

FROM THE SOCIALIST PRESS

The Illinois state analyst says soap bark, poison to the human stomach, is used largely in soda water dispensed at fountains. It makes the stuff foam better. Capitalism is strong for making things foam.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

SOME MURDER, THIS.

Rutledge Rutherford, a food expert and editor of the National Food Magazine, has made some statements on adulterated and colored food that knocks the spots off all wars of ancient or modern times. Rutherford says that 250,000 children were killed last year by poisoned food. Rutherford says the em-balmed beef scandal sinks into insignificance when compared to the present murder by adulterated food. In speaking of chemicals and their action on foodstuffs, the editor has the following to say:

The main service of the chemicals is to deceive. Saccharin deceives children into believing a product is sweetened with sugar. Coal-tar dyes deceive them into believing it is colored with fruit juices or made of fruit products. Formaldehyde, or other chemical employed to keep milk from turning, deceives them into thinking the milk is fresh, when in reality it is dangerous from pollution. In such cases, he says, the chemical hides the ill taste and smell, which are nature's means of warning the consumer that the products are poisonous.

When asked what he would give as an estimate of the total number of adults and children that died in the U. S., from the effects of food adulteration last year, Mr. Rutherford replied:

"I think a conservative figure would be 550,000."

Three million people were needlessly ill in the United States last year, he asserted, and chemicals are charged with being mainly responsible.—The Industrial Worker.

What Makes Tramps

What makes a tramp and why does a tramp keep on tramping?

The following letter was written by a 17-year-old American boy:

"Having a natural love for a horse I went around the sales stables and got a pair running horses up and down the streets."

"Getting warmed up one day, and having no other clothes I caught pneumonia, and I went to the city hospital (in Boston.)"

"The treatment there was fine, and I will never forget the face of my nurse."

"When I came out I was weak and sealed about 90 pounds. Having no money that night I had to go to the municipal lodgings, and I told the policeman in charge about having come out of the hospital, and he asked me to show him my discharge papers, and I handed them out to him and he tore them up right in front of my face, and said, 'You son of a—, you are working the hospitals, are you?'"

"Then he kicked me all the way down to the bathroom and said he'd see that I saved enough wood in the morning. And he was there, and after working a little while I fell from weariness, and the brute kicked me while I lay helpless."—(From the July "World Today."

THE IMPORTANT MAN.

The really important man, as seen by the true Socialist, is the producing worker. At present he is despised, poor, often ignorant. But he has always made all the good there is; and if he is not rich and educated and respected, it is because he has been robbed. There has been in the past too much giving of advantage to the fortunate and strong, and too much ignoring of the man in the ditch. The strong can get along without Socialism. The enslaved cannot. They are the unvoiced who must be heard. If we are to have a rule by so-called intellectuals, we might as well leave the old slavery intact. It is the poor who are to free themselves. It is the slave who must be heard. It is the meek who must inherit the earth. This does not mean that they will always be poor, or slaves, or meek enough to bow, but only that they have in them the making of the very highest type, the power to lift the world to higher things. None but those who work have that power. Therefore, they are of the supreme importance in the Socialist movement. They must be awakened, and they must be heard. They must arise and really live. Until they do, the world can never be anything but a slave pen, a welter of lunacy and misery.

SKEETERS.

If a mosquito settled down on your eyebrow and tried to get his oars out of your hide would you wallop him one? I should say you would. Why, that skeeter wouldn't live long enough to read a single chapter from Genesis.

But—If the capitalist mosquito settles down on your back and whistles: "Carry me, Mercutio, I am too tired

to walk," do you smash him one? Well, I should say not, for—Wouldn't it be agin human nature? Wouldn't it do away with the incentive to scratch? Wouldn't it end religion? Wouldn't it make us all equal? Wouldn't it break up the family? Sure it would. So sting on, Oh Thou Capitalist Mosquito! What would we do without you?

Heart to Heart

Thou shalt not steal is good. I will not steal is better. Socialism stands for humanity; capitalism for immunity.

When the workers think more they will work less and get more.

Have you ever noticed that the popular man very seldom makes money?

Among the greatest givers of the world are the workers who give all but barely enough to keep them alive.

When the worker takes an outing it is generally in the guise of a tramp. He never gets a chance at any other kind.

There is plenty of religion in the world, just as there is abundance of talent and wonderful possibility of intellect. The trouble is, these things are all in a practically undeveloped state.

It is a great thing to have something to do with the awakening of the world to better things. Not that any of us can do much toward it or that the opinions and efforts which we take so seriously really amount to much. But we are finding our own souls when we try to arouse the better part of the man that has so long lain dormant in half civilization.

The best thing about it is the awakening of the whole people to a new view of things. They no longer talk as though only a few had rights. They no longer talk of aid in some other world, but of justice now. There never has been such an awakening in history. Without this awakening, it would be hard to inaugurate Socialism, because mere laws count for but little. But with this strange change coming over the people—strange, since agitation will not account for it all—it will be impossible to prevent the new spirit working into concrete form. You can't confine a living thing in nature, any more than you can in the hull of a nut or the shell of the egg.

ABOUT SUB CARDS

MOST CONVENIENT WAY OF SELLING SUBS

Sub Cards are printed and numbered government postal cards, good for subscription time printed thereon. The half-yearly cards are worth 25 cents each, or two for \$1.00. The yearly cards are worth 50 cents each or two for \$2.00. Order a bunch to keep in your pocket all the time, and sell to prospects. Just fill in the name and address on card, then drop in the nearest mail box. There's a profit if the Hustler wants it. Fifty cents on five yearlies and twenty-five cents on five half-yearlies.

CAPITALIST CIVILIZATION

Even the best of modern civilization appears to me to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor possesses the merit of stability. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that if there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family; if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of a greater dominion over nature which is its consequence and the wealth which follows upon that dominion are to make no difference in the extent and intensity of want with its concomitant physical and moral degradation among the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away. What profits it to the human prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant and that the spirit of the earth and air obey him if the vulture of pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction.—From Prof. Huxley's writings.

It is not blessedness to know That thou, thyself, art blessed. True joy was never yet by one, Nor yet by two possessed. Not to many is it given But only to the all: The joy that leaves one heart unblest.

Would be for mine too small. And he who holds this faith will strive

With firm and ardent soul, And work out his own proper good

In working for the whole.

—Wisdom of the Brahmins.

WARNING.

All coal miners are urged to stay away from Alberta and Eastern British Columbia, as the strike is still on.

FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Grabbitt Makes a Vase for the Man Who Struck McSurly.

(Continued.)

Smoothe & Grabbitt's was a cheap shop, and Buncome & Scrapp's would be no better if Buncome and McSurly had their way. The Buncomes and Grabbitts and McSurlys are in a majority in all lines of Big Business. It is only here and there a Scrapp is to be met with who has common sense enough to understand that cheap labor and cheap work are not in the long run the most profitable. Of course Scrapp did not and could not see the matter from the workers' viewpoint, but he was broadminded enough to understand that good pay attracted good workmen, and good workmen turned out good work, and good work meant good prices, and good prices meant big profits, and there you are.

Seated at the restaurant table Evans and Billy were soon on terms of familiarity. There was not much difference in their ages, and Evans' loneliness in the great city had made him long for a companion of his own way of thinking. There were two or three young men at his boarding house, but he had not become intimate with them for various reasons, no need to recount them here. Their way of seeing life was not his way. But it must not be supposed that he was a milkop or a goody-goody young man. He was something of a student, a great reader and was beginning to be a thinker.

"So you will see, Mr. Gay," he said, "that I only obeyed orders when I stated that no one from Buncome & Scrapp's could get a job at Smoothe & Grabbitt's. I had received a note from McSurly that William Gay was on the blacklist and was not to be employed, but I didn't intend to take any notice of that. I don't see what right a superintendent has to prevent a discharged employee from getting work anywhere in his own town."

"Oh, it's a standing agreement between the employers," said Billy. "They all respect each other's blacklist, and when a man has done something very objectionable to Capitalism he's blacklisted all over the country. I've known of railroad men in the States who have been blacklisted from Maine to California. No work for them on railroads any more."

"If I am not asking too much," said Evans, "I should like to know what your offence was against McSurly."

"Well, I suppose it was an offence he'll never forgive," answered Billy. "I daresay you've heard that McSurly is a man of very hasty temper, gets violent very quick. He got hot with me one day last week and called me a liar. I suppose I got hot too and said something he didn't like, so he struck at me and before I realized it I hit back."

"Then it was purely a personal affair," said Evans. "So McSurly blacklisted you to soothe his wounded dignity. That's not very manly." "No doubt the little tap I gave him was the cause of my discharge all right, but there was a stronger reason than that for blacklisting me. Behind that is the fact that I'm a Socialist, and McSurly hates Socialism as much as a cat hates water. He's had it in for me for a long time, but I had always been careful not to give him any opportunity of venting his spleen till this thing happened just at the very moment when I was a bit riled at a dastardly trick. There are four or five more Socialists over at Buncome & Scrapp's whom he's going to fire at the first opportunity."

"Why, now I can place you," said Evans, smiling. "I've been cudgeling my brains trying to remember where and when I had met you before. You are the young man who presides over the bookstand at Maynard's meetings Friday nights at the corner of Green and Main streets. Don't you remember selling me some books three weeks ago?"

"I thought your face was familiar," said Billy. "I've sold such a lot of books lately that it is hardly possible to remember all the buyers. I remember you now, though, because you told me to keep the fifteen cents change for the good of the cause."

"Ha, ha," laughed Evans. "That's right. I paid you."

"I hope you have been able to get a good idea of what Socialism means from reading those books, Mr. Evans."

"Yes, I think I can grasp the idea, and I believe it must eventually come when the world is ripe for it. But I can't exactly see how Government ownership—which is the same as ownership by the people, as the people elect the Government—is going to make every individual independent as to his job. There will have to be managers and bosses, and there will have to be different grades of workers under any system. How are you going to make them all independent and each worker get all he produces?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Billy. "But I must correct you in one thing. I may say in two things. First, as to getting all he produces. Of course the cost of Government will come out of labor, as it does now. But the workers will not have to divide up with the owners of the machines, as they will be the owners themselves. At present labor only gets about one-third of what it earns; under Socialism it will get all it earns, less the cost of Government. There will be no dividends squeezed out of labor and handed over to a leisured class to squander and waste as they do under the present system. There will be no high-salaried officials gobbling up as much as a hundred workmen and doing very little for it. The

profits and graft and greed of the capitalist system will be cut out. There will be a tax for the upkeep of Government, and this divided amongst the whole people will amount to a very small sum per capita. So you see it is quite true to say that labor will get all it earns."

"Then you say Government ownership is the same as government by the people, or public ownership. That's a mistake that most people make when they first begin to study Socialism. Government ownership means a vast increase in the number of parasites already in office. Every man would be on a still hunt for a Government job until at last the majority of the population would be holding down soft jobs under Government, and no power on earth could defeat that Government and put it out of office. A Government job would be a perpetual job and those outside would have to stay outside, because every office holder would have a son or nephew or friend waiting for the next vacancy. Under Government ownership the lot of the common people, the workers, would be harder than it is today."

"But you must have Government, even under Socialism," said Evans. "I can't see how you are going to have any system or anything systematic without Government. Everything would be at sixes and sevens with every man doing just what he liked and when he liked."

"Ha, ha," laughed Billy. "that would be anarchy. There'll be government under Socialism all right, but not the kind of Government we have today. It would take too long to explain that point now, but I am going to call on Maynard tonight and I'll ask him to speak on this subject next Friday night. You know how clearly he explains everything he touches on, and I don't doubt that he'll be able to explain the difference between Government ownership and public ownership so plainly that you'll be able to see that they are not a bit alike. I shall expect to see you there, Mr. Evans."

"I certainly will if we don't work overtime. We've had to work till ten every night for the past two weeks. But come, 'tis five minutes to one."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"As You Sow so also Shall Ye Reap."

The Monday morning that Billy Gay got a job at Smoothe & Grabbitt's was something more than an ordinary Monday morning to several of our friends. Old man Harris returned to work with renewed health, renewed hopes, and far more vigorous, physically, mentally and spiritually, than he had been for the last five years. His two week's holiday had enabled him to throw off the decrepitude and feebleness which had been growing on him during those long years of poverty and misery. He rode to work for the first time in years, and he was surprised himself to find how nimble he could run up the steps of the big building, which heretofore had been a task of considerable magnitude after his four miles' walk.

But it was not the holiday that had rejuvenated Old man Harris. It was the release from poverty, that hideous devil of man's creation which ought never to find a habitation on this beautiful planet. The Almighty never created poverty. The bountiful productiveness of our mother Earth precludes the necessity of poverty being here at all, and it is certain that poverty would be unknown were those products free to those whose work produce them. There is not the least necessity for a single one of God's children to be in want, and yet there are millions on the verge of starvation in every civilized country on earth. Why is this? Because the greedy, cunning beast, better known as the Capitalist system, stands between the producer and his product. The beast takes from one-half to four-fifths as his share and hands the worker his pittance as if conferring a favor.

Doctors tell us that poverty is the chief cause of tuberculosis, the great white plague that claims the lives of thousands in the flower of their youth annually. Scientists tell us that poverty stunts the growth of children both physically and mentally. Preachers tell us poverty is the chief cause of illiteracy and irreligion. Chiefs of police and prison philanthropists tell us poverty is the greatest incentive to law-breaking and nearly every sort of crime. Prohibitionists are beginning to discover that poverty is the chief inducement to drunkenness. And yet, in spite of all these statements from men of wide experience and practical knowledge, the insatiable beast of Capitalism won't let go! Like Shylock he demands his pound of flesh, even while his victims perish by the thousands. He has the strong hand now and the workers are ignorant. But once they get wise as to the true cause of their poverty! Ah, when they get wise the beast will go!

Old man Harris received many a handshake from the men in the machine shop that Monday morning, and his altered mien and cheerful countenance caused a new note of respect in their greetings. Even Jimmy Hike noticed the change.

"Golly," he exclaimed to Dick Norris, "I never seen th' ole man look in 'so chipper before."

It was funny, too, how the men seemed to think that "Mr. Harris" sounded more appropriate than "Old man Harris." He noticed this and felt that it behooved him to live up to it. For him and his wife the stormy tide of misfortune that had ebbed and flowed so long and left them at last forlorn castaways on a

bleak and desolate shore seemed to have spent its fury. They were now in smooth waters again, and the hand that had brought them deliverance was the hand of a beautiful woman with a sympathetic and beautiful soul. A churchman would say: "For this, good Lord, make me truly thankful," but Old man Harris didn't say it that way, although it meant the same thing. He said: "Miss Wimple did this; saved us from death by poverty through her strong and sympathetic soul. God bless her!"

This same Monday morning had been somewhat out of the usual for Miss Wimple herself, as she had foregone her customary before breakfast walk to write a long letter to Bob Harris, the doing of which had awakened pleasant reminiscences of the cordial friendship, comradeship, which had existed between them before he spoiled it all by "popping the question," and which had been resumed to a considerable extent after the wound caused by the rejection—had been healed. While writing the letter she felt a deeper and more tender sympathy for Bob than she ever had before. And they say sympathy is akin to love.

(To be continued.)

Epigrams by Debs

The sooner the trust gets us the sooner we will get the trusts.

True riches come from within. They are the products of the spirit and the soul.

Instead of the government regulating the trusts, the trusts are regulating the government.

Rockefeller is a highly-developed capitalist. He is a ripe capitalist; ripe enough to pluck.

I have not "grown up out of the ranks." I pride myself that Debs is still a member of the ranks.

The whole arrangement of things has grown to be a mass of warring units—man pitted against man.

You workers build automobiles for the rich. If it were not for you; they'd walk; if it were not for them you'd ride.

Workers build the palaces and live in rented houses, workers support all government, and are enslaved and suppressed by it.

You ride in state on election day, it's true—so you can have a fair chance to vote to walk the remaining 364 days of the year.

Under present conditions capitalists own the tools, the workers use them. Ownership of tools implies ownership of product.

In the present system you are known as hands! Hands! Not heads. The capitalist wants only hands. He wants to furnish the head.

The beneficiaries should be made to produce what they get, and you should get what you produce. That would be a square deal all around.

It is the coal miner who provides the cheerful firesides for others, yet too often is forced to shiver in the cold of his cheerless dugout.

Happiness is an essence which springs from within. It can come only from a sense of social obligation or joy of service. It is infinitely better to serve humanity than to exploit it.

Ask any capitalist what he thinks of Socialism and he'll tell you there is nothing in it for him. This fact should be all the more argument why there should be something in it for you.

There will be relief for you when you decide to unite to put an end to the wanton waste of the products of your labor, and work co-operatively side by side instead of fighting each other like wild beasts.

Fresh News Just Out

The last census returns show the population of London, England, to be 4,522,961. Together with the outer sections, the total population is 7,252,963.

With the great detractor of revenue at work, the recent British Industrial cessation—the customs receipts for Montreal show an increase of \$100,000 over last year's corresponding period. And the waist belt of the consumer is accordingly drawn in like proportion so much tighter around his custom-extorted body.

The druggists of Canada in convention at Montreal, declared in favor of restriction of the hours of labor in their own industry. They find out what all the other workers have felt on many occasions, that alert brains must not be overtaxed and that physical proficiency cannot be overtaxed. All work and no play makes life a damned inferno.

THE EVOLUTION OF GOVERNMENT.

Barbarism is a government of, by and for slave owners.

Feudalism is a government of, by and for the owners of land.

Capitalism is government of, by and for the owners of capital, i. e. for the owners of the means of production and distribution of the commodities.

Socialism is government of, by and for those who socially own and operate the means of producing and distributing the commodities produced. Hence the term and doctrine of economic determination so often found in Socialist writings.

"All down through history people seem to have been incapable of thinking for themselves. Parrot-like they have repeated the cry handed down to them from higher up. At the best of their masters they have ever been ready to throw mud and stones at those who dared to show them their chains."—Alan Maynard in "Buncome & Scrapp's."

The trade unionist who will go and vote for a Liberal or a Tory candidate is a political scab.

SOME GAIN THIS WEEK

H. A. Webb.

The sub list takes a little bit of a jump this week, but it is only temporary. Cotton's always gives the true exact state of its subscription list, whether it be up or down. This particular gain happens because an eastern Comrade chose to donate bundles for a specific purpose.

The Sub List will jump again next week—but DON'T GET ALARMED—again it is only temporary and the work of a specific organization for another specific purpose.

Just a word to our faithful army of Canadian hustlers—If you will go after the subs from now to December, we'll hit above 15,000, and you'll hear something that will please you—something big. Let us get well out of the 10,000 rut—and stay out.

Stay with the game, follow agitators, and there'll be good news for you.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of September 7th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario.....	104	522	4060
British Columbia.....	29	23	1905
Alberta.....	43	440	1915
Prov. of Quebec.....	20	225	1232
Nova Scotia.....	31	33	927
Saskatchewan.....	15	9	731
Manitoba.....	12	217	729
New Brunswick.....	3	8	225
Foreign.....	2	3	148
Yukon Territory.....	0	0	69
Newfoundland.....	0	0	15
Prince Ed. Island.....	0	0	6

Total.....259 1480 11,962

Gain for Week 1,221

Total issue last week was 15,408

CIRCULATION NOTES.

We are running over 15,000 papers a week now, and none over. The way the pile of white paper diminishes makes your manager scratch his head. "Oh, you paper bill!" But say boys, keep him scratching. Don't let up. Wiggle him through somehow.

There's a grand chance for locals in this new stock issue. Ten shares subscribed for, sends 50 separate yearlies. Co-operate and win.

The total copies of Cotton's issued and registered by the new press totals 191,640. Keep her climbing.

GENERAL Executive Committee, Canadian Socialist Federation, meets every First and Third Monday at 9 Queen street south, third floor. H. Martin, secretary, 61 Weber Street east, Berlin, Ont.

TORONTO LOCAL 1, English C. S. F.—Business Meetings held on the first and third Tuesday of each month at the Finnish Hall, 24 Adelaide St. W., at 8 p. m. 8-cent door. Economic class, second and fourth Wednesday of each month held at 17 Chestnut St., at 8 p. m. Secretary, W. Bellemare, 113 Sumach Street.

Thousands of These

Books Selling . . .

Riddle of the Universe, by Haeckel.....	25c
Life of Jesus, Renan.....	25c
Age of Reason, Paine.....	25c
The Teachings of Huxley.....	25c
God and My Neighbor, Blatchford.....	25c
Origin of Species, Darwin.....	25c
Ingraham's Lectures.....	25c
Evolution of the Idea of God, G. and Allen.....	25c

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Just out.....	.10
100 "GET OFF OUR BACKS" pamphlets, 4 page 7 1/2 x 11, illustrated.....	.35
100 copies of "BOY-OUT" pamphlets, 4 page 7 1/2 x 11, illustrated.....	.35
1 Handy Pocket Scribbling Pad.....	.10
Set of Election Propaganda Post Cards.....	.10
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