

# GOVERNMENT BASED ON FORCE

Roscoe A. Fillmore.

All government, we are told by our goody goody teachers, must rest upon the consent of the governed. They make this statement in order to prove that things must necessarily be O. K. at present since the existing government must exist only upon the consent of the governed.

Let us add to this—all law and all government must necessarily have for its foundations force, power, nothing more. If this were not so, how long, think you, would law and government last. Suppose an officer has a warrant for your arrest. The warrant is a bit of paper. Suppose the officer to be much smaller than you—so much so that you are sure you can lick him. Do you start in and mop up the earth with him? Not if you are wise. If you happen to have the slightest inkling of common sense in your head you very quietly go with him.

Now if that warrant was merely a bit of paper in the hands of an undersized man and no more you wouldn't submit. Would you? I wouldn't. But we do submit. And why? We submit because we know that the bit of paper was issued under the authority of government and that back of it, there stand police forces, militia, R. C. R. and the new Canadian tin-pot navy to enforce its mandates.

Government! It had its beginning without a doubt when chattel slavery took the place of ancient communism. Then and only then were conditions such that a government could be set up. For the existence of a government presupposes the existence of somebody or something to be governed or held down—for that's a good definition of government. When chattel slavery became an institution there came into being a slave or under class, a class to be governed and of course a system of laws for the punishment of the delinquent slaves began to grow. And from that day to this that system of laws and master made morals has been steadily growing and it has been remorselessly and ruthlessly forced upon the slave class. Power, the power vested in the masters' government, has been the instrument used. And we of the slave class have generally observed its rulings because we knew the force was there to be used whenever necessary.

When we begin to realize that these laws and systems of government are merely based upon power in the hands of greedy men we then lose all our respect for "the divine right of kings," "law and order," etc. The "sacredness" of law begins to look like the enforced rulings of Kidd, Morgan and other well known sea rovers. And finally, if we use our think-tank to any advantage we hit upon Nature's ruling demonstrated in all her acts—Might is Right. And why not? Today as ever the big fish eats the little one. Today as in the beginning the spider eats the fly, the mighty prey upon the weak. Today the strong set up systems of law and government designed for the purpose of more thoroughly enslaving the weak. These they enforce by means of power.

But in this case the power of the masters is not based upon muscle nor yet upon numbers or even rifles and machine guns. For all these would be useless if the great working class became thoroughly aroused. Their power is based upon your ignorance—upon the fact that a few honeyed phrases from the lips of their lackeys are sufficient to satisfy you. So long as you listen to these lackeys as they chant of "identity of interests" and the "dignity of labor"—just so long will they hold you down and skin you of everything.

But when the workers—you, and you, every reader who labors is meant, wake up, Ah! then things will look different. Might is right. There are hundreds of millions of us who toil. We are strong, muscular. We are irresistible when we act in unison. We have conquered the forces of Nature. We have conquered the air and harnessed the lightning. We have made of society a vast machine for the conversion of Nature's resources into all the good things of life. Yet after doing all these things, we are but a slave class to be starved at the will of a puny master class.

When we of the working class awaken in that moment the power of the masters will fade. For when we awaken we will take their government and use it to free ourselves. We will use that power of governments to transfer the possession of the earth from Rockefeller, Morgan et al. to the united working class. Having possession of the government we will control the police, armies, navies, and we will give the earth to those who labor.

Today our task is cut out for us—we must capture the government, the powers of repression. These in our hands we can quickly put an end to exploitation and government as well.

Until we take the powers of government we must submit to existence as a body of slaves. "Things" to be bought and sold when needed, or starved when there is nothing that our masters wish us to produce. A self respecting position truly and one of which the producers of all wealth should be proud!

## Get Ahead of the P. M. C.

By getting on the regular list of Bundle Boosters for Cotton's, Lemieux says you cannot order Special Bundles without paying a toll of 4 cents per pound, but you can subscribe for a weekly bundle for not less than three months. Better turn the trick while this ruling against Special Bundles is being fought to a finish, and spread the Light all the time. Lots of the comrades are doing it. Give the Ottawa lot all they want to carry at 2 of a cent per pound. Here's a bunch of the latest Boosters, who are beating the shell game of the great "I AM" of the Canadian Postal Department:

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## ONE EDITOR'S OPINION

That reminds us. The Advance has recently been favored with several copies of a certain Socialistic weekly, published in Quebec, which has been refused cheap transmission through the mails. In the mind of the writer, small harm would be done if it were excluded altogether. The sheet seems to exist simply for the small ends of its publisher. It bristles with tirades against employers of labor, simply because they are employers; and it suggests no reform. The paper would appeal to the ignorant minds incapable of reasoning for themselves, and would do untold damage to the industrial future of the country if it received the support its publisher brazenly asks for. However, the Canadian workman is not a brainless lump of clay; he can reason for himself and this ranting Socialistic sheet will have no more effect than soda water with the fizz all out of it. Those whose befuddled minds are influenced by it are in a class with the brokers who hissed Patten; they never will achieve success themselves, not having the necessary ability, and so will always begrudge others the success which comes their way.

It is only the snarl of the under dog.—The Advance, Flesherton, Ont.

## THE POWER OF ORGANIZED DISCONTENT

"A thousand men aglow with faith and determination," says Upton Sinclair, "are stronger than a million grown cautious and respectable." In his "War of the Classes," Jack London expresses himself in like fashion. "Five men, standing together," he says, "may perform prodigies: 500 men, marching as marshed the historic Five Hundred of Mar-selles, may sack a palace and destroy a king; while 500,000 men, passionately preaching the propaganda of a class struggle, waging a class struggle along political lines, and backed by the moral and intellectual support of 10,000,000 more men of like convictions throughout the world, may come pretty close to realizing a revolution in this America of ours."

"Socialism is undoubtedly spreading," says Phillip Rappaport. "It is therefore right and expedient that its teachings, its aims, its tendencies, its accusations and its promises should be honestly and seriously examined." Yes, Socialism is spreading. It is spreading fast. It is spreading all over the civilized world. And this, too, in spite of the most insurmountable difficulties that have strewn its path.

In 1867 the international Socialist vote did not exceed 30,000. Today it is almost nine millions. It has thus multiplied itself three hundred fold within the last forty years.

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# 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 XV.

(Continued.)

Mr. Townsend signed heavily. "There may be faults in our system—humanity and philanthropy are ever ameliorating—but I see no way out of it, and on the whole it is a wise one. We can't regenerate business overnight. A theorist cannot manage a great industry, nor solve the problems of practical society."

Rensen seized the point. "A theorist, who has nothing to gain or lose, is certainly the one to do justice to his fellows. The practical-business man thinks of his own advantage. He has no time to look into the vagaries of the under dog, as you lately said."

"The vagaries of union policy, if you please, sir . . . while we are speaking of justice and injustice, I beg to remind you that my contract as superintendent has five years to run."

"Therefore you have nothing to lose by co-operation in my plans."

"On the contrary, sir. Besides salary, I am guaranteed a percentage on net profits, rationally computable on the average of former years of conservative management. These reforms—these changes—will have cut my percentage one half. Hitherto I have not complained."

"We understand each other," exclaimed Rensen, rising and taking his hat. "That is an explanation. It accounts for all the conservatism in the world. But after this you will not have to suffer in pocket for any reforms, nor shall you . . ."

"What do you intend to do, sir?"

"I shall consult the owners of this property."

"Am I to understand that my contract as superintendent—"

"Nothing will be done to prejudice your percentage."

Mr. Townsend removed his glasses with a shady hand. His leaden eyes had a moisture in them; his voice was hoarse with genuine feeling. "I am an old man, Mr. Rensen, and I have served your family many years. We ought not to talk this way. We ought not to be at odds. I can never forget that your grandfather gave me a start in life, and your worthy father put me in this position. Do you think I have ever taken a dishonest penny? Have I been unfaithful?"

"There is no question as to good faith and honesty," said the other, rather embarrassed and uncomfortably repentant.

"My life is bound up with the works. God knows that while I appreciate a just recompense—and the percentage interest is more a cherished token of trust—I would rather stay here without salary to keep up the name of the old house. No one else knows the ins and outs of the business. There may be trouble ahead, though the men are at work. I beg you, sir, to do nothing rash and let me manage . . . at least until this crisis is over. When you have learned the details of the business, do what you think is right."

Rensen saw a tear glazing the leaden eyes and how the superintendent's hand shook.

When he was a boy, this old man was managing the works. A rigorous conservative, formally set, yet devoted, toiling and planning not alone for himself—no wonder that a sudden radical idea came as a shock. And naturally the business, with its ancient name, its forms and traditions, meant far more to him than to the detached future-seer owner.

"Let us shake hands," said the young man at length, "and agree for the present to leave things as they are."

"God bless you! God bless you, my boy! Your father and I had many an argument, but we always ended it like this. He never minded my plain speaking, nor I his."

"Then I hope you and I will live to exchange many friendly blows," said Rensen smilingly.

However, as he left the office, he had messed it up; putting himself in the wrong with temper and sarcasm, gaining no rational thorough knowledge of the situation, striking colors to sentiment.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The arched gateway, where the sign

'Man Wanted' had taken an ennuied eye, again was Rensen's haven. He feared lest he might be turned away, for now indeed no mystic sign showed on the brick wall; but it happened there was at least a temporary vacancy in the post of laborer, owing to some family event. The gatekeeper, enrolling him as a substitute, said he was lucky to be a single lad and no children coming. This time the application blank could be filled out honestly and respectfully—"Last place of employment?"—"Why did you leave?"

He crossed the yard, past the scrap-laden car, the piles of boxes, the noisy cleaning room, and the cupola. He entered the foundry with its high smoky rafters. The smell of burnt sand, flour and wood seemed almost a grateful essence. Attacking a heap of sand with a short, smooth-bladed shovel, he was soon absorbed and exhilarated. More like sport than toil, the shovel sank deep, lifted and flung away; the muscles of thigh and back, leg and arm joyously responded; every chest-swelling breath, every drop of sweat rolling from his forehead added to the sense of well-being. As a new discovery he realized the marvelous gift to man—labor, that drives away phantoms, that heals the body better than physic, that surpasses theological remission of sins.

By labor the drunkard earns self-respect, the moral skulker of any kind turns a new page of hope.

After a while Rensen began to notice that his elation was a personal affair. The men, if not quite sullen or gloomy, worked doggedly, saying little to one another. The old-time jests and practical jokes seemed to be in disfavor. Blackwash Zienski glowered in his corner, scraping a whiskered cheek with a trowel point. John Day, on his knees, smoothing a pillar mold with delicate thumb motions, hummed 'The Girls of Killarney' in sober undertone. Even Tom Locker and the apprentices had lost their frankish habit. No one took much interest in the returned laborer, nor asked him to find the key of the cupola; they accepted his presence as a matter of course—all except Day, who laid hand on his shoulder and said he was glad to see him.

"Son, you're a natural born molder if the doctors couldn't kill you," said the old man with a momentary cheerfulness.

Although Rensen was partly prepared for it and had long discounted the scope of his philanthropy, it was surprising and grievous to see the men's indifference or hostility toward the improvements. The foundry was now snug, warm and well-lighted. No more loose doors and broken windows let in cold blasts. Ventilation pipes went along the walls above the steam radiators, giving a fan-driven circulation of fresh heated air. In place of the clumsy wooden triangles an electric crane—a truss of steel, wheeled on two aerial tracks the width of the shop—ran noiselessly from end to end of the building; it could lift twenty tons as easily as a crowbar; it went back and forth—sideways, obedient to the man who swung beneath in a cage, like an aeronaut. There were new ladders, shovels and other tools. The Superintendent's good faith had also extended to a tiled washroom with all sanitary conveniences. This was built into the yard, green tiled on the sides, floored with mosaic, with heated and lighted marble washbasins with hot and cold water; lockers for the men to keep their things in; every convenience, including three shower baths.

(To be continued.)

Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House of Commons, U. S. A., has been removed from the Committee of the House on rules. This means that Uncle Joe will not have the power to make the rules governing the right of Congressmen to speak, and so on. Under the old system Cannon could kill any bill he liked by refusing to recognize the proposer thereof. Cannon's defeat means that the Congressmen will be allowed freer discussion and more freedom in proposing bills. But this goes a very little way. Until the workers of the states control their own jobs they will be in slavery.

## The Worker's Collection

Here is a New Collection of Books for the Worker. Manual or Brain. These books are to follow up the Banner Collection, and lead right up to where the student of Socialism can take up the heavier works. The books in this list are too well known to need much comment. Every Scientific Socialist knows they are all right. There are no better published. Clear and logical in every particular.

1. Introduction to Socialism—Richardson . . . . .	5c
2. Socialism, Utopian and Scientific . . . . .	10c
3. Science and Socialism—LaMonte . . . . .	5c
4. The Evolution of the Class Struggle . . . . .	10c
5. Communist Manifesto—Marx and Engels . . . . .	10c
6. Wage Labor and Capital, Marx . . . . .	10c
7. Value, Price and Profit, Marx . . . . .	10c

Fifty Cents is the price for this excellent bunch of seven books. Two shiny pictures of a Fifty Cent Postal Note will take them from Cotton's Book Department. Be sure and ask for the Worker's Collection.

# OVER SIX THOUSAND

The six thousand mark has been passed. Subscriptions have been coming in gloriously and Cotton's is bumping the bumps on the way up.

The Comrades have responded and the sub list is climbing. To help the Comrades get subscriptions I have lowered the price in club lots. Five halfers for a dollar and five yearlies for two dollars. This is an increase of the purchasing power of the Socialist dollar of twenty-five per cent.

More readers are coming every week. Men and women with their faces to the light. Men and women who are willing to incur the odium attached by politician, priest, capitalist and the influential to a movement for the uplift of humanity.

The sub list is going up. The higher it goes the fiercer will become the fight. The closer will the battle lines be drawn between the plundering capitalists with their ignorant or ignoble supporters and the Social Revolutionaries.

As for me the quicker the sub list grows and the fight develops the better I will be pleased. And I know that the sub hustlers are of like mind with myself.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario . . . . .	23	190	2106
British Columbia . . . . .	9	172	983
Prov. of Quebec . . . . .	16	28	809
Alberta . . . . .	4	43	588
Nova Scotia . . . . .	28	11	500
Saskatchewan . . . . .	4	56	381
Manitoba . . . . .	6	21	339
New Brunswick . . . . .	2	—	247
Elsewhere . . . . .	3	1	59
Yukon Territory . . . . .	—	—	16
Prince Ed. Island . . . . .	—	1	11
Newfoundland . . . . .	—	—	8
Total . . . . .	95	523	6048

Gain for week 428  
Total issue last week 8,000.

## THE CAPITALIST TO THE WORKER

By Lewis Dart.

Bear patiently, my brother,  
Thy hunger and distress,  
'Twill matter not in heaven  
That thou hadst more or less.

This world is for the fittest,  
I who am fit may own;  
For me the wine and music,  
For thee the crust and bone.

Yet am I not ungentele,  
For on great holidays  
I give thee joy and feasting—  
That thou may'st give me praise.

Plead not thy greater effort,  
Plead not that thou dost earn  
By sweat of brain or body,  
For thou canst never turn

The law of progress, brother;  
Unfit are they who sweat,  
The joys of life go past them,  
The fit are they who get.

Thy tribute to the fittest,  
Thy labor, bought and sold,  
Obey the law of progress  
And bring me wine and gold.

We're other law to govern,  
Our earth would halt in space,  
Our sun grow dark and frigid,  
Each star fall from its place.

Back to thy toil, dear brother,  
—Naught here is wrong or strange;  
Take up thy burden humble,  
For thou canst never change.

The law of progress, brother:  
Unfit are they who sweat,  
Fools work, produce and suffer,  
The fit are they who get.

## THE DREAMERS.

Get gold! Long have you chimed  
that song  
A lyrie-ancient as the past is long;  
Aye, has it drowned the faint cry  
from the slums,  
The nesting place of starving babes  
and bums.

Get gold! Ah, drown all else, yet  
leave me gold—  
The wail of babe, the jest of bum, is  
old;  
Pour out the mellow wine and drink  
to health,  
Ye pal-exploiters in the chase of  
wealth.

Drink on, the years are few, ere you  
grow old  
Dream oftener still your sordid  
dream, get gold.

That murmur rising from the trodden  
slum  
Fear not—are you not master of the  
babe and bum?

But hark! Do I not hear that  
thundering roar?  
Oh, help! Is there no peaceful shore?  
Ah, no, reap now the harvest of the  
slums.

You starved the babes—face now the  
sword of bums!  
—Elma Arnold Woodward.

No revolutionary movement can be  
respectably judged by the standards it  
seeks to overthrow.—Wm. Mailly.

The wage slaves earn a good living  
—for their masters.

## Unionist Combination

MANY comrades have been writing in asking for information on Industrial Unionism. After a long search we have selected the following little books, which explain all the different phases of Unionism, by the best present day authorities, Eugene V. Debs, Wm. E. Trautman and others. All these books are pertinent to the man under the machine. Here they are:

1. INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, by Trautman.
2. REVOLUTIONARY UNIONISM, by Debs.
3. YOU RAILROAD MEN, by Debs.
4. CLASS UNIONISM, by Debs.
5. CRAFT UNIONISM, by Debs.
6. INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, by Debs.
7. METHODS OF ACQUIRING NATIONAL POSSESSION OF OUR INDUSTRIES, by Richardson.
8. REVOLUTION, by London.
9. YOU AND YOUR JOB, by Sandburg.
10. THE MAN UNDER THE MACHINE, by Simons.

These books were formerly sold at five cents per copy, but you can have the ten now for 25 Cents. Send for them to Cotton's Book Department and get this fine combination.

## PROVINCE OF QUEBEC MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF COWANSVILLE.

At a special session of the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Cowansville, held at the usual place of sessions of the said Council, the 24th day of March, 1910, duly convened under provisions of the Municipal Code of the Province of Quebec, at which meeting were present: His Worship the Mayor, W. F. Vilas, Esq., and the Councillors, Messrs. Enoch Russell, H. F. Williams, John McCabe, William G. G. George, F. L. Fuller, M. D., and Robert H. Strange, being all the members of the said Council, and after the reading of the minutes under the presidency of the Mayor.

It is ordained and enacted by By-law as follows:—

## BY-LAW NO. 109

Whereas, the Corporation of the Village of Cowansville is actually indebted in the sum of nine thousand five hundred dollars, being as and for the balance of the purchase price of the following immovable property:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land forming part of the south part of the lot of land known as number one hundred and twenty-nine (129) on the official Cadastral Plan and Book of Reference of the Village of Cowansville, bounded to the East by Willard Street, to the South by the south line of the said lot, to the North by the south line of the said lot, and to the North by a line to be drawn from the East line of said lot to the West line thereof, and to the South line of said lot, keeping a distance of twenty rods therefrom, containing about two acres and one-seventh in superficies, subject to the conditions of sale of the said piece of land and to a certain restriction as to the use of said land; including the said Company right of way and the right of way from the 'Montreal and Atlantic Railway Company' (C. P. R.) for ninety-one years, from November first, nineteen hundred and seven, of a strip of land forming part of lot number one hundred and fifty-five on the Cadastral Plan for the said Village of Cowansville, and bearing to the West a line of said piece of land, subject to the payment of the rent and the fulfilment of all the conditions of said mortgage, and a two storey brick building, plant, machinery and other equipment."

WHEREAS, the said property was purchased by the said Corporation of the Village of Cowansville from the liquidators of the Woodburn Sons Company Limited, in process of liquidation under the Winding Up Act, solely for the purpose of protecting its rights and interests in the same.

WHEREAS, for the purpose of paying the said balance of purchase price it is necessary for the said Corporation of the Village of Cowansville to borrow nine thousand five hundred dollars.

THEREFORE, it is ordained and enacted by the present by-law as follows:

1. That the Corporation of the Village of Cowansville is hereby authorized to borrow the sum of nine thousand five hundred dollars, payable on the first day of the month of May, nineteen hundred and forty (1940), and bearing interest at five per centum per annum, proceeds of which loan shall be extended for the purpose aforesaid.

2. That said loan shall be contracted by an issue of nineteen debentures of five hundred dollars each, issued under the signatures of the Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer of the said Corporation of the Village of Cowansville, and bearing to the West a line of said piece of land, subject to the payment of the rent and the fulfilment of all the conditions of said mortgage, and a two storey brick building, plant, machinery and other equipment."

3. That in order to provide for the payment of the said loan, a sinking fund of six hundred and sixty-five dollars is hereby imposed upon all the taxable real property of the Municipality of the Village of Cowansville, and the necessary said tax to be apportioned and distributed according to the Valuation Roll of the said Municipality, and the same shall be collected in the same manner as ordinary taxes.

4. That the Mayor and Secretary-Treasurer of the Corporation of the Village of Cowansville be and they are hereby authorized to sign said debentures and interest coupons, and affix the corporate seal.

5. The present by-law shall have no force nor effect until it shall be approved by the municipal electors of the said Corporation of the Village of Cowansville, hereby certifying the above to be a true copy of By-Law number one hundred and nine (109) passed by the Council of the Municipality of the Village of Cowansville, at a Special Session thereof duly convened for said purpose, and held in the Council Chambers, the regular place of meeting of the said Municipality, on the eighth day of March, at the hour of ten o'clock in the afternoon, on the twenty-fourth day of March, one thousand nine hundred and ten.

Given at Cowansville, this 25th day of March, 1910.

W. H. MACFARLANE  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Province of Quebec,  
Municipality of the  
Village of Cowansville.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that pursuant to a resolution of the Council of the Municipality to that effect, duly passed at a session of said Council, duly convened and held for the purpose of considering, and if deemed expedient, then in that case of passing by-law hereinafter mentioned and of all resolutions in furtherance thereof, at the usual place of meeting of said Council, in the Council Chambers, in said Municipality, on the TWENTY-FOURTH day of MARCH, one thousand nine hundred and ten (1910) a meeting of the municipal electors of said Municipality, for the purpose of ratifying or rejecting the proposed By-Law number one hundred and nine (109) duly passed by said Council at said special session, and that a poll will be taken and there held for said object as provided by law.

Given at Cowansville this twenty-fifth day of March (1910) one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. H. MACFARLANE W. F. VILAS  
Secretary-Treasurer Mayor