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INVENTIONS

There are some skilled workers who get big pay. They think they do not need Socialism. They think they are necessary to the bosses and the bosses will pay them big wages. They think that they are above want. And all the while inventors are working away at machines that will put them out of business.

There are workers who look forward to long and steady jobs. They think that if they get thrown out of one job another job will open before them. And all the while the inventors are busy inventing machinery that will turn them into hoboes.

When a capitalist wants to make something he does not say, "Give me men who can make this thing." He says, "I want a machine that will do this."

The telephone linemen are being displaced by wireless telegraphy and telephony. Perhaps they will say, "Oh, we will get work on building tracks for street railway companies."

But down in California they are putting in railroad street railway systems. They string a wire overhead and the cars run on ordinary roads. The wireless telegraph is throwing the linemen out of work and the railroad electric railway is throwing the rail layers out of business.

But then, perhaps, the workers think they can get work laying steam railways. But an invention has been made which does the work of hundreds of navvies.

This systematic displacing of labor is going on in all lines of industry. The craft union of workers was good, but now it cannot win the battles to be fought. It will not stop the continued growth of the unemployed army.

The glass workers had a strong union. They got big pay. They did not want Socialism. They were content to fight their bosses and let the bosses own the glass industry.

The Owen machine for glass blowing came into being. This blows glass by machinery. The skilled glass blower found his job gone. It threw five men out of work for every one retained, and the one out of six retained was offered by the boss one-half the wages formerly paid when the work was done by hand. The boss stated that he was doing the few men retained a favor in keeping them at all, as cheap boys could just as well attend to the machine.

The salt industry is invaded. The Hodgkinson patent stoker uses single ore heat salt pans instead of seven. The C. P. R. has bought the Canadian patent rights. The Canadian salt workers can prepare to be thrown largely out of work.

The United Mine Workers is being penetrated by Socialism. But the organization has clung to craft unionism. It was content to let the few own the coal mines. The miners were content to dig the coal for a wage. Thousands of coal miners are out of employment because coal can be produced so rapidly.

Moreover a new loading machine has been invented by a mine worker. It takes two men to operate this machine. The inventor claims that it will load eighty tons a day. The Zeigler mine owners say it can load a hundred and fifty tons. At present one man can load five tons. So the new machine will lay off fourteen men out of fifteen where coal is loaded.

The Edison cement house will do away with carpenters, masons, plasterers and many other trades.

Edison declares that gold will soon be produced by chemical process. That will do away with all the jobs of gold miners.

Says one capitalist writer, "The remedy for unemployment is to remove men from places where there is no work offering and put them in places where work offers." But the remedy does not work because work is scarce all over.

The machine is throwing workers out of their jobs by the thousands. The remedy is easy and plain. Let the workers own and control the machines which have taken their jobs away from them.

The masters own the factories but need workers to operate them. Now the masters are displacing the workers for they find that machines can do the work cheaper. Let the workers control the factories, mills, mines and forests through the social ownership thereof.

Then the machines which fling the workers out of work without revenues will do the work for the workers and give the workers wealth with a minimum amount of labor.

This is what Socialism aims at.

Social ownership of the means of wealth production for the benefit of all, each sharing the work to be done according to capacity and strength and each sharing in the social values of the wealth produced.

Socialism will make the workers the master class.

If you wish to please your boss, don't think for yourself.

I can understand why the receivers of rent, interest and profit are content with the present system. But it is a puzzle why those from whose sweat the rent, interest and profit come should support the present system of extortion.

In the middle ages there were vagabonds roaming round the country. We look back and think that the middle ages were barbarous. The vagabonds were those people who did not fit in. Today we have the same class only we call them hoboes.

In Nova Scotia coal worth a dollar a ton at the pit mouth costs the man who uses it five times that amount before it gets into his cellar. Murray the premier boasts his political party is running things fine. They are for the labor skinner.

Frank Gould has had his little Missouri Pacific railroad swiped from him by the Morgan gang. The bigger capitalists are getting swallowed up. It is about time for all the American people to gobble up the trusts.

The United States Interstate Commerce Commission refused to allow the railroads to increase their freight rates and as a result railway securities broke several points on the New York Stock Exchange. This slump is a mere nothing compared with the slump that will take place in paper securities when labor comes to its own.

There was a strike of garment workers in Chicago and the police beat up the strikers and prevented them from picketing. In Milwaukee there was a garment workers' strike but when the Milwaukee police began their usual tactics they were called down by the Mayor and were threatened with arrest. It pays workers to become Socialists and elect Socialists to office.

Capitalism makes workers build homes, gives the deeds thereof to the capitalists and makes the workers pay rent to inhabit the homes they built. Socialism aims at giving the workers possession of the homes their labor has built. The capitalist tries to persuade the workers that Socialism will take away the homes of the workers from them. The workers who read Cotton's smile and tell the plutes that Socialism will give the workers the homes that capitalism has robbed them of.

Premier Murray of the Province of Nova Scotia boasts that his party has been in power since Confederation. The Province used to have magnificent crown lands covered with forests. Now it draws but nineteen thousand dollars a year revenue from them. New Brunswick draws \$160,000 revenues from its crown lands. Nova Scotia is a land of strikes and unenforced factory acts and armed thugs and barbed wire bull pens and other like examples of capitalist rule. Murray's boast is Scotia's shame.

Morgan has captured some of the radical magazines. They will not cease publication nor will they cease to be radical. They will continue to hurl denunciations against exploiters of labor. Only it will be the small employers who will be tackled. The radical magazines which are trust controlled will expose the conditions that prevail in the establishments of the little business people like the laundry business. But the Socialist magazines are in the field and they will continue to explain the evils and point the remedy, the abolition of wage slavery.

A pneumatic combination plow and spreader for railroad work is an invention which can do the work of one thousand two hundred men, filling to the fullest capacity the places of a ballast plow, flanger and scraper as well as bank builder and spreader. This machine will do away with a lot of construction camps on railroads. It will render jobless many navvies. It will render capitalism all the more unworkable. It will help the work that other labor saving inventions is accomplishing of forcing men into the co-operative commonwealth.

ORGANIZATION

Organization is another kind of a proposition from that of education and agitation. It is a harder proposition.

There are two kinds of organization. There is the political organization and there is the economic organization.

To win a battle there must be unity. An army divided and fighting against itself can easily be conquered by a weaker force.

Socialism, to elect parliamentary representatives, must present a united political front to the capitalist politicians. The Socialists must stand shoulder to shoulder.

We Socialists are intense beings. We have ideas and we follow those ideas. Sometimes our ideas upon tactics differ. Sometimes we differ upon the style of organization we should adopt.

This results in a broken movement so far as political organization for an immediate victory is concerned. This does not prevent the Socialist campaign, for whatever various organizations the Socialists adopt, nevertheless they are working together hammering away at the minds of the workers with arguments, and pointing out the system of robbery under which we live. But party splits prevent effective work for immediate victory.

We have in Canada the Christian Socialist Fellowship. We have the Socialist Democratic Party. We have the Socialist Party of Canada. We have many unattached comrades who would like to join a Socialist organization but who do not feel they can join an organization that is not united.

This lack of unity among the Socialists of Canada will pass. It is the stage through which all Socialist movements pass. Shortly the Socialists will get together and a united party will arise.

I would like to see every reader of Cotton's do his best to form a united organization. There are four thousand copies of Cotton's going to Ontario. There are 626 dues paying members of the Socialist Party of Ontario.

Will YOU consult your neighbors and start a local organization? If there is one in your locality will YOU not join it? You will find your power of propaganda and your weight of Socialism doubled and trebled if you will but get together and act unitedly.

You do not like the organization in your locality? Never mind. Maybe they don't like you. But that does not matter. You are both out to spread Socialism. Get together. It is not a question of personal likes and dislikes. It is a question of a united effort to overthrow the power of the common enemy. If you don't like the local Socialists that is all the more need that you should join them, to get over your own little animosities. And they need you to help them fight the battle of the exploited against the exploiters.

Get into a Socialist organization. If there is not one, make one. Keep your organization democratic. Trust yourselves and do not allow ponies to develop in your assemblies.

Get together. Organize. Study ways and means to push the battle unitedly in your locality. And when you get into the fight for freedom you will be so busy that you will have no time to think of whether you like your comrades or not personally. But you will like them. For the same fires of freedom burning within each of you will draw you together and what at first seemed to be but an incongruous gathering will be found to be a brotherhood directed by one common purpose, the freedom of humanity.

Comrades. Get together. Organize.

Socialism will abolish the hobo and the millionaire.

THE ADVANCE OF SOCIALISM

Socialism can only come when the people are ripe for it, when economic conditions are such that the people want to do away with rent, interest and profit.

The economic revolution is proceeding apace. The great majority of people are finding it harder and harder to make a living.

Among other duties it is the duty of the Socialist to spread abroad his views and to penetrate the minds of people with the fundamentals of Socialism.

As long as the workers feel the pinch of hard times, small pay and advancing cost of living and boosted rents, without getting other information except from the capitalist press, just so long will Socialism lag.

The work of education must proceed apace. This work can be done by many organizations. It can be done by Karl Marx Clubs, by the Industrial Workers, by Socialist Sunday Schools, by the Socialist Party of Canada, by the Social Democratic Federation, by street speakers, by the spread of Socialist papers and the distribution of Socialist leaflets and the circulation of Socialist books.

It can be done by personal conversation, talking Socialism during the noon hour, getting a word or two in the mill with the man working next you.

All these agencies are good. The economic revolution brings about a mental revolution, a change in the ideas of men towards the ownership of trusts. The work of agitation and education can be carried on by every Socialist. Each of you, knowing the philosophy of Socialism, should take it upon yourself to spread abroad among your fellow men the light you possess.

There are many union officials who are Socialists. Yet they dare not come out as fully as they would like to. The men who have elected them to office are not Socialists and the officials have to wait for the men to become revolutionized.

During the past two years that Cotton's has been published there has been a vast increase in the Socialist sentiment of Canada. I can feel it pulsing throughout Canada. That advance has taken place because you have talked Socialism, studied Socialism, agitated for Socialism, spent your hours convincing that fellow worker or that neighbor, that little business man or that chance acquaintance, that Socialism was just what he was wanting. You have given abroad your light and you have lighted other minds to become centres from which radiate Socialist thought.

The Socialist movement depends upon your activities. You have been active. Wherefore Socialism advances in Canada and the dread of Socialism is being turned into a longing for it.

The Indian cotton mills are running cheap Indian help and out-competing the Lancashire mills. Therefore the Lancashire workers must be compelled to accept less wages. International capitalism uses the cheapest labor and drags the more expensive labor down to the level of the cheapest. That is why Laurier and his gang of labor haters want reciprocity.

There are skilled workers who make four and five dollars a day. These workers are not numerous and with the advance of machinery they will be swept away. The glass blowers made good money till the glass blowing machine came along and made the skilled worker a hobo. The skilled worker is being eliminated by the inventive powers of men whom the capitalists rob of their inventions. Socialism will give to all the benefits that arise from the work of machinery.

Mr. Capitalist. Will you kindly prepare yourself for being kicked off the backs of the workers?

What chumps people are to support a lot of parasites and remain poor themselves.

The convention of the unemployed is becoming an annual affair. The thinking hobo is finding that he must organize to get any rights.

The worker gets in wages the cost of his keep. That is why the plutes have so much. Did the workers get what they produced the plutes would have to go to work.

The plute says that Socialism is unworkable. If the plute cannot bring about Socialism why not let the workers organize politically and try the job themselves?

The little business men and the farmers are ripe for Socialism. The little business man is between the trust and Socialism. He has nothing to hope for from the trust, therefore he must come to Socialism.

How do you like making millions and yourself getting a dollar and a half a day? That is what you do under capitalism. Under Socialism you will make four times what you do now and the millionaires can make as much by working for it.

Why should Canada be forced to look to the United States for relief? It is not necessary. Let the Canadian people unite for the purpose of ridding their own country from the burdens of rent, interest and profit and Canadian misery will be at an end.

Milwaukee's Socialist Mayor did not observe Washington's birthday as a holiday. He and his force worked full time. When asked the reason he declared that George Washington was dead but labor was still alive and he had to keep on the job to protect it as much as possible.

How often do you meet men who were once rich and are now poor. These men have had their fortunes confiscated by the present system of competition and waste. When riches go, then comes poverty. But with Socialism there will be no poverty.

The American papers are declaring that there is great prosperity across the line, yet twenty-five thousand men are walking the streets of Denver with nothing to do. Were there social ownership and democratic management of production and distribution this labor wealth would be employed and Colorado would become a garden state of smiling landscape and happy homes.

During the past year forty thousand persons died of tuberculosis in England. Tuberculosis is a preventable disease which can be fought by good food, warm clothing and fresh air. But the people of England cannot have these things because they are denied entrance to the mills and mines except on harsh and deadly terms of work. Let England have Socialism and the tuberculous bacilli will have to go out of business.

The newspaper flares headlines of divorce. It spreads forth crime on the front page. It serves up stories of graft and corruption. The press is belabored for telling about such things. It is called yellow and sensational. But this sort of stuff is produced in abundance under capitalism. It is not the newspaper that digs into the gutter after news. It is the capitalist system which floods the gutter news over the streets, into the homes, till people are fairly smothered with the scandals and disease. It will only be by Socialism that the capitalist society will be overthrown with all its horrors.

The Quebec government has established an employment bureau in Montreal. This looks good, but then the Quebec government is run for the benefit of the exploiters. There is a nigger in the fence. This employment bureau WILL ACT AS A BLACK-LISTING AGENCY TO KEEP SOCIALISTS AND INDUSTRIAL WORKERS FROM GETTING EMPLOYMENT. Guyon, the Provincial Factory Inspector, declared, "The government will stand behind every man or woman IT RECOMMENDS for employment and endeavor to instill into the applicant's mind their own responsibility." The employment agency will pick out men suitable from the viewpoint of the employers. No Socialists need apply.

CONTRACTS

The masters possess. The slaves are expropriated. They can go into the shops to work only on the conditions that the masters propose. They can rent houses only on the conditions the masters propose. These conditions are harsh. The conditions are that the workers labor long hours and surrender to the masters all they produce beyond the bare living expenses of the slaves.

The masters hold the whip hand. The slaves have their unions. The slaves try to protect themselves. The masters in many cases will not recognize the union. This is largely what the fight is over at Springfield.

The contract is said to be the thing. Let the slaves unite and make a contract with the masters. In Chicago the printers on the Hearst papers went on strike. Lynch, the president of the International Typographical Union, ordered them back to work. Lynch announced that the printers had broken their contract. The contract must be fulfilled. The slaves must live up to their agreements with their masters.

This question of contract and recognition of the union is a live one at present. But it will not be live long. For the workers are seeing that they must depend upon themselves for their own salvation. The contract helps the masters.

Why should the slaves make contracts with their exploiters? The L. W. W. will not make contracts. The Western Federation of Miners will not make contracts. They declare that for the slaves to make contracts with their exploiters is folly. It ties the hands of the unions in case of a desire or opportunity to strike.

As long as the exploiters can persuade the wage slaves that they should make contracts whereby they themselves will agree to submit peaceably to wage slavery, just so long will the wage slaves remain unrevolutionized in sentiment.

When a contract is made, why should the workers keep it? The masters are parasites. They keep the workers out of the mills except on slave conditions. The slaves are starved into submission. They must frequently make a contract to end a strike and to get into a mill or mine to earn their daily bread. Since contracts are made by force and against the will of the workers, why should the workers keep them? There is a principle of law that contracts obtained by fraud, force or oppression are not binding. Nine contracts out of ten made by slaves with their masters are obtained by force, by hunger, by the dire need of the expropriated workers.

There is a growing sentiment among union men to not keep faith with their masters. The masters naturally raise a great howl about the perfidy of unions, and weep great gobs of salt brine over the untrustworthiness of the slaves.

The masters are oppressors. Their contracts are obtained by hunger, the most potent force known, as the law of self preservation is the first law of nature.

The workers are perfectly justified in not living up to their contracts. The revolutionary workers are true as steel, the one to the other. They regard their exploiters as enemies and all is fair in love and war. The enemies are in power. Therefore the conquered must yield.

But that is no reason why the workers should make contracts with their bosses and live up to them, even when made.

The master class must learn that revolutionary workers look upon them as enemies of humanity, enemies of Canada, exercising baleful and destructive power.

Should the contracts between masters and slaves be looked upon as binding by the slaves? Certainly not.

The rural members of the Manitoba legislature at Winnipeg protested against the wide powers granted to the railways in their franchises. The railroad graft has been a fine one. But the farmer producers are getting tired of paying high rates for the privilege of letting Canada be a happy hunting ground for labor thieves.

If you are out of work and cannot make a living you can starve. But if you go and break a window or steal a little something you will be sent to jail and the government will provide you food, clothing and shelter. Is not this system a nice system which lets honest men starve and gives the necessities of life to criminals?

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MESSAGES OF HOPE AND CHEER

THE ONE QUESTION IN ALL CAMPAIGNS.

John C. Chase.

The battle is on, and the forces are gathering for the final struggle between the oppressors and the oppressed. In the present campaign there should be but one question in the mind of the man who works, and that question should be: HOW CAN I DO THE MOST GOOD FOR MYSELF AND FAMILY WITH MY VOTE?

ACROSS THE BORDER LINE OF NATIONS.

W. F. Ries.

For the first time in human history a great fraternal movement is sweeping across the face of the earth and its millions of loyal adherents, social crusaders in the true sense of that term, are clasping hands across the border line of all nations, and in joyous acclamation, voicing the inspiring sentiments: "We are brothers; all, and war shall cease, and stain fair earth no more."

LITTLE SLIPS OF THE PEN.

Ralph Korngold.

"Live in the future; regret nothing—leap!"
Once the master, hunted for the slave, now the slave hunts for a master.
The workers of Russia want to be free, but cannot. The workers of America can be free, but do not seem to want to be.

Some think that people are just as bad as they dare to be. I think that people are just as good as they are given a chance to be.

As long as you offer girls rags and poverty for honest labor and luxury for the sale of their virtue, you will not do away with prostitution.

Talk about equal opportunity! Capitalism ties a balloon to the shoulders of the rich child, a ball and chain to the feet of the poor child, and tells them that they have an equal opportunity to fly!

Under the capitalist system the men who control the industries of the nation have it in their power to make paupers, criminals, and prostitutes out of their fellow beings. No man is good enough, great enough or noble enough to be allowed such power over the human race.

A COMMON HERITAGE AND DESTINY.

W. J. Ghent.

Placed here as on a giant raft, moving along the tides of an infinite ocean, sped from an unknown port and ignorant of its final haven, the race has a common heritage and a common destiny.

Gradually the huddling creatures on the raft become conscious of their powers; they erect shelters from the rain, the heat and the cold, and their fashion clever tools for making articles of use and beauty. By design, say some; by immutable law, say others, this raft is amply provisioned for a multitude of souls and an indefinite voyage; only that in every generation the cunning and the strong take to themselves the greater share, to the deprivation of others; but slowly among the victims arises a sense of the injustice, the chaos and the waste of this practice; and more slowly, but still surely, the determination to be rid of it; to apportion upon equitable terms the common burdens, and to distribute in equitable shares, the common board.

That determination is the growing and expanding will of the producing classes, and its fulfillment will be the co-operative commonwealth.

IN SOLIDARITY LIES OUR SUCCESS.

William Scaife.

Whenever Socialism in America adopts the methods of the British and other European toilers and pulls in harmony with trade unionism, it is bound to make headway faster than at present because there is scarcely a man in the labor movement that is not more or less of a Socialist.

Indeed, the labor movement itself is in its essence Socialism, probably not so advanced as the brand that denounces trade unionism, but a great deal more practical in its methods. The denunciation of trade unionism is not what has made the European Socialists so formidable, but the "levelling of the whole lump" into practical form. The whole labor force has been molded into one great big aggressive force, and it has swept down the barriers of its progress.

We are all agreed that in solidarity lies our future success, but seem to disagree because of the means among us when it comes to getting together; agreed on the kernel, and fight over the culls. We must, if we intend to go ahead, sink our individualities, and the plan of action that commands itself to the great majority must be followed. It is this division among us that weakens us, and the plan of all should be not to widen the breach, but to close it, the sooner the better for all labor forces.

From "Today's Problems."

Lieut.-Col. Hibbard, President of the Quebec Public Utilities Commission, declared at the Empire Club of Toronto that competition was wasteful and useless as a method of regulating public utilities and that municipal ownership was not a remedy. He advocated private ownership with government regulation. Sure thing. Hibbard has a job as regulator which pays him four thousand dollars a year. He naturally advocates the continuance of a system that gives him such a nice fat living in these days of harsh struggles for struggling lawyers. Hibbard would not advocate the only remedy possible. Democratic management by the workers of the workers for the workers.

Premier Fisher of Australia, has offered his mediation in the strike of the harvesters. The masters declare that no mediation will be allowed over the question of the recognition of the union. Hence the mediation is off. Fisher, who is a labor man, has subscribed fifty dollars to the funds of the strikers. That's what is done in Australia. You working plugs of Canada, can you imagine Laurier reaching down into his jeans and fishing up fifty dollars for the striking miners of Springhill?

The Russian government is going to take the Fedorenko case to the privy council of Britain. This is the body of bewigged judges who stand for property rights and stable government in the interests of the master class. It does not look at justice and mercy and freedom. It examines the letter of the law. It may order the surrender of Fedorenko. If it does it will split Canada away from the mother land. Canada has declared that Fedorenko shall not be surrendered. Let the rulers of England and their henchmen judges beware.

In conversation with Montrealers I find that if you talk Socialism without mentioning the word they will agree with you. But mention the word Socialism and they immediately conclude that you are some strange creature. It is not the idea of social ownership and enjoyment that bothers them. It is the name. Socialism is in the air. The pressure of poverty is becoming enormous. The unemployed challenge humanity to furnish them an opportunity of doing useful work. Socialism accepts the challenge. And the people are willing to fall into line to save themselves as well as their fellow men.

The primary elections of Chicago have cost the capitalist politicians of that city \$695,500. The politicians are not wealthy enough to stand this expense. The slush fund has come from those who wish to fatten off the exploited people of that city. Politics pays the master class. Let labor unite on the political field and run the government in the interests of the working people. It will only be then that labor will wake to a realization of how glorious its condition is when the workers get what they earn.

Clifton Sifton has come out against reciprocity. The farmers of the west want reciprocity. Sifton wanted reciprocity when he was seeking the votes of the farmers. Now that he has become a Canadian plutocrat he does not want American plutes interfering with his preserves. And all the Canadian plutes who fear that the American labor skinner will interfere with the Canadian labor skinner business are hailing Sifton as a great statesman and a patriotic Canadian. When we come to investigate the patriotism of the flag wavers we find that their patriotism is based on their economic interests. It is queer how many of the common people are taken in by a little loud talk and cheap sentiment and are made to think that the labor skinner is saviors of their country.

The Dominion Boy Scouts now number ten thousand. Every province has a provincial organization except Manitoba. Earl Grey, who represents George Wettin in Canada, is chief scout. Earl Grey has fixed St. George's day as banner day for the scouts. This movement has been blessed by priests and rulers and now the saints are being dragged in, their days being taken for banner days for the boy murderers. Why is this? The answer is easy. The rules of the Boy Scout organization provide that the Boy Scouts must obey and respect their king, their parents and their employers and to hold in contempt and fight against all who oppose these persons or even speak disrespectfully of them. The Boy Scout movement is organized to provide future seabs on working class organization and to instill into the minds of the youth a blind faith in oppressors. Remember this the next time you see a high collared swell praising the Boy Scouts.

Life, the comic paper of New York, weekly, ten cents, has become penetrated with Socialism. It issued a Socialist number on the sixteenth of February. This number did not sneer at Socialism one bit. The cartoons were good. One cartoon showed hoboes in a ball room among fat plutes and overdressed women. The title of the cartoon was "If birds of a feather DID flock together. On February 23rd Life issued a Richman's number. One picture was of a fat plute with great stomach on him coming out of a restaurant and a newsboy was offering him papers. "Here you are, gov'nor, all about how you takes it out of the mouth of others and sticks it in your own stummick." Life says its circulation is going up. It shows signs of becoming the Wahre Jacob of America.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Dinny Gets a Lesson in American Finance.

The house occupied by the Malone family was No. 19 Maple Street, which was right in the heart of the factory district. Once upon a time Maple Street was out in the country and boasted two fine rows of shade trees, mostly maples, but they had long since disappeared and were now only a dim memory in the mind of the oldest inhabitant. It was a very old house, but it was roomy, and sometimes the rent of a very old house is low enough to come within the reach of a dollar-and-seventy-five cents-a-day worker. Now Dinny knew he couldn't get so much room for the same amount of money in any other quarter of the city, and as long as the rent was stationary he was content to let the sleeping dog lie. So he never bothered the owner about making repairs, but when anything in that line needed doing he would put in his Sundays on the job. Some landlords, you know, have a habit of raising the rent if they have to spend a few cents now and then on repairs.

It surely was room the Malones needed, as there were ten of them all told, besides Father O'Connor, who spent most of his spare time with them. It will be quite a task to enumerate them all, but it will be a pleasant one and we'll begin at once. Dinny we all know. He would be forty next birthday, and Nora was two years younger. She was Nora O'Neill before she married Dinny and her mother was Father O'Connor's only sister. Nora had been left an orphan when she was but twelve, and the priest had been father and mother to her as well as uncle. Dinny had been a tenant farmer in the old country and was making a fairly good living, but he had become inoculated with the emigration fever, and a few months after their marriage they sold out their stock—the land they did not own—and sailed for the new country across the Atlantic, that bourn from whence few Irish ever returned.

When they landed at Quebec it was with the intention of going to Toronto, where Tim Grogan, one of their neighbors who had left about a year before, was doing quite well. So on their arrival in the Queen City they had to find a place to class, and the future looked bright and rosy in spite of the homesickness which had been accentuated by the voluble reminiscences indulged in by Mr. and Mrs. Grogan. It was not long before Dinny got a job as teamster at eight dollars a week, and living was so cheap that they were able to save two dollars a week out of that. Then the first baby came. It was a girl, and they named it Kathleen after Nora's mother.

By and bye the longing for the country which had been gnawing at their hearts for months became irresistible, and they sold out their few effects and started off for the upper Michigan peninsula, where a former neighbor named Desmond had bought some land and wrote to Dinny asking him to come and see for himself. They went by way of the Michigan Central, and crossing from Windsor to Detroit they entered the United States for the first time. Like most Old Country people they had a high opinion of the courtesy and politeness of the American official; they thought that in a republic where there were no class distinctions the common people were just as good as the wealthy and all were treated alike. But the first night in the train between Kalamazoo and Chicago they got a sample of the courtesy of the average American railway conductor. They were travelling in a first-class day coach, the cost of a sleeping berth being beyond their means. There were very few passengers and Dinny had placed two seats cross-ways on the frames so that Nora could lie down, and had just completed the job when the conductor came through the car.

"What 't' hell are yuh doing with them seats?" he yelled. "Yuh can't do that here. Put 'em back," and he passed on.

Now this was the very same thing they had done when coming up from Quebec to Toronto, and the C. P. R. conductor had shown them now to do it. So it appeared to Dinny to be a little bit more aggravating than it would have been had he never known that the seats could be shifted. However, he obeyed the autocrat, and for the remainder of the night they had to sit uncomfortably and snatch a nap as best they could.

In the early morning after leaving Chicago there was a stop of twenty minutes for breakfast at Janesville, Wisconsin. They had some eatables with them and Dinny rushed out to the refreshment counter to get a cup of coffee for Nora. All the high seats around the counter were filled, chiefly by railwaymen, and the cups, three-parts full of coffee without milk, were standing on the counter. Dinny took up one, placed an American nickel on the counter and was going out when the man behind the counter sang out:

"Here you, ten cents."

Dinny came back, put the cup on the counter and searched his pockets for another nickel. But that was the only one he had, so he took out a Canadian two-dollar bill and gave it to the waiter.

The fellow looked at it for a moment and then threw it on the counter. "That rag's no good here," he said contemptuously.

Dinny felt hot, but he said quietly, "I'm sorry, but I've only got Canadian money. They told me at Detroit that it was all right. I haven't got anything but that rickel in American money."

"You should have known that before you took the coffee," sneered the waiter, who had, however, appropriated the nickel.

"Well, I haven't poisoned it," returned Dinny. "Besides, I never heard of a cup of coffee costing more than five cents."

The waiter was probably about to make some sarcastic remark when a young brakeman who was sitting at the counter put a nickel down before him, saying, "There you are, mister; there's your nickel."

Now had Dinny been alone he would have flung the hot coffee in the waiter's face, but remembering that Nora was waiting in the car he thanked the brakeman and took the coffee to his wife. But he would not touch a drop of it himself, not if he had been parching. He didn't say a word to Nora about the incident, or she would probably have thrown it out of the window.

Dinny was getting wise as to the courtesy of the average American official invested with a little bit of authority. "If this is the way men treat their fellow-men in a republic," he thought, "I'll not be wanting to be a republican."

After the train had started again several of the men who had been at the refreshment counter stopped at Dinny's seat to sympathize with him, and tell him that the waiter was "a mean cuss anyhow," and so Nora had to be told after all. Then the boy who sold fruit and literature on the train got on to the story, and he, being a Jay Gould on embryo, offered to change Dinny's Canadian money for good American coin—at a discount. As there was a long journey still ahead of them to the south shore of Lake Superior there was of course things to buy, and the young financier made good business for himself, as his discount amounted to one hundred per cent! To the honest Irishman this was robbery, but the more cunning had a cinch, and he worked it for all it was worth, just the same as the big financiers do. So Dinny took his first lesson in American finance from a newsboy on the train and thought, like many another new-comer, "Oh, these American financiers! They seem to take it in with their mother's milk! But they're great!"

But, as we all know, there is a reverse side to this picture, although Dinny didn't see it just then, and I have no hesitation in saying that for downright generosity and real good fellowship the average American—I mean the true, manly American—I have met lots of them—stands high in comparison with the men of any other nation. These two incidents are noted here because they really happened to the writer, only it was more than twenty years ago.

Going north through Green Bay, Oshkosh and other towns in Wisconsin, now and then catching glimpses of Lake Michigan, the train entered Northern Michigan, and after leaving Menominee passed through miles and miles of recently-burned timber, which gave the landscape a dreary and desolate aspect. On till they caught their first view of Lake Superior, and then turning westward they passed through Negaunee to Ishpeming, both good-sized towns in the iron mining district. Here they alighted and next day visited their friends the Desmonds, who had bought eighty acres of land situated about twelve miles from the town. They were in a little two-roomed shack built of rough boards hastily thrown together and hardly tight against the weather. All the land was thickly timbered and Desmond said he would be able to make enough money off the timber to pay for clearing the whole eighty acres. But oh, my, the amount of labor that would involve! Unless Desmond could afford to hire help he would be an old man by the time he had cleared off his land. Dinny was not at all captivated by the prospect. Wasn't some land to be had that was clear of timber?

"Oh, yes," answered Desmond, "there's some mountain land three or four miles west of here, but it's rather rocky, and you know what rocky land is, Dinny."

Dinny did know, because a part of his farm in Ireland had been so rocky that it was fit for nothing but sheep grazing.

To Nora the prospect was depressing. After the green, flower-spangled meadows of her old home this dense, gloomy, black forest of fir and spruce seemed to shut out all the hope and cheer of her young life, and after only one day at the Desmond's shack she said "Oh, Dinny, I couldn't live here. Let us go home; let us go back to Ireland if we have to live on one meal a day. Sure, it's my heart that'll break if we stay here."

Now the individualist will say: "Here was Dinny's chance to make good. If he had the right kind of stuff in him he would follow Desmond's example and in the course of a few years become a landowner and a man of means." But I don't know. If he ever lived long enough to clear his land he would have to haul his produce twelve miles over a shockingly bad road to his nearest market, as there was not the least likelihood of the railway ever coming any nearer. Then the trees were very close together and the majority were too small to make boards, so that Desmond's statement that the timber would pay for clearing was wide of the mark. The land was cheap enough as prices went and it was to be paid for in instalments, but for a lone man to tackle such a job without money to hire assistance would mean that the best years of his life would be spent before he could expect to make a fair living off it. And so Dinny thought.

They spent the night at Desmond's, the two men sleeping in a tent, the little Desmonds packed like sardines on a big straw mattress on the floor of the sleeping room, while the two women and the two babies occupied the only bed in the shack.

(To be continued.)

Radcliffe the hangman is dead. He hung about a hundred and fifty persons. The Rev. J. D. Morrow, who pronounced the funeral services declared, "We must not condemn a man for doing his duty. He is no more to be condemned than the judge who tried the unfortunate criminal, the men who framed the law, or the people who sent them to frame the law." Morrow has glimmerings of sense. This is what Cotton's has been saying, only it has been saying it much stronger. The judge is as much a murderer as is the criminal hung. Only the criminal kills in blind passion or for a small burglary. The judge kills for seven thousand dollars a year. As for the people they have little to say how they are governed. The crafty capitalist politicians slime their way into power by smooth words and then lamm the people with bad laws.

Three Chicago mail-order houses did business last year of a hundred and thirty-four million dollars. Sears, Roebuck & Co., did \$61,500,000 worth; Montgomery, Ward & Co., \$43,000,000, and Butler Bros. Co., did \$30,000,000 worth. The net profits were between \$18,000,000 and \$20,000,000. Formerly this business was distributed among a lot of little country merchants who earned a fair living. Eighteen million dollars profit now goes to a few extremely wealthy people. Formerly this business was distributed among eighteen or twenty thousand country merchants who worked themselves and made a thousand dollars a year. The little merchants are ousted from their business. Their only remedy is for them to unite for the social ownership of the organization which confiscated their business from them. That is why the Socialist Party is growing rapidly in the States. The little fellows as well as the wage workers realize that Socialism is their only hope.

Allan Studholme, the worker the workers of East Hamilton sent to Toronto to represent them, is making good. At a mass meeting of the Federal Building Trades at the Toronto Labor Temple he declared that hogs were considered of more importance in the Ontario legislature than children. Children who ought to be attending school were in the canning factories. He described his colleagues in the legislature as a lot of loafers who never earned their salary, did not work more than five days a week and often not more than two hours a day. Let the Ontario workers elect a bunch of revolutionary workers and Whitney will not be able to fight labor with the forced labor of convict camps.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY ON STRIKE-BREAKING.

In the issues for December 3, and January 7 of Collier's Weekly occur two very remarkable articles on Strike-Breaking as a business. The first of the series describes "the gatherings of the clans during the express drivers' strike last November, and showed the disappointment of the men at the restraints put upon them there. The second is a detailed study of the strike-breaker and his methods as practiced outside of New York. The author, John H. Craig has been a strike-breaker, a hobo and a workman, and his statements are based upon experience."

How strike-breaking works out in the garment trades is illustrated by a personal explanation from a strike-breaker whose confidence the writer won when riding a freight train.

"GO GET A GIRL!"

"I'm heading back to New York now. They say there's a strike on in the cloakmakers' union. Girls, they are. That's the best game a guy in my biz can get up against. When a guy asks for a job they say: 'Well, go get a girl.' Does she have to be a girl that can make cloaks? Not on your tintype. You go out on the street and you pick up any old bum. You say to her: 'Kid, do you want a job for three and a half a day? Ther you fix it up with her and you go back and you say: 'This is my wife. She wants a job sewing and I want a job as a guard.'"

"She gets three and a half a day and you get four. All you have to do is keep your eye on her all the time to see she don't fly the coop. Every day you take her to work and guard her on the way. She don't do no work any more than you do, but while she is in the factory, putting up a bluff, you hang around and beat up any of the strikers or their pickets or any of their women friends that get fresh."

"After the strike is over, you get your own wages and take as much of your girl's as you think you can get away with and beat it. Oh, it's a skinch. I got plenty of money now and I don't have to work, but if there's a garment strike on I'll get in on it just for the pleasure of holding down a job like that."

STILL DOWN GRADE

The week of March 2nd the olds were a hundred and three more than the ons. The ons are but 172. These are made up of 58 yearlies, 96 halfers, and 18 trials. This means a yearly subscription rate of 5,746. So the last week of February went out with gloomy feelings at this end of the line.

I want each one of you to feel that Cotton's Weekly is your personal organ, the paper that is fighting your battles.

The Socialist movement is based on democracy. It looks to the workers to free themselves. It aims at the rule of the people by the people. It looks to no leaders to save democracy. It looks to the people to save themselves.

Socialism depends upon the many, not upon the few. Too often have the common people trusted the few and had the few betray them with military power and with force.

Each Socialist desires to think for himself. He wants his own work to count. He wants you to think for yourself, not have others think for you. Socialism stands for comradeship, not for leaders and led.

So Cotton's Weekly looks to you to fight your own battles and to use the paper as an instrument in your own hands to be used as an aid to achieve your emancipation.

I can do little for you without your help. I can only be a voice to tell you to unite. You must unite among yourselves. Cotton's Weekly can only be a means of information to let you know what the master class is doing, and how your own numbers are growing. You must use the information given. You must do the fighting. It is not what Cotton's says that counts with the politicians and exploiters throughout Canada. It is how you back up what Cotton's says that counts.

If you let the circulation of the paper drop the politicians can neglect it. If you make the circulation leap forward it will make the politicians afraid of your power.

So, comrades, for your own sakes, for the sake of your wives and children, I call upon you to get behind Cotton's Weekly and give it a circulation of fifty thousand.

Let us face the future with our faces set towards the revolution and let us waken our fellows to the call of freedom.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of March 2.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	118	52	3739
British Columbia	39	12	1470
Alberta	34	40	1391
Prov. of Quebec	26	24	1153
Nova Scotia	18	18	991
Manitoba	5	6	817
Saskatchewan	5	16	695
New Brunswick	6	2	187
Elsewhere	24	2	152
Yukon Territory	0	0	55
Newfoundland	0	0	22
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	14
Total	275	172	10,083

Loss for week 103

Total issue last week was 11,300

Allan Studholme, labor member at Toronto from Hamilton, has introduced a bill providing for an eight hour day and a minimum wage of twenty cents an hour. No worker to be allowed to contract himself out of the provisions of the law. The plate papers say the measure is extreme. The plates want their graft, their whole graft and more graft if they can get it. Studholme's bill is good so far as it goes. But Socialism will give the workers something better. It will give the workers the full social value of the wealth they create.

EUREKA LEAFLETS—15 titles, 12c per 100; 50c per 500; 50c per 1000. State whether you want them for farmers or wage slaves.

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

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Committee reported to a mass meeting of the men, on the afternoon of the 13th inst., who after some

him, saw him limping up to camp and sent him back. But two or three

labor getting a square deal is for labor to fight its own political battle.

The letter killeth but the spirit

ive Publishing Company, Inc., Cowan
P. Q. W. U. Corbin, General Manager
Editor. H. A. W. W. Sec. Treas. and
News Manager

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