

ENGLISH Subscriptions direct from England—single year, Two Shillings. In clubs of four or more, for 4 weeks, One Shilling each. English Subs sent from Canada, Four for \$1.00. U.S. and Foreign Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year.

NO MAN is great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for a longer time than paid for. If you get a copy regularly its paid for. It stops automatically at the end of time paid for. That's the only way to do business.

FOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CANADA OR ENGLAND, \$1.00

IF No. 249 IS ON THE RED LABEL, RENEW AT ONCE AS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES NEXT ISSUE

50c a Year
25c for Six Months
Clubs of four or more (40 weeks) \$2.00
This is No. 248
Cotton's Weekly
W. U. COTTON, S.A., B.C.L., Managing Editor
ESTABLISHED DEC. 2ND, 1908
Published Every Week at Cowansville, P. Q., Canada
Thursday, June 12th, 1913

\$1.00 Pays for a Four-Year's Subscription in Canada or England

This Paper is not Published for Profit
It is published by Co-operative
Effort as an advocate of the Co-operative
Commonwealth. It is the only
Canadian Weekly Paper at the low
Subscription Price of
In clubs of four or more. Single Yearly subscriptions 50c.
Total Number of Subscribers for week of June 5th 28,788
Number of New Subs. 256
Number of Existing Subs. 408
LOSS FOR WEEK 152
Total Edition Last week \$1.000

SHOOTING THEIR GENERALS

The kings, they smother us in gun smoke,
Oh, peace between us, war to them!

The strike! Apply it to the armies,
Fire in air, break ranks again!
If these cannibals and tyrants
Could of us make "heroes" erst,
Soon shall they learn that our own generals

Will taste our rifle fire the first.

A stanza prohibited in France.

There is a phase of the anti-militarist agitation which the capitalist class is fully awake to, but which the ordinary men and women of Canada are not aware of.

This phase of the anti-militarist wave sweeping over the peoples is the shooting of generals and officers by the soldiers themselves.

The financiers of Europe have been urging on the war scares. They want to get obligations against the various nations, and they want to get the profits arising from the sale of war munitions.

Also, the world markets are diminishing. The workers are producing a tremendous amount of commodities. The workers can buy back with their paltry wages, but a small fraction of the wealth produced by their labor.

The master class cannot waste the balance. It piles up, threatening a gift in the midst of poverty. The master class of each nation endeavor to sell the surplus in the foreign markets, and these markets are creating their own unsaleable surpluses.

Hence the ruling class of each nation want the common men to rush to war to foist the surplus upon the unwilling foreigners.

The common people do not want to go to war.

The masters are in control of the lawmaking bodies and they make laws increasing the armies, lengthening the period of service, and piling up war burdens.

In Germany there have been tremendous anti-war demonstrations held.

In France whole companies of soldiers are in mutiny because the period of their imprisonment in barracks has been lengthened from two to three years.

In England Tom Mann was jailed for preaching peace to the soldiers and finding a too responsive audience among the soldiers.

The ruling class depend upon the guns of the soldiers to maintain their position as parasites.

But suppose the soldiers do not want to maintain the ruling class? The ruling class have put the guns into the hands of these members of the common people. Suppose they use the guns against the master class? It has been done frequently before. It can be done again.

In the War of Secession, many an officer of the Northern army went to his death with a bullet in his back, shot by some Yankee boy whom he had abused.

In the Boer War, there was a fearful mortality among the officers. These officers were members of the ruling class of England. They had nothing in common with the soldiers. At the behest of the diamond syndicate, they led the British troops to butcher and be butchered by Boers. It was reported that the officers were picked off by Boer sharpshooters. But the stories were brought back by the common soldiers of officers being shot by their own men.

When the next European war breaks out, what think you, will happen to the officers, to the master class murderers?

Do you think that the French soldiers who have mutinied, who consider the workers of all countries as brothers, who are conscious of their class interests in society, will obey their officers?

Where will their bullets be aimed? Will they be aimed at German workmen, or will they be aimed at French officers of the capitalist class?

Will the German working class boys, who are compelled to join the army, who are abused by officers, who realize their class position, who are conscious of their class interests, will these German boys, trained to murder by their officers, kill their brother workers of French origin, or will their own officers drop like clay pigeons at a country shoot?

Will the British soldiers, whose brothers are among the striking coal miners, whose sisters are earning three cents an hour in London, shoot their German working brothers, or will their bullets find a lodgement in the backs of the class that rob them and that lead them to slaughter?

This is a question that is seriously worrying the military caste of the master class.

These gentlemen have no desire to be picked off by slaves in whose hands they have placed a gun.

In Germany the Kaiser has suppressed Wilhelm Lamsuz' book, "The Human Slaughter House."

The reasoning of the soldiers, "If it is right to kill our foreign brother, why is it not even more right to kill our own exploiters?" is a reasoning that the master class cannot meet.

Not a whisper of this side of the war question creeps into our Canadian press, although it is seriously discussed by kings and cabinet ministers, and financiers and military commanders.

Only the glory of war is painted and the "danger to the empire" is harped upon. It is hoped to draw the ignorant colonials into the arms of the empire so that they will be obedient and shoot where the commanders tell them and not at the commanders themselves.

The farmer, when he buys a farm, buys himself a steady job.

The worker gets a mighty poor rake-off in the game between capital and labor as the game is played today.

Reforms are only red herrings laid across the track of Socialism. They are placed there by the enemies of labor—the capitalists.

From beginning to end of the capitalist's bible, each page is headed and reading matter contains only these three words, "Profits, more profits."

Workers, remember, for every one of your class who rises to the rank of "money king", thousands of your brothers remain in the slime of serfdom and slavery.

If life holds no more promise than working ten hours a day three hundred days in the year for the bare necessities of life, food, clothing and shelter, what is the use of living?

As for the capitalist when his time comes, he will receive the extreme sentence of doing something useful to the whole people. It may not please him, but he will have to do it.

The politician calls his an emolument, the minister calls his a stipend, and the banker calls his a salary, but the dole handed out to the producer of all the wealth is not worthy of a name at all.

The tension between Britain and Germany has relaxed, we are told. No tension could survive the Social exposure of the source of the war, and the Royal wedding.—Toronto Globe.

"When the country is prosperous, I get a piece of it," says the doubter. Yes, but what kind of a piece? When the "prosperity" is being divided up among the big robbers, the piece the producer of prosperity gets is a small one.

Force is the midwife which attends every revolution said Marx. The anti-militarist riots, the big strikes, the suffragette bombs, the capitalist plugugies called private detectives, show that we are in the midst of a revolution now.

You'll have pie
Up on high
In the sky
By and by

When you die, sing the revolutionary workers in derision at the little parsons who preach to the workers to be content with their slave lot on earth and inherit their portion in the kingdom of the future life.

The United States Steel Corporation has its slaves just exactly the position the capitalists of Canada are trying to get workers here.

As one writer puts it:—"The steel workers must be dumb, and they are dumb—as voiceless tools as if the steel masters had cut out their tongues with knives."

Isn't it about time that Lord Roberts came out with his pet conscription scheme for the workers of Canada? We have some fine manly young men here, and the little bloodthirsty warrior is just longing to see them marching up and down over the farmers' fields weighted down with a lot of useless murderous hardware.

Women pearl divers are employed in Japan. Divers range in age from 13 to 40 years. It has been found, however, that those between 25 and 35 make the best workers, because of their physical strength. The workers live on rice and fish, and the masters who employ the divers pay them all the way from 12 to 50 cents a day. Now, just who wears the pearls that these poor, ignorant females risk their lives for to live on rice and fish at a salary of from 12 to 50 cents per day?

Workers, do you want better houses to live in? Do you want better clothes to wear? Do you want your children to have a better chance in life? Do you want jails and penitentiaries and asylums to be abolished, and poverty, slums, prostitution and vice to be a forgotten thing? You do? Well, vote and support the cause of Socialism. After a long trying experience with the capitalist system, surely you do not think it will do anything to rid the country of the rotten conditions, do you?

John C. Woods, 89 years of age, came before the magistrate in a Toronto police court, and was fined \$1. He was sent to jail. This aged decrepit old man was able to give no clear idea of the whereabouts of his relatives. Broken in mind and body, and without friends or a home, this poor old man had to go to jail and be herded with a bunch of criminals because he had not one dollar left in his declining years to pay the fine imposed by a vicious, corrupt system which pretends to believe in the doctrines of Christ.

Twenty-five years ago the average person thought Socialists were a species of anarchists, with bombs in their pockets, bent on destruction, ten years ago they were looked on as being crazy; and today the non-socialist hardly knows what to think about it. He has found out they were not anarchists, and most of them were not crazy, but he can't what the Socialists want. Well, shipmate, here it is in a nutshell—The Socialists want the full value of what they produce, and they want that other workers to have the same thing. And Socialism is the only way yet devised whereby the masses may get it.

Town of Galt in Uproar

Exploiters of the Manchester of Canada
Stung by Exposures in Cotton's Weekly

In Cotton's of the 22nd of May we published a letter by a "Disgusted Chirper," showing up the conditions in Galt, Ont. This letter showed up the high rents, the low wages, the bedbugs which stay awake in the houses rented by the slaves, the unsanitary conditions, and other like capitalist "blessings" which the captains of industry bestow upon their slaves.

When Cotton's appeared in Galt, the town was in an uproar. The workers had found a voice, and were aroused to a high pitch. The Galt Daily Reporter, which hitherto boasted the town and declared all was lovely with everything, which admitted no word of criticism of the labor skinner and their satellites, at once began denials, but had not the brazenness or courage to lie outright. It admitted this and it admitted that. The police, as the paid agents of the labor skinner, began a quiet hunt to find out what participated in the "Disgusted Chirper." They were unsuccessful, and the author is saved from the blacklist as yet.

In its issue of May 23rd, the Galt Reporter gives a centre front-page, three column article to the exposure. It says that the "Disgusted Chirper" has a "perverted idea of his duty as an emigrant to this country."

Of course he has from the ruling class point of view. They and their government have spent much money in inveigling him over to Galt. His duty is to keep quiet, stand the guff of his exploiters, pay high rents, and live in hell and lie by saying he is in heavenly Canada.

He should "help in upbuilding the Dominion," says the Galt Reporter. This useful producer has no objection to upbuilding the Dominion or Galt, or any place. But he has a decided objection to building up the fortunes of jerry-built house owners, of conscienceless Galt labor thieves, and being the slave of a ruthless master class. God grant that more Disgusted Chirpers raise their voices in Galt and cease not their crying until the Galt parastite off their banks into the ranks of the working class.

The Galt Reporter scribe ran to Medical Health Officer Vardon and Acting Sanitary Inspector Gorman, and asked them about the alarming prevalence of bugs. "It is an unqualified truth," both officials declared. A workingman writes to Cotton's, "As for Vardon, M.H.O., he cannot have made many visits to the houses." I know the average type of the M.H.O. in Canada. He sits in his office, makes reports, and draws his pay. Then when any worker cries about the rotten conditions, this plaster figure squeaks, "It is all a lie."

The Daily Reporter then publishes a letter from a "Satisfied Chirper." Maybe this "Chirper" is one of the paid scribblers of the Reporter. This Chirper had lodged in houses and seen no bugs and then goes on to say there are two kinds of bugs, a dark red, filthy one, and a lighter one called a wood louse. Did the Galt Reporter Chirper hunt up the status of the bug in his office encyclopedia? Satisfied Chirper says he makes \$2 a day and does not want strikes or disputes, and is satisfied. The tame slave! The spineless reptile! Suffer slavery and crawl and lick his masters' feet! Shame that such a low creature exists among the producing class of Canada.

On May 29th the Reporter published an editorial headed, "That overdrawn picture." It apologizes and limps along and admits a few conscienceless landlords and not many houses with more than two families in them. On April 2nd it published an editorial about sanitary inspection in which it admits that "scandalous conditions exist." The Reporter is a lovely example of crawfish.

We have received a letter from Disgusted Chirper, challenging the town of Galt to appoint C. M. O'Brien and Allan Studholme a commission of two to investigate Galt housing, Galt wages, Galt working conditions, Galt sanitary status, and Galt wages for female help. COTTON'S DARES THE LABOR THIEVES OF GALT TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE.

Comrade W. C. Glaspeil wrote a letter to the Reporter heading it, "Kindly publish the following letter, or I will send it to Cotton's." The Reporter published it. We reprint the two following paragraphs from that communication.

Some mechanics in town get \$3 a day for their labor power from the employer, but the great majority do not unless they choose to hold their tongue and be strikebreakers. We all know that the employers of labor here or elsewhere wish to buy our labor power, as cheap as possible, hence their Imperial Home Reunion Associations; for if they can get Jane and Willie in competition with Father for a job they may crowd two or three families in one house. Therefore they can live cheaper (not cleaner), and the employer can buy their labor power at its cheapest cost, hence the employers' greater profit. We all know that girls are being employed in town in shops where men formerly were, because they come cheaper.

With regard to the cleanliness of the town (and I regret to have to say it) nevertheless the truth should be known. The overcrowded, rented houses cannot be as clean as they should be. Not over a month ago I was in one of our leading and fashionable churches in town and saw a good big genuine bed bug parading around the back of the pew in front of me. I haven't gone back to that church since. Our satisfied chirper will say "I suppose that it was a water bug because it was in a church and a water town." I came to the conclusion that they must be prevalent when they take them to church. I might also state that on the street I live on there are three families living in a seven-roomed house, and they are not foreigners either.

The Reporter makes much of the fact that our Disgusted Chirper correspondent is an Englishman, so we close with the following communication from a Canadian workman who knows Galt.

Galt, June 1, 1913
Editor Cotton's Weekly:—

I am a bred and born Canadian, and have lived in Galt for a number of years. I have read with deep interest Disgusted Chirper's letter. Every word in that letter was true. I care not for Vardon's word or any other official. You know the saying, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

Working people of Galt, we know that these conditions exist right here. Why not be men and women, and in a body demand that these intolerable conditions cease? Instead of trying to down the Disgusted Chirper, we ought to be glad to have such a man amongst us, who tries to expose the rotten system under which we live. I say right now that the man who denies these conditions lies. I repeat, he lies and he knows it.

Long enough has Galt been hidden under a cloak. The time is right now when these things should be brought to light. I have worked on a delivery rig and been in hundreds of houses, and God knows, I have seen misery enough to make your heart bleed. On one side people worth \$100,000, on the other side, practically starvation. I wonder if I also have a perverted idea of the truth. Disgusted Chirper's estimate of wages is too high. The average wage for men in Galt is \$1.70 a day. For married women, 90 cents a day is common. Satisfied Chirper is either a fool or an ignorant man. He lies when he says a man with a trade can get \$3 a day. Out of a population of 11,000, there are not more than 100 men who get \$3 a day on the average.

Satisfied Chirper, bread and butter men, do you. But not for mine. You probably take in boarders, or else have children working under the so-called Child Labor Act. But I, as a Canadian father, look for something better for my children than continual slavery.

As for bugs, I tell you right now, I was not aware of two kinds. I thank you for the minute description of them, evidently you have had large experience in handling this kind of goods.

If any individual desires proofs of unsanitary conditions, I will name two independent men to investigate. They will find the yards right back of some of the business houses are in a worse state than any barnyard.

In regard to the mere talked of new houses, they are rushing up, you will find some of them eight inch walls at the bottom, and ten at the top, a great finish, without an inspector. These are the kind of houses that are going up for the slaves. Listen. For mine, I can fight bugs, but could not stop a house like this from falling in on me.

In the past I have voted both Grit and Tory, but workingmen, what has George Clare or G. Pattison ever done for us? Absolutely nothing! The same with the past and present government. Workers, awake. Vote for one of your class and abolish these damnable conditions. Be in line. Scores of workmen in Galt are changing their views. You can hear it in the shop, also on the street.

Thanking you in anticipation of publication, I remain, not a satisfied chirper, but

A DISGUSTED CANADIAN

Hey Mr. Workingman voter. Step right up and listen to the two old parties on the public platforms. Take your choice as to which you want. Do you want to be a slave and have the Tory politicians at the public will trough? Then vote Tory. Do you want to be a slave and have the Liberal politicians at the public will trough? Then vote Liberal. You would not become a Socialist and vote for your own interests, as that would make your employers mad and the men they hire to mislead you say this would be very wrong of you to ruffle the tempers of those who rob you.

Many thousands of Canadian workers are robbed, and they know they are robbed. This is exactly the information the capitalists have been trying to keep from their toilers. But it has leaked out, and the intense interest being taken in Socialism in Canada today bodes ill for the capitalist system.

When the worker becomes class conscious the parasites sidget.

The seed sown by Cotton's springs up and makes discontent among the exploited many.

If you want the revolution to get a wiggle on and come, get a wiggle on and agitate.

The industrial state is growing up within the shell of the capitalist form of government.

The Ontario exploiters do not like Cotton's Weekly. This shows we are hitting them where it hurts.

As sheep led to the shambles, so the Tory and the Liberal politicians lead the working slaves to political destruction.

It makes the plute groan when he has to raise wages. He will bellow like a wounded bull when the Socialists triumph.

Many of you want to help spread the light. Dig in and spread. There is nothing on God's green footstool to stop you.

Is it not time that the lowly were inheriting the earth? If you want to see this realized, join the Socialist ranks.

Let us recognize but one nationality by uniting the workers of all nations into the World's Empire, with no boundaries or frontiers to quarrel over.

Articles of clothing, tents, etc., belonging to the Canadian government are stamped "M.D." Does that mean militia department, or murder department?

"Divide and rule" is an old maxim of the parasites. This is why they support so liberally the churches who preach "individual" salvation to the working class.

The mechanic who is not getting 22 per cent more wages than he got in 1902, is getting less than he got then as far as the purchasing power of his money is concerned.

The shell of capitalism is growing rotten. The capitalist maggots will soon find their rotten old habitation crumbling round them and they will have to crawl out into the Socialist light.

The worker earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and also earns the bread, and butter, and pie, and cake, and a lot of other nice things for the parasites who live off his efforts.

A rented shack for the useful worker, a wonderful palace for the rich shirker. This is how capitalism rewards "incentive." If you have an incentive to perform useful work, you will be robbed. If you have an incentive to be a parasite and rob others, you may become a Lord Strathcona or a Sir Max Aitkins.

Borden wants a navy. He wants to furnish young Canadian with a chance to "see the world" from the scullery windows when at his daily potato peeling debauch or when performing the spiritual orgies of deck swabbing. He wants the young Canadian to have a fine chance to develop into a coke friend, as the American youth is now doing in the Canadian navy.

The Kaiser of Germany does his daily two hours' stint in a fine palace overlooking a courtyard filled with soldiers and sentries. Every corridor and entrance of the palace is guarded within and without by swords and bayonets. What the worker wants to know is this: If the system which keeps kings and emperors at its head is all right, and a good thing for a country, why is it necessary to surround royalty with soldiers and police? Who are they afraid of?

The amount of waste paper turned and otherwise destroyed throughout Canada in the course of a year is incalculable. The mills want this waste paper, and collectors are anxious to send it to them, but the railroad companies with their greed for profits charge four prices for carrying it. The mills have to pay the railroads for carrying raw material to take the plume of the waste paper, and the natural resources are used up. The waste under capitalism is enormous.

In a shoe shine parlor the other day a customer sat reading a copy of Cotton's Weekly while being "shined up." He noticed that the little Greek attending the neighboring chair was also reading a copy. Another customer stepped up, the Greek folded his paper and put it away, and as his customer stepped to the chair he also drew a copy of the national revolutionary organ from his pocket and proceeded to peruse it. Everybody's doing it.

Enough cement to construct the proposed ocean-highway was donated by members of an organization of cement manufacturers in session in Chicago recently. Each member agreed to give one per cent of his annual output for three years. The subscription is estimated to be worth \$2,500,000. The workers produce the cement, but what have they to say in giving it away? The plutocrats want an ocean-to-ocean highway for their automobiles. The workers make the cement and construct the road for the plutocrats to run their autos, but the only thing the worker gets is the privilege of eating the dust and smelling the odor of the gasoline, or being killed by being run down.

CANADA'S TOY MILITIA

The annual training camps take place this month in the various districts of the militia department. For weeks the recruiting officers of the regiments have been scouring the country for foolish youths willing to don a red coat and march up and down in the boiling sun with a rifle on their shoulders, for away less than a dollar a day and cakes. When the farms and towns will not yield up a supply of recruits, the slums of the big cities are drawn on. Bar-room loungers, crooks, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the underworld who have nothing to do and are looking for a change of air sign their names and are taken on the roll of the Canadian militia. Young lads fresh from the schools and collegiate institutes, knowing little about life, are captured by the glamor of uniforms and the blaring of trumpets and bugles, and also enlist. They are herded together with the rest of the outfit, sent away in ramshackle coaches or in leaky old scoops to the camp grounds. Then Sam Hughes swells out his chest and says, "I have over 70,000 men under canvas, and if I could get the money I would have had 50,000 more." The truth of the matter is that the regiments from all over the country invariably go into camp away under strength. The Militia List contains the names and particulars of all the regiments of Canada. Regiments are on the list as having eight companies with officers, when as a matter of fact they have never yet had over four lean looking companies in camp. The annual "training" camp is a joke, as is the whole Canadian soldier fraternity. Next time you see a parade of Canadian volunteers watch the grins on the faces of the spectators. Watch for the old countrymen among the lookers-on. They can scarcely restrain giving the soldier ladders the hee-haw. The Canadian volunteer doesn't want to be a soldier. He attends camp for a little holiday, to get away from the grind and whirr of the wheels of the slave pens. He cares nothing for the military end of the outing. If he was asked to fight he would lay down. Sam Hughes in his sublime ignorance imagines the Canadian militia is the best ever, and is making himself and his officers the laughing stock of everybody.

Everybody gets a hustle on when Sam makes his appearance. Officers who have not had a uniform on for days, sober up and hustle the men around, horses are groomed and saddled, tents are cleaned up, fatigue men are busy all over the camp, canteens are closed, and a brilliant sight arranged for his military majesty. He comes, sees, leaves, and the hookworm hooks, and the smokers smooze, and the boozers booze, and all is serene.

Yes, Sam thinks he has a fine, brave bunch of boys, all right, all right.

The Czar of Russia and family are travelling in their bombproof train to a health resort. The coaches of this train are sheeted inside with thin armor plate material, which will stop rifle bullets or the force of bombs. They are veritable steel cells. The windows from the outside look similar to the windows of any other coach, but they are dummies; just inside the glass is the steel plate. The Czar has to be content with artificial illumination; God's sunlight and scenery is not for him when he travels. An engine and tender precedes the royal train, and another one follows it. Capitalism and militarism rule Russia, and compel this poor, hunted, frightened and miserable little figurehead and his family to live a life of torment, and despair. When at his palace he is afraid to go to his gardens for relaxation, as no bombproof umbrella has been invented since man made a conquest of the air. Everything he eats must be tasted before it comes to him. There are spies amongst his servants, there are spies in the royal guards and soldiers and detectives. The poor little weak czar and his frightened family suffer as much from the sway of capitalism in Russia as the poorest serf.

Says a daily paper:—"Within the next few weeks the armored Canadian cruiser Rainbow, Commander Walter Hose, will cease to be an active unit on the Pacific Coast. Between the dates of June 11 and 18 it is understood that the total ship's complement of something like 120 active service men will have vacated their quarters, and the war ship placed in charge of an officer pending further instructions from the Dominion Government." Well, well, wouldn't that stun you? The above half of Canada's fleet has been browbeaten around the Pacific coast for two or three years, trying to drum up recruits, and at last has to give up the ghost for want of foolish boys to man it. Canada has proved to the world that she wants no navy. Our two derelicts, the Niobe and Rainbow, have been the laughing stock of every fleet in the world. And now the day has come when the nation will not supply the boys to help Britannia rule the waves. Sad, ain't it?

The capitalist votes for the hirelings who will work for his interest, and asks the workers to vote for patriotic ideals. When the Socialists tell the worker to vote in his own interest, the Socialists are dubbed as materialist disrupters of society. When the Socialists ask the worker to vote in the interest of suffering humanity they are dubbed as crazy visionaries.