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W. U. COTTON, Editor

This is No. 128

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, FEBRUARY 23, 1911

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NOTE THE RED ADDRESS  
LABEL ON YOUR PAPER

WEEK No. 129

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so that you will not miss any  
numbers.

H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

The Socialists stand for the brotherhood of man. Therefore they cry out against the present unjust conditions of society.

The abolitionist stood for the rights of humanity. A great love surged in his heart. He longed to raise humanity to a higher level. Wherefore he fought against chattel slavery. He marched forth to free the slaves from their arduous tasks. He heard the crack of the slave driver's whip and saw the oozing blood from the welts of human flesh. It made his blood-boil and in the name of humanity he fought against slavery.

Today the Socialists look abroad upon the world and behold slaves forced to work for a bare living. They see these slaves herded together to build shops and mills and palaces. They see them herded into the shops to work for a bare living while the wealth they create is absorbed by a master class as cunning, as immoral, as ruthless as any ruling class that has preceded.

The Socialist sees the slums where the slaves are compelled to herd. He sees the slaves driven from their workshops at the first sign of panic and forced to march the streets hungry and outcast, while the wealth they have produced is being squandered in luxury that flaunts itself in the face of their misery.

He sees the houses of prostitution increase in number and size. He sees the degradation and misery produced by the slave system.

Therefore he marches to do battle against the slavery that afflicts humanity. His heart becomes filled with a passionate longing for freedom and humanity and brotherhood, for the abolition of want, of misery, of prostitution, of slavery.

And as the abolitionist had to fight the slave owners, so today the Socialist is forced to fight the modern slave drivers, the capitalist class.

In the days of chattel slavery the slave owners were often cultured and maintained open hearted hospitality towards other members of their own class. The slave owners called the abolitionists the destroyers of society and fought them, hung them. The abolitionists pointed to the huddled cabins of the slaves, the red gashes on their backs, the separation of families, the tortures inflicted on those who could not resist, the immoralities practised of the slave girls, they pointed to all these things and fought on in the good fight until the chattel slave walked free.

Today the capitalists maintain open hearted hospitality towards members of their own class. They call the Socialists destroyers of society and fight them, imprison them, torture them, fine them, blacklist them; hang them. The Socialists point to the miseries of our cities, to the poverty of the homes of the wage slaves, the hunger marchers, the prostitutes, the slums, and fight on in the good fight of human liberty and will not cease until the wage slaves walk free.

Friend, on which side do you wish to take your stand? Do you hear the call of battle for liberty? Do you wish to become a modern hero in the fight for the uplift of the human race? Do you wish to take your stand with the slave drivers of Canada, or are you willing to join the ranks of the greatest movement the world has seen and feel yourself throbbing with the glorious impulse of humanity's good?

A German professor declares that radiation energy will displace coal. From London comes the announcement that we will soon have wireless light. The advance of mechanical and technical processes is turning the workers into a jobless mob. Their remedy is to own the machines that have taken away their jobs from them.

The combine is the establishment of order and system out of the anarchy of production and distribution. The combine had to come, and will have to go to make way for the socialization of industry.

Andrew Carnegie says that millionaires seldom laugh. Let us increase the gaiety of nations by doing away with millionaires.

I would like to see every reader of Cotton's become a centre of revolutionary thought and activity in his or her community.

Humanity has outgrown the capitalist stage. The capitalist system must give way to Socialism.

## CHINA'S MILLIONS

Until recently China lay bound in the sleep of centuries. Her organization had remained unchanged. Her style of architecture had remained fixed from the days that Abraham wandered out of Ur of the Chaldees in search of newer pastures.

But the sleep is broken. Capitalism has done what Ghengis Khan and Tamerlane failed to do. Conquerors arose and empires perished and the people remained unchanged. Capitalism steps across the eastern seas and the giant awakes. What ten centuries of conquest failed to do, ten years of capitalism has done.

The old order is changing. Immortal customs are vanishing. Railroads are stretching across the provinces. Steel mills are arising. The quilted petticoat, umbrella and lantern of the old soldier is being replaced by European equipment. For good or for evil China has entered on the pathway of capitalist development.

China capitalized makes the Socialist Revolution approach with giant strides. Formerly the surplus values produced by European labor was absorbed by China. Now the Chinese themselves are producing surplus values. Formerly the products of the wage slaves of Europe were disposed of to the yellow-skinned Easterner. Now the wage slaves of the East are producing surplus values and the labor skimmers of the East must find a foreign market for their surplus or submit to the Socialist revolution which must necessarily end in the extinction of the capitalist class.

China, awakened and capitalized, means that the world markets will be overstocked more acutely than ever and the American and Canadian worker will have to absorb the products of his own labor if the market is to be kept clear.

This necessarily means Socialism.

## POINTERS

Do you want to control Cotton's Weekly, Comrades? If you do, now is your chance to speak up, or forever hold your peace.

Just think, Comrades, when you own Cotton's Weekly you can sack the present editor and put in a revolutionary Comrade who spits plutes at every breath.

When you control Cotton's Weekly you can change the name. That is certainly inducement.

A little more active work on the part of the sub hustlers and Cotton's Weekly will pay its own way. Then all the capital that comes from the sale of the stock can be used to put in a new press and turn out a perfect paper.

During the month of March last year you sent in the sum of \$676.76. Now Comrades, that is the kind of work you've just got to do during the coming month. You've got to do it. I won't stand any ifs or ands or buts. Just get to work, dig in and roll those subs in. The revolution needs them in its business.

You think I have squealed for subs in the past. Just wait till I squeal for subs in the future. Before there was lurking in your mind the idea that I wanted to get a graft out of it. Now I will be pulling subs, not for my paper, but for OURS. So, Comrades, I will dig into you worse than ever.

I hold only one share in Cotton's Co-operative.

I have given two years of the best part of my life to this paper. I am handing it over to you now when you can make it a howling success. How many shares will you buy to complete the success?

You believe in co-operation. You believe in profitless operation. You believe in the necessity of a publicity organ like Cotton's Weekly. You have been willing to sacrifice time and money for Socialism. You are still willing! Then get after subs at once. Roll them in. And get after yourself to take shares in Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company. Get after your local, your union, to take stock.

Some of you can afford to take but one share of ten dollars in Cotton's. Some of you can afford to take ten shares. Some may be able to take twenty shares. Whatever you can afford to take, take. AND TAKE AT ONCE.

Capitalism is international in its scope. The reciprocity treaty shows that the henchmen of the capitalist class are impatient at protecting walls against the free circulation of slave products.

## I HAVE DECIDED, in the Interests of Socialism and Harmony, to Surrender the Control of 'Cotton's Weekly' to the loyal and true Comrades who Support It.

THERE has been a feeling of hostility against Cotton's Weekly among many Socialists. It is privately owned and controlled. I have tried to make the paper as democratic as possible. I have endeavored to give you the kind of paper you wanted to see published. However, there has been the feeling among the Socialists of Canada that a publicity organ of the opinions and desires of the Socialists should be controlled by the persons who are fighting for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

There is a good deal of justification for this feeling. In Germany a privately owned Socialist paper will not be tolerated.

I have therefore decided to surrender control of the paper to those Comrades who are willing to support it. I have resolved to fulfil the name of the charter—Cotton's CO-OPERATIVE Publishing Company, incorporated.

Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company is capitalized at twenty thousand dollars divided into two thousand shares of a par value of ten dollars each.

The Company hereby offers this stock to the Socialists and supporters of the paper throughout Canada. Whoever owns this stock owns and controls the publication of Cotton's Weekly. They can say what policy the paper shall adopt, they can say what name the paper shall be called.

I have resolved to surrender control and to have my friends to surrender control. One man's life is too weak a basis upon which to found the success of a revolutionary paper.

With the surrender of that control, there are certain conditions attached. YOU WILL HAVE TO CARRY THE PAPER WITHOUT HELP FROM MY FRIENDS. YOU WILL HAVE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ENOUGH STOCK TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE WILLING TO SEE THE PAPER ALIVE.

There have been two hundred and five shares of stock par value of two thousand and fifty dollars, issued. This leaves seventeen hundred and ninety-five shares of a par value of seventeen thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars left in the treasury to be disposed of. Within a month or six weeks enough of this stock will have to be subscribed for to show that you are willing to carry the paper. IF YOU DO NOT DO THIS THE PAPER WILL CLOSE DOWN.

The Company offers this stock on the basis of twenty-five per cent CASH and the remaining seventy-five per cent in three equal instalments of twenty-five per cent at thirty, sixty and ninety days. If you subscribe for one share of ten dollars you will send \$2.50 with your subscription and \$2.50 thirty days later still and \$2.50 thirty days later still, and \$2.50 again a month later.

The Company owns the paper called Cotton's Weekly, together with its subscription list of ten thousand names. It owns about sixteen hundred dollars worth of property and owes about the same amount or little more. The Company rents the buildings and part of the equipment and can buy that part just as soon as it wants to at a fair valuation.

The Company does not pay for the deficits on the paper since it started. It does not pay for editorial services for the past two years. It does not pay for good will of the business.

You will find a stock subscription blank in another part of this paper. You can take one share or a hundred shares, by paying one quarter with your subscription blank and agreeing to make three other equal payments one month apart.

I WANT YOU TO SUBSCRIBE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS AS SOON AS YOU CAN. I WANT TO SEE TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE BANK WITHIN ONE MONTH.

All moneys received for shares will be deposited in the bank in trust for you. If you show by your cash payments that you want Cotton's to live you will be issued your stock certificates and the money will be used to make the paper self-sustaining. If you do not show by your subscriptions that you want Cotton's to live, YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU. THE DEBTS OF THE PAPER WILL BE PAID UP AND WE WILL CEASE PUBLICATION.

You have just got to roll in the cash for an increased equipment of Cotton's. You have just got to. I expect to hear from you all by return mail with your subscription to the stock of Cotton's Weekly accompanied by the first cash instalment thereof.

Have you tried to organize the Socialist sentiment in your locality into an active political force? If you have not then you are neglecting an opportunity to advance the cause of the international solidarity of the workers.

## STOCK SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC.  
COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

I HEREBY SUBSCRIBE to.....Shares of Stock in  
Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., par value \$10.00, and here-  
with enclose \$.....being.....payment on said  
stock.

Signed.....

Street or Box.....

City.....Province.....

Twenty-five per cent of the amount of stock subscribed for must accompany Subscription Blank. Balance is payable in three equal payments of 25 per cent, at thirty, sixty, and ninety days.  
No stock will be allotted, and money will be returned, unless at least 250 Shares are subscribed for by April 8th next.

## THE SPRINGHILL STRIKE

For eighteen months the Springhill strike has been on. For eighteen months the international solidarity of labor has kept the Springhill strikers supplied with the necessities of labor.

The Springhill boys are good fighters. So good have they been that the master class has been forced to maintain a bodyguard of bayonet stickers in the town.

The Springhill boys are revolutionaries. They have the spirit of fight. They have refused to obey the injunction of one of the capitalist courts of Nova Scotia. Their hearts are right and their desires are right.

BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO ADVERTISE!

Did the Springhill boys know the art of advertising they would have the great and mighty Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation beaten to a frazzle inside of a couple of months.

The art of advertising is a great art. The plutes practice it. They pay their advertising managers princely salaries, just to let their goods be known.

The capitalist politicians practice it. King George is as well advertised, or better, than Barnum and Bailey's circus ever was. His whole corroboration prancings are but an advertising scheme.

Let the Springhill boys learn the art of publicity and the company will be beaten.

Why cannot they call upon the united working class of Canada to take up their fight? A publicity campaign among Canada's wage slaves and pressure brought to bear upon the plute politicians will bring the company to time. A publicity campaign if properly conducted, would shake Laurier and Borden and do mighty things to teach labor the might of their political power.

The Springhill boys have not yet learned to laugh at jail. Sixteen of them have been forced to go to jail for a month. SUPPOSING ONE THOUSAND HAD GONE. Supposing that one thousand workers had determined to break into jail along with their sixteen companions and had resolved to do all in their power to make the capitalist courts at Amherst the scorn of the workers of Canada?

The capitalist judges can imprison sixteen wage slaves without much political unrest. BUT THE IMPRISONMENT OF ONE THOUSAND WORKINGMEN WOULD FOCUS THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD UPON THE MISERY OF THE SPRINGHILL WAGE SLAVES.

One thousand workers in jail would rouse Canada. Laurier himself would no longer be able to smile in cold disdain at the struggles of the wage slaves for freedom.

One thousand workers in jail who were resolved to be intractable prisoners would stagger the Nova Scotian capitalist politicians at the east. At present the workers are supporting the striking workers. Were the workers jailed then the plute politicians would have to find the money.

I would like to go to Springhill to help fight the battle of the strikers. But I am chained to Cotton's Weekly until the wage slaves of Canada make it prosperous enough to carry itself and leave me free to go where the fighting is thickest.

In the mean time I want to give this message to the Springhill workers who have so bravely fought against their masters for decent living conditions. I want to impress this thought upon them.

YOUR MASTERS ARE WEAK. THEIR POLITICIANS ARE BLUFERS. THEIR JAILS AND THEIR PENAL INSTITUTIONS ARE HARMLESS SCARECROWS IF THE WORKERS WILL BUT FACE THEM UNITEDLY.

Comrade struggles for freedom in Springhill. Learn the art of publicity. Learn the weakness of your masters. Labor conquers all, even their courts of justice which are the main reliance of the plundering plutes.

One hundred and sixty-five persons own over forty per cent of the privately owned timber limits of the United States. It is about time that the Americans were making a noise like Socialism.

Some Socialists are worrying about what the plutes are going to do. I feel like letting the plutes worry about what the Socialists are going to do.

The "labor problem" which so worries the plute supporters will be solved by the abolition of the plute.

## KING AND THE 8 HOUR BILL.

Alphonse Verville introduced an eight hour bill into the House of Commons. The bill provided that work on government contracts and work performed by the government by day labor should, in general, be done on the eight hour basis.

Verville consulted with Mackenzie King, the Minister of Labor in the Laurier cabinet, and as a result the bill was ripped to pieces, all the clauses that amounted to anything were removed from it, and Alphonse Verville introduced the tattered remnants of his beggarly little measure for the consideration of the puppet henchmen of the labor skimmers.

Mackenzie King, whom the workingmen of Berlin and Waterloo, North returned to power, fairly bubbled over with loving words for the working classes. "The working classes," sniffed King in Parliament, "have as much love for their families, as great regard for domestic happiness as have the rich." Again, "The time has passed when the laboring classes were treated as slaves." Yet King, page 1445 of Hansard admits that the worker is practically a slave. "Supposing he starts work at seven o'clock in the morning, he must rise at five, for workmen have to start their own fires, to assist their wives to prepare their own breakfasts, so that five o'clock is as late as any man who is going to work at seven can afford to rise."

This little speech of King's is a stale joke. The Members of Parliament laughed at it. Said Mr. Blain with a weary air after listening to King's snifflings, "With all respect to my honorable friend, I may say I have had the advantage of reading his lecture before and of hearing it in this House once or twice." Said Meighen, "The Minister of Labor delivered to us the speech with which he has favored the Canadian Club of some of the towns in Ontario."

After King had worked off his little bunch of rhetoric, just to show Laurier that he was some shakes in slobbering words over the workers, he got down to business, the business to do which the labor skimmers made him Minister of Labor, and knifed the workers in the back. He ripped up the eight hour bill so that it is as useless for its purpose as a punctured pipe is for smoking.

Now listen to this darling of the labor skimmers, the man who runs round settling G. T. R. strikes when the strikers have the G. T. licked to a standstill, and shuns Springhill where the workers are face to face with the bayonet stickers that the Laurier government maintains to crush labor, listen to what this honorable gentleman has to say of the bill after it had been decimated, after he and Verville had sucked the life out of it. "I would not propose to give the law a greater extension at this time." "He (Verville) wisely proposes to limit its application at the outset."

Workers of Canada, the Department of Labor established at Ottawa has been established, not in your interests, but in the interests of the labor skimmers, the robbers of your labor power, whom Laurier has protected with what cunning nature has given him. King is not your friend, but your enemy, the most dangerous kind of an enemy, for he comes with smiles of love while he betrays you to the exploiters of the wage slaves of Canada.

What are you going to do? Are you forever going to run to your enemies for succor? You have tried that now these many years and you lose your jobs, your standard of living grows worse, and from your families go forth the girls who must sell their virtue for the bread of life which you could give them were you free to get what rightly belongs to you.

There is one way out. Withdraw yourselves from the power of your enemies. Look to yourselves for your own freedom. The Western farmers looked to the Tories and they looked to the Liberals for relief. They have at last decided to look to themselves for their own safety.

Do likewise. Get into the party that stands first, last and all the time for the workingclass. Get into the Socialist Party. Make it your instrument for your freedom.

And when Laurier, or Borden or King or any other political plunderer of labor comes near, look to yourselves for your own safety. Give them the cold shoulder. The future belongs to you. The present could be yours would you but seize it.



## LIBELLING THE KING

Edward F. Mylius has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for libelling George Wettin, otherwise known as King George the Fifth. Mylius circulated a publication called the Liberator, a paper published in Paris by Edward Bolton James, an American millionaire. This paper contained the old story that George had married a woman of the people whom he discarded for Queen Mary and the British throne.

I do not know whether this story is true or not. I was not in Malta at the time the alleged morganatic marriage took place. But I have heard about this marriage for many years back. Its reputation has circulated widely.

To stop these stories George Wettin jumped on Mylius. He accused him of libel and hauled him into a court of justice of which George Wettin is the titular head. George Wettin hauled his victim before the court of which George Wettin was chief because Wettin is also King.

Mylius asked George Wettin his accuser to step into the box and be cross-examined. This request was refused. How could the King George the Fifth, Emperor of Rex, step into one of his beastly courts? No. King George would not allow himself to be examined. When King George wanted to get the scalp of his accuser he came forward as a private citizen. But when the accuser said, "Come on, you private citizen and let me get a whack at you in the witness box," Wettin said, "Not on your life. I'm King."

Admiral Seymour and his daughters came and testified that the King had not married any of them. And Mylius was sentenced in King George's kingly court for libelling George Wettin, King of England.

Have you noticed how the plute papers of Canada have been saying that the King's reputation has been cleared? This little trial has been whooped up as having cleared up the matter for good and aye. Wait a moment. Let us look at the criminal law regarding libel and then see.

When you accuse a man of doing something wrong, you must prove what you publish up to the hilt. You must prove that the events took place at the place mentioned at the time mentioned with the parties mentioned. In a celebrated libel case down in Nova Scotia against a cabinet minister the accused was convicted of libelling the minister because, although he proved the immoral conduct, he did not prove that the immoral conduct occurred at the exact street number alleged.

There were three women mentioned as being the morganatic wife of George Wettin. Edward Bolton James mentioned one of the women. Forthwith this woman marches up and says she is not the lady. George Wettin keeps out of the way.

James has again attacked Wettin and declares that the alleged wife is out on the Pacific Coast. His publication has again been circulated in England much to the exasperation of Mr. Wettin.

Whether the story is true or not makes little difference. It matters mighty little to the Canadian wage slave whether a royal parasite over in London has been once, twice, three or a hundred times married.

The great question for the Canadian slave is not the foreign parasite but the local parasites and the international parasites who are astride the slave, forcing him to work long hours, and robbing him of all but a bare living.

The U. S. Government is enforcing peonage. It is engaging directly in it on the Panama Zone. W. D. Boyce, a U. S. capitalist, says of the workings of the Panama Canal Commission, "The peonage system of practically forcing labor to remain here, by arresting, fining and imprisoning any person who employs a man working for the Canal Commission, or who wishes to work for it, is without parallel except in times of war. No employee can get out of the country without a pass, and no steamship company will sell a ticket without a permit is furnished by the commission. Making law by 'Executive Order' is new to free Americans." When you see Taft pardoning men guilty of peonage you can know that he is a firm believer in enforced slavery.

In the February number of the Woman's Home Companion is a series of conversations bearing on the high cost of living. The conversations purport to show that the high cost of living is due to inexperienced or foolish and extravagant wives buying the best roasts and turning up their noses at everything but the choicest bits. The Woman's Home Companion is a product of the Cromwell Publishing Co., which is controlled by J. P. Morgan. So you can see why the cost of living is shoved off on a scapegoat by this publication.

## 'SPRING IS COMING

Spring is coming. Already there is a tang in the air that presages the coming of April days. The sun is rising higher each day and his beams are shedding warmth as well as light. Spring is the season of renewed life. The delicate flowers raise their tender buds from the earth. The trees put forth their green leaves. The melting snows and gentle breezes act on the blood like wine.

With the spring and summer comes the call of nature. We realize our oneness with the earth from which we have come. We feel like getting out into the open away from the eternal grind of work. We can appreciate the beauties the poets see. We can appreciate their moods. "Mid toil and strife a space to dream on nature's face." I have laid my cheek to nature's; put my puny hand in hers. "June, June, rhythm and tune, breath of fresh roses and gleam of the moon."

Yes, we all feel the call. But oh, you poor wage slaves. When nature is running riot, when the sap in every live-tree is mounting from the roots, when the whole of nature is bursting with new life and love of living, you cannot share in the joys. You are slaves. You are tied to the Sisyphean task of ever rolling up profits for your masters to squander. You are chained to your job. The whistle blows for you at seven o'clock and you must obey. Your masters have been cunning. They know you will not stand for chattel slavery. So they bind you with wage slavery. They continually hold out before you the hope they know to be vain. They deceive you with a damnable deception.

And while the spring runs riot in your veins, they have taken unto themselves the fair spots of the cities. They have you away from nature when you are not working, and they provide you monsters of ugliness to work in when you work. Have you grown old in wage slavery? Are your eyes growing dim and the twilight of life descending upon you still bound to your tasks? Have you grown hopeless of ever escaping the capitalist exploiters?

Then we bring you words of cheer. We, the International Socialists, are marching to victory. We are strong in numbers, strong in vigor, strong with a conquering enthusiasm. We bring you tidings of joy. The day of the liberty of the slaves is at hand. Your children and your children's children will see the glorious fruition of a century long conflict with the enslavers of labor.

A few more springs are but to pass and then the men and women who have labored so long to produce wealth for others will have thrown off their taskmasters and will be free to produce wealth for themselves that they may enjoy the call of Spring, carefree and happy.

## BUNDLE PRICES.

10 copies per week, for 3 months	\$1.00
25 copies per week, for 3 months	\$2.50
5 copies per week, for 6 months	\$1.00
10 copies per week, for 6 months	\$2.00
5 copies per week, for one year	\$2.00
7 copies per week, for one year	\$3.00

Why can we send a letter to Australia for two cents. Simply because the post office is a socialized industry. It has been organized to eliminate waste and competition and profits. Why can the government afford to carry newspapers at one-fourth of a cent a pound and distribute them to all the subscribers? Because rent, interest and profit have been eliminated as well as waste. It costs eight and twelve cents a pound to send packages by express. It costs one-fourth cent a pound to send newspapers. Co-operation, elimination of useless charges and organization could so reduce expenses as to produce food, clothing and shelter in abundance for all so that want would be eliminated. Why do we not adopt this sensible course? Because this would be Socialism and people's minds have been poisoned against the word by predatory interests.

King, Minister of Labor, weeps copious tears over the sad lot of the wage slaves while his official colleague, Sir Frederick Borden, the chief and head of Canada's bayonet stickers, keeps a bunch of official murderers down in Springhill to turn live workers into dead cannon should they object too strenuously to being wage slaves. King is tarred with the same dirty stick and bears the same marks of being a sturdy henchman of the labor skimmers as the other plute political heeled.

Socialism stands for the brotherhood of man through the co-operative commonwealth. At the present moment, however, the class struggle is playing the very Sam Hill with the brotherhood theory.

## BUNCOME &amp; SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER VII.  
(Continued.)

Billy Gay was a fine strapping young fellow of twenty-six and worked next to George at Buncome & Scrapp's. He owed his conversion to Socialism to Alan Maynard, who was a most earnest and fluent preacher of the new doctrine, and it was not very long thereafter before Billy Gay became one of his most able assistants, especially in the sale of literature. And Billy had helped George considerably in his long struggle against the cobwebs of lies and misrepresentation that had been so assiduously spun by old party spellbinders and other capitalist henchmen in both Church and State. He had served his apprenticeship at Buncome & Scrapp's and had never worked in any other shop, but he was a very skillful machinist and was one of the first to be promoted to the five-dollar-a-day class by Scrapp. Billy was the possessor of a fine, clear tenor voice, and it was a treat to hear him sing "Annie Laurie" or "Kathleen Mavourneen" with either of which he could fill the eyes of any patriotic exile from Old Scotia or Erin. Now there really was a "Kathleen Mavourneen" in the case in whom the young fellow was deeply interested. But as Kathleen Malone makes her debut later on it will not be necessary to introduce that young lady just now, so we will turn our attention to Fred Wilson.

Wilson, as we know, was cashier at Buncome & Scrapp's. He was a youngish looking man, probably under thirty, and had been married about two years. He was not a Socialist yet. But he was great friends with George Workman, and for next door neighbors they were remarkably and unusually neighborly. In fact, both families usually spent Sundays in the same house; and that house, of course, was No. 17, because the baby was there. But here comes Fred, so we'll not say anything more about him behind his back.

"You got my note all right," I see," he said as he came down the steps.

"Yes," returned George, "what's the trouble?"

"Well, I've got some evidence against Sweeney, and I wanted you to keep Billy here till I could get away. Of course I could have told you this evening after supper, George, but I wanted Billy to know right away, so's he could enlighten Frank Wells and the other men at Smoothe & Grabbitt's who are opposed to the strike as to the game Sweeney is playing. In my opinion he is nothing but a tool for McScurly. But here's a Green Street car. That's your car, Billy, and it'll suit us. George, as we've got to transfer at Main Street anyway."

They got on a trailer that was not so crammed as those that had been passing for the last fifteen minutes. It was now quarter past six and the flood tide of flowing humanity had already begun to ebb.

Then Wilson told them how Jimmy Hike had disturbed the conference between the superintendent and Sweeney and how the kid had received a reprimand for coming in before Sweeney had time to reach his hindplace.

"Jimmy has told me several times about seeing Sweeney sinking into McScurly's office," he continued, but this is the first time he's been able to give 'em a look in, and he actually 'caught 'em in the act,' as the old sleuth would say."

"I ain't surprised at anything Jimmy Sweeney said in the sinking business," said Billy. "We all know pretty well why he was so strenuous in advocating the strike last night. But what puzzles me is how in the world it is going to benefit McScurly if there should be a strike at Smoothe & Grabbitt's?"

"Oh, that's easy, my son," said Wilson. "Haven't you heard about that contract for supplying dynamos and electrical machinery to the new Stephenson river? It's not so much the size of the job that counts in this case; it's the fitness and delicacy of the machinery, and a big price will be paid for it. The only two firms in this city that are equipped for such fine work are Buncome & Scrapp's and Smoothe & Grabbitt's, and if it was a case of the work going to the shops best fitted to do it there would be no question about its coming to Buncome & Scrapp's. But money counts in this job, as it does in every thing else, and Smoothe & Grabbitt's tender will probably be thousands of dollars below Buncome & Scrapp's. I say probably because I know Scrapp's figures are always pretty high and Smoothe & Grabbitt's are always pretty low, and if there should be a strike at Smoothe & Grabbitt's, why, that would put them out of the running altogether, see?" "That's so," said Billy. "That's plain enough. But I wonder what Sweeney is getting out of it?"

"Oh," said George, "I don't think he's getting anything but promises yet. He's got to make good before he gets his reward. That's the way with all these labor traitors. They don't amount to very much in the bosses' estimation as long as they are only one of the rank and file. They've got to reach the top and become real 'leaders' before they can count on getting any reward for their services. If you look into the thing you will see that it has always been the big guns in the labor unions, the men who could deliver the goods, that got the rich plums. No need to name them; they're pretty well known. Now I'll admit that Sweeney has all the requisites for making a 'labor leader' and he has tried his best to climb up, but he'll never reach it. The time is past when a labor leader can sway a body of unionists to his way of thinking unless his way is the right way. There's too many Socialists in the unions now for any leader, no matter how clever he may be in covering up his

tracks, to lead the union like a flock of sheep to the shambles."

"Ha, ha," laughed Wilson. "George is on his hobby again. But seriously, boys, we ought to try and circumvent that skunk Sweeney, and that's what I wanted to see Billy about. I thought he could see some of the men tonight and call another meeting of the union for tomorrow night to discuss the strike at Smoothe & Grabbitt's, and if he told them about Sweeney, I don't think there would be any difficulty in getting a lot of them to vote the other way. But, Billy, don't mention a word about Jimmy or about me. Your best plan will be to explain the whole thing to Frank Wells, he's trustworthy, and let him do the unmasking business. It would lose us our jobs if it got out how they got the information; but no doubt McScurly will suspect in any case."

"That's just the very thing we'd do," said Billy. "After the meeting last night we drew up a petition with fifteen names and presented it to President Merriwale. He said it was perfectly legal according to the union rules and he could do no other than issue notices for a special meeting on Thursday night, that's tomorrow, and I expect to find my notice when I get home. I dare say you'll get your's too."

"That's fine," said Wilson. "All you have to do now, Billy, is to see Frank Wells and put him wise to the whole matter. And be sure to impress on him the necessity of keeping dark everything as to how he got his information. He mustn't let out that Sweeney was seen in McScurly's office; that would nail Jimmy Hike at once. You two must work out a good-enough story that will do its work without implicating anybody from Buncome & Scrapp's. Now, don't forget that, Billy. I'll look out for that," returned Billy. "I guess we can fix it all right. Fortunately I won't have far to go to find Frank. He moved into No. 9 Baker's Row only last week. We live at No. 5."

"Well, here's Main Street," said George. "We've got to get out here. So they were soon standing on the corner of Green and Main, and while George and Fred waited for a Grosvenor Avenue car Billy went down Main Street towards Baker's Row, having, as he said, "a lot of work to do tonight."

The houses at this end of Baker's Row were larger than at the other end where the Harrises lived. The Gays lived in No. 5, a two-story house of six rooms, with a lean-to shed at the back. The family comprised the mother, two sons and two daughters. Billy was the eldest and was the mainstay of the family. One of the daughters was a music teacher and the other a milliner. Edward, the youngest, a lad of sixteen, attended the high school. They were a healthy and happy family, and had never known the pinch of poverty, although Mrs. Gay had had a rather hard struggle after the death of her husband and before any of the children were capable of earning.

When Billy came in he found the notice he expected, which read as follows:

"Dear Sir and Brother:—Your attendance is requested at a Special Meeting to be held at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, August 18th, 19—, when a matter of great importance will come up for discussion. Fraternally, John Merriwale, President; Alexander Ford, Secretary."

## CHAPTER VIII.

An After Dinner Discussion.

Have you ever noticed how the Scot has taken possession of the engines of the world—the English-speaking world I mean? In the engine rooms of the British navy he is paramount; he is in a big majority in the British tramp steamer fleet, and he more than holds his own on stationary engines wherever the English language is spoken. He may not be so plentiful on locomotive engines, I don't know. I am not in a position to say. But he is not unknown in the American navy, and a few years ago he was almost supreme in the Japanese navy. The Scot's ambition certainly runs or used to, anyway—to steam mechanism as naturally as a second year onion runs to seed.

Another peculiar feature you might have noticed—that is if you are of the noticing sort—is the fact that the man who wields the shovel that throws the coal that feeds the boiler that makes the steam that runs the engine that drives the machinery is generally an Irishman. Go down into the bowels of the big ocean liners and see the brawn and muscle of the men who are throwing the black feed into the fiery maw of the open-mouthed furnace. With nothing on but a pair of canvas trousers the play of their muscular biceps is noticeable under the thick coating of coal dust through which little rivulets of sweat are ploughing their way floorward. Ever watch 'em? I have. "Sure, it wouldn't surprise ye, would it, if ye were tould that most av these byes hailed from th' Ould Sod?" And in the stockholds of the navy! Well, it is pretty nearly tantamount to saying that "No English (or Welsh) need apply."

Sandy at the throttle. Pat at the shovel. I don't know how it came about, as it started before my time and I suppose it will continue as long as coal and steam and machinery are needed for creating motive power. Probably there was and still is a cause for this condition of things, but we have no time now for hunting it up.

At Buncome & Scrapp's the rule held good. The engineer was a big, brawny Scotchman named Dugald McNair, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, grey at the temples, but still in the prime of life looking as strong as an ox. He was usually recalcitrant and somewhat "dour," but

became quite talkative after a few swigs at the bottle of "Old Scotch" which he kept in a cupboard in the engine-house. But McNair was never drunk. Instead of paralyzing his brain whisky seemed to clear it, and the only noticeable effect was a loosening of the tongue.

The boss of the shovel was a stocky, well-set-up man of medium height and good muscular development. His name was Dennis—Dennis Malone. Of course everybody called him Dinny. Nobody would ever think of calling an Irishman by his full given name. If he were christened Tugane, or James, or Patrick, he would go through life as Terry, or Jimmy, or Patsy. This habit of using the affectionate diminutive name is one of the kindest traits of the Irish people, and one of the strongest links in the chain that binds them to each other and to that "Green little isle across the sea," it is, perhaps, the sweetest chord in their national melody.

(To be continued.)

Israel Tarte, one of Laurier's chief supporters and cabinet ministers in days gone by, declared that elections were not won with prayers. Tarte ought to know as he was close to the Liberal organization and the reptile funds. Now Laurier has hatched up a scheme for reciprocity with the U. S. Mark how cunningly it will be worked. The manufacturers do not want reciprocity. The Liberals need barrels of money for the coming elections. The plum tree must be shaken. The political plot is working. The manufacturers cry out against reciprocity. How much will the manufacturers and protected interests pony up? That is the practical question that men are asking themselves. It looks as though the plum tree had been shaken. The Liberals are showing signs of weakening. Champ Clark, the leader of the Democrats across the border, has come out with a speech in which he declares that reciprocity will prepare the way for the union of Canada and the State under one flag, Old Glory. Here is the excuse that will be seized upon when the time comes. When the campaign chest is full then we will see a lot of political jockeying going on to keep Canada whole for its own rising class of financiers and predatory rich.

This is what Jerome K. Jerome, the famous English humorist has to say of the attitude of the British wealthy classes. "Listen to their talk in the clubs, in the drawing rooms. It is a little different to what one hears on the platform. Oh, yes, there the workingman is a fellow-citizen—sons of the Empire—honest, laboring men. But behind the closed doors? They are the canaille, the rabble. They never ought to have been allowed to vote. Education! What has it done for them? Spoiled them for their place as servants. 'The British working man' is he ever mentioned in their drawing rooms without a sneer? Class hatred! I say God help the rich if ever the day should come when the workers hate them one-hundredth part as much as they hate the workmen, on whom they live." There you have a revelation of what the masters think of the workers. You Canadian toilers do you think those who live by the sweat of your brow care a hang for you save what they can get out of your hides? If you are as simple as to look to your masters for friendship and succor, you are easy caught suckers.

Five thousand skilled workers are out of work in Toronto besides many unskilled workers. These masterless wage slaves can starve. The politicians do not care what happens to them. The government funds are not for the wage slaves who are thrown out of work by the anarchy of our industrial system. The government funds are for the plutes and their hangers-on, such as King George and the bayonet stickers. Sir Frederick Borden announced in the House of Commons that 717 officers and men of our official murderers are to go over to England to attend the theatrical entertainment provided for the delectation of the parasites in the shape of the royal coronation. Free transportation over thousands of miles for parasite soldiery. Starvation at home for industrious out-of-workers. Now cheer for Laurier, you plundered wage slave. Make a loud noise. And above all, don't think for yourself. You might get some sense if you did.

Milton R. Hersey, Chemical analyst of Montreal and millionaire Cobalter, announces that there is very little impure food sold in Montreal. While in the past great quantities were sold, most of the manufacturers of such stuff have been put out of business. Impure food is a side issue of capitalism. The main issue is the abolition of wage slavery and the putting of the workers in control of the means of production of the necessities and comforts of life. In Great Britain there is very little adulteration of food, and the poor die of starvation in the streets of the cities.

## JAIL

Once upon a time we all looked upon jails as disgraceful places to be in. We looked upon the people incarcerated therein as jail birds, creatures to be shunned and abhorred.

But now we know differently. The jail is a capitalist institution for confining the men and women the capitalist system have victimized. Moreover, the jail has been hallowed and glorified by numberless martyrs who have laid down their liberty for the progress of humanity.

More recently still the jail has become an instrument in the class war. The Industrial Workers of the World have discovered that jails can be used as an instrument against the capitalist class.

The capitalist class hate to spend money. They are all the time for reduction of expenses. Jails are necessary for the maintenance of capitalist order by depriving of liberty those persons who have been turned into criminals by the oppression of our modern slave system. While jails are necessary for the capitalists they want them run as cheaply as possible. Wherefore we see Hanna, Whitney et al of Ontario turning the prisoners into actual slaves so that the prisoners may be made to provide for their own cost of keep.

The "International Workers" have beaten the capitalists on the jail question. The capitalists through their politicians threatened jail for the workers who dared speak up for the streets of Spokane. This was the call of battle. Hundreds of wage slaves took up the dare. They spoke. They were arrested, clubbed and thrown into jail. They turned the jail upside down. They screamed, shouted, shook the iron bars, refused to work. They had their limbs broken. They were starved. They were forced into the chain gang. But still the free speech fighters rushed to the fight. More and more flocked to jail until the jails overflowed, until the armory, turned into a temporary jail, overflowed, and still the free speech fighters kept flocking to Spokane.

The Spokane authorities were forced to weaken. The cost of special guards, old police, court trials, of hospital bills, of military, staggered the niggardly plutes and they gave in. The Spokane workers can speak on the streets now. The same fight is being waged in Fresno, California, and the city council is being staggered by the cost of the fight.

A working class that can laugh at the bogey terror of jail possesses a spirit that the master class cannot conquer. The capitalist class through their corrupt courts condemned Fred D. Warren of the Appeal to Reason to jail. He would not weaken and Taft in despair was forced to pardon him.

In Montreal the unemployed walk the streets. Comrade Saint Martin likes to get hold of a masterless wage slave who will kick. Such a wage slave he advises to go break a window and get arrested. He advises the working class in general to do this in times of distress. "Let the government feed you," he tells them. And the police of Montreal fight shy of Comrade Saint Martin and his masterless wage slaves who want to break into jail.

THE MASTER CLASS OF CANADA CANNOT FRIGHTEN REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISTS WITH THE THREAT OF JAIL.

## Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of February 16.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	228	95	323
British Columbia	28	33	61
Alberta	16	26	42
Prov. of Quebec	14	31	45
Nova Scotia	30	14	44
Manitoba	14	15	29
Saskatchewan	11	13	24
New Brunswick	6	6	12
Elsewhere	4	4	8
Yukon Territory	0	0	0
Newfoundland	0	0	0
Prince Ed. Island	1	0	1
Total	352	237	589

## Loss for week 115

Total issue last week was 11,600

The slaves of Canada must look to themselves for their own freedom.

**\$1.35** pays for 100 Good White Wave of Bond Letterheads, 8 1/2 x 11, ruled or unruled, and 100 X-X White Wave Envelopes, well printed, and postage prepaid to address in Canada. All kinds of printing at same brand of prices. Union Label. Ask for samples. Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Vancouver, B. C.

## SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

Condensed Cards for Locals inserted under this heading at \$1.00 per month.

LINDSAY, ONT. SOCIALISTS meet every Monday Evening at 8 o'clock, above Dominion Bank entrance, William Street. All socialists, residents or visitors, heartily welcome.

## Dr. W. J. CURRY

DENTIST

SUITE 501  
Dominion Trust Building  
VANCOUVER, B. C.



# THE FIRING LINE

## TOP NOTCHERS.

(Based on a computation of five half yearly subs for a dollar)

R. Heilinger, Montreal, 25  
J. S. Grue, Brockville, Ont., 20  
J. D. Graham, Deadwood, B. C., 17  
F. C. Thompson, Galt, Ont., 16  
E. F. Hill, Galt, Ont., 15  
W. Stechishin, Garland, Man., 15  
Sunny Jim, Phoenix, B. C., 15  
E. B. Vail, Sheridan, Wyo., 12  
C. J. Hardy, Halifax, 12  
C. R. Waters, Galt, Ont., 11  
Mary Brown, Blairmore, Alta., 10

Moyie B. C. Miners Union takes two copies for a year.  
Comrade A. Anderson, Pearl, Ont., drops in with three halfers.  
Two renewals per Comrade M. Galt, Galt, Alta.  
A yearly from Comrade Chas. Lestor, Saskatchewan.  
Comrade Alex. MacPherson, Killam, Alta., boosts with two yearlies.  
A halfer from Comrade John Murphy, Montreal.  
Lindsay Local, Ont., per Comrade Wm. A. Goodwin, renews their bundle of ten for three months.  
Comrade C. S. dit Blondin, introduces a yearly and a halfer to the bulldog.  
Comrade D. Morrison, Bowmanville, Ont., enters the wigwag with two halfers.  
Comrade L. G. Dean, Cobalt, persuades five halfers to read about the road to freedom.  
Three halfers, and a yearly come from Comrade E. B. Vail, Sheridan, Wyoming, U. S. A.  
Comrade J. B. Leahy, Manville, Alta., makes two yearlies see a little light.  
Three yearlies is the latest from Comrade Thomas J. Lewis, Cumberland, B. C.  
Comrade Charles Pickard, Galt, Ont., feeds the fires of revolution with a yearly and two halfers.  
Comrade S. B. Wambolt, Dartmouth, N. S., nabs a subscriber for a year.  
A yearly from Comrade R. B. Voger, Dundurn, Sask., helps along the revolution in the west.  
"Enclosed find fifty cents and one class conscious toiler," Comrade C. A. Kinder, Toronto.  
Comrade Alfred Isaacson, Evans, Alta., stamps on the plutes to the tune of a bone and a half.  
Comrade J. A. MacKinnon, Trail, B. C., connects a plunk's worth of Cotton's with the brains of wage slaves.  
Comrade A. M. Tesky Lake, Sask., has been tramping on the trail of the slaves and has landed three of them for a year.  
Comrade E. G. F. Hill plunks three dollars worth of the dope into the think tanks of the Guelph wage slaves.  
Comrade F. A. Ravin, Cultus, Ont., hates to see the sub list go down. So picks up five halfers and piles them on top.  
Comrade Frank M. Keffler, Hespeler, Ont., enlists two yearlies and a halfer under the red banner of Socialism.  
Comrade L. S. Grue, Brockville, Ont., forwards four dollars on behalf of the local for bundle of one hundred per week.  
Are there any Sub Cards lying unused in some corner? Just look them up and start 'em going. It's now or never.  
Comrade Frank Tureur, Peterborough, Ont., has persuaded eight halfers to desert the political henchmen of the labor skimmers.  
Comrade R. Heilinger, Montreal, takes five bones worth of sub cards and goes on a hunt for a bunch of real live thinking wage slaves.  
Comrade W. Ogilvie, Ottawa, feeds a bone to the bulldog and brings along five halfers to watch him eat the plutes.  
Comrade M. Daniel, Alameda, Sask., shoves the revolutionary philosophy into a bone's worth of sub takers.  
A Credit Slip for Facts is sent for every remittance on Sub Cards. Agitation or Bundle of \$1.00 and over. It takes a \$3.00 order to get "Facts."  
"Just a few backward ones, but I believe that Cotton's will start them thinking and voting the right way," says Comrade Sunny Jim, Phoenix, B. C., with a string of seven yearlies.  
Comrade J. Tolhurst, West Bank, B. C., forwards two wage slave brains for a year for Cotton's to temper and burden and fire at the plutes.  
Comrade J. D. Graham, Deadwood, B. C., brings five yearly wage slaves to the fountain of discontent and fills them full of a desire to hammer the plute system.  
A new lot of Socialist stickers have just come from the press. All the old favorites and some new ones. Five Hundred assorted for 60 cents.  
"On with the revolution, peaceably if possible, by force if necessary," says Comrade R. D. Harris, Wetaskiwin, Alta., with five halfers to back him in his desires.  
"Haven't got much time or I might have got a few more," apologizes Comrade Fred C. Thompson, Galt, Ont., as he lines up fifteen halfers at the dope counter.  
If there is any political article in Cotton's that you think your member ought to read, mark the article and send the paper to him with a letter calling his attention to the matter and telling him what you want him to do about it.  
Comrade Mary H. Brown, Blairmore, Alta., writes, "Enclosed find two dollars for sub cards received. It has been very stormy weather here and I haven't been able to get out with the cards but hope to sell the remainder soon."  
"The more I read of Socialism the more I want it, and I only hope there will be a Socialist candidate running

in West Hamilton next election, so that I may cast my ballot for him. I hope we will be in the same next election," Comrade Jno. R. Cameron, Hamilton, Ont.  
"Enclosed please find two subs. This town is new soil for Socialism and I expect some good fruit from it, as I am going to try and land a good many more for the good cause. Wishing Cotton's every success. Don't mention my name as I might get fired," Ontario wage slave.  
While R. L. Borden is up at Ottawa lambasting round and hammering Laurier for daring to let American labor skimmers poach on the preserves of the Canadian labor skimmers, Comrade C. J. Hardy is down in Borden's constituency of Halifax boosting the party of the slaves. He forwards five yearlies.  
"Enclosed please find four trials. The strike makes us short of cash. This list was handed me by Comrade Mrs. J. M. Mrs. J. understands the class struggle. She is class conscious. Her belief is logic. Her religion is one for all and all for one. You will hear from her again as she adopted the motto, "No true nor rest," until the present capitalist system of robbery is overthrown," Comrade Jules Lavigne, Springhill, N. S.  
"Enclosed please find three dollars for the post cards you sent me a few days ago. I am very glad I found some new Socialists so soon. I met some of our people who could speak English at the show and they gladly subscribed. You could help us Ruthenians very much if you would advertise our paper a few times. The paper is Robntej Narod and is published in Ukrainian at Winnipeg. All those who can read this language should help us support this Ukrainian paper," Comrade M. Stechishin, Garland, Man.  
"Enclosed please find a sub for a year. I should like to see every subscriber enlist another into the grand army. Then we would be soon marching order. Subscribers should always make it a point to carry a copy of our paper with them for they do not know whom they will meet during the day. I never miss a chance if I can help it. I tell people I do not want their sub unless they will read our paper. It is readers and talkers we want. I haven't the gift of the gab, but I do like to read our paper. I am always looking for the next issue," Comrade J. H. Wood, Montreal.  
Wide-awake Socialists are always looking for an opportunity to lay propaganda matter where it can be seen. And there's plenty of opportunity. On railway cars and stations. In hotels, and many other places, a copy of Cotton's can be dropped, or some leaflets, or a Socialist sticker will do duty for many days driving home its message. Be wide awake, seize the opportunities before you.

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**The Battery and the Publicity Fund**

The Battery Boys can't make a noise  
When the Ammunition chest is low,  
But if Cotton's readers will rush in  
To the "Feeders,"  
Every shot let loose will result  
In a show.

This may not be elegant poetry, but it expresses the sentiment of the Battery Boys alright, alright. They are hung up high and dry on the Publicity Campaign.  
This Publicity Campaign is the best thing the Battery ever got their hands into; it's a winner.  
Now look here, gents, and ladies too, the Battery needs \$350.00 on this campaign. Wake up and start 'em off with a yell of triumph. Do it now.  
The only solitary backer of the Battery in two weeks is:  
C. A. Kinder, Toronto ..... \$1.00  
Previous acknowledged ..... \$2.50  
Total received ..... \$3.50

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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

Rouleau, Sask 11.2.11

The Editor  
Sir I have been a reader of your paper for some time but I have now come to the conclusion that I must let you know in as few words as possible what I think of it. It and of you after reading "Thus." The use of a Navy and not only this but 99 out of one hundred cases is little short of Criminal insanity and to cut a long story short, I think you are a Criminal lunatic and you should be in Siberia.  
Yours Truly  
Ubique

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**THE HELPING HAND.**

Assist Cotton's staff by signing your name and address to everything you write.  
Make all money orders payable to "Cotton's Weekly."  
Write book, bundle, card, or sub orders on separate sheets of paper from letters on other matters.  
Always give expiration number when renewing sub.

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**SUB PRICE OF COTTON'S.**

Canada and England.

Six Months, 26 copies ..... \$ .25  
Six Months, clubs of 5 ..... 1.00  
One Year, 52 copies ..... .50  
One Year, clubs of 5 ..... 2.00  
Three Months, club of 5 ..... .50  
Three Months, club of 10 ..... 1.00

Subs to the United States are \$3.00 per year. This is on account of the postage, which is one cent per copy.

Comrades, take notice that copy for any particular issue must be in by the preceding Saturday. The present issue takes over two days to run, and we cannot do better till we land a new press.

A comrade who visited Cotton's recently told of putting Socialist Stickers in a railway car smoker, and three times later he struck the same car, and the stickers were still doing business.

There is no strife between capital and labor, but there is a mighty big row on between the capitalist class and the working class.

# Socialism in Canada

Lindsay, Ont.  
Dear Comrade—We have had a grand time this week, thanks to Mayor Beal's entertainment and generosity, in giving us the pleasure of two lectures on "Socialism, what it is and what it is not," by Mrs. Simon of Chicago. Rooms were packed.  
Yours for the common weal,  
Wm. A. Goodwin.

Comrade C. S. dit Blondin, Harris, Sask., gets a column and a half let into the Saskatoon Daily Phoenix, showing that Socialism is not against the hope, is not against society and is not against religion but is the grandest movement for the freeing of humanity that the world has seen.

The Montreal Star has been publishing a series of letters trying to show that the high cost of living is due to the extravagance of the workers who want the best on a dollar and a half a day. Comrade George Edwards slipped in a letter showing that if the workers began to save their wages and be stingy like the thrifty capitalists there would be no let-up to the panics that would ensue, as long as conditions of society remained unchanged.

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**YOUNG COMRADE GETS FIRST PRIZE.**

At Cobalt, Ont., the Empire Theatre gives prizes for amateur acts. Our young Comrade, Miss L. MacCloud, thirteen years of age, sang the song, "Shall we be slaves and work for wages?" and brought down the house last Friday. She was cheered and made to repeat the song. She won the first prize for amateurs and in the future is going to sing other revolutionary songs, as they are the ones that please the audience in these parts. So you see our cause is growing.

In the future we will let the union men and others know by advertising it when any of our young Comrades are going to appear in the Amateur Acts at the play houses. This is our first victory. We look for bigger ones yet.

Yours in Revolt,  
Percy J. Ashby.

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**MONTREAL WAKING.**

Editor Cotton's Weekly  
Dear Sir, and Comrade—The usual weekly meeting of the S. P. of C. (Montreal Local) took place on Monday evening the 13th inst., Comrade Barnett in the chair. There was a fairly large attendance, and one new member was enrolled.  
In order that the doings of our local should be to some extent made known to the Party at large, it was decided that a Corresponding Secretary should be appointed, who should send a short account of the proceedings to Cotton's, and this was accordingly done.  
A motion by Comrade Borland that the I. W. W. be challenged to a debate on "Industrial Unionism" was carried, and we may look forward to an interesting discussion on this subject. The time and place, will of course, be decided upon later.  
The subject selected for the next Local debate was "Shall Socialists advocate reforms."  
At the close of the business part of the session a very animated debate took place, on the weakening of the Socialist Party by the creeping in of diverse opinions, which ultimately lead to the formation of "splits" and factions, each with its own small following, and all of them forgetting the great aim and object set forth by the immortal Marx, whose words form our motto. It was suggested (and not without grounds) that these splits were attributable to the Capitalists, so that we should endeavor to guard against them, for if they are tolerated in any Society or Brotherhood it will surely come to nothing in the end. We should remember that unity is strength.  
For the benefit of intending members, the Local meets Mondays at 330 St. Charles Borromeo St.  
Come and join. We've got the key to loosen your shackles.  
Yours for the Cause,  
S. Major, Cor. Sec.

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The Socialists of Canada are on the march. We are preparing for the freedom of the workers. We are at war with the exploited. We serve notice upon every capitalist in Canada, out of it from Strathcona, Mount Stevens, Pellatt and their ilk down to the last least jumping Johnny of the bunch, that we are out to deprive them of their unearned wealth and to turn them into old age pensioners or useful workers.

F. B. Carvell, Liberal M. P. from Carleton Place, called O. S. Crockett a liar right in the House of Commons before all the other Members of Parliament. Out in British Columbia John Jardine, Liberal member in the legislature of B. C. had a fist fight with the Honorable Wm. Templeman, Minister of Mines in the Laurier cabinet. Talk about Socialists being rowdies. They are gentlemen compared with the plute politicians.

"Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better." The plute dog Brag is filling the air with his barkings about how he is the eternal lord of the universe while the Socialist dog Holdfast is looking over his spots and picking out the place where he can get a strangle hold that will squench plute Brag forever.

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**TO UNION SECRETARIES**

WE make a specialty of Union Printing. Circulars, Tickets, By-Laws, etc., can be delivered to you as quickly as in your own town, and at more economical prices. First class union label work, express or postage paid to your address. Drop a card for samples and prices.

# World Wide Struggle

In Berks Co., Pa., six new locals have been formed within a month.  
Dr. Kotoku's mother died of grief the day after his execution. She had been ill ever since the day of the arrest.  
The Socialists of Illinois are opposing the commission form of government which several cities are trying to establish.  
Count Albert Apponyi, former premier of Hungary, is out with a declaration that Socialism is a menace.  
Get after that bunch of Sub Cards and start something moving. Cotton's is in for a big drop in circulation. Every card helps.  
The students of Cracow, Austrian Poland, are on strike against the forcing of clerical priests on the students as instructors.  
Edwin J. Brown, Socialist Candidate for Mayor of Seattle, Wash., received 5,500 votes, ten per cent of the total votes cast.  
Australian postal employees are demanding shorter hours and more pay. If their demands are not granted they threaten to go on strike on or after April 10th.  
The Austrian Parliament has voted a hundred million dollars to be spent on armaments during the next four years above and beyond the present military burdens.  
In Columbus, Ohio, the two old parties are uniting in a "Progressive League" in a frantic endeavor to state of the triumph of the Socialists in the coming municipal elections.  
H. C. Tack, editor of the fighting Socialist weekly, The World, of Oakland, Cal., has been sentenced to three months in jail for daring to criticize his majesty the police commissioner of the city.  
Assemblyman Gerhardt has introduced into the New York legislature a bill to legalize boycotts and make it illegal for employers to discriminate against union men or preventing employees joining union organizations.  
St. Petersburg has its old look. It is full of police armed to the teeth ready to kill. This is due to the 2,500 students who voted to go on strike until Easter. 1,500 students are prisoners of the government after a day's street fighting.  
The capitalist papers have been having an alleged split in the republican ranks of Spain. The "split" is the kicking out of Lerroux from the Republican-Socialist alliance because of his crookedness and his secret alliance with the monarchists.  
A bill has been introduced in the California legislature to protect labor unions, to prevent employers from using the injunction to break a strike and to prevent them from hiring guards or detectives to protect themselves or their property.  
Edward Holton James, publisher of the Liberator for the circulation of which Mylius has been sent to jail for a year for slandering King George, declares that he has found fresh evidence in regard to the alleged morganatic marriage of the King.  
The Chicago police, angry at the refusal to grant them higher pay, threaten to form a union and join the Chicago Federation of Labor. The Chicago Federation officials declare they will not admit the police who have beaten up striking workers.  
In the state of Washington an agitation is on for the recall of the judges. Mighty good idea. The Amherst, N. S., judges would not have been so anxious to jail workers for digging a little coal were their jobs subject to votes of workmen.  
In the third district of Stockholm, Sweden, the Socialist candidate for Parliament was elected over two opponents by nearly 2,500 majority.  
Two of the opposing parties united on a "labor" candidate to beg the issue. Nevertheless the Socialist won out.  
In one day the Milwaukee Socialists started two one million dollar projects. The one was a million dollar park land purchase along the upper Milwaukee river, and the other a million-dollar mortgage certificate issue for the proposed terminal station in the proposed civic centre.  
Engelbert Wolf, president of the Vienna Blacksmiths Association, was fined \$12.50 for ridiculing the Austrian parliament by calling it an assembly of fools in a public speech. \$12.50 is evidently the value of the dignity possessed by the Austrian Parliament according to capitalist reckoning.  
The Pan-Atlantic Congress which recently met in London, was again filled with discussions on Socialism. More significant than the speeches themselves was the keen interest shown in the Socialist pleas and the earnest enthusiasm with which Socialist arguments were greeted from all parts of the hall.  
Baby Hoffstott, president of the Pressed Steel Car Company of Meigs Rocks and responsible for the outrages on the strikers of that plant, is under indictment for bribery. He wants to get his case transferred from Allegheny County and alleges that he cannot get a fair trial there owing to the speeches of Debs and Haywood during the strike.  
The Labor Conference of Australia which recently met at Sydney, New South Wales, the organization which controls the leagues throughout the whole federation, has declared for a forty-four hour week for men and a six-hour day for women employed in factories together with a minimum wage of two dollars a day. The conference also recommends that the Government start jam factories to take over the control and distribution of all perishable products.  
Dr. Geo. W. Galvin of Boston, founder of the Emergency Hospital, declares, "if a change does not take place in the existing conditions which will stop the rapid increase of the unemployed, I predict, with all sincerity, that by 1915 there will be such a revolution as will make the

# millionaire afraid to step outside his home for fear of having his brains blown out by the starving man who awaits him.

A few weeks ago a report was circulated that the British paupers would sally out of the workhouses when they got their old age pension for the week, have a glorious drunk, and then go back to the workhouse. The old age pension has been in force two years. In 1908-1909 47,420 Londoners were in receipt of outdoor relief. In 1910 only 32,495 were in receipt of outdoor relief. The old age pension is relieving the London taxpayer of a lot of taxes.  
During the past five years in Russia 1,270 newspapers have been suppressed; 1,046 of which were suppressed by mere administrative order. Through the "program" organized by the authorities about 214,000 Jewish proletarian families have been ruined; 1,250 Jews have been killed and more than 1,000,000 Jewish workmen have been compelled to take the road of the exile. The so-called repressive military expeditions killed during a few months 26,000 persons. The military courts sentenced for "political" crimes, 37,620 persons; for similar crimes, 120,000 persons were imprisoned through purely administrative orders. In 1904 the prison population was 85,000. Now it is 216,000 and still growing.  
Get your Renewal in before your sub expires. If you let the sub run out, it will be a week or ten days before you can be reinstated, and you will miss some copies. Renew early.

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**THE WAR OF A SUB CARD.**

I am just a little sub card, waiting for the day  
When some one gives me something I can do;  
I lay around here day and night a-moping time away.  
Wishing I could hustle just like you.  
I am not the only one that sings this gloomy song,  
There are hundreds that are grumbling same as I.  
They all are anxious for a chance to help the cause along  
And boost the circulation to the sky.  
We are printed for the Hustlers, but they seem to turn us down,  
And we're rotting here and getting lazy, too.  
Oh! why don't you begin to 'live up the town'  
And take us out to make us work for you?

This poetical effusion caught our eye in an old exchange, and as it fits in opportunistly, here it is. Boys, the circulation is in for a big drop. Note the figures this week. Get busy and order some cards, and stir things toward keeping Cotton's at 11,000.

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When David Graham Phillips, the novelist, was shot in New York by a musician who immediately suicided, it was heralded to the world that the murderer was a Socialist. As a matter of fact he was no such thing Phillips, the man who was murdered, was a Socialist while his murderer was a man who saw no way out of capitalist oppression save by suicide. The murderer was a plute thinker while the murdered man was a Socialist. The plute press flamed it to the world the other way. But then that is about as near as the plute papers get to the truth when they misrepresent Socialism.

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The eight hour bill as amended has passed its third reading in the House. Mackenzie King declared that he was satisfied with the bill as it was a beginning. The workers could get more later on. King is a past master in the art of fooling the workers. He gives them a nibble at an eight hour law and then tells them if they are good he will help them get another little nibble four or five years from now. He does not like it when Socialists tell him plump and plain that he is the enemy of labor and hand and glove with the labor skinner.

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The Montreal Aldermen are indulging in sharp criticism of the Street Railway Company. They fight it because it is not giving a quick enough service and because it is threatening to cut off the passes of the Aldermen. They do not mention the injustices the street railway wage slaves have to suffer. Why should they? The wage plugs of Montreal have taken almost everything their exploiters have handed to them, and they have taken it lying down.

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The anarchy of capitalism kills thousands of people and the people wonder why people are killed. The active anarchists kill two or three people and the whole of organized society shudders at the deeds. Are not people foolish to be frightened at individual anarchism while dying by the thousands from capitalist anarchism?

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"Those discontented Socialists are a menace to our institutions," shouts the plute. The Socialists gleefully reply, "You can bet your bottom dollar or that we are out to smash your institutions so that your bottom dollar will be gone that you got without labor."

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\$1.10 is our price for One Hundred Printed Note Heads and Envelopes. You can have Note Heads, ruled or plain, wave or bond. All good stock and no print. Ask for samples of other printing. Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Evansville, P. Q.

# SOME PLAIN TALK

Do you notice that slump? Do you know what that means? It means that Cotton's Army has been lying down on the job.  
It takes between a hundred and twenty-five and a hundred and fifty dollars a week to run Cotton's. Last week the income was fifty dollars and forty cents. The first three days of this week the income was thirty-two dollars, a rate of sixty-four dollars a week. There have been many weeks when you have given Cotton's a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.  
Cotton's subs went up in January. Why? Not because you hustled but because we overdraw on the Agitation Battery. We overdraw to an extent of three hundred dollars. During January you contributed to the Battery during January the sum of three dollars and twenty-five cents.  
The paper can easily be made self-sustaining. You can easily do it.  
I have given two years of my time to this paper without remuneration. I have thrown my whole life into it without other thought than the advance of Socialism and the freedom of wage slaves. I realize perfectly that when one fights the battles against slavery that one has to suffer for it.  
What money I had, twenty-five hundred dollars, went long ago in keeping up the paper. Last summer the equipment of Cotton's Weekly, presses, etc., was sold for debts by bailiff's sale. That is why I had formed the Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., and had my friends buy in the machinery in order to keep the paper alive.  
I have had to borrow money from my friends to keep the paper alive. I have been happy, or maybe unhappy, situated in that I could borrow some thousands of dollars to keep the paper going. The gentlemen who have advanced this money are not Socialists. Far from it.  
Whenever I have gone for a hundred, two hundred, or three hundred dollars to meet the deficits of the paper I have got the money without giving security, and without any questions as to when I would pay interest or as to what I would return the principal. I would be advanced the money, and always would come the questions, "Aren't you tired of wasting your brains and time on that bunch of slaves?" "The gang you run with don't back you much, do they?" "How long are you going to let these Socialist leeches of your's bleed you?" I would get lectures upon the foolishness of wasting my energies on you. I would be told that you were slaves without a desire for freedom, that you would cheer for me as long as you did not have to pay for it, that you were an undisciplined rabble who, like hogs, would trample into the mud at the first opportunity the hands that fed you.  
I am not saying those are my sentiments. I am just telling you the idea the men who have been putting up the money to keep Cotton's going have of you. Were I to become incapacitated or die before Cotton's got on a self-supporting basis the paper would be shut down at once. I want to see the paper last as a revolutionary force. That is why I want to see it on a self-sustaining basis. One man's life is too insecure a basis upon which to build a revolutionary paper.  
You can see how hard it is for me to obtain money to keep Cotton's going. I have to hang my head in shame while I hear you sneered at. I cannot defend you. For what excuse can I offer? You have not given the volume of business, which you could have done to put the paper on a sound basis.  
A few months ago I told a visiting pastor of our local Congregational church that the congregation was as usual composed of two classes, those who pray and don't pay, and those who pay and don't pray. There have been loyal and true Comrades who have worked for the spread of Cotton's, worked to give it power and influence, with never a word of blame for an occasional heresy. In the presence of these also I feel shame, shame for the great body of indifferent Socialists who say Socialism, Socialism, with their lips, while they let their Comrades bear the economic load of the Socialist press.  
In Montreal we have some Socialists who say "Cotton's is going to hand over Cotton's Weekly to us to run just as soon as it can pay its way." These Socialists are the ones who do not hustle for subs or bear the load. And in the meantime, while they prattle of freedom, like little boys with wooden swords of war, the real fight for freedom, the combat of ideas, the massing of the workers, the pioneer effort of individual Socialists on the firing line of capitalism, swings on without their aid.  
What are you going to do Comrades? Will I have to acknowledge that the capitalists who have been putting up the money for this paper are right? Will I have to acknowledge that you don't want to pay the price of a revolutionary Socialist organ for which you have to pay but two times for twenty-six weeks? Last week the income was fifty dollars. This week it looks as though it will be about fifty. I cannot keep running to my friends to get fifty dollars almost every week the paper is published. For shame Cotton's will have to quit.  
There is one thing you can do to prove that my faith in you is right. Roll in the subs. Last week the new subs were but two hundred and thirty-seven. If that is all you can do to help along your own freedom Hall will freeze over before your freedom is achieved. You should have rolled up an "on" list of a thousand.  
Will you back Cotton's, Comrades? Or will Cotton's have to quit for very shame?



# A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH

The Rev. F. H. Merriman, Believing that the Individual is Superior to his Environment, Gets a Hard Lesson and Some More Tangible Things

BECAUSE the city was in the throes of an industrial depression the Rev. Dr. Merriman's sermon was particularly apt. The text was "seek and ye shall find" and the worthy doctor proceeded to prove by masterly rhetoric and faultless logic that all things are possible to everybody—provided they exert themselves. Had the Reverend Doctor been desirous of economizing time, he might have delivered his whole sermon in one sentence: "Whatever happens to anybody is his own fault."

The well fed and carefully-groomed congregation of the Church of the Merciful Shepherd fully agreed with their pastor. They were tired of hearing the results of environment, the deserving poor, the bitter cry of the children—in short, tired of the whole social economic question. It was pleasant to hear for a change that environment had nothing to do with it, that there were no deserving poor because if they were poor they were not deserving, or the other way about, and that the bitter cry of the children arose because of parental sins, which had nothing to do with the congregation of the Church of the Merciful Shepherd.

So they considered their pastor's discourse perfectly beautiful, and told him so, which, in turn, was very pleasant to him. Therefore everything was mutually satisfactory. The Rev. Dr. Merriman left the church in a decidedly complacent frame of mind.

As he neared the corner a young man fell into step with him.

"Richard, I'm pleased to see you," said the Doctor cordially, as he held out his hand to the other. "I have not seen you at church lately."

"I was there this morning," answered the young man. There was a moment of silence. Then the pastor spoke:

"I hope, Richard, that my sermon showed you the other side of the picture. It was inspired—I might say—by a talk I had with your father a few days hence. You are young, my boy, and have a tendency toward becoming a dreamer. I am much older than you, and I have been very observant of life. I have reached, after many years of mature reflection and study, the conclusions which I incorporated in my sermon of this morning. Remember, my dear boy, that you owe something to your father. The course you are pursuing is a great pain to him."

"It is just because I remembered that," replied the young man gravely, "that I wanted to talk to you. I realize my debt to him, and I know that this settlement work is against his wishes. I feel that in my present state of mind I cannot decide fairly. To come to the point, Doctor, I want you to decide for me."

"Do you mean that you wish me to act as arbitrator?"

"Precisely."

"Then—"

"Just a minute," interrupted the young man. "As you have talked to my father, we may consider his side of the case has been presented. To present my side will take a week of your time, and will mean the fulfilling of certain conditions. In return I will give you my check for one thousand dollars to devote to the church in whatever way you may deem best—or in any other way that suggests itself to your mind. Do you consent?"

The Reverend Doctor Merriman was a man of quick decisions. Besides, the thousand dollars would make a splendid subscription to the Foreign Missions in China, in which the Doctor was deeply interested.

"I consent," he said positively, "and the conditions?"

"Are these: Put on your oldest clothes tomorrow morning. Don't take any money with you. Go down to the lower end of the city and look for a job. When you get one, live on what you make—for a week. Do you still accept?"

The Reverend Doctor Merriman hesitated but the small fraction of a minute. Then he threw back his shoulders—and accepted.

The next morning a man descended from the elevated station at the Battery, and circled round into Front street. Clad in a shabby suit, a moth eaten ulster, and on his head a moth eaten derby hat, not one of his parishioners would have recognized the heretofore immaculate pastor of the Church of the Merciful Shepherd. It must be admitted that the Doctor was a true sportsman. He had accepted Richard's conditions with no reserve. He had deliberately placed himself as nearly as he could, in the same condition as the men of whom he was about to make an example. His pockets contained nothing but a fifty cent piece,—which would suffice

these people, he is doing a worthy work. I shall tell his father so. Moreover I will write a sermon upon what I have seen and my congregation shall know things as they really are. I shall ask for a special collection and I shall head the list of donations with the one thousand dollars which I shall receive from Richard, for, I take it, he does not care whether I spend a week down here or a day; so long as I realize that he is right."

So the Reverend Doctor Merriman was proved in the wrong, and by all the laws of chance, the affair should have ended. He should have gone home to a comfortable bath, after which he could call on Richard's father, and then return and write a sermon on what he knew of the conditions of the unemployed. But fate stepped in, and took a hand. For when the Doctor returned to his home, his swollen tongue prevented explanations, and his servant took him for a "drunken bum"—indeed, he looked one—and threw him down the steps. Whereupon the Adam in the Doctor rose and he smote his servant heartily, until a policeman arriving on the scene, dragged him away, and he escaped going to jail simply because the jail was full. He did not escape punishment, however, for the officer constituted himself judge, and ordered the defendant to be rapped on the head with a billy. Then the judge turned executioner, so to speak, and carried out the sentence.

Some few minutes later, the Rev. Dr. Merriman was sitting on the curb with his aching head in his hands. He was facing a gloomy future. If his own servant had not recognized him it would be illogical to suppose anyone else would, and with his tongue so swollen as to prevent intelligible speech, the chance of his disclosing his identity was practically zero. He reached down in his pocket to ascertain the exact amount as to his financial standing and found nothing but a hole. The money had quietly leaked out, and disappeared. He hastened back to the scene of the scuffle and looked over every inch of the stoop and sidewalk, and delved with his bare hands in the muddy gutter, but to no avail. At last he gave up the search and slowly walked down the street. His head ached horribly, his tongue, tortured him, the chill evening air, for it was now dusk, struck into his bones, and he was one of the army of the unemployed and totally destitute. Altogether Fate was doing a thorough job.

But the Doctor did not intend to lie down under his punishment. He conceived the idea of asking at houses along the way for some work in return for something to eat and a night's lodging. This course he proceeded to carry out, ringing some twenty door-bells, and receiving twenty curt or savage, as the case might be, refusals.

Darkness settled down, over the city. The lights came twinkling out. The cold increased and still the Doctor trudged on aimlessly. When the morning broke, the rising sun shone down upon the weary figure still proceeding, although the walk had changed to a shambling. And with daylight came renewed pangs of hunger. The stores were just opening, and he entered them, one after another, asking for anything to do in return for a little something to eat. His oratory and magnetic presence seemed of no use in the present situation. In desperation he began to beg. He was unsuccessful.

"Get out of the way, you fat loafer," one man hurled at him brutally. "You could live on your fat for a week."

So the next pedestrian heard from his lips mumbled the story of a sick wife and five children. Of course this plea brought nothing—one man told him it had whiskers on it.

Noon came and passed. The Doctor had ceased to beg. He had lost hope and sat huddled on a doorstep until he was told to move on by a policeman. Then, he obeyed and chose another resting place until this too was denied him. Toward nightfall a grocer's boy, anxious to finish his day's work, dropped his packages on a stoop across the way, and merely ringing the bell, dashed back to his wagon. The Doctor was on a stoop on the other side of the street. With-out a moment's hesitation he darted over, seized a package which had the appearance of containing a loaf of bread, and dashed down the street and into an alley, where he devoured the food in great hungry gulps. Although his tongue pained him terribly, he did not stop eating until the last crumb had disappeared.

Now some men would have dodged the moral issue of this usurpation of another's property, but not so the Doctor. "I am a thief," he admitted humbly, and then fell to wondering why. He had stolen a loaf of bread it was true, but as for being a thief—maybe he was, but he did not feel any different than he had five minutes ago, except that his stomach

was fuller. Certainly his character had not changed.

From this the Doctor passed on to other reflections. Before he stopped reflecting, Dr. Francis Harper Merriman, who had only two days before expressed the opinion that the individual could rise above his environment, violently called himself a fool for harboring such sentiments, and, studying the poverty question at close range, became a rabid Socialist. Indeed the way he glared at a passing automobile filled with laughing, furcoated plutocrats, was altogether anarchistic.

Night found him in Union Square, holding down a bench with three others in as pitiable plight as himself. The cold had abated and a light drizzle had set in, drenching the unfortunate to the skin. The Doctor wondered miserably how much suffering the human body could stand, and then his thoughts turned toward the cutting of the Gordian knot. Death would be preferable to another twenty-four hours of such misery. The minutes dragged by, snailing in to hours. Then a diversion occurred. With a hoarse roar the benches sprang up, and trailed across Broadway toward a man in a long black cape—who was standing on the corner of Fourteenth Street in the middle of a crowd of ragged men. The Doctor trailed along after them.

"Good evening, boys," the man in the black cape called out cheerily. "Hope I can fix everyone of you tonight. Kall in line now and be sure to keep your places. Don't get too shoving. I know it's hard to be patient a night like this, but it is the only way we can get along."

"All right, Cap," responded a man. "God bless you!"

A volley of "God Bless you's" rang through the shivering crowd. It was the first time the Doctor had heard the sentence spoken as it was originally intended. He wondered what the Captain—so the men spoke of him—was going to do. He fell in line with the rest, well down toward the end.

The man in the black cape took his position at the head of the line.

"Now, friends," he addressed the passers by, "twenty-five cents pays a good night's lodging for one of these men, and a hot breakfast in the morning. It's a pretty hard to be without shelter a night like this. Twenty-five cents will take a man in out of the cold and wet and give him a good breakfast in the morning."

"God bless him, indeed," uttered the Doctor fervently, and then in biting contrast he seemed to see himself addressing his audience. "And I thought I was following Christ," he said to himself.

He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. Somehow the last forty-eight hours seemed to upset every conviction he had ever had.

A hundred people had passed and only two men were placed in the new line—the line of hope. Then a lady stopped, and one more went on. After this there was a lull. Laughing, happy people passed, people in costly clothes, well fed and comfortable. They reminded the Doctor of his parishioners.

"They don't understand," he said to himself. "They think we're bums. It isn't that they don't care—they're blind, blind and ignorant as I was."

He fell to wondering whether they, the so-called upper classes, would ever be awakened from their blindness and ignorance. How often he himself had read of the miserable poor, had heard speakers tell of the same conditions which he was now discovering for himself, and it had touched him only for a fleeting moment. He sighed hopelessly.

Two hours passed and the line was but kept even; new additions filled the places of those who had been provided for. The Doctor was nearing the front of the line now. Suddenly a dizziness came over him and he fell forward against the man in front of him. The man, thinking he was trying to push him out of line, gave him a violent shove, sending him reeling towards the curb. The well dressed men who were passing laughed outright. It was the last straw. The Doctor sprang upon them and was knocked down twice before the combatants could be separated by the Captain.

"You should not have laughed," he said gently to the two men. They slunk away ashamed.

Then he turned to the Doctor. "I do not blame you," he said. "I know how such a thing gets on a man's nerves. Only," he added, "you will have to go back to the end of the line. It is one of my few rules. I am sincerely sorry."

Dr. Merriman obeyed. "What a man," he said to himself. "What a Christ-like man."

Slowly the line diminished. Once four men went up together, but the streets were nearly deserted now and there were still five men in the old line. One by one, they too went up, and at last the Doctor alone was left. The Captain looked at his watch.

"Five minutes more, boys," he

called out, and was answered by a hoarse cheer.

He stood by the Doctor's side. "I am praying," he said simply.

The Doctor hung his head; he would not pray for himself. "I deserve it all," he told himself humbly. "I am an unfaithful servant."

Far down the street someone appeared. Hope sprang up in the Doctor's heart only to be shattered, as he saw it was a woman. No decent woman, he thought, would be out at such a time.

As she came under the light from an electric, the Doctor's conjecture was confirmed. Her face was rouged and her brows heavily pencilled, while her lips shone scarlet. Cheap with gaudy finery was her costume, and from her wrist dangled a gilt bag with an enormous monogram in red stones. The Captain stepped out to meet her.

"My sister," he said gravely, "there is one more."

She hesitated. "I'm broke, tonight, Cap, honest I am." She looked at the Doctor, who could not meet her eyes.

"Oh, well, she surrendered," he got my room, and I've gone without grub more'n once. Here take it."

The Doctor sprang forward. He tried to protest but the lump in his throat choked him. He could only shake his head stubbornly.

The girl gave him a quick smile. "You're all right, bo," she asserted, and passed on leaving the money in the Captain's hand.

The two men looked into each other's eyes. "One of God's children," said the Captain softly, as if speaking to himself. A look of inquiry, sadness, spread over his face. Then squaring his shoulders he led the line away into the night.

But the Doctor did not follow. He took one or two uncertain steps, and fell to the sidewalk.

At the hospital they diagnosed his case of brain fever, and in the course of time discovered his identity. The newspapers flared out into headlines, and the Doctor was overwhelmed with flowers, and visitors to see him by the hundreds.

He saw no one but Richard and the Captain.

Herb Sengbush, Berlin, Ont.

Mr. L. Stockett, general manager of the Hosmer coal mines, B. C., and Mr. Jas. Ashworth, general manager of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, declare that the price of coal is going up in B. C. Says Mr. Stockett, "With the increase in the cost of living the wages of the miners have necessarily to be raised and necessarily the cost of production becomes greater. I see every indication of the price of coal advancing still further."

You see how it works. The wage plugs get the cost of their labor power. When the cost of living goes up wages have to go up and the price of goods is again raised on the wage plugs to make their cost of living higher. The only way the wage plug can get out of being robbed of all he produces but a bare living is by the rise of the wage plugs to political and economic power. Let them unite to run industry themselves."

The Province of Quebec is great on temperance reform. A law will shortly be in working order preventing saloons opening before seven o'clock. See the idea? The wage plug on his way to work is apt to take a drink. Maybe two or three of them. This keeps his cash from rolling into the retail stores. It makes him weak and reduces his working power. Hence the wage plug must not be allowed to take his nip in the morning. Capitalism wants the worker to be strong to produce surplus values. The Socialist is willing, for the worker will also be strong for revolt.

## COST OF KEEP

Mr. Wage Worker, you are a wage slave. You are forced to work for a bare living wage. That is all you get. That is all you will get as long as you let the capitalist exploiters make the laws under which you work. The capitalist politicians know this. Laurier knows you are a slave and that all you get is your cost of keep. Maybe you think he is ignorant of your slave condition. Wake up and realize that Laurier is the politician of the labor skinner. On January 11th the eight hour bill was being discussed in the Commons. Mackenzie King and Verville had ripped the bill to pieces so that all it means now is that those who are now working eight hours a day will continue to work eight hours a day.

Frank Labor, Tory M. P. for Haldimand, Ont., declared: "If it, (the eight hour bill) applies to the mechanic who earns perhaps fifty cents an hour, it certainly should apply to the men working on the canals at small remuneration."

To this Laurier made the following reply: "The hon. gentleman will see that the man who works on the canal has steady employment and is willing to take, perhaps, lower wages on that account."

You see the reason of the big wage. Laurier himself admits it. The big wage of the mechanic is not really big. He has casual employment and has long periods of seasonal idleness. The fifty cents an hour paid for seasonal work is but an average wage to cover the cost of the keep of the wage slave for the year.

When the worker gets a steady job then the pay goes way down. Instead of five dollars a day the worker gets a dollar and a quarter a day.

As long as labor power is bought and sold as a commodity on the labor markets it will fetch but its cost of reproduction. Laurier knows this as well as the Socialists.

There is this difference between Laurier and the Socialists. Laurier works for your masters and keeps his information to himself. The Socialists work for the emancipation of the wage slaves and tell you just what's wrong with you slaves.

There is many a sentimentally disposed plutocrat who will worry over the sad lot of the Canadian slaves. He will hire priests to go and tell them that they should not drink, that they should not covet our neighbors' wealth, and that they should be good and humble. He will hire moral reformists to go get battered up in low dives where the fruits of the capitalist system are trying to get a little ready money by wearing out their bodies for the pleasure of the master class degenerates. The plutocrat will do everything except the thing that really counts. He will not get off the backs of the slaves.

President Taft in speaking of the reciprocity treaty declared that it would benefit the entire United States, farmer, manufacturer, railroad company, middleman, warehouseman. Taft did not mention the wage workers. Why should he mention the slaves? The condition of the slaves is a matter of indifference to the plutocrats, save when they rebel and have to be put down.

Cotton's gets letters quite frequently about how the writers want Socialism but really we should have more feeling for the upper classes. How can we help hurting the feelings of the upper classes when we are going to take away from them that which they cling to the hardest, their fat living by other men's sweat?

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