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# Cotton's Weekly

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## PRESSURE OF THE SYSTEM

Scarcity of help is promised the western farmer again this season. He sows his immense farms, and cries aloud for help to garner the harvest. The railroad companies spend thousands of dollars each year advertising harvester excursions and cheap tickets. The trains are crowded with all kinds of workers—mechanics, clerks, real estate sharks looking for new fields, and all the motley crowd of out-of-workers and those who are looking for a chance to see the world.

Winnipeg is the distributing point for these fellows, and here they get their first eye-opener. The streets of Winnipeg are crowded with workers every day in the year who are on the lookout for jobs. Those from the older provinces who expect to make a stop at Winnipeg and land a good job find that they will have to travel farther. They travel, and the other towns are just in the same position—no room for the job hunter. Some who went west with the intention of farming, and had little trouble in landing jobs, and were not disappointed; but those who went with the idea of having a good trip and an easy job in the city have a sore disappointment. They are forced to go on the land, in any case some with no experience in the least to back them. The farmer must have men, and must take what he can get, and do the best he can where he has secured them. The applicant is often asked to sign an agreement, and if he is shortsighted and enough to do so, he is bound like a slave to the farmer for as long as the agreement calls for. Many have been railroaded to jail when they rebelled at the hours and conditions under which they labored. Others have had to pay heavy fines, and were forced to return to work and finish out the time they muddled up contracts called for. Foreigners have been sent to jail in the west for violation of the contracts they could not read nor understand.

Still the western farmer wants men, and will probably keep on wanting them. Most of those who go out return and say "Never again." They would rather tackle the sweat pens of Ontario and the east than put up with the conditions on the farms of the west. And anyone who has ever worked in the eastern shops knows what that means.

The farms of the east are hard, the farms of the west are harder. The slaves work long hours, some from sun to sun, as long as they can stand the pressure. There is no let up. The farmer must have the money to ease his creditors, and they are all lined up waiting for the crops to be harvested and threshed so they can get their grab bag full. The western farmer has a hard pull and he takes it out of the hide of the slaves who are foolish enough to travel long distances to bind themselves down to a master.

The farmer stood on his threshing machine, the harvester stood on the ground. And said to the farmer who stood up on high: "Don't you quit when the sun goes down?" "Why no," said the rube as he gazed from above, "You must think we are out for a lark; We rise with the sun—every son of a gun. And we quit when it's just plumb dark." "Good bye," said the harvester, "I'm off in the morn; To village, and hamlet and town; And I'll travel these baldheaded plains till I find One who quits when the sun goes down."

## GETTING BY ST. PETER

By Berton Braley.

Before the heavenly gate they stood, and one was portly and smug and "good"; the other was scarred by an evil life, warped by destiny, marred by strife. A crooked, unlovely soul was waiting for the said, "Brother, who might you be?" The warped one answered him, "Bill the Bum, who lived his life in a rotten slum; I fought an' gambled an' stole an' swore, 'cause I thought that's all I was livin' for. I wasn't no good, I know; but say—I played the game I was taught to play. I done the way I was learned to do, so dat's me spiel—an' it's up to you!"

St. Peter joggled his golden key and said to the other, "Who might you be?" The smug soul lifted his head in pride, "I'm a public character," he cried, "I'm Jonas Gouger, philanthropist. I'm found at the head of every list of givers to tender charity, and heaven's the proper place for me."

St. Peter nodded his august head and said, "Add to that tale a bit," he said, "You're one of the men who ran a mill where children toiled through the weary day. You're one of the sort who used to kill the children's joy and their chance to play. Oh, you knew better, but gold was good, though wrung from boyhood and maidenhood; you took it gladly for all its shame, knowing exactly from whence it came."

"Now, Bill, don't rank with the scraphim, yet I'd take a sort of a chance on him; but what excuse has a man like you. Bill learned no better, but you—you knew! So I'll try Bill out for a little spell; but you, smug fakir, can go to hell!"—Ex.

"Nails are not made from the best quality of iron, nor soldiers from conscientious men."—Old Chinese proverb.

## Socialism will save the home, will build it, and help the homemakers.

Keeping men afraid of their jobs is one of the greatest assets of the capitalist system.

Everything good and beautiful and pure in this world has to be gazed at through the purple haze of capitalism.

The masses are starving mentally for things which are out of their grasp for no fault of their own, but of their environment.

The green young fellow won't join a union, but he is content to work hard and let his boss rob him so the boss may join the manufacturers' association.

Canadian people declaim against the petty thievery, but immense robberies are pulled off by the capitalist system every day in the year, and they squeak not.

The Dominion Government has appointed a commission to suppress the white slave traffic in Canada. Now watch the traffic in young girls' souls be wiped out of existence. Commission, bah!

You are honest; you would not take from any one else anything you would not give full value for, would you? The capitalist system exists on such people as you. If they were as honest as you are, they could not exist.

The farmer is working hard, and watching his crops, and the idle capitalist is sitting at his ease and watching the farmer. Just as soon as the farmer gets wise and stops working for the labor skinner, the capitalist will have to jump and dig in.

"The Merchant calls it profit. And he winks the other eye; The Banker calls it Interest, And he heaves a gentle sigh. The Landlord calls it Rent, As he tucks it in his bag; But the good old honest Burglar, He simply calls it SWAG."

When King George visited Lord Derby at his Lancashire seat on July 7th, he attended a theatrical entertainment in a theatre especially constructed for his benefit at a cost of \$10,000. Then the King goes to a mine or a pottery works and watches the wage mules produce surplus wealth, and the papers talk about our "democratic" King. It is not surprising that Socialism increases.

A poor little Scotch lad named David Low calmly kicked in a plate glass window in Toronto and waited for the police to arrest him. He had no home, and no place in which he could rest his weary head for the night. He could find no master to sell his labor power to, and was compelled to commit a depredation in order to have a place to eat and sleep. These instances are common in "prosperous Canada."

The rental bill for the whole of Montreal is estimated to be \$20,000,000 per annum. This is a heap of money, and the landlords will smile at the efforts of reformers and others to "clean up" the slums where their money is invested. A bunch of men with a graft like this behind them will do as they choose. They are invariably united; they do not bid against each other, but stick together and fleece the helpless ones.

The mechanic puts his whole brains and best endeavors to perform the will of his master. He is so tired at the end of his day's work that he has no inclination to do any thinking for himself. That is the reason the bosses prefer the long hours. Many trades have shown they could produce as much in eight hours as in ten. That would be two hours less running expenses for the masters, but they fought it tooth and nail. When a slave starts to think for himself it is a bad omen for his employer.

The capitalists say you have self government because some of you are allowed to vote once in four years for some gink to go to Ottawa or your provincial legislature and participate in a gab fest. But they take care not to let you elect your own foreman, or to choose the manager of the business where you work, or to control the product of your toil. We say that you should have this right, and that you will not have self government until you democratically control industry. The plutocrats scared and say we are anarchists, irreligious and enemies of society because we want more democracy. This shows what a sham their pretended love of democracy is.

The money stringency is hitting the western provinces. The people of the golden west will probably not buy as many automobiles this year as formerly. Too many sharks are living off the efforts of the western farmer. Too many people have been sitting on the cushioned seats of automobiles who should have been distributing themselves each on the steel seat of a self-binder. The western farmer has a hard load to carry, increasing year by year. Rebel, you men of the plow and throw off the yoke. You have lost your vaunted independence; you are as much in the slave class as the mechanics of the factories and mills and railroads. Organize, get together. Read Socialist literature. It will show you the only way out of your chains. Why do you select your large quota of lawyer and other professional politicians and semi-farmers to go to your parliaments? Send your own class, and Socialists at that.

## THE MOVE TO ONTARIO

The following letter has been received from Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Comrade—Your letter re "A Dominion Convention or Party Owned Headquarters, Which?" has been favorably received in Hamilton, but has created a lot of discussion. All the members of the local are glad to hear that you have become sole proprietor of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., through the gift of your father to you, and no doubt he will get our thanks at our next business meeting. The proposal as to "Moving to Ontario" was hailed as a great step and would be a great asset to the movement. The having of Cotton's and the Dominion Executive in a party owned building, with one headquarters, as proposed, would I think be great, and I for one, am willing to take my part in bringing it about. Then come the proposals how it shall be done. The Cowansville Local has moved, that the Dominion Convention be not held, etc., no need to quote them. The resolutions are of great importance and I think there should be a discussion on them in Cotton's before they are voted on. The reason I want this is because the way the Convention referendum was dropped on us suddenly. It had to be rushed through without any real discussion. Now everybody seems to be half hearted over the convention. They are asking, "Is it worth the cost?"

Before I close I desire to say I favor Cotton's and the Executive being housed in a party-owned headquarters, but the vote should not be taken till there has been a thorough discussion on it. Yours for the fight, Thomas Ryan

Comrade E. Winn, Secretary of the British Columbia Executive Committee, S.D.P., writes, "We will do what we can to further the suggestions of Dominion Executive Committee, or rather the party taking up the \$2,000 in shares, but I want, when time permits, to go more fully into the details concerning it."

Comrade Ryan, is in error in thinking I own Cotton's Co-operative. I own 201 shares in the company while other Socialists own almost twice that. What I own is the building in which Cotton's Weekly is printed, and some of the machinery used in the above two letters, I think represent the opinion of a large part, if not the majority, of the party membership. The plan is good, they think, but the move should be made only after due deliberation.

The party voted for the convention, and then the membership have been thinking about how much the convention will cost. They are wondering if the money could not be spent to better advantage.

The referendum initiated by Cowansville Local No. 1, was put out to test the will of the party. We do not wish to move to Ontario if the party membership wish us to stay in Cowansville. The party membership may decide that the time is not ripe to move Cotton's to Ontario. A moving proposition is a little expensive. You may decide that the cost would be too great in comparison with the benefits.

In our issue of June 26th, I placed before you the moving proposition. You have had one side placed before you. Now, lawyer-like, I am going to place the other side before you too, and give you some reasons why Cotton's can stay in Cowansville.

First, not one of Cotton's staff wants to leave Cowansville. Comrade Winn is raising chickens and a garden and a pig. He is enjoying country life. He does not care to move into a city. Comrade Rice does not want to move. I do not want to move. The members of Cowansville Local not connected with the staff certainly do not want to

## AVE IMPERIUM!

Conscription in Great Britain means the still closer ruling of the poorer classes by the richer section of the community; in fact, as a witty Frenchman put it it is using the poor to defend the good things belonging to the rich.—The "Morning News, Jersey, Eng."

Onward, British patriots, Waving flags galore, While the Service Leaguer Belches forth his "jaw": Shout around the Empire, Great, and rich, and "free": Drive the wicked German Sheer into the sea.

Sing and praise conscription—Big bugs want it had; Let 'em dress in khaki, Exery man and lad—Manhood ripe for slaughter, Trim and smart an' slick, Slaves to fight the battles Of our moneyed clique. Care not for the starving, Never mind the slums; Set the flags a-flime To the roll of drums. Let the poor and helpless Write and ping, and die For the Glorious Empire Flung your caps on high!

—Roman English Paper.

Individuals who a few years ago were on easy street, and sacred to Socialism, now welcome it with open arms. They have been caught in the grip of the octopus, and see that their only hope lies in joining hands with the workers and striving for the co-operative commonwealth.

Four years for \$1 is good buying.

## Socialism will do away with unnecessary production in all lines of industry.

If political Socialism makes the labor thieves grout, industrial unionism makes them howl.

The union membership in Canada for the calendar last year increased from 133,132 to 160,120 at the end of 1912.

Morgan left a hundred millions of absolutely unearned wealth. The average slave leaves nothing behind but a heap of trouble.

"Canada is betrayed by the most useless and least patriotic press published in the English language," declares the Toronto Telegram. Name, please.

"Tis more blessed to give than to receive," says the sanctified labor thief as he drops a dime, wrung from the exploited workers, on the collection plate.

The banker cannot conceive a world without his idolized interest being represented in deals, any more than some workers can conceive how they can live without having a master.

Joseph Parr, a Liverpool manufacturer, says that labor domination is hurting Australia. It is "ouderful how the legalized thieves consider a continent is hurt when they get squeezed out of a little expected profit."

The Fat brigade says that Socialism would degrade womanhood, and then grabs its collective paunch in pleasant anticipation of the profits to be derived from the efforts of its sweated women workers in the factory hells.—Maoriland Worker.

A toiler's family is lucky if they have a thousand dollars left when he croaks. This is all they have to show for a life of toil and strife. Morran kicks out and leaves a hundred thousand times that much. How long are we going to stand for such inequality?

An alienist declares that bright children ought not to be made to play with stupid ones. Why not? We may as well get acquainted early as late. Under the capitalist system the most of the bright ones have to work for the other kind before they are very old.

Now comes the time when the so-called shortage of the ice crop last winter will make itself felt in Montreal. Who will be the sufferers? Not the idle rich. They will have their ice. The poor will have no ice. The sick children of the poor will lie in stifling rooms and the doctor will order ice for them. They will get none. Ice and snow were only meant for the poor in the winter time.

International unions in North America number 148, and 99 have affiliated locals in Canada. Of the latter, eighty-two are in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The Canadian membership of this Federation is about 93,000 or one-twentieth of the whole. The trades union movement throughout the world aggregates 11,435,498. Germany is first, Great Britain second, the United States third.

The youthful Marquis of Stafford, who succeeds the Duke of Sutherland, will be the youngest British duke. He inherits an annual income from the whole dual property of over \$700,000. Under Socialism such parasites as the Duke of Sutherland will be able to leave their sons no fat inheritances. They will inherit the right to work, and will get the just rewards of their labors. That is all any man should expect. No man under Socialism will ever be able to own an estate worth as much as the Duke of Stafford now possesses.

You hear the workers say they are free, that they can go and get work where they want it. Judge Murphy, at Windsor, Ont., on June 12th, issued an order restraining John McNeen and Son's Cigar Co., of that place from interfering with the business of the Hemminger Cigar Factory, of Detroit, Mich., by enticing its employees away. When such is the capitalist state of the law, where is your "freedom to work?" This in conjunction with the Lemieux Act which hampers your right to quit work shows that the capitalist class are fully alive to their interests and are making you, not only wage slaves, but also chattel slaves.

You insist that you are free, yet you crawl to a boss for a job. He asks you your last employer's name, what you left him for, what church you belong to, and if you drink, smoke or swear. If you can lie sufficiently and he needs a man at that particular time, he hands you a slip which you slave away at reading to the great man. He then places you in the tender care of a promotion-seeking foreman and you slave away under the eyes of your workmate, who probably belongs to a detective agency, which makes a fat living supplying mechanics to report all the doings in the shop to which they are assigned. Any time the boss wishes, he may fire you without any explanation. Hale him to the courts, and he will present you with the slip you signed, and after you are laughed out of court your former employer will see to it that you get no more jobs in his particular town. If you are extra fractious he will have you blacklisted from coast to coast. Yes, you are free, you may think, but Socialists will never agree to freedom of that kind.

Profits, profits, profits. Even the poor old cow must suffer the gall and wormwood of the speeding up system. The Department of Agriculture issued a ukase to the farmers advising them to cut their work down one third. The cow that can't answer to the call of modern get-rich-quick concerns must go to the junk heap," says the bulletin. Workers often used to envy the cow lying under a shady tree and lazily chewing her cud. But no more. She has to be up and doing, producing her veriest, or she will land in the corned beef factories of the capitalists. Thus has the capitalist system smashed one more of our visions of idyllic life.

People look wise and tell you the time is not ripe for Socialism. Our skulls may be thick, but for the life of us we cannot get this idea to percolate through and cause any vibration of the wheels. Our idea after years of study is that the time has been ripe for Socialism ever since any person took anything from another for which he gave no just reward.

The wine man has been very red in the glass at Winnipeg when the Hon. James Allen "outlined" New Zealand's naval and military progress, and declared that should the time ever come when Canada was menaced, New Zealand would be able to throw an expeditionary army of eighty thousand men to her aid."

—Maoriland Worker.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time deliberately rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—Carlyle.

## WHAT WILL YOU DO?

The machine age is rapidly approaching. The time is not far off when the labor of the world will be practically all performed by machinery.

The last twenty-five years has seen enormous strides in the invention and application of masses of steel and iron made and put together by the cunning hands of the artisan, in the fond hope that it may tend to lessen the labor of someone, somewhere, but of himself in particular.

Selfishness is very predominant among the working class. The inventor thinks only of affluence when he works on an idea. Visions of seaside resorts, hammocks, seed drinks, dollar cigars, and trips to foreign lands stimulate him to burn the midnight oil for years in order to rid himself of the incubus of toil.

He succeeds. A paternal government informs him he can get no patents issued unless he comes forward with a whole bucketful of seeds. He offers the government a rake-off on his idea if it is patented; they do not do business that way. He must appeal to their bosses, the capitalists, and to them he goes, for he has Hobson's choice in the matter. No matter how good his idea, no matter how badly the world is crying for that particular invention, they look at him coldly. They are an organized mass, he is simply an individual. He crawls, and creeps, and finally in desperation sells for what he can get. Sometimes he gets a share in the invention, but more often has to take a price and get out. Nobody but the big fellows can manufacture his idea. A little fellow who tried the scheme of manufacturing it would be squeezed out—the easiest thing in the world for the capitalists to do.

After the machine is made and applied to the trade for which it is adapted comes another little struggle. With the characteristic shortsightedness of the average mechanic, he fights the machine tooth and nail. He is afraid it will take away his job. So it will, in time, just as sure as it has taken away the jobs of other mechanics in all branches of trade.

As long as a machinist is paid two or three dollars a day he is content to make all the machinery that the draughtsmen and moulders can send him. The race goes on merrily, and men are being thrown out on the street every day by scores through the application of steel fingers to do the job formerly done by hand.

Capitalism eagerly awaits the coming of the machine age. This is the thing they have longed for. They own all the means of production of the iron and steel which goes to make the machines, and they own the jobs of the workers. What more could be asked for? Workers who are thrown out will have to swell the list of applicants to run the machinery, and the bids will become lower and lower, and the bank rolls of the idle class will wax fatter and fatter. It is the inevitable outcome.

As long as the workers are content to mine and smelt, and saw and plane and deliver the finished product of their toil to a lazy master, just so long will their condition become more slavish than ever. They are right on the begging line now; what will they look like when the machines throw them out by tens of thousands? Will they rebel then? Hardly likely. They will not have the sand, nor the chance to rebel. They will be a starving, miserable mass of yellow-spirited humanity; they will crawl away and die, and the lash of serfdom will snap still stronger on those who remain.

Now is the time to rebel. Socialism calls for the ownership of all public utilities. Socialists want the whole people to own the means of production, transportation, and distribution. Think it over. Why not rebel before you are smashed body and soul?

## THE OPEN SHOP

Dooley on principle in employers "What is all this talk in the papers about the open shop?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Why, don't ye know?" said Mr. Dooley. "Really I'm surprised at yer ignorance, Hinnissey. What is th' open shop? Sure, 'tis a shop where they kape th' door open t' accommodate the constant stream of min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper than th' min what has th' jobs."

"Tis like this, Hinnissey. Suppose wan of these freeborn American citizens is wurkin' in an open shop for th' princely wages of one large iron dollar a day, of tin hours. Along comes another freeborn son-of-a-gun, an' sez t' th' boss, 'I think I could handle th' job for ninety cents.' 'Shure,' sez th' boss, an' the wan dollar man gets th' merry jinglin' can, an' goes out into th' cool world t' exercise his inalienable rights as a freeborn American citizen, and scab on some other poor divil."

"An' so it goes on, Hinnissey. An' who gets th' benefit? Thure, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more for money than he does for his right eye."

"It's all principle wid him. He hates t' see min robbed of their independence. They must have their independence, regardless of inything else."

"But," said Mr. Hennessy, "these open shop min ye minshun say they are for the unions, if properly conducted."

"Shure," said Mr. Dooley, "if properly conducted. An' there ye are. An' how wud they have them conducted? No strikes; no rules; no contracts; no scales; barely any wages; an' dam few minbers."

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