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Cotton's Weekly

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Managing Editor
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This paper is not published for profit. It is published by co-operative effort as an advocate of the co-operative commonwealth. Last week we sent the following number of copies

30,244

Bobbing Up Profit

A good Comrade of Vancouver a fine hustler, refuses longer to even distribute Cotton's, because we do not preach reforms.

In his letter he declares that with development of capitalism more and more of the means of production will become state property and this is good in his eyes. Then he consistently adds that he does not expect any great improvement in the present system until the workers capture the state.

We know that capitalism, as it develops, will compel the state to become more and more active, to own more and more properties, such as railways, telephones and the like. In this it becomes the agent of the capitalist class to collect their profits for them.

When the state under capitalism takes over a service it does not confiscate it. It buys it, and issues bonds which pay interest. If the state gives the service cheaper, it does not benefit the working class. It benefits the capitalists who use the service and get it cheaper under government ownership.

Under capitalism the workers get a living wage only. They create far more than this. All the rest they create surge up to the masters who scramble and claw and fight among themselves for it, and lobby for favorable legislation.

If one set of capitalists get their revenues diminished, other sets find their revenues increased.

The International Socialist, published at Sydney, New South Wales, is running a series of cartoons on the "Adventures of William Mug." In one of them Mug rejoices exceedingly over a "Fair Rent Bill" which his government was introducing. Now, he thought, rents would come down, and he would be better off. But along came the landlord, who told him, "Now that the fair rent bill has pulled down the rent, I'll pull down these houses and build a factory, so GET OUT!" Mr. Mug was left sitting disconsolately saying, "There's something wrong somewhere," while his wife carted the furniture.

It is announced from England that the Duke of Grafton is selling his estates, comprising thousands of acres in Norfolk. The Duke of Newcastle is also parting with some of his property. No doubt these gentlemen see where they can get more profits, probably by buying land in Canada.

Profits killed in one place cause them to bob up in another. The system under which the workers sell their labor power for a daily wage or monthly wage must be abolished before they will get more than a living wage.

A British Republic

In Great Britain statesmen are trained. In Canada they just grow.

At the universities such as Oxford, the young men talk politics and discuss laws and the trend of the times. In Canada the politicians largely graduate from the rough and tumble fight of winning a crooked election.

A young English politician, trained in the political game, in speaking with a graduate of a Canadian college, asked if Canada would stick by the empire if Great Britain changed into a republic. His question surprised the young Canadian.

There is a trembling all through Great Britain. There is upheaval and a mighty shaking. Old things are being tumbled to the ground. The monarchy may be flung to the radicals by the plunderers as a sop to try and stay the progress of revolt.

Throughout Canada the British monarchy is being frenetically boomed. The royalty feel their hold weakening, and wish to get support from the colonies.

The change from a monarchy to a republic would create little difference so far as the actual robbery of the working class is concerned. The workers get a living wage. That is all they will get out of their labor as long as they sell their labor power as a commodity. It is only when the workers cease to sell themselves for wages, when they become collective owners, that robbery will cease.

However, a change of temper will be perceptible when the old outworn forms of monarchy vanish.

In our official language the king is supreme. In the American constitution, the people are supreme.

In Canada writs are taken out in the name of the King. In the U.S. they issue in the name of the people.

In Canada we humbly beg and beseech our most gracious King. In the U.S. there is no such bolly crawling.

Our whole official and judicial language is a lie. We live hypocritically. The preamble to every law passed is an insult to a freedom loving people.

The young British politician abovementioned thought it would be but a short while when we shall be living under a republican form of government. Speed the day.

Lost-Cotton's Weekly

(The following drifted into the Temple of the Revolution. No name was attached, but the post mark showed it came from an Ontario town).

Father stamps around and raves;
Little brother misbehaves,
And sister sobs and cries,
And wails from her brown eyes,
And mother frowns and hunts around—
COTTON'S WEEKLY CAN'T BE FOUND.

"Cotton's sure can't walk away,"
I heard my big brother say,
Then took the papers off the rack,
And forgot to put 'em back.
Sister sobs such a dismal sound—
COTTON'S WEEKLY CAN'T BE FOUND.

"Alas, my pleasure all is spoiled,"
I heard dad say, he felt so riled.
Just then a knock was heard. "Come in,"
Dad said, and with a funny grin.
The hired man said "This was on the floor."
Like a jewel Cotton's shone once more.

So wherever you are, Peace reigning content
Over the valley of Discontent.
Where nobody's cranky nor crosses like a bear,
Cotton's Weekly is surely there.

Where nobody laughs and all look round,
Where where Cotton's Weekly CAN'T be found.

Can We Blame Borden

Borden is the premier of Canada. He has won his way to the top of the profession of politics in Canada. He has stooped to serve the moneyed interests, the receivers of rent, interest, and profit, and he has shown himself so able in their service that he holds the highest political office in Canada.

He is no Socialist. He is no friend of labor. He serves the interests of the wealth takers and not the interests of the wealth makers.

But, honestly, can we blame him? Had he served the interests of the working class would he be today?

Had he embraced Socialism. Had he fought for the principle that these who produce the wealth of Canada should enjoy the result of their labor, he would be despised. He would not even be elected to Parliament as a back bench.

The capitalist papers would call him an agitator. They would misrepresent his views. They would pour ridicule on him. And the working class would read the daily papers and refuse to support Borden politically.

So he has served the masters. Their organs hail him as a great statesman. And the working class vote for him.

Borden is not to blame, and the workers are not to blame. We cannot expect Borden to sacrifice his economic interests for the good of the slave class of Canada. Nor can we blame the slave class, who have been deceived by politician and press, who have had little time to learn, for voting for an enemy of their class. The workers are the ones who suffer from their own folly.

It is for these slaves who know, to patiently and persistently enlighten their fellow slaves. Teach them that they are robbed, and the working class must capture the state to put an end to the robbery.

It is an educational process the workers must undergo before they can achieve their freedom.

Slaves Must Waken

It is pleasing indeed to see how strong a foothold Socialism has gotten.

Through your noble paper, Cotton's Weekly, it is just hitting the right spot. The poor slaves here will soon be out seeking a new master, for the camps are all closing down on December 1st. They do this every year. The little camps are closed down already. There are about 500 men employed here, so, when they get to Vancouver, with the 7,000 or 8,000 unemployed there, on the spot, there will be surely some rustling for coffee "and" this winter.

One of the foremen here whose initials are J. M., has started a ten and a half hour day. Although in operation for some time, only one Camp has followed suit so far, the one nearest to it. No doubt this man will be promoted in time.

The strike at Nanaimo has opened the eyes of thousands of slaves on the coast and elsewhere. They see the urgent need of getting rid of Bowser, McBride & Co., and their like.

It is high time the slaves woke up and when voting time comes, vote a straight Socialist ticket. No matter what you are, you've got to stand together. Whether you are Labor party, I.W.W., A.P.A., or whatever you wish to call yourselves, just the same you will be under the present system of graft.

I mail all my copies of Cotton's to my friends back east as soon as I am through with them. I think it a good plan to spread the flame of discontent from ocean to ocean.—T. D., Rock Bay, B.C.

At Leith in Scotland the dockers' dispute became so acute that the authorities called upon the navy authorities for gunboats to cow the strikers. Our Canadian government wants to give \$35,000,000 to Great Britain in order that the old land may have still more warships to turn against British subjects. And they say they do it for patriotic motives. What rot.

Four thousand British colliers went on strike recently because a policeman insulted a miner's wife and the company refused to discharge the policeman. Under the capitalist system the sanctity of the home is the playing of company bulls. Socialism will protect the home which capitalism destroys.

King George visited the Kaiser on his birthday. "Since then we have not heard much of the German war scare. If King George can avert a murderous war by simply paying a visit to the ruler of a country, why not keep him on the job all the time?"

Under present conditions when the capitalists take a girl from school and put her at work in their mills, her parents may as well say good-bye to her at the start, for the road she will travel is lined with temptations, and few survive.

Our masters are very generous. They consider work so dignified and are so unselfish that they let you do it all. They content themselves merely with taking the revenues arising from your work.

Free for all fights between drunken American sailors and rowdies occurred all over Coos Bay, Panama, the 6th of Sept. Come on, you Canadian boys, join our little navy and enjoy the delights of navy life.

When a group of workers turn out a machine in one week which sells for a thousand dollars and which will replace four of their fellow workers, and for which the boss hands them about \$100 all told, who are the goats?

A little unity of purpose, accompanied by a very little self sacrifice on the part of the comrades of Canada would show surprising results in the increase of Cotton's subscription list.

The aims of Socialism cannot be accomplished until the majority of the people want them brought about. Then the will of the people will rule. There is nothing to be frightened about the movement.

Socialists believe that the world owes them something better than a living, and that they are being robbed of that "something" by the capitalists.

A horse gets his keep in return for working. What more do you get?

Fleeing the Farmer

By E. N. CRANDELL.

ALMOST all of the farmers know they are undergoing a beautiful fleeing. They realize that there is a very high price attached to nearly everything they have to buy. While, on the other hand, there are in a few cases seemingly fair prices paid for the farmers' product; they are after all nothing to be compared to the out of sight figures he is compelled to pay for such things as he finds necessary in his business. Farm machinery is out of sight entirely.

Coal is high; lumber is higher; groceries and provisions such as products of the canning and packing companies, are high and still going up.

Almost every farmer knows that private ownership of the various industries is responsible for the high prices he is forced to pay. Most farmers believe in public ownership of the mines, the railroads, the elevators, the express companies, the banks, etc. You start and talk to a farmer about public ownership of all these things and he is for it from the word go. He would like to borrow money at one or two per cent. He would like to buy his coal for two or three dollars per ton, and a railway ticket for one cent per mile.

But if you want to get a birds eye view of a farmer's back, just say "public ownership of land."

Now I wish to say to the dear farmers that I happen to be a turf tramp myself. And I am like the rest. I stand ready to support any party that will agree to look for the interest of the farmer and the common people in general, and bring about the public ownership of the mills, the mines, the banks, elevators and steamship lines.

The Standard Oil Company, the International Harvester works, the telegraph companies and many others, we would like to see owned and operated in the interests of the public after the same manner as our postoffice, our public schools, our parks, our roads, bridges, fire departments, experimental farms, libraries and light houses.

All these things are today owned by the public, in other words they are socialized lines of industry. Every farmer sees that the socializing of these things are good for him and for the public in general. We also see that the socializing of many lines of industry would be a fine thing for us all. But few farmers are able to see where the socializing of the land would be of any advantage to the farmer. Yet the truth is that it would be the first thing in the world that would benefit the tillers of the soil.

The most common, most ignorant and blinded of the farmers will have sense enough to see this if they will only stop for a moment to think. The price of land is steadily advancing, the homesteads and free lands will soon be a thing forever passed away. The march of progress is compelling the farmer to invest in modern machinery such as binders, drills, disks, mowing machines etc. All these things have a high price attached to them and require the investment of considerable capital. With all these things necessary on the smallest of the small farms in the middle west, the farmer finds himself in need of another quarter section in order to use them to good advantage. Of course to get the other quarter, section will cost him from \$10 to \$40 per acre which means several thousand dollars.

Here we find that the private ownership of land with the high prices as great hindrance in the farmers' road to success and happiness. Many boys reared to manhood on the eastern farms are forced by the high prices of land in the East to abandon the hope of ever owning a farm in the land of their childhood. The plucky ones come west only to find that the extensive manner in which farming is carried on here closes the door of opportunity. Some of the boys give up hope and turn to different lines of employment while others invest their scanty savings in the land. While others of the more honest and neighborly class go down to defeat in a few months or years.

AF this, you very well know, would be different if the land was all held by the government or the public and each farmer allowed to settle on any unused tract of land and work it as long as he liked without the payment of a dollar to any one and also allowed to move off any time he liked without turning the land over to some real estate company.

I am a young farmer located right here in the great wheat growing belt of Southern Saskatchewan. The real estate men will tell you this is the place where a farmer can't go wrong. But each year I see a number of farms pass into the hands of some loan company or thrashing machine company. I see farms bought today, broken up and improved by some poor Easterner, only to fall back into the hands of the real estate company.

Private ownership of the land closes the door of opportunity to thousands. It keeps other thousands struggling all their lives to pay for a small farm only to lose it again in old age or die and leave it to a dozen children. The children dispose of it to a land man or speculator who in turn deals it off on some poor fool like myself at a handsome profit to his business.

Public ownership of land is just what the farmer needs. He needs it as much or more than public ownership or any other one thing. But the speculator don't need it. You may bet your bottom dollar on that. What would it do to him? It would just say, "Come out of your office. Come off your perch. Come out and get in the shafts of this old plow. Come out on the rich productive fields and soil your soft little hands, dirty your fine silk gloves and be a useful producer and pay your way in the world."

But suppose we go along and take over the railroads, banks, steamship lines, mines elevators and such like and make them all public property, and still the land remains private property, what would happen? The result would be all these multimillionaires would start to buy out all small farmers, and the ones that wouldn't or couldn't be bought out could be mighty soon froze out. And then what? A nation of paupers and more pitiful than anything you ever dreamed of.

Read Socialist papers, study Socialist books, and the light that will dawn on you will be the surprise of your life.

Government by wealth is accumulating as rotten a reputation as the old exploded doctrine of the "Divine right of kings."

Unemployment

The capitalist papers delight to picture the western wheatfields calling the lazy city loafer. They picture the city unemployed clad in rags and stretching lazily and lulled on a city park bench while the western farmer frantically calls for help to harvest his grain.

The smug classes, seeing such cartoons, smile in a satisfied manner. The lazy, unemployed, you know, are themselves to blame. If they would only take what work offered their difficulties would be over.

Such a cartoon recently appeared in the Montreal Star, that organ of the plutocracy which does not hesitate to inveigle the quarters out of the pockets of the unemployed through playing up the "want ad" game.

Such a cartoon is a damnable lie and a cruel outrage upon the working-class.

In Canada labor is largely seasonal. In summer the sun is warm, the ice is out of the rivers, the ground is not frozen. Outdoor work can be done. Hence there is feverish activity. Water navigation, which is closed in winter, is open in summer. Building operations, which close largely in winter, are in full blast in summer. The farmers also have to rush in summer and the climax of their seasonal occupation comes in the harvesting of the grain.

They cry for help, and they cry in the busiest season of the year. It is surprising that at such a time so many thousand workers can be found jobless who jump at the chance of work for a short period of time. It is a horrible exposure of the expropriated nature of the wage worker when thousands can be de-racinated in the busiest period of the year and hung-thousands of miles for a short-period job.

Winter is the time when unemployment becomes life. In British Columbia around Christmas the lumber camps close. The canning rush is over. On the prairies farming operations are slack. In the cities building operations close down. On the rivers and lakes navigation ceases.

Then the unemployed throng the streets. Then the soup kitchens open. But the smug classes, the labor skimmers, the parasites who have fattened on the labor of the workers when busy, remember that cartoon of the beggar crying frantically for help, and say, "The beggars will work. They are anxious to work. We have a letter from a worker who is lamenting that he gets 20 cents an hour and the time the works run has been cut to 40 hours per week. He has a wife and four children to support and cannot do it on eight dollars a week. He wants the shifts made longer so he can work more and get more pay."

It is the lazy capitalist class who won't work. It is the lawyer, the stockbroker, the landlord, the speculator who won't work. Their labor, what little they do, is as much use to society as is the labor of a tramp who walks a couple of miles to sneak chickens in the night. The plutocrats and their henchmen are the beggars who are the ones who should be made to work. The workers have been too eager to work. They have been willing, not only to support their own families, but to heap luxury beyond the dreams of former kings upon a whole class of parasites.

We have unemployment. Under Socialism there will be no unemployment. All will have a chance to work, and all will have a chance to take holidays. When the working class have produced enough, the working class can take its ease. Now the working class takes the hard work while the job lasts, and has to work hard hunting a job when the job is over. The masters take their ease all the time.

Socialism will make the present master class earn their own living by doing useful labor, and will give useful labor a chance to take its ease.

If you workers want slavery for yourselves, the master class is giving it you. And while they give you slavery they sneer at you for your simplicity.

If you want freedom, join with the awakened members of your class who are working for it.

The small, cheap editions of standard works are having a tremendous sale. We recently disposed of over two million copies in a few months. This is the statement of Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, of the British Publishing firm of Cassell & Company. They are putting out the best literature at a shilling a volume. A Toronto reporter asked Mr. Spurgeon, "Do you think the placing of this flood of knowledge before the laboring classes is responsible for the recent labor troubles?" Mr. Spurgeon did not know, but the question shows what the newspaper men think. The masters fear the workers getting to know their real condition. When the workers know, the masters go.

The war clouds are again over the Balkans. The Christian Bulgars with the help of Greece and Serbia, fought the heathen Turks. The allies won. Then the allies fought among themselves in a second war and the Bulgarians lost. Now the Christian Bulgars are uniting with the heathen Turks to fight the Serbians and Greeks. And the European capitalist armament makers rub their hands in glee as the impoverished, mutilated, and ghastly nations engage in the bloody fray. For profits roll in upon the war mongers, wherever they rejoice at the suffering. This is the legitimate result of capitalism.

Justice Higgins of the Federal Arbitration Board of Australia has fixed the minimum wage for unskilled workers at \$2.04 per day. He bases his decision on the increased cost of living during the past six years. In Canada, when the pay is out to Canadian workers in Greece and Serbia, it has been the groans and cries of the sick with hideous noise. Today Canada is sick, sick unto death with poverty and consumption and slums and freezing home-steaders with unsold wheat. Our capitalists and politicians do not try to cure the ills the people suffer, but make a hideous noise. They cry patriotism and imperialism and wave the flag and shout themselves hoarse telling the victim how prosperous and healthy it is. They are like the savage witchdoctors of Africa. When the real doctor comes along, the witch-doctor denounces him, for he knows he will lose many gifts. When the Socialist appears amid the hubbub, the politicians and thieves denounce him for they fear for their unearned revenues which they drain from a burdened and increasingly miserable people.

In a Toronto police court a husband was sent down for 30 days for neglecting to support his family. He had been drinking. He had cooked on the C.N.R. This is no doubt what made him take to drink. Then he got a job as bar-tender, lost the job, and was idle nine weeks. To those who say Socialism will break up the home, it might be mentioned that the wife and four little children had their poor sticks of furniture taken by the bailiff and the door of what they called home locked in their faces. This is capitalism. This is the system upon which is built the wealth of our millionaires. It is a hell of a system.

Sam Hughes has had a long talk with King George. We wonder if he told him how the loyal militia on Vancouver Island kept the low knaves of miners huddled and jailed and the like?

Knowledge will break the fetters of a slave class.

Socialism not needed Here

How often you hear it said by smug, self-satisfied parasites, "Oh, Socialism is all right for England and Germany, where the people are fearfully oppressed, but really it is not necessary in Canada. Our broad spaces, our large unsettled lands make it possible for all to live in comfort."

That is the cry of our daily papers. They point out the horrors of living in England. They say Canadian labor should be satisfied with their better position.

But Canada has just as much need of Socialism as England has. Mrs. Row Henderson, Probation Officer of Montreal, took Thos. Richardson, British M.P., through Griffintown. He was shocked at the sights he saw. He declared, "I never in all my life saw slums as terrible, as absolutely filthy as these you have shown me in Montreal. Why, in parts of England we tear down, by order of the Health Board, places that are palaces beside these."

Socialism is not needed in Canada, oh no. Our workers are such low creatures that slums and filth are good enough for them. That is what the newspapers and labor skinners really mean when they say that Canada does not need Socialism. They mean you workers need only the accommodation which many farmers would be ashamed to give their pigs.

ON THROUGH THE NIGHT

By IRWIN FRIDAY, Fertility, Alberta.

The sun shines. The grass and flowers are enjoying the sun. Yet we are in the midst of night! How strange such a statement sounds. But, pray, do not question my sanity. Allow me to explain.

Justice may well be compared to the light of day, while injustice may well be compared to the shades of night. Virtue, brotherhood, and peace may well be symbolized by light, while prostitution, competition and war may well be compared to the darkness of night. Injustice, crime and prostitution abound while far away in the Balkans a terrible war scourges the earth with fire and sword. Am I not right then in saying that we are living in the night of capitalism and we are waiting for the day of brotherhood and justice to dawn?

As day by day through the long night of capitalism we fight out the great struggle for existence, Socialism comes to light the way. No longer need the toilers plod on day by day with no hope of a better and brighter future. The toilers will take possession of the world and use it for the benefit of those who live by the sweat of their brows.

Those who think, see in the not distant future, a time when those who sow and reap shall not be pillaged by a large part of that which they produce. They see a time when Christ's kingdom shall be established right here on this earth. Peace on earth, good will to men shall prevail. Swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more. The workers will use the brains they were given to use. Women will enjoy equal rights with man. All the human race will be free to develop to the fullest extent possible. The worker receiving full value for his labor power will be able to buy more of the necessities, thus stimulating industry as never before. There will be enough and more than enough for all who are useful. The capitalist, the slave and soldier will disappear together. The world will be truly free. Workers speed the day.

Take off your chains of ignorance. Step out into the light of justice, brotherhood and equality of opportunity. In freeing yourselves you free the world.

We want collective ownership of industry. But we know that while the capitalists control the government, collective ownership will benefit them. In the U. S. the government is driving the express companies out of business. The big capitalists are not complaining, although the owners of the express companies are having their capital confiscated. The reason is given by the Appeal to Reason. Express companies paid the railway \$25 a ton to carry their packages from New York to Chicago. The government pays the railways \$71.25 per ton for carrying mail matter the same journey. When the government inaugurates the parcels post and kills the express business, the railways will make almost three times as much carrying the very same traffic. Public ownership is good when the people own the government instead of the railways and the capitalists owning it.

When a savage in Africa is taken with the colic, or is dying of consumption, or is sick unto death with some disease, the witch doctor is called. He does not try to cure the disease, but tries to drown the groans and cries of the sick with hideous noise. Today Canada is sick, sick unto death with poverty and consumption and slums and freezing home-steaders with unsold wheat. Our capitalists and politicians do not try to cure the ills the people suffer, but make a hideous noise. They cry patriotism and imperialism and wave the flag and shout themselves hoarse telling the victim how prosperous and healthy it is. They are like the savage witchdoctors of Africa. When the real doctor comes along, the witch-doctor denounces him, for he knows he will lose many gifts. When the Socialist appears amid the hubbub, the politicians and thieves denounce him for they fear for their unearned revenues which they drain from a burdened and increasingly miserable people.

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