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Cotton's Weekly

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PRESSURE OF THE SYSTEM

Scarcity of help is promised the western farmer again this season. He sows his immense farms, and cries aloud for help to garner the harvest. The railroad companies spend thousands of dollars each year advertising harvester excursions and cheap tickets. The trains are crowded with all kinds of workers—mechanics, clerks, real estate sharks looking for new fields, and all the motley crowd of out-of-workers and those who are looking for a chance to see the world.

Winnipeg is the distributing point for these fellows, and here they get their first eye-opener. The streets of Winnipeg are crowded with workers every day in the year who are on the lookout for jobs. Those from the older provinces who expect to make a stop at Winnipeg and land a good job find that they will have to travel farther. They travel, and the other towns are just in the same position—no room for the job hunter. Some who went west with the intention of farming, and had little trouble in landing jobs, and were not disappointed; but those who went with the idea of having a good trip and an easy job in the city have a sore disappointment. They are forced to go on the land, in any case some with no experience in the least to back them. The farmer must have men, and must take what he can get, and do the best he can where he has secured them. The applicant is often asked to sign an agreement, and if he is shortsighted and enough to do so, he is bound like a slave to the farmer for as long as the agreement calls for. Many have been railroaded to jail when they rebelled at the hours and conditions under which they labored. Others have had to pay heavy fines, and were forced to return to work and finish out the time they muddled up contracts called for. Foreigners have been sent to jail in the west for violation of the contracts they could not read nor understand.

Still the western farmer wants men, and will probably keep on wanting them. Most of those who go out return and say "Never again." They would rather tackle the sweat pens of Ontario and the east than put up with the conditions on the farms of the west. And anyone who has ever worked in the eastern shops knows what that means.

The farms of the east are hard, the farms of the west are harder. The slaves work long hours, some from sun to sun, as long as they can stand the pressure. There is no let up. The farmer must have the money to ease his creditors, and they are all lined up waiting for the crops to be harvested and threshed so they can get their grab bag full.

The western farmer has a hard pull and he takes it out of the hide of the slaves who are foolish enough to travel long distances to bind themselves down to a master.

The farmer stood on his threshing machine, the harvester stood on the ground. And said to the farmer who stood up on high:

"Don't you quit when the sun goes down?"

"Why no," said the rube as he gazed from above, "You must think we are out for a lark."

We rise with the sun—every son of a gun.

And we quit when it's just plumb dark."

"Good bye," said the harvester, "I'm off in the morn; To village, and hamlet and town; And I'll travel these baldheaded plains till I find One who quits when the sun goes down."

GETTING BY ST. PETER

By Berton Braley.

Before the heavenly gate they stood, and one was portly and smug and "good"; the other was scarred by an evil life, warped by destiny, marred by strife. A crooked, unlovely soul was waiting for said, "Brother, who might you be?"

The warped one answered him, "Bill the Bum, who lived his life in a rotten slum; I fought an' gambled an' stole an' swore, 'cause I thought that's all I was livin' for. I wasn't no good, I know; but say—I played the game I was taught to play. I done the way I was learned to do, so dat's me spiel—an' it's up to you!"

St. Peter juggled his golden key and said to the other, "Who might you be?" The smug soul lifted his head in pride, "I'm a public character," he cried, "I'm Jonas Gouger, philanthropist. I'm found at the head of every list of givers to tender charity, and heaven's the proper place for me."

St. Peter nodded his august head and said, "Add to that tale a bit," he said, "You're one of the men who ran a mill where children toiled through the weary day. You're one of the sort who used to kill the children's joy and their chance to play. Oh, you knew better, but gold was good, though, wrung from boyhood and maidenhood; you took it gladly for all its shame, knowing exactly from whence it came."

"Now, Bill, don't rank with the scraphim, yet I'd take a sort of a chance on him; but what excuse has a man like you. Bill learned no better, but you—you knew! So I'll try Bill out for a little spell; but you, smug fakir, can go to hell!"—Ex.

"Nails are not made from the best quality of iron, nor soldiers from conscientious men."—Old Chinese proverb.

Socialism will save the home, will build it, and help the homemakers.

Keeping men afraid of their jobs is one of the greatest assets of the capitalist system.

Everything good and beautiful and pure in this world has to be gazed at through the purple haze of capitalism.

The masses are starving mentally for things which are out of their grasp for no fault of their own, but of their environment.

The green young fellow won't join a union, but he is content to work hard and let his boss rob him so the boss may join the manufacturers' association.

Canadian people declaim against the petty thievery, but immense robberies are pulled off by the capitalist system every day in the year, and they squeak not.

The Dominion Government has appointed a commission to suppress the white slave traffic in Canada. Now watch the traffic in young girls' souls be wiped out of existence. Commission, bah!

You are honest; you would not take from any one else anything you would not give full value for, would you? The capitalist system exists on such people as you. If they were as honest as you are, they could not exist.

The farmer is working hard, and watching his crops, and the idle capitalist is sitting at his ease and watching the farmer. Just as soon as the farmer gets wise and stops working for the labor skinner, the capitalist will have to jump and dig in.

"The Merchant calls it profit. And he winks the other eye; The Banker calls it Interest, And he heaves a gentle sigh. The Landlord calls it Rent, As he tucks it in his bag; But the good old honest Burglar, He simply calls it SWAG."

When King George visited Lord Derby at his Lancashire seat on July 7th, he attended a theatrical entertainment in a theatre especially constructed for his benefit at a cost of \$10,000. Then the King goes to a mine or a pottery works and watches the wage mules produce surplus wealth, and the papers talk about our "democratic" King. It is not surprising that Socialism increases.

A poor little Scotch lad named David Low calmly kicked in a plate glass window in Toronto and waited for the police to arrest him. He had no home, and no place in which he could rest his weary head for the night. He could find no master to sell his labor power to, and was compelled to commit a depredation in order to have a place to eat and sleep. These instances are common in "prosperous Canada."

The rental bill for the whole of Montreal is estimated to be \$20,000,000 per annum. This is a heap of money, and the landlords will smile at the efforts of reformers and others to "clean up" the slums where their money is invested. A bunch of men with a graft like this behind them will do as they choose. They are invariably united; they do not bid against each other, but stick together and fleece the helpless ones.

The mechanic puts his whole brains and best endeavors to perform the will of his master. He is so tired at the end of his day's work that he has no inclination to do any thinking for himself. That is the reason the bosses prefer the long hours. Many trades have shown they could produce as much in eight hours as in ten. That would be two hours less running expenses for the masters, but they fought it tooth and nail. When a slave starts to think for himself it is a bad omen for his employer.

The capitalists say you have self government because some of you are allowed to vote once in four years for some gink to go to Ottawa or your provincial legislature and participate in a gab fest. But they take care not to let you elect your own foreman, or to choose the manager of the business where you work, or to control the product of your toil. We say that you should have this right, and that you will not have self government until you democratically control industry. The plutocrats scared and say we are anarchists, irreligious and enemies of society because we want more democracy. This shows what a sham their pretended love of democracy is.

The money stringency is hitting the western provinces. The people of the golden west will probably not buy as many automobiles this year as formerly. Too many sharks are living off the efforts of the western farmer. Too many people have been sitting on the cushioned seats of automobiles who should have been distributing themselves each on the steel seat of a self-binder. The western farmer has a hard load to carry, increasing year by year. Rebel, you men of the plow and throw off the yoke. You have lost your vaunted independence; you are as much in the slave class as the mechanics of the factories and mills and railroads. Organize, get together. Read Socialist literature. It will show you the only way out of your chains. Why do you select your large quota of lawyer and other professional politicians and semi-farmers to go to your parliaments? Send your own class, and Socialists at that.

THE MOVE TO ONTARIO

The following letter has been received from Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Comrade—Your letter re "A Dominion Convention or Party Owned Headquarters, Which?" has been favorably received in Hamilton, but has created a lot of discussion. All the members of the local are glad to hear that you have become sole proprietor of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., through the gift of your father to you, and no doubt he will get our thanks at our next business meeting. The proposal as to "Moving to Ontario" was hailed as a great step and would be a great asset to the movement. The having of Cotton's and the Dominion Executive in a party owned building, with one headquarters, as proposed, would I think be great, and I for one, am willing to take my part in bringing it about. Then come the proposals how it shall be done. The Cowansville Local has moved, that the Dominion Convention be not held, etc., no need to quote them. The resolutions are of great importance and I think there should be a discussion on them in Cotton's before they are voted on. The reason I want this is because the way the Convention referendum was dropped on us suddenly. It had to be rushed through without any real discussion. Now everybody seems to be half hearted over the convention. They are asking, "Is it worth the cost?"

Before I close I desire to say I favor Cotton's and the Executive being housed in a party-owned headquarters, but the vote should not be taken till there has been a thorough discussion on it. Yours for the fight, Thomas Ryan

Comrade E. Winn, Secretary of the British Columbia Executive Committee, S.D.P., writes, "We will do what we can to further the suggestions of Dominion Executive Committee, or rather the party taking up the \$2,000 in shares, but I want, when time permits, to go more fully into the details concerning it."

Comrade Ryan, is in error in thinking I own Cotton's Co-operative. I own 201 shares in the company while other Socialists own almost twice that. What I own is the building in which Cotton's Weekly is printed, and some of the machinery used in the above two letters, I think represent the opinion of a large part, if not the majority, of the party membership. The plan is good, they think, but the move should be made only after due deliberation.

The party voted for the convention, and then the membership have been thinking about how much the convention will cost. They are wondering if the money could not be spent to better advantage.

The referendum initiated by Cowansville Local No. 1, was put out to test the will of the party. We do not wish to move to Ontario if the party membership wish us to stay in Cowansville. The party membership may decide that the time is not ripe to move Cotton's to Ontario. A moving proposition is a little expensive. You may decide that the cost would be too great in comparison with the benefits.

In our issue of June 26th, I placed before you the moving proposition. You have had one side placed before you. Now, lawyer-like, I am going to place the other side before you too, and give you some reasons why Cotton's can stay in Cowansville. First, not one of Cotton's staff wants to leave Cowansville. Comrade Winn is raising chickens and a garden and a pig. He is enjoying country life. He does not care to move into a city. Comrade Rice does not want to move. I do not want to move. The members of Cowansville Local not connected with the staff certainly do not want to

move. Nevertheless, we initiated the referendum to move Cotton's. We sink our desires to the will of the party.

The membership of the party will have to face the expense. They may feel like deciding that the money could be used to better advantage than moving Cotton's. The Comrades may feel that the time is not yet ripe, that such a move should be taken when the membership is larger. If this is decided, Cotton's can still be used to build the party. At present we are scattering the pamphlet "How to Organize" as widely as possible.

If you tell us to move, we will move. We will go to Ontario and the party will endeavor to acquire headquarters. We will get into the heart of the slave region.

Cowansville referendum was purposely divided into five paragraphs, so that the membership could assent to some of the propositions, and reject others.

If you tell us to stay, we will stay in Cowansville and FIGHT IT OUT IN QUEBEC PROVINCE.

I have moved to Ontario, I feel like a coward fleeing from an foe as fine a fight that ever came a Socialist's way. If we stay, I will run for Councilor of the village of Cowansville, and will try and run enough Socialists to elect a Socialist mayor. If I can raise the two hundred dollar fine, I will run as a Socialist for Missisquoi county, in which this slave town is located. I will agitate for the unionizing of the town and the neighboring towns. So far we have been fighting capitalism away off in British Columbia and in Ontario, and in distant places. There is the fight right at our doors to be carried on.

Common sense tells us to move, and yet there is an inner sense tells me to stay right on the job in my native town.

For the first time we are getting some active workers. The common people are hearing us gladly. Quebec has to be won as well as the other provinces. I understand both French and English. If we stay here, we will publish a little French paper just as soon as our finances permit. This will need a French printer and editor combined. We have plenty of type and we could run a small paper off on one of the job presses, about a quarter the size of Cotton's. Price would be 25 cents in clubs of four or more—forty weeks.

Building a headquarters will cost money. Moving Cotton's will cost money. The letters I receive show the membership is doubtful as to the advisability of the task.

At present you have a landlord who does not push you for the rent of the building you occupy. All money you pay for rent, after paying insurance and taxes I intend to place back in the building in the way of repairs and improvements.

I have friends on the verge of making money. If they make money, they will contribute generously to spreading Cotton's, and they will spread it right in Quebec.

If they make money, an investigator or will be placed in Montreal and the cover of silence will be pried off that rotten city.

Cotton's needs \$2,000 now to pay its debts. It needs a host of subscriptions to give it more power.

I have placed both sides fairly before you Comrades. I want you to judge this moving proposition just as you see fit.

The Dominion Executive, no doubt, will give you plenty of time to deliberate. To move or not to move Cotton's Weekly, that is the question the party membership has to decide in the light of free and deliberate discussion for the best good of the movement.

Profits, profits, profits. Even the poor old cow must suffer the gall and wormwood of the speeding up system. The Department of Agriculture issued a ukase to the farmers advising them to cut their work down one third. The cow that can't answer to the call of modern get-rich-quick must go to the junk heap," says the bulletin. Workers often used to envy the cow lying under a shady tree and lazily chewing her cud. But no more. She has to be up and doing, producing her veriest, or she will land in the corned beef factories of the capitalists. Thus has the capitalist system smashed one more of our visions of idyllic life.

People look wise and tell you the time is not ripe for Socialism. Our skulls may be thick, but for the life of us we cannot get this idea to percolate through and cause any vibration of the wheels. Our idea after years of study is that the time has been ripe for Socialism ever since any person took anything from another for which he gave no just reward.

The wine must have been very red in the glass at Winnipeg when the Hon. James Allen "outlined" New Zealand's naval and military progress, and declared that should the time ever come when Canada was menaced, New Zealand would be able to throw an expeditionary army of eighty thousand men to her aid."

Maoriland Worker.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time deliberately rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—Carlyle.

Socialism will do away with unnecessary production in all lines of industry.

If political Socialism makes the labor thieves grout, industrial unionism makes them howl.

The union membership in Canada for the calendar last year increased from 133, 132 to 160, 120 at the end of 1912.

Morgan left a hundred millions of absolutely unearned wealth. The average slave leaves nothing behind but a heap of trouble.

"Canada is betrayed by the most useless and least patriotic press published in the English language," declares the Toronto Telegram. Name, please.

"Tis more blessed to give than to receive," says the sanctified labor thief as he drops a dime, wrung from the exploited workers, on the collection plate.

The banker cannot conceive a world without his idolized interest being represented in deals, any more than some workers can conceive how they can live without having a master.

Joseph Parr, a Liverpool manufacturer, says that labor domination is hurting Australia. It is "ouderful how the legalized thieves consider a continent is hurt when they get squeezed out of a little expected profit."

The Fat brigade says that Socialism would degrade womanhood, and then grabs its collective paunch in pleasant anticipation of the profits to be derived from the efforts of its sweated women workers in the factory hells.—Maoriland Worker.

A toiler's family is lucky if they have a thousand dollars left when he croaks. This is all they have to show for a life of toil and strife. Morran kicks out and leaves a hundred thousand times that much. How long are we going to stand for such inequality?

An alienist declares that bright children ought not to be made to play with stupid ones. Why not? We may as well get acquainted early as late. Under the capitalist system the most of the bright ones have to work for the other kind before they are very old.

Now comes the time when the so-called shortage of the ice crop last winter will make itself felt in Montreal. Who will be the sufferers? Not the idle rich. They will have their ice. The poor will have no ice. The sick children of the poor will lie in stifling rooms and the doctor will order ice for them. They will get none. Ice and snow were only meant for the poor in the winter time.

International unions in North America number 148, and 99 have affiliated locals in Canada. Of the latter, eighty-two are in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The Canadian membership of this Federation is about 93,000 or one-twentieth of the whole. The trades union movement throughout the world aggregates 11,435,498. Germany is first, Great Britain second, the United States third.

The youthful Marquis of Stafford, who succeeds the Duke of Sutherland, will be the youngest British duke. He inherits an annual income from the whole dual property of over \$700,000. Under Socialism such parasites as the Duke of Sutherland will be able to leave their sons no fat inheritances. They will inherit the right to work, and will get the just rewards of their labors. That is all any man should expect. No man under Socialism will ever be able to own an estate worth as much as the Duke of Stafford now possesses.

You hear the workers say they are free, that they can go and get work where they want it. Judge Murphy, at Windsor, Ont., on June 12th, issued an order restraining John McNeen and Son's Cigar Co., of that place from interfering with the business of the Hemminger Cigar Factory, of Detroit, Mich., by enticing its employees away. When such is the capitalist state of the law, where is your "freedom to work"? This in conjunction with the Lemieux Act which hampers your right to quit work shows that the capitalist class are fully alive to their interests and are making you, not only wage slaves, but also chattel slaves.

You insist that you are free, yet you crawl to a boss for a job. He asks you your last employer's name, what you left him for, what church you belong to, and if you drink, smoke or swear. If you can lie sufficiently and he needs a man at that particular time, he hands you a slip which you slave away at reading to the great man. He then places you in the tender care of a promotion-seeking foreman and you slave away under the eyes of your workmate, who probably belongs to a detective agency, which makes a fat living supplying mechanics to report all the doings in the shop to which they are assigned. Any time the boss wishes, he may fire you without any explanation. Hale him to the courts, and he will present you with the slip you signed, and after you are laughed out of court your former employer will see to it that you get no more jobs in his particular town. If you are extra fractious he will have you blacklisted from coast to coast. Yes, you are free, you may think, but Socialists will never agree to freedom of that kind.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

The machine age is rapidly approaching. The time is not far off when the labor of the world will be practically all performed by machinery.

The last twenty-five years has seen enormous strides in the invention and application of masses of steel and iron made and put together by the cunning hands of the artisan, in the fond hope that it may tend to lessen the labor of someone, somewhere, but of himself in particular.

Selfishness is very predominant among the working class. The inventor thinks only of affluence when he works on an idea. Visions of seaside resorts, hammocks, seed drinks, dollar cigars, and trips to foreign lands stimulate him to burn the midnight oil for years in order to rid himself of the incubus of toil.

He succeeds. A paternal government informs him he can get no patents issued unless he comes forward with a whole bucketful of seeds. He offers the government a rake-off on his idea if it is patented; they do not do business that way. He must appeal to their bosses, the capitalists, and to them he goes, for he has Hobson's choice in the matter. No matter how good his idea, no matter how badly the world is crying for that particular invention, they look at him coldly. They are an organized mass, he is simply an individual. He crawls, and creeps, and finally in desperation sells for what he can get. Sometimes he gets a share in the invention, but more often has to take a price and get out. Nobody but the big fellows can manufacture his idea. A little fellow who tried the scheme of manufacturing it would be squeezed out—the easiest thing in the world for the capitalists to do.

After the machine is made and applied to the trade for which it is adapted comes another little struggle. With the characteristic shortsightedness of the average mechanic, he fights the machine tooth and nail. He is afraid it will take away his job. So it will, in time, just as sure as it has taken away the jobs of other mechanics in all branches of trade.

As long as a machinist is paid two or three dollars a day he is content to make all the machinery that the draughtsmen and moulders can send him. The race goes on merrily, and men are being thrown out on the street every day by scores through the application of steel fingers to do the job formerly done by hand.

Capitalism eagerly awaits the coming of the machine age. This is the thing they have longed for. They own all the means of production of the iron and steel which goes to make the machines, and they own the jobs of the workers. What more could be asked for? Workers who are thrown out will have to swell the list of applicants to run the machinery, and the bids will become lower and lower, and the bank rolls of the idle class will wax fatter and fatter. It is the inevitable outcome.

As long as the workers are content to mine and smelt, and saw and plane and deliver the finished product of their toil to a lazy master, just so long will their condition become more slavish than ever. They are right on the begging line now; what will they look like when the machines throw them out by tens of thousands? Will they rebel then? Hardly likely. They will not have the sand, nor the chance to rebel. They will be a starving, miserable mass of yellow-spirited humanity; they will crawl away and die, and the lash of serfdom will snap still stronger on those who remain.

Now is the time to rebel. Socialism calls for the ownership of all public utilities. Socialists want the whole people to own the means of production, transportation, and distribution. Think it over. Why not rebel before you are smashed body and soul?

THE OPEN SHOP

Dooley on principle in employers "What is all this talk in the papers about the open shop?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Why, don't ye know?" said Mr. Dooley. "Really I'm surprised at yer ignorance, Hinnissey. What is th' open shop? Sure, 'tis a shop where they kape th' door open t' accommodate the constant scream of min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper than th' min what has th' jobs."

"Tis like this, Hinnissey. Suppose wan of these freeborn American citizens is wurkin' in an open shop for th' princely wages of one large iron dollar a day, of tin hours. Along comes another freeborn son-of-a-gun, an' sez t' th' boss, 'I think I could handle th' job for ninety cents.' 'Shure,' sez th' boss, an' the wan dollar man gets th' merry jinglin' can, an' goes out into th' cool world t' exercise his inalienable rights as a freeborn American citizen, and scab on some other poor divil."

"An' so it goes on, Hinnissey. An' who gits th' benefit? Thure, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more for money than he does for his right eye."

"It's all principle wid him. He hates t' see min robbed of their independence. They must have their independence, regardless of inything else."

"But," said Mr. Hennessy, "these open shop min ye minshun say they are for the unions, if properly conducted."

"Shure," said Mr. Dooley, "if properly conducted. An' there ye are. An' how wud they have them conducted? No strikes; no rules; no contracts; no scales; barely any wages; an' dam few minbers."

JOINING THE PARTY

By Charles Edward Russell in the Party Builder

At the close of the lecture, some one comes from the audience, shakes me warmly by the hand, and says: "That's right! Join with you! That's what I believe! I'm a Socialist!"

"Taught by long experience, I say: 'Member of the party?'

"No! I'm not a member of the party, but I believe in Socialism."

And then I am obliged to say: "Pardon me, brother; if you're not a member of the Socialist party, you are not a Socialist. Only those who are willing to stand up and be counted are really Socialists. You know, sympathy is a fine thing, but it doesn't get very far in this fight. If you believe with us why don't you join?"

And then follows, in every instance one of the following formulas of excuse:

1. "I don't like to tie myself up to one organization."

2. "I don't like to pledge myself not to vote any other ticket. Some good man might be nominated by another party and I don't want to vote for him."

3. "I like to be free and independent to do as I think best."

4. "The party management doesn't suit me."

I ought to have a lot of patience with this sort of fol-de-rol, for the plain truth is that I marked time myself for about ten years under the same sort of dull delusion. I knew well enough that my duty was to join the party and take my place with the men and women that were fighting the battle, and I stood off and on, possessed with the idea that I wanted to be independent and "vote for a good man."

I never found the good man to vote for, but I was always under the belief that he would turn up some day and if I couldn't vote for him I should lose something precious.

The fact is, there is nothing in all these objections but a kind of intellectual cowardice or a kind of intellectual mobocracy or both.

If a man has the slightest idea of the sacrifices that are being made in this cause, he ought to think shame to stand aloof and let someone else fight for him. Take these women of the party. Not one of them that is not ready to work until she drops, to endure social ostracism, to give up comfort and leisure for a purely unselfish inspiration. A man won't be strangely made if he can stand by and be inert while they endure. To tell you the truth, I never see them at their work without inwardly singing pretty small when I reflect on the time when I played the lummox and let such as they pay my dues and bear my share in the conflict. If a man really cares anything about the cause or any part of it, he will save himself uncomfortable sensations hereafter if he will waste no more time, but come in and take up his place in the ranks. He may not be able to do much; none of us do what we ought; but at least he will save his soul from the reproach of shirking, and with more knowledge and information as he gets older he will find that sore.

And there is nothing at all in this idea of preserving an individual freedom by remaining outside of the party. I ought to know; I tried it. There is no "good man" good enough to vote for if he is not a candidate of the Socialist party. Let him be as pure as snow and as lofty of spirit as an angel, and he will accomplish nothing except through Socialism. Under the capitalist organization the best man that ever lived is, in office, just like the worst. I have seen and watched about as many different reform movements as there are hairs on a dog, and I never yet could detect any difference, no matter how good the reformers might be.

And if the good man that you are dreaming of really represents any good cause, is embraced in Socialism and can be much more advanced by voting the Socialist ticket. Every Socialist vote is clothed with a potency far beyond all the reform movements put together. It is the Socialist vote that the powers of evil watch and fear. As they see it mounting they make haste to take the action that they think will divert the working class from uniting for its emancipation and whatever has been gained for that class in this country has been gained chiefly through this influence.

Of those that object to "tying themselves" to one organization, I should like to know how otherwise but by organization shall progress be made? Without close union in a coherent, disciplined, definitely purposed organization, all effort for better conditions becomes merely futile and all radicals are what Bismarck used to call "a mob of fighting persons."

Organization is the cornerstone and no less the keystone of success, if we are ever to win it. I think that the man that holds out on this ground is no radical, and no real sympathizer with progress, but just a great egotist whose idea of winning glory or distinction or making money from the radical movement. And with such there is the least call to be patient. The essence of this thing is the Common Good, and if a man doesn't feel that, he doesn't feel any part of the cause, and had better cease to call himself a sympathizer.

All of the objections together are unworthy of adults. If this thing could make progress except by sacrifice it would give the lie to all human experience and all history. Some of those that are enlisted in it are sacrificing their lives, some their time, some their careers, some their positions, some the chance of provision against penury.

Compared with this record, the most wonderful of modern times, the sacrifice of a mere whim or preju-

dice or vanity about joining an organization looks small enough.

Anyway, I can tell all hesitating and doubtful brethren from my own experience that when they get inside the party all their doubts will disappear and they will regret the time they wasted outside. If a man does nothing more than to pay his monthly dues, I believe that he is doing more for humanity than all the reformers and philanthropists in the world. And the satisfaction of feeling that he no longer shirks, that he has taken his place, that he has professed his faith and stands in the ranks without skulking around the sultry wagons is beyond all computation.

A Co-operative Socialist Gives His Point of View

Dear Cotton:—Now, I do not mind your criticism of the co-operative store plan. I shall give you my personal impressions, and if you can show me where I am wrong, I will much appreciate it. I am not so enthusiastic as you might imagine over the co-operative store. I had no experience with the same till two or three years ago, when I was called in to assist a so-called co-operative store company with their books. They then got me to organize a store for them. The management I respected as honorable, but I began studying and found out their system was not co-operative, but on a dividend paying basis. I thought out the plan I sent you, submitted it to the farmers hereabouts who became enthusiastic over it. It is thoroughly co-operative, since each individual shareholder gets no dividends on investment, but only the profit made on goods bought by himself, less the percentage of cost of operation.

One thing I fear in this system and that is that the placing of the wholesale price on the bill of sale will cause the wholesalers to refuse to sell the goods even if we pay cash. In such a case we would have to fall back on the British co-operative method of dividing profits.

You rightly suggest that wages are paid according to cost of living. That obtains, and has for many years; but with education of the farmers in pure co-operation (and we dwell upon this point that we are not out to make profit, but to prevent others from making profit) we show them the justice and brotherhood of what is practical constructive Socialism, which they have always feared till quite recently. They fear Socialism because of the uncertainties that they attach to the name. Give them the tangible, and they grasp it. They want it. The American Socialist platform re the retention of the natural resources and their development by the government. I find a powerful convincing argument amongst farmers. I find they listen when the practical side is presented, a little at a time; but their minds as a whole are not capable of grasping the full scheme even in a general way. I wish we could get them to grasp it, but we must be patient. I don't care about the slow methods of co-operation (the methods of co-operation now generally produced are, but semi-co-operative-profit taking being the same old capitalist system). I do not think I shall endeavor to organize co-operative stores, though when I wrote you that I intended going to the U. S. soon, I then intended to do so. I want to take the platform for the cause. I know Charles O'Brien, and others think I am not interested in co-operation, but once into it I feel I could develop a plan in harmony with Socialist ideals.

You dwell on the robbery at the point of production, and I on the robbery at the point of consumption. It is true most storekeepers make little more than we claim everyone should have, but does not this class of millionaires stand in our way today, keeping us from organizing to learn to know each other and our combined power? If we demonstrate to the farmer and worker that they can organize successfully in smaller things will they not be encouraged to attempt greater organizations? A taste of power is what they need, and education along with it. The co-operative store gives them that properly organized. Moreover it gives such as me a support and I can then present in the campaign Socialism as the ultimate goal.

I said to Charles O'Brien one time, "Put the middlemen out of business and put them where they belong as producers. Make them feel that they are no longer puppet capitalists, but the exploited as well as the rest of us; and they will cease their opposition against Socialism; study up the movement themselves, and we will realize the benefits of Socialism that much earlier. At the present these storekeepers and other middlemen are the public men controlling municipalities, public schools, banks, etc., and people look up to them with a sort of reverence. Make them get down on a plane with ourselves, and they will assist us instead of as at present oppose us in our demands for justice. Not the capitalist, but his hirelings are our real enemy today. We could easily overcome the king, but it is very difficult to overcome his well paid soldiers. We must capture the latter first if we are to dethrone the king. One is the same as the other. We can reach the middlemen first, then they will be better able to attack the money kings of finance."

Now, this is my view point at present. Kindly change it if you can by an appeal to reason. I will gladly listen if you can spare the time. Yours fraternally, A. O. Alexander.

Under Socialism the criminal will have no incentive to commit crime. We will have to be a producer, or starve.

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published by the interests of Socialism by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Inc., Coopersville, P. O. W. U. Chicago. President and Managing Editor, Roy Winn Secretary-Treasurer.

The Slaves of Vancouver Island

BY ONE WHO LIVES IN HELL THERE.

A little lime light thrown on the slave pens of the above "master-class" of the Pacific, will help you to come to some conclusion of the revolt existing thereon at the present time, and the causes leading up to it.

For several years profit has run riot, owing to the fear taught and drilled into these slaves the moment they landed here from other countries. Owing to the P.R. real estate, publicity, cliques, Salvation Army, and the pamphlets and books relative to the property, beautiful scenery, fine climate, etc., of this gem of the Pacific (3) that have been distributed broadcast, many poor people have been led to believe that a haven of refuge awaited them, and they all sell their homages and take a jump out of the frying pan into the fire. When they arrive they are told that if they say boo here they must keep a jump like a grasshopper. It is like trout fishing, everyone enjoys the fun except the poor worm. If he is not killed and eaten the first bite, he serves another term and so on.

In the first place I will try, and show the primary cause of the revolt. There is a clause in the Mines Regulations Act, which enables the miners to pick or select two of their fellow-men at their respective mine, to examine the mines for gas also machinery, etc., at least once per month, and report their findings up on a board at the mine mouth, also in a book kept for that purpose. This clause of the law has been so flouted that if any of these men's inspectors reported anything detrimental to the boss, or wanted to delve into some out-of-the-way working where there was any suspicion of gas, they were eventually but quietly put out to grass, and the date of their discharge was lengthened so as not to be very noticeable as arising out of their report. Those however who put good reports out were favored with the best of places in the mine and where their place was abnormal were paid an average of four dollars a day.

This inefficient, murderous, loose game resulted in thirty men at Extension Mine being sent over Jordan some three years ago to play the golden harp. Numerous others have been more or less burnt since.

The life-and-death game got so hot that two men reported several places full of gas, and they were fired on the spot. These two men went to Cumberland to the other mines of the McKenzie & Mann princes to work. As soon as the boss knew who they were and where they came from they were fired there also.

The employees in self protection decided to take a stand. The Cumberland Miners' quit until these men were reinstated. Extension came out in sympathy, and demanded these men be reinstated. The government also took proceedings against the operators under the Mines Act.

These men came out without a thought of assistance coming from anywhere. The 700 Chinamen working at Cumberland Mines came out with them, but the government scared them back to work under a threat of stopping their food supply. (drink it down you slaves.)

After several weeks the United Mine workers of America came to these men's assistance and endeavored to get the matter settled, but nothing doing. The operators would have nothing to do with that "Foreign Organization." Time dragged on until the 1st of May, when the U.M.W. of A. issued a call to the employees of the Western Fuel Co., the Jingle Pot, and the Wellington mines. Those who did not have the same exception of a few known as the Dirty 13, who tried their utmost to keep the men up to their agreements, which in one instance expired in September and another three years hence.

For several months the miners had scabbed against their fellow-workers at Extension and Cumberland. Not that they did not have the same trouble themselves, but they just lacked the necessary grit. Probably they would have been working still had the U.M.W. not put a little oil to the smouldering fire in the shape of financial assistance. The fire of revolt broke out with such glaring, red-hot flames that despite all efforts of the business element, the petty bourgeois capitalist, real estate sharks, police, judges, and courts; despite the threats of the ex-mayor and a bank manager to "make the beggars pay; they have no right to be put out of work." In spite of the hot-headed, autocratic superintendent of the South Wellington mines so far it has proven unquenchable.

I hope that the slaves of other countries, and especially those elsewhere in B. C., will take a lesson of the kind labor government we have here. How nice they line up against labor when it has trouble! Get that into your craniums, you slaves of B. C.

Independent of the gas proposition, which I stated was the primary cause of the McKenzie & Mann slaves revolting, there were other causes which every slave pen on the Island where coal is mined, possesses. These causes helped to fan the flames. Under the monthly pay scheme and due to the irregularity of the coal seams, a miner would perhaps have a good place for a week or perhaps two. Of course, to make ends meet, he would knock his body and brain all to pieces trying to make a little extra money to enjoy some little luxury, or replenish some old shoddy of his wife and children. The next week or so his place would probably go bad; the coal would thin out, and get so low that it was impossible to make enough to feed a mouse. Consequently his good week or two would run into the bad and he would come out at the month's end with bare mining wages. THAT MEANS THAT HE

GOT NO PAY FOR THE DAYS HE WORKED MOVING ROCK. It was all the same whether you were working in a wet place up to the knees, or whether it was raining down from the roof keeping your brain and spine cool.

The miners dare not ask for anything extra for wet work, or anything for moving rock, or timbering. The agreements they had drawn up were flouted and the men who were picked to draw the agreements up with the company were, with few exceptions, bought over to suck and spy at four dollars per day, and in some instances more. If any slave demanded or dared to be too impertinent about his demands for what was just and right, he was told "well if you don't like it you know what to do." In a few instances the boss would refer you to the Big Fellows. In South Wellington it meant that the boss, the superintendent, and the boss, and so keep you butted until you got sick. If you talked Unionism, you were fired, and your name and description were phoned to the other mine managers. Changing your name only availed you a few days. If you appealed to the press, under a non-de-plume, your name would be sold for a smile and a sub. So you had either to submit, get off the Island, or starve.

In the matter of compensation for death or injury while in these slave pens, the princes and rulers of the "Gem" have everyone skinned. They will not come through with compensation until you take them to court. To a poor slave or widow this means that after the lawyer gives that little cough and gets the first innings, there is not much left. It is only for an old one who takes that proceeding. The majority of injured are bought over for two hundred dollars (and a constant job for her sons if she be a widow.) by the belly-crawlers, the blackest human brutes of the working class society, of which Nanaimo can boast of a past master of the art whose initials are J. R. Others who are injured are promised their work back as soon as they are able to start. But if you dare to summon any of the company's officials to court, you have to seek a fresh master off the Island. How is that for ideal climate, prosperity, and beautiful scenery?

Fellow Workers! When the parson used to preach of Hell to us as boys, I never dreamed that he meant Vancouver Island and never thought I'd find it in manhood.

That parson must have had the double eyesight, for he told me I'd sure go to hell if I did not be good.

Now Fellow Workers the world over, I know that all these troubles afflicting society today are only the effects of this blasted, profit mongering, blood-sucking system under which we exist. All the diseases, prostitution, drunkenness, murders, rapes and suicides, blasphemy, immorality, and injustice, hunger, thirst and want, are caused through the ignorance of the working masses. The submissive dope of the master class, is taught to us at school, from the pulpit, and the college. The very fact of millionaires, lords, dukes, and the nobles, and the poor down-trodden, god-forsaken, hungry and poverty-stricken working class on the other signifies to me that a class struggle is on, and it is up to you as working men and women, the producers of this world's wealth, to throw these parasites off.

When you catch a flea having a gut full out of your hide, you kill him quick. The capitalist fleas are getting their full in the same manner, only it is made legal through their power of controlling the reins of government. It is illegal to kill those fleas, so the best thing you can do is to make them work for themselves, which will cut our hours of labor down to about 2½ a day and will also give us some of the luxuries they are having.

The strike will end as all others have ended this last hundred years. The masters will still be left in possession of your lives, in possession of the means of exploitation, communication, and destruction, which will still be against their interests to give you any more than it takes to keep you, so that they know you will come back and beg to be robbed again.

You men of Vancouver Island are receiving assistance from your fellow workers in other parts of the continent, who are willingly (with few exceptions) denying themselves of a little better shoddy or a little luxury, to help you win this fight. It is your bounden duty to stand shoulder to shoulder, and fight this great octopus capital. You have nothing to lose, having nothing to start with, except your chains of ignorance and serfdom. You have freedom, health,

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pleasure, luxury, and the world to gain. I would not rack my brain to write this if I could get what I want without you; I would go ahead and leave you, but I can't and I must tolerate these conditions until you are ready to line up with me for the overthrow of this producing-for-profit system, and substitute the co-operative commonwealth, producing-for-use in its place. I may have something else to tell you before this strike is over. But for the present:

If you want to be like a worm, Come to Vancouver Island; If you don't want your brain to turn, Come to Vancouver Island.

If you'd like to be a snake in the grass, Come to Vancouver Island; If you do not have the brains of an ass, Come to Vancouver Island.

If you want to be skinned alive by the master class, Come to Vancouver Island. Rule Britannia, Britannia rules her slaves; Britain's never, never, never—She'll be braves.

If you never want to see the sky, Come to Vancouver Island; Not till the day after you die, Come to Vancouver Island.

If you want to keep your nose in the muck, Like a pig when he's husking chuck, And never want to say to a fellow, "How's luck?" Come to Vancouver Island.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules her slaves; Britain's never, never, never—She'll be braves.

If you want to work in water, Come to Vancouver Island; If you don't care for a little slaughter, Come to Vancouver Island.

If you ever want an earthquake shock, Or feel like shifting a mountain of rock, If you're made of wood and can stand a hard knock, Come to Vancouver Island.

Rule Britannia, Britannia being scared by her slaves, Britain's, someday, someday, some day—She'll be braves.

Making New Socialists

Editor Cotton's Weekly:—For some weeks now I have been receiving two copies of your paper. Evidently some one has been good enough to subscribe for me.

Socialism has made great progress in this district since the pioneers, W. Anderson, C. Springfield, and A. Tonkins started agitating a few years ago.

At one time a laugh or a sort of superior smile was all that rewarded their efforts, but very few dared to stand up in argument against them. The few that did are nearly all as hot for the cause now as the aforementioned trio ever were, so it seems that the best men are coming around, and the others no doubt will follow as they are now following the leaders and upholders of the present system.

We had C. O'Brien speaking at a picnic here on Sat. 14th, and it certainly was a treat to listen. Unfortunately the weather wasn't all that could be desired, so we hadn't as big a crowd as we wished for. At last we were defeated in the election, I think a lot of good was accomplished by running a candidate. It brought the Socialists platform and ideas before the public, and brought many comrades together, which in itself is a good thing, especially for a few of the weak and half-convinced. The cause is gaining ground fast around Dewberry and surrounding districts. Yours fraternally, A. B. Wood, Islay, Alberta.

The Old Man's Fee

(The following is clipped from the Boston Traveller. It is supposed to be funny, but is it? It is the capitalist system in a nutshell.)

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in the country to see if he could get some bait. He thought he could, and started off. Three hours afterward he appeared with a ten-quart pail full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a quantity of bait, but they put on a bold front and someone asked:

"How much do we owe you?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man; "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em, but I've half a mind to go fishin' myself tomorrow, and if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

There is an apartment house in Montreal which brings in an annual rental of \$5,900. People today are being driven out of homes they imagined they owned, and forced to flock together more and more. Walk into Montreal, get a "good job," look for a house, you must hunt for the landlord. If you have money and want to start a little business, you must hunt for the landlord. Street after street it is landlord, landlord, landlord. One gets sick of the name. Numerous of the fine mansions of the ultra fashionable have landlord's agents making their regular call. From the wielder of the pick to the gilded courtier and on to the banker and stockbroker, over the curse of landlordism, and over all hovers the beast of capitalism.

We are told we require armies and regiments to protect us from the foreigners. Then the government which tells us this imports a whole raft of foreigners to keep the bids down for the wages paid on the building of these armories.

"As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift their share of the burden on to the shoulders of others, is the great durable curse of the race."—Abraham Lincoln, July 1, 1861.

A WEAK ON LISI

The on list this week is 424. Multiplied by 40 weeks, this gives us a yearly circulation of only 16,960.

Of course these are the summer months when newspaper business is very slack. Advertisers quit advertising these days, and many an ad in a paper is a deadhead, that is, the newspaper carries it in order to fill up and bluff the public into believing that it is doing a roaring business.

With shrinkage in advertising and shrinkage in circulation, Cotton's will have hard hauling for the next two months.

The Social-Democratic party is resolved that Cotton's shall live. The executive sent us down \$200 for stock. This arrived just in time to pay our paper draft of \$247.50, which fell due July 3rd. We have ordered another lot of paper to arrive July 12th. The bill for this, around \$250, will have to be paid on August 15th. Why not spoil the Egyptians? Do it with wiles. Get that non-Socialist to subscribe. Every quarter you hypnotize out of the pocket of a workman who is not an avowed Socialist is just that much towards supporting the movement, and making it stronger in the sinews of war upon the system of exploitation.

There are many of you hustlers who are not party members. I would like to see you join the party. The party member tax themselves 25 cents a month for the support of the organized movement. You non-party members should redouble your efforts to give Cotton's the circulation it needs. One party you are doing us a grand gallant comradeship within the party ranks.

Cotton's needs your help in GETTING SUBSCRIBERS. Below is the circulation statement, which proves our assertion.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Week of July 3rd.

	Off.	On.	Total.
Ontario	73	155	9041
Brit. Columbia	82	92	5160
Sask.	43	42	5128
Alta.	54	54	4139
Nova Scotia	14	43	1561
Manitoba	10	13	1348
Quebec	16	17	1200
Foreign	4	6	475
New Brunswick	2	1	420
Yukon Ter.	9	1	287
Newfoundland	0	0	255
P. E. I.	0	0	61

314 424 29075

Gain for week—110.

Total edition last week—30,800.

The Humber River is about five miles west of the centre of the city of Toronto. Recently the police patrolling the district had all kinds of trouble with Boy Scouts in uniform. One party were going into bivouac for the night and started cutting down trees on private property. Another large party were caught shooting at a target with rifles, and close by the target a number of girls were picnicking. Another bunch of these Boy Scouts made a raid on a refreshment booth, and held high carnival until the police came. Others lit fires in close proximity to buildings. The provincial secretary of the Boy Scouts of course claims they belonged to a troop which is not recognized by the Council. This is one way to wiggle out of responsibility. When these scouts are sent to shoot workers down this secretary, one Hammond, will disclaim responsibility just the same as he did in this instance. Boy Scouts under the murderous tuition of the army officers are fast becoming public nuisances, and a menace to the welfare of the country. The worker who allows his boy to join this infamous juvenile organization should go and see a doctor and find out what is the matter with his home.

The worst sin toward our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that is the essence of inhumanity.—George Bernard Shaw.

THOUSANDS SELLING

War, What For? Kirkpatrick \$1.15
M. Lectures and Essays 1.00
The Call of the Carpenter, White 1.50
Origin of Species, Darwin 5c
Riddle of the Universe, Haeckel 5c
Evolution of Man, Haeckel 5c

—Postage Paid—

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SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

OMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada meets every first and third Monday at 56 King St. East, H. Martin, sec., 41 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—25.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays 8 p.m. in Labor Temple, corner Royal Ave. and 7th St., and other Sundays at Com. Goodfellow's. Sec., Westminister, P. O. Box 585, A. V. Studman, Sec.—26.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C., English, Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 2 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Iropanada meetings all time in open air, R. Temple, Sec. Sec., Box 585, Nanaimo, B. C.—26.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Vancouver, Finnish Socialist Hall, corner 1st St. and 1st Ave., on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. General business meeting on 3rd Sunday, E. Winch, Prov. Sec., Jubilee Station P. O. Vancouver, B.C.—26.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., Dominion Hall, corner 1st and 2nd Sts. Public meetings in Dominion Theatre, Granville St., Sunday evenings, 8 p.m. Sec., O. L. Charlton, City Market, 1st St.—26.

BERLIN Local No. 4, S. D. P. of C., meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 8 p.m., above Beattie & Hopkins, Sec., 115 Benton St., Berlin, Ont.—26.

PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P. meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., 2nd and 4th Thursdays 8 p.m. Sec., Charles H. Harty, O. L. Charlton, City Market, 1st St.—26.

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 1, S. D. P. of C., holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. in Miners Union Hall, South Porcupine, P. Dore, Sec., Box 585—26.

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C., Business meeting first and third Tuesday in month, Labor Temple, 167 Church St., 9 p.m., second floor. Attend street meetings Wednesdays and Saturdays evenings in different parts of the city. Alfred Corrie, Sec. Simpson Ave.—27.

The FIDELITY

Four from Wood From O'Connell From P'hoen From O'Connell

From Biltown, comes a list of e "Enclosed find cards."—Toronto.

Masset, B. C., aloft over four

A comrade of in \$2 for sub car

A comrade of ers Cotton's in

"Send Cotton's weeks to the fol

ties."—Burdette.

Four subs comm Truro, N.S., e

against thievery. A comrade of

went to Forested in twelve sub

"As this is the year, I managed for Cotton's."

"Put me on t am still in the

nothing doing. "Just to show

still in the fight, following list of s P.Q.

"The capitali are watching, says a Nanton,

four.



Four from Woolchester, Alta.
From Phoenix, B.C., come four.
From O'Connor, Ont., comes four
subs.

From Billtown, Kings Co., N. S.,
comes a list of eight.

"Enclosed find \$10 to pay for sub
cards."—Toronto, Ont.

Masset, B. C., waves the red flag
aloft over four recruits.

A comrade of McIntosh, Ont., sends
in \$2 for sub cards and battery.

A comrade of Roslin, Ont., scat-
ters Cotton's in four different towns.

"Send Cotton's Weekly for forty
weeks to the following nineteen par-
ties."—Burdette, Alta.

Four subs come tumbling in from
Truro, N.S., eager for the fight
against thievery.

A comrade of North Bay, Ont.,
went to Foresters' Falls and gar-
nered in twelve subs.

"As this is the longest day in the
year, I managed to rustle four subs
for Cotton's."—Pennant, Sask.

"Put me on the four year list. I am
still in the scrap, though there is
nothing doing in subs."—Preston
Ont.

"Just to show you that we are
still in the fight, we submit the fol-
lowing list of six names."—Montreal
P.Q.

"The capitalist sun is setting. We
are watching his dying struggles,"
says a Nanton, Alta., comrade with
four.

\$1.75 worth of the revolutionary
paper is being scattered by an en-
thusiastic comrade of Reddickville,
Ont.

"Herewith \$2 for sub cards. Send
them quick so Port Arthur local
may sell them and send in for more
dope."—

Comrade Mrs. M. A. Owen, of Fer-
rie, B.C., sends in four subs, and
she and a friend send in \$1 to the
Battery funds.

A Maidstone, Sask., comrade rus-
tles twelve and takes Facts to help
him prove to the boneheads the rot-
tenness of capitalism.

"Please place my name on the list
for four years. I like the dope; 'tis
good for what ails most of the work-
ing class."—Toronto, Ont.

"Enclosed find \$2 for subs and sub
cards. I am going slow, but always
keep pounding away for subs every
chance I get."—Waterloo, Ont.

A comrade of Alexandria, Ont.,
went among the exploited many and
gathered in fourteen who want to
know the way to work for freedom.

"Please send me your paper. Some-
one sent my father a subscription,
but he does not seem interested. I
am interested, so subscribed."—Van-
couver, B.C.

"Please send a paper to these
four and send me four copies for a
year. I expect to have some more
names in a few days; from now on
I am busy for Cotton's."—Waterford,
Ont.

"Here we are with some ammu-
nition for the Battery, three dollars
for throwing it into our glorious
Port Arthur—Port Arthur, Ont.,
comrades who style themselves 'a
bunch of slaves'."

"If twenty-five per cent of the sub-
scribers to Cotton's would get only
one new sub a month the circulation
would assume such proportions as
would make some people bite their
nails."—Kenora, Ont.

"Enclosed please find \$3 for fifty
copies of Cotton's Weekly for three
months. Work is on the bum here,
and it would be a good idea to dis-
tribute some Socialist matter to the
people."—Edmonds, B.C.

"Herewith find \$1 for sub cards.
I think Cotton's gets better with ev-
ery issue. I am always trying to get
subs, but the smirking fools round
here do not think they are slaves,
and they can be fooled by any of
Roblin's henchmen."—Grand Vital,
Man.

"I am a homesteader, and have
little time to spare, but expect to
be in communication with you short-
ly with something more encouraging.
I admire the work you are doing and
I know of no reason that the cir-
culation should not go to 50,000."—
Dorion, Ont.

"Enclosed find four. This is the
result of one little sub sent here by
a comrade."

To Help Nature Shed A Bad Complexion

(From the Family Physician.)
Beauty devotees are enthusiastic
over the beautifying qualities of mer-
cerized wax. Perhaps nothing dis-
covered within recent years accom-
plishes so much, so quickly, without
harm, without detaining one indoors,
and at such small expense. The prin-
cipal reason for its wonderful merit
is that it works in harmony with
physiological laws instead of hid-
ing or "curing" complexion defects,
removes them. The wax actually
comes off the aged, faded, sallowne,
freckled or blotchy cuticle gently gra-
dually, causing no inconveniences. It
is nature's way of renewing complex-
ions. When the natural process is re-
tarded because of deficient circulation
or nerve tone, mercerized wax comes
to the rescue and hastens the skin
shedding. The new complexion which
appears is a natural one, youthful,
healthy, exquisitely beautiful. If
you've never tried mercerized wax,
get an ounce of it at the drug store,
use at night like cold cream, wash-
ing it off in the morning.
Another natural beautifying treat-
ment for wrinkled skin—is to bathe
the face in a lotion made by dissolv-
ing an ounce of saxonite in a half
pint with hazel. This is remarkably
and instantaneously effective.

someone last winter. There is more
to follow when I have time to col-
lect. The time is ripe to educate the
western farmers to the cause of pov-
erty and the way to get better con-
ditions."—Tisdale, Sask.

"I am sending twelve new subs. As
there are none of them Socialists, we
will see if we cannot convert them.
Business is dull here. The money
grabbers are busy with the big mit,
but the time is coming when they
will have to get out and do their
little bit with the rest of humanity."
—Nakusp, B.C.

"Enclosed please find our renewal
for four years. We would not miss
a copy for anything."—Nelson, B.C.

"Send me a bundle and I will set
a boy to sell them. In a few weeks
we will see how they sell. Don't
you think this would be a good
move, and if it proved a success,
you could try it in other towns."
—Truro, N.S.

"Having been handed a number of
your paper by the Rev. Mr. Irvine,
the Presbyterian minister in charge
of the congregation here, I have
decided to help the good work by
introducing the paper to some think-
ing men in the community, which
will forward social thought. I here-
with send you twelve."—Minitonas,
Man.

"I am enclosing five subscriptions,
which I think will hammer in the co-
ffin nails of capitalism. Practically
everyone here takes Cotton's, except
a few thick heads, and they never
will. Last election we polled at our
poll for T. E. Smith, the Socialist
candidate, 26 out of 26 votes cast.
Five years ago you could count us
on the fingers of one hand."—Rose-
mead, Alta.

"It is not necessary to speak for
the paper. It speaks for itself. I
hope you will always find space for
a couple of lines in Cotton's advising
the readers not to play the dog-in-
the-manger with it, when through
reading. Leave it in the street car,
or on the benches in the parks. I've
watched people goggle it. That's why
I'm sending it for more food."—Van-
couver, B.C.

"Please send me sub cards. I am
on your sub list in two places, al-
though you have never heard from
me before. Our local is small, but
we are doing what we can. I figured
out that Stratford takes more Cot-
ton's per capita than any other place,
with the possible exception of St.
Thomas. Can you state in your next
issue where S.D.P. buttons can be
got?"—Stratford, Ont. S.D.P. but-
tons are obtainable, I believe, from
the Secretary of the Dominion Exe-
cutive, H. Martin, 61 Weber St. East,
Berlin, Ont.

"I herewith enclose four. There is
no work whatever going on here ex-
cept the Provincial-Government road
work, and there are two gangs, each
four miles out, so you can see it is
quite a walk to get to them. But
when election time comes around,
these men will vote for Stratford,
the sitting member for Simikameen,
because they think he is the right man
to get lots of money for the dis-
trict. Such are the stupid mules we
are trying to get wise as to their ex-
ploitation by the able and cunning
gentlemen they elect to office."—Ker-
emeos-Centre, B.C.

HOW TO ORGANIZE

How to organize is a little sixteen
page pamphlet prepared by H. Martin,
Secretary of the Dominion Executive, S.
D. P. It contains the Social Demo-
cratic Party's platform and the constitu-
tion, and is a most valuable organiza-
tion pamphlet. It should be in the hands
of every Canadian Socialist. Particu-
larly should it be in the hands of every
party member. It is a member of the
Socialist Party of Canada for a couple
of years. I never saw a copy of their
constitution. When questions came up
about the constitution I did not know
the constitution of the party.
There are many members of the S.D.P.
no doubt in this condition. They
want the constitution but do not know
where to get it. You can get it at
Cotton's. Price is four copies for five
cents.
Or we will send you a copy for every
remittance of \$1 or over for subs, sub-
cards or money. Just mention that
you want "How to Organize" when you
send your remittance and the pamphlet
will come back by return mail.

B. C. Pushing up the Sub List

The British Columbia Executive of
the Social-Democratic party are busi-
ly engaged in shoving up the sub-
scription list of Cotton's.
The Executive has taken two thou-
sand subscription cards of Cotton's
Weekly. These are to be distributed
to the different locals, and the mem-
bers of these locals will do their best
to put them in circulation. The Exe-
cutive forwarded Cotton's \$20, the
first cost of the government post
cards, and they are to remit in pro-
portion as the cards are sold. This
scheme can be worked by the execu-
tives of the other provinces.
The comrades of B. C. are anxious
to shove up Cotton's sub list to 10,
000 in that province. The idea is
that when 10,000 subs are got, for a
provincial organ to be started there.
The comrades hope to be able to
publish this new organ within a cou-
ple of years.

How to Organize a Local

This is a sixteen page pamphlet just
off the press of Cotton's. It contains
the party platform, the party constitu-
tion, the revolutionary nature of the
party, and instructions how to form a
local. It is written by Comrade H. Martin,
Secretary of the Dominion Executive.
The party constitution should be in
the hands of every party member. This
pamphlet should be in the hands of
those who want to form a local.
We will mail four of these pamphlets
to any address in Canada upon the re-
ceipt of five cents. We will mail eight
for ten cents.
There are many places where readers
of Cotton's are unorganized, and where
the readers would like to form a local.
This pamphlet was gotten up to meet
this need.
Or you can get this pamphlet by writ-
ing the Secretary of the Dominion Exe-
cutive, H. Martin, 61 Weber St. East,
Berlin, Ont.

The job plant at Cotton's Weekly can
stand a lot more work than it is get-
ting. Why patronize capitalist concerns
for cheap labor? Send your
printing orders to Cotton's. Economy
prices.
The "social unrest" is not due to agi-
tators, but to capitalist conditions that
are agitating every man and woman who
thinks.

MUNICIPAL PROBLEMS

As Socialism advances we are con-
fronted with problems. Socialists
get elected to office, municipal, pro-
vincial, Dominion. In office we can-
not sit down and do nothing. We
cannot wait until the working class
vote the whole power into their own
hands to get experience.

We must fight. There is the final
victory coming when the revolution-
ary working class will seize the pub-
lic powers. In that day we can put
our principles into operation.

But victories are not won all at
once. A social war is on in which
many battles are being fought. When
we win one battle or even skirmish,
that victory must be used to the
fullest advantage.

We are living in an age of slavery.
We want to abolish that slavery. We
cannot do it until the slaves drive
the masters from political suprem-
acy.

But cannot we ameliorate the con-
ditions of slavery somewhat? Can-
not we shift the harness of slavery
a little so the sores on the slaves
may heal a bit?

Cannot we work to introduce the
eight hour day in municipal work
when we capture a municipality? Can-
not we control the police of a
town so they will not arrest strikers
for picketing? Cannot we force
landlords to give sanitary dwell-
ings? Cannot we, in municipal po-
wer, enforce pure, whisky laws to a
certain extent so the workers will
not be poisoned?

It is true these are reforms, and
they will benefit the master class.
The workers will be stronger and
less tired when they work eight
hours. They will be more healthy if
the police will not arrest strikers.
They will be clear-brained when they
have pure drinks. These things will
give the master class more robust slaves.
But will not these reforms also cre-
ate a more intelligent slave class
who will have more power to revolt?
Is the ten-hour-a-day, insanitary,
household, dog-tired, poison-drinking
slave more or less fit to fight the
battles of the revolution than the
well-knit, sanitary-housed, eight-
hour man?

These questions are forced upon us
as the question is raised, "What
good can it do the working class to
elect a revolutionary Socialist to a
municipal body?" If he can do
nothing, the practical man will say,
"What is the use of electing a So-
cialist?"

The Cowansville Problem

These questions are presented to
me, as I am facing the question,
"What can I do if the Cowansville
local nominates me for Councillor
and the working class elect me?"

I am studying the question. And
so far, there are certain things I am
agitating.

I am agitating for an eight hour
day upon municipal work. The Cor-
poration of Cowansville is macadam-
izing its streets. This is part of the
great scheme of road improvement
initiated by the provincial govern-
ment. The government lends money
to municipalities at two per cent.
Our traders and business men have
hailed the government as progressive.

Huge piles of stone lay around the
village. The stone crusher is at
work. The roller puffs over the new-
ly made stretches. And the work-
ers, out of the hot sun, toil ten
hours a day for a bare, toiling wage.

The roads will be made, their jobs
will be gone, and the teamster
drawing goods hereafter will be able
to haul bigger loads and the labor
skinner will get better service.

Why should not these workers have
an eight hour day? The employers
of labor do not like the idea. They
fight it. For they know that if the
municipal workers get the eight hour
day, their own slaves will not rest
satisfied working for ten.

Another problem in Cowansville is
the liquor problem. We license an
hotel to sell alcoholic beverages. This
hotel is supposed to sell good stuff.
It is supposed to sell only within
certain hours.

After hours the shutters are
drawn, and the door is locked. But
if you sit in the hotel, you can see
the hotel keeper or barkeeper look
the door and take a bunch behind the
closed shutters of the bar. In a few
minutes the bunch will come out
wiping their lips.

I have nothing to do with that
side of the question. But there is
another side.

A few days ago a couple of slaves
stood on the sidewalk in front of the
postoffice. They were half corned.
One had a bottle in his pocket to
take home to celebrate the holy Sab-
bath day with, for it was Saturday
night. The other reached into the
pocket for the bottle and a half
drunken, weak scuffle ensued, and
the bottle fell on the cement side-
walk kerpsash. It smashed to pieces
and the precious contents ran over
the pavement. Then there arose a
sickening stench as of shellac and
wood alcohol and rotgut.

A minister witnessed the scene and
he hastened home, away from the
awful wickedness.

The smell of shellac tells a tale.
It tells a tale of poison, of men's
stomachs being rotted out.

I began to enquire of the toppers
and they tell me two different tales.
Some say the stuff sold at the bar
in Cowansville is good and pure.
Others say it is poisonous stuff. I do
not drink myself and do not know.

Talking with the working class
many tell me they get poor stuff.
One person told me that if you paid
the price you got good brands, but
that cheap whiskey was also dis-
posed of.

That gave me an inkling of the
probable operation. The labor skin-
ners and the men who know get
good stuff. But the poor devils who
have little money have to load up
with stuff that never should be sold.

Here again the class distinctions
come out. The parasite gets the
best. When he gets drunk he can get
good whiskey to sober up on. He

can employ a doctor to shoot the
strychnin into him.

But the wage worker must load
up on vile stuff. When his little pit-
tance is gone, he is loaded up with
poison that eats into his vitals. He
cannot get good pure beverages to
sober up on. He cannot get a doc-
tor. He has only his shack to go to.
He staggers along the street, sick
unto death and the goody, goody
people glance scornfully at him and
talk about the "degradation of the
working class."

These things take place under cap-
italism. There is more profit in sell-
ing poor stuff than good stuff, where-
fore the poor stuff is sold. Those
who have influence, "our best citi-
zens," get the good stuff, and the
slaves suffer. They have not learned
to organize in Cowansville to pro-
tect themselves. So they have to
take what is handed to them.

I am endeavoring to form a "Boo-
zers Pure Whiskey Club." The work-
ers are afraid to join. But the idea,
I think, will take hold.

Mr. P. H. Hauser is the holder of
the license. After the episode of the
broken bottle I went up to him and
said, "Mr. Hauser. You are selling
your hotel. You may not know it,
but you are selling." "No," he said
in a puzzled way. "Yes, you are."

I said, "There are too many men
getting paralyzed in this own and
you are selling." He woke up and
said, "Well now, Mr. Cotton, just
let me tell you that." "Tell nothing,"
I retorted. "You are selling out.
Goodbye." And I departed.

Mr. Hauser may not be to blame.
He may be buying rotgut and sell-
ing rotgut in the original bottles.
But we have to hit the rottenness of
capitalism where we can, irrespective
of who is hit.

I want to see pure alcoholic bev-
erages sold in Cowansville. If this
were done, there would not be the
degradation there is among a cer-
tain section of the wage slaves of
Cowansville.

The W. M. W. U.

Another thing I would like to see
formed is the Working Men's Wives'
Union.

The organized workers preach ag-
ainst scabbery, and yet they do not
advocate a union for their wives.

The worker is a slave. The wife is
a slave of the slave. Her position is
doubly slavish.

She works from early morning far
into the night. She cares for her
children out of mother love, work-
ing till she almost drops on her feet.
She has little time to read, to de-
velop. She is working raising the
live stock of the labor skinner of
Cowansville, as elsewhere. Her moth-
er love is working overtime to pro-
duce the future generation of slaves
to be ground by the master class.

I would like to see the wives of
the slaves of Cowansville organize
and go on strike to demand the eight
hour day.

Would not that throw the fear
into some of our lickspittle wage-
workers—those who lick the boots of
our exploiters out of gratitude for
getting a job at \$1.50 or \$2 per
day?

Such a slave lets his wife toil and
sweat looking after the children and
going out washing and patching and
mending and stewing and sweeping.
He should only organize and strike
for the eight hour day there would
be something doing in the world of
high finance.

"But," some of the workers cry
in amazement and fear, "How will I
get my food and my clothes and my
house clean? I cannot afford to
send the clothes to the laundry nor
go out for my meals. What shall I
do?"

That is just the point. Kick, buck,
scratch, bite for higher wages from
your boss.

When the petty labor skinner hears
of a union of his workers, he fears
he cannot meet the increased de-
mands and fights the union. If the
union wins, he has to hustle harder
and collect his bills quicker and pro-
bably advance the price of his goods
if he can. He has got to get more
revenues in some manner.

If the women formed a Working
Men's Wives' Union, the slave hubby
would have to get more income. He
would have to do so to live. The
boss would have to come through
with more pay in the pay envelope,
and the working class home would
be greatly in importance.

It is a goodly thing, Comrades, to
instill the spirit of unrest in the
breasts of our sisters of the work-
ing class. As long as they stay slavish,
loving, honoring and obeying
slavishly a spineless forked rat-
sh they will tie the feet of the as-
piring members among the slaves in
the shackles of a slave system.

B. C. Organizer at Work

Organizer Gilbert, Editor of the
Seattle Herald, began a month's or-
ganizing trip for the British Colum-
bia Social-Democrats on July 1st.
After that it is expected that Com-
rade Sam Atkinson will be in the
field permanently in the Pacific Pro-
vince.

Books are Sledgehammers

If you can't beat the principles of
Socialism into the heads of your
neighbor, and he will not listen to
your reason, just hand him one of
the many books on the subject. Per-
haps a little five or ten cent book
will land him in the net. The best
writers of the world are engaged
night and day and are spending huge
sums of money putting their ideas
before the people. Books are printed
for workers in all stages of bone-
headedness. It only remains to pick
out the right book for the right man.
We have them for all kinds, and at
all prices. Read our list of book
bargains printed elsewhere in the
paper. Make your selection, and
carry a few around in your pocket.
These, with a few extra copies of
Cotton's, makes you a regular walk-
ing arsenal. You can tree them all
with Cotton's assortment. Catalogue
on request.

GALT SHOULD ORGANIZE

I see that the letter you published
from "Digusted Chirper" in your
issue of May 22nd has raised quite
an uproar. I am very glad that the
city of Galt has been given a little
free advertising in this matter. Wow!
It is not my intention to decry po-
litical action, but I think you and
all fair minded working men will
admit that political action to be at
all effective must be country wide
and not local. I believe that you
will also admit that the changing of
these conditions by political action
will take many years. During the
time the workers are voting to cap-
ture the "Parliament," we have no
reason to believe that until they
have succeeded, conditions will be
any better (in wages higher, hours
shorter and more healthy working
conditions.) I would like to draw
your attention (the attention of
your readers if you see fit to publish
this letter) to the fact that the
miners of England attempted to gain
the "minimum wage" for twenty
years by the ballot, and were un-
successful, whereas by using direct ac-
tion (striking) they gained their
ends in a short 3 or 4 weeks.

I notice also that "Digusted Chir-
per" is praying for some Moses in
the form of another Tom Mann to come
and lead himself and his fellow slaves
out of their economic wilderness.

Wow! What is the matter with "Di-
gusted Chirper," appointing himself
some "Moses" and getting together with
some of his fellow slaves who think
like he does. (There must be many
such) and organizing on the job and
kicking by means of a strike the
labor thieves of Galt to disgorge a
little of the unearned increment. If
"Digusted Chirper" waits for some
Moses to save him he will continue
unhappy and probably underfed.

If "Digusted Chirper" decides to be-
come a Moses and gather around him
other "Moseses," may I be al-
lowed to suggest that in his efforts
to organize; he organizes industri-
ally—Get every man, woman
child employed in one industry ir-
respective of race, religion or color into
one union. That further he remem-
ber that anything the working class
got in the past they got themselves,
no one gave them anything. That
anything the working class of Galt
got, they will have to take by their
organized might.

Trusting you will see fit to pub-
lish this, I remain—Yours for Indus-
trial Freedom.—John Terrill, Ed-
monton.

CHARGE OF THE EIGHT HUNDRED

People wander into a delicatessen
store and among the dainties some-
times order potted goods. They have
heard that potted poultry was of
the very choicest; they have read of
rare birds such as quail, pheasant
and woodcock being captured in the
open season and potted so that they
could be enjoyed in the close seasons.
They are willing to pay the highest
prices for this food, for it was some-
thing the common herd would not be
able to invest in. So they sit and
leaf and gaze and eat the delicious
viands which come in the beautiful
patent cans covered with the alluring
pictures of the contents when
they were flying and feeding in the
glens and on the shores of the
charming lakes.

Cotton's has not much sympathy
for people who stuff themselves with
this sort of grub in the happy con-
fidence that they are putting one
over on the class who cannot afford
it, but we cannot help giving an il-
lustration tending to show that all is
not gold that glitters, and that it
is a long way from the haunts of the
quail, pheasant and woodcock to the
cans of the cannery, and that the
path is strewn with all sorts of fowl.
Here is one sort, and there are
others.

A firm in an Ontario town make a
specialty of buying up turkeys and
shipping them to foreign lands froz-
en and ready for the market. This
firm last summer sent its slaves
through the country buying up tur-
keys. Several hundred were bought
up in one little town. A car was
filled, another car ordered, but still
the farmers kept in a steady process-
ion with nice, large juicy turkeys.
No place could be secured to store
them in the small town, and they
were thrown in a heap on the ground
over night. Morning came, still no
car. Noon came, nothing better than
a handcar came along. Night came,
and by this time a respectable car
would not be seen in the vicinity of
the heap of turkeys. The next morn-
ing a car was dropped and the train
crew held their noses till they were
uphooked, then fled to the next town
at a forty mile an hour clip.

The crowd who had bought the
fowl were used to the smell of birds
in all stages of decomposition, so
they loaded the bunch, and shipped
them to the home town. They arrived
and the heated car had done its
deadly work. The aroma was even
too much for the nerves of the vol-
unteers in the warehouse. Volunteers
were called, and two men secured at
\$5 per day to unload the outfit. The
turkeys were skinned, frozen, placed
in barrels with ventilators running
up through them, rolled into refrig-
erator cars and shipped to a cannery
firm on the classic shores of Lake
Ontario.

There were eight or nine hundred
turkeys in the bunch, and they prob-
ably filled a great number of the
high priced cans and caused many a
young swain's pocket book to dwindle
when he paid for them served at
a swell lunch in an exclusive restau-
rant away up in the non ten dis-
trict.

Organizing B. C. from the G and on

A new local has been formed at
Edmonds, B.C., with ten char-
ter members. This is in the Burnaby
district, which is forty square miles
in extent. New locals will be form-
ed within a month. Cotton's sub-
list is being used for organizing pur-
poses and the subscribers are being
urged to form locals or to join the
party as members at large.

THE BLOOD RED FLAG

By Arthur Rice

The color of the Socialist flag is
the same color as the blood of the
crucified Christ, and the Socialists
are doing the very thing that Christ
met an earthly death for doing—do-
ing away with the causes of suffering
to humanity. The workers realize
that there are thousands of their
number killed every year for profit
by the capitalist machinery under the

