

JOTTINGS

G. Prager.

Lord Salisbury once remarked that the workers did not want education, but a Circus. Well, the Circus, clowns, parade and all, the masters offered to the plebs last week, in the coronation spectacle.

Goldwin Smith, in one of his last books: "No refuge but in truth," dealing with the unrest in the churches of the day, says: "We are confronted with the vital question, what the world would be without religion, without trust in providence, without hope or fear of a hereafter. Social order is threatened. Classes which have hitherto acquiesced in their lot, believing that it was a divine ordinance and that there would be redress and recompense in a future state, are now demanding that conditions be leveled here. The leaders of humanity, some think, may even find it necessary to make up by an increase of the powers of government for the lost influence of religion." It is indeed refreshing to see our old foggy, bourgeois hypocrites get off their guard at times and "let the cat out of the bag." Like Frederick the Great of Prussia, himself a philosopher and a patron of Voltaire, yet declaring: "The mob must be kept pious!" so Goldwin Smith reserving for himself and the gentry the right of free, unbiased inquiry in the search for truth, considers it too bad that the common plugs no longer seem content with the rewards of a distant heaven, and think the leaders—save the mark!—will have to increase the powers of repression to keep down a discontented and awakening proletariat.

The Boy Scout Movement is spreading into every country where capitalism holds sway. There's a reason! As the Church declared: "Give me the children of tender age, and you can have the men and women," realizing the importance of moulding the child's mind, so the Scout movement is calculated to instill into the minds of the boys of our generation, the principles of blind obedience to constituted authority, love of military action, thrift and all the buncombe dear to the hearts of the master class. Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, says: "The object is to seize the boy's character in its red hot stage of enthusiasm and to weld it into right shape and encourage its individuality so that the boy may become a good man and a valuable citizen for our country." We leave it to any worker's imagination what the master class considers the right shape of character in a wage slave, but as far as developing individuality is concerned, listen again to Scout law: "A scout obeys orders, and without question! But after he has carried out his order, he may state his reasons against it." In other words, if a soldier is ordered on strike duty, told to fire at his own brothers, he must do so unquestioningly! If he has any scruples about it, he may say so after he killed his prey. As a matter of fact, he can't even do that! Is not such dictum adding insult to injury? "A scout is loyal to King, to country, parents, employers and scout masters. He must stick to them through thick and thin, and against any one, who is their enemy." Do you see the cloven foot? Likewise the scout is not to accept reward for service rendered. How dear to the hearts of the masters is the thought of humility and disinterestedness of those who are to serve them. "And the scout is at least to have something in the savings bank." Of course, the rewards of thrift are preached! We will not here waste space to show that thrift universally practiced, means lowering the workers' standard of living. But we have noted, that our bourgeois friends, the small traders fry in particular, like the workers to spend every nickel they get, and perhaps the fact that Scouts have to have special uniforms, knives and ropes and sticks, belts and tin-pans and numerous other paraphernalia, makes the movement dear to the hearts of the capitalists and the hangers-on. Because— isn't it "good for trade?"

So that in the Scout movement, which has grown into several hundred thousand, because in its good features, woodcraft, cultivation of a love for outdoor life, physical culture etc., it appeals to every boy's heart, the master class has seized upon it as its last hope, that of moulding the ideas of the young according to the tenets of capitalist ethics. Let Socialists do their duty in educating their fellow workers, in educating the boys, to counteract these influences! But the onward march of progress cannot be stayed! The masters will not succeed in lulling to sleep the awakening reasoning powers of the modern wage slaves!

The Socialist only wants justice for the working class.

To a capitalist, national prosperity means prosperity for the capitalist class.

The English suffragettes are out to raise a million dollar war fund for the propagation of their ideas. Socialism stands for sex equality. Let the suffragettes fling in their lot with the expropriated wage slaves.

The military spirit is dying. The American navy is calling for recruits and cannot get them. Even in Canada the country militia have to be hired from the floating unemployables of the cities. This is a good sign.

The Japanese government is equipping her new warships with fifteen inch guns. She is following the lead of Great Britain. The Christian nations of Europe teach the heathen how to kill people the quickest and most abundantly.

The Ontario government has been trying to work convicts on road building. A special despatch to the Toronto Globe says that convict labor on the Porcupine roads has been an utter failure. The road they made was almost impassable. Convict labor is unprofitable and brutal. Men cannot be made to work against their economic interests.

The Sombra, Ont., Outlook declares that many soldiers went to Camp Niagara for a cheap spree. The most popular officer was the man who bought his company the most booze. This is nothing but natural, for war, drunkenness and immorality go together.

J. P. Morgan now controls five billion dollars worth of capital. His power is increasing each day. He is the uncrowned king of the world. Compared to him, George the fifth is a puny little wretch. For George gets a couple of million or so to spend. Morgan gets over two hundred million a year.

When the strike of the harvesters was on in Italy the military authorities ordered the cavalry to charge the strikers. The wives and sisters of the strikers threw themselves on the ground in front of the charging horses and the soldiers would not ride over them, refused to carry out the orders of their superior officers. That was true patriotism.

Sir Frederick Borden is Minister of Militia of Canada. His old brain, not a very good one, is devising schemes for killing strikers, making widows of women and orphans of children. For this work he was knighted by the parasite who called himself King of England. The sooner we abolish such murderous parasites the better.

The "Christian Socialists" the reactionary group in Vienna, was practically swept out of existence in the last Austrian elections. The Christian Socialists from Vienna in the last parliament numbered 20. Now they number four. The Social Democrats have increased their representation from three members to nineteen members. The former Austrian prime minister who was a reactionary has been forced to resign. The working class is in revolt and is sweeping on to victory in every country.

During the recent encampment of soldiers at Farnham, Quebec, two soldiers were dishonorably discharged from the army. One had used insulting language to an officer and the other had been insubordinate and had threatened an officer. These two soldiers have evidently a more manly spirit than the common ruck. They spoke up to their officers and would not stand the contemptuous brutality of the gold laced ones. Their drumming out of the legalized butchers of Canada redounds to their glory rather than to their dishonor.

Ortie McManigal, who is the chief witness against McNamara, has signed a confession declaring that his first confession implicating McNamara, was false. He did this at the instance of his wife. The police authorities thereupon forced Mrs. Manigal into the witness box and put her through what is known as the third degree. She fainted in the process. The Appeal to Reason announces that it has got proof that General Harrison Grey Otis blew up the Times building. The building was old. The machines were all worn out and were ready for the scrap heap. The building and machinery were insured for far more than they were worth. Hence Otis hired a criminal to destroy the old plant so that he might collect the insurance.

Thousands of petitions are pouring into Ottawa from the states to the Governor General, asking him that Mrs. Napolitano be not hanged. Will the Canadian men and women help by adding their petitions?

The Napoleon wars killed off the strong and fit and as a result the French race of today is two inches shorter than before Napoleon's time.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Billy Gay Discovers the Reason for Sweeney's Enmity.

(Continued.)

"Talking about Sweeney," he said, "I guess he's got a grouse against me. He wasn't very civil just now when I asked him to come out to night and have some music. 'Not me,' he said and walked away as if I had insulted him. Sure, I dinnae what the man's offended about."

"Better enlighten your father, Kathleen," persisted Miss Kelly, who seemed to take pleasure in Kathleen's confusion.

Billy noticed it also, and intervened: "Where did you see Sweeney?" he asked Dinny.

"He was coming down the steps when I came round the corner from the lane; said he'd left his watch hanging up and went back after it. 'Twas twenty minutes past six then."

So now the murder was out. Billy had discovered the true reason for Sweeney's enmity towards him. It was not a political reason at all. It was the hatred of an unsuccessful rival. Quite unwittingly Billy had cut him out. Sweeney rose quite a bit in Billy's estimation, because he felt that any man who was a man would certainly feel some resentment against a comparative stranger who had butted in and took away his best girl. But it was funny, he thought, he had never met Sweeney at the Malone's. However, this was easily explained, because about the time Billy's visits began Sweeney's ceased. And the reason why his visits ceased was because, as Miss Hayward had intimated, Kathleen had refused him. But Billy didn't know that. There was no reason why he should, because in these delicate affairs the matter rests with the girl. What she says goes, and there you are.

Well, there was some more music, a two-step, a waltz and a quadrille for the whole crowd and then all joined in the final "Auld Lang Syne." By that time it was far beyond the usual bed time of a good many of those present, and so the Malone's musical party passed into history.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Trouble that Resulted from a Dastardly Act.

It was about the middle of the forenoon of the day after the Malone's music party and Scrapp had just got through his mail when McSweeney came in. Miss Wimple was not present and the superintendent seemed to be disappointed about something. His first words, however, showed that this time his disappointment had no connection with that young lady.

"Well," he said, as he threw himself into a chair, "we've lost."

"Looks like it," returned Scrapp as he fished out one or two letters from the pile before him.

"They'll never do it," said McSweeney. "They can't do it. Why, Grabbitt must be crazy."

"Looks very much like it," again returned Scrapp. "Still, crazy or not, the Stephenson contract goes to Smoother & Grabbitt's. Well, they're welcome to it at that price. We went as low as we possibly could, and if Grabbitt thinks he can do it for \$15,000 below our figures I'm quite willing to let him try. I haven't the least doubt that he'll find himself in a big hole before he gets through with it."

"That's what Tremayne thinks. He told me just now that he expected we'd have to finish it after all. He said he couldn't see how it was possible for Smoother & Grabbitt's to carry out the contract according to specifications at the ridiculously low tender they put in."

"Well," said Scrapp quietly, "if they do finish it they will be out something like \$15,000. It is wither ignorance on Grabbitt's part or else he's so anxious to rival Buncome & Scrapp's reputation that he is willing to sink that amount in trying. Either way they'll have to pay dearly for it. With our better facilities I wouldn't take the job for a cent less than the figures we sent in."

"They'll have to get some new machines for the fine work," said McSweeney, "and that's going to cost quite a bit. They're still using the same old rattletraps that were in use all the time I was there. Then I doubt whether that young fellow Evans, the new superintendent, is capable of understanding such intricate work. He couldn't have had much experience in the little town where he came from. I suppose they'll be advertising for first-class machinists too, they've only got one or two good men now."

"Well, they will hardly get any of our men unless Grabbitt raises wages above the union scale, and I don't think there's much fear of that."

"No, I guess not," returned McSweeney. "By Jupiter! Won't old Smoother cut up rough when he begins to realize what a big blunder Grabbitt has made?"

"Well, Mac, it's none of our funeral. There's an old saying about experience being a dear school, and Grabbitt seems to be one of those know-it-alls who will learn in no other. What about the strike?"

"Oh, that petted out in a fizzle. Our man didn't have influence enough to carry it. If he's been a leader or a man of prominence in union affairs he might have made good, but he's only a fourth-rater, with just enough ability to keep me posted as to what's going on. Besides, as he told me, there's too many of these darned Socialists in the union now to do anything in that line. We'll have to cut that out."

Scrapp smiled as he said: "It looks as if the growth of Socialism was going to knock out one of the employers' handiest weapons, doesn't it? Well, something may happen here

fore long. Smoother may find out a few things about the contract and bring Grabbitt to his senses. Anyway, I'm not going away for a few weeks. I want to be on hand when Grabbitt finds out he's bitten off too big a mouthful and try to throw up the job. We've got plenty of work in hand and can afford to sit tight."

"Yes," returned McSweeney. "We've plenty of work ahead and all of it more profitable than the Stephenson job. Well, I must be going," and he went out, bowing to Miss Wimple, who was seated at her machine in the outer office.

The superintendent's entrance into the machine room was made known to every man there by the warning "His-t" common to all machine rooms which is heard above the whirr and screech of the machinery, and which to the uninitiated seems to be part and parcel of the jargon of noise and clatter of the machinery itself. It is the signal for "attention" sent out by the particular workman who happens to catch the first glimpse of the opening door, and while nearly every man and boy in the shop can give the signal efficiently it is almost impossible to spot the particular individual who makes it, because of the elusiveness of the sound, which, blending with the noise of the machinery itself, seems to come from every corner of the room.

So everybody was busy when McSweeney passed down the centre aisle, and then all at once there came a crashing and grinding noise that to his experienced ear proclaimed disaster. He crossed to the next aisle and discovered it was the machine in Billy Gay's charge that was thrashing and racking itself to pieces. But even as the superintendent caught sight of it Billy threw the belt from the pulley and the machine soon came to a standstill. It was the first time it had been used since Judson Sweeney had doctored it the night before. While the machine was jumping Billy had seen the piece of steel that caused the trouble, and he withdrew it with a pair of pliers just as McSweeney came over.

The defeat in the Stephenson matter had not improved the superintendent's temper any, and before he gave himself time to pause and consider where it might lead him he had snapped out:

"You've made a hell of a mess of it now. Haven't you got sense enough to run a simple machine like that without smashing it?"

Now Billy was not particularly quick tempered, nor was he prone to making mountains out of molehills, as McSweeney did when out of sorts, but the knowledge of Sweeney's derelict which had come to him in a flash was probably the cause of his answering his boss just as hotly:

"Sense! What has sense got to do with it? Sense didn't drive a steel wedge under the cog, did it? See that?" and he held up the piece of steel.

"That's what made the machine jump out of its bearings."

"Oh," said McSweeney, somewhat mollified, "did you take that out? How did it get there?"

"How did it get there?" repeated Billy. "Well, if you want to know go down there and ask that spy of yours. Judson Sweeney can tell you all about it, because he's the man that done it."

The hot blood rushed to McSweeney's brain in an instant. As we all know, it is this truth that hurts. If there had been no truth in Billy's statement the superintendent would not have been so jumping mad about it.

"My spy," he shouted. You lie! Take that back at once!"

"Oh, it's true enough," returned Billy, hot at being given the lie direct. "Every man in the union knows that Sweeney is your spy, and—"

"You hound," cried McSweeney, "take that!" and he shot out his right with such force that had it reached its mark Billy would certainly have gone to the floor. But he had not attended a gymnasium for years without learning something of the noble art of self-defence, and quick as the blow was aimed it was blocked by Billy's quicker left. Then he put a hard right to the superintendent's face, leaving a small gash just under the left eye.

Whether the blow brought McSweeney to his senses or whether he understood the younger man was more than his match in quickness, he became cognizant of the fact that he was making himself a spectacle for the whole shop to grin at, and he made no further onslaught. Although still white with passion he assumed his most dignified bearing as he said:

"Go to the office and get your time. You are discharged, and don't let me find you in these works again. Understand?" Then he walked out of the shop to seek the privacy of his office.

Billy stood like a man dazed for a few moments. Of course he hadn't meant to strike the superintendent, but, as the old saying goes, "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and he only obeyed a natural impulse when he blocked McSweeney's vicious straight-from-the-shoulder jab and followed it up with a right-hander to the face. Well, he had lost his job, the job he had held for ten years, and—

"Cheer up, Billy. You ain't to blame, my son. You only gave the boss what he's been asking for for a long time. That man's temper will get him into big trouble some day. Say, he cooled down pretty quick after that swipe on the eye, didn't he?"

Billy looked up as if awakening from a dream. It was Dick Norris speaking, and George Workman, Lyon and most of the other machinists crowded around.

Billy was calm enough now. "Boys," he said, "I can hardly tell how it happened. I didn't mean to hit him. I suppose I lost my temper. Anyhow, I've lost my job, and it's all through

the devilry of that skunk Sweeney. Look here. See what he done. He wedged this piece of steel under the cog and when I turned on the power it went to smash before I could turn it off again."

"How do you know it was Sweeney?" someone asked.

"How do I know 'twas Sweeney? Because he was here alone last night after everybody had gone. He's had it in for me, or a long time past and he knew that nobody used this machine but me. I want to say a few words to Mr. Sweeney before I go," and Billy went across to the other aisle where Sweeney was at work as if nothing had happened. All the men followed.

"Sweeney," said Billy, "you're no man. Nobody in this shop but you would be guilty of such a mean, low-down trick as that."

"Tis a lie," exclaimed Sweeney. "I don't know anything about it."

"You can't speak the truth Sweeney. You're a born liar. Say, boys, this fellow was seen coming down the front steps at twenty minutes past six last night, when he's usually out on the sidewalk by the time the whistle stops blowing."

"That's another lie," said Sweeney, "and I can prove it. I washed up and went out with Ed. Smith, Jack Cummings and Henry Williams. Didn't I, Jack? Didn't I, Ed? Didn't I, Henry?"

All three men corroborated his statement, and Sweeney began to put on a broad smile.

"What time was it when you got outside?" Billy asked them.

"I guess it must have been about ten minutes past six," answered Cummings. "Henry Williams and me are generally the last to wash up, and we always manage to catch the Pacific Avenue car that passes here at 6.10. We were just in time to catch it last night, weren't we, Henry?"

(To be continued.)

Scarcity of Soldiers

It is becoming hard to hire men to commit murder, even when they risk only their lives and not imprisonment in doing it.

The war department announces that there are more than forty vacancies in the West Point class, for which no applications have been received. Nothing of the kind has ever occurred before.

The navy department is continually advertising for recruits, and evidently without great success, because it is now compelled to offer premiums to induce young men to enlist. A letter recently sent out by the navy department, clearly prepared by a professional ad writer, says:

The navy department contemplates sending the battleship fleet to Europe next fall, probably to the Mediterranean, possibly to parts of Africa. This means that thousands of young Americans will have a chance to see the world and get paid for it.

In spite of such offer the demand for killers in times of peace far exceeds the supply. A capitalist paper says:

It is an astonishing situation, looked at from merely material viewpoints. From the viewpoints of patriotism, the sense of national honor, and the perception of public duty, it is a distressing and even shameful situation.

There is really nothing astonishing about it. The working people, who have always done the fighting of the world, are awakening to the fact that the soldier is merely a hired hand of capitalism, whose business it is to kill other workers for the sake of spoils. There is nothing in war for him, and he proposes to keep out of it. Appeal to Reason.

WORTHY BEYOND COMPARISON.

The only thing in the world that is worth bothering about is the advancement of the Socialist movement. It includes everything else that can be named or imagined as a worthy object of life. Do you believe in philanthropy? This is the greatest philanthropic movement of all the ages. Do you believe in education? This alone proposes to give to all the people of the earth a chance to be educated. Do you believe in art? This movement means the first free field and opportunity for art. Do you believe in liberty? It is here. Or honesty? This means the first chance for men to be honest. Do you believe in equality for men and women? That, too, is here. Do you believe in democracy, justice, kindness, decency, peace? All these things are embraced in the Socialist movement and have their only hope in its success.—Charles Edward Russell.

Why is war? It is not because people want it but because it is profitable to the financiers. Europe today is paying \$1,100,000,000 per year interest on the debts she incurred for war. This interest, this unearned revenue, is the reason why nations go to war. The parasites want fat army and navy contracts, want to get cheap government obligations so as to become richer. The nations are set to work to kill each other's peoples in order to enrich financial vultures.

A military officer is a criminal unhung. We Socialists would not hang him, though. We would strip off his military feathers and make a useful worker of him.

WORK

The capitalists say that the workers want work.

Many foolish workers say they want work. When they think it over they know this is not true. What the workers want is leisure if they can get it and still provide abundantly for their families.

Laurier has recently entered upon the plan of giving the workers work. He is increasing the Canadian army and navy.

The camps and equipment of the army are being enlarged. The navy has been started.

To take care of the navy a ten million dollar shipbuilding plant has been started.

To take care of the navy a ten million dollar docking and shipbuilding plant is to be erected in Halifax. Naval works will be started on the Pacific.

The workers will have much work given them. They will be happy and busy for a time.

But this will not be for long. They will begin to think. They will say to themselves, "Why are we working such long hours for?"

They will come to see that while certain of them are producing things good for the use of man, others are being supported in their work and their work is absolutely good for nothing. Rather it is a detriment for it is work that is preparing to destroy humanity.

Then the workers will come to the Socialist viewpoint. They will say, "We want to work. But when we have worked and produced enough for our own comfort we want to quit. We do not want to keep on working hard all our lives producing wealth we do not get."

When that happy day comes, the workers will unite to free themselves and will emerge from the mental errors which their masters have taught them. Capitalism with its parasitism, waste and want will vanish, and Socialism with its comfort, leisure and ease for all will come.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of June 29th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	222	201	323
Alberta	30	70	156
British Columbia	47	332	1619
Prov. of Quebec	38	46	1130
Nova Scotia	20	18	967
Manitoba	13	7	731
Saskatchewan	12	68	757
New Brunswick	3	8	245
Foreign	3	6	153
Yukon Territory	1	0	61
Newfoundland	0	0	18
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	9

Total 369 776 10,453

Gain for Week 470

Total issue last week was 11,290

Judge Britton of Sault Ste. Marie has condemned a prospective mother to death because she killed a white slave who was forcing her into prostitution. Shall the infamy of Britton be allowed to stain the humanity of Canada? Let the protests roll into the Governor General at Ottawa.

Socialist Stickers—Miniature Posters printed in Red and Blue, on gummed paper. Good for back of letters and every other place they can be seen. 12 cents per hundred, assorted; 500 assorted, 60 cents; 1000 assorted, \$1.00.

WANTED—1,000 Hustlers to compete in the "Century Contest" for \$100.00 in Money Prize. Watch Cotton's Weekly closely for particulars and date of start. Easy money.

INFORMATION Wanted as to the whereabouts of Harry M. Wright, English, age about 24 years, medium height, jovial nature. For some time worked in Toronto. Believed to have been in Richmond, Que., about 14 months ago. If this is seen by him, or by those who know or knew him, please write to John A. Wright, Box 122, Dauphin, Man.

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 Thursday of each month at the Finnish Hall, 214 Adelaide St. W., at 8 p.m. Second floor. Economic class, second and fourth Wednesday of each month held at 17 Chestnut St. at 8 p.m. Secretary, W. Bellmore, 115 Somerset Street.

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