

## THE BATTLING FARMERS

By Milla Tupper Maynard.

"You did not tell the full story," said a prosperous looking gentleman to a Socialist speaker, after a lecture in a farming town of Missouri.

"What did I leave out?" answered the speaker.

"You said the landlord farmers had nothing to gain from Socialism and a good deal to lose." The man replied. "Now, I am a retired farmer. I own several farms that other men rent and their work gives me my income."

"I know Socialism would stop all that, but I contend that since it would insure a chance to work for full pay to my children, I should be the gainer. My farms might slip out of my clutches. I'd rather have Socialism for my children than any fortune I could leave them. If it comes before I die, so much the better."

The speaker realized the truth of this. For the man whose self-interest can see beyond his own immediate door yard there is ample reason for even the landlord to wish an emancipated society.

An Indiana man was entertaining a Socialist speaker. He was one of the main speakers in the Lafayette local.

"Do you want a good illustration for your speeches?" he inquired.

"Every time," came the answer.

"Well, do you see that basket of eggs? I was out to a farm I own this morning and brought them back. The wife of the tenant got them for me. I said something about fresh eggs being pretty good diet this time of the year. 'I don't know,' she said, 'we can't afford to eat them at present prices.'"

"Yet I, who do nothing at all but go out and take away my half of the crop every year, can afford to buy her eggs."

"But that isn't the worst of it," the landlord "farmer" continued. "How do you suppose I got that farm? It was this way. My first wife's father used to own it. She inherited it. When she died, it came to me."

"Pure beneficent Providence, then," laughed the listener.

"Well, I should say. Not an hour's work have I ever done on that land in my life. Yet here I am able to take off half the crop every year. Talk about graft!"

"Is your tenant a Socialist?"

"Not yet, but he will be before long, I hope. I have got an argument to use on him that hits home. I don't have to be very wordy and learned to convince the men on my farms. I am afraid I should bounce them if they didn't see the point in time. A man who couldn't, wouldn't have sense enough to farm right."

A Kansas farmer owning a full section of rich land is one of the most aggressive Socialists in the state. "I tell my fool tenants to remember what Mrs. Lease used to say and 'raise less corn and more hell,'" he chuckles, "but the blamed fools won't all see it."

These men are not typical capitalist farmers, of course, but they are more frequently found than in other lines of proprietorship. Such an attitude is common enough to make it seem true that "the farmers are natural revolutionists."

The Appeal to Reason counts its devotees among the farm owners by tens of thousands, to say nothing of the farm laborers and tenants, who swear by it.

The farm populations are to be with the Socialists in any event. Nevertheless, we need special study and special literature for the farmers. No Socialist literature could ever please any one who wished to buy his rent, interest or profit. This every one knows and only misrepresentation can imagine anything of the kind.

But the imagination of the farmer seeks satisfaction. The industrial laborer sees the trust, the labor armies, the big developments everywhere and the Socialist future in every reading.

Not so the farmer.

The class struggle which carries its own solution in factory and railroad, is not so definite a help in specific solutions for the farmer. The class war is on just the same. Its plan of campaign in the increasing responsibilities of possible success is not so clear-cut.

If we stop thinking that every move is an effort to cajole and compromise, and face the actual problems on their merits, there would be far more success and less misdirected energy.

The refusal of the party to say that all land shall in the future be publicly owned and administered (except as the final title is always collective) is only an effort to avoid utopian prophecy about which there can be no certainty till agricultural evolution is more pronounced. The one thing we know is that exploitation must go.

## THE QUESTION OF RIGHTS

You say that the Carnegies and Rockefellers and Harrimans and Astors and Vanderbilts and Goulds are entitled to their immense riches because they had the ability to amass such fortunes.

Very well then, you are no doubt prepared to assert that pirates, highwaymen, swindlers, safe-blowers and pickpockets are entitled to their "earnings" since they too have "ability" and "assume risks."

"It is just as sinful," John Ruskin once said, "to steal with a long head as it is to steal with a long arm."

If it is right for Carnegie to fleece me by paying me in wages less than 1-3 of what I produce, it is right for him to prevent Rockefeller from doing so by laying hold of his industries.

If it is right for Rockefeller to organize an army of men to produce wealth for him, it is right for this same army to organize to retain the wealth which its labor produces.

If it is right for Rockefeller to appropriate the lands and forests and railways for their own organizations, it is right for the people to do likewise.

If it is right for one set of capitalists to oust another set of capitalists from the field of industry, it is no less right for the masses to do the same thing through a politicians party.

If it is right for capitalists to use the governments to enrich themselves, it is right of the people to do likewise.

The struggle between capital and labor is a contest of wits. It is a test of power. We must put brains against brains, meet cunning with cunning, fight organization with organization.

The capitalists laid hold of the industries of the country through force, cunning and fraud. The people must regain control of these industries through force if need be.

W. R. S.

## THE REASON.

Mary E. Marcy heard a miner say he got \$2.00 a day digging out \$10.00 worth of coal. A big strapping teamster who heard his remark asked:

"Well, why do you do it?"

"What are you doing about it?" the miner replied. "The boss owns the mine."

And therein lies the reason WHY those who actually do the work never get rich.

Since the mine itself and the machinery in the mine belongs to a capitalist, so does the coal dug out.

The capitalist buys human labor-power the same as he buys electric power or horse-power, namely, for the things it can be made do.

The things produced by electric power do not belong to the owner of the electric power plant. Neither do the things produced by labor-power belong to the laborer. They belong to the man who bought the power.

If the miner extracts from the earth 4 tons of coal a day, and those 4 tons sell at the mine's mouth for \$10.00, that \$10.00 belongs to the proprietor of the mine, not to the man who dug it out.

But a part of that \$10.00 must be given the miner to enable him to buy himself and family the necessities of life. That is the purpose of wages.

The competition among the workers for the jobs is so great that they underbid each other for employment and thereby keep wages at a very low level. All over and above what is required to support the working class is appropriated by the capitalists for their own enjoyment.

W. R. S.

## THE ANTI-SOCIALISTS.

The employers of labor may be expected to fight the Socialist movement (1) because it will enable their workpeople to command higher wages, shorter hours and improved conditions, and (2) because it will ultimately put them out of business.

The contractors will bear a grudge against the Socialist party because it will insist upon administrative bodies doing their work without passing it out to middle-men.

Investors will be wary of Socialism since its growth will cause depreciation in the value of stocks and other securities.

Merchants may be expected to combat the movement when Socialist municipalities start municipal fuel yards, municipal dairies, municipal slaughter houses, etc.

Only the workers can carry out the Socialist program.

Amicus.

## THE EMPLOYERS.

Employers of labor may be expected to fight the Socialist movement with great bitterness because in the transition period their material interests will be imperilled by (1) the loss of discipline among their wage slaves due to the inculcation of revolutionary principles, (2) the general reduction of hours, (3) the employment of the unemployed by the state enabling the workers engaged in the private industries to command much higher wages, (4) the factory legislation they will be compelled to obey, and (5) the ultimate loss of their economic and political power.

Amicus.

Ever have that hungry feeling after reading Cotton's? Hungry for more dope. Can't get it till the next number comes. And if your sub has expired it won't come. Renew at least a week in advance to get your issue.

## Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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### SYNOPSIS.

A rich young man goes to work in a foundry which he discovers to be his own property. He learns social conditions and gets next to union people, anarchists, settlement workers, inmates of orphan homes and other types. He faces the problem of his relations to his employees, complicated with a strike and riot.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

(Continued.)

"Anyhow, we must and will go back for further instructions from the union," said the business agent, "stating the extraordinary conditions learned."

"The strike was your fault," cried Tom, glaring at Rensen. "You acted like a damn spy. The strike and riots was your fault. So was the murder of Blackwash Zienski—a better man than you ever thought of being."

"Our business is done here," said Mr. Long, taking his hat.

"As for the death of Zienski—" began Rensen, somewhat indignant. He thought it over deciding that now and ever it could serve no purpose to tell what he knew. It had little to do with the problems to be solved; knowledge of it would not aid a friendly coming together with the men.

The grave condemnation of John Day hurt him beyond all else.

"Are you still against me?" he asked. "Can't you see what I'm trying to do?"

The old man shook his head. "I'm sorry enough to find such behavior on the part of the man I thought so much of."

Rensen flushed. "Did I ever tell you or anybody a direct lie?"

"No, son—no, sir—but lying direct, that's not the worst kind."

The struggle of pride and aggreived feeling lasted only for a moment. Rensen had vowed to let no obstacle balk his purpose, especially such an obstacle as himself.

"Let me tell all of you," he said quickly and resolutely, "that whether I have been to blame for anything or not, I have had no other object but to attain justice for myself and the men. And by justice for myself I do not mean adding to my property. I came to work in the foundry mostly for amusement; I stayed because it did me good and I saw a chance to do right. What has happened has been due to various causes—my illness—the hostility of the superintendent, whom I have removed—especially, no doubt, my own indecision and ignorance. So, after all, I am to blame. Now I want to straighten out matters."

"That sounds mighty good," observed the business agent.

"Do you not believe me?"

"It sounds like the tune of all bosses in a hole," said the other, pursing his lips.

"That evidence do you want?" "Deeds speak louder than words," said Mr. Long.

Rensen made reply by signing his name at the bottom of a sheet of legal cap.

"If you gentlemen will kindly fill in the terms of the agreement," he said, and left the astonished committee in the office.

At the end of half an hour, during which the transom gave report of boisterous exclamation, fluent argument and quiet counsel, the committee sent word that it was ready.

Day stood by the window, rather gravely non-committal. Tom Locker, chewing a cigar in excitement, straddled a chair. The business agent was pressing a blotter over the legal cap with a dubious sarcastic smile.

"I hope you have had enough time, gentlemen," replied Mr. Long.

"I'll bet we're fooled," muttered Tom.

"Anyhow, there's the paper," said the business agent, "made and signed according to law."

Rensen read the terms and was amazed; for upon reflection it had seemed a questionable matter to leave a signed blank in these unfriendly hands. The terms merely stated recognition of the union; privilege of the delegate to visit the shop on business; back pay for the time of the strike; arbitration of future difficulties; the agreement "to hold for three years."

The temptation to draw up another agreement, far more liberal and in accord with his ideas, was put aside lest such a step be taken as a certain evidence of an unsound mind. Mr. Long, in fact, drawing his own conclusions from the serene, persual, hastened to remark:

"This committee, sir, ain't inclined to be high-handed. There may have been mistakes on both sides and perhaps we can agree with a few concessions."

"But I have nothing to complain of," said Rensen smilingly.

"The back pay, for instance, it's enough if the men get it just for the official time of the strike, ending today."

"Oh, no. I understand it for the period until they return to work."

"May take a month to put in a new cupola and fix up the shop," said Mr. Long.

"All the better. The pay roll won't get rusty. But as a matter of fact we shall have the foundry in working order next week—that's arranged—and there will be a dinner to all the workmen and their families."

"That ain't in the agreement—I mean, the back pay, sir—Well, anyhow, I'll make a copy of the document. . . . Much obliged, sir. . . . Did you say, a dinner? . . . Deeds speak louder. . . ."

Tom Locker squirmed his bulk apologetically in the doorway. He took another cigar. His large forehead wrinkled in competition with a struggling grimace. Finally he crushed Rensen's hand and darted:

"So long. See you later."

When Rensen was left alone with John Day he found it easy to explain his purpose to him, concealing nothing, telling all from the beginning.

The distance and reserve faded from the old man's eyes. There was a little moisture in them as he offered a warm hand clasp.

"Of course I had no right to deceive you," said the young man.

"Life's too short to split hairs, son," replied the other cheerfully. "After all your deception has turned out an inception. Never mind. When I first saw it I liked the metal—guessed the cleaning room wouldn't show any flaws in the cast."

"Let's wait till they finish scraping and hammering."

"No, no-son. Don't need to. But I'm getting to be an old man and I never thought to see the beginning of the millennium. It's a grand sight. It's especially grand to see it in our trade."

"Mostly a millennium of problems, I think," said Rensen, lightly.

"What else do we want? The millennium don't mean laying on your back—it means something to work for, hopeful hearts, working together instead of working apart."

"Yes, it will be a glorious task for us all."

The main difficulty, John Day conceded, was how to establish the oasis of equality in a vast desert of injustice: how to plant and water that small green spot and save it from the trespass of dry sand. Yet the thing could be done. It had been done and was being done elsewhere. The world would never have progressed if universal evil had been allowed.

While they were discussing these matters, the men that had been telegraphed began to arrive. The dozen veterans stood in the office and Rensen told them that the strike had been settled and that hereafter the affairs of the Works would be guided by a council for the mutual benefit.

There would be no profit-sharing in the sense of stock allotments liable to depreciation, a partnership in risks impossible to the wage earner; nor any system of feudal prizes; nor a gift of a minute percentage of owner's profits. The workers, in fact, would be the owners. He asked their confidence and aid, the frank expression of opinion concerning the management of the new enterprise.

The men were rather silent; evidently not unappreciative, but unwilling to consider such a large plan.

It was suggested that for the present more would be gained by a detail study of the plant and its needs. So the party went through the various departments and noted advice of improvement made by the foremen of veteran workers. The machinists pointed out the false economy of old tools and asked for better lighting (incidentally it was learned that they were the most poorly paid of skilled tradesmen); the pattern makers showed the disadvantage of inferior supplies; the core makers and foundrymen made several suggestions. It was necessary to remind one of the department heads that the object was to increase the human dividend.

Among these men Rensen found several who seemed to be especially broad-minded, able as John Day in detail and generality, and he asked them to meet him privately for further conference. The loyalty of these gray-haired men and their zeal in the interests of an employer during so many years was an affecting guaranty of success in the larger enterprise.

For certainly they had not been loyal and zealous while, like the children of bondage, lacking knowledge of a better system. It had been their creed to wait and hope, to labor under inevitable conditions with cheerful diligence.

That night Rensen went to his lodgings utterly tired—scarcely having slept for forty-eight hours—yet satisfied and glad.

As he opened the door there was a noise in the closet. The lamp stood lighted on the floor, and strewn around were articles of dress, silver-backed brushes and odd bric-a-brac, tipping to the closet he beheld Ohio Jimmy on his knees, busily packing a valise with valuables. The boy jumped up and tried to run past him.

(To be continued.)

### TO MY COUNTRY.

Let not the loud cheers of the patriot

Make thee oblivious to the needs of men;

Ensigns and colors, after all, are not

Gifted with souls. My country! When

The noisy clamor of the false appeal

Calls forth the rapture of the fickle throng,

May there be yet a thoughtful few

To feel

Sad truths, that plead above a nation's song.

VERNE DEWITT ROWELL,

London, Ont.

### Helpful Directions

Please assist Cotton's staff by signing your name and address to everything you write. Make all money orders payable to Cotton's Weekly.

Write book, bundle, card or sub orders on separate sheet of paper from letters on other matters, in order to ensure prompt attention.

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You run across a paragraph or an article in Cotton's, which you ought to mark and hand to a neighbor. For this purpose you should have a bundle of five or ten copies coming to you each and every week. For \$1.00 you can get five copies for 6 months or ten copies for 3 months. Send in your order now and get the full benefit of the Special Issues.

## POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE

### WORKERS OF THE WORLD. UNITE.

Workers of the world unite,  
Let your manhood know no fear;  
Yours is manhood's holy right—  
Freedom which to all is dear.  
Long the toilers' tired brain,  
Tried to solve this problem hard,  
But while neutral they remain  
Its solution they retard.

Workers of the world unite,  
From the office and the mines,  
Tis not man that you must fight,  
Tis his fetters, the combines.  
'Tis the system's awful curse,  
All the human race enslaves,  
'Tis the class dividing force,  
And all classes it depraves.

Workers of the world unite,  
Men are brothers one and all,  
Swell the ranks and press the fight,  
Freedom is the bugle call.  
Shoulder unto shoulder laid,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Till our cause, so long delayed,  
Ring with victory through the land.

Workers of the world unite,  
Crush wage slavery, sound its doom,  
Let the sun of freedom light,  
Every hovel called a home.

Neath the burden borne so long,  
Thousands fall amidst the fight,  
Fill their places swell the throng,  
Workers of the world unite.

MRS. B. J. SEAMAN.

### LINES WRITTEN IN A FACTORY.

The ceaseless whirr of the busy wheels  
Beats ever into my weary brain  
And I seem to hear in the anguished stir,  
The grinding out of lives in pain.

Oh, well for the lordly rich  
Who fawn on the helpless poor,  
And lash their slaves to the straining point,  
That their brothers can endure.

Oh, well for the pompous great,  
While they yawn o'er their cards and wine,  
The fettered toilers murmur not.  
In factory, mill and mine.

Oh, well for the churls of hate,  
Who dwell in their stately homes,  
That never a moan from the murdered dead,  
Breaks from the dreary tombs.

Verne Dewitt Rowell, London, Ont.

### THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

There's a hunting horror near us,  
That nothing drives away—  
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,  
A crouching shade by day;

There's a whining at the threshold,  
A scratching at the door—  
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!

The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,  
The bed was hard and cold,  
Still weary are the little ones,  
Still weary are the old.

We are weary in our cradles,  
From our mother's toil untold,  
We are born to hoarded weariness,  
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work;  
Nothing the day can give  
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;  
Better to sleep than live!

What hope these dull hearts swell?  
What hope these dull hearts swell?  
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,  
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or by steel  
Is nothing that we should fear;  
No human death would be worse to feel

Than the life that holds us here.  
But this is a fear that no heart can face—  
A fate no man can dare—  
To be run to the earth and die by the teeth  
Of the gnawing monster there.

The slow, relentless, padding step  
That never goes astray—  
The rustle in the underbrush—  
The shadow in the way—  
The straining fight—the long pursuit—  
The steady gain behind—  
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,  
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole  
And a tearing of the teeth!  
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes  
And the dripping jaws beneath!  
There's a whining at the threshold—  
There's a scratching at the floor—  
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!

The wolf is at the door.

This paragraph is a jogger about those Sub Cards you have on hand still unused. Get them into service.

## GOING UP

The sub list climbs a hundred and eighty-five. Manitoba drops under the thousand; mark and Nova Scotia goes over it with plenty of room to spare.

We are settling down to business in our new building, and are getting prepared to make things hum. Nothing less than a twenty-five thousand sub list in the near future will satisfy us now.

Cotton's has the equipment, the sub hustlers have the fire and energy and the two combined are going to dump the Dominion of Canada into the cradle of Socialism and rock the capitalist system into a permanent sleep with a series of Johnson punches.

Somehow or other the Socialists are a hustling scrappy crowd. Full of vim and energy. Will work overtime on the job of rousing wage slaves to the glorious task of expropriating the machinery of production from the master class. That hustle is not for sale. That energy is spent for the freedom of humanity. If the corporations of dividend hungry parasites could only corral that energy and grab the surplus value from it dividends would jump ten per cent, stock brokers would go mad with joy, and the master class would look upon the present fortune of Morgan as paltry.

But it can't be corralled for profit. It has been corralled by the spirit of liberty. Cotton's has tapped a little of that energy. That is what is making the sub list climb. When I have tapped a little more of that energy I will have a geyser spouting tens of thousands of subs.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of July 14th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	45	64	2883
British Columbia	105	35	1358
Manitoba	47	7	960
Nova Scotia	16	139	1085
Alberta	10	82	898
Prov. of Quebec	7	77	677
Saskatchewan	24	37	514
New Brunswick	16	5	261
Elsewhere	4	97	97
Yukon Territory	5	37	37
Prince Ed. Island	19	19	19
Newfoundland	5		