

Union Scabs and Others

By Oscar Ameringer.

There are three kinds of scabs—the professional, the amateur and the union scab.

The professional scab is usually a high-paid, high-skilled worker in the employ of strike breaking and detective agencies. His position is that of a special officer's in the regular scab army.

The amateur scab brigade is composed of riff-raff, slum dwellers, rubes, imbeciles college students, and other undesirable citizens.

Professional scabs are few and efficient. Amateur scabs are plentiful and deficient, and union scabs both numerous and capable.

The professional scab knows what he is doing, does it well and for the sake of the long green only.

The amateur scab, posing as a free born American citizen, who seems to be fettered by union rules and regulations, gets much glory (if, little pay, and when the strike is over he is given an honorable discharge, in the region where Darwin searched for the missing link.

The union scab receives less pay than the professional scab, works better than the amateur scab and don't know that he is a scab.

He will take a pattern from a scab pattern maker, cast it in a union mold, hand the casting to as lousy a scab as ever walked in shoe leather and then proudly produce a paid up union card in testimony of his unionism.

Way down in his heart he seems to have a lurking suspicion that there is something not altogether right in his actions, and it is characteristic of the union man who co-operates with scabs that he is ever ready to flash a union card in the face of innocent bystanders.

He don't know that a rose under any other name is just as fragrant; he don't know that calling a cat a canary won't make the feline sing, and he don't know that helping to run a shop while other workers bend all their energies in the opposite direction is scabbing. He relies on the name and seeks refuge behind a little pasteboard card.

When a strike is declared it becomes the chief duty of the organization to effect a complete shutdown of the plant. For that purpose warnings are mailed, or wired, to other places, to prevent workmen from moving to the afflicted city.

Pickets are stationed around the plant or factory, or harbor, to stop workers from taking the places of the strikers. Amateur scabs are coaxed, persuaded, or bullied away from the seat of the strike. Persuasion having no effect on the professional strike-breaker, he is sometimes treated with a brickbat shower. Shut down that plant; shut it down completely, is the watchword of the striker.

Now, while all these things are going on and the men are stopped in ones and twos, a steady stream of dinner pail parades pours through the factory gate. Why are they not molested? Oh, they're union men, belonging to a different craft than the one on strike. Instead of brickbats and insults it's "Hello, John; hello, Jim; howdy, Jack," and other expressions of good fellowship.

THE "57 VARIETIES"

You see, this is a carriage factory, and it is only the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers, that are striking. The Brotherhood of Oil Rag Wipers, the Fraternal Society of White Lead Daubers, the Undivided Sons of Varnish Spreaders, the Benevolent Compilation of Wood Work Gluers, the Iron Benders' Sick and Death Benefit Union, the Oakdale Lodge of Coal Shovelers, the Martha Washington Lodge of Ash Wheelers, the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Oilers, the Engineers' Protective Lodge, the Stationary Firemen, the F. O. O. L., the A. S. S. E. S. Societies have nothing to do with the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

At the next regular meeting of those societies, ringing resolutions endorsing the strike of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers will be passed. Moral support is pledged and five dollars' worth of tickets are purchased for the dance given by the Ladies Volunteer and Auxiliary Corps for the benefit of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

The whole thing is like beating a man's brains out and then handing him a headache tablet.

During a very bitterly fought molders' strike in a northern city the writer noticed one of the prettiest illustrations of the workings of plain scabbing and union scabbing.

A dense mass of strikers and sympathizers had assembled in front of the factory waiting the exit of the strike breakers.

On they came and scabs and unionists in one dark mass. Stones, rotten eggs and other missiles began to fly, when one of the strike-breakers

leaped on a store box and shouted frantically, "Stop it, stop it; for —'s sake stop it, you are hitting more unionists than scabs; you can't tell the difference."

That's it. Whenever scabs and union men work harmoniously in the strike-breaking industry, all hell can't tell the difference.

To the murky conception of a union scab, scabbing is only wrong when practiced by a non-union man. To him the union card is a kind of a scab permit that guarantees him immunity from insults, brickbats and rotten eggs.

After having instructed a green bunch of amateur scabs in the art of brimstone and emery polishing all day, he meets a striking brother in the evening and forthwith demonstrates his unionism by setting up the drinks for the latter.

Union scabbing is the legitimate offspring of craft organization. It is begotten by ignorance, born of ineptitude and nourished by infamy.

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here is my card.

This is union scabbery.

HUGS HIS CHAINS

Fort William, Ont.

May 22nd, 1911.

W. U. Cotton.

Editor Cotton's Weekly;

Sir:—

I was asked to become a subscriber to your paper. Laboring under the impression that nothing was published unfit to be read. I consented and paid the fee. The first copy was delivered here on Saturday, May 13th. I had no spare time to read it so it was thrown aside. This morning the second copy came. Curiosity prompted me to scan its pages. Now I would like you to understand that my parents are WORKERS. Yet they have taken care to instill into my mind how NECESSARY it is for me TO BE A GENTLEMAN and act like a gentleman in everything. Imagine my horror at seeing the following in your paper, "It may take three generations to make a gentleman: but when you have made him he is generally a fool and always a parasite."

Another little paragraph I notice is as follows: "Socialism will give the right to work to the capitalist class and the right to have leisure hours to the laboring class."

It appears to me that the aim of your paper is to cause discontent, to cause everything evil. The above paragraph goes to prove that you do not aim at improving, only reversing. Take my advice! If you have any manhood left in you, burn down your printing shop and go out and labor honestly for your living. Learn to be a gentleman. But before you can be a gentleman you must learn the tenth commandment.

I am sorry my time will not permit me to write more today. Please see that Cotton's is never sent to me again. I think it the vilest publication that was ever allowed to appear. The government are neglecting their duty in not suppressing such a horrible paper. Remember. Never allow the rubbish to be sent me.

Morris Perrett.

SOCIALISM THE PATHWAY TO PEACE.

Socialism is the only preventative of war. Without regard to their previous sentiments or principles, and without regard to their wellbeing, just as long as capitalism endures, the peoples will go to war when and where the capitalist sends them. Wars will be fought whenever any centre of economic control finds war necessary for its preservation or expansion. The peoples will be stupid enough to fight for masters, and to die for masters, just so long as they are stupid enough to have masters. Men will pour out their lives in senseless battles, pour them out onto the brute's death, just so long as men labor in the exploiter's mill or mine. The world will lack the sense and strength to forbid war, and will know nothing of true peace, until it is rounded with the social revolution, and made an altogether new creation, fashioned for the fellowship of man.

Prof. Geo. D. Herron.

DON'T LIKE THE DOPE.

Tulameen, B. C.

May 21st, 1911.

Editor of Cotton's Weekly.

Sir:—You will do me a kindness if you will kindly quit sending me your rag which is a tissue of damnable lies and rottenness of rot ever printed. People of B. C. are not so narrow minded as to peruse such trash. It's only fit matter for Fenians and dangerous drunken rioters.

H. T. Thynne.

TO RED DEER SOCIALISTS.

All Socialists in Red Deer, Alta., and vicinity, interested in the formation of a local, should communicate with H. C. Besant, Box 489, Red Deer.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XVI.

Rafford McSurly, Diplomat.

(Continued.)

Why do pensioners live longer than non-pensioners? The answer is simple. They are relieved from worry as to the future. Worry kills its thousands annually. It brings on physical ailments, mental ailments and induces spiritual ailments. Worry is caused by poverty. Poverty is need. There is more than enough of foodstuffs and clothing produced in each nation today for every man, woman and child of that nation to have a sufficiency. Granaries and warehouses full to overflowing are numerous in every city, but the poor can have none of it because of their poverty.

The great packing corporations of Chicago recently had to unload their cold storage vaults and send out hundreds of tons of mildewed meats, poultry, eggs and dairy products which they had been hoarding up for years—the papers said some of it had been in storage for ten years—for whatever prices they could get for it. They were not forced to do this by any law of their state or their country. Oh, no, they are not worried by such a trivial thing as the national law. But there is a law over which capitalists and corporations have no control, and that is the natural law of decay and deterioration. Tons and tons of meat, millions and millions of eggs, and hold storage to keep up the prices while thousands in that big city were in a chronic state of starvation! And now that it has become tainted and mildewed with age and unfit for food the heartless wolves of the capitalist system are selling it to the poor at the price they can pay! What care these greedy, lawless corporations that such tainted food will breed maggots and worms in the famished bodies of those who can buy because the price is within their reach? The capitalist hogs must have their profits if the whole population of the slums and rookeries be infected with disease because of it. And the cold storage vaults are again being crammed full of fresh meat and fresh eggs so as to hold the prices beyond the reach of the class that is in most need of fresh meat. And this insane and brutal system must continue because of the cupidity of the classes and the stupidity of the masses. And the Americans claim to be an intelligent people! Oh, tis to laugh—or to weep!

Yes, the system must continue until the workers are intelligent enough to understand why they are always poor. They produce everything but have nothing, while those who produce everything have nothing. To every intelligent person who has a clear understanding of it the present competitive system is plainly responsible for nearly all the ills that darken the lives of the poorer classes. It is responsible for the stunted, ill-nourished bodies of the very poor who toil long hours in the sweat shops, the chief cause of the physical deterioration of the race; it is responsible for the prostitution, drunkenness and crime so prevalent in every city on this continent and in Europe; it is responsible for the poverty that saps the vitality of all nations; it is responsible for the hellish conditions depicted daily in the newspapers, and yet it must go on because all the wiser ones say it is the best system we can possibly have in this wicked world. We must make no attempt to hurl it where it belongs—down into the bottomless pit of oblivion—because the preachers say it would be flying in the face of Providence, and the lawyers say it can't be improved upon, and the bankers say it is the only sane system, and the capitalists ask, "What would become of the working class if we didn't provide work for them?" And the glibble worker is too stupid to understand that the preacher and the lawyer and the banker and capitalist are all parasites drawing a fat living and having a good time generally from the proceeds of the workers' toil.

There are a few preachers here and there who are beginning to see the inequities and un-Christian ethics of the competitive system, and are taking a manly stand for justice and the God-given right to live without coming in bondage to individual wealth or powerful corporations. If all men are equal in the sight of God what a ghastly parody is the system or the religion that upholds any man or any class of men in holding the power of life and death over their fellows because they have the power of wealth. But even preachers are not exempt from the merciless rule which the system has imposed on all who draw their livelihood from capitalist sources: "The underlying that attacks the system shall be deprived of his living." And in the majority of cases where priests and ministers are ranting about the sacred rights of property and holding up to scorn a lurid, hybrid thing they assert to be Socialism, they are doing it because of the cowardly fear of offending the capitalist minds of their chief contributors. There is no difference between the workman afraid of losing his job and the minister afraid of losing his stipend. No doubt there are some preachers opposing Socialism from other causes than fear, but as a rule these men would oppose anything in the shape of progress and evolution. They are reactionaries, bigots who will not see the miseries of the slave world, who will not hear the wail of the little children in the dark and noisome slums, who will not heed the call of the perishing nor the command of the Christ—"Feed my lambs." They are not Christians. These are the men of whom it may be truly written, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

As we have seen, the lifting of the incubus from the Harrises' horizon had had a wonderful effect on both of them. It did not matter that the same conditions might return again later on, that his job still hung on the uncertain will of his boss. The unexpected relief was what counted. Poverty was banished for the present, at least.

The normal condition of the average human mind evinces a strong desire to live, the love of life being a natural, inborn trait of human nature. But the conditions under which we exist today are abnormal; life is held very cheap, almost in contempt, and of the vast number of people who find life not worth living a large percentage of them do not hesitate to end it by their own hand. Even Old man Harris had made the threat that if his wife died she would not go alone. The number of suicides in every civilized country is appalling and statistics show that self-destruction is increasing, not only amongst the poor, but amongst all classes. Existing conditions everywhere are abnormal, unnatural and devilish, and the profit system is the prolific source, the breeding ground, so to say, in which these abnormal conditions are hatched, bred and spread.

Now I ask you people who have intelligent, thinking brains if it is not time to end all this poverty and all this crime that proceeds from it? Is it not time to end all this robbery, murder, suicide, prostitution and the thousand and one evils we read of daily? Can it be done, you ask? Certainly it can be done. It is being done now. The work is slow, but it is sure. All intelligent people are needed in this great cause for the true freedom of all humanity; all thinking people, all humane people, all who believe in evolution along right lines are needed to drive the vampire Poverty from this planet as surely if not as easily as Miss Wimple did from No. 23 Baker's Row. Study some of the best writers on this world-wide subject and you will understand. Don't let prejudice detain you, don't let bigotry swerve you from the path that will lead to your own enlightenment and the regeneration of a miserable world.

But let us return to our three friends we have left all this time standing at the corner of Green and Main.

"I called at your house, Mr. Harris, and found it in darkness and the door locked," said McSurly. "I hope Mrs. Harris is better."

"Oh, Miss Wimple and I came out for a walk and I suppose my wife must have retired. I am glad to say she is improving very much."

"Well, you needn't worry about coming back to work for a week or two. Should there be any emergency, why, I'll send out."

A younger man might have taken it as an insult, although it was plainly evident that McSurly honestly meant what he said. The idea that any emergency could occur at Buncome & Scrapp's that would need the presence of a mere floor-sweeper!

But old man Harris' ripe experience had rendered him a good deal of a philosopher, and he merely laughed at the absurdity, while Miss Wimple could not refrain from joining in.

"I am very much obliged, Mr. McSurly," he replied. "I am feeling better than I have for some time. Mrs. Harris is so far recovered that I think I shall be able to return to work next week."

As one good turn deserves another he thought he could do no more than lend a helping hand to McSurly, who evidently was anxious to have Miss Wimple as a passenger in his car, so he said:

"You'll hardly take the street car, Miss Wimple, now that Mr. McSurly's auto can carry you right to 10 Arundel Crescent, so I'll bid you good night and thank you very much for coming." As he shook hands he said: "Don't forget Sun—your promise to my wife."

It was a slip, and perhaps McSurly had caught on. Well, if he had he would hardly come out before his usual time, eight o'clock. Lifting his hat and making a courteous bow Old man Harris walked away, leaving Miss Wimple no opportunity of making even a demur.

So they entered the stylish car and after McSurly had given directions to the chauffeur they were soon spreading along the beautiful riverside drive, where the myriads of electric lights reflected on the rippling surface of the water, the rush of the warm evening breeze and the easy, undulating motion of the car all combined to render the occasion a delightful enjoyment of a fairylike scene, and Miss Wimple was fain to admit that it was equal to anything of the kind she had ever met with out West.

Even McSurly, practical and unromantic as he was, felt a stirring of the pulse at the evident enjoyment of his companion as they sped through the never-ending vista of electric lights and twinkling reflections. With the woman he loved seated by his side, the perfume of her hair wafted across his face as the breeze from the river played tag with the car, it seemed to McSurly that they were gliding through Fairyland on a cushioned cloud.

But for the grim, immobile figure of the chauffeur perched on the front seat no doubt there would have been something doing that night, that is, if McSurly could have brought his courage up to the proposing point. As it was, they both seemed to enjoy whatever topic was discussed. Miss Wimple thought he would say something about the Socialist speaker, and like all new converts, she was prepared to take up arms in defense. But Mac was too wise for that. He had seen she was an interested listener, and he knew her views were sympathetic while his were antagonistic. He was not going to introduce any discordant note; not if he knew it. Rafford McSurly was a diplomat! So he let Miss Wimple do most of the talking until he found out what topic

she liked best. Then he spoke of his trip to British Columbia, the grandeur of the Rockies, the beauties of the eighty-four miles of sea trip between Vancouver and Victoria and the magnificent scenery up the west coast.

Here Miss Wimple was at home, and for the remainder of the outing until they fetched up at No. 10 Arundel Crescent she found McSurly very pleasant company indeed, and almost before she was aware of it she had promised to be ready by eight o'clock on a certain evening in the coming week.

(To be continued.)

RACE SUICIDE

Race suicide is prevalent throughout the civilized countries.

The master class would like the working class to be fruitful and multiply and overstock the wage slave market with their brats.

The working class are refusing to do this. They are deliberately and with morality forethought preventing the conception of their wives.

In France the revolutionary working class papers are preaching to the workers to refuse to bring forth children to be fed into the maw of the capitalist system of production.

The capitalists moralists tell the workers to have large families. But you hear the capitalists sneer at the workers for doing this. When some young fellow gets married on an insufficient wage and then demands higher pay from his boss, the boss gets mad, tells the wage slave he was a fool to get married and sacks him.

The daughters of the workers are forced to prostitution. The more daughters the workers produce the more departmental clerks there are on cheap wages and the more immorality there is to make up the pay of the girl workers.

As long as the beastly capitalist system lasts it is more moral for the workers to refuse to have children than it is for them to have numerous offspring to join the ranks of the hoopes, to fill the jails and to be the food for power in the rotten army of Canada.

THE PLUG PHILOSOPHER

ARE YOU A DAD?

W. E. Hardenburg.

There is one thing that makes me mad, whenever I start thinking—a thing that faces every dad and stares at him unblinkingly. Whenever I look at my boy or play with my young daughter, one thought extinguishes my joy and fills my eyes with water. This thought stays with me most the day while I make rich my master; at night, on Sunday as I weigh the mouthings of the pastor about the "tidings of great joy," the good there is in praying. "But that don't help my girl and boy," a voice within me's saying. For, now that I've begun to think, I see the "upper classes" own everything that's worth a blink, while we—that is, the "masses"—although we have produced it all, get but a bare existence and offer we must to them crawl for "charity" and assistance. Now, what chance has my girl or boy to get the slightest measures of comfort out of life: of joy I do not speak, nor pleasure? The boy will be a wage slave poor, even next to destitution; the girl must battle 'gainst the lure of well-paid prostitution. And while we let this system last, the poor will grow but poorer; our bosses will grow richer fast. And yet there's nothing surer than that, if we—the working plugs—would only think—not worry—we'd hurl from off our backs these thugs, and do it in a hurry. Wake up! you slaves. Don't stand for more; don't wait for evolution. Read Cotton's, think and battle for the Social Revolution.

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