

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. THERE CAN BE NO PEACE AS LONG AS HUNGER AND WANT ARE FOUND AMONG MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE, AND THE FEW WHO MAKE UP THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE ALL THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

Cotton's Weekly

A CANADIAN SOCIALIST PAPER

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WM. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.
H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Cotton's reports a gain of 41 this week. Last week it was only 11. Mighty slow work this on the part of the sub-hustlers. Cotton's cannot exist without the united efforts of all the army in getting subs. Cotton's is printed to be circulated. Get busy and circulate it.

Nova Scotia.....	450
Prince Edward Island.....	3
New Brunswick.....	158
Prov. of Quebec.....	693
Ontario.....	1063
Manitoba.....	193
Alberta.....	239
Saskatchewan.....	164
British Columbia.....	487
Yukon Territory.....	2
Elsewhere.....	67
Total.....	3521

Gain for week . . . 41

The total number of this issue is 4,000 copies.

In England and Wales there is one pauper to every thirty-seven of the population. At the beginning of the year the total number of the paupers was 960,894. And still the Liberals are talking about reform, and are doing nothing and the Labor members are falling down on their knees and worshipping the Liberals because of their good intentions which do not materialize.

Siam has started on its career of capitalist development. During the past year gold coinage has been introduced, the railway system extended, a new telephone system installed, a general census taken, the courts of justice put upon a capitalist basis and a water supply for the city of Bangkok put in. As a necessary result of all this capitalist development the socialist philosophy will be expounded from the street corners of the land. You cannot have capitalist development without a socialist protest.

Since the formation of the cement trust in Canada the price of cement has been going up in the west at the rate of ten cents a barrel a day. The cement trustifiers will drop off millionaires from the scheme. They can toll the necessity of the people. Socialism aims at giving all the necessities of life to the people who need them at the mere labor cost. Consequently under socialism the cement trustifiers would get nothing and would have to work at something useful to get a living. Wherefore the cement lords fight socialism and all its idealism.

A hotel without tips has been started in London, England. Tips or no tips, it is all the same to the waiters, because they only get a bare living in return for their services. If there are not tips, the hotel keeper has to pay wages or he can get no men. If tips are plentiful, a waiter has to pay the hotel keeper to get the job of waiting on the guests or he will not get the job. In Paris, along the aristocratic boulevards, the waiters have to pay to hold their jobs. The proprietors know just how much it costs a waiter to live and they see that the waiters get but a bare living wage.

The Montreal Star in a recent editorial declared that nervous breakdown and the intolerable depression that follows causes more suicides than all other troubles taken together. The editorial says that it is not the man who is down and out, who slept last night in a barrel and knows not where his next meal is coming from, who commits suicide. The Star is mistaken. The rich suicide is not so numerous as the poor suicide, but as the rich suicide gets a whole front page in the plute press, while the poor suicide gets no notice at all or a notice stuck away in some obscure corner, the rich suicides are more in evidence.

The Intercolonial railway does not pay. When a government is controlled by the railway magnates and financiers it is easy to see things that government railways do not pay. Then a howl can be sent up against government ownership and that still worse thing from the plutes' point of view socialism.

In Alabama the convicts are made to work. The state makes the profit from their labor and becomes a labor thief just like a private capitalist. Last year the state received from convict labor just about twice what the convict labor cost the state. Advanced capitalism produces a jail wage-slavery.

Strike rioting has been rampant in Omaha, Neb., where the street car strike is on. Strikers and strike breakers got mixed up and the sheriff and his deputy took the side of the strike breakers. Who says that the class war is not on and that the police and militia are not used to keep workingmen in a position of inferiority?

The Rev. Carl Penson, a Swedish pastor in the twenty-sixth ward of Chicago, has been making furious attacks against socialism and socialists in his sermons lately. As a result socialism has received a wide advertisement in that section of the city and the party is gaining recruits. The more you attack a good thing the more you help it.

The English poor are drinking more tea. During the industrial depression the poor make tea take the place of more solid food. The Liberal Government is placing thirty million more taxes on the things used by the poor and are asking the poor to return them to power because the rich are taxed a bit more than they formerly were. It is to laugh.

At Macon, France, a French flag waving over the barracks, was torn down, cut in pieces and thrown into a receptacle for refuse. To the capitalist class of France this deed was a horrible outrage. But to the workers it is a sign of great hope, as it shows that French capitalists cannot rely upon the French soldiers to shoot French working men in time of a strike.

British judges are sending suffragettes to jail with hard labor. When the sentences were announced in the Birmingham court, a number of suffragettes picked up whatever they could lay their hands on in the form of missiles and broke the windows of the court room. The courts of Great Britain are enforcing unjust laws and consequently heroic women are showing how contemptible they are.

The Canada Cement Company, to pay the interest and dividends it has agreed to pay must make a profit of twenty cents a barrel on 5,175,000 barrels of cement or 650,000 more barrels than the total capacity of the plants of the company. The cement company has been raising the price of cement lately ten cents a barrel a day. The company will pay all right big money to the labor thieves.

The Montreal Witness asks why officers in the militia are not paid a living wage? It wants to know why only the rich men can afford to be officers. The answer is simple. It would never do to allow working plugs an opportunity to become officers in the capitalist army of repression. A working plug might refuse to order the working plugs under him to shoot down working plugs on strike. A capitalist officer is only too glad to force strikers back to their work by means of the bayonet and bullet. That is the reason.

TALE OF A TOUR

SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT

After a successful series of meetings at Halifax I moved on to Weymouth, Digby County passing through the village of Grand Pre on the way. The train did not stop there, so I had no time to gloat over that poetic spot, though I heaved a galelike sigh over the woes of Evangeline, one or two over my own, trying to picture myself in the character of Gabriel, (I think that was his name) wondering if he grew bald-headed with his troubles, and finished up by offering up a fervent cuss or two on behalf of the capitalist class, which is my usual way of winding up my emotional periods.

Arriving at Weymouth, I lost no time in seeing Comrade Ashkins from whom I received the kindest treatment. There being small chance of doing anything here, I proceeded to North Range the next morning, where a great amount of propaganda has been done by Comrade and Mrs. Langdale.

Though North Range is an out of the way place, with but a house here and there, the prospects of having a Local here later seem bright to me, though I hardly think we shall get one this time.

It is purely a farming district and the farms are very poor. It was a pleasure to meet Comrade Langdale who is full of enthusiasm, quality and humour. "We'll get the school house for Friday night," he said; some doubts being expressed about the willingness of the trustees to grant its use, he settled the matter by saying decidedly, "We're going to get it."

So, after supper, the horse was hitched up and we drove a few miles to see the trustees.

The first one gave his sanction and we drove on to see the second and found the house all dark. "Ye Gods," said Langdale "they're gone to bed, well," with a chuckle, "it don't make any difference, Socialism never recognizes when a man's in bed," and banged on the door.

After a while there was a response and the sanction of the second trustee was obtained. Drove on to see the third and his house was dark, too, Socialism never sleeps," said Langdale and banged him up, getting his consent. Then we had a pleasant drive home; exhilarated by the cool night air, I treated Landale by singing one or two Socialist songs, which he greatly enjoyed or said he did. Since then I have been spending my time visiting likely residents in the various villages around North Range and I think we'll have a good meeting to-morrow night.

The comrades Langdale are moving from here in a few weeks, but the results of their work will remain and they will be able to spread the news about their new home. There will be at least one well-ported comrade left when they are gone.

"This" speaking of the meeting "is what I have been looking forward to for years," said Comrade Langdale, "and I'm to have it after all, before I leave the place."

North Range is the unlikely looking spot on earth for Socialism, it shows what can be done in any place if there is anyone there to do it.

The next place to be attended to is McAdam Junction, where there is likely to be a Local; after that probably a meeting or two at St John, Moncton, perhaps Amherst, Newcastle being the last place in the Maritime and then the west, taking in any place wanting me on the way.

I shall be sorry to leave the Maritime but the sorrow will be considerably tempered by gladness at seeing the Ontario comrades again, especially the boys in Toronto, whom I have missed very much the past few months.

Now a word to all comrades who are anxious to see the Party grow in the Maritime.

Do not think because I am nearly through, that there is no further need of funds. There is. I hope and believe the new Maritime Executive will put and keep and keep an organizer in the field on a no, or, next-to-no salary basis, two dollars a day will be ample to do this. This would mean ten cents a day for twenty comrades, five cents a day for forty comrades, five cents every two days for eighty comrades or a cent a day for two hundred.

There is a competent man willing to put in the winter on these terms and he would be giving more, very much more, than the larger sum mentioned.

I do not suggest that you should be scrupulously exact in seeing that he gets no salary, but on the contrary, put it up to you to see that he does get some, as it makes a man feel comfortable when he has a few dollars in his pocket all his very own to do what he likes with. I have every confidence

that the good work in the Maritime will go on notwithstanding that this "magnet" is going west; fancy me a magnet.

The way the Sydney Mines comrades are loosening up looks full of promise. Full of remorse for the way I misjudged them. Take my tip—Sydney Mines will be the Nanaimo of the east. Now for the Cape Breton comrades to get their work in; about three months since the strike started and there are a lot of eyes opened, a good number will have been ripened for the harvest by now.

It is Thursday and I have not had last weeks Clarion yet, which makes me feel impatient. Please send it on promptly each week, that comrade that promised to.

I hear a visitor to Toronto who treated the crowd to some cream puff sort of stuff remarked that you can't talk Scientific Socialism in the streets. A straw shows the way of the wind and this single remark proves that this gentleman doesn't know what Scientific Socialism is himself. I hope to show shortly that Scientific Socialism can be talked in the streets of the city where this member comes from.

Are our papers on a paying basis yet? If not stop your nonsense about non-essentials, stop trying to reform the Platform or anything else and cease worrying about the fortunate fact that we are not affiliated with the L. S. B. Don't get mixed up with this until they have cleared out Kier Hardie and the rest of the bunch who have taken their thirty pieces of silver in one way or another; it will not be long before this is done, they are showing their hand too plainly to be tolerated long. Ye Gods! Kier Hardie Socialist? wearing the yellow favour of Liberalism at Mid-Deby election and supporting a Liberal candidate.

I discovered a few days ago that someone not unknown in Toronto, is using his connection, or his late connection, with the U. S. A. Socialist Party, and his late connection with the Chicago Daily to boom some Western land he is dealing in.

Don't be too ready to close on a deal like this. A nod is as good as a wink.

Some time ago we gave the Red Flag a good cleaning in Toronto, after it had been besmudged somewhat, chiefly owing to a smart guy from the outside. Clean her up again, if necessary, and if there is not enough at the wash-tub, your uncle will come along and help, having had some experience in that sort of job. If there is any one shooting off hot air and calling it socialism, he'll get his alright.

Yours for the spotless Red,
WILFRID GRIBBLE.

A royal Commission on tuberculosis is called to meet on the 5th of October in Montreal. The Commission consists of one lawyer, and twelve medical men. Not a socialist among the bunch. They are going to deliberately deliberate. Their deliberations will result in weak resolutions. The socialists could sweep away tuberculosis in short order. Wholesome food, warm clothing, abolition of slums, and good fresh air with a chance for the people to get out doors would do the business. But to bring these things within reach of the people, would involve the abolition of rent interest and profit and the fall of the master class. This is the only solution of the tuberculous question. As the master class will not vote for their abolition, we must wait until the workers become awakened to their own power and interests. Until that time comes we will have commissions that resolute much and accomplish little.

At Atlantic city, N. J., a score of hotels and boarding houses were recently fined for selling unlabeled oleomargarine. The hunt for profits make men crooked. Laws are passed to deal with crookedness and the laws are more broken than obeyed. Failing capitalism is producing some queer results.

At Evansville, Ind., a German Day festival was arranged with the state militia in a prominent position. The unions objected, stating that, "the militia was organized to fight union labor, and union workmen should not be asked to march behind soldiers." The militia were therefore left out of the program.

The Swedish strikers have decided not to pay any rent that may come due on October 1st. The landlords have met and after studying the situation have decided to grant a delay to the Swedish strikers in which to pay the rent. The landlords have found out it is useless to try and collect toll from a quarter of a million people who refuse to pay up. They therefore decide not to ask for it.

RESIGNATION OR (?)

Dedicated to the striking miners of Nova Scotia with apologies to Peter Pindar Jr.

Sons of New Scotland, 'tis in vain!

Indeed 'tis useless to complain—
I know you'd like good beef or veal to carve;

But greedy mineowners must first be fed;

Meantime, content yourselves with musty bread
Or, what is damned unpleasant, starve.

The royal Cowans builds his state on coals;

Drummond and James Ross, lofty souls,
With their fair dames must have the ball and rout;

Capitalists must millions have, 'twould not be fair;

Were they deprived of their "God given" share,
So pout not, wage slaves, none but children pout.

Do not complain, for lo, the jail and thong
Await the agitator who for long

Holds forth in accents raucous and hurts
Defiance at King Capital; 'tis for girls

To cry when hungry. Still, I hope to God
The time may come when we the sons of men

May hurl black-faced oppression to his den
And lay him low with Justice's sharp rod.

You must not heed you baby's anguished cry;
(The little imp has not the grace to die—)

But let him howl and raise a hellish rout,
He knows his father is a brainless lout

Too spiritless to demand his share of bread
Till Grandem's hungry dogs have first been fed.

Go back to work I beg of you, and eat
Your sour, mouldy bread and rotten meat;

Till Freedom comes—You'll wait for many a day
Unless you use a club that is more keen

Than empty stomachs, bound to grow more lean,
And do your share to help her on her way.

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"In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch"—Karl Marx.

Your employers, like yourselves, oppression feel—
The system 'tis, not they, would stint your meal.

Smash Capital, the power that stands behind!
Its sins are many; be ye not so slow.

Rise in your might and lay wage slavery low.
Thus and thus only may ye save mankind.

Workers of Canada, its up to you
To overturn the whole blood-sucking crew

Not necessarily with rods of steel
(Although 'twould serve them damn well right to feel)

A little of the pressure you have born
For countless ages) But just give them notice

That you have found at last the poultice
Which, when applied, will suck their profits dry.

Make dividends look lean and place mild
Upon the junk heap, spite his kicks and cries,

And leave the earth for Labor to enjoy.
You have the ballot, on election day

Walk up like men and use your power
To sweep accursed capitalism's sway

From off the earth; and in that glorious hour
"Labor, triumphant, shall have forged the bands

That knit humanity in Brotherhood."
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

"Emancipation, not alleviation, is our common aim."—Victor Grayson.

THE UNEMPLOYED

I am the shifting sand beneath the walls
Ye build and call the State. I am the Fear
That haunts you in your boasting and your dreams
Your dead youth's lost occasions! Yea, I am
The corse beneath the fabric of your Dream!

I am the shifting sand beneath the State.
Your laws, your customs, creeds, I undermine.
I laugh at your conventions, meant to bind
Your Creeds! To me they purvey only lies.
So as ye build, I bury that ye build;
The walls ye rear upon me do decay.

I am the dream of Evil ye have dreamed;
The uncouth Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth;
The savage come again to leer, and laugh
Into forgetfulness the domes ye build.
Your learning, culture, visions—these shall fade,
And I shall pour your wisdom into pools
To sink, and fail, and so be lost to man.
I am the youngest anarchy of the world:
I neither love nor hate, I only leer.
A gibbering ghost of manhood, o'er your dreams.

I am your Brother, driven forth to die!
These are your cities, empires, and demesnes—
And these your doles—to toil!—and still to toil!
To render unto Caesar, not the tithe,
But all, that Caesar of his will bestow
That in his wisdom "recompense" is writ—
The helot I, your brother equal born!

These are your cities; I will make them dust!
These are your empires; they shall disappear!
These your demesnes—Forgetfulness shall be
Of all ye said, or did, or hoped, or sung!

Ye did inherit much, but did take all;
So I shall ravish in its bloom your hope,
Shall make your boast of culture all a lie,
Shall make you know the emptiness of dreams!

Hear once again the word of him ye scorn!
I am that Ishmael ye have doomed to die;
I am the fair Occasions ye have flung
Aside as void of value and of life.
I am the Fear that haunts you in your halls.
And senates, and the temples of your God.
And as your systems crumble and decay
Heed well that I did tell you and now tell—
I am the shifting sand beneath the State!

—HUGH J. HUGHES.