

THE LAND QUESTION.

FALSE DEMOCRACY

The farmers are meeting in their granges, in their grain growers associations, in their dairymen's exchanges and passing many resolutions about government ownership and against trusts and combines and high freight rates and many other things which sound really democratic. Yet the Socialists smile in their sleeves for they have studied the development of the modes of production and can readily compare the modern farmers' movements to the movements of the little manufacturers in days gone by.

At one stage in the development of industrial production in England there were not the giant industrial establishments which now exist. There were the little manufacturers employing, five, ten, a dozen, a hundred hands. These were widely scattered. The little manufacturers like the modern farmers worked their hands long hours on small pay.

The little manufacturers had grievances of their own. There were the corn-laws which protected the wheat raised in England against foreign wheat and which made the cost of living high and which necessarily made the nominal wages paid the workers rather high because of the high cost of living. There were the rotten boroughs which elected members of parliament nominated by the landed aristocracy.

The little manufacturers felt these burdens keenly. Consequently, in the name of democracy they agitated for the repeal of the corn laws and the abolition of the rotten boroughs. They really wanted cheap food so they could pay less wages and they wanted a wider franchise that would allow the little bosses more political power. They did not want to shorten hours or raise wages or do away with child labor. They did not want to improve the condition of the working classes. Nevertheless they took unto themselves an air of patriotism and righteousness and thundered for cheap food. They did this in the name of all the people of England but in reality for their own pockets.

They got what they wanted. Their influence became great. Amalgamations took place in factories. Machines were used more and more, and now today the democracy of the little manufacturers has resulted inevitably in the giant corporation, poverty wages, unemployment and industrial tyranny.

In Canada the little farmers are complaining. They are agitating for cheaper transportation. They are wanting chilled meat industries carried on by the government. They want government elevators and telephones. They cry aloud against monopolies.

These things are against the economic interests of the farmers who own their lands. Just as the landed aristocracy got great revenues through dear food to the detriment of the manufacturers, so the Canadian railroads and elevator owners, and milling companies get large revenues to the detriment of the farm owners. The farmers, speaking more or less in the name of democracy, declare that these monopolies must cease, that these services must be made cheaper to the detriment of the railroad owners.

The farmers' demands show that the farms are being turned into little manufacturing plants. Five hundred farmers went to Ottawa at a cost of eighty thousand dollars or \$168 a piece. The farmers could leave their farms. They could pay out money. This shows that the farmers are getting where they can rely upon wage slaves for surplus values. A few years ago a farmer would have found it mighty hard work raising \$168 without mortgaging his farm. Moreover he had to stay at home to do the work himself. The farmers are numerous just as the little manufacturers were numerous. And they assume to themselves the monopoly of patriotic impulses when they are simply advocating those measures which will give themselves greater revenues.

Neither manufacturer nor farmer looks to the interests of the wage slaves. The farmer says that the manufacturers are robbing the people through high charges. They say nothing about the manufacturers robbing the wage slaves through low pay. The manufacturers say the farmers rob the people. They do not say anything about the farmers robbing the hired help through poor pay.

There are many farmers who do their own work. How can these rob the hired help when they hire no help? They cannot. But these little one horse farmers are doomed to extinction. They will not be able to compete with the organized farm any more than the little artisan can compete with the organized farm any. And the little organized farm will not be able to compete with the giant industrialized farm. But that is in the future.

The democracy of the farmer is but

the democracy of the little manufacturer of days gone by. "Give us democracy," they cry, "of the brand that will put money in our pockets as farm owners."

SCIENCE.

IDEOLOGY

Ideology is the science that treats of the history and evolution of human ideas. This is a new science. It sprang into being together with all the other evolutionary sciences that resulted from the discovery of the law of evolution.

At one time people thought the world was stationary and that nearly everything was stationary. The idea of the universe was that man was made perfect. Man fell. Man some day will be replaced in his perfect condition by an act of a supreme being. It was an accident that he fell.

When it was thought that man was stationary as it were, it was considered that ideas just happened. There was no reason except chance why an idea was not thought of five hundred years ago instead of yesterday. And it was considered accident that an idea was thought of when it was instead of five hundred years later. The progress of ideas was purely accidental and fortuitous.

The old philosophers wrote under these limitations of outlook. They regarded thought as stationary. Kant (1724-1804) wrote under these limitations. According to him all thought and knowledge originate from within. Our sensations furnish the perceptions. But we could not know things as they really are for the sensations of things come to us through our senses.

While all thought and knowledge come from within, according to Kant, nevertheless all our thoughts are limited. We cannot think of anything except as extending through space, as possessing body, or as extending through time. Consequently Kant declared that all our ideas were limited by time and space and that our sensations gave us only the appearances of things. Hence it could be inferred that when we died our thoughts and knowledge would be freed from the limitations imposed by time and space and that, things being no longer colored by the senses, we could know things as they really are. Kant has been a favorite philosopher of thinking ministers.

Kant's philosophy of the origin and limitation of ideas gave no hint of evolution. His philosophy could be grafted on to a conception of an unchanging, non-evolving universe. Kant was limited by his age in his conception of things.

Hegel (1770-1831) carried forward the philosophy of Kant and made it evolutionary. He held that thought and being are one and that the universe is the unfolding of the absolute, or the universal divine idea. The thought is everything, a sort of scientific Christian Science.

In tracing out his idea of the unfolding of thought upon earth, he showed how ideas and thoughts have grown more complex. He proved that thoughts change through the ages. And he called this evolutionary change and amplification of ideas the self development of God.

Along came the materialists who found Hegel a fruitful philosopher. They declared that Hegel's philosophy was fine and good, if you only stood it on its head. They held that our ideas come from our sensations and our sensations are produced by our environment. Therefore as our environment changed our ideas changed. Through millions of years of struggle for life upon earth the instinct of self preservation, of preserving the life in each of us is one of the strangest we have. Consequently our ideas are largely shaped by the method by which we are forced to gain our living.

The materialists declare that there has been an evolution of ideas upon earth, but this evolution is only the reflex of the evolution of the nature of man and results from the altered environment into which he is flung.

The materialists declare that there is victory. They are pressing on. They have something upon which to base their philosophy. Idealism, when pushed to its conclusion, has nothing upon which to base itself. It has to fall back upon an unexplainable power.

But materialism finds the world to be far more complex than its term would imply. There are many things, unseen forces, unknown powers, deeper depths to be analyzed and resolved. So while materialists base their ideology on nature and its forces they walk very humbly in the presence of the powers seen and unseen, known and unknown of nature.

Abusive language does not convince. When discussion degenerates into argument it is time to quit. Printers' ink is better than talk.

The little messages of Socialist stickers stick in the memories of passers-by.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER IV.

Scrapp and McSurly Rehabilitate Themselves.

(Continued.)

"Oh, I'm not worrying very much about Harris, Miss Wimple. It is—your good opinion that I'm worrying about. Believe me, I value it very highly."

Miss Wimple made no reply to this, only the keys clattered a little louder. McSurly might have taken encouragement from her silence, as he went on: "I have tickets for the opera tonight to hear Melba; would you do me the honor to accept a ticket, Miss Wimple?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. McSurly," she said, "but I have promised to call on Mrs. Harris this evening. They live quite a long distance out at the North end, and I'm afraid it will be too late by the time I get back to think of going out again tonight. I have to finish these letters before I leave, and it will be nearly five o'clock by the time I can get away."

"Oh, please excuse me, Miss Wimple, I'm always putting my foot in it. I didn't know you were in a hurry. But would you mind giving me Harris' address? I may have to send him a note tonight. Just write it down, please, as I am apt to forget."

She did as requested and handed him the slip of paper.

"Thanks, very much," he said. "If the Harries need any financial help I wish you would let me know. It would give me great pleasure to assist." Of course the Harries did not need much in McSurly's benevolent offer. He wished to stand well in Miss Wimple's estimation—a fine but common sample of human selfishness.

"Very well, Mr. McSurly, I will." She nodded smilingly as he bowed and went out.

The clatter of the typewriter went on even faster as it seemed to keep up with her rapid thoughts. "Well, well, the devil is not so black as he's painted; this devil isn't anyhow. He isn't in that class at all, and it was a shame to put him there. And Scrapp, too. He assays a much higher grade than I could have believed had he not been tried by actual test. Now here's another lesson for you, Bertha Wimple, a lesson I hope you will not again forget—never judge a man, no, not even a dog, from one viewpoint alone. Humanity is pretty much the same all the world over—a conglomerate mixture of godlike attributes, spiritual devilry and physical defects. We are all creature of our environment, and under existing conditions the environment is mostly evil. Had McSurly been trained in a different school, away from the horrible grind of competitive business, he would have been a good man. The harshness he is credited with would not have been brought into life—he would not have been forced to use it as a weapon to gain his ends. But we are all victims of the system under which we exist. If we could only change the system! Ah, well, some day, when ignorance gives place to wisdom! Well, I'm nearly through with these letters and it's only half-past four. I'm glad they have both been able to rehabilitate themselves. I thought there must be some mistake about Scrapp, but as to McSurly I fully believed he was all they represented him to be—a man without a redeeming feature. Well, I'm done! Twenty-five minutes to five! In five minutes I can be on a Green street car."

CHAPTER V.

Old Man Harris gets the Surprise of his Life.

It was ten minutes to five when Miss Wimple boarded a Green Street car, and she was fortunate enough to find a vacant seat. In another ten minutes the rush of workers going home would begin, and if she hadn't hurried like she did—well, then the peaches and other delicacies she was carrying would stand a very good chance of being crushed and bruised by the closely-packed, swaying strap-hangers. So she was quite thankful to be ahead of the crush. Although it was nearly four miles out, the car made it in fifteen minutes, and the conductor showed her from the rear platform where to turn to reach Baker's Row. She was not long in finding No. 23, for it was the second cottage from the end of the lane, there being twenty-four houses of varying sizes in the row. No. 23 was apparently the smallest house in the row, consisting of three small rooms and no upstairs. In answer to her knock the door was opened by Old man Harris himself.

"Oh, Miss Wimple," he exclaimed, "I'm so glad you're come. We have been expecting you for quite a while. Let me take the parcels. Mother, this is Miss Wimple."

The old lady made an effort to raise herself from the easy chair she was reclining in, but Miss Wimple gently placed her arm around her shoulders and laid her back again.

"No, no, Mrs. Harris," she said, "you're an invalid, you know, and I have come out to spend the evening with you. I am glad to find you are not so ill as I expected. I was afraid I should find the doctor here and you in bed."

"Oh, the doctor was here today," said the old man, after laying Miss Wimple's parcels on the table.

"And what did he say?"

"He said that there was no actual disease; it was partly the extreme heat and that she had been worrying too much lately. He left a prescription for a tonic which I got filled at the drug store. He said she must cease worrying and have a more nourishing diet. You see, Miss Wimple, old people's blood gets thin and this brings on rheumatic pains. I've suffered from rheumatism for years myself, and I know what it is."

"Yes," said the old lady, "he has been almost crippled with it lately. He is getting too old to walk such a distance, and then walk home again after being on his feet all day. That has worried me more than the poor living, Miss Wimple. But we can't afford car fare now everything is so dear; and last June the landlord raised the rent. All the rents in the row have been raised lately, and some of the tenants have received notice of another raise next month. Of course if their rent is raised our turn will come."

"Oh, these heartless landlords, exclaimed Miss Wimple. They seem to have no compassion. They squeeze the last penny out of their poorest tenants while they themselves live in affluence and prodigal waste."

"The landlords don't know anything about it, Miss Wimple," said Old man Harris. "The rents are collected by agents, and as these agents work on a percentage commission it is to their interest to raise the rents as high and as often as possible. The more they collect the bigger their commission. So you see, it's the system again. If you complain to the landlord he will tell you he knows nothing at all about it and refer you to the agent, and if you go to the agent he will tell you that if, he is slow in collecting or not collecting enough he would quickly lose his job. So there's only the system to blame."

Miss Wimple could not repress a smile at the old man's habit of laying everything on "the system." Although there was more than a tinge of sarcasm in what he said, it would be hard to get him to admit the heartlessness of the individual. But he was right—it was the system.

"Well, it is God's will, I suppose," said Mrs. Harris. "The poor must suffer that the rich may spend."

"I do not agree with you there, Mrs. Harris," said Miss Wimple. "I do not believe it is God's will. If we believe in free will we must believe that every man is free to make his life whatever he chooses to make it, that is so far as his environment permits. But under present conditions nearly every individual is the slave of his environment. But God did not make these conditions. Therefore it would not be true to say that God wills it. That is only an excuse from making any attempt to better the conditions, which everybody admits ought to be better."

"And the environment of the poor forces them to submit to extortion by their landlords and slavery by their masters—or starve," said Old man Harris bitterly.

(To be continued.)

A MOMENT WITH THE POETS.

KIPLING

Oh, East is East and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
God's great Judgement Seat;
But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the earth.

Kipling struck a new note in English poetry. He sang the songs of commerce and colonization and empire in modern terms. There is little reflection in him. He takes the world as he sees it and sings its glory. As he was born under the English flag, why the glory of the world is the English flag, to him.

Kipling was at the height of his renown during the Boer war. He sang for the lords of commerce. Their fights were his fights. Consequently when the Boer war was being fought the plute organs were filling themselves with Kiplingese poetry. The masters needed him to rouse the people, hence his fame.

Kipling did rouse the people. The people were tremulous and Kipling gave them tremors. Taxation for wars of commerce, the greatness of the commerce to be protected, the glory of dying for the trade of England, the fear of foreign foes, the need of great men to guide the people, Kipling sang all these things and fell in with the economic aspirations of the plutocracy and the ideological mood of the British public during the Boer war.

Kipling sang the note of individuality. The strong men from the ends of the earth meet and know each other. There is little democracy about Kipling. In his song of Diego Valdez he tells of a Spanish pirate who because of his success as a pirate was made Lord High Admiral of Spain. The Admiral longs for the days when he roamed free before the cares of state settled upon him. He is no longer free. He is sold "to bondage of high deeds."

"My word can loose ten thousands

To seek their loves again,

But not Diego Valdez

High Admiral of Spain."

Such sentiments are very comforting to kings and lords who get large sums of money for doing nothing, and feel weary with their servants.

He sings the note of commerce.

The cities are full of pride

Challenging each to each,

This from her mountain side,

That from her burthened beach.

They count their ship's full tale,

Their corn and oil and wine,

Derriek and loom and bale,

And rampart's gun-flecked line,

City by city they hail,

"Hast ought to match with mine?"

He speaks of the British lighthouses watching over the commerce of England. The lighthouses say:

"We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith and Hull."

There was a note in Kipling that I could not just place. It puzzled me for many months. But it was cleared up to me by a little incident. A young girl had been to a picnic and had returned. She told me how she and some other girls had gone into a field and had seen a great big bull and had run to the fence and had climbed over quick and how the bull had looked at them with an angry light in its eyes. A little while later I drove past the field with the girl and she pointed out to me the ferocious bull. It was a little calf.

That is the way with Kipling. Everything appears fearful to him. Everything is big. The Boer war was fought over seven degrees of bare brown continent. "The earth is full of anger, The seas are dark with wrath."

Kipling looks out upon the world with large round eyes and he sees everything very plain, very big and very fearful.

Kipling was born and brought up in India. Hence he sees everything from the standpoint of the east. He sees a multitude of nations kept in check by a handful of whites. He lived in a community where the native population lived under the domination of a foreign foe. The foreign

foe will be kicked out at the first opportunity. They therefore live in a continual state of alarm of rebellion. Kipling sympathizes with the white dominant people and feels their alarms. And he sees the whole world through the eyes with which he looked out upon India. Therefore to him the Empire is unstable. It needs great men to run it. The English must be very careful that the mob does not break loose.

Kipling is not a poet of democracy. He is a poet of oligarchy and of the fear that fills the hearts of all oligarchies. Wherefore he bids the people to be patient else the plutes will be overthrown and the workers will not get work. Kipling does not understand in the slightest the modern Socialist movement.

A Humping Sub List

There were a lot of offs last week. They were worrying us. Thought there would be a big slump.

But the army of sub hustlers, just waded right in and landed enough new subs to cover the offs and to boost the sub list seventeen.

That was pretty good work for the second week of the New Year. Shows that the sub hustlers have made one big resolve to hammer the plute system and make mincemeat of it.

Germany is marching under the Red Flag. The Kaiser is scared into several kinds of blue fits. The French Socialists have Briand and the plutes wondering how soon they will have to go to work. The American Socialists have Taft and Roosevelt on the run. In Canada the Socialists are letting out one big hurrah and are going in to do up the system of robbery into a little paper parcel and present it as a gift to the mournful past.

This week is good. The sub army has buckled down to work and will soon see the plutes looking into the faces of an army of class-conscious workers and wondering what kind of Socialist revolution is going to bury their political henchmen in 1912.

The sub list is humping. Keep her on the jump, boys.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of January 12.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	265	141	3994
British Columbia	23	42	1463
Alberta	51	61	1128
Nova Scotia	37	26	1095
Prov. of Quebec	17	56	993
Saskatchewan	31	32	605
Manitoba	8	86	501
New Brunswick	6	5	124
Elsewhere	5	8	139
Yukon Territory	0	0	48
Newfoundland	0	0	21
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	13
Total	443	460	10,124

Gain for week 17

Total issue last week was 11,400

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Each week Cotton's Weekly receives far more communications and contributions than it can possibly use. Some weeks, these communications if published would fill the whole paper. Make your articles as short as possible. Perhaps, even then, they will not go in.

The best way to put life into your local is to get it to adopt the Milwaukee method of systematically distributing leaflets and papers in those districts where working people mostly live.

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