.

It seems to me that Mr. Barton is looking for an argument via the story of Adam and Eve, and he seems to be anxious to make himself popular by showing his theological knowledge in defending what has been abandoned by the most learned professors of theology.

Mr. Barton said:—(If Mr. Cotton had written that ninety-five per cent of ministers believe these stories he would have been nearer the truth) that simply means Cotton wrote a lie and that Mr. Barton believes in these stories.

But if Mr. Barton can prove that the primordial and essential basis of his beliefs, re-Adam and Eve story is historically and scientifically true, I, Jules Lavenne will become a member of the Baptist Church, on condition that the subject be discussed in Cumb. Tribune.

Perhaps Mr. Barton also believes that the Sun stood still at the command of Joshua—so—can he prove that the SUN was ever in motion. It is easy to believe but to rationally prove certain beliefs from a scientific point of view is altogether a different thing.

Yours, &c.,  
Jules Lavenne.

## A LITTLE COMMENT.

Both of these letters make me smile. The Reverend A. Graham Barton is cute enough to be a capitalist politician. Comrade Lavenne misses the whole point of Barton's letter. Barton says: "Ninety-five per cent of ministers believe these stories WHEN LOOKED AT IN THEIR RIGHT MEANING. Comrade Lavenne overlooked those little words tucked in so innocently."

Barton evidently believes these stories when rightly interpreted. This gives the whole case away. For by interpretation you can get anything you like out of these stories. Take Jonah and the Whale. Did you ever hear the darky minister's interpretation of this celebrated narrative? This darky explained to his congregation that this story had to be rightly interpreted, that along the shore of the sea were many taverns. One was called the Three Gulls, another was called the White Swan, and one was called The Great Fish. When Jonah was thrown overboard he swam ashore and put up at the inn called The Great Fish. He stayed there three days and when the landlady found he had no money she spewed him out. See what you can get by interpretation!

I have read numerous interpretations of the Bible. I have read the millennialists' interpretation, the Baptists' and many others. I agree with Barton when he says that ninety-five per cent of the ministers believe in these stories WHEN RIGHTLY INTERPRETED.

But here is another thing. I may have been mistaken. I forgot the old ministers. We form our ideas when we are young. When we are old we do not change them, at least not many of us. "The greatest pain that can come to humanity is the pain of a new idea." Men do not like to suffer the pains of getting new ideas when they are old. There are many old ministers who believe many things that all thinking people no longer believe. They shut their eyes to the discoveries of new truths. They gulp hard and swallow the old errors. They say "Lord I believe," and when they have proof offered against their old ideas they gulp harder and say "Lord, help my unbelief."

The persistence of ideas when no longer tenable is found not only

among our ministers. It is found also among our colleges of learning. MCGILL UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL IS THIRTY YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES IN POINT OF EDUCATION.

You see, the professors imbibe ideas when they are young. Then they go to teaching. They yum yum along on old truths. New truths are discovered but the professors will not change their old points of view. I spent seven years in McGill from 1897 to 1904 and during all that time I DO NOT REMEMBER HAVING HEARD THE WORD SOCIALISM MENTIONED ONCE!

Yes. There may be ministers who swallow many Bible stories literally. There may also be many more who believe them WHEN RIGHTLY INTERPRETED.

This, as Comrade Lavenne says, is only my own personal point of view. Each Socialist can believe what he likes.

## Do Politics Concern You?

W. R. Shier.

The question propounded in the title of this article can be answered best by other questions?

Does it concern you whether or not you have efficient police and fire protection?

Does it concern you whether or not the streets are well-lighted and paved?

Does it concern you whether or not you and your neighbors are ensured a steady supply of pure water?

Does it concern you whether or not civil service employees are paid a liberal wage?

Does it concern you whether taxes are expended in providing playgrounds for the rich or supervised playgrounds for the poor?

Does it concern you whether or not children are allowed to work at a tender age in the workshops of mammon?

Does it concern you what kind of education is given our boys and girls in the schools?

Does it concern you whether you and your sons are drafted into the army to fight battles that are not for your benefit?

Does it concern you whether the courts shall be used to crush organized labor through injunctions and damage suits.

If these things concern you, then politics concern you.

Politics is everybody's business, for governments are every day doing things vital to everybody.

Miss Lena Rogers, superintendent of the Toronto school nurses, has submitted her report for December. During that month 7,905 inspections of school children were held. There were found to be 46 cases of eye diseases, 15 ear diseases, 31 skin diseases, and 1,462 cases of decayed teeth. Here we have inspectors who inspect children. These inspectors are paid by the municipality. This is just a little touch of Socialism. But you know, Socialism will break up the home. Haven't you been told this? Children's teeth should be allowed to rot. Parents should be allowed to go jobless so that they will not have the money to hire dentists to fix the children's teeth. For individualism is great and Socialism is to be abhorred. That is what you are told. Look into your own heart and find out from yourself whether you will be glad when Socialism will be here.

The Intercolonial Railway is government owned. The workers on this railway are feeling bitter against the government. Their pay has not been increased along with the increased cost of living. This is particularly true of the laborers who find it difficult to eke out an existence on a dollar and forty cents a day. Government ownership without working class control of the government does not benefit the wage workers. Why do not the workers unite and capture the government? In France, Germany, England, Italy, Austria, Australia the workers are rising and capturing the political power. Why do not the Canadian workers follow the example of their international comrades in slavery?

If you are receiving this paper regularly you can bank on the fact that it's paid for. No bill will be sent.

## UP GOES THE SUB LIST

There is a good healthy increase in the sub list. It goes to the highest notch it has struck yet.

You Comrades on the firing line have done good work. You have dug in and won new minds. You have swelled the army of revolution. More wage slaves are marching under the blood red flag of human liberty.

But there is not time to pause or rest. The army of the revolution has yet to capture the political power. The slaves are yet in bondage. You are still in slavery to the master class.

We have done a good day's journey. We have captured new outposts of entrenched privilege. But the campaign is hardly begun.

We all want to see the united working class shake the political power of the master class until it topples into the dust.

So forward to the battle for recruits. Get the wage slaves to enroll. Awaken the sleepers. Boost the sub list to twenty thousand.

Let us fix our eyes upon the next elections. Let us organize our forces for the coming campaign.

In the words of Comrade Jules Lavenne, no truce nor rest. I rely upon you Comrade slaves in the slave pens of Canada, you Comrades who are being crushed out of your little independent niches by privileged plutocracy, to give Cotton's the power to fight your fight for freedom, to unfetter you and your class from the fear of want, to remove oppression and to do away with misery.

I look to you Comrades, to place Cotton's over the twenty thousand mark in the next few months.

It does not matter whether you are in a crowded workshop or on a lonely farm. You can talk Socialism, agitate for Socialism, awaken your fellow men.

I look forward to that twenty thousand sub list and I know you will get it. You will get it, some of you by contributing many minds to feed on the literature of revolution, some of you by capturing a lone neighbor.

So forward, Comrades, into the battle for the triumph of revolutionary ideas for, when the battle of ideas is won, the co-operative commonwealth will be here.

## Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of January 19.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario.....	76	140	4058
British Columbia.....	25	62	1500
Alberta.....	32	131	1227
Nova Scotia.....	14	71	1152
Prov. of Quebec.....	55	32	970
Manitoba.....	11	180	670
Saskatchewan.....	15	30	620
New Brunswick.....	6	19	137
Elsewhere.....	2	5	142
Yukon Territory.....	1	7	54
Newfoundland.....	0	0	21
Prince Ed. Island.....	0	0	13
Total.....	237	677	10,564

## Gain for week 440

Total issue last week was 11,400.

Before you form an opinion adverse to Socialism, allow us to ask

How much do you know about it, and from what sources did you get your information? Why don't you sensibly go and hear Socialist speakers, and read Socialist literature; Cotton's Weekly for instance?

The most effective propaganda is placing a Socialist paper in a non-Socialist home for a definite period of time. It contains more propaganda matter in more readable form at less cost than anything else.

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## Dr. W. J. CURRY

DENTIST

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

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Secure and get some of COTTON'S GUMMED STICKERS. Stick 'em on the back of your letters, and every other place they can be seen. Our stickers are beautiful; neat, easily read type, printed in Red or Blue. They carry the Message home every time. Ten different kinds ready. Send for Samples: 12c. per 100; \$1.00 per 1,000. \$2.75 lots of 4,000 assorted 60c. per 1,000 assorted.

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## SUB CARDS

Five yearly sub cards sent anywhere in Canada or England for \$2.00. Cash in advance or after cards are sold. Sub cards are printed government postals. Fill out and drop in mail.

This paper is paid for. If you didn't order it, someone else did for you. You'll get no bill.

"Quality Printing at Economy Prices," from Cotton's Job Department. Send for samples and prices.

## THE

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