

MESSAGES OF HOPE AND CHEER

THE ONE QUESTION IN ALL CAMPAIGNS.

John C. Chase.

The battle is on, and the forces are gathering for the final struggle between the oppressors and the oppressed. In the present campaign there should be but one question in the mind of the man who works, and that question should be: HOW CAN I DO THE MOST GOOD FOR MYSELF AND FAMILY WITH MY VOTE?

ACROSS THE BORDER LINE OF NATIONS.

W. F. Ries.

For the first time in human history a great fraternal movement is sweeping across the face of the earth and its millions of loyal adherents, social crusaders in the true sense of that term, are clasping hands across the border line of all nations, and in joyous acclamation, voicing the inspiring sentiments: "We are brothers; all, and war shall cease, and stain fair earth no more."

LITTLE SLIPS OF THE PEN.

Ralph Korngold.

"Live in the future; regret nothing—leap!"
Once the master, hunted for the slave, now the slave hunts for a master.
The workers of Russia want to be free, but cannot. The workers of America can be free, but do not seem to want to be.

Some think that people are just as bad as they dare to be. I think that people are just as good as they are given a chance to be.

As long as you offer girls rags and poverty for honest labor and luxury for the sale of their virtue, you will not do away with prostitution.

Talk about equal opportunity! Capitalism ties a balloon to the shoulders of the rich child, a ball and chain to the feet of the poor child, and tells them that they have an equal opportunity to fly!

Under the capitalist system the men who control the industries of the nation have it in their power to make paupers, criminals, and prostitutes out of their fellow beings. No man is good enough, great enough or noble enough to be allowed such power over the human race.

A COMMON HERITAGE AND DESTINY.

W. J. Ghent.

Placed here as on a giant raft, moving along the tides of an infinite ocean, sped from an unknown port and ignorant of its final haven, the race has a common heritage and a common destiny.

Gradually the huddling creatures on the raft become conscious of their powers; they erect shelters from the rain, the heat and the cold, and their fashion clever tools for making articles of use and beauty. By design, say some; by immutable law, say others, this raft is amply provisioned for a multitude of souls and an indefinite voyage; only that in every generation the cunning and the strong take to themselves the greater share, to the deprivation of others; but slowly among the victims arises a sense of the injustice, the chaos and the waste of this practice; and more slowly, but still surely, the determination to be rid of it; to apportion upon equitable terms the common burdens, and to distribute in equitable shares, the common board.

That determination is the growing and expanding will of the producing classes, and its fulfillment will be the co-operative commonwealth.

IN SOLIDARITY LIES OUR SUCCESS.

William Scaife.

Whenever Socialism in America adopts the methods of the British and other European toilers and pulls in harmony with trade unionism, it is bound to make headway faster than at present because there is scarcely a man in the labor movement that is not more or less of a Socialist.

Indeed, the labor movement itself is in its essence Socialism, probably not so advanced as the brand that denounces trade unionism, but a great deal more practical in its methods. The denunciation of trade unionism is not what has made the European Socialists so formidable, but the "levelling of the whole lump" into practical form. The whole labor force has been molded into one great big aggressive force, and it has swept down the barriers of its progress.

We are all agreed that in solidarity lies our future success, but seem to disagree because of the means among us when it comes to getting together; agreed on the kernel, and fight over the culls. We must, if we intend to go ahead, sink our individualities, and the plan of action that commands itself to the great majority must be followed. It is this division among us that weakens us, and the plan of all should be not to widen the breach, but to close it, the sooner the better for all labor forces.

From "Today's Problems."

Lieut.-Col. Hibbard, President of the Quebec Public Utilities Commission, declared at the Empire Club of Toronto that competition was wasteful and useless as a method of regulating public utilities and that municipal ownership was not a remedy. He advocated private ownership with government regulation. Sure thing. Hibbard has a job as regulator which pays him four thousand dollars a year. He naturally advocates the continuance of a system that gives him such a nice fat living in these days of harsh struggles for struggling lawyers. Hibbard would not advocate the only remedy possible. Democratic management by the workers of the workers for the workers.

Premier Fisher of Australia, has offered his mediation in the strike of the harvesters. The masters declare that no mediation will be allowed over the question of the recognition of the union. Hence the mediation is off. Fisher, who is a labor man, has subscribed fifty dollars to the funds of the strikers. That's what is done in Australia. You working plugs of Canada, can you imagine Laurier reaching down into his jeans and fishing up fifty dollars for the striking miners of Springhill?

The Russian government is going to take the Fedorenko case to the privy council of Britain. This is the body of bewigged judges who stand for property rights and stable government in the interests of the master class. It does not look at justice and mercy and freedom. It examines the letter of the law. It may order the surrender of Fedorenko. If it does it will split Canada away from the mother land. Canada has declared that Fedorenko shall not be surrendered. Let the rulers of England and their henchmen judges beware.

In conversation with Montrealers I find that if you talk Socialism without mentioning the word they will agree with you. But mention the word Socialism and they immediately conclude that you are some strange creature. It is not the idea of social ownership and enjoyment that bothers them. It is the name. Socialism is in the air. The pressure of poverty is becoming enormous. The unemployed challenge humanity to furnish them an opportunity of doing useful work. Socialism accepts the challenge. And the people are willing to fall into line to save themselves as well as their fellow men.

The primary elections of Chicago have cost the capitalist politicians of that city \$695,500. The politicians are not wealthy enough to stand this expense. The slush fund has come from those who wish to fatten off the exploited people of that city. Politics pays the master class. Let labor unite on the political field and run the government in the interests of the working people. It will only be then that labor will wake to a realization of how glorious its condition is when the workers get what they earn.

Clifton Sifton has come out against reciprocity. The farmers of the west want reciprocity. Sifton wanted reciprocity when he was seeking the votes of the farmers. Now that he has become a Canadian plutocrat he does not want American plutes interfering with his preserves. And all the Canadian plutes who fear that the American labor skinner will interfere with the Canadian labor skinner business are hailing Sifton as a great statesman and a patriotic Canadian. When we come to investigate the patriotism of the flag wavers we find that their patriotism is based on their economic interests. It is queer how many of the common people are taken in by a little loud talk and cheap sentiment and are made to think that the labor skinner is saviors of their country.

The Dominion Boy Scouts now number ten thousand. Every province has a provincial organization except Manitoba. Earl Grey, who represents George Wettin in Canada, is chief scout. Earl Grey has fixed St. George's day as banner day for the scouts. This movement has been blessed by priests and rulers and now the saints are being dragged in, their days being taken for banner days for the boy murderers. Why is this? The answer is easy. The rules of the Boy Scout organization provide that the Boy Scouts must obey and respect their king, their parents and their employers and to hold in contempt and fight against all who oppose these persons or even speak disrespectfully of them. The Boy Scout movement is organized to provide future seabs on working class organization and to instill into the minds of the youth a blind faith in oppressors. Remember this the next time you see a high collared swell praising the Boy Scouts.

Life, the comic paper of New York, weekly, ten cents, has become penetrated with Socialism. It issued a Socialist number on the sixteenth of February. This number did not sneer at Socialism one bit. The cartoons were good. One cartoon showed hoboes in a ball room among fat plutes and overdressed women. The title of the cartoon was "If birds of a feather DID flock together. On February 23rd Life issued a Richman's number. One picture was of a fat plute with great stomach on him coming out of a restaurant and a newsboy was offering him papers. "Here you are, gov'ner, all about how you takes it out of the mouth of others and sticks it in your own stummick." Life says its circulation is going up. It shows signs of becoming the Wahre Jacob of America.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Dinny Gets a Lesson in American Finance.

The house occupied by the Malone family was No. 19 Maple Street, which was right in the heart of the factory district. Once upon a time Maple Street was out in the country and boasted two fine rows of shade trees, mostly maples, but they had long since disappeared and were now only a dim memory in the mind of the oldest inhabitant. It was a very old house, but it was roomy, and sometimes the rent of a very old house is low enough to come within the reach of a dollar-and-seventy-five cents-a-day worker. Now Dinny knew he couldn't get so much room for the same amount of money in any other quarter of the city, and as long as the rent was stationary he was content to let the sleeping dog lie. So he never bothered the owner about making repairs, but when anything in that line needed doing he would put in his Sundays on the job. Some landlords, you know, have a habit of raising the rent if they have to spend a few cents now and then on repairs.

It surely was room the Malones needed, as there were ten of them all told, besides Father O'Connor, who spent most of his spare time with them. It will be quite a task to enumerate them all, but it will be a pleasant one and we'll begin at once. Dinny we all know. He would be forty next birthday, and Nora was two years younger. She was Nora O'Neill before she married Dinny and her mother was Father O'Connor's only sister. Nora had been left an orphan when she was but twelve, and the priest had been father and mother to her as well as uncle. Dinny had been a tenant farmer in the old country and was making a fairly good living, but he had become inoculated with the emigration fever, and a few months after their marriage they sold out their stock—the land they did not own—and sailed for the new country across the Atlantic, that bourn from whence few Irish ever returned.

When they landed at Quebec it was with the intention of going to Toronto, where Tim Grogan, one of their neighbors who had left about a year before, was doing quite well. So on their arrival in the Queen City they had to find a place to class, and the future looked bright and rosy in spite of the homesickness which had been accentuated by the voluble reminiscences indulged in by Mr. and Mrs. Grogan. It was not long before Dinny got a job as teamster at eight dollars a week, and living was so cheap that they were able to save two dollars a week out of that. Then the first baby came. It was a girl, and they named it Kathleen after Nora's mother.

By and bye the longing for the country which had been gnawing at their hearts for months became irresistible, and they sold out their few effects and started off for the upper Michigan peninsula, where a former neighbor named Desmond had bought some land and wrote to Dinny asking him to come and see for himself. They went by way of the Michigan Central, and crossing from Windsor to Detroit they entered the United States for the first time. Like most Old Country people they had a high opinion of the courtesy and politeness of the American official; they thought that in a republic where there were no class distinctions the common people were just as good as the wealthy and all were treated alike. But the first night in the train between Kalamazoo and Chicago they got a sample of the courtesy of the average American railway conductor. They were travelling in a first-class day coach, the cost of a sleeping berth being beyond their means. There were very few passengers and Dinny had placed two seats cross-ways on the frames so that Nora could lie down, and had just completed the job when the conductor came through the car.

"What 't' hell are yuh doing with them seats?" he yelled. "Yuh can't do that here. Put 'em back," and he passed on.

Now this was the very same thing they had done when coming up from Quebec to Toronto, and the C. P. R. conductor had shown them now to do it. So it appeared to Dinny to be a little bit more aggravating than it would have been had he never known that the seats could be shifted. However, he obeyed the autocrat, and for the remainder of the night they had to sit uncomfortably and snatch a nap as best they could.

In the early morning after leaving Chicago there was a stop of twenty minutes for breakfast at Janesville, Wisconsin. They had some eatables with them and Dinny rushed out to the refreshment counter to get a cup of coffee for Nora. All the high seats around the counter were filled, chiefly by railwaymen, and the cups, three-parts full of coffee without milk, were standing on the counter. Dinny took up one, placed an American nickel on the counter and was going out when the man behind the counter sang out:

"Here you, ten cents."

Dinny came back, put the cup on the counter and searched his pockets for another nickel. But that was the only one he had, so he took out a Canadian two-dollar bill and gave it to the waiter.

The fellow looked at it for a moment and then threw it on the counter. "That rag's no good here," he said contemptuously.

Dinny felt hot, but he said quietly, "I'm sorry, but I've only got Canadian money. They told me at Detroit that it was all right. I haven't got anything but that rickel in American money."

"You should have known that before you took the coffee," sneered the waiter, who had, however, appropriated the nickel.

"Well, I haven't poisoned it," returned Dinny. "Besides, I never heard of a cup of coffee costing more than five cents."

The waiter was probably about to make some sarcastic remark when a young brakeman who was sitting at the counter put a nickel down before him, saying, "There you are, mister; there's your nickel."

Now had Dinny been alone he would have flung the hot coffee in the waiter's face, but remembering that Nora was waiting in the car he thanked the brakeman and took the coffee to his wife. But he would not touch a drop of it himself, not if he had been parching. He didn't say a word to Nora about the incident, or she would probably have thrown it out of the window.

Dinny was getting wise as to the courtesy of the average American official invested with a little bit of authority. "If this is the way men treat their fellow-men in a republic," he thought, "I'll not be wanting to be a republican."

After the train had started again several of the men who had been at the refreshment counter stopped at Dinny's seat to sympathize with him, and tell him that the waiter was "a mean cuss anyhow," and so Nora had to be told after all. Then the boy who sold fruit and literature on the train got on to the story, and he, being a Jay Gould on embryo, offered to change Dinny's Canadian money for good American coin—at a discount. As there was a long journey still ahead of them to the south shore of Lake Superior there was of course things to buy, and the young financier made good business for himself, as his discount amounted to one hundred per cent! To the honest Irishman this was robbery, but the more cunning had a cinch, and he worked it for all it was worth, just the same as the big financiers do. So Dinny took his first lesson in American finance from a newsboy on the train and thought, like many another new-comer, "Oh, these American financiers! They seem to take it in with their mother's milk! But they're great!"

But, as we all know, there is a reverse side to this picture, although Dinny didn't see it just then, and I have no hesitation in saying that for downright generosity and real good fellowship the average American—I mean the true, manly American—I have met lots of them—stands high in comparison with the men of any other nation. These two incidents are noted here because they really happened to the writer, only it was more than twenty years ago.

Going north through Green Bay, Oshkosh and other towns in Wisconsin, now and then catching glimpses of Lake Michigan, the train entered Northern Michigan, and after leaving Menominee passed through miles and miles of recently-burned timber, which gave the landscape a dreary and desolate aspect. On till they caught their first view of Lake Superior, and then turning westward they passed through Negaunee to Ishpeming, both good-sized towns in the iron mining district. Here they alighted and next day visited their friends the Desmonds, who had bought eighty acres of land situated about twelve miles from the town. They were in a little two-roomed shack built of rough boards hastily thrown together and hardly tight against the weather. All the land was thickly timbered and Desmond said he would be able to make enough money off the timber to pay for clearing the whole eighty acres. But oh, my, the amount of labor that would involve! Unless Desmond could afford to hire help he would be an old man by the time he had cleared off his land. Dinny was not at all captivated by the prospect. Wasn't some land to be had that was clear of timber?

"Oh, yes," answered Desmond, "there's some mountain land three or four miles west of here, but it's rather rocky, and you know what rocky land is, Dinny."

Dinny did know, because a part of his farm in Ireland had been so rocky that it was fit for nothing but sheep grazing.

To Nora the prospect was depressing. After the green, flower-spangled meadows of her old home this dense, gloomy, black forest of fir and spruce seemed to shut out all the hope and cheer of her young life, and after only one day at the Desmond's shack she said "Oh, Dinny, I couldn't live here. Let us go home; let us go back to Ireland if we have to live on one meal a day. Sure, it's my heart that'll break if we stay here."

Now the individualist will say: "Here was Dinny's chance to make good. If he had the right kind of stuff in him he would follow Desmond's example and in the course of a few years become a landowner and a man of means." But I don't know. If he ever lived long enough to clear his land he would have to haul his produce twelve miles over a shockingly bad road to his nearest market, as there was not the least likelihood of the railway ever coming any nearer. Then the trees were very close together and the majority were too small to make boards, so that Desmond's statement that the timber would pay for clearing was wide of the mark. The land was cheap enough as prices went and it was to be paid for in instalments, but for a lone man to tackle such a job without money to hire assistance would mean that the best years of his life would be spent before he could expect to make a fair living off it. And so Dinny thought.

They spent the night at Desmond's, the two men sleeping in a tent, the little Desmonds packed like sardines on a big straw mattress on the floor of the sleeping room, while the two women and the two babies occupied the only bed in the shack.

(To be continued.)

Radcliffe the hangman is dead. He hung about a hundred and fifty persons. The Rev. J. D. Morrow, who pronounced the funeral services declared, "We must not condemn a man for doing his duty. He is no more to be condemned than the judge who tried the unfortunate criminal, the men who framed the law, or the people who sent them to frame the law." Morrow has glimmerings of sense. This is what Cotton's has been saying, only it has been saying it much stronger. The judge is as much a murderer as is the criminal hung. Only the criminal kills in blind passion or for a small burglary. The judge kills for seven thousand dollars a year. As for the people they have little to say how they are governed. The crafty capitalist politicians slime their way into power by smooth words and then lamm the people with bad laws.

Three Chicago mail-order houses did business last year of a hundred and thirty-four million dollars. Sears, Roebuck & Co., did \$61,500,000 worth; Montgomery, Ward & Co., \$43,000,000, and Butler Bros. Co., did \$30,000,000 worth. The net profits were between \$18,000,000 and \$20,000,000. Formerly this business was distributed among a lot of little country merchants who earned a fair living. Eighteen million dollars profit now goes to a few extremely wealthy people. Formerly this business was distributed among eighteen or twenty thousand country merchants who worked themselves and made a thousand dollars a year. The little merchants are ousted from their business. Their only remedy is for them to unite for the social ownership of the organization which confiscated their business from them. That is why the Socialist Party is growing rapidly in the States. The little fellows as well as the wage workers realize that Socialism is their only hope.

Allan Studholme, the worker the workers of East Hamilton sent to Toronto to represent them, is making good. At a mass meeting of the Federal Building Trades at the Toronto Labor Temple he declared that hogs were considered of more importance in the Ontario legislature than children. Children who ought to be attending school were in the canning factories. He described his colleagues in the legislature as a lot of loafers who never earned their salary, did not work more than five days a week and often not more than two hours a day. Let the Ontario workers elect a bunch of revolutionary workers and Whitney will not be able to fight labor with the forced labor of convict camps.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY ON STRIKE-BREAKING.

In the issues for December 3, and January 7 of Collier's Weekly occur two very remarkable articles on Strike-Breaking as a business. The first of the series describes "the gatherings of the clans during the express drivers' strike last November, and showed the disappointment of the men at the restraints put upon them there. The second is a detailed study of the strike-breaker and his methods as practiced outside of New York. The author, John H. Craig has been a strike-breaker, a hobo and a workman, and his statements are based upon experience."

How strike-breaking works out in the garment trades is illustrated by a personal explanation from a strike-breaker whose confidence the writer won when riding a freight train.

"GO GET A GIRL!"

"I'm heading back to New York now. They say there's a strike on in the cloakmakers' union. Girls, they are. That's the best game a guy in my biz can get up against. When a guy asks for a job they say: 'Well, go get a girl.' Does she have to be a girl that can make cloaks? Not on your tintype. You go out on the street and you pick up any old bum. You say to her: 'Kid, do you want a job for three and a half a day? Ther you fix it up with her and you go back and you say: 'This is my wife. She wants a job sewing and I want a job as a guard.'"

"She gets three and a half a day and you get four. All you have to do is keep your eye on her all the time to see she don't fly the coop. Every day you take her to work and guard her on the way. She don't do no work any more than you do, but while she is in the factory, putting up a bluff, you hang around and beat up any of the strikers or their pickets or any of their women friends that get fresh."

"After the strike is over, you get your own wages and take as much of your girl's as you think you can get away with and beat it. Oh, it's a skinch. I got plenty of money now and I don't have to work, but if there's a garment strike on I'll get in on it just for the pleasure of holding down a job like that."

STILL DOWN GRADE

The week of March 2nd the olds were a hundred and three more than the ons. The ons are but 172. These are made up of 58 yearlies, 96 halfers, and 18 trials. This means a yearly subscription rate of 5,746. So the last week of February went out with gloomy feelings at this end of the line.

I want each one of you to feel that Cotton's Weekly is your personal organ, the paper that is fighting your battles.

The Socialist movement is based on democracy. It looks to the workers to free themselves. It aims at the rule of the people by the people. It looks to no leaders to save democracy. It looks to the people to save themselves.

Socialism depends upon the many, not upon the few. Too often have the common people trusted the few and had the few betray them with military power and with force.

Each Socialist desires to think for himself. He wants his own work to count. He wants you to think for yourself, not have others think for you. Socialism stands for comradeship, not for leaders and led.

So Cotton's Weekly looks to you to fight your own battles and to use the paper as an instrument in your own hands to be used as an aid to achieve your emancipation.

I can do little for you without your help. I can only be a voice to tell you to unite. You must unite among yourselves. Cotton's Weekly can only be a means of information to let you know what the master class is doing, and how your own numbers are growing. You must use the information given. You must do the fighting. It is not what Cotton's says that counts with the politicians and exploiters throughout Canada. It is how you back up what Cotton's says that counts.

If you let the circulation of the paper drop the politicians can neglect it. If you make the circulation leap forward it will make the politicians afraid of your power.

So, comrades, for your own sakes, for the sake of your wives and children, I call upon you to get behind Cotton's Weekly and give it a circulation of fifty thousand.

Let us face the future with our faces set towards the revolution and let us waken our fellows to the call of freedom.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of March 2.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	118	52	3739
British Columbia	39	12	1470
Alberta	34	40	1391
Prov. of Quebec	26	24	1153
Nova Scotia	18	18	991
Manitoba	5	6	817
Saskatchewan	5	16	695
New Brunswick	6	2	187
Elsewhere	24	2	152
Yukon Territory	0	0	55
Newfoundland	0	0	22
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	14
Total	275	172	10,083

Loss for week 103

Total issue last week was 11,300

Allan Studholme, labor member at Toronto from Hamilton, has introduced a bill providing for an eight hour day and a minimum wage of twenty cents an hour. No worker to be allowed to contract himself out of the provisions of the law. The plate papers say the measure is extreme. The plates want their graft, their whole graft and more graft if they can get it. Studholme's bill is good so far as it goes. But Socialism will give the workers something better. It will give the workers the full social value of the wealth they create.

EUREKA LEAFLETS—15 titles, 12c per 100; 50c per 500; 50c per 1000. State whether you want them for farmers or wage slaves.

LINDSAY, ONT. SOCIALISTS meet every Monday Evening at 8 o'clock, above Dominion Bank entrance, William Street. All socialists, residents or visitors, heartily welcome.

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