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W. U. COTTON, S.A. S.C.L., Managing Editor
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18,020

The Evolution of a Mayor

Mederic Martin became Mayor of Montreal on the 1st of September. He is a man of the profoundity of his ignorance of economic facts, he declared he would do for the unemployed. Forthwith he ordered the unemployed gathered and sent to the workhouse. He had a kind of help in the situation steadily grew worse until the war it was estimated that fifty thousand workers in that city had no jobs. Since the war the situation has grown worse. Now Martin has changed his tune. In a recent proclamation to the citizens, he declares that the approaching winter threatens jobs and incomes of citizens, and he urges, "the extreme need of strict economy and the conservation to the last cent of their earnings in the management of their affairs." "This state of affairs," he adds, "will be felt particularly heavy by the working class who even now are not by any means certain of constant employment throughout the winter."

He admits there are thousands of unemployed in the city now, that many factories will close, that the price of living will soar, and that general hell will be to pay so far as the workers are concerned.

What is the remedy he proposes? Here it is: "I urge," he says, "that strict economy should be the watchword of those who are now in a position to save something."

The workers are pressed below the poverty line. Thousands walk the streets hungry. Prices rise adding torture to misery, and Mederic Martin says, save your money.

This is an insult to the working class. Martin can do nothing save hypocritically rant about economy. Great heavens, Martin, when was the working class anything else but economical? When did the master class ever let their slaves have revenues sufficient to indulge in luxury.

Martin, your day is coming. The day of your masters the capitalist exploiters is coming. The working class of Montreal will not forever stand being robbed and then be insulted by being told by a lickspittle mayor that they should be saving.

If the working class of Montreal and elsewhere only knew its power, only knew its rights, Mayor Martin and the robbers he stands for would be hurled from off the bent backs of the working class, the working class would seize the ownership of the wealth they have created, and would become free men.

THE THREAT OF BUSINESS

The daily press reports Europe on the verge of a war that may mean the slaughter of millions that may bankrupt the world, that may set back civilization for centuries. It even outlines causes that may be exploited as reason for the proposed slaughter.

But the real cause is not stated. Business—capitalism—is the cause and the only cause. Austrian and German merchants are being beat in the game of business by Russians in Serbia; therefore they would force their competitors out by appeal to arms. Besides, capitalism is the cause of the world's poverty. The stock market is the cause of the world's poverty. Not only in the United States but all over Europe the depression is marked, banks are failing, unemployment is growing, the stock market is stagnated. We are reaping the fruits of the boom by business and fictitious stock issues of fifteen years ago, in which the workers were obliged to pay all they could produce to the organizers of industry.

And the masters see but one way out—war. War will give employment to the idle and agitated workers, in killing each other. The slaughter of millions will mean that there will be fewer to employ and consequently the problem of unemployment will be solved. The money needed for prosecuting the war will insure tremendous bond issues that will place the bankers of the world in complete control of the products of the workers. Already millions of dollars in gold are being shipped to Europe from America. Already wheat has advanced 10 cents a bushel. Already Americans are looking beyond the mutilated bodies and the ruined families to the possibility of European war revising business. We call this civilization. We pretend that we are Christian and moral. The fact is, capitalism was never so brazenly brutal, and so devoid of any care for the lives of the workers.

Some of our practical methods. Nothing more clearly shows the utter incompetency of capitalism. And in the ruin it has brought on the world, it is utterly without any plan for the future, wholly without care for humanity. All it asks is profit for itself, with malignant indifference to the welfare of those it openly proposes to exploit.

We are not through with the shamelessness of the business in Mexico; we are not through our honor of Colorado and disgust with the New Haven incompetency, before the brute that has the world in its grip calmly proposes to herd the world into the whirl of war. Because Germany wants trade, because Russia wants an outlet for her trade. Because the bankers want to lend the money that has accumulated in their vaults. Because the masters of bread are unable to answer the aristocrats, who choose rather to kill them. Because the world is aghast—all related by marriage and heredity capital—because the world is aghast, and hereditary capital, by marriage and heredity, is the cause of the world's poverty. We are never more shamefully criminal, more imbecile in the madhouse of capitalism.

That intelligent and not a few of the sons of the world, hope of adine the spoils of business. What proof under the threat of history offer to show the criminal and crazy?

Members of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada are attending the congress at Halifax, where a high old time will be indulged in. Insurance fends drag down millions from the people, build immense office structures, dress in the best, live on the best and have a whole of a time generally, while the poor worker has to dig by day and night to pay his premiums, and often is compelled to throw the whole job over, losing the good money he has already paid to the bounders, who chuckle with glee as they take in the easy stuff.

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ABOUT SOCIALISM

Socialism will not make all men equal, but it will prevent the little soul with the big wand from lording it over Greatheart the toiler.

Socialism does not appeal to the idle. The plutes are all against it.

Socialism demands that the worker shall cease dividing up with the shirker.

Socialism is like the sun—it gives light, and it will yet give life and comfort to all.

Socialism is not popular with anarchists. All supporters of the capitalist system hate it.

Socialism is not against private property. It will make it so all may have private property.

Socialism is not a protest of ignorance. If it were, how the old partyites would flock to it!

Socialism is not against religion. It will make it so real religion and brotherhood may be practiced.

Socialism wants to know what right the masters have to the property of the workers which they have taken.

Socialism is not against the home. It will make it so every family may own a home rather than renting it as at present.

Socialism is a water spring welling from human hearts. Every new fountain opened means more fertility, more good for the world.

Socialism is a light burning in the human brain. Every new light kindled by it dissipates some of the darkness and terror of this old world.

Socialists are not unbelievers. They have the great faith that poverty and war may be banished from the earth and are working to make it real.

Socialism is not in favor of dividing up. It is against dividing up with the man who employs you or the railroad which carries your goods to market.

Socialism has a place in America, from the fact that capitalism has a place here. It is a bacillus that destroys the germs of robbery, poverty and misery.

Socialism has no place for "leaders". But every man is supposed to be a helper. The greater the helper the greater is the man; yet he is not a "leader".

Socialism offers the farmer all that the old parties do and more. It offers him a good home, good food, a six-hour day and protection against robbery by rent and profit takers.—C. L. Phifer, in The Ginner Jar.

WHAT WAR IS LIKE

"They say there are a great many mad men in our army as well as in the enemy's. (In the Russian and Japanese armies)." Four lunatic wards have been opened (in the hospital).

The wire, chopped through at one end, out the air and coiled itself around three soldiers. The barbs tore their uniforms and struck into their bodies, and, shrieking, the soldiers, coiled round like snakes, spun round in a frenzy. . . . Whirling and rolling over each other. . . . No less than two thousand men were lost in that one wire entanglement. While they were hacking at the wire and getting entangled in its serpentine coils, they were pelted by an incessant rain of balls and grapeshot. . . . It was very terrifying, and it only they which knows in which direction to run, that attack would have ended in a panic flight. But ten or twelve continuous lines of wire, and the struggle with it, a whole labyrinth of pitfalls with stakes driven at the bottom, had muddled them so that they were quite incapable of defining the direction of escape.

"Some, like blind men, fell into funnel-shaped pits and hung upon these sharp stakes, twisting convulsively and issuing like toy clowns; they were crushed down by fresh bodies, and soon the whole pit filled to the edges, and presented a writhing mass of bleeding, bodies, dead and living. Hands thrust themselves out of it in all directions, the fingers working convulsively, catching at everything; and those who once got caught in that trap could not get back again; hundreds of fingers, strong and blind, like the claws of a lobster, gripped them firmly by the legs, caught at their clothes, threw them down upon themselves, roused out their eyes and throttled them. Many seemed as if they were intoxicated, and ran straight at the wire, not caught, and remained shrieking, until a bullet finished them. . . . Some swore dreadfully, others laughed when the wire caught them by the arm or leg and died there and then. . . . And with each step we made; that wild, unearthly groan. . . . grew ominously, as if it was the red air, the earth and sky that were groaning. . . . We could almost feel the distorted mouths from which those terrible sounds were issuing. . . . a loud, calling, crying groan. . . . All those dark moulds stirred and crawled about with out-streng legs like half-dead lobsters let out of a basket. . . . full, and our clothes were saturated with blood, as if we had stood for a long time under a rain of blood, while the wounded were still being brought in. . . .

"Some of the wounded crawled up themselves, some walked up tottering and falling. One soldier almost ran up to us. His face was smashed, and only one eye remained, burning wildly and terribly. He was almost naked. . . .

"The ward was filled with a broad, rasping, crying groan, and from all sides pale yellow, exhausted faces, some eyesless, some so monstrously mutilated that it seemed as if they had returned from hell, turned toward us. . . . We were beginning to get exhausted, and went a little way off to. . . rest a bit. The blood, dried to my hands, covered them like a pair of black gloves, making it difficult for me to bend my fingers."—From the Red Laugh, by the Russian writer, Andreief.

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MANIFESTO

Social Democratic Party of Canada

TO THE WORKERS OF CANADA

Ever since the war terror began its march through Europe, the capitalist press of Canada, acting on behalf of the capitalist class, has done its utmost to create the war spirit and arouse a patriotic cry, calling upon the workers of Canada to go forth and shed their blood in the interest of the MASTER CLASS.

We desire to emphasize the fact that this war, as all Modern wars, is being waged between international capitalists, representing as it does a struggle to secure markets for the disposal of the stolen products of labor, it can, therefore, be of no real interest to the working class.

Since capitalism is based upon wage-labor and capital, the working class receiving in the shape of wages but sufficient to maintain a bare existence and the ever increasing surplus product taken from labor, strengthening as it does the position of the capitalist as a social parasite, we appeal to the workers of Canada to refrain from lending any assistance in this war. Let the MASTERS fight their own battles.

We further wish to emphasize the fact that the present is an opportune time of getting a larger measure of knowledge as to your true class position in society, this is being pointed out everywhere by the Socialists, on the street corner, in hall and through the party press. This knowledge is of vital interest, it will unfold to you the difference between social existence and social progress.

Yours for the revolution,
H. Martin, Secretary, D.E.C.
Social Democratic Party

Fear of Social-Democracy

One of the causes of the war was the fear on the part of the German ruling class of Social-Democracy.

Bismarck brought about the German Empire by a war. The Kaiser hoped to stamp out Socialism by war.

The war was declared, martial law established, and the bayonet was made supreme over political institutions. The war was fought forward. The protest of German Social-Democracy was drowned in blood and all reference thereto was suppressed by the military censors.

But the Socialist movement is born out of basic conditions. It cannot be stamped out by a war. It will rather feed the flames of social revolt.

We may yet see a German Commune established in Berlin. If it is, the whole weight of the Socialist forces in other nations must be flung in keeping the talons of the capitalists from strangling the life out of the new order.

SOCIETY NOTES

Conducted by F. J. Flatman.

Blue and white striped overalls are being much worn this season.

J. A. Brown, the well-known machinist, who has been until recently engaged in producing wealth for Suckendy & Co., has decided to produce for Messrs. Drymup of Main street for a while. Mrs. White, of 141, Third street, the esteemed wife of A. W. White, timekeeper for Suckendy & Co., will not receive on Mondays and Fridays, owing to the fact that she goes out washing on those days to supplement the low wage of her husband.

F. Tomkins, the noted blacksmith, of Fifth Avenue, is still on a vacation tour (looking for a job).

The many friends of Mrs. J. Jones of Queen street will be pleased to hear that she will soon be in a position to leave the hospital, and that her left arm has not been amputated above the elbow as at first reported, but three inches below. Ke the above, J. Blain, the General Manager of the Bangum Clothing Factory, M.P.P., states that they have not yet installed a guard round the machine where the regrettable incident occurred, but the matter will receive the attention of the Directors next year. (Perhaps).

Mrs. Jenkin desires to inform all her friends that owing to her husband being unemployed she will not receive any more until next season.

The employees of the Bleedum Manufacturing Co., will be pleased to hear that F. A. Bleedum, the 18 year old son of the firm is enjoying himself immensely in Europe.

J. Jenkin, the miner of Fly St., has returned from his one day's stint to Niagara.

T. B. Bentley, T. Bailey, W. Dunn and J. Rodgers, of this city, until last week producers for the Bleedum Man. Co., left the union station yesterday on an extended tour through Europe. They will land at Calais, and according to present arrangements will travel through France and Belgium to Berlin. These arrangements are subject to change. Depend on the plans of the German Kaiser and his Generals who are arranging to entertain our worthy citizens with military maneuvers, etc.

J. H. Gunn of 65 Rose St. passed away on Saturday. "A life freed from toil and exploitation." He was producing for the Suckem Co., till his death. There should be a job going there.

LESSONS IN PAY-ENVELOPES

By F. J. Flatman.

A man went to a shoemaker a short time ago, taking with him a pair of boots to be repaired.

He found the shoemaker standing on the top of a pair of stepladders doing something to a clock.

Surprised somewhat, he said, "Hello, old fellow, what are you doing now?"

"Well," replied the shoemaker, "I have just been reading in the paper that John D. Rockefeller makes \$2.35 every time the clock ticks."

"Yes but what are you doing?"

"We, through our representatives (P) (The Government) lend money to the C.N.R. to build a railroad. Then we go to work and build this railroad. The C.N.R. says our wages out of the money, that we have lent them!"

Then we go to work and earn the money for the C.N.R. with which they pay us (the government) back.

Why man, can't you see the joke?

Can't you see the joke in your pay envelope each pay-day? Why, your pay envelope is the most interesting, stupendous and monstrous joke ever perpetrated. Here's one: Try and get this.

Scene 1. A large pond around the edge of which are gathered a concourse of frogs busy catching flies.

Suddenly a large bull frog jumps upon a stool. (I guess that's what they are for). He says, "stop! the frogs stop."

"These flies are mine," says the big frog. God in his great mercy has bestowed them on me. I am his steward. You must not touch flies."

"Well, I will set you to work catching them. You catch five, bring them to me, and I will give you one in return."

Scene 2. The frogs have been busy fly-catching with the inevitable result. Only receiving one fly in return for catching five, and owing to the fact that the bull frog's consuming power was by nature limited. The bull frog now finds himself surrounded by heaps of flies that he cannot consume, and consequently, are beginning to strike. So again he calls, "Stop!" "Some of you," he says, "must stop catching flies. I will make you persons, soldiers, policemen, thugs, foremen, managers, etc. I will build you some libraries, hospitals, asylums, prisons, etc."

Scene 3. Bull frog still surrounded by heaps of stinking flies.

This time he calls in his minister to advise him how to solve this great economic problem.

This time he decides to stop the frogs from fly-catching, and march them out with banners flying to fight against another mob of frogs from some other frog pond, who likewise have a lot of stinking flies.

At the time of going to press the battle is still in progress and owing to the rigid censorship existing, we are unable to ascertain the number of frogs that have killed each other, but we can rest assured, when all is over and "Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow surging round," has been signed, that there will be considerably less frogs to catch flies. Hence it must take longer to produce the stinking fly heap.

Do you see the joke?

When is a pay envelope not a pay envelope? The factory's brazen voice called in Das Capital, Volume 1, Chapter XVII.

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Scene 2. The frogs have been busy fly-catching with the inevitable result. Only receiving one fly in return for catching five, and owing to the fact that the bull frog's consuming power was by nature limited. The bull frog now finds himself surrounded by heaps of flies that he cannot consume, and consequently, are beginning to strike. So again he calls, "Stop!" "Some of you," he says, "must stop catching flies. I will make you persons, soldiers, policemen, thugs, foremen, managers, etc. I will build you some libraries, hospitals, asylums, prisons, etc."

Scene 3. Bull frog still surrounded by heaps of stinking flies.

This time he calls in his minister to advise him how to solve this great economic problem.

This time he decides to stop the frogs from fly-catching, and march them out with banners flying to fight against another mob of frogs from some other frog pond, who likewise have a lot of stinking flies.

At the time of going to press the battle is still in progress and owing to the rigid censorship existing, we are unable to ascertain the number of frogs that have killed each other, but we can rest assured, when all is over and "Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow surging round," has been signed, that there will be considerably less frogs to catch flies. Hence it must take longer to produce the stinking fly heap.

Do you see the joke?

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Then we go to work and earn the money for the C.N.R. with which they pay us (the government) back.

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Helping the Farmer

Bruce Walker, Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, has been commissioned by the Dominion government, to help the Western farmers whose crops have failed. The area of failed crops is to be divided into five districts and an officer is to be placed in each district to attend to the distribution of the relief. The relief is to be of such a nature as to enable the farmers to retain their stock so as to enable the farmers to carry on operations next year.

The working farmers this year have in some sections been plucked of more than a bare living by the beneficiaries of rent, interest and profit. They cannot make a living, and so must abandon farming.

But if the farmer quits, where will the food for the industrial wage slaves come from? Where will the food of the parasites come from?

The master class realize the necessity of the farmers getting enough oats to feed themselves on, so their government hands out

HUMAN NATURE

by T. Edwin Smith

T. Edwin Smith, Yetwood, Alberta.

In a debate or argument with any person on Socialism no matter who the opponent may be, sooner or later the matter of human nature is bound to come up. After every possible argument has been advanced and refuted, after one by one all the objections have been met and after every lie has been branded as such and barred from the discussion, the opponent will come back with that old, old chestnut, that "it is against human nature." As long as men are what they are, they tell us, "you can never change things, for you can't change human nature, and it is human nature to want to skin the other fellow."

This is usually considered to be the knock-out blow to Socialism, but it is not.

The assumption is that Human Nature is something superhuman, constant and unchanging and that human nature is mainly greed for gold and that greed for gold is the fundamental characteristic of humanity. These assumptions are false. But even if they were true they would still constitute no valid objection to Socialism.

Let us assume for the sake of argument that selfishness is the ruling passion of man's life. I mean short desire for gold. Still that is the strongest reason why the working class who constitute ninety-two per cent of the population should desire the rule of the co-operative commonwealth. Let me explain.

Under modern social conditions the worker produces by his day's work, wealth to the value of, say ten dollars. Going to the fact that human labor power is a commodity on the market, bought and sold like hay, flour or shoes, he is obliged to accept as full compensation a wage of say three dollars. The difference between what he has produced and what he has received is the profit of the class who owns the machines with which he must produce. This form of exploitation is typical of capitalism and is inseparable from it. To abolish the profit system and to give to the worker the full product of his toil is the mission of Socialism. The selfish self interest of the worker should inspire him to work for Socialism, for then he would get much more in exchange for his day's work than he gets today.

It is true that there is a chance for a worker to get an economic position on the backs of the working class and so acquire great wealth, more indeed than Socialism could give him. But for every one who achieves that goal, there is a thousand who fall by the wayside. Out of a total of nearly 100,000,000 people in the U.S. 120,000 or less than one eighth of one per cent of the population constitute the important part of the working class.

Out of 162,000 men who are engaged in the conduct of the Canadian railroads, only 151 receive more than \$4,000 per year for their work. That is less than one per cent of the total number. There it is, it is a gamblers chance to get rich, but the chances are so slight, that the workers would be better off to accept an equal share of the world's goods than to be content with a 1,000 to 1 chance on a million.

The average production of wealth in the United States per year, per worker, is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,500. If all the avoidable waste were eliminated, and all the workers were engaged solely in productive efforts, the production of wealth per worker per year would be immeasurably increased. A. M. Simons estimates that it would be nearly \$5,000 per year.

Under the Co-operative Commonwealth all the avoidable waste would be eliminated and all the able persons would be engaged in useful efforts or would starve and the productive capacities of the world would be greatly increased. Even if a system of share and share alike were to be introduced the workers would still be better off than the great majority of them can ever hope to be under capitalism with its gamblers chance on a million. The man's self interests impel him towards Socialism in spite of all the flowery language used to keep him in subjection.

Is greed of gold the ruling passion of a man's life? It is not, yet nine men out of every ten act as though it were. And all who use this argument against Socialism assume that it is. Every time the argument is thrown at me, I retort with this, "Is greed of gold the ruling passion of your own life?" In every instance I am told that it is not.

I have never met a man, woman or preacher who would admit that greed of gold was the ruling motive of his or her own life, but it always was the ruling motive of everybody else. I dispute this because I have never seen the man who would admit the contention with regard to himself, and I refuse to accept as a general truth a statement that is not true of anyone.

Money is desired not for itself except in a few perverted cases, but only as a means to an end. The things which can be bought with money are desired rather than the possession of the medium of exchange. One thing desired most of all is insurance against want of any kind. This is perhaps the most universal of all the wants. The desire for the wish of success, the desire for honors and position of dignity are also inspiring motives. Of these, only the first can be bought directly with money. The others are secured usually in some other manner than the mere possession of money.

I once asked an officer of the Cement Trust when he was berating me for being a Socialist— "Are you working solely for the money there is in this position?" "My life work is bound up in the production of cement and I will work at that regardless of money reward. My purpose in life is to cheapen the production of cement. Of course I want my salary. I want my wife and children to have all the advantages possible, but these considerations are not first with me. My life's work is cement."

"Did you ever see a man whose life was bound up in the pursuit of money?" I enquired.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "Any man who keeps his eye always on the dollar mark never gets very high in any line. I don't care what it is."

We find the same tale everywhere. Money is not the only thing in life. It is only one of the things which we desire.

There is a craving for money under conditions is undeniable. In one class the fear of poverty that is always to befall over their heads—in the other the desire for power. But which is present in man is not inherent in the human being like the food and the instinct of preservation. On the contrary it is a conventional craving—as distorted, unnatural, distorted desire brought about by the work and out of economic forces which neither class can control.

Money is a symbol of useful things. Money is used to measure wealth. It can represent and it can purchase, honors, power and dignity, hence it is desired.

In every age and in every society the ideas and the morality which prevail are the ideas and the morality of the ruling class. Today the ideas of the ruling class run toward exploitation. Modern exploitation is based upon the private ownership of means of wealth production in the face of a large body of propertyless workers. The greater the amount of property a man has in the face of a propertyless majority the greater his power of exploitation. This property being exchangeable for money has caused money to be greatly desired. Since many people are striving toward this goal, those who have achieved it are considered successful in that they have succeeded in a race in which there were many strangers.

It is not so much money that is desired as success. Under our system of Laissez Faire, our system of callous cash payment, success is measured by the possession of money because the possession of money means exploitation of others and consequently an easy life for the exploiter.

The greed for money which seems to be the ruling passion of men's lives has its beginnings in a fear of poverty. That desire developed and cultivated in our schools, churches and newspapers. It is handed down by the capitalists. They have won out in the money race and as it has worked out to their benefit, they wish to see it continue for all the money race in their minds is a fit and suitable life work for any man.

We hear a lot about the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. The apologists for capitalism use this as a justification for the retention of the money scramble because it brings the fittest to the front. But they forget that the struggle for existence in any particular environment does not necessarily bring to the front the fittest absolutely. The environment in which we are living brings to the front only those who are fittest to survive in the competitive, dog-eat-dog struggle. It brings to the front the Shylocks, the grasping, the tricksters and the grabbing, the nonproductive parasite to the top. It gives the wealth of the earth and the comforts thereof not to the actual producer, the useful worker, but to the skinner, the rouser, and the mercenary financial cut-throat. Not to the artist, the teacher, the inventor, the scholar, or the humanitarian, but to the one who has been most skillful in skinning the workers out of what they have produced.

Before we can ever get anywhere in our discussion we must know what we mean by human nature. There are numerous definitions and explanations, nearly all of them as definite as the word itself. One says, "the wants of man." Others: "the unconscious desires of a man." Still others say: "the unknown impulse that leads us on. There are others, but the first seems to be the composite of all so we will use it.

Human nature is the sum of the natural, unconscious desires of a man and it is these unconscious desires that lead us on. They are the impulses that mystify.

Now these involuntary desires of a man are not some supernatural guide sent down from above to guide our actions here on earth, but on the contrary our wants, even the unconscious ones, are the product of the world about us. They are of the earth, earthy. I am not discussing the desires of a man as never make themselves felt. Psychologists deny the existence of mental states that do not lead to action of some sort, but even if such did exist it would not concern us, for any mental state that did not lead to action would be useless and would have no bearing upon an article.

The only desires with which a sociologist could be soothed are those which culminate in bodily activity of some sort. All bodily activity, no matter what its nature, is preceded by mental activity and all mental activity is followed by bodily action of some sort. Even when the muscular movement by constant repetition has become nearly automatic, the mental activity is present though we are unconscious of it in habits and involuntary motions. To study the bodily actions in habits and the involuntary actions we must study the mental states which were present when these automatic actions were being formed.

We want now to find the causes of the mental activity, which causes the bodily activity. We must decline against any supernatural agency at work. Also the mind does not work simply by itself. No one has control over his mental apparatus or can cause his brain to bring forth this idea or that just as we have a waiter bring to the table a steak or chop. The human brain works according to rule the same as any machine, and over it can only send out ideas according to the impressions it has received through the senses except in a few inherited traits.

Professor William James, Prof. of Psychology of Harvard University has this to say in that connection:

"Mental states cannot properly be studied apart from the physical environment of which they take cognizance. The great fault of the older Psychology was that it set up the soul as an absolute spiritual being with certain faculties of its own by which certain activities as remembering, willing, etc., were explained almost without reference to the peculiarities of the world with which their activities deal."

Locke in his human nature hold there were no ideas which had not originally existed in the sensations. Sensations, that is impressions received throughout the senses, are the origin of ideas.

Diderot and the encyclopedists declared "Man comes into this world a blank tablet on which the objects of nature engrave their impressions as time passes. Condillae formulated the famous axiom "Nothing exists in the understanding which has not originally been in the senses." Cabanis in the relation between the Ethical and Physical in Man, held "We must consider the brain as the intestines are to carry on digestions. Impressions are the food of the brain. They get in the brain and set it to work. They reach it isolated and without coherence but the brain sets out on its activity, sets upon them and sends them out metamorphosed into ideas."

The International Encyclopedia in the article on Will, says this "Psychologists prefer to regard Will as mechanically determined in the sense that so far as the self is the agent, it is a psychophysical organism as modified by the individual's whole experience and inherited desires. In deliberative action then the issue is not decided by the alternate attractions set before consciousness, neither is its decision made by some occult power which intervenes at the critical hour, but it is decided by the preponderance of one group of ideas over another group, in accordance with the

habitual tendencies of discharge in the nervous system."

From these quotations then we can see that a man's mental activity which leads to bodily activity is the product of sensations that he has received all through life. The very fact of his consciousness receiving impressions has caused his brain to receive a record of them just as a phonograph record retains the trace of the recording needle and when necessary reproduces the impression which was received.

Prof. James again says, "Incoming nerve currents are the only currents which normally affect the brain. They produce consequences of the most vital sort both at the moment of their arrival and later through the invisible paths of escape which they plow in the substance of the organ and which as we believe remain as more or less permanent features of its structure, modifying its action through the years."

Some people will tell me that this theory is good for ideas which have their roots in the things about us but that there are ideas which are born in us and which have no connection with material things. They claim that there are tendencies and actions which are superior to mental effort.

There are ideas born in a man which are as potent to act as any acquired ideas, but still this does not remove them from the material world about us. Every idea, every feature is made, but we know it happens. In such a case we inherit through paths already made and we are saved the trouble of consciously using these mental powers which will cause them to come. Instincts are such. The mental structure is inherited such that the young of any mammal sucks at the moment of birth. The impulse of a child to reach for a bright object, or to seize something when he feels himself falling even though he has never fallen. He has inherited some mental aptitudes, but he has been compelled to go through the experience himself.

In such cases the brain structure has inherited certain features which are normally developed by experience and the peculiar traces, paths of escape which are inherited cause certain ideas without our being conscious of the process.

Still they are not supernatural nor extra-mundane. These features which act so, the product of incidents in the lives of our ancestors and were produced in the ancestors by those incidents completely by the facts of their life that they could be transmitted. It takes a long time to create an instinct. Any idea is difficult the first time, after a few experiences it becomes easier, then it is skill, a few more and it is almost automatic and becomes a habit. Repeated experiences will cause it to become so firmly fixed that that particular mental effort is a permanent feature and can be transmitted. Then it is instinct. As an instinct is made so it can also be destroyed. Remove a customary mental impulse for a time and a man loses skill. Keep it for a longer time and he forgets and it can only be called to mind with an effort. By still longer deprivation the very traces in the brain no matter how deeply grooved they were, will gradually disappear. Experience proves that this is so.

Chickens and ducks have almost lost the instinct of flight which become useless in the artificial surroundings in which man has placed them for centuries. The aquatic instincts of the ducks have been so completely suppressed that a decree that they have to be made to enter the water. Different varieties of chickens such as Houdans, La Fleche and Campines have been robbed of the instinct of flight by the artificial surroundings in which they have been kept. Though excellent layers they never think of setting on their eggs.

Romance cites the case of a hen which had been made to hatch duck eggs three times in succession and then the fourth setting conceivably pushed into the water the true instincts had been permitted to hatch. Dogs in the savage state never bark. Civilized man teaches him to bark, makes the tendency to bark an instinct and then represses the instinct in certain breeds such as the pointer, setter, etc. When the hound encounters the sight of game he barks loudly, the setter is of good breed he needs no preliminary training to cause him to betray this instinct which is a relatively recent acquisition.

Since to modify or to suppress instincts or to develop new ones in an animal is only necessary to place it in new conditions of existence, we may assume that instincts are but the product of external conditions. Even this instincts to say nothing of habits, ideas and the facts about us, and since the outer world is constantly changing, we are continually losing our instincts, mental tendencies and desires and acquiring new ones. Our human nature is not unchanging but is product of environment.

All our hopes, and desires are but the reflection of the world about us and the life we have lived. Every word of advice, every wrong done us, every hurt that rankles, every bit of pleasure, every book or paper that we have read has contributed to our human nature. It is the product of the sensations we have received and not some supernatural faculty sent down from heaven to be our guide, monitor and assistant in our travel through the world.

We know this is so because when we study the histories and read the poems and novels of past ages, we can see that the manifestations of human nature were different from what they are today. Greed for gold which the apologists present as an insurmountable barrier to human progress was practically unknown until the later part of the middle ages.

Among the ancient Greeks of the Golden Age, greed for money was practically unknown. When I say Greeks, I mean the free men and not referring to the slaves. They had no cut-throat rhyters, no petty traders, no worrying or hawking over money matters. Their food, clothing, and shelter were assumed to be the labor of slaves and the business of the country was in the hands of the farmers. Among them human nature manifested itself in other lines than money making because money making and buying and selling were not integral parts of their lives. They had contests it is true; they matched wit against wit, strength against strength, craft against craft, but it was not in the line of buying and selling.

At the Olympic games there were contestants from every part of the Greek world, and the victory in each event was given as prize to the victor. Instead of gold medals worth so many dollars, or a purse of gold as we give at our July 1st celebrations, he got a wreath made out of leaves that grew wild and which anyone could pluck. There was no intrinsic value in the prize. It merely represented victory. It declared that the wearer was a better man in his line than the others, and he was honored with a higher seat at the feast than the others, he received the respect and admiration of his fellows and the crown of glory was his. The crown of a wild olive assured him of as much praise and admiration as a millionaire can get today and perhaps the honor he got lasted longer than that purchased with a million dollars spent on libraries, and press notices.

This society passed out of existence with the victory of the Romans. The age was one of war and conquest and the exercises of the theatre, the portico and the stadium were not such as to develop a race equal to the Romans on the field of battle. Though the Greeks had won their proud position by the use of arms, they lost it the same way. The Romans were less cultured but they were better fighters and so conquered.

During the middle ages human nature took another manifestation. That was the age of chivalry when mail clad knights rode about the country feasting, fighting, carousing and plundering. Holy wars, national wars, and the invention of gunpowder and the invention of the printing press, and the invention of the steam engine, and the invention of the electric light, and the invention of the telephone, and the invention of the automobile, and the invention of the airplane, and the invention of the radio, and the invention of the motion picture, and the invention of the gramophone, and the invention of the typewriter, and the invention of the adding machine, and the invention of the calculator, and the invention of the compass, and the invention of the telescope, and the invention of the microscope, and the invention of the barometer, and the invention of the thermometer, and the invention of the clock, and the invention of the watch, and the invention of the calendar, and the invention of the almanac, and the invention of the dictionary, and the invention of the encyclopedia, and the invention of the atlas, and the invention of the globe, and the invention of the map, and 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HUMAN NATURE

(Continued from page 2)

He loses faith in "jewing" and skinning and cheating, and begins to think that perhaps he is a little behind the times.

The wage workers who forty years ago were highly skilled mechanics and could cripple an employer by quitting and going over to a competitive plant, find that automatic machinery has displaced their skill and robbed them of their bargaining power. Their places can be filled in ten minutes by a sign on the factory gates, "Hands Wanted". The worker who formerly packed his tools in a bag and walked into the office and there by the hour of quitting got his ten dollars per day more, now humbly crawls into the presence and begs for a raise.

He finds that he does not cripple the factory by quitting, that the only possible method of reaching the boss is for all the workers to quit and desert others from taking their places. So they organize unions go on strike and post pickets. Even for a single factory to quit or for the workers in a single factory to quit is not sufficient to coerce the boss into giving them concessions but the industrial strike and the sympathetic strike are used.

The worker thinks now, not in terms of himself as a unit, but only as himself as one of the mass. He has a wider human nature owing to the workings of economic evolution. This is all an advance over the old individualist attitude, but still there is one fault with it. It has come too late. The bosses got there first. We organize a union. They long ago organized a larger and more powerful one. We can stop a factory for the boss. The boss can stop our eating.

We must take one step further. We must get rid of the last vestige of individualism or starve. There is no alternative. We must come to that or perish and that very fact is the guarantee that we will come to it.

Conditions are making us desire something else and the will to get it follows the desire. The will to get it will crystallize into the muscular exertion toward it and these muscular activities in a short length of time will become easier with practice, become automatic and eventually be transformed into instincts and be fixed to such a degree that they can be transmitted to posterity.

A man can't force himself to desire a thing. The desire is the product of something outside him. The failure of the "Caveat Emptor" and "Laissez Faire" policy is causing us to have different desires and the old human nature which frankly is nothing but unconscious desires, that led to the skinning game, is going to give way to something new and even now is doing so.

The day of the skin game has ceased to be profitable to 92 per cent of the population. In a very short time that human nature that manifested itself in skin games and now is manifesting itself in local co-operation, will manifest itself in the larger social activities of the co-operative commonwealth.—T. Edwin Smith.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

ALBERTA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE S.D.P. of C. meets every first and third Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Moose Hall, Fraser Ave. Edmonton. Comrades desiring assistance in organizing local branches write Sec. C. Spencer, 55 Clara St., Edmonton, Alta.—286.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Finnish Hall, 266 Pender St., East Vancouver, on the first and third Sunday of every month, at 2:30 p.m. General Business Meeting on third Sunday, E. W. Finch, Prov. Sec., City Heights P. O., Vancouver, B.C.—286.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets on third Sunday at 3:30 p.m., 411 St. George St., East, H. Martin, Sec., 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.—286.

MANITOBA Executive Committee S.D.P. of C. meets every 1st Monday night of the month at Headquarters Hall, 184 Main St., For information and literature to Prov. Sec. M. Reuther, 222 Manitoba Ave., Winnipeg, Man.—306.

ONTARIO Provincial Committee S.D.P. of C. meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month, 8:15 p.m., Labor Temple, 167 Church St., Toronto. Secretary, P. C. Young, 8 Worcester Avenue.—306.

AMHERST, N.S., Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. English meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. Sundays at 2:30 p.m. in the old school, Duke St. Please register at your duty to be a regular attendant. All are cordially invited. T. H. Barton, Sec., 12 Lundy St., Amherst, N.S.—299.

BERLIN LOCAL No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets every Sunday, business every first Sunday night at 7 p.m., at 4 King St. East. Secretary, 148 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.—306.

COBALT LOCAL No. 9, S.D.P. of C. holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday evening at 8 p.m., Miners Union Hall, Cobalt, Ont., J. G. Dean, Sec., Box 446.—304.

FINNISH SOCIALIST ORGANIZATION OF CANADA, The Secretary, J. W. Ahlquist, 27 Alcorn Ave., Toronto, Ont.—301.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, No. 12, meets every Thursday at 8 p.m. for business and propaganda in Labor Temple, Dunsmuir St., Vancouver, B.C.—306.

NANAIMO LOCAL No. 11, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting, Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. Propaganda meeting, Sundays at 7:30 p.m., at West St. Hall, William Watson, Sec., Box 120, Nanaimo, B.C.—306.

PORT ARTHUR LOCAL S.D.P. meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., second and fourth Wednesdays 8 p.m., for business, and first and third Wednesdays 2 p.m. for propaganda. Interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 23 Rutland St., Sec.—306.

TORONTO Christian Socialist Fellowship, Local No. 1, meets every second and fourth Thursday, 8 p.m., sharp, in West End Y.M.C.A. (second floor) College St. and Governor Court Rd. Public cordially invited. J. W. Connor, Sec., 360 Ossington Ave.—296.

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THE WASTE OF HUMAN ENERGY

By SAM ATKINSON.

That eminent economist Prof. H. Olerich, "A Cityless and Countryless" — "Mr. Atkinson's remark will do more to clear the brain than so that he can think himself."

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ORGANIZER'S REPORT

Dear Comrade—A recent issue of the Cobalt, Ont., Nugget, gives in a full page headline the information that up to June 30, 1914 \$55,738,011 have been paid in dividends in the silver mines. That fact alone explains the existence of Sir Henry Pellat's magnificent estates which rear their architectural heads on the hill overlooking Toronto, and his fatuous palace, Casa Loma, with its ridiculous imitation of a feudal castle. It also explains why the silver mines in Cobalt live in slum shacks equal to anything in great cities. Until recently no attempt was made at sanitation and cess pools overflowed into the streets. Dirty wooden shacks are the lot of the worker in a country smothered with forests. All along the railroad one sees little hovels for the men who work in the saw mills.

The silver mines at Cobalt have a fine bunch of Reds in the D.P. local, and I found it a treat to be among them.

Some of you workers who work in up-to-date factories, have little idea of the arduous and dangerous work of the miner. Mr. S. Price, the government investigator into the eight hour question, admits in his report: "The conclusion must be that working underground is unhealthful and injurious," and his report shows him to be full of sympathy with the capitalist. He also says: "Undoubtedly the air in mines even under favorable conditions is not as good as ordinary air. It contains a smaller percentage of oxygen (especially where hydraulic air is used), is more or less laden with dust—small particles of rock or mineral, and with powder gas. The gas causes headache and sickness and explosions, but none of these things penetrate the fagrant air of the exquisite drawing rooms at Casa Loma. Sir Henry and the rest of the appropriators of \$55,000,000 in ten years do not have their lungs full of fine dust from the rock drills causing "progressive fibroid changes in the lung tissue and the pleurisy accompanied by chronic catarrhal processes in the air sacs and respiratory passages." The only dust that gets in is motoring in Florida in the winter, or in Muskoka during summer. They may be familiar with headache at Monte Carlo, caused by overeating or wine, but the ecstasy of carbon monoxide caused by inhaling the fumes arising from the use of explosives is denied them. Six men died in 1912 in Ontario mines by asphyxiation, Mr. Price reports.

The lack of good ventilation in the mines is certainly responsible for the majority of these accidents. In addition to the fatalities there is also to be considered the effect of the gases on the health of the men working therein. In addition to the need of dissipating the poisonous gases from explosives, there is also in the mine air, fine dust which is equally dangerous." Bulletin 13, Bureau of Mines, Page 17.

Miners phthisis has slaughtered hundreds of miners in the Transvaal, the death rate from this disease alone in 1912 was 73 per 1000, and has been higher even than that.

According to Dr. Haldane, it only takes eight and a half years work as a rock drill to death being 30 years. Mr. E. T. Corkill, chief inspector of mines, says in his 1912 report: "There is great danger of miners phthisis spreading and becoming a serious menace to the health of all underground employees." Page 14. The companies have been ordered to equip their rock drills with water sprays, but this is evaded. It also means extra work for the miner in carrying his water up steep hills, for which he is not given time, so many holes being expected for a day's work.

In Porcupine a miner is seldom found on a coroner's jury and verdicts are seldom given against the companies. Men are forced to give up their union card before starting work. Spies infest the camps and mark those comrades who become active in the revolution.

So there is no wonder that the workers are finding that freedom is a farce and that the Red Flag is the only flag worth flying.

"Negligence by mine managers in carrying out the regulations and in permitting dangerous mining practices has caused serious and in some cases fatal accidents. Yet only one company was fined (\$100 and costs) in 1912 and no managers were railroaded to jail.

The average number of men killed per thousand in the last 13 years, 1901 to 1913, was 3.34 per cent. 379 men have lost their lives in these 13 years, and the rate has gone on increasing. From 1901 to 1906 the highest number of men killed in any one year was 13. From 1908, the number killed never been lower than 43, whilst in 1913 it jumped to 64. Contrast Ontario 3.34 killed per 1000 employees with England 1.29 per cent; Belgium 1.06; France 1.81; Queensland 1.20. Only the bloodthirsty miscreants of Colorado and Michigan are able to exceed the Ontario mines in fatal accidents, 3.58 being the average for the last 5 years in the U.S.

This shows the two extremes, extreme profits and palaces for the mine owners, extreme danger and slavery for the miner. Next election the Cobalt and Porcupine comrades intend to win with the help of the class conscious farmers. It is up to you to get into the Social Democratic Party and help them both.

I found the farmers in Northern Ontario—that land of skeeters, flies and labor exploiters—fully alive to the class war. Germans, Finns, Swedes, Poles, Scotch and Cockneys were all united in opposing war and the capitalist system. These are the pioneers struggling with forest fires which threaten their palatial homes (log shacks not much bigger than a decent sized hen coop), struggling with low wages and high cost of living. Their only joy in life is the reduction of wages on the government roads, and the frosts which destroy their potato patch. O you farmers; great and beneficent! Whitney government gives you reduces wages in return for your votes. In my other workers think of becoming a free and independent wood pulp farmer, let that remember that the average wage paid in the wood pulp and paper industries is \$135 a day, which is 24 per cent of the gross value of their days product.—14th report, Bureau and Labor, Ont., 1913.

The comrades in the North have shown me Socialist hospitality and I express my gratitude to them. Such a body of comrades can't help helping results in the near future. I found them in no way disheartened by the recent defeat, but already in the field for the next election.—Harry Wilson, Organizer, S.D.P. of C.

The Czar of Russia, his relatives, friends and advisers, have been presenting each other with orders and medals for their victory. They did the same before the Japanese war and the little kids did not work.

Several thousand African blacks are at work in the southern coal fields of France. Seems the French workers are fighting the German workers so the blacks can have the jobs.

PROCLAMATION OF U.S. SOCIALISTS

The Socialist Party of the United States hereby extends its sympathy to the workers of Europe in their hour of trial, when they have been plunged into bloody and senseless conflict by ambition-grazed monarchs; despising politicians and scheming capitalists.

We bid them to remember that the workers of the various nations involved have no quarrel with each other, and that the evils from which they suffer—poverty, want, unemployment, oppression—are inflicted upon them not by the workers of some other country, but by the ruling classes of their own country.

We bid them to take thought before they allow themselves to be used blindly by heartless and inhuman despots who would spill the blood of thousands, inflict pain and sorrow upon millions, devastate the land and set back civilization in order to further their own wretched plots and schemes.

The Socialist Party of the United States, in conformity with the declarations of the international Socialist movement, hereby reiterates its opposition to this and all other wars, waged upon any pretext whatsoever; war being a crude, savage and unsatisfactory method of settling real or imaginary differences between nations, and destructive of the peace and humanity to which the international Socialist movement is dedicated.

The Socialist Party of the United States hereby expresses its condemnation of the ruling classes of Europe and points out to the world that by their action in this crisis they have conclusively proven that they are unfit to administer the affairs of nations in such a manner that the lives and happiness of the people may be safeguarded.

The Socialist Party of the United States hereby calls upon all foreign-born workingmen residing in this country, particularly upon those whose home governments are engaged in the present strife, to hold joint mass meetings for the purpose of emphasizing the fraternity and solidarity of all working people, irrespective of color, creed, race or nationality. We call upon the Socialists locally throughout the country to promote such meetings and to give all possible assistance.

The Socialist party of the United States hereby pledges its loyal support to the Socialist parties of Europe in any measures they might think it necessary to undertake to advance the cause of peace and of good-will among men.

The Socialist Party of the United States hereby calls upon the national administration to prove the genuineness of its policy of peace by opening immediate negotiations for mediation and extending every effort to bring about the speedy termination of this disastrous conflict.

By order of The Committee on Immediate Action, Antisocialist, Executive Secretary Socialist Party of America.

MANIFESTO TO BRITISH PEOPLE

(Put out on the eve of war.)

The long-threatened European war is now upon us. For more than 100 years no such danger has confronted civilization. It is for us to take full account of the desperate situation and to act promptly and vigorously in the interest of peace. You have never been consulted about the war.

The sudden crushing attack made by the militarist empire of Austria upon Serbia, it is certain that the workers of all countries likely to be drawn into the conflict must strain every nerve to prevent their governments from committing them to war.

Everywhere, Socialists and the organized forces of labor are taking this course. Everywhere vehement protests are made against the greed and intrigues of militarists and armament-makers.

We call upon you to do the same here in Great Britain upon an even more impressive scale. Hold vast demonstrations against war in every industrial centre. Compel those of the governing class and their press who are eager to commit you to co-operate with Russian despotism to keep silence and respect the decision of the overwhelming majority of the people, who will have neither part nor lot in such an infamy. The success of Russia at the present day would be a curse to the world.

There is no time to lose. Already, by secret agreements and understandings, of which you may fling us all into the fray. Workers, stand together therefore for peace! combine and conquer the militarist enemy and the self-seeking Imperialists today, once and for all.

Men and women of Britain, you have now an unexampled opportunity of rendering a magnificent service to humanity, and to the world!

Remember that for you the days of plunder and butchery have gone by; send messages of peace and fraternity to your fellows who have less liberty than you. Down with class rule. Down with war. Up with the peaceful rule of the people.

(Signed in behalf of the British Section of the International Socialist Bureau).

J. KEIR HARDIE.

ARTHUR HENDERSON

ISN'T IT FUNNY

Funny, isn't it? The more producers there are in the world the harder it is to make a living.

Funny isn't it? The men and women who produce the wealth can never call it their own.

Funny isn't it? The people who have the wealth of the world never produce any.

Funny, isn't it? The producers of the world tramp on producing wealth for the non-producers and never get wise to the game.

Funny, isn't it? The non-producers are always fearful lest the producers get some fool Socialist idea into their heads.

Funny, isn't it? That so few workers get any of the ideas.

Funny, isn't it? The non-producers evidence so great an interest in the welfare of the workers.

Funny, isn't it? The fool worker can't see through that little joke being played on him all the time.

Funny, isn't it? The interests of the producer and the non-producer are identical.

Funny, isn't it? Their policy of interests make it necessary for them to vote the same ticket.

Funny, isn't it? The politician thinks so much of the workers just before each election and immediately after the vote is counted forgets them so quickly.

Funny, isn't it? The workers even forget they have been forgotten.

Funny, isn't it? There are so many funny things in this world. Why don't you laugh or do something?—Appeal.

A TALE OF TWO SOLDIERS

"Yes, yes, sonny; I am an old man, now. It is many years since the battle of Balaclava, but one incident is as fresh in my memory today as it was on the day my father died."

"Tell me, grandfather, all about it. I like to hear of battles, and soldiers, and bravery." "Ah, poor lad; but you don't understand all there is to understand in warfare. War is not all glory!"

"Tell me, grandfather, I want to know." "Yes, and when you know, I hope you will feel as bitter against war as I do—curse it!"

The lad looked up in amazement. He was very fond of his grandfather, but he had never seen him look so strange before. He could not understand why the reference to war should make his grandfather so excited. He felt as though he would ask his grandfather not to tell him anything. Yet he had learnt at school that the bravery of British soldiers was something to be proud of, and something to imitate. In his enthusiastic moments he had inwardly resolved, when he got old enough, he would be a soldier.

He was now struggling between curiosity to know why his grandfather disliked war, and why his school teacher always made the accounts of battle and fights so interesting. He wanted to know; but he did not want to do anything to make his grandfather unhappy.

"Perhaps you would rather not tell me, grandfather," he said, interjectively.

"Yes, sonny; I will tell you; I must tell you. You are old enough now, I think, to learn the wickedness of war and the wretchedness and misery it always brings."

A DEAD VICTORY.

There was no mistaking the emotion of the old man. Every fibre of his body was convulsed. His face turned pale, and his lips were drawn and ashen. He ceased to begin to tell me about the fight in which my father was wounded. You have read about the Charge of the Light Brigade, haven't you?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Well, it was a fight between England and Russia, or, rather, the soldiers of England and Russia had to fight one another. And one of these battles took place at Balaclava."

"England won, didn't she, grandfather?"

"Well, yes, England won. But it was a dear win! But I must tell you all about them—all about my father and my mother, I mean. My mother was a Russian governess who was living in England while teaching the children of a wealthy English family. She was a very clever woman, and knew several languages. She met my father, and they got married. Oh, they were so happy."

"For several minutes neither spoke."

"The people in parliament have control over the Army. They sent him out to the Crimea. My mother was so upset she became very ill, and the doctors thought she would die. But she got better, and used to write to my father every day. I don't know whether he got all the letters, but we had very few from him. The most we knew was what was posted up at the War Office, or in the papers."

"My father was a very brave man, and he was in the Light Brigade, and one day came the news of the Battle of Balaclava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade."

"The old man paused. He was struggling hard to control himself. The effort was pathetic."

AT BALACLAVA

The boy was watching his grandfather, and was himself feeling affected. He was beginning to feel alarmed at his grandfather's distress, but he could say nothing.

"My mother had a brother—he was my uncle, of course. He used to frequently visit England as the trusted servant of the firm he worked for. He always came to see us."

"In Russia, every man has to be a soldier, if he is big enough and strong enough."

"The same in France and Germany."

"My uncle was in the Russian Artillery. He was at the guns at the Battle of Balaclava. . . . Boy, I must stop a minute."

"Don't tell me any more grandfather, if it hurts you!"

"Yes, I will tell you presently. You must hear. . . . Give me a drink of water, sonny."

"Thanks. . . . Well, my uncle was a clever artilleryman, and he trained his gun so accurately that very few of the Light Brigade within range of his gun returned to their own ranks."

"My father was a splendid horseman, and could wield a sabre like a walking-stick. (But why do I praise these accomplishments?)"

"What did you say, grandfather?"

"Oh, I was thinking out loud. . . . One of the shells from the Russian guns dropped just in front of my father; a splinter flew up and cut away his left cheek and ear."

"But he rose on, right up to the mouth of the cannon, and drove his sabre to the hilt in the body of the Russian gunner."

"But he didn't know, grandfather," sobbed the lad.

"No, sonny; he didn't know—till it was too late. As he drew out his sword from the body of the soldier, the soldier's cap fell off, and my father saw his face."

"It was the face of his own wife—my mother."

"For several minutes neither spoke."

"The poor boy was weeping bitterly."

"The old man was suppressing his own feelings by inward and silent curses. He dare not trust himself to speak for some time."

THE DEVILRY OF WAR.

At last he said: "Don't cry, sonny. Be brave. I have just a little more to tell you. Then you will understand the devilry of war."

My father rode back as best he could, and was taken to the rear of the force to have his wounds dressed. For three weeks he was lying mad—so the doctors said—and was all the while calling for his wife and her brother. When he had recovered sufficiently to be moved he was invalided home. . . . My mother and I went and met him there."

She had read in the Russian papers that her brother was dead. . . . And now her husband was given to her a mutilated wreck. . . . And he had killed her brother, and her brother had killed her husband. . . . But she did not know this at the time. For two years he kept this fearful secret locked in his own breast. It was wearing him away. His life was a wretched mockery. His sleep was absolutely destroyed. His waking hours were one incessant worry—he dared not trust himself to talk. One fear haunted every moment of his life—the fear lest his wife should learn that her own husband had killed her brother."

"At last the end came. His emaciated physical condition produced a complication of disorders, and his mutilated face broke out into a discharge. He took to his bed—never to leave it again, alive."

"My mother nursed him through his illness—watching by his bed night and day. She was herself scarcely fit to be about, but she kept up bravely."

"I shall never forget those agonising days. . . . One day my mother called me to say—good-bye—to my father. . . . He was dying. . . . And as I stood beside his bed dying. . . . He put his hand on my head and said: . . . NEVER BE A SOLDIER."

"My boy—never be a soldier—always think of your poor father. . . . Listen while I tell you mother something I have not told her before. . . . Forgive me, dear; it is a horrid thing. . . . It has haunted me night and day. . . . ever since. . . . ever since that fearful fight. . . . the charge. . . . I. . . . your brother. . . . was killed. . . . I. . . . Killed him."

"He sat up in bed and literally screamed with agony. . . . My mother was so distressed at the horrid confession that she fainted away."

"I sat there, and did not know what to do. . . . Presently my mother recovered, and then she turned to my father and said: . . . 'Robert, it was not you who killed my brother. . . . it was. . . . it was. . . . Oh, God, forgive me. . . . it was the British Army.'"

"My father looked at us, smiled, and beckoned us close to him. He kissed me fervently on my forehead, then he drew my mother towards him, kissed her, smiled again, lay back on his pillow, and passed away. My mother died within a month." —H. W. HOBART, in "Daily Herald," London.

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DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Regular meeting. Comrades present: Schrag, Lockhart, Smith, Quimack, Schwartz, Morris, and the secretary. Comrade Schrag in the chair. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read. Correspondence dealt with by the secretary played on file.

On motion charter was granted to Trail, B.C., as local No. 44 Ukrainian; to Corbin, B.C., as local No. 45 Ukrainian; to Eye Hill, Alta., as local No. 42 English; to Bellevue, Alta., as local No. 43 Ukrainian; and to Canmore, No. 44 Ukrainian.

Secretary was instructed to get out 200 ledgers and 200 minute books each of 200 pages, ledger to be good for 480 members, not to sell at more than \$1 each.

The matter of party press be taken up later in the meantime some understanding be reached with Comrade Cotton.

Receipts.
Eye Hill, charter \$2.00
Finnish Executive, balance 31.05
Dawson City 2.75
Lionel, Diligence 2.50
Ontario P. E. C. 50.00
Blackfoot Executive 3.35
Ukrainian Executive 12.00
A. L. Johnson25
B. C. Executive 50.00
J. Simpson, return draft 350.00

\$503.90
Expenditures.
Chas. H. Kerr, literature 15.00
Geo. E. Kirkpatrick 27.50
Telegrams 40.00
Secretary's wages 3.00
Supplies 2.75
Rent 2.00
H. Wilson, advance 50.00
Cotton's Weekly 12.50
Simpson (New York return) 26.40
Duty on literature 1.50
Sundry40
Postage 5.90

\$188.85
Adjourned to meet Sept. 7th. H. Martin, Secretary.



CANADA.
Province of Quebec.
District of Bedford.

A TERM of the Court of King's Bench for the District of Bedford, will be held in the Court House, at Sweetburg, on Monday, the 15th (each) day of August, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence, I give Public Notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner in the Common Jail of said District and to others, that they must be present then and there. And I give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers, in and for said District, that they must be present there, with their Records, Rolls, Indictments and other Documents in order to do those things which belong to each of them in their respective capacities.
Sheriff's Office, Sweetburg, August 15th, 1914.
CHAS. S. COTTON, Sheriff.

The war is on, but how strong will the armies be? Will the German Socialists fight an invading battle? Not if they can help it. The German attack will be weak. Now is the time to talk Socialism.

HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

Told In A Simple Way

Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sticky smelling salves or creams. No steamers, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steamers or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all.

I Am Free-You Can Be Free
My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my vitality. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly but surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT
Send no money. Just your name and address on a postcard. Say: "Dear Sam, please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." I will gladly tell you how FREE. I will not write to you with commercial cards or write me. I will not think of turning you away for asking for this information. I will not think of turning you away for asking for this information. I will not think of turning you away for asking for this information.

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Send no money. Just your name and address on a postcard. Say: "Dear Sam, please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." I will gladly tell you how FREE. I will not write to you with commercial cards or write me. I will not think of turning you away for asking for this information. I will not think of turning you away for asking for this information. I will not think of turning you away for asking for this information.

I Am Free-You Can Be Free
My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my vitality. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly but surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

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The FIDING LINE

"Enclosed find \$3 for sub cards. I sold eight yesterday." — Toronto.
Comrade Harry Wilson, the S.D.P. organizer, is travelling round loaded with fifty sub cards.

"Enclosed find \$2 for sub and card. Times are hard here due to crop failure." — Wallard, Sask.
"Enclosed please find eight. Another list of subscribers will arrive in a week or so." — Biltown, N.S.

"I am going to send a little now and then. I hope the other comrades will rally and do the same." — North Bay, Ont.

\$2 for sub cards comes from St. Thomas, Ont. The slaves are doing their best to push the paper.

"Find enclosed \$1 to shoot in the Battery. Am certainly glad to see the paper alive." — Toronto, Ont.

"Enclosed please find \$3 for sub cards. Sorry the paper cannot come out regular, but the time will come when it will be a daily." — Montreal.

"Enclosed please find list of 12. Times are hard here, but one comrade has advanced the money to let the light in on the bunch." — Taber, Alta.

"Enclosed find twelve subs. The mines are closing down here and it looks like a hard winter, but it will simply help in making new rods." — Gowganda, Ont.

"I enclose \$5; am too busy to hustle subs, so send the money instead. I'd like to shake hands with you, comrade." — Kelowna, B.C.

"Please send four sub cards. We want to keep Cotton's humming for a while yet. Dollars are pretty scarce. Hope to see the comrades put together and keep Cotton's in business." — Malmo, Alta.

Twenty sub cards have gone forward to a comrade at Verdun, P.Q., who was a lucky one to have \$5 to spare in these times when the plutes are starving the slaves to force them to take up arms and kill people.

"Enclosed please find four. I was working around a coal mine for a short time, and found the majority of miners Socialists, but they were roving around so much that they could not have a paper." — Morrin, Alta.

"I am a young comrade in the field for the cause and I hope to make more young fellows see the light before long, and then I do not think there will be so many going to war to shoot down their fellow men." — Dundas, Ont.

"We realize that if you indulge in publishing any comments on the war you will be as near the truth as you can get on the subject, while truth on the subject of this damnable war is foreign to any of our capitalist papers." — Delta, Alta.

A comrade of P.E.I. plunks \$30 into the Agitation Battery, and a comrade of Victoria, B.C., sends \$10 for the same purpose. These two contributions make \$40, and the total income of Cotton's Weekly the week they arrived was \$71.

"Enclosed find \$1.75 for subs. We are making fairly good headway, but there are a lot of the slaves starting away from here to fight for their (Y) country. About ninety per cent are Englishmen. The Canadian slaves know they have no country." — Brantford, Ont.

"Another comrade and I intend shortly to take advantage of the psychological moment to make a raid upon the independent (?) farmers for subs for Cotton's. Our local has been supplying many of them with free copies of the paper, and have reason to know it has been doing good educational work." — Dorion, Ont.

"I understand the hard times is what has caused the drop in subs. The time will surely come when the working class will get their eyes opened up, enabling them to understand where the cause of their shortness of wealth is located. It takes education in this line, and Cotton's Weekly will give it." — Bergland, Ont.

"Enclosed find fifteen names. Keep Cotton's Weekly afloat if you can issue once in three weeks only. We can make up our minds to face some very trying times during the next six or eight months. There will be a great deal of suffering among the workers the world over, but I have a notion that this great time of trouble is the labor agitation time of harvest." — Kingston, Ont.

"It is with regret that I watch the drop in subs. The real and only reason for this is that we are in bondage under the iron heel of capitalism. The capitalists are making their power felt. As a rule it is the Socialists who first feel the pressure. It is impossible for any comrade who sees the misery and slavery of our workingmen without explaining to them the class position which they with ourselves occupy. The masters resent this, and we find hundreds of our comrades like myself who have only the right to starve. It is impossible for us to remain silent. I am confident we shall pull out of the present crisis with our flag unfurled. I do think our paper should receive a little extra support. We must make sacrifices and give to the Battery funds. I am out of work and can only afford twenty-five cents. I hope this suggestion meets with the approval of the comrades. Let us not rest on our laurels. Our help was never more in demand when an attempt is being made to crush out all progressive thought as expressed by Socialist papers. Let us show the plutocrats that we in Eastern Canada cannot be crushed. We need each other's support as never before. I believe it is even now possible to pierce the gloom and behold the radiance of the coming glorious morn." — Toronto, Ont.

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London's Beauty Writers

Weekly Selections from Noted Beauty Experts Writing for the English Press. Simple and Effective Methods.

By OLGA AMERLA, Special Correspondent, London, Eng.
Each week in this department I will endeavor, by careful clipping from the London papers to keep my Colonial readers informed on the latest and best advice of the London beauty experts. Owing to the persistent demand most London newspapers and periodicals are now devoting much space to the serious consideration of beauty culture. Many of them now employ high salaried experts in methods most efficient for enhancing or restoring beauty of face and figure. A few of the latest and best methods are given below. Any of the ingredients mentioned could be obtained from Canadian chemists or druggists, so I am told. Look out for more hints next week. I shall endeavor to keep right up to date.

A Strange Shampoo
A young woman enquired for her beautiful glossy hair declared she never washed it with soap or artificial shampoo. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stannous chloride in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stannous for me," said she. It comes in sealed packages, enough to make up twenty or thirty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost use it. Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo.

Wonderful Growth of Hair
Long ago I made a resolution to try and concoct a real hair grower. My own formula, now perfected after tedious experimenting, has had the effect of giving me a wealth of hair that is surprising. Obtain from your druggist an oriental package of borax, and mix with this a little of bay rum. Rub this into the scalp night and morning with the fingertips. It gets the hair-roots tingling with new life.

Secret of Beauty Doctors
It now transpires that the mysterious white paste used so successfully by many beauty specialists for ridding the skin of objectionable hairy growths is nothing more than powdered phenol, which can be found in any drug store. With phenol and water make enough paste to cover hairy surface; apply, and in two or three minutes rub off with hair brush.

To Lengthen Eyelashes
Eyelashes will be greatly beautified if marmaline be applied at last-roots with a fine brush.

CASH RECEIPTS.
Our cash receipts for the first three weeks of August, last year, were \$608.33. Our total cash receipts for the first three weeks of August of the present year were \$181.22. This explains the absolute necessity confronting Cotton's of cutting down our expenses. We were forced to publish once in two weeks.

We realize times are desperate hard with the slaves. Many comrades are near heartbroken because they cannot help their beloved paper. It remains for those who can to keep their paper alive during the next few months. Great changes are impending in Europe. Many persons consider this war to be the end of capitalism, that revolution will rear its desired head, that the guns placed in the hands of German, French, Russian and Austrian revolutionary reds for mutual slaughter will be turned against the master class and end their domination.

This is the time that Cotton's must be kept alive. You need it now more than ever.

\$1,000,000 CO-OPERATIVE
Comrade—It has been decided by a few of us old timers in the movement, to start a \$1,000,000 co-operative in British Columbia in the very near future. Before starting this, however, we are desirous of securing the names and addresses of all those interested who mean business, as soon as possible.

The names should be addressed to The Co-operative Society of B.C., 527 Dundas St., Vancouver, B.C.—J. G. Osborne, Secretary.

UNITY!
Dear Comrade—At the regular business meeting of the Ottawa local No. 8, S.P. of C. held on Sunday, August 2nd, the letter of the Eekville local No. 58, S.P. of C. has been dealt with, and after a hot discussion the Ottawa local voted in favor of unity between the two Socialist parties of Canada. Yours for Socialism.—A. Benenson.

SAMPLE COPY LISTS WANTED.
Send in names for sample copies of Cotton's Weekly to be sent to many persons are wondering what this war is about, how it will end. Give us a chance to send them a few papers. This is the way you can help.

Pick out names of live ones who may be influenced.

"The Water of Eternal Youth"
The beauties of the Austrian court used a lotion which was so effective in keeping the face smooth and free from wrinkles, even in the aged, they named it the water of eternal youth.

Some one recently has divulged the secret of this wonderful, though exceedingly simple, wrinkle lotion, which is a preserver of youth. One ounce pure axolotle (powdered), dissolved in a half pint witch hazel—that's all there is to it. Any woman can get these ingredients at her drug store, put them together, and use the solution with entire safety. To bathe the face in the same brings immediate results, even in case of the deepest wrinkles and furrows. This is also effective for hanging cheeks and double chin.

TELLS ABOUT 50,000 BOOKS FREE BY MAIL FOR WORTH \$10 TO ANY MAN

Every afflicted man, suffering from any one of the following diseases, should write quick to Dr. J. S. Lister & Co., 371 Ave. B, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., and receive by mail, without cost, a complete list of 50,000 books, which will tell you how you can cure yourself of any of the following diseases: Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Venereal Disease, Eczema, Skin Diseases, etc.

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