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W. H. COTTON, Editor

Cotton's Weekly

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This is No. 139

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, MAY 11, 1911

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Gab Fest at Ottawa

M.P.'s Talk Useless Rot at Ottawa at a Cost of \$11 per Minute, while Unnecessary Want Walks the Streets of Our Cities and Haunts the Shacks of Our Prairies.

FOREWARD

To many, Cotton's Weekly appears to be wild and unreasonable. To many it seems that Cotton's Weekly says harsh things about honorable gentlemen without cause. A good many common people, whom Lanctot declared God liked because "He made so many of them, feel kindly towards their fellowmen in whatsoever position they may be placed, and whatsoever they may do as long as these fellowmen continue to smile and reach out a glad hand with a hearty grip to it.

We who are Socialists, who have studied history and psychology, who know the motives actuating men, who have analyzed modern political activity, forget sometimes that we have weaker brethren who are deceived and know not they are deceived. We denounce without giving the reasons why we denounce. To us the robberies of the capitalist class and the malicious activity of their political jackals at Ottawa are so apparent that we take it for granted that all the exploited farmers and wage slaves of this fair Dominion of ours must of necessity see these fellowmen in their true light, as the destroyers of freedom who fatten on the sufferings of others.

But we must remember that we have studied. Many wage slaves and farmers are kept so busy working for the capitalists that they have little time to reason out why they must spend such laborious days in this age of invention, labor saving machines and rapid production of the necessities of life. They feel lonely and when the political jackal of the master class reaches out the warm hand they feel touched and vote for the representative that rises on their votes to betray them into deeper slavery.

The limitations to study, on the part of those whose bodies are so wearied by labor that they have little energy left to give to their brains that their minds may think out the cunning schemes of their rulers, is one of the reasons for this. The fact remains that the political betrayers of the toilers grow to great power on the slavery of the men they legislate into slavery. Walt Whitman declared that he was continually surprised at great masses of men being moved by men who had no faith in men. Tennyson says:

Plowmen, shepherds, have I found,
and more than once, and still
could find,

Sons of God, and kings of men in utter
nobleness of mind,
Truthful, trustful, looking upward to
the practised hushings liar;

So the Higher yields the Lower,
while the Lower is the Higher.

I have frequently said that the lawyers are the jackals of the capitalist class. I have frequently said that the two parties at Ottawa are both capitalist parties and that their opposition against one another means nothing. It is a fake opposition which is staged for the fooling of the toiling population of Canada to deceive them into thinking that their rights are being protected. I have frequently said that Parliament is a gabfest and that the only work done is that done for the master class. I wish in the present article to show you one day's activity in Parliament. I wish to show you just what a fake game your representatives are playing. I have taken for this purpose the discussion in Parliament that took place on Thursday, April 27th. When I have finished I hope you will see just how you are fooled, and wake to a realization of the necessity of electing Socialists to Parliament, who will use the political power you give them to benefit the wealth producers of Canada.

ADELARD LANCTOT, M. P.

You no doubt remember the spurge made in the capitalist papers about Adelard Lanctot, M. P., the honorable Member of Parliament for the electoral district of Richieu, P. Q. The town of Sorel is the home of this gentleman, who by the way, is an advocate. Sorel is noted for being one of the show graft places of the Liberal government. You remember the exposures that took place over the management of the Department of the Marine Fisheries. There were all kinds of graft in this Department. The Liberal government so far has refused to investigate thoroughly the graft in this branch of the

service. A little corner was raised and Sorel was brought into unpleasant prominence in this connection. For Sorel is one of the chief centres where wage slaves are employed by the Marine Department of Canada and where paints, oils, ships and supplies of the Department are prepared and stored.

Adelard Lanctot, M. P., Advocate, born 1874 and Liberal M. P., since 1907, had the happy lot of being an M. P. and of living in the government town of Sorel. In 1909 he began to build a house. In May 1910 the house was so far completed as to be ready for the painters. Adelard Lanctot, M. P., interviewed the government employees of Sorel and as a result the wage slaves of the government were put to work painting the house of this honorable gentleman. The paints and oils were furnished out of the government stores. Government painters were at work during the months of July, August, September and October, according to the sworn testimony of some of the painters.

It was quite a large house. Mr. Lanctot evidently found the practise of his profession, or his political activity, or his parasite revenues from the sweat of robbed laborers very large, for the painting came to quite an amount. When questions began to arise about Mr. Lanctot's house and there appeared to be trouble brewing, Mr. Lanctot gave a check to the government officials on November 22nd 1910 for the sum of \$375.00 as payment for the government wage slaves employed in painting his mansion. (What wage slave in Canada can afford to live in a house which costs \$375.00 in labor alone to paint?) This check was not cashed until January 12th, 1911. The bill for government paints and oils furnished by the government was \$81.60. This was paid. The total came to \$457.20. Bear that amount in mind.

The workers were furnished in a slip shod manner. The time was kept on loose leaves shoved into the corner of a desk and brought forth when demanded by a parliamentary committee. The workers swore they were employed eight weeks. The time-keeper swore they were employed two weeks, in some cases. Some witnesses swore that the work done was less than \$457.20. Other witnesses swore the work was worth from \$700 to \$1000. So you see there was considerable difference of opinion about the value of the work done. It was not until the matter was ventilated and became a public scandal that the loose time sheets were forthcoming. The check was given when the matter had become public talk and was not cashed until there was a certainty of a public investigation.

The Independence Parliament Act, chapter 10 of the Senate and House of Commons Act, section 14 reads as follows:

NO PERSON, directly or indirectly, alone or with any other, by himself or by the interposition of any trustee or third party, holding or ENJOYING, undertaking or executing ANY CONTRACT OR AGREEMENT, EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED, with or for the government of Canada on behalf of the Crown, or WITH or for ANY OF THE OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA, FOR WHICH ANY PUBLIC MONEY OF CANADA IS TO BE PAID, shall be eligible as a member of the House of Commons, or SHALL SET OR VOTE IN THE SAID HOUSE.

Read the words in capitals and find out for yourself just what right Adelard Lanctot has to sit and vote.

THE FAKE FIGHT IS STAGED

Here we have a brief sketch of the facts. An M. P. is caught using government property. He has enjoyed the services of workmen and materials in the employ of the government for which government moneys have been paid. When the matter becomes public he repays the government in part at least for the services and materials rendered. According to the Act he is at least technically guilty in the eyes of the law. There is a situation prepared in which a great show of fighting can be displayed. Much language can be employed. Lawyers will have a chance to talk. The people can be deceived with a great flourish of words. The common people out of whose unpaid labor the capitalists get all their revenues will see a fight staged for their particular observance and may be led to think that the Members of Parliament are fighting and opposing one another all for the benefit of the dear people. The Members of Parliament, in order to deceive the people, actually spent eleven and one-half hours discussing the matter and putting up a great word battle. And every member of Parliament laughed in his sleeve while the fake fight was going on. For each and all of them knew what the decision would be before the gabfest started.

The newspapers were pressed into the service. The Tory papers came out in flaring headlines, telling of the awful case of Adelard Lanctot, M. P., who was caught grafting. The Liberal papers defended Adelard Lanctot and declared that he had paid back every cent to the government for work done and had only got the government workers to do the job because there were absolutely no unemployed painter wage slaves on the commodity market to be bought and he could only get the work done by borrowing the government wage slaves which the government officers lent him in order that the poor man need not live in his magnificent mansion during the winter months and suffer the mental tortures of an artistic soul because of its unpainted and hideous appearance.

When the capitalist publicity agencies had sufficiently ballyhooed the coming word battle in Parliament to the common muffs who are robbed by almost every law passed by the capitalist jackal legislators at Ottawa, the leading talkers among the M. P.'s unlimbered themselves and got to work.

THE COST OF TALK

It will be well, I think, at this point, to discover to you the cost of talk. We say that lawyers come high. That talk is cheap except when it is done by a lawyer or notary or doctor. The wage slaves must produce food, clothing and shelter. They must clothe the bodies of their masters in fine cloth. They must build big houses for them and pleasure grounds, and delicate foods. They must labor long hours and get on an average less than two dollars a day.

The professional man lets loose a string of unproductive words and these words come high.

Adelard Lanctot, M. P., is an advocate. The discussion of his conduct in Parliament lasted eleven and one-half hours. Save for a few questions asked the speakers and a few words interjected into the discourses, there were thirteen Members of Parliament who took part in the discussion and of these thirteen members, TEN WERE LAWYERS, TWO WERE DOCTORS AND ONE WAS A NOTARY.

Let us see how much these speeches cost the country. Let us look into the expense of this sham fight arranged by the supporters of the capitalist parasites in order that the workers might be fooled. We cannot tell how much Parliament will cost this year, but we know how much it cost last year and we can come pretty near finding out just what these speeches cost the country.

The last session of Parliament lasted from November 11th, 1909 to May 14th, 1910, or a hundred and seventy-five days. The cost of the members of Parliament to the country came to \$553,208. As Parliament lasted 175 days, the cost of the members averaged \$3,161 per day. The incidentals of the House of Commons came to \$117,556, or \$2,386 a day. The Senate cost the country \$358,556, or \$2,049 per day. The total of these three items comes to \$1,329,320, or at the rate of \$7,596 per day. This is not all the expense. There was an expense of \$49,327 for the library of Parliament. There was an expense of \$173,637 printing, printing paper and binding. There are other expenses but I have not included these in the reckoning as I wish to make a conservative estimate of the cost of the talk of the M. P.'s on April 27. The Senate can rightly be considered part of the cost of parliament because the Senate is kept up simply as a home for the aged and infirm politicians whose sole duty is to vote down such little measures as Verville's eight hour day bill.

Basing our calculation on the cost last year of \$7,596 per day, we can easily find out what the direct cost to the country was of the discussion of Adelard Lanctot's little doings.

The cost was for the day, \$7,596. As the discussion lasted eleven and a half hours, from 3 to 6 p. m. and from 8 p. m. Thursday, to 4.30 a. m. Friday morning, the cost was \$600.50 per hour, or over \$11 per minute. As there were thirteen speeches each speech cost \$581.

THE FAKED FIGHT

Talk that costs \$11 per minute should be something worth while. It assuredly ought to be productive of good to the people. The welfare of the workers, the wealth producers, should be carefully considered when like and talk costs so much.

But nothing of the kind happened. Six Liberals got up and solemnly asserted in many words that Lanctot was a much maligned man. Seven Conservatives got up alternating with the six Liberals and asserted in many words that Lanctot should no longer be allowed the privileges of a Member. The question was just where it was before the discussion began.

Do you not remember that old story in the school readers of our young days. "And another little ant went in and carried off another grain of corn?" Listen and see if this is not just as ridiculous.

W. M. German, Advocate, Liberal, M. P., for Welland got up and said in many words that Adelard Lanctot was an honorable man and did not intend to steal any part of the \$457.20. And he sat down and his speech cost the country \$581.

And F. D. Monk, K. C., B. C. L., D. C. L., Advocate, Conservative M. P., for Jacques Cartier, P. Q., got up and said in many words that the conduct of Adelard Lanctot was very suspicious and he should no longer be allowed to remain an M. P. And he sat down and his speech cost the country \$581.

And Sir Allan Aylesworth, M. A., K. C., P. C., Advocate, Liberal M. P., Ontario North, got up and said in many words that Adelard Lanctot was an honorable man and did not intend to steal any part of the \$457.20. And he sat down and his speech cost the country \$581.

And C. J. Doherty, D. C. L., L. L. D., K. C., ex-judge, advocate, Conservative M. P., for Ste. Anne, Montreal, got up and said in many words that the conduct of Adelard Lanctot with respect to the \$457.20 was very suspicious and he should no longer be allowed to remain an M. P. And he sat down and his speech cost the country \$581.

And V. Gifford, K. C., advocate, Liberal M. P., for Vercheres, P. Q., got up and said in many words that Adelard Lanctot was an honorable man and did not intend to steal any part of the \$457.20. And he sat down and his speech cost the country \$581.

And T. W. ... but why engage in a word battle with the rest. Crothers, Tory, advocate, M. P., for Elgin West, was against Lanctot. G. W. Kyte, Advocate, Liberal M. P., for Richmond, N. S., was for Lanctot. J. D. Reid, M. D., Tory, W. B. Nantel, advocate, Tory, and Eugene Paquet, M. D., Tory, were against Lanctot, while L. P. Brodeur, Advocate, Liberal, D. A. Lafortune, Advocate, Liberal, and P. E. Blondin, Notary Public, Liberal, spoke in favor of Lanctot. And each of their speeches cost \$581.

You can easily judge the result of the vote! Every Liberal member voted that Lanctot was an honorable man and every Conservative member voted that Lanctot was a dishonorable creature. And as the Liberals were in the majority Lanctot is an honorable gentleman by vote of the House of Commons.

IT IS TIME

We Socialists know that a man's morality and outlook are determined by the way he gets his living. Birds of a feather flock together. In every province the legal profession is a close corporation. Lawyers do not prey upon one another. They prey upon the public.

The outcome of the whitewashing of Lanctot was a foregone conclusion. Do you think that ten lawyers would turn upon one lawyer and put him where he could not get \$2500 for

taking part in a lot of talk?

The attack and defence of Lanctot was one of those little episodes of parliament which the members think it wise to arrange on occasion in order that the voters may not get too discontented. It is an old trick.

After the great fight, after the people were aroused by a personal attack upon an M. P., and after the House had decided that the M. P. was an honorable gentleman, the House got down to business. The next day the Members only worked five and a half hours. Here was capitalist business to be done and it was done. Such little bills as the bill to incorporate the Ontario-Michigan Railway Company and to incorporate the Pacific and Hudson Bay Railway Company passed their second readings as a matter of course. The capitalist class wants to build more railways and to have the wage slaves do the work while the capitalists own the railways. Sure thing. Both Tory and Grit are ready to accommodate their masters the capitalist class. Such little franchises as these slipped through the House of Commons like greased lightning.

Can't you see the whole political game? Can't you see that the workers have nothing to hope for from the capitalist representatives at Ottawa? If they were out to help you they would talk and talk far differently. They would not squabble over and whitewash the Lanctots and waste \$7,596 of time over a little \$457.20 bill. They would drop all such trifles and get after the big things. They would enquire into the robbery of the workers. They would put a stop to the skin game of the banks. They would put a stop to the private ownership of the mines. They would take steps to vest the ownership of the means of production and distribution in the collective working class. They would give labor what it earns and make the capitalists and their hangers on get into the ranks of the productive workers.

They do not do this. They keep quiet all such questions of the rights of the workers. They let laws slip through the quiet that give millions to the parasites. They pass laws to further enslave the workers. Then when the workers show signs of growing restless they single out one of their own members, arrange a sham fight over his little peccadillo doings and in the end whitewash him with a great flourish of the white-wash brush.

Are you forever going to stand for such trickery? Why not seize the remedy? You have the votes, workmen. Why not use them? Why not select men of your own class to go to Ottawa? Must you forever vote for the jackal lawyers? Are not your Comrades in toil more fit to represent your desires than the soft-handed, well paid henchmen of your masters?

The Dominion elections are coming off next year. Begin now and talk among yourselves. Get over the idea that you are not able to run your own politics. Pick out some of your revolutionary Comrades and vote them into power.

Then when you have working class representatives in the legislative halls of Ottawa will echo to different words. The right of the wage slaves to liberty will be rung in the ears of the capitalist politicians.

Sir Allan Aylesworth, the man who prevented the Appeal to Reason circulating in Canada when the capitalist thugs had unleashed their dogs of law and were shaking Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone by the throat and the Appeal had sprung to the rescue of these heroes in the class war, had this to say in the discussion as to whether Lanctot should remain in the House: "This House, as the House of Commons in England, has been spoken of before now as a gentlemen's club. CERTAINLY IT OUGHT NOT TO BE PUT ON ANY LOWER FOOTING."

Your strong arms forge the steel. Your strong bodies lay the tracks, build the mansions, build the jails in which the unemployed of your class are shut up as tramps by your masters. And their jackals at Ottawa make laws against you, engage in sham fights to deceive you, and declare that the body of legislators that make these laws is a gentleman's club and must not be put on any lower footing.

ing that little piece of paper called the ballot and chasing the lawyers from the halls of Ottawa and putting the members of your class there.

It is useless to alleviate poverty. The thing to do is to obviate it.

Beware of the Boy Scout movement. For the parasites of Canada are using this movement for the perpetuation of their robbery upon the workers of Canada.

You elect a man to Parliament who believes that legalized graft is right. Then you become indignant when that M. P. slops over and grafts on his own account. Are you not foolish to expect that political purity will spring from a man who believes in corruption?

The vast mass of Canadians are disgusted both with the Grits and the Tories. The only trouble is that each individual voter thinks he alone is disgusted. They only need to discover how disgusted they all are to turn out the talking parrots that invest Ottawa at the present moment.

The Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company estimate that they own 200,000,000 tons of unmined coal. When the social revolution has triumphed and it comes to reckoning what the working class will have to pay to the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company for their coal areas the price will be reckoned on the basis of the amount of labor it cost the Company parasites to put the unmined coal in the ground, and the parasites will get nothing.

On the first of May the new Quebec law went into force and the liquor saloons could not open till seven o'clock. This was not passed as a temperance measure. It was passed to prevent the wage slaves of the Province from taking their morning bitters on the way to work. Whisky is bad, particularly the Quebec licensed saloon kind of rotgut. But slave-drivers do not want their slaves to booze because it reduces their efficiency. But in this case as in all others the capitalists must be their own gravediggers. For in making wage slaves strong for slave work, they are also making them strong to think for themselves and strong to conquer their masters in the coming revolution.

You workers have in your own hands, the power by which you may consciously make your economic and social world. When you learn to use your class power intelligently, want, poverty, degradation, child-labor, sweat shops for men, women and children, and long degrading hours of drudgery will pass away and be remembered only as a bad dream. Wind, steam, electricity are now harnessed to the magic tools you have created and handed over to your masters to torture you with. When you have intelligence enough to possess yourselves of them, they will relieve your burdens. While you recognize your master's title to them, they are the instruments of your enslavement and the enslavement of your wives and children. Study Socialism and learn the way to economic, social and intellectual freedom.

The accountants of the Grand Trunk Railway Company have been figuring up the cost to the company of the late strike and they find the direct loss to be \$700,000. Indirect losses will bring this amount up to over a million dollars. It is said that this is the loss to the company. But we know that all the income of capitalists come from the unpaid labor of the workers. This \$700,000 loss therefore is nothing but a part of the unpaid labor of workers that the G. T. parasites thought they would get and did not. How foolish workers are to allow a set of parasites to rob them of all. Why do not the Grand Trunk workers work, not for a greater wage bill, but for the ownership by their class, the workers, of the Grand Trunk railway system along with all the other means of wealth production and distribution?

Paid in Advance

This paper is paid for. If you have not subscribed, a friend has. No bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

SOCIALIST FLAGS CONFISCATED IN MONTREAL

Mayor Guerin, in Panic at the Growing Revolt of the Slaves of Montreal Against Exploitation, Orders all Red Flags to Be Put Out of Business by the Police

The following letter is from the Secretary of the Montreal May Day Conference.

Montreal, P. Q.
May 2nd, 1911.

Dear Cotton's:

A crushing blow has been dealt at Socialism in Montreal. OUR FLAG HAS BEEN CONFISCATED. Not one flag, but THREE flags, not to mention a yard of red ribbon which had become mysteriously attached to the end of a comrade's umbrella.

After most successful meetings, on Saturday and Sunday, after organizing a "tag day" which realized beyond our wildest dreams. After having had Comrades Killingbeck and O'Brien to speak for us, we are "knocked out," completely demoralized, utterly routed. And why? Because our flag is now under strict guard in the City Hall.

Let us tell you the sad details. On Sunday last, the 30th April, Comrade Killingbeck, recent candidate for Governor of New Jersey, spoke at our meeting, which was held on the Champ-de-Mars, and during which our Corps of Light Dragons from the Pants Makers Union (ladies) "tagged" all and sundry with small red flags, including our respected Chief of Police Campeau.

He was followed by Comrades St. Martin, and delivered another lecture in the evening at St. Joseph's Hall. He took the building of a textile factory as his text and traced the indispensable hand of labor in every phase from the digging of the foundation to the absorption of the factory into the trust.

It was a most interesting and interesting and instructive lecture, but we have lost our flag.

Yesterday evening, the date of the catastrophe, we had a reinforcement in Comrade O'Brien, M. L. A. Alberta. He was not arrested. We had decided to march to our meeting place, headed by the band of our Italian Comrades and carrying the emblem of our organization, as was done by those participating in the Eucharistic Congress parade, and on the 17th of March by our Irish citizens. But the fiat had gone forth. It was not to be. Hardly had we emerged from our "den" when apparently respectable citizens, in pepper and salt suits, wearing collars and ties of the prevailing mode, sprang at us, arose in our path, and confiscated by force some pieces of cloth which we had fastened to the ends of some pieces of stick. They told us they were "required by the Police," so that we may expect to see them displayed at some demonstration or other of that highly commendable body.

The poor disheartened remnant of our following, however, proceeded to Champ-de-Mars, where, in a down-pour of rain, we informed a few hundred Montrealers and about 80 or 90 Police with drawn batons that we felt compelled to retire for safety's sake to the Modern Hall.

Arrived there we opened our meeting, and addressed a large and enthusiastic audience, the speakers being Comrades St. Martin (chairman), O'Brien, Killingbeck, Edwards and a Polish comrade (who, by the way, was heartily applauded by quite a number of our Polish Comrades).

Meanwhile, our Light Brigade renewed their tactics and their red boxes did yeoman service. Two of the most indefatigable were Miss Deborah and Miss Batsky, whoever escaping the one being sure to fall a victim to the other.

But our flag is arrested! We made a financial success of May Day, had tip-top speakers, and large audiences, but they have put our flag, made of bunting and wood, into a dungeon. Alas! for Socialism. It is now entirely stamped out in Montreal. Peace to its ashes.

Yours in sorrow and pain,
S. Major.
Secy May Day con.

The following is a report of Mayor Guerin's utterances as given in the columns of the Daily Witness.

"So long as I am in the chair, the red flag shall not be flaunted in Montreal," said Mayor Guerin to a "Witness" reporter this morning.

The capture of two red flags by the police at the Socialist parade last night was the subject of the inquiry. Chief of Police Campeau had refused to give any reason for the seizures, and Inspector Grandchamp, who was in charge of the police when the flags were captured, also refused to speak, but there was no such resistance displayed on the part of His Worship the Mayor.

"The red flag," he said, "is the symbol of revolt and disorder. It stands for defiance of all constituted law, and is a menace to society; it is the sign of riot and bloodshed, and wherever it is shown it is the signal for disturbance and revolution against all peace and security to the community at large."

being asked any questions about its seizure last night. Does the "Witness" support these Socialists, who on the Champ de Mars on Sunday night were declaiming against our King?

"Does the 'Witness' know that they were saying King George is not the king of the people, but of the aristocrats and millionaires?"

"The red flag was confiscated because it is the forerunner of anarchy and sedition, and so long as I am in this chair it shall not be flaunted in Montreal."

"But," said the reporter, "four years ago was it not decided by the Finance Committee that the Socialists had a right to parade and show their flag? The following year they made a demonstration to establish a precedent, and were not interfered with, and last year they carried it without disturbance. Was there any special reason for them being stopped this year?"

His Worship said he was surprised at the "Witness" asking such questions, and so long as he had anything to do with it, the red flag would be interdicted in Montreal.

Mr. Albert St. Martin expressed his surprise at the flag being taken, but said he did not blame the police, who were only acting under orders, which they carried out without unnecessary force. "There is one thing I should like to correct," he said. "Considerable prominence is being given to a statement that the Socialist party of Montreal is composed almost exclusively of foreigners. This is not the case; there are, of course, more Socialists outside the party than in it, but of those who belong to our movement, and belong to the association, numbering in all less than four hundred, over 300 are British subjects, and 200 of them can only speak English or French; those who speak French were born under the British flag, and to the best of my knowledge the English-speaking ones were also, in any case they could not speak any other language than English if they tried."

At last the Socialists of Montreal are coming to the front. At last the capitalist henchmen set in high places sit up and take notice. Montreal is ceasing to be calm and peaceful. The wage slaves of Montreal were thought to be lulled into servile slumber. But Montreal is on fire with revolt, and Mayor Guerin, poor little fellow, in his impotent attempts to sweep back the onward rush of progress, gives orders that pieces of red cloth on the ends of rough sticks must not be allowed to be seen on the streets of Montreal.

This is glorious news. When the red flag is not allowed to be seen it means that the masters fear for their rule. It means that the slaves are looking forward to freedom.

Now that Guerin, who allows the green flag of Ireland and the black flag of papacy to flaunt through the streets whenever the Irish or the Catholic rulers crook their little finger at him, has seen fit, in the interests of the slave drivers of Montreal, to banish the red flag from public, the slaves will cling to it with greater love than ever, and more frequently will rise from the throats of the slaves of Montreal, even within the hearing of his impotency. Mayor Guerin, the glorious strains of the

Hymn to the Red Flag

The people's flag is deepest red.
It shrouded off our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
With its shade we'll live and die.
Thou' towards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look round! The Frenchman loves its blaze;

The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells its surging throng.

Chorus.

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last.
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right, of human gain.

Chorus.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

Chorus.

Eye-Openers

Nothing is more interesting or instructive than men telling important incidents of their lives. Of how they were jarred loose of preconceived ideas. Can you tell in twenty lines or 150 words how you "Got your eyes open"? Try it and send the copy along to Cotton's. This is important.

Lists Wanted

Cotton's needs lists for sample copies—and it needs them now. Comrades who will send us in electoral or other lists, with post offices marked will be remembered with a good premium. Make out lists carefully, as we want results.

Socialism is coming in our time.

Labor produces all wealth.

Freedom is not accomplished by slaves who think the thoughts of slaves. That is why the Socialists of Canada are teaching the wage slaves of the Dominion to think the thoughts of free men.

The slaves of Canada are showing signs of revolt. Wherefore the Boy Scouts are being organized in their youth in order that the master class may have a body of men who will protect slabs and do the dirty work of the capitalists.

The Toronto Globe of Saturday, April 29th, gives a warning to the Boy Scouts to "respect property" in their tramps. "There comes out the fundamental idea of the whole movement. The Boy Scouts are organized to 'respect property' and to make others bend to the will of the property owners when the Boy Scouts grow to be men."

The police of Montreal are noting an increase of women of the street. Recorder Weir has been complimenting the morality squad of Montreal upon their cleaning up the houses of prostitution. The ordinary police find more women soliciting on the street. Recorder Weir is a weird judge who believes in punishment and believes that the damnable capitalist laws of Canada should be enforced. The only remedy for prostitution is to provide every woman with a position of economic independence and assure her freedom from economic worry. Then the question of prostitution will settle itself.

The Scabs Upon the Sheet

BY JAMES LIVINGSTONE

One night I took a ramble
And went into the Grand,
To see the moving pictures there
And listen to the band.
The picture that was on the sheet
To me seemed quite a swell;
One part of it showed heaven,
And the other part showed hell.

It showed St. Peter standing there,
The keeper of the gate,
And Gabriel blew his trumpet
The sleeping ones to wake.
One of them woke up with a start
And gave his head a toss;
He went up to St. Peter, saying,
"I used to be the boss."

"I know you," said St. Peter,
"I have known you quite a while;
You tried to cause disturbance
Against the men who toil.
You worked against them all you could,
So listen to me well,
You cannot go to heaven,
So you'll have to go to hell."

Another scab knocked at the door
And asked to be let in;
The door was opened quickly
And a voice came from within,
"I think I know just who you are,
I saw you in Springhill;
The chances you've got to get in here
I think are very slim."

The scab, he stood there trembling
When he thought about the fix
That he had got himself into
Just through his dirty tricks.
St. Peter said unto him,
"The truth to you I'll tell,
We want no men like you up here,
So you must go to hell."

St. Peter said unto them,

"To me it's very clear;

For you there is no pity.

And your souls are lost, I fear.

You are a dirty looking lot.

And make an awful smell."

And Peter drove them on the trap

And dropped them into hell.

The net profits of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company for 1910 were \$1,140,540. Says a report in the Montreal Witness, "In view of the past dividend record of Nova Scotia common the question is, whether with 20 per cent more stock outstanding the company will be able to maintain the present dividend and increase it within a reasonable time, and there appears to be good grounds for believing that such will be the case." Workers wonder why their condition does not improve. They think that they should get more reward for their labor. Quite frequently they do not stop to think they have a bunch of labor skimmers at work skinning labor just as closely as possible. In the case of the Nova Scotia Coal Company the parasites skin the workers of over a million dollars a year and they are looking forward eagerly to skinning the workers two million dollars a year in the near future. Let the workers wake, bring about a revolution and seize the means of wealth production for themselves.

All subs for Cotton's expire at end of time paid for, and all subscriptions, new or renewals, are treated as new.

The Ottawa gabfest is resulting in many words.

It is strange how two hundred and twenty-one Members of Parliament at Ottawa can talk so many words and show so little sense.

Capitalism prevents men from marrying and making a home for themselves. It prevents women from earning a comfortable living because of the robbery of her labor power by the capitalist class. Then capitalism goes and elects such little creatures as Recorder Weir of Montreal to jail women because they become prostitutes.

Another big merger has been formed. The principal breweries of the Maritime Provinces have been formed into a combine. The title of the new concern is the National Breweries, Limited. This will unite with the breweries of the Province of Quebec. The day of competition is dead. Socialism has the only remedy that will prevent industrial despotism.

A Fallington, N. J., woman has written Roosevelt asking him several pertinent questions. She asks him why he is not the father of twelve children. She asks him how her husband can support herself and four children on a wage of seven dollars a week while paying sixteen dollars a month house rent. Roosevelt said many things which were very trite. But he never showed how these things could be carried out. He never once advocated the state payment of motherhood nor the state pensioning of children. Roosevelt was a big noise from a little brain.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XIV.

"Tis the man with the ferret sense that corrals the dollars."
(Continued.)

"He had been in the city about five years, and being one of those gay young men who 'know their way about' he had quite a large circle of acquaintances and had learned a great deal about the working of financial schemes. He was a clerk under me in the Eagle office for about two years and then he got a situation more to his liking by marrying the daughter of a man named Finch, who owned a small machine shop, the business done being chiefly repairs to sewing machines, bicycles, firearms, etc., and I believe he also sharpened saws. Sometimes Finch was busy and had three or four mechanics at work and sometimes only one. Buncome became travelling agent for the firm, which was then Finch & Buncome. He was to be seen going around town on a bicycle, ostensibly getting orders for work, but really playing the races and all sorts of games of chance that offered easy money. That always seemed to be a mania with Buncome. He was what they would now term a 'get rich quick' kind."

Anything to make easy money, anything to get something for nothing. And he was smart, too, with a sort of ferrety smartness, he usually got what he went after, and he never went after anything unless there was something there worth going after. That's what I call the ferret sense, Miss Wimple. You see, the ferret works underground and out of sight, but he always knows where to find his victim and how to get him. He seems to be gifted with an extra sense that the other animals don't possess. Some people have it highly developed, and whenever you meet with one of these ferret people be sure and keep him at a distance or he'll do you up sure. Tis the man with the ferret sense that corrals the dollars."

"That's an apt simile, Mr. Harris. It describes some people I have known. Yes, ferrety people generally get what they go after."

"Well, Buncome had the ferret sense stronger than anyone I ever knew—my life! That's seven o'clock striking! If we want to hear Maynard tonight, we've only half an hour to get there, and I understand some ladies require that length of time to adjust their hats."

"Ha, ha! Some ladies do, but not this lady. I'll be ready in five minutes."

"Oh, in that case, Miss Wimple, there's no hurry. We can walk there in ten minutes. But if you prefer to hear the Buncome recital we can put off the Maynard discourse until next Friday."

"If it's all the same to you, Mr. Harris, I would prefer to hear the Maynard discourse tonight. You see the Buncome recital is so malodorous that it will be less harmful if taken in small doses."

"That's right, Miss Wimple," said Mrs. Harris. "The Buncome story is malodorous. But I've never heard this Maynard that Henry talks so much about. I should like to go myself. Do you think it would do me any harm, Henry?"

"Yes, I think it would be injurious, you're still on the sick list, you know. Besides, you must stay here to receive our other visitor when he comes."

"Visitor? What visitor? Are you expecting anyone?"

"Why, yes, Mr. McSurly will be here presently, and I shouldn't be surprised if he came in his auto."

"If Mr. McSurly is coming I had better hurry and make my getaway," said Miss Wimple, and she went into the bedroom to put on her hat and coat.

"Then as soon as you are gone," said Mrs. Harris, "I'll lock the door and pull down the front blinds and go into the kitchen to wash up the tea things. I can see Miss Wimple doesn't want him tagging around after her like a proddle dog."

As Miss Wimple came out ready to start Mrs. Harris said, "I wish you would come out Sunday afternoon. Miss Wimple, say about three o'clock, and we'd spend an hour or two in the Botanical Gardens, which are only half a mile from here, and then we could come home to tea about five and Henry could finish the story of Buncome's treachery. Would that suit you, Miss Wimple? Have you any other engagement?"

"That will suit me all right, Mrs. Harris. I suppose the cars run on Green Street Sundays?"

"Oh, yes, every half hour. Well, then, I'll expect you and I shall be awfully disappointed if you don't come."

"I won't disappoint you, Mrs. Harris," returned Miss Wimple.

At 7.15 Miss Wimple and Old man Harris left the house for the corner of Main and Green, and when McSurly arrived at 7.55 he found nobody at home. But Mac had a little of the ferret sense himself and he scented them out later.

CHAPTER XV.

Alan Maynard, Soapboxer.

The man standing on the soapbox was about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, of medium height, broad, square shoulders, well-shaped head, covered with neatly-trimmed brown hair, clean-shaven face, blue eyes, straight nose and square chin. He was good to look at, with the commanding bearing and graceful personality that the impressive woman is ready to fall in love with on the least encouragement. He was speaking when Miss Wimple and Old man Harris came up and she at once formed the opinion that the voice was pleasing and penetrating, very much like Scrapp's, and she admitted that she had often admired Scrapp's listeners. There were about a hundred listeners gathered around the speaker, who had placed his box

close to the standard of an electric arc light which threw a brilliant glare on the four corners of Green and Main Streets, although the more mellow light of day had not yet lost very much of its illuminating power. In front of the speaker there was a small stand on which were displayed some red books and pamphlets, and which was presided over by a stalwart young man with a familiar appearance, so Miss Wimple thought, and she asked her companion who it was.

"Oh, that's Billy Gay," he replied. "He works at Buncome & Scrapp's."

She settled herself to listen as the soapboxer went on:

"Most of you read the newspapers. You have read of the great unrest that is disturbing the peace of the nations in both hemispheres. You have read of the overthrow of monarchies in the old world and the rebellions against corrupt republican governments in the new. To the ordinary reader these disturbances convey no meaning, because he reasons that there always have been wars and rebellions since civilization first began and as a matter of course there always will be. But to the thinker, the man who has the sense of discrimination, the present day unrest has a deeper significance, a wider meaning than that of any of the troublous times recorded in history. In what way are the present disturbances different from those of the past? In this: In every civilized country today the struggle is between the masses and the classes, between the exploited and the exploiters. The workers are beginning to understand the true nature of their perpetual servitude and the upheavals we see here, there and everywhere are merely the first ripples of the storm that is impending, the first efforts of the masses to sever the chains that bind them, to throw off the burden they have carried for hundreds, aye, thousands of years and stand up as free men; for they are at last beginning to realize that it can be done. And great will be the consternation of the plutocrats and their henchmen when the proletarian giant really does wake up."

"From time immemorial there has always been a plutocratic class, the lords of creation, who have reaped where they have not sown, who have waxed fat and wealthy, who have gorged and dissipated and squandered what has been produced by the toil and sweat of their humble brethren, the proletariat. In former times the working classes were known as the rabble and were held in contempt by the classes who did no work, very much the same as they are today. In different countries and in different periods the workers have been bondmen, slaves, serfs, villeins, necessary to the state for the production of children and for the production of everything else the upper classes required in their useless lives, but always held in contempt, work was so degrading. In the palmy days of the republic the city of Athens had a population of nearly three-quarters of a million, but the historian tells us that out of that vast number of people Athens contained only 26,000 souls. To us that seems to be something like a joke or a riddle. But it is a recorded fact that two thousand years ago the worker was not deemed worthy of possessing a soul. Thus it would appear that the upper classes in those days had a real foundation on which to rest their brutal treatment of the worker—he had no soul; therefore he was not human. He was classed with the horse and dog, but received far worse treatment than the animals he groomed and fed, because he cost less to buy. Slaves were cheap."

"Let us go back a few thousand years further and examine the lives of some of the principal characters portrayed in that ancient book known as the Bible. We find some of the conditions then prevailing very similar to those in existence today. The lower classes were doing all the work and the upper classes were appropriating the proceeds. Just like the idle parasites today they had somehow evaded the command given to Adam when he was fired from the Garden of Eden: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread. Observe that the command was in the sweat of thy face, not the sweat of some body else's face. Well, these ancient worthies had probably forgotten that such a command was ever given, or else they did not believe that it had been given at all. Anyway, as far back as the time of Abraham and Lot we find there were men, created in God's own image, according to that very same Bible, who were in bondage to other men created in God's own image. How did these men come to own other men in bondage? By what moral right did they hold their fellow men in slavery? By no right at all. It was by force, by might! They had the power!"

(To be continued.)

"That will suit me all right, Mrs. Harris. I suppose the cars run on Green Street Sundays?"

"Oh, yes, every half hour. Well, then, I'll expect you and I shall be awfully disappointed if you don't come."

"I won't disappoint you, Mrs. Harris," returned Miss Wimple.

At 7.15 Miss Wimple and Old man Harris left the house for the corner of Main and Green, and when McSurly arrived at 7.55 he found nobody at home. But Mac had a little of the ferret sense himself and he scented them out later.

"Then as soon as you are gone," said Mrs. Harris, "I'll lock the door and pull down the front blinds and go into the kitchen to wash up the tea things. I can see Miss Wimple doesn't want him tagging around after her like a proddle dog."

As Miss Wimple came out ready to start Mrs. Harris said, "I wish you would come out Sunday afternoon. Miss Wimple, say about three o'clock, and we'd spend an hour or two in the Botanical Gardens, which are only half a mile from here, and then we could come home to tea about five and Henry could finish the story of Buncome's treachery. Would that suit you, Miss Wimple? Have you any other engagement?"

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THE FIRING LINE

Premium Books for Hustlers

Here's a chance for hustlers to make good on Cotton's sub list. The sub hustlers sending in the largest amount of subs arriving at this office, between Friday, May 19th, and Friday, May 26th, will receive a copy of "Poverty of Philosophy," by Marx, a fine well bound \$1.00 book. The second largest hustler can have his choice of "World's Revolutions" by Untermyer, or "Socialism for Students," by Joseph Cohen. These are both splendid cloth bound books. This is not all. The comrade who sends the most subs in the two weeks between Friday, May 19th and Friday, June 2nd, will receive a copy of Morgan's "Ancient Society."

Further offers will be made for the month of June. Notice that our week runs from Friday to Friday. Subs computed on the half-yearly basis. Premium Books are in addition to Facts, and other premiums for subs.

A yearly sub from Comrade Albert Farley, Guelph, Ont.

Two halves from Comrade Rupert Loehbeck, Port Arthur, Ont.

Three yearlies from Sydney Mines, N. S.

Two yearlies from Comrade Gust. Grassing, Star City, Alta.

A yearly from Comrade M. Nix, Renfrew, Ont.

One plunk for two renewals comes from Nelson, B. C.

A wage slave of Amherst, N. S., adds five yearly subs.

Two yearlies from Comrade W. Davenport, Brantford, Ont.

Comrade A. L. Reid, West-Toronto, lands two Torontonians for a year.

Comrade M. B. Hassard, Dauphin, Man., boosts with two yearlies and five halves.

Guelph Local, Ont., plunks thirteen copies of Cotton's into the hands of ten trial subscribers.

Three yearlies from Comrade J. Kneeshaw, Calgary, Alta., makes the bulldog dance with joy.

Comrade H. Kent, Winnipeg, Man., swipes a string of nine halves and hands them over to Cotton's and liberty.

"Just a little" shove to keep the ball rolling," says Comrade A. Simpson, Ardenville, Alta., with three halves.

Twenty trial subs come from Berlin, Ont., as the result of the anti-capitalist activity of the organized Socialists of that slave city.

Two yearlies from Comrade W. J. Haynes, Rossland, B. C., and two halves from Comrade J. D. Houston, Fernie, B. C.

"My own renewal and a new sub is the way I celebrate May Day," Comrade E. E. Eastman, Glen Sutton, P. Q.

Comrade Wm. Lorimer, Fort William, Ont., comes off the war trail with the seals of five halves dangling at his belt.

"I always do good when I can," says Comrade J. McNeish, Hochelaga, P. Q., as he renews his sub for a year and takes five half yearly sub cards in time for May Day celebrations.

Comrade L. S. Grue, Brockville, Ont., presents three bones to the bulldog for subs and says, "I will hoist my red flag on a 24 ft. pole by the sidewalk at my verandah on the First of May."

"I am forwarding you five subs, all yearlies, so the boys can better understand how they are swindled by the rotten bloodsuckers. I am an Appeal reader," Comrade James Small, Cumberland, B. C.

"Enclosed find five yearly subs." I am glad you are not quitting as there are only two men in Canada who could run the paper, that is you and me, and I have not time," Comrade John Wright, Brussels, Ont.

"You will find enclosed second-payment on stock and two dollars for five yearly subs. I have certainly been doing all I can to try and get the boys to take a share and to rustle subs," Comrade Thomas J. Lewis, Cumberland, B. C.

"I am sorry to have had my Cotton's run out. But I renew, and have got three new names. Our town is small and they have got the old party idea, and it is hard to get them out of the old rut," Comrade Charles-Dickie, Dutton, Ont.

"Being unable to take a full share of stock at present, I got Comrade J. McDonald to go in with me for share," says Comrade Thomas Rendall, Salmu, B. C., as he leads two yearlies up to the dope counter, and shoves eleven plunks over the counter.

"I am middle aged and have to be a wage slave to get a living. You may be a little surprised in hearing from this part of the country, I am getting quite a few interested in Socialism here and hope to send you more subs soon," Comrade E. A. Coffin, Hantsport, N. S.

"Enclosed find fifty cents for two halves. Someone kindly subscribed for me. I find news in your paper that is not published in others. I may hear from me again. I have not studied much on Socialism, but what I have I like," Comrade F. C. Andrews, Nanton, Alta.

Comrade Wm. McCormack, Toronto, sends two yearlies and seven halves and says that he will try and send in a list like this every month or the cash for the Agitation Battery. That is the kind of work that tells, the straight, steady pull for Socialism.

"We Western Reds are trying to keep the Red Flag flying. I'm pleased to hear that Cotton's is going to live and continue the lively scrap. Good for you," says Comrade Wm. Voss, Winnipeg, with two half yearly subs and enclosing ten dollars for one share of stock taken by Comrade W. H. Herrmann.

"Enclosed please find six month's sub for the enclosed name. This

worker is an American farmer who intends to homestead here presently. I also enclose the price of three sub cards for Mrs. Hardenburg who wants to try and awaken the sleeping and sodden wage (and non-wage) slaves of this vicinity," Comrade W. E. Hardenburg, Red Deer, Alta.

"Enclosed you will find eleven dollars which kindly apply as follows. One dollar is for two yearlies. Ten dollars is for one share of stock. You remember Comrades McKenzie and Manwell getting a half share each? Well the same two Comrades are sending this ten dollars and want you to make them holders of ONE FULL SHARE each," Comrade Fred T. Carroll, Gowanda, Ont.

"I have been in hopes the stock would go faster than it has. I did not feel I could take any as I am clearing a patch of land back here in the tall timber and need every dollar for grub stake. But that flag shall not come down through any fault of mine. I wish to see Cotton's flourish and reach the hundred thousand mark in the near future," Comrade J. M. Tyler, Mission City, B. C., with \$12.50 for stock, etc.

"Phrase find two halves. It was hard work landing these two. This is a farming neighborhood and I have only been here a month, and as soon as they knew I was a Socialist they looked at me as though I was some strange animal from Mars. Both my wife and I are Socialists, having been members of the S.D.F., London, Eng. We have been out here for a year and it has been a hard struggle, or we should have had a share in your paper, or I should say our brightest and best of papers," Comrade J. H. Stroud, Mossy, Ont.

Comrade Wm. A. Goodwin, Lindsay, Ont., writes, "I have much pleasure in forwarding cheque to cover renewal bundle to credit of Lindsay League. Your May Day Number is highly spoken of, especially the gem poem by America's noblest poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the warning to butcher recruits by Jack London, the Significance of Spring, together with the other articles on May Day, one of which was copied holus & bolus into our Daily Worker."

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A NEW PRESS FOR COTTON'S

BY THE BUSINESS MANAGER

Cotton's has ordered a new press, ready for the folder. The new press will be available five days in the week for other work such as pamphlets, books, job printing, etc., and time and labor-saving devices so dear to the heart of the present day pressman, (also the capitalists.) The installation of this press means a good deal to us at Cotton's. We feel a hundred per cent better equipped for propaganda. Our equipment is now able to take care of a 50,000 sub list. Do you get that—50,000. That's going some. When we get 50,000 copies of Cotton's chasing each other all over Canada, the plates will have a hard matter to get away from the sound of the word Socialism. But that is what Cotton's is aiming at, and more too.

A Better Paper in Every Way

You can look for a much better Cotton's from now on. The editorial department is at work on a strengthening policy. There will be good articles from wherever they can be secured. And in this connection, Canadian comrades who have a message to deliver, would do well to commit it to paper, and send it in. The time is here when Canadian Socialists should be producing all their own propaganda. The typographical appearance of Cotton's will be much improved, as we can get results from display which we could not before. We'll be doing the things we have long wanted to do.

Come on, Comrade Hustlers!

And now to the comrade hustlers. I will say, "One Good Turn Deserves Another." In return for the improved Cotton's, it's your duty to give us an improved sub list. Our immediate aim is 20,000. We want you to start in again with that revolutionary swing that you have shown in the past. Cotton has been showing around 10,000 too long, and it should now be hitting the 15,000 mark instead of below 10,000. Let me urge you to recover the lost ground at once. Last week the new subs were only at a 6,000 rate. It should be travelling double that. You will have a paper without a peer, and worthy of your strongest efforts. Eyes front for 50,000; forward to 20,000.

How Cotton's is Printed

A good many of our readers would probably like to know how we print Cotton's, so I am going to try and tell you something about it. After the type has been set on the Monoline, put on galleys, corrected and revised, it is made up on the stone into four pages, and locked securely in two iron frames, called by the printers "Chases." Two pages to a "chase." These are placed in position on the bed of the press and securely fastened. The sheets fed into the press are double the size of Cotton's as you get it. When one side of the sheets are run off, they are turned over and fed through again. Then the sheets are put on a cutting machine and cut down the middle, which gives us two papers for every sheet. They are then put through the folding machine by a young lady, and come out all folded ready for the mailers. With the new press in commission much of this work will be eliminated. It will run the present edition of Cotton's in less than eight hours; will be practically noiseless, print a perfectly clean legible paper, delivering them out

Jimmy's Discovery

By Solomon Socrates.

"What is a Judge, Papa?"

"A Judge, my son, is a cross between a General Manager of a Steam Train and a Penitentiary Lawyer."

"Then why do so many people bow before him?"

"Because few people think, my boy, and most people believe a Judge is the Big Boss, and they fear he will get angry and send them to jail."

"Don't they ever learn to think, Papa?"

"No, my lad; not if the politicians and judges can help it."

"Then why do the politicians call people sovereign citizens, Papa?"

"Well, they are supposed to be, boy, but even men with votes are at the mercy of the men who own their jobs and these men are backed by the judges, policemen and soldiers."

"Are workers slaves, Papa?"

"Yes, son, they are wage slaves, and wage slaves they will remain until they learn to stand together shoulder to shoulder and fight to control the government so that all the jobs can be owned by all the people, which is Socialism."

"Do Judges love Socialism, Papa?"

"No, of course not. Socialism would take their fat jobs away from them and make them do some useful work."

"Oh, I see, Papa, why the Big Boss hates Socialism."

New Souvenir Post Cards

We have just printed two nice post cards, one showing Jules Lavenne and the Socialist Young Guard on a parade at Springhill, N. S., the other putting before the public, the Canadian Temple of the Revolution, the home of Cotton's Weekly. They will be sent to every hustler who sends in a dollar or more at one time. Ask for Souvenir Post Cards, so the girls will not forget.

KEEP IN MIND.

That your name and address should be signed to everything you write.

All money orders should be made payable to Cotton's Weekly.

Write book, bundle, card or sub orders on separate sheet of paper from letters on other matters.

Always give expiration number when renewing sub.

WE PRINT letter heads, bill heads, note heads, envelopes, statements, circulars, hand bills, advertising cards, shipping labels, initiation typewritten circulars, postal cards, pamphlets, and booklets. Calling cards and wedding invitations in choice style. We have a modern type equipment, use best stock, and produce high-class work at prices that will please. Express prepaid anywhere in Canada. Send for our New Souvenir Post Cards. COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC., MAIL ORDER PRINTERS, COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

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Despair Island Robinson Crusoe

By W. E. HARDENBURG

Hopelessly out of her course, the good ship floundered over the trackless waters, rolling clumsily from side to side as the wild waves dashed over her.

The situation was desperate. Hours passed. The storm increased. At last land was sighted, and hope once more began to pervade the hearts of the despairing sailors.

The derelict drifted steadily landward.

Finally, with a crash and a jar, the maddened vessel struck upon a reef. The end had come.

Ten minutes later the crew were being dashed helplessly about the whirling waters, clinging with all their strength to the pieces of wreckage they had been able to grasp.

Just as their strength appeared to be completely spent, their feet touched the sand of the shelving beach.

The men were saved!

As they emerged, dripping from water their eyes fell upon the figure of a man. He was seated on a rock, under the shade of a tree, and over his knees rested a double-barreled shotgun. As the shipwrecked ones approached, he pointed the gun at them and said:

"Say, you fellows, keep back there! What the devil do you think you're doing here on my land, anyway?"

The men stared in astonishment, confusion. They did not know what to say. Finally, one of them stammered out:

"Thy, er—I'm sure I don't know. This storm blew us here. That's all I know about it."

The man with the gun paused and seemed to reflect. "Well," he said finally, "one thing is certain: You fellows have no right here on my island. Still, I don't want to be mean about it, but—"

"Oh, h—l, man, you can't be inhuman enough to kill us all off. Besides, we have no other place to go to. Here we are and here we've got to live," said one of the sailors impatiently.

"Well, as I said before," resumed the man with the gun, "I want to do the right thing by you fellows. But my vested interests here must not be injured, so if you'll all agree to do exactly as I tell you, why, I'll let you stay here. Do you all agree?"

"I guess we'll have to, seeing that you've got the drop on us," exclaimed the sailors collectively.

"Well, since you all agree, you can come along with me up to my house, and I'll give you something to eat," he remarked with a smile of satisfaction.

The propertyless ones followed him up to the house in silence. It was a little cave hollowed out under a rock. As soon as they entered the man with the gun whistled shrilly. A negro appeared directly.

"Here, Friday, give these fellows a line of talk and then something to eat." And with that the man who owned the island entered an inner room and rested from his labors.

The negro then delivered a long harangue to the hungry sailors, touching upon the great mercy of the lord in permitting the man with the gun to deliver them from their extremity; how thankful they ought to be to the said man with the gun for his loving-kindness toward them; their duty to carry out the agreement they had voluntarily made with him; how they must work hard to repay him for the trouble and inconvenience they were causing him; and a host of like phrases.

Then he went out and got a few crusts of dry bread which he gave them with an unctuous smile of charity.

The next morning, one of the sailors was detailed by the owner of the island to wait upon him and the negro; another to keep the house clean; and a third to supply him and the negro with fish, fowl, and other dainties every day. The rest were directed to build a rough shack for themselves.

This was soon accomplished and the workers started to make some clothing for themselves as they were in rags, but the owner, pointing out the need for more foodstuffs, directed them to prepare more land for cultivation. So the workers let the clothes question go, and, pitching in with a will, soon had an ample supply of rice, casava, and other staples under cultivation.

All this time they had been feeding on crusts, bits, scraps, etc., but as the negro had advised them to be contented and had pointed out that the supply was insufficient, they had been satisfied. The man detailed to furnish dainties for the owner of the island and the negro reported, however, that THEY had an abundance of food. This, the propertyless ones, agreed was quite fitting and proper, for a man must live in accordance with his station in life.

When they had finished the shack,

man with the gun appeared and without more ado, shot two of them. The rest clamored for mercy, and the strike was off.

As the bodies of the two strikers were being thrown into the pit, the negro again addressed the workers upon the sacredness of property rights and the duty of living up to agreements. He finished up by reading some more extracts from the book about the muck inheriting the earth.

So the workers built the form, even as their employer had directed them. But they also began to think.

About this time the original agitator was released and put to work again. And from this time forth he and his fellow agitators kept up a continual campaign of education. They pointed out to the other workers the sickening hypocrisy of the negro and the brutality of the owner of the island. They showed the fellows how they had not benefited in the slightest from all the work they had done. They revealed the folly of a system which kept the idlers in luxury at the expense of the workers. They denounced the ignorance that induced the workers to listen to the one-sided advice of the negro and his sanctimonious extracts from the awe-inspiring book. They indicated the waste that ensued when one class had more than it could use properly. In short, they pointed out to their fellows the injustice and unreasonableness of the whole system, even the claim of the man with the gun to the ownership of the island.

As time drew on, without bringing any cessation of their labors or any improvement in their condition, the workers began to see that the agitators' words rang true. But they desired to know how conditions could be bettered. They pointed to the result of the strike.

Then the agitators outlined their scheme. "The negro and his master are perfectly useless," they said, "their position of authority is based, not on any knowledge or superiority they may have, but upon their possession of the fire-arms. Now, union is strength, and, if we once unite, we can easily capture these weapons. And then—we shall destroy them. Hereafter, let principles rule, not arms. Let us work in common and let us all receive the full value of our work. We need no masters, no bosses. We did the work before for those parasites; let us do it now for ourselves. If those men wish to earn their living, let them do so, let them receive all they earn; we have no right to deprive them of the right to live and to enjoy living."

And the rest of the workers finally agreed, not without enthusiasm and hope, but mainly because they saw they could do nothing to render their condition any worse. They tried it as a last resource.

So they selected discreet workers from among them to get possession of the arms upon which the authority of the man who owned the island rested.

These men watched their chance, and one day, when the owner of the guns and his negro were sleeping in the heat of the afternoon, dreaming of more "improvements," they quietly appropriated the death-dealing weapons and gently deposited them in the bosom of Mother Ocean.

Then they aroused the slumberers, explained to them the new position of affairs and together with the other workers set down and ate the first square meal they had had since landing on the island.

Some time later the man who had once been owner of the island was heard to say to the negro:

"Do you know, comrade, I feel a good deal better than I did before. A couple of hours work a day is just what one wants to enjoy the fruit of that work."

"Yes," replied the former lieutenant, "and I find that doing something useful myself is far better and nobler than forcing someone else to do it for you."

"And we," chimed in the former propertyless ones, "find it much pleasanter to get the full fruits of our decreased labors than to get crusts and scorn for doing it all."

Everyone was satisfied.

And all found life worth living.

The boy scout movement is being boosted by the Christian church. The churches of Christ, the Man of Peace, have taken hold of the job of teaching boys fresh from babyhood the horrors of war and the duty of cultivating the spirit of barbarous slavery. This does not prove that the Boy Scout Movement is good. It proves on the contrary that the Christian churches of Canada are hitherto organizations for the cherishing of hate, malice and murder. It proves that the Christian churches are recreant to the purpose for which they were originally established.

Have any trouble landing subs? Try a bunch of Cotton's Booster Leaflets. They do the talking and contain full information. Two kinds, two hundred of each, for 10 cents.

SOCIALISM DEFINED

By CHARLES H. KERR

The word Socialism is a growing word. Most dictionary definitions tell only what the word used to mean. The latest dictionary definitions tell what Socialism looks like from the outside. But the word has come to stand for a very definite thing, that is to say, for a movement which started with the Communist Manifesto of 1848, and which now enrolls many millions of workers in all civilized lands. They know better than the dictionary-makers what Socialism means. These words of Liebknecht, a German Socialist, who until his death knew perhaps better than any other man the spirit of modern Socialism, explain briefly and clearly:

WHAT SOCIALISM IS NOT

Pity for poverty, enthusiasm for equality and freedom, recognition of social injustice and a desire to remove it, is not Socialism. Condemnation of wealth and respect for poverty, such as we find in Christianity and other religions, is not Socialism. The communism of early times, as it was before the existence of private property, and as it has at all times, and among all peoples been the elusive dream of some enthusiasts, is not Socialism.

In all these appearances is lacking the real foundation of capitalist society with its class antagonisms. Modern Socialism is the child of capitalist society and its class antagonisms. Without these it could not be Socialism and ethics are two separate things. This fact must be kept in mind.

WHAT SOCIALISM IS

Socialism is the international movement of the wage-workers of the world for the destruction of the profit system, under which the tools of production are owned by capitalists, and used for them by wage-workers, and the establishment of a system under which the workers shall own the land, the tools and the product. In other words, Socialism means the overthrow of the capitalist class and the abolition of the capitalist.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF SOCIALISM

As Professor Veblen has well said, "The Socialism that inspires hopes and fears today is of the school of Marx. No one is seriously apprehensive of any other so-called Socialist movement." All the Socialist parties of the world are based on the principles first stated by Marx and Engels over sixty years ago. These are:

1. **ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.**—The thoughts and feelings of any great mass of people, the customs they follow, the laws they make, the praise and the blame they express for different kinds of acts—all these are the natural and inevitable result of the way they get their living, the way they supply themselves with food and other necessities.

Apply this law to present-day Canadians, and you will find them divided into two groups. The smaller, but up to now the stronger group, consists of capitalists, who live in comfort with little or no labor, because the people of the other group have to work for them.

The capitalists believe that to make profits from the labor of wage-workers is good, while for a wage-worker to steal from a capitalist or even to diminish his profits by taking part in a strike is bad. And the capitalists employ teachers, preachers and editors who hypnotize many wage-workers into thinking just as the capitalists do. But the more intelligent wage-workers have developed a new moral code of their own: they praise the worker who is loyal to the interests of this class, and they hate worst of all the SCAB—the traitor.

2. **SURPLUS VALUE.**—The wage-worker gets, on an average, what it costs him to live, no more, no less. The things he makes, which Socialists call commodities, exchange at just about their values, that is, according to the amount of labor required to make each commodity. Capitalists buy and sell these commodities. But the wage-worker has only one commodity to sell—his labor-power. He sells it for its value. But in two or three hours of the day he produces the equivalent of his wages; then he works from six to ten hours longer. In these hours he produces what Socialists call SURPLUS-VALUE for the capitalists.

3. **THE CLASS STRUGGLE.**—This surplus value now belongs to the capitalists, because they OWN the land, the machinery, the raw materials. They pay the laborers their wages and they take the rest. And as machinery improves, the capitalist's share of the product ever grows larger, the worker's smaller. The capitalists think this is right; so do the "good" workers, the ones who believe in the morals that the capi-

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