

DID WE DREAM THIS?

A few years ago a man who owned a park found an immense hippopotamus wallowing in the river which flowed through his lands.

The man never questioned as to how the hippo had got there. Whether it had escaped from a menagerie or not, did not seem to interest the park owner. He immediately had all means of ingress and egress to the park stopped so the hippo could not get out. The unwieldy creature seemed contented, and fed on all the good things which abounded in the park and river, and which the man also had taken to it daily.

But this hippo was a costly pet to keep. He consumed enormous quantities of provisions, and the park owner was at his wits' ends to find a way to keep his pet provided. Finally he hit on a great idea, and called the people of the land together.

"Look here, good people," he said, "this is a wonderful animal, and one we need in our country, one that we must keep and cherish. He is wise, oh, so wise, and he knows everything about everything that has ever happened or ever will happen. We must all contribute to his support, and never let him want for anything. When danger threatens, his enormous bulk and ready brain can be called on to help us in any emergency. Please do not wake him now, for he is enjoying his afternoon nap. I propose to levy a tax on all the people for his upkeep. It will be a very small matter, and divided up amongst you all, you will never feel it. What do you say about it?"

The people, most of whom had never seen an animal of the sort before, did not seem to put up much opposition, so the wise park owner clapped on the tax, and the hippo grew and browsed and waded very fat.

About this time another little scheme came to the mind of the owner of the hippo. He had been studying natural history since becoming the proprietor of the hippo, and longed to fill the whole park with relics of animals and vicious creatures of a bygone age. While travelling in foreign lands he had come upon a terrible creature which was fast becoming obsolete, and which he yearned to have in the park. It was called the Dreadnaughtidillius, and was very costly to raise.

So the man sent emissaries to the people to entice them to buy three of these creatures, and they told wonderful tales of the necessity of having three Dreadnaughtidillius to protect them. They would only cost the small sum of \$35,000,000. Some of the people objected, and others favored the idea, and while they were squabbling over the matter the emissaries of the man who ran the park brought in an animal called the navabillidillius, which was a first cousin to the Dreadnaughtidillius. If the people will stand for this latest addition, said the emissaries, "they will stand for the Dreadnaughtidillius."

But the hippo, which was supposed to be so content, had not been taken into consideration. He saw the navabillidillius roaming around the park, each day coming closer and closer to his stamping ground. A day came at last when the navabillidillius wandered down the favorite path of the hippo, who lay alongside the road, and when the proper time came rolled over and squashed the navabillidillius as flat as the latest style in christy hats.

In the meantime the people had been making enquiries among the various communities who were being taxed to support the park, which was fast becoming a menagerie, and which was draining their resources and compelling them to slave night and day to support it. They found that only about one in a thousand wanted the hippo, or the park, or the man who ran it, so they arose in their might and chorused the hippo and drove the park owner to the tall bamboos, and then took charge of the park and ran it to the satisfaction of all the people of the land.

What is Wrong?

Arthur Rice.

The British Columbia Methodist Conference, in session there recently, has been endeavoring to find out what is wrong with the Church that its work does not produce more effective results. Dr. Chown led a long discussion in which the following conclusions were reached: "The day when the Church was merely a place to worship has gone; the Church must face the great economic questions of the day and help solve them. It must minister to the whole man, physical, mental, spiritual and social."

Dr. Chown evidently sees what is wrong with the present day form of religion—a worship of mammon—and realizes that you can't talk religion to a man when his stomach is empty, or when conditions under which the latter is compelled to live make him doubt whether there is a God at all.

He realizes that the church today should look into the conditions that allow some people to get immensely rich, while others, toiling long hours can scarcely get enough to eat. The Bible says: "That it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for the rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." It is up to the church to prepare the rich man for Heaven, by condemning a system that allows some men to get rich while other men are starving. The church has got to go into economic conditions or go out of existence. The minister must go into the workshop as Christ did, and condemn the owners of the slave pens.

PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK. A well filled pamphlet of 24 pages. Also contains "The Civilized Monkey" by Fred Warren. This is an excellent propaganda or prejudice-breaking booklet. Just moral enough to these stories to sink in nicely and make a craving for more. This edition was printed by Cotton's Co-operative. Single copies, 5 cents; ten copies for 25 cents. Order a few copies at once.

WAR A PLAYED OUT GAME

Canada, a nation of eight million people, is spending \$7,000,000 a year on militia purposes, training soldiers, buying supplies, and keeping a staff of useless highly-paid officials at Ottawa and other points throughout the Dominion.

The authorities want \$10,000,000. They say they have 70,000 men in training at the annual camps, and have applications for 50,000 more. This is buncombe. They have not anywhere near that number in training, and practically have no applications at all. But the fact of them wanting \$10,000,000 is no bluff. They are after all the graft that is in sight, and if they can flimflam the public into believing that Canada has a large army and needs the money, it will be an easy matter for parliament to obey the masters and grant the additional amount.

Why do we need soldiers in training at points throughout our breadth of 4,000 miles of fertile farm lands? We don't need them. War is fast being relegated to the dump of oblivion. Books by the hundreds are being brought to the light every week by writers of all countries dealing with the uselessness and horrors of war. The masses are against it, the soldiers are against it, and the same people of every nationality are doing their utmost to throw the weary burden of arms and armaments from off their shoulders.

The parasites are beginning to fear war. The officers of high rank of the world's armies shake in their shoes when the time comes for them to don a uniform and go to the front. The lie of the idle home life and round of social pleasures which accompany times of peace. They like the pay which comes every month for the mite of effort they put forth to earn it. But when the time comes for going into action, that cold, clammy feeling creeps up and down their spines. They have a reason.

They remember how their brothers officers were picked off by the dozen in every engagement. They have seen officers laid out in trenches with tiny holes in their backs where the bullets entered and a ghastly tear in their chests where the death missiles tore their way through on the hunt for another victim.

The financiers want their graft from the military madness but the Canadian officers are scared of war.

Sabotage and Sophistication

All ye who would increase your vocabularies and join the army of the well-informed feed hereunto. It concerns a very modern distinction.

If a hotel keeper provides spoiled products for making your soup and then puts in highly aromatic condiments to make it taste right, that is sophisticated; while if a waiter adds an overdose of salt or pepper to make the soup taste wrong, that is sabotage.

If a confectioner prepares your pastry with "rots and spots," this is sophistication; while if a confectioner worker deliberately puts in more "rots and spots" than the cake will stand, that is sabotage. If an employer puts glue in his ice cream in order to give it verisimilitude, or whatever quality glue adds to ice cream, that is sophistication; while if a worker adds a little soap to the same mixture because he thinks his wages are too low, that is sabotage.

If a laundry proprietor puts destructive acid into the tub with your clothes in order to save himself from doing an honest job, that is sophistication; while if a laundry worker pours a bottle of ink into the tub and thus irrevocably discolors the very same garments, that is sabotage.

If a woolen mill fixes up shoddy to look like the real things, that is sophistication; while if a workman tampers with the machine that is turning out the shoddy, that is sabotage.

If a candy manufacturer puts poisonous coloring matter into candy in order to make it attractive in the eyes of the little children, that is sophistication; while if the candy worker slyly adds capsicum to the same candy in order to make it unpleasant to the taste, that is sabotage.

If a shoe manufacturer sells you shoes with "sheepskin" soles made out of paper, that is sophistication; while if a shoe worker puts emery dust into the bearings of the machines that makes those shoes, that is sabotage. If the dirty work, in short, is done by proprietors to increase profits, it is sophistication; while if it is done by an employee to decrease profits in the hope of indirectly increasing wages, it is sabotage.—Ellis O. Jones in Life.

NOT SO VERY NICE.

An I. W. W. sailor tells of conditions on board an English ship on which he made a trip from Honolulu. He says:

The crew sign for three years, the skipper gives them four bits each Saturday night in port to blow themselves; although they have \$500 coming. He also runs the commissary, or "shop chest," and charges them \$1.20 for a twobit article, four bits for a pound of laundry soap, one gallon of water a day for soup, tea, coffee and washing clothes (they're all crummy), rotten salt beef so old and strong it kills at 1000 yards, biscuits full of maggots, rats crawling all over you with tears in their eyes, bumming something to eat. When sailors run away they lose all their wages so conditions get worse toward the end of the cruise. These are conditions as I found them.—Industrial Worker.

Join the 1917 Club. That is about the best thing offering at the present time that we know of. All you have to do is to remit \$1.00, and you will receive Cotton's for Four Years or till 1917. Give expiration number of your present sub if possible. Do it today.

Annual Convention of B.C. Provincial S.D.P. of C.

The B.C. Provincial organization of the S.D.P. of C. held a convention at the Finnish Socialist hall, Vancouver, on May 24th and 25th.

Twenty-six delegates were present, representing a membership of about thousand.

Comrade E. Burns, Vancouver, was elected to preside over the convention. The headquarters of the provincial executive were moved to Vancouver. Throughout the coming year business meetings will be held in the Finnish Socialist Hall, Pender street, Vancouver, each first and third Sunday of every month at 3 p.m. Comrade E. Winch, Jubilee Station, P.O., was elected provincial secretary, and Comrade O. L. Charlton, Vancouver, provincial treasurer.

The following committees were appointed: Credential, resolution, rules and order, officers' reports, audit and press.

The retiring secretary, Com. A. Jordan, Nanaimo, presented his report covering the past year's work, and embodying recommendations for the ensuing year. He mentioned the affiliation of the S.D.P. of C. with the International Socialist Bureau, and therefore becoming an integral part of the great Socialist movement, which was permeating the minds of the whole human family, irrespective of race, sex or color. He commented upon the splendid increase in the number of locals affiliated with the S.D.P. of C., not only in B.C., but throughout the Dominion, and upon the doubling of the actual membership, and felt confident in making the statement that during the coming year this percentage increase in numbers would continue.

The retiring treasurer, Comrade J. Hodgkinson, Nanaimo, presented his report in detail, showing a balance in hand of \$200, with which to carry on the following campaign of public education. Arising out of secretary's reports and resolutions proposed by various locals, the following resolutions were adopted:

The formation of a parliamentary committee to work in conjunction with executive and the party representatives, and generally attend to the preparation for and carrying into effect of legislative effort.

That secretaries of locals in the province, mostly provincial secretaries of the electoral district in which their local is situated, so that the information is more readily available for formation of joint committees, as per section 10 and 11 of constitution.

That every local throughout the province nominate one or more candidates for some public administrative office every year, by so doing making Socialist principles a live issue in their locality, and also reaping the benefit of the necessary organization entailed thereby.

That an increased assessment per month of five cents on foreign speaking comrades and 10 cents on English speaking comrades.

Irish Islanders Starving

By Arthur Rice

"An Irish Putnamay" is the description applied by Sir Roger Casement to conditions in South Connemara, off the West Coast of Galway, Ireland. The islanders are suffering from famine fever. The Irish Independent has opened a subscription, to which Sir Roger contributes this letter, written from London:

I have heard of the appalling state of things in Connemara owing to the absence of anything like civilized government. In that part of the world. Were this in truth a United Kingdom the press of its capital would contain some reference to a state of things so near its doors; but I have not seen a single word in any London daily of this dire need of Connemara.

"I hope very soon to be able to leave London for Ireland, and if possible to visit Lettermullen, and see whether something lasting cannot be done to remove the stain of this enduring Irish 'Putnamay' from our native land. One thing is clear to me—only Irishmen and Irish women can clear it up."

Sir Roger says that contributions be placed in the hands of the local priests.

The Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, visited the islanders with some Irish officials. They called at the house of John Lee whose 11-year-old boy died of fever on May 28, and another of whose sons were removed to a hospital 30 miles away. Mr. Birrell said afterwards: "It was the worst dwelling I have ever entered."

The conditions in South Connemara are so bad that the islanders are starving. Even Sir Roger has his doubts about the United Kingdom being united. He is upbraiding the daily press of London for not mentioning anything about the starving islanders in its columns. He forgets that the London dailies are owned by large capitalists, and some of them may have large holdings of lands and property in Ireland where they draw unearned revenues by exploiting labor.

The readers will note that Sir Roger says that the islanders are suffering from "famine fever" why did he not call it what it is—STARVATION? Is it too glaring?

Many workers have an insane desire to join fraternal societies; thinking it will better their social position, or put them into closer touch with the "green stuff." Small chance. The top-notchers of the fraternal societies are invariably from the capitalist class, and make the more use for their "brother" of lesser degree than they would have for a Fiji islander, except to exploit him.

The census shows that in New York 384,249 homes out of 600,000 are rented.

AFRAID TO WORK

Count Ladislaus Keglevitch, of Budapest, Hungary, walked out to a fashionable party club the other day and blew off the top of his head. This parasite was bankrupt. He was down to his last three cents, and bankruptcy proceedings had been started against him. He would soon have belonged to the fashionable down and out class of useless snobs which infest the communities of every country.

During the 24 years of his life this parasite had never known what work was. Valets waited on him hand and foot, servants ran to and fro to minister to his wants, and all sundry of the working class were at his beck and call.

Slaves toiled and wrought long hours by thousands to keep this count and his family in luxury and splendor. Everything that money could buy was his for the asking. All the easy pickings for him, and he squandered the wealth of the working class right and left. The sky was the only limit in any game his highness entered. Then the end came. Other parasites saw the easy mark, and drained him dry. The wealth still flowed from the workers, but other hands froze into it before it reached the count. There was no other recourse for him but to step down to the working class whom he had scorned all his life, and ask to be given a chance to do something useful. This he could not do. He, like all of his class, was useless except for ornamental purposes. He knew his failings, and shortcomings as regards doing anything useful. He who could dance and sing and motor, and play golf and tennis, could not do step in line with the workers and do anything useful to make a living. He was afraid to even try, so he blew out his brains like a craven coward.

A system that causes the producing class of the world to support a class of lazy, useless parasites in every country and keep them supplied with every luxury from the cradle to the grave, is rotten, and should be abolished. Such creatures are but the victims of circumstances, and cannot be blamed for the part they play. It is the capitalist system which has placed them there to rule, which is the cause of the burden on the backs of the workers. When the workers arise and throw off their chains, counts, kings, dukes, capitalists, fatten of the slaves, will have to go too.

By Arthur Rice

Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known Police Court missionary, in his book, "London's Underworld," just published, makes the astonishing statement that there are fifty thousand women workers in the British metropolis whose wages do not exceed three cents an hour. The slaves in the Southern States were better off than the women toilers of the world's great metropolis, London, Eng., as they were given plenty of good food and were clothed. It is such conditions as the above that force women to become prostitutes for order to live and get a few good clothes. The idea of women working for three cents an hour. This is why the great women's suffrage movement advanced. The condition under which women are forced to work under man-made laws are vile in the extreme, and must be changed. The suffragists, having tried to get the vote in a peaceful way and failed, are using the militant way and the only way left them. Should England give every female over 21 years of age the right to vote this would add greatly to the labor and Socialist vote, and this vote is getting too large now for the capitalist exploiters, that is why the women don't get the right to vote.

A system which forces any human being to work for such paltry wages should be abolished.

Three Cents an Hour in London

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DARK BLUE STRIPES

Did you ever live in a blue atmosphere with dark blue stripes in it?

Did you ever feel the alms of despair coming up from below on you and blotting out the blue atmosphere? That is the environment of Cotton's the last two weeks. Last year this time you put on 408 subs. This year you put on 256.

I looked forward to a good gain this year. With the few off I thought you would put Cotton's over the twenty-five thousand mark, and you sold back 152.

Comrades, hurry, we are advancing forward backward. And next week promises to be as bad, if not worse. Cotton's is never more than two weeks away from not meeting its obligations. I want every one of you interested in this paper to rush the subs this way. Subscriptions are our main source of revenue.

Take a bundle, give it to a new subscriber, and have it sold on the streets. Not for my sake, or the sake of Cotton's Weekly, I do not count, Cotton's Weekly does not count, save as we can aid the revolution.

We must be on our way to the 50,000 mark, or we are not fulfilling our duty to our comrades in slavery. I want each reader to go out and get subscriptions. There are many of you who can easily get subs, and who have not tried. Won't you try today?

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

For week of June 8th.

Ontario 125 21 5,176

Saskatchewan 44 20 5,482

British Columbia 78 51 4,082

Alberta 30 18 1,702

Manitoba 37 4 1,386

Provinc. Quebec 41 12 1,188

Foreign 41 3 423

New Brunswick 3 3 423

Yukon Territory 0 0 287

Newfoundland 0 0 287

Prince Edward Island 0 0 287

Loss for week—152.

Total issue last week—31,000.

THOUSANDS SELLING

War, What For? Kirkpatrick \$1.10

Lectures and Essays, Ingersoll .70

The Call of the Nation, White .150

Origin of Species, Darwin .50

Riddle of the Universe, Haeckel .50

Evolution, Huxley .70

Postage Paid .70

PEOPLE'S BOOKSTORE

152 Cordova St. W. VANCOUVER, B.C.

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SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 8 King St. East, H. Martin, Sec., 51 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—256.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. meets 1st and 3rd Sun. days, 7 p.m., in Labor Temple, corner Royal Ave. and 7th St. Sec., J. D. Westminister, P.O. Box 585, A. V. Stedman, Sec.—226.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 2 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. Sec., J. D. Westminister, P.O. Box 585, A. V. Stedman, Sec.—226.

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXECUTIVE S.D.P. of C. meets in Vancouver, Finnish Socialist Hall, Pender St. Sec., J. D. Westminister, P.O. Box 585, A. V. Stedman, Sec.—226.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., in Labor Temple, 167 Cordova St. Public meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m., in Labor Temple, 167 Cordova St. Sec., J. D. Westminister, P.O. Box 585, A. V. Stedman, Sec.—226.

BERLIN Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Sunday, 55 King St. East. Sec., Chas.