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Cotton's Weekly

This is No. 310

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Managing Editor — Established Dec. 3rd, 1908 — ROY WINN, Associate Editor

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e Evolution of a Mayor

Mederic Martin became Mayor of l, out of the profundity of his ignor- economic facts, he declared he would k to all the unemployed. Forthwith unemployed gathered and de- , and thousands more gathered ded work. He made a bluff of help- out of works on city jobs, but soon The situation steadily grew worse until re the war it was estimated that fifty thousand workers in that city had no jobs. Since the war the situation has grown worse.

Now Martin has changed his tune. In a recent proclamation to the citizens, he declares that the approaching winter threatens jobs and incomes of citizens, and he urges, "the extreme need of strict economy and the conservation to the last cent of their earnings in the management of their affairs." "This state of affairs," he adds, "will be felt particularly heavy by the working class who even now are not b any means certain of constant employment throughout the winter."

He admits there are thousands of unemployed in the city now, that many factories will close, that the price of living will soar, and that general hell will be to pay so far as the workers are concerned.

What is the remedy he proposes? Here it is. "I urge," he says, "that strict economy should be the watchword of those who are now in a position to save something."

The workers are pressed below the poverty line. Thousands walk the streets hungry. Prices rise adding torture to misery, and Mederic Martin says, save your money.

This is an insult to the working class. Martin can do nothing save hypocritically rant about economy. Great heavens, Martin, when was the working class anything else but economical? When did the master class ever let their slaves have revenues sufficient to indulge in luxury.

Martin, your day is coming. The day of your masters the capitalist exploiters is coming. The working class of Montreal will not forever stand being robbed and then be insulted by being told by a lickspittle mayor that they should be saving.

If the working class of Montreal and elsewhere, only knew its power, only knew its rights, Mayor Martin and the robbers he stands for would be hurled from off the bent backs of the working class, the working class would seize the ownership of the wealth they have created, and would become free men.

THE THREAT OF BUSINESS

The daily press reports Europe on the verge of a war that may mean the slaughter of millions that may bankrupt the world, that may set progress back by centuries. The press pictures the surface of things truly. It even outlines causes that may be exploited as reason for the proposed slaughter.

But the real cause is not stated. Business—capitalism—is the cause and the only cause.

Austrian and German merchants are being beat in the game of business by Russians in Servia; therefore they would force their competitors out by appeal to arms. Beside, capitalism the world around is on the verge of collapse. Not only in the United States but all over Europe the depression is marked, banks are failing, unemployment is growing, the stock market is stagnated. We are reaping the fruits of the bond issues and fictitious stock issues of fifteen years ago, in which the workers were obliged to pay all they could produce to the organizers of industry.

And the masters see but one way out—war. War will give employment to the idle and agitated workers, in killing each other. The slaughter of millions will mean that there will be fewer to employ and consequently the problem of unemployment will be shoved on ahead. The money needed for prosecuting the war will insure tremendous bond issues that will place the bankers of the world in perpetual control of the products of the workers.

Already millions of dollars in gold are being shipped to Europe from America. Already wheat has advanced 10 cents a bushel. Already Americans are looking beyond the mutilated bodies and the ruined families to the possibility of European war reviving business. We call this civilization. We pretend that we are Christian and moral. The fact is, barbarism was never so brazenly brutal, and Christendom never so careless of the lives of the worthy.

We boast of our practical methods. Nothing more clearly shows the utter incompetency of capitalism. And in the ruin it has brought on the world, it is utterly without any plan for the future, wholly without care for humanity. All it asks is profit for itself, with malign indifference to the welfare of those it openly proposes to exploit.

We are not through with the shamelessness of big business in Mexico; we are not through our horror of Colorado and disgust with the New Haven incompetency, before the brute that has the world in its grip calmly proposes to hurl the world into the whirl of war. Because Germany wants trade. Because Russia wants an outlet for her trade. Because the bankers want to lend the money that has accumulated in their vaults. Because the masters of bread are unable to answer the agitators and choose rather to kill them. Because he[illegible] Sache—all related by mar- pressed and robbed the tries, and hereditary cap- by marriage and director- t or loot, only loot. The s never more shamefully crim- t imbecile in the madhouse competent.

s that intelligent and nor- should offer their sons to hope of aiding the spoil- r business. What proof e under the threat of in history offer to show criminal and crazy?—

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ABOUT SOCIALISM

Socialism will not make all men equal, but it will prevent the little soul with the big wad from lording it over Greatheart the toiler.

Socialism does not appeal to the idle. The plutes are all against it.

Socialism demands that the worker shall cease dividing up with the shirker.

Socialism is like the sun—it gives light, and it will yet give life and comfort to all.

Socialism is not popular with anarchists. All supporters of the capitalist system hate it.

Socialism is not against private property. It will make it so all may have private property.

Socialism is not a protest of ignorance. If it were, how the old partyites would flock to it!

Socialism is not against religion. It will make it so real religion and brotherhood may be practiced.

Socialism wants to know what right the masters have to the property of the workers which they have taken.

Socialism is not against the home. It will make it so every family may own a home rather than renting it as at present.

Socialism is a water spring welling from human hearts. Every new fountain opened means more fertility, more good for the world.

Socialism is a light burning in the human brain. Every new light kindled by it dissipates some of the darkness and terror of this old world.

Socialists are not unbelievers. They have the great faith that poverty and war may be banished from the earth and are working to make it real.

Socialism is not in favor of dividing up. It is against dividing up with the man who employs you or the railroad which carries your goods to market.

Socialism has a place in America, from the fact that capitalism has a place here. It is a bacillus that destroys the germs of robbery, poverty and misery.

Socialism has no place for "leaders". But every man is supposed to be a helper. The greater the helper the greater is the man; yet he is not a "leader."

Socialism offers the farmer all that the old parties do and more. It offers him a good home, good food, a six-hour day and protection against robbery by rent and profit takers.—C. L. Phifer, in The Ginger Jar.

WHAT WAR IS LIKE

"They say there are a great many mad men in our army as well as in the enemy's. (In the Russian and Japanese armies.) Four lunatic wards have been opened (in the hospital.)

"The wire, chopped through at one end, cut the air and coiled itself around three soldiers. The barbs tore their uniforms and struck into their bodies, and, shrieking, the soldiers, coiled round like snakes, spun round in a frenzy . . . .whirling and rolling over each other . . . . No less than two thousand men were lost in that one wire entanglement. While they were hacking at the wire and getting entangled in its serpentine coils, they were pelted by an incessant rain of balls and grapeshot. . . . It was very terrifying, and if only they had known in which direction to run, that attack would have ended in a panic flight. But ten or twelve continuous lines of wire, and the struggle with it, a whole labyrinth of pitfalls with stakes driven at the bottom, had muddled them so that they were quite incapable of defining the direction of escape.

"Some, like blind men, fell into funnel-shaped pits, and hung upon these sharp stakes, twitching convulsively and dancing like toy clowns; they were crushed down by fresh bodies, and soon the whole pit filled to the edges, and presented a writhing mass of bleeding bodies, dead and living. Hands thrust themselves out of it in all directions, the fingers working convulsively, catching at everything; and those who once got caught in that trap could not get back again; hundreds of fingers, strong and blind, like the claws of a lobster, gripped them firmly by the legs, caught at their clothes, threw them down upon themselves, gouged out their eyes and throttled them. Many seemed as if they were intoxicated, and ran straight at the wire, got caught in it, and remained shrieking, until a bullet finished them. . . . Some swore dreadfully, others laughed when the wire caught them by the arm or leg and died there and then. . . .

"We walked along . . . . and with each step we made, that wild, unearthly groan . . . . grew ominously, as if it was the red air, the earth and sky that were groaning . . . . We could almost feel the distorted mouths from which those terrible sounds were issuing . . . a loud, calling, crying groan. . . . All those dark mounds stirred and crawled about with out-spread legs like half-dead lobsters let out of a basket. . . .

"The train was full, and our clothes were saturated with blood, as if we had stood for a long time under a rain of blood, while the wounded were still being brought in. . . .

"Some of the wounded crawled up themselves, some walked up tottering and falling. One soldier almost ran up to us. His face was smashed, and only one eye remained, burning wildly and terribly. He was almost naked. . . .

"The ward was filled with a broad, rasping, crying groan, and from all sides pale yellow, exhausted faces, some eyeless, some so monstrously mutilated that it seemed as if they had returned from hell, turned toward us.

"I was beginning to get exhausted, and went a little way off to. . . . rest a bit. The blood, dried to my hands, covered them like a pair of black gloves, making it difficult for me to bend my fingers."—From the Red Laugh, by the Russian writer, Andreief.

Members of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada are attending the congress at Halifax, where a high old time will be indulged in. Insurance fiends drag down millions from the people, build immense office structures, dress in the best, live on the best and have a whale of a time generally, while the poor worker has to dig by day and night to pay his premiums, and often is compelled to throw the whole job over, losing the good money he has already paid to the bounders, who chuckle with glee as they take in the easy stuff.

MANIFESTO

Social Democratic Party of Canada

TO THE WORKERS OF CANADA

Ever since the war terror began its march through Europe, the capitalist press of Canada, acting on behalf of the capitalist class, has done its utmost to create the war spirit and arouse a patriotic cry, calling upon the workers of Canada to go forth and shed their blood in the interest of the MASTER CLASS.

We desire to emphasize the fact that this war, as all Modern wars, is being waged between international capitalists, representing as it does a struggle to secure markets for the disposal of the stolen products of labor, it can, therefore, be of no real interest to the working class.

Since capitalism is based upon wage-labor and capital, the working class receiving in the shape of wages but sufficient to maintain a bare existance and the ever increasing surplus product taken from labor, strengthing as it does the position of the capitalist as a social parasite, we appeal to the workers of Canada to refrain from lending any assistance in this war. Let the MASTERS fight their own battles.

We further wish to emphasize the fact that the present is an opportune time of getting a larger measure of knowledge as to your true class position in society, this is being pointed out everywhere by the Socialists, on the street corner, in hall and through the party press. This knowledge is of vital interest, it will unfold to you the difference between social existence and social progress.

Yours for the revolution,

H. Martin, Secretary, D.E.C.

Soc al Democratic Party

Fear of Social-Democracy

One of the causes of the war was the fear on the part of the German ruling class of Social-Democracy.

Bismark brought about the German Empire by a war. The Kaiser hoped to stamp out Socialism by war.

The war was declared, martial law established, and the bayonet was made supreme over political institutions. The war was rushed forward. The protest of German Social-Democracy was drowned in blood and all reference thereto was suppressed by the military censors.

But the Socialist movement is born out of basic conditions. It can not be stopped by war. It will rather feed the flames of social revolt.

We may yet see a German Commune established in Berlin. If it is, the whole weight of the Socialist forces in other nations must be flung in keeping the talons of the capitalists from strangling the life out of the new order.

SOCIETY NOTES

Conducted by F. J. Flatman.

Blue and white striped overalls are being much worn this season.

J. A. Brown, the well-known machinest, who has been until recently engaged in producing wealth for Suckemdry & Co., has decided to produce for Messrs. Dryemup of Main street for a while Mrs. White, of 141 Thing street, the esteemed wife of A. W. White, timekeeper for Suckemdry & Co., will not receive on Mondays and Fridays, owing to the fact that she goes out washing on these days to supplement the low wage of her husband.

F. Tomkins, the noted blacksmith, of Fifth Avenue, is still on a vacation tour (looking for a job).

The many friends of Mrs. J. Jones of Queen street will be pleased to hear that she will soon be in a position to leave the hospital, and that her left arm has not been amputated above the elbow as at first reported, but three inches below. Re the above, J. Blain, the General Manager of the Bangum Clothing Factory, M.P.P., states that they have not yet installed a guard round the machine where the regrettable incident occured; but the matter will receive the attention of the Directors next year. (Perhaps).

Mrs. Jenkin desires to inform all her friends that owing to her husband being unemployed she will not receive any more until next season.

The employes of the Bleedum Manufactury Co., will be pleased to hear that F. A. Bleedum, the 18 year old son of the firm is enjoying himself immensely in Europe.

J. Jenkin, the miner of Fly St., has returned from his one day's stunt to Niagara.

T. B. Bentley, T. Bailey, W. Dunn and J. Rodgers, of this city, until last week producers for the Bleedum Man. Co., left the union station yesterday on an extended tour through Europe. They will land at Calias, and according to present arrangements will travel through Frabce and Belgium to Berlin. These arrangements are subject to change, depend on the plans of the German Kaiser and his Generals who are arranging to entertain our worthy citizens with military maneuvres, etc.

J. H. Gunn of 65 Rose St. passed away on Saturday. "A life freed from toil and exploitation." He was producing for the Suckem Co., till his death. There should be a job going there.

LESSONS IN PAY-ENVELOPES

By F. J. Flatman.

A man went to a shoemakers a short time ago, taking with him a pair of boots to be repaired.

He found the shoemaker standing on the top of a pair of stepladders doing something to a clock.

Surprised somewhat, he said, "Hello, old fellow, what are you doing now?"

"Well," replied the shoemaker, "I have just been reading in the paper that John D. Rockefeller makes $2.35 every time the clock ticks."

"Yes but what are you doing?"

"Can't you see, I'm stopping the clock."

There's a joke here. Can you see it? Yes, but can you see the joke when the Tories and Liberals at Ottawa stop the clock?

Can you see the joke when the police stop the clock when they clean up the Red Light district, in order to abolish vice? Can you see the joke when they punish the Boss of a house of illfame and then make mayors and aldermen of those who fill these houses with girls, paying them starvation wages? Why, fellow, can't you see the joke?

Why life is nothing but a huge joke, only you don't get the right perspective, and consequently don't see it.

We, through our representatives (?) (The Government) lend money to the C.N.R. to build a railroad. Then we go to work and build this railroad. The C.N.R. pays our wages out of the money that we have lent them!

Then we go to work and earn the money for the C.N.R. with which they pay us (the government) back.

Why man, can't you see the joke?

Can't you see the joke in your pay envelope each pay-day? Why, your pay envelope is the most interesting, stupendous and monstrous joke ever perpetrated. Here's one. Try and get this.

Scene 1. A large pond around the edge of which are gathered a concourse of frogs busy catching flies.

Suddenly a large bull frog jumps upon a toad stool; (I guess that's what they are for). He shouts "stop", the frogs stop.

"These flies are mine," says the big frog. God in his great mercy has bestowed them on me. I am his steward. You must not touch flies."

"But how are we to live?"

"Well, I will set you to work catching them You catch five, bring them to me, and I will give you one in return.

Scene 2. The frogs have been busy fly-catching with the inevitable result. Only receiving one fly in return for catching five, and owing to the fact that the bull frog's consuming power was by nature limited. The bull frog now finds himself surrounded by heaps of flies that he cannot consume, and consequently, are beginning to strike. So again he calls, "Stop!" "Some of you," he says, "must stop catching flies. I will make you parsons, soldiers, policemen, thugs, foremen, managers, etc. I will build you some libraries, hospitals, asylums, prisons, etc."

Scene 3. Bull frog still surrounded by heaps of stinking flies.

This time he calls in his minister to advise him how to solve this great economic problem.

This time he decides to stop the frogs from fly-catching, and march them out with banners flying to fight against another mob of frogs from some other frog pond, who likewise have a lot of stinking flies.

At the time of going to press the battle is still in progress and owing to the rigid censorship existing, we are unable to ascertain the number of frogs that have killed each other, but we can rest assured, when all is over and "Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow surging round," has been signed, that there will be considerably less frogs to catch flies. Hence it must take longer to produce the stinking fly heap.

Do you see the joke?

When is a pay envelope not a pay envelope?

Answer can be obtained in Das Capital, Volume 1, Chapter XII.

LABOR INVINCIBLE

By James DeWitt Carpenter.

I, Labor Invincible.

I have smothered the forge's fire to build titanic caldrons fit for love, whose smoke ascends and hides the stars.

Whose leaping, roaring, thundering flames paint midnight's sky with uncouth gnomes and elfin forms.

My hammers have ceased to be playthings of pounds. They clang upon the anvil with the weight of tons.

I have forgotten the distaff and the spinner's wheel. I leave the hand loom to its cover of dust.

Within the factory walls my myriad hands perform their wonted tasks.

From masters' looms pour cataracts of woven wares, whose prismatic colors shame the morning sky.

I have ceased to be a globule to become a giant.

I, who play with Nature's elemental forces. I, who invade the air, or sail the sea. I, whose plastic hand tears hidden metals from earth's dark caverns. I, who build palaces, inhabit hovels to feed my weary frame with a slave's reward, a beggar's pence.

I come forth a giant with a pygmy's head. My lilliputian masters lash me with hunger's cruel knout. In coal camps I crouch as a beast behind frail tents' walls. My blood stains the copper country's snows.

The factory's brazen voice calls me from my petty individual cares, unifies and makes social my labor power.

I am led by filmy strands of ignorance, prejudice, falsehood, where my master wills; strands my political power will break.

Each day they call me to my task I learn anew that solidarity is my power; anew each day I apply my cyclopean strength and grasp the social meanings of my productive force.

I can stand forth freed only when I become cemented by solidarity to direct myself when masters shall be no more.

I am destined to do the world's work as a free being.

Through my class consciousness, I will solve the riddle of the universe.

I, Labor Invincible.—New York Call.

There is no crime so black as the crime of the European capitalists in plunging Europe into war.

Helping the Farmer

Bruce Walker, Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, has been commissioned by the Dominion government, to help the Western farmers whose crops have failed. The area of failed crops is to be divided into five districts and an officer is to be placed in each district to attend to the distribution of the relief. The relief is to be of such a nature as to enable the farmers to retain their stock so as to enable the farmers to carry on operations next year.

The working farmers this year have in some sections been plucked of more than a bare living by the beneficiaries of rent, interest and profit. They cannot make a living, and so must abandon farming.

But if the farmer quits, where will the food for the industrial wage slaves come from? Where will the food of the parasites come from?

The master class realize the necessity of the farmers getting enough oats to feed themselves on, so their government hands out a little relief to the farmers, provides them with assistance, most likely in the way of a loan, so that the farmers may stick to the job of raising grub stuff for the glory and profit of the plute class.

The western farmers voted for their own slavery and misery when they voted the Liberal and Tory tickets.

PROCLAMATION

Issued by the German Socialists, July 25th.

"Already the fields of the Balkans are soaked with blood of thousands of murdered victims, and are smoking with the ruins of desolated cities and devastated villages; already hungry, workless men, widowed women and orphaned children are wandering through the land, and already Austrian imperialism has released the fury of war, to bring death and destruction over all Europe.

"While we condemn the motives of the Imperial Servian Nationalists we also raise the sharpest protest against the war-provoking attitude of the Austro-Hungarian government. The demands of this country were the most brutal that have ever been directed against an independent government in the history of the world, and they can only have been designed to provoke an immediate war.

"The class conscious proletariat of Germany raises a flaming protest in the name of humanity and culture against the criminal incitements of the war maniacs. It demands imperatively of the German Government that it use its influence upon the Austrian Government to main ain peace, and that in case a shameful war cannot be avoided that it shall refuse all warlike interference.

"Not a single drop of German blood shall be sacrificed to the power hunger of the Austrian despots in the interest of imperial profits.

"Party Comrades, we call you to a great mass meeting in which to give expression to the unshakable demand for peace by the class conscious proletariat.

"A solemn hour is at hand, more solemn than has come during the last decade. Danger is pressing. The world war threatens. The ruling classes that in peace have enslaved you, despise you, exploited you, would abuse you as cannon fodder.

"Everywhere we must sound in the ears of the despots:

" 'We will have no war! Down with war!

" 'Hurrah for international brotherhood!' "

PATRIOTISM AND THE CLASS WAR

It is good, it is useful, it is indispensable for the leading classes that the pariahs whom they shear be profoundly convinced that the interests of the rich and of the poor are identical in every nation.

It is good, it is useful, it is indispensable for the leading classes that pariahs of every country consider the rich countryman who exploit them, not as enemies, but as friends, and on certain days as brethren.

Patriotism in every nation masks the class antagonisms to the great profit of the leading classes; through it, they prolong and facilitate its domination.

But patriotism is not only at the present hour the moral upholder of the capitalist system; it serves as a pretext for the keeping up of formidable permanent armies, which are the material upholder, the last bulwark of the privileged classes.

The pretext, the only avowable and avowed aim of the army, is to defend the country against the foreigners; but once dressed in the country's livery, when the barracks training has killed in him every intelligence, every consciousness of his own interests, the man of the people is but a gendarme in the service of the exploiters against his brethren of misery.

• • •

The proletarians have no country.

The differences which exist between the present countries are all superficial differences.

The capitalist regime is the same in all countries; and as it cannot work without a minimum of political liberties, all countries which live under a capitalist system enjoy elementary liberties which cannot anywhere be denied any longer to the proletariat. Even in Russia, the autocratic regime is today beaten to death.

The proletarians who give their lives for the present countries are dupes, stupid brutes.

The only war which is not a deception is that at the end of which, if they are victors, proletarians may hope by the expropriation of the capitalist class to put their hands on the social wealth accumulated by human genius for generations past.

There is only one war which is worthy of intelligent men, that is civil war, social revolution.

The Hon. Hugh Sutherland of Winnipeg, in leaving Austria, saw four Servians shot by an Austrian officer for refusing to join the Austrian army.

After the war the map of Europe will be radically changed. But the workers will be in slavery unless they rise and abolish their masters.

We can rest assured that with the countries at war the Socialists are fighting their war-mad masters.

Had the Socialists been in control of governments, the war would not have happened.