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Cotton's Weekly

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High Cost of Living

A few months ago Alderman Blumenthal of Montreal was greatly agitated by the high cost of living.

This gentleman was out to catch the kittle vote, and he knew of nothing else that would tickle the kittleful voter better than the high cost of living.

So he made speeches, he did. Talked long and often. Yes sir, the high cost of living is his theme, and it was the cold storage issue that were to blame. They forestalled a market and he raved up and down against it.

Then Alderman Blumenthal went on a western trip. He was going west as a committee of one to study the high cost of living. The dear people of Montreal, the oppressed and downtrodden consumer, would find in him their staunch warrior. Yes sir, they would.

Blumenthal went west, the cold storage controversy kept right on. Summer came and the price of living kept right on climbing, and Alderman Blumenthal came back and we have heard nary a peep from him on this tre-men-dous question of the day.

But a thoughtless warrior has come into the field. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has nailed high cost of living banner to his political banner and his white plumes formerly of victory, now of defeat, can be seen valiantly charging like any Quixote on the skinny Rozennote of Liberalism against this foe of the people.

At Joliette, P. Q., in addition to purity in elections Laurier demanded the lowering of the tariff in order to lower the cost of living. Sir Wilfrid's brain must have ossified twenty years ago. He is still tearing round charging tariff windmills, like he did in 1896 and in previous years.

He does not seem to grasp the fact that the wage worker is a slave, a slave in an overstocked market of wage slaves seeking a buyer. He does not seem to know that if the cost of living goes down the competing wage slaves will make the wages fall to the lower cost of living. If he does know this fact, he keeps it to himself.

Sir Wilfrid is the henchman of the capitalist labor skinner. He is endeavoring to lead the slaves into false issues. He comes as a smiling friend ready to knife labor in the back should he be returned to office.

Borden has his knife into labor now. Labor is laid bleeding upon the altar of rent, interest and profit, and the heathen political priests feed its blood into the gaping jaws of Canadian plutocracy.

Labor has no friends but itself. Laurier and Borden are the right and left political hands of the labor skinner, reaching out to rob and pillage the working class.

Get onto this fact, you laboring slave, and act accordingly.

Why, Workingmen?

Why, workingmen, do you elect the agents of your capitalist skinner to places where they make the laws governing you?

Why do you elect the Perleys, the Oslers, and the other millionaires to make the laws for you who slave ten hours a day for a few dimes that will barely cover the cost of your keep and let your wife bring forth young into the world to be fed into the profit mills of the master class?

Why do you vote for the jackals of the labor skinner, the advocates, the class who lodge in the clefts of the rotten system and grow fat on the doles of the masters who profit by your slavery? The Bordenes, the Lhodes, the Lauriers, and the other of their ilk?

Why do you send to parliament, you poor working, bleached, homesteaders, the prey of the loan sharks and the money lenders, and the machine vampires such agricultural aristocrats as Clark with his nine-hundred acre farm?

Why do you send such stockbrokers as McCurdy and Forget?

Why do you send bankers and financial agents and other like creatures to make the laws governing YOU?

You are the goat. You are the slave. You create the wealth they enjoy. Is it not the height of folly for you to vote for these gentlemen and cheer and consider it YOUR victory when they get next the law making machinery?

You are slaves. You work in the mills of mammon. You grind out profits for others. When you feel the pressure too hard, you strike. Seabs are imported. You are black-listed. Or the militia is called out, and you are hustled off to jail. The beak gives you six months for daring to ask a seab to quit work.

Why is this so? Because you voted to have it so. The Bordenes, the Lauriers, the Perleys, the Oslers, the other members of parliament control the political power and they direct the bayonets at YOUR breasts.

Then they come with banners and processions and brass bands, and you go to the speechifying, and they talk of the tariff and battleships for Britain, and a lot of other rot, but never a word they say about how they made the laws and had the soldiers' bayonets pressed against you, ready to make your children fatherless and your wives widows in a cruel, ghastly capitalist world of arrogant wealth and pestilent poverty.

O you poor dubs of voters, you poor unthinking creatures. Come out of your trance, wake to the folly of your government, vote for your own party, the Social-Democratic party. Join it, make it supreme, and oust your masters, your tyrants, from their position of ownership.

Seize the reins of government for yourself.

The Montreal Star deprecates the betrayal of confidence between big thieves, and wails and fears that "we shall all be back again in the old days where a dollar was a big round prize." Sir Hugh Graham saw those days; he remembers them. They are here yet, but not to his class. He belongs to big business, and supports big business, the bigger the business the more support received from his paper. But the workers, the useful class, look upon a dollar as a prize just as did their forefathers. They even look on it as more of a prize, for though the worker receives more dollars for a week's work than he did thirty or forty years ago, those dollars will not go so far as the old dollars did. The cost of living has advanced so rapidly, and business has become so intense that no matter what the wages received, the worker has a hard time to make ends meet. The dollars is indeed a big round prize today.

THE INVENTOR UNDER SOCIALISM

WHY THE SOCIALIST ARGUMENTS DIFFER FROM OTHERS

Examples

"What will you do with the inventor under Socialism?" How often that stale old query is flung at the Socialist. It is considered to be a poser, and because the Socialist does not answer the question offhand, because he does not in one sentence show the position of the inventor under Socialism, he is considered by the unthinking to have been stumped by the question.

The questions which are flung at Socialists like the above and many others, such as the woman question, the drink question, the question of criminals, all are difficult for the Socialist to answer, not because he cannot intelligently answer them, but because of the ignorance of those he converses with.

Socialism aims at a complete reconstruction of society. It aims at the capture of the supreme power by the working class in order that they may transform the ownership of the means of production and distribution into the collective ownership of the working class. By this means the capitalist class will be abolished, all their agents such as stockbrokers, advertising agents, rent collectors, company promoters, advocates, notaries, private detectives, bankers, and many, many other classes who are now considered highly eminent and respectable, will find their occupations gone. The transformation of society will be so complete and radical that a new era will come into existence as different from the present capitalist system as the capitalist system is different from the feudal system of the sixteenth century.

When we are asked, "What will we do with the inventor?" our questioners have no conception of the new society to be. They think it will be the present form of society, only with working class capitalists instead of the present capitalists. They cannot grasp the fundamental revolution Socialism will introduce. We have to stop and give a dim outline of the future state. Our hearers grow restless, a woman passes and their thoughts jump to other things, or a horse trots by a window and they think how nice it would be to have such a horse. And because their lazy brains and narrow ideas cannot think beyond the limits of the bounds set by their capitalist mentors, they think Socialism a dream, a golden phantasy. When the workers rise and press against the barriers of the capitalist power, these same narrow-minded persons think Socialism means bloodshed and terror and chaos.

We argue from a fundamentally different viewpoint than the average man, or political party. The most these do is to take the present system for granted as the best possible—with a few reforms. They come before their narrow audience, praise the present institutions, and argue for some minor change. The audience are not stirred deeply. They do not have to think. The orator confines his address to the narrow outlook of his listeners. Hence he becomes popular, gets the votes, and shares in the political swag which the master class so abundantly provide for those politicians who show themselves able to deliver the votes.

A Socialist has a hard time to make his capitalist-minded audience see his viewpoint, but when they see, a revolution is worked in their brains. Their minds become broadened. They see clearer than those who still support the labor skinner. They begin to talk revolution and Socialism and brotherhood, and are snubbed by their former companions as visionary dreamers, or crack-brained agitators.

The Fate of the Inventor

When we are asked, "What will you do with the inventor under Socialism?" that question shows a profound ignorance of the position of the inventor under the present system or any other system. We have had this question flung at us so often and have peered into the mental processes of those who ask it so frequently, that we know just about what they think.

They think an inventor goes off by himself and thinks out a new machine, yes, sir, a brand new machine. He is tickled to death; and he takes his idea to a nice kind capitalist, and that capitalist lends a patient ear, grasps the idea of the new machine, shakes hands gladly with the genius, lays his wad at the feet of the inventor, the machine is made, proves a huge success, and the inventor dies a millionaire, beloved, respected, and admired by the whole world for the benefits he has conferred upon it.

This is not what happens at all. The average inventor has a tough time of it. He is handicapped because he has to work ten hours a day. He has little money. He rarely makes a new machine, but some improvement upon an old one. His boss discovers it and nabs it, giving the inventor a few dollars for it.

If his machine is important and works quite a change in production, capitalists try to steal it from him. Patenting a machine costs money. Patterns and molds and experiments cost a lot more. The inventor's time is taken up with his invention and he cannot earn money at other things. Hence he is in debt, does not know where to turn for money, and the capitalist ghouls take advantage of his necessity. He is most frequently robbed of his invention.

If he does get his invention patented and secures rights to it, and starts to manufacture it, he has the right to manufacture it exclusively for only seventeen years. Then anyone can manufacture the machine. The inventor's right is not considered to be perpetual, nor even for his lifetime. Capitalism takes his invention away from him.

And even before the seventeen years are up, the inventor is apt to lose the benefit of his invention by some other idea being discovered whereby the work can be done simpler and his machine becomes outworn. If the inventor has climbed into the capitalist class, he engages in the skin game against the new inventors who are in poverty. He works to rob them of the fruits of their newer inventions, either by stealing them outright, or by taking advantage of their necessity and buying their inventions for a mere nothing.

These statements may seem harsh, nevertheless they are true.

A Canadian woman worked hard upon a scheme of needlework. She was poor and had a mother and a sickly sister to support. She discovered the beauties of raised needlework on cloth. She desired to patent her invention. She took out a patent of working strawberries on cloth in a raised form. This patent protected her for strawberry designs in silk and other material in a raised form on cloth, but the patent held for no other design. So berries, cherries, leaves, branches, and every other design save strawberries were open to the public and silk designers to make freely. The woman did not benefit by her discovery.

She set to work upon another scheme for teaching kindergarten children. This was in the form of a wonder ball which opened and displayed many things. She had a sympathetic friend who showed much appreciation for her work. The woman yielded to the sympathy and explained the whole thing, and her second invention was stolen. Go to law over it? Oh yes, for a rich person, but how could a poor woman with a sick sister and mother to support pay the jackal lawyers and fee the jackal judges?

Here is another instance: An American inventor discovered a new pump. It was a great idea, and he patented it, took it to a big pump firm and wished to sell it. They praised it highly and the terms were agreed upon. The inventor got eight hundred dollars cash and a royalty on every pump sold. No pumps were sold. The firm pigeon-holed the invention. Rather than go to the expense of remodeling their plant to manufacture the pump and pay the royalty they charged the eight hundred dollars up to profit and loss, and kept on selling the old style pump to the public as the best thing ever invented.

History is full of examples of stolen inventions, inventors dying in poverty and the wrecks of blasted hopes of the brightest minds of the race has produced.

You hire out to a capitalist employer. You work at his machines. If you discover an invention while in his employ, that invention does not belong to you, but to the master whose wage slave you are.

Capitalism robs the inventor. If an inventor through favorable circumstances becomes rich, he becomes a capitalist skinner in turn and robs other indentors.

The Effect of Inventions

We have shown that the inventor is robbed (we will come to the case of Edison presently), and that the benefits of his invention go elsewhere.

In talking to the average non-Socialist he will not wait until you have shown him the fallacy of his ideas, but will say, "But you have got to have capitalists to provide the money to have the invention manufactured for the benefit of the public."

But under capitalism, the public do not benefit by inventions. The capitalists alone benefit. Large sections of the public are injured by inventions.

Formerly in England the workers used to weave cloth in their homes. They got good pay. They were sturdy and independent. Then the weaving machinery was invented, the hand weavers found their occupation gone, many of them starved to death, and little children were huddled into the mills to tend the machines, working fourteen hours a day. They died like flies. The workers were forced into cities and huddled in slums. The outbreaks of desperation, like the Lawrence, Mass., strike, and the infamous conditions of the cotton mills has been the result. The capitalists have benefited, but the cloth workers have suffered. The bottle blowers used to get good pay. The blowing machine is taking their jobs away. Machines are displacing the workers and forcing them to be tramps. The bread lines of our cities are the result of inventions controlled by the capitalist class.

Inventions of the machine gun, of powerful explosives, of nickel-plate are burdening the world with crushing military burdens—to the benefit of the capitalist class.

Inventions displace human labor power by machine labor. The workers are forced to compete for the fewer jobs and their wages hover round the cost of living when employed and they are forced to starve when out of work.

While production increases marvellously, the condition of the working class grows worse. Wages in the past few years have not advanced as fast as the cost of living. But new millionaires have been created by the hundred, while the old millionaires have grown to be multi-millionaires.

Wage Slave Inventors

"What about Edison? There is an inventor who has become a capitalist. Why cannot all inventors become capitalists like him?" Edison got in right, and has the capitalist mind as well. He has succeeded, and because of his success many inventors cannot succeed.

Edison has established a plant at his home in the State of New Jersey. He employs many persons. He gets keen minds to work for him.

These employees are constantly busy experimenting. If they discover any new thing, it belongs to Edison who employs them and pays them their slave pay.

Edison is not a single inventor. He is a capitalist and his results are the work of many inventors.

He is an example of the newer form of exploitation of inventors.

Capitalists realize that inventors can discover many things of benefit to the master class. Consequently inventors are hired to invent. They get their pay and the employers get the invention.

In Germany the manufacturers employ skilled chemists to experiment and discover new processes.

American universities are beginning to place inventors on their staffs. Particularly the state universities, supported and paid by the various states, are paying inventors and

scientists to work at problems whereby the production in the state can be stimulated and the processes shortened.

It is discovered that inventors working together can do better than inventors working separately. The problems to be solved are complex. The inventing staff will divide the work and each experiment on his own section of the problem.

Individual invention is being replaced by collective invention.

And the collective inventors are paid a salary and their inventions are the property of those who pay.

Capitalism is exploiting the inventor more and more for the benefit of the capitalist class.

The inventor has nothing to lose but his chains by the coming of Socialism.

The Inventor Under Socialism

Capitalism prepares its own grave. It creates the conditions which necessitate its own death.

It is stimulating the invention so that machines take the place of human labor.

Those machines owned by capitalists, make the displaced workers unemployed. The machines, owned collectively by labor, will make the workers supreme in society.

Instead of the workers working ten hours a day at the machines for a couple of dollars a day for the profit of millionaires and multi-millionaires, all will have an opportunity to work, and the common labor of all will cut the working hours of the workers and raise their income.

Where now they work ten hours a day, for two dollars, under Socialism they will work four or five hours a day for an income equal to eight or ten dollars a day now.

Under capitalism the average inventor starves, or gets a small salary from the master class for long hours.

Under Socialism no doubt those inventors who prove their ability will be free from the necessity of other labor and can devote all their time to devising ways whereby the labor of all will be made lighter.

Those inventors who have not proved their ability will have plenty of leisure and funds to carry on experiments with.

The position of the inventor under Socialism will be far higher than under capitalism.

"Drunkness is increasing in Great Britain," says a capitalist sheet, and with its usual avidity to sidetrack an issue, hints that the weather has something to do with the increased booze bill in Great Britain. Poverty comes before drunkenness. The masters of the old country have robbed and pillaged the workers till the gaunt spectre of poverty is haunting city and country alike. Drunkenness naturally follows in its wake. It is the only balm for a crushed and starved soul, and a terrible balm at that. Beaten to the last ditch, and with no hope of ever being able to rise again, the worker snatches at the last ray of hope to feel like a man again, and be able to look his brother man in the face. He drinks, his spirits are buoyant, he feels equal to a king in power, the capitalist system which has dragged him into the gutter looks to him as of no account and childishly impotent. It is only for a short time. He awakes. He is still in poverty and his despair is greater than ever. His friends of the gutter do not care for his company. He drinks again. And again. Those who have never suffered the pangs of hunger or carried the oppressive burden of poverty blame the man himself. They jump over the head of the real cause brute, and attack the victim in his poverty and misery. Thoughtlessness.

A non-Socialist returning to the States from Canada wished to subscribe for Cotton's Weekly to be sent to his American home. He was told to wait till he crossed the border and then subscribe for the Appeal. He could not understand it, as he was imbued with the capitalist spirit, and wondered why we did not grab on to his money. Every paper to the States and from the States requires a one cent stamp, so subs from the Appeal here and from Cotton's Weekly there are only enriching the postoffice department. It costs a dollar bill to send a yearly sub to the States. If a comrade in the States wants a Socialist paper it would pay him better to send his dollar to the Appeal and get four forty-week subs sent anywhere in the States. If a Canadian comrade wishes to get the Appeal it will cost him a dollar. Would his dollar not go further and cover more ground if he sent four forty-week subs to Canadians? Why should you, pay the capitalist government fifty cents for sending a fifty cent paper to your friend for a year? A lot of Socialism is being held from the public by this method.

"That man was born tired," said a boss of a factory a short time ago, in pointing out a workman to a visitor. Perhaps the boss spoke with more truth than he was aware of. The visitor made a quiet little investigation of his own, and discovered that the man's father was a worker who had been broken down in the factories he had worked in. His mother was forced to attend to the wants of a family and take in washing besides, before and after the "tired" man was born. The husband's wages were small, and the wife worked night and day to help in rearing the family. Is it any wonder the aforesaid man was "born tired"? Further investigation revealed the fact that every other member of the family, male and female, were obsessed by that "tired feeling." Were these people responsible for their condition? Or do you think that the capitalist system had something to do with it?

Today the inventor scarcely ever receives any reward for his genius. He is forced to take his invention to the capitalists and get backing. He gets what they leave, and that is about enough to keep him in existence until he can perfect some other idea for them to coin money from.

Capitalism supplies the incentive for people to kill each other for gain, and often forces the workers to fly at each other's throats to provide profits for the capitalists.

Armageddon

Armageddon looms ahead of the nations of Europe.

Germany is piling up armaments at an increasing the standing army. France has forced three year service instead of a year service for her recruits. Great Britain is now spending for armaments yearly more than the whole of Europe spent in 1896.

In Austria the government has been arming C.P.R. agents for enticing Austrian recruits to emigrate to Canada.

The nations are facing each other in arms. And not only this, but each country is facing revolution from within.

Should the world war break forth, there be complications. The class conscious proletariat of each country will do their utmost to prevent and hinder the world war.

Should Britain and Germany declare the peoples would revolt against their government.

These governments would declare martial law. Civil courts would be abrogated drum-head court martials.

Truly, if Armageddon comes, there will be terrible times.

Peace societies are powerless. Bryan Carnegie and the other henchmen of the thieves are puny creatures.

There is only one force, the International Socialist Movement, that can prevent war. Canadian comrades have a mighty world salvation to perform.

Their work lies in fighting the military it that the master class is endeavoring to engender in the hearts of the Canadian people.

The plan of colonial troops for the empire means colonial troops to shoot revolting British workers when they against Germany is declared.

The Canadian patriot is not with Borden or Lord Strathcona, or Hughes.

The Canadian patriot is with the class movement of Canada, the class working-class movement who are posed to Borden and to Laurier and the tary mongers, our so-called eminent citizens.

You have a real work to do, Canadian. See that you do it.

Who Throws A Vote?

No, you don't throw away your vote you vote the Socialist ticket.

You throw away your vote if you vote a capitalist ticket, the Grit or Tory ticket. The man who votes against the set is the one who throws away your vote the Grit or Tory ticket against your own interest.

The Conservative and Liberal for the continuation of the present which robs you. They are run of the capitalist class.

If you vote Grit or Tory to strengthen and perpetuate the enemies, so that they can count you.

Your ballot is a strong and hard when you vote for Borden or hand that club over to the capitalist. "Please smash me over that!"

And they smash you, all right. If you vote the Socialist ticket it does not win, you strengthen the party which is destined to you.

The only way in which you throwing away your vote is by Socialist ticket.

The only way in which you can vote hasten the day of your delivering the Socialist ticket.

To vote any other ticket is to your chains thicker.

Socialism is not a far-off dream have that erroneous notion in your head that get it out the better. Socialism is the next step.

This is demonstrated by the constant increase in the Socialist vote in the civilized world.

No, Socialism is not a far-off steadily advancing. Students of coming to the front every day.

ies of Socialism are inquiring, taking up the study. The capitalist advancing throng, and are making frantic efforts to skin the weak and pile up a horde for the day the system will be swept away.

Purity in Elections

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a fit subject for the gods, and Borden come. In his recent speech at Joliet October 18th, Sir Wilfrid came to the elections.

His pet, Sidney Fisher, late Agriculture, has gone to defeat guay bye-election. Bob Rogers the field, and from far and near heeled had flocked to Chateaugay the Liberal candidate.

Bob Rogers being in the count of the Liberal voters being the voters who went to defeat.

Now Laurier comes forward a purify. He has forgotten the cord in Brome, from which Fisher come. He said not a word of the Liberal record for corruption had been. Fisher had been successful bigger pork barrel was opened.

Evidently in Chateaugay also will be a pork barrel was also opened, and the hogs rooted where the feeding was best.

Sir Wilfrid is indignant, but never says Borden. In Borden's Halifax plat was a plank for purity in elections but den cynically holds to the belief that pl are good to get in on.

When he was in opposition and the reptile fund was in the control of the Liberals, Borden wailed aloud for purity. Now that the reptile fund is in the control of Borden's party, Laurier wails aloud for purity in elections.

It is only the very ordinary kind of human fool that will take Laurier's pretense of purity for anything more than a great gob of hot air—or Borden's pretenses.

The Individual and the Universe

How often you hear the capitalist boast of individuality and his energy. He lays stress upon his own activity. The capitalist is a small being in the wide activity of the universe. His energy and his individuality is a small drop in the great ocean of social activity.

Following is a chapter taken from "The World's Revolutions," by Chad H. Kerr and Co., Chicago. The book can be had at Cotton's for 25c. We publish it to show how small individual initiative of the capitalist is in the total of the world forces.

.....
You ever been adrift on the ocean in a boat? Have you ever been all alone in that mighty solitude of sky and sea, with one-half inch of wood between your life and a water grave five thousand fathoms deep? Did you ever realize what it means to have nothing but your own isolated train, and muddle to pit against the over-riding forces of nature?

A man, and one tiny boat, against a thousand miles of heaving brine and the unbridled power of heaven!
I tried to foresee and overcome the waves, the giant waves, the scorching heat, the drenching rain, the cold and lonely, and to control the wild ravings of animal body that would turn you to yourself, that would prompt you to your want supply of food and drink in the sea.

A pair of tired eyes to watch for the blue outline of some welcome island, for a shadow of some far-off sail looming in the midst, or for the curling wreath of a steamer's smoke tracing a grey across the fleecy clouds above the sky.

Right arm to hold the heavy steering wheel left hand to pull the straining sheet hoisting sail.
So on from day to day, from week to week, persevering, denying a hearing to content on only one thing—to come out against all odds and land in some where you may pursue your normal life.

One individual against the universe! Is that in its logical extreme?

Dualism? No! A complete refutation of individualist philosophy! Let the insatiable thinker try this experience. It is sure against the rampant conceit of the ego.

I live to tell this tale, if I won the winds, the solitude, and the weakness, if I landed safely in the Pacific ocean, if victory to my own unaided magnificent personality? I finally stood panting on the beach of a tiny island, and I cried of defiance at the wild on and the white surf dashed against the coral reef, two which I had found an open lagoon.

I down upon the warm sand, I felt a violent reaction of thought was of her whose hand touched my veins and had cheered and inspired me my mother. It was she who, a thousand miles away, had feared, and hoped, and won by a love would some day draw me to her.

I thought was of that other, and chest and shoulders and I as models of mine, and whose in my veins with that of my mother. It was she who, a thousand miles away, had feared, and hoped, and won by a love would some day draw me to her.

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sands of years of invention and improvement. Without fire, coal mines, ore mines, and smelting and casting processes, these would not have been there.

And that old, battered tin pail, with its spun-yarn lanyard; where would I have been without them, when the green combers threatened to swamp my boat? Those weather-worn and bleached ropes of Manila fiber which served as a sheet and as halyards for my sail, and which had helped me to starve and course as well as that twelve-foot cork had done; how many different men of different nationalities had toiled before I handled them?

I did not make the woolen sweater that had kept me warm, nor the oil-clothes that had protected me against the rain and salt-spray, nor the rubber boots that were proof against the water and the sharp gravel. Every stitch of clothes I possessed was the work of others whom I had never known. And so were the ship's biscuits and the last can of salmon that constituted my supply of food.

All these things were there only because the united efforts of millions had been spent for a million years in producing the tools and materials, which were the indispensable requirements for the manufacture of food, clothing, shelter, and means of transportation. And unless these united efforts of millions continued, these things would soon be worn out or consumed, and I would be more helpless than the crabs which crawled around me in search of their prey.

But my brain at least—no, it was not all my own, either. The blood of the past millions had left its traces also in it. And the knowledge which was stored up in it, was it not due to those who had taught me, and did not those teachers of mine owe their experience and wisdom to the accumulated study of all humanity?

I, too, accumulated some experience and new knowledge in my own life, but every bit of it was built on a foundation which others had laid for me, and my life would serve to fertilize the lives of those with whom I might come in contact, and who would be my offspring, physically or intellectually.

Had not millions helped to build up human language and thought? The polar star, the southern cross, the sun, and the moon, were my friends only because others had taught me to understand their position and movements. My familiarity with the compass, my knowledge of geography, my ability to find my way across the boundless ocean, to calculate the drift of currents, and to reckon with the nature of the monsoon winds—all these I owe them without the stored-up intelligence of the past.

And if my mind were to remain isolated on this tropical island, without the stimulating interchange of thought with other advanced minds, could I ever become intellectually what I might be among men of my own race? I might scatter the seeds of a new intelligence among the barbarian aborigines of Mindanao, but my own mental development would lack the support of the white man's mind.

But here or there, my personality had to express itself with the means which it found at hand, and to go through the joys and trials of existence as my environment would dictate. How hard I had fought to preserve my existence in human form! And all the time, while I thought I was struggling alone, millions of allies had struggled to help me. The universe had not all been against me.

The mighty ocean of air with its swift winds had not only threatened my life, but also filled my sail and carried my safely into this placid lagoon. And the oxygen in it had expanded my lungs and given vigor to my blood. Nor was human life alone conditioned on the atmosphere. The trees and flowers and the animal denizens of the ocean jungle at my back required it as much as I did. Aye, the very sands on which I stood, and the waters all around me, were permeated by this living breath.

Neither had the waters been always my enemies. The same ocean that had raged furiously around my boat had also calmed itself along pleasantly. The rain that had drenched me had also quenched my thirst and bathed my body. And yonder flowers greeted the cool showers as gladly as my parched lips did. Those crabs, and fishes, and turtles, and those myriads of coral animals out there at the reef, depend for their lives on the sea, yet not one whit more than the pearls on the Russian steppes or the berries on the inland mountains, one thousand miles away from the ocean. Without the oceans, the climate and seasons on any part of the globe would not be what they are.

And still closer bonds make me kin to the land, the sea, the air, and to their animals and plants. The air and the ocean are inseparable to me, and both feel the kiss of the sun. Without that kiss, without light and heat, the earth could not have given birth to its teeming life. It is only because land and sea and air are wedded in the burning embrace of the sun that mankind, animals and plants live. My blood, like that of the animals, and the plants, all have the same from the same primordial matter. Even to this day crystals, flowers, animals, and men, all develop out of one single cell, and the same primitive sensations stir their young souls. Take away light, air, land, and water, and you rob my soul of its life as surely as you crush the souls of all other earthborn things.

Yes, I had many friends in the universe. Some of them were so mysterious and silent that I should never have suspected their presence had not others, wiser than I, shown them to me. In my lonely nights on the ocean, I had seen some sudden light arising far away in the dark recesses of the starry firmament. I knew then that billions of miles away, a world had suddenly closed its career. Just as I had been struggling with the elements, and yet was part and parcel of them, so a world had struggled far away on the remotest boundaries of the universe, and yet I knew it, and lost the fight. And yet millions of others survived, and while I had seen the destruction of one, I watched the luminous nebulae in the broad Milky Way, which were worlds in the first stages of their formation. While some worlds were scattering their atoms through space, others were gathering and concentrating them. And like a giant copy of my own little craft, our globe was floating through it all on the endless ocean of the universe. And though the thoughts of the things on the surface of this world could not communicate directly with those of other worlds, yet all these worlds were in touch with one another, attracting or repelling each other across millions of miles of space, rallying around a common sun in defense against the invasions of roving citizens of the skies, or rejecting affiliation with the solar systems known to us and listening to the call of their affinities in unknown recesses of the heavenly deep, to where man's boldest imagination had never strayed.

These same silent forces that make worlds

kin or foe are also active in every feeling thing from the center to the surface of this globe and of all others. In response to the attraction of the sun and moon the boiling lava rises in the womb of the earth when the tides of the ocean rise. And other silent allies help these forces to draw the nourishing juices from the soil up into the organs of the plants. The knowing ones among men are well aware that the moon and the sun affect the plant and animal life of this globe profoundly, even to the most intimate functions of the organs of the body.

This old earth of ours changes its structure as gradually as our own bodies, and as the earth changes, so do all things on and in the earth change with it.

Revolution of world against world, of water against fire, of land against sea and sea against land; revolution of these against the plants and animals and mankind; revolutions of these against one another: this is the endless chain of the world-process. Who will survive?

Yet in the midst of this struggle there is much mutual help. It is not all hate. From the time that primitive cells clustered together into a colony, love and mutual assistance mitigated the struggle for life in many ways. Self-defense compelled men and things to exterminate others. Yet the care for their mates and their offspring planted the germs of comradeship.

As man's powers grow, so the circle of comradeship is gradually extended. It does not stop at human comradeship. First man protected some animals and plants for his own interest against all others. Gradually they combined their forces to rule this globe. But not all plants and animals serve man as food or selects some to cheer him by their colors, their voices, or their affection. And so the bonds of love embrace more and more forms in the world. As these bonds grow the animal and plant pets of man develop a greater beauty or a greater intellectual reach.

So I stood on the silent beach of Mindanao and watched the gold of the evening fade away into cooler tints. And while the dark shadows crept over the dense swamp, the white beach, the green lagoon, the dark-blue ocean beyond the reef, merging them all in one opaque color, I wondered whether the gloom would settle down some day just like that on the whole world. And I thought of the birth and death of those other worlds.

But beyond this line human intelligence has never penetrated. We know only that the universe has evolved its myriad forms, of which the human mind or soul is an inseparable part, by natural processes which follow one out of the other. But what was the first world-process and whence came the material for it?

Faith has an answer, and science another. But both answers amount to the same thing. We do not know. Faith says in addition: We shall never know. Science cries: We will know all, and we shall!

But soon friend Sleep took me in his arms and blotted these questions from my mind. When the moon rose and painted a silvery wake over lagoon and ocean a lonely sailor slumbered in the bottom of his boat, rolled up in his sail, and the thick foliage of a deep cove in the swamp hid him from view. And yet he was not alone. The universe was in him and he was in the universe. And neither his body nor the universe were perfectly at rest. Within him, a ceaseless change of tissue, an endless struggle of ideas, even though he was not conscious of them; without him, the same endless struggle throughout the universe. Within him and without him, the world's revolutions went their way. And the tiny voice of some strident insect sang the eternal melody: "There is no rest."

American Notes

A free speech fight is on in Seattle, Wash. Forty-five Socialists were thrown in jail.

Public feeling was so high that the newspapers and citizens demanded the release of the prisoners that were confined on sentences ranging from \$100 to \$400 fines and imprisonment to six months, and the authorities had to let the Socialists their unconditional release.

Socialist Attorneys Kirk and McKee, of San Diego, Cal., who were sentenced to three months imprisonment on an allegation of "conspiring to violate San Diego's anti-free speech ordinance" have been pardoned by Governor Hiram W. Johnson.

Morris Hillquit, the well known Socialist attorney, writer and lecturer, who worked for the Socialist cause till he was broken in health, has, after a trip to Europe, returned in the best of health, and entered the New York municipal campaign with renewed vigor.

State troopers rode down the copper strikers at Calumet, Mich. John J. McElroy, who was arrested in the strike, was released.

Jasper McLevey, Socialist, and president of the Bridgeport Central Labor Union, was elected first vice-president of the Connecticut State Federation of Labor.

Republican police are doing their masters' bidding in the Buffalo free speech fight. Laid-off bystanders are treated like dogs, and the police are arresting Socialists every day. The Socialists have the sympathy of the general populace, and are determined to win Buffalo to the cause.

Republicans and Democrats of Sunbury, Pa. are making great headway in the State of Oklahoma. Several measures that the railway corporations and the interests have tried to sneak through have been defeated by the people at the polls on different occasions. The farmers oppose the very favorably disposed to Socialist propaganda, and largely through their political support a majority of Socialists have been elected on the State Board of Agriculture, which is one of the most important governing bodies in the commonwealth.

Flaming Socialists at Virginia Minn., have built a \$40,000 open house. They raised \$10,000 during the past six months by holding lectures, dances and entertainments. The Flims can hardly be surpassed when it comes down to hustling.

The convention of the Utah State Federation of Labor made a really remarkable departure from "pure and simple" unionism by endorsing Socialism and urging the workers of the State to study its doctrine.

THE PASSING SHOW

By Sam Atkinson, Provincial Organizer of the S.D.P. of C., British Columbia.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIENCE.

I met a man one day who had a wooden leg. Thinking he needed sympathy I expressed my sorrow for his condition. With a smile he replied, "Oh, that's all right. Wooden legs run in our family." That was his little joke. Sometimes I think that wooden heads run in families. The man who votes for the Conservative or Liberal parties because his father and grandfather did belongs to this class. There are a great many things we do as a result of heredity and environment. We are discussing these questions in the Dominion Theatre on Sunday evenings.

A MUNICIPAL PROGRAM.

On Tuesday evenings we are discussing various phases of "A Socialist Municipal Program." The meetings are held in Hamilton Hall, at the corner of Hamilton and Dunsmuir streets. We are having interesting discussions in preparation for the time when we can put the ideas into practice. Emil Seidel of Milwaukee, spent a day with me recently, and told me how it was that the Social Democrats in Milwaukee first entered into municipal politics. They had been stove-pipe philosophers for a long time. After the close of one of their meetings, a white haired old man arose and asked to be allowed to speak. He was given the floor and submitted his question in the following manner: "I am seventy years of age. I have sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. At the most I do not expect to live more than ten years, but I would like to find out what is going to be done for those who come after me. My question is: What are you Socialists going to do for me?"

For several Sundays this question was repeated until the comrades decided that they ought at any rate to make the attempt to do something. As a result they went into municipal politics, and if they have not gained all they desired, they have at least won the palm for educational propaganda. We hear a great deal about political and industrial action. What we need is ACTION.

NANAIMO.

The first thing I did during my visit to Nanaimo last week was to take a peep at a new baby. This little mortal was only four days old. It was so chubby that I came to the conclusion that it was placed in my arms as a sample. But I do not want babies if they have to come into the midst of the struggle in the same manner in which this youngster did. The mother went to the edge of the grave to give this one life. She desired the presence above everything else of the man who is the father of her six children. But presence was denied. Her husband is in the Nanaimo jail. Judge Howay was appealed to. He said that if the woman was dying and a medical certificate to that effect was forthcoming, the man might be taken by the police officials to stand by the bedside of his wife. If that is British Columbia law, to hell with the law.

The mere fact that a woman is to become a mother should be sufficient ground for any man to be allowed to go to his home. This man was not a convicted prisoner. He is simply waiting trial. There is no charge against him. He worked for the organization of the miners. He was fighting to secure better conditions for the six little mouths he has to feed. His name is George Pettigrew. At one time the mother's chances were slim. By the court's refusal she might have died of a broken heart had she not been of such sturdy stock. Had she died, somebody would have been a murderer. Our little man-made laws have to be respected though the highest moral law be broken.

I sat in another home with a man of thirty. On the walls of the little parlor were four large photographs of four good looking young men. At the time the pictures were taken, they were all under thirty years of age. One was the picture of my host. The other three are dead. Three out of four. All violent deaths. One died in the Extension explosion of four years ago when thirty-two men were killed. All of them were under thirty-five years of age. They were the pride of Lady Smith. Another was crushed by a fall of a roof in the mines, and the third died by his own hand. Three out of four, all leaving young wives and little children to face life alone. This is a terrible toll. The miners' conditions may be improved to the satisfaction of the men themselves, but they will always take their lives in their hands however good working conditions may be. They are fighting for recognition of the union, and when they get it the McElroy and Bowser government will compel them to commit suicide. Without a change of government and their own gas commission it is folly for them to go back to work.

When the women on Vancouver Island realize that this intelligent government intends to keep their husbands awaiting trial until December there will be an outbreak that the police and militia will be powerless to quell.

RALPH SMITH SUGGESTS THE FORMATION OF A LIBERAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

A correspondent asks me for the name of the greatest Socialist now living. I do not know who is the greatest Socialist now living. We do not make comparisons in that way. We judge men by their deeds and not their reputation. I can name the greatest Socialist Organizer now living. His name is Bowser. How about it, W. U., isn't he making more Socialists than anybody else? Why, even Ralph Smith, M.P., is aroused to the political opportunity. He would like us to rally around the flag of Liberal Democracy. I'd give my bottom dollar to hear Ralph presenting this proposition at a meeting of the miners in Nanaimo. Give the dog a dose of Liberal Democracy, Ralph. If he survives, we might analyze it.

Talking about the dog reminds us that every dog has his day. You should know something about that old proverb, Ralph.

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

One of the imprisoned miners in Nanaimo was taken sick with appendicitis. He was taken to the Nanaimo hospital. Six special policemen were detailed to watch him. They sat beside his bed in shifts of eight hours, two men at a time. For fifteen days this procedure was followed. They escorted him to the toilet. Just about what they were fit for. He was never left, day or night. This costs the Province of British Columbia twenty-one dollars per day, or three hundred and fifteen dollars for the fifteen days. This is how the brilliant statesmanship of Bowser arranges the expenditure of the people's money.

The working hand—is what is needed for the capitalist's tool, and so the human must be reduced to a hand.

British Justice a Myth

Editor Cotton's:—During the past few days many strange things have happened. A new law has been given by the Privy Council in England and put in operation at a moment's notice, to the effect that peaceful picketing is prohibited, and this is daily adding numbers to the provincial jail in Nanaimo. Also during the past week Mr. Geo. Pettigrew, National Board Member U.M.W.A., has been thrown into jail on a trumped-up charge. The policy seems to be one of trying to get the men out of the way, and more especially the men active in national and local affairs.

In prison at present are national men Angelo Pettigrew, Vice-President Taylor, local presidents Guthrie, Naylor and Monahan, and last week Ratcliff, president of Nanaimo, local, was liberated, as also Pattinson, national organizer. The secretaries of Nanaimo, S. Wellington and Lodysmith locals are also inside the bars. Up to date nearly two hundred have been penned up, and no sign of a end.

While men are in jail and in the power of the authorities, they are remanded from time to time, and no bail allowed. The other day some men were brought up to have their formal hearing after three weeks imprisonment, and when they were brought up, as no evidence could be proved against them.

When the defense lawyer protested at men being held for so long a period and no evidence, he was promptly told that they (the authorities) would continue to do so till they found out whether or not the prisoners were guilty. This is an example of British justice, and how the striking miners of Vancouver Island are railroaded to jail.

Once inside, the liberties hitherto granted to men not sentenced, have been withdrawn relative to food, etc., being handed in. The treatment is disgraceful, one man because of a bad throat, never tasted food for four days before medical attendance was had, and after being taken to the hospital, was rushed to the court house in an auto two consecutive days, the first day with the doctor's permission, the second without it, and in consequence of such treatment, the prisoner was for a few days in a dying condition.

The coercive political power that is at present being brought to bear upon the striking miners by the powers that be, is having this effect, that the men are more determined than ever to win in this struggle. If this strike has done anything it has brought into being the splendid solidarity of the miners.

In view of this end, notwithstanding the wholesale arrests and inhuman treatment meted out to the men by local authorities, aided and abetted by Dominion and Provincial governments, the miners of Vancouver Island are determined to stand firm and render futile any move on the part of the coal barons to cause a division in their ranks. A short time will see a change, for in this fight we have experienced the organized effort of industrial tyranny and political brutality. Experience has gone home, and more workers than ever realize the fact that in this class struggle intelligent, effective organization, industrially and politically, is the only hope of the workers in this struggle for the present "peace" and the ultimate goal of economic emancipation.—J. E. R.

Happiness and Work

"Human happiness is based upon the possibility of a natural and harmonious satisfaction of the instincts. One of the most important of the instincts is not usually recognized as such, namely, the instinct of workmanship. Lawyers, criminologists, and philosophers frequently imagine that it is only want that makes men work. This is an enormous view. We are instinctively forced to be active, in the same way as ants or bees. The instinct of workmanship would be the greatest source of happiness if it were not for the fact that our present social and economic organization allows only a few to satisfy this instinct."—Professor Loeb, in "Comparative Psychology."

Under Socialism all would have the opportunity of satisfying the instinct of workmanship. Digging and degrading work now done merely for profit would be abolished. The organization of industry would also permit ample leisure for recreation to exercise their energies in any direction they liked.

The Magic of Ownership

Defenders of private property and private enterprise argue that private ownership is necessary to stimulate people to do their best. If that is true, they ought to "divide up" the land and the capital, so that every person could feel the stimulus of ownership. Ownership of land and capital is possible only for the few under present conditions. Consequently the majority of the people must lack that magical stimulus of ownership.

Under Socialism every citizen would be a joint owner of the land and capital of the country. The country would be OURS, and the fruits of it. The music of US and OURS would be more magical than the snarl of MINE.

Human Nature

Human nature cannot be altered! Yet we used to burn witches. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we used to hang people for stealing bread. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we used to flog children to work. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we send drunkards to inebriate houses. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we teach children morals and manners. Human nature cannot be altered. But we alter it. Therefore Socialism is possible.

Socialism and Progress

There are wild people in Asia who cannot form a tribe or society. They cannot agree to live together. These people are real individualists. They believe in "Every man for himself." A society—any society—involves a measure of Socialism. We are all Socialists when it is a question of restraining the murderer, the child beater, or the burglar. We are all Socialists when it is a question of public schools or postage stamps. All progress has been due to the growth of Socialism in society—to the co-operation of the whole people, or groups of people, for certain purposes. Socialism is the only way to progress.

Why do Socialists oppose military burdens? The cost of four Dreadnoughts would provide 70,000 cottages for rural workers in Great Britain. Which is better, warfare, or the sane housing of the people?

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The two capitalist parties relieve each other in support of the capitalist system. The capitalist system relieves the class of what they produce.

