

THE CLASS WAR

By Frank Kenwin in the Machinists Monthly

Society is composed of two classes, those who work for wages and those who hire them.

Between these two classes there is a war, more bitter and cruel than any other war.

Other wars have been fought by men, but in this industrial war women and children are the chief sufferers.

The working class are using as weapons the trade union, the boycott, union label, the strike and in some cases the ballot.

The capitalists, in an effort to keep the workers in subjection, use the blacklist, the pulpit, press and courts.

The capitalists realize that if they wish to keep the workers in subjection they will have to have control of the Government.

The majority of the workers have not realized this fact yet.

They join unions, go on strike, do picket duty, get arrested and clubbed, buy union made goods and do many other things in an effort to better their conditions and, then on election day they deliberately vote for worse conditions by voting for members of the ruling class, who must of necessity make our condition worse in order to make their own condition better.

The ballot is the best weapon the workers have.

The trade union alone can never free the workers from wage slavery.

It can only better our condition a little for the time being.

The capitalist class, owning all the things we must have in order to support life, can at any time raise the prices and take from us all we may have won by striking.

If we want to win a permanent victory, we will have to acquire control of the Government and run all the industries in our interests.

We will never get what we want by voting for what we do not want.

The only reason why the majority of the workers vote wrong is because they do not know any better.

They are surrounded by false teachers, many of whom are in the pay of the capitalists.

Nearly all the newspapers of this country are owned by the capitalists. The editors of these sheets, being wage slaves, must write the kind of stuff their masters tell them to.

Many preachers, depending on the rich members of the congregation for the large part of their salary, hesitate to tell the truth. You can not blame them much, either, but you need not believe all the stuff they tell you.

The trade unions are full of men who knowingly or unknowingly are misleading the workers. Some of these men are in the employ of the Pinkerton agency and are working for their master, the capitalist.

Some of the so-called labor leaders are wined and dined by the capitalists and told that they are darned smart fellows.

These chaps are not paid any money.

They can be bought with a little flattery.

Still others are misleading the workers, in the hope that when the workers get wise to them and elect better men to their position, the capitalists will give them a good job as an inspector of immigration or a position on the Civic Federation.

The workers must think for themselves.

They can not expect their masters or any of their tools to point to them the way of freedom from wage slavery.

We need the truth and an education along economic lines, and we can only get these things from members of our own class; men whose past record proves them to be our friends.

Every time we buy a capitalist paper or magazine we are giving the enemy more money with which to crush us.

Without our support the capitalist press can not live.

If we would not read their lying papers they could not deceive us.

If you do not want to support the trade union or working class press at least do not help your enemies to crush you and your class deeper into the mire. Just previous to election day the spellbinders and the capitalist editors tell us that we are the smartest people on earth.

The fact is we must be the most foolish people of any civilized country or we would not be foolish enough to listen to their speakers or read their papers.

During the anthracite strike of 1902 the capitalist dailies filled with lies calculated to break the strike were thrown in the yards of the striking miners free of charge.

But the scheme did not work. The

EUREKA LEAFLETS—15 titles. 12c per 100; 50c per 500; 80c per 1000. State whether you want them for farmers or wage slaves.

men realizing that the paper was owned or controlled by a coal operator, refused to read it.

We are wage slaves because we do not know how to retain possession of the wealth we produce.

The working class press of the country is willing to be taught.

If you are beginning to learn reader, it is your duty to your family to persuade some of your shopmates to subscribe also.

THE CAMORRA

The Camorra of Naples is a secret criminal society like the Mafia of Sicily.

The Camorrista have terrified Naples for years. They have held people up. They systematically levy blackmail on the wealthy. They terrorize judges and witnesses. The government finds it hard to extirpate the society.

Recently the Italian government has become active. Forty-two Camorrista were caught. They have been taken to Viterbo, and shut up in an old convent. They are being tried in a place remote from the centre of the society. They are brought into the court room and placed in a steel cage during the trial. Their accusers are kept in other steel cages. The jurors and judges are taking their lives in their hands to try them.

Is Italy, therefore, so much more wicked than other countries? I do not think so. Special conditions have produced the Italian type of criminal. These conditions are economic.

Naples and its environs are the most densely populated region in Europe. The region is known as "the labored earth." The American and Canadian papers seem to think that the government will get the best of the Camorra. It may convict the present prisoners but the Camorra will continue. For it is founded on economic causes, the vast poverty of the people and the unequal distribution of wealth.

The struggle is an old one. There was the same government activity in 1900. But the activity, although successful against the prisoners, did nothing to stop the society.

Ernesto Ferri, Professor of Criminology, in a lecture delivered at Naples on April 24th, 1901, thus refers to the Camorra.

"You have lately had in Naples a very fortunate struggle, which seems to have overcome one of the representatives of the high Camorra. But can we believe that the courageous work of a few public writers has touched the roots of the Camorra in this city? It would be self-deception to think so. For we see the plants blossom out again, even after the most destructive hurricane has passed over them.

"The healing of society is not so easy, that a collective plague may be cured by the courageous acts of one or more individuals. Labor is the sole perennial energy of mankind which leads to social perfection. But if you have 100,000 persons in a city like Naples who do not enjoy the certainty and discipline of employment at methodical and common labor, you need not wonder that the uncertainty of daily life, an ill-fed stomach, and an anemic brain, result in the atrophy of the moral sentiment, and that the evil plant of the Camorra spreads out over everything. The processes in the law courts may attract the fleeing attention of public opinion, of legislation, of government, to the disease from which this portion of the social organization is suffering, but mere repression will not accomplish anything lasting."

The Camorra will persist until the economic basis of its existence is removed. When the social organization produces food, clothing and shelter for all and a chance to work at useful labor together with the abolition of unearned incomes, the Camorra will cease of itself.

We have many railway millionaires. They did not make their wealth by their own energy. They made it by plundering the people. The Dominion, provincial and municipal bodies have given the railroad owners of Canada \$200,000,000 in cash and 55-292,321 acres of land exclusive of the land the province of Ontario has given them. Railway bonds to the extent of \$127,336,000 have also been guaranteed. Capitalism makes the workers the expropriated slaves of the franchise and cash grabbers.

The aim of law according to old Roman law was, according to a celebrated definition, "to do justice, not to injure another and to give each that which belongs to him." In Roman days there was chattel slavery. The law gave the body and will of the slave to the master because it belonged by law to that master. Injustice can reign rampant under grand sounding maxims. We find that to be the case in the Canada of today.

Cotton's will not issue any more sub cards on credit. It has proved too costly in book-keeping and postage. Cash must accompany all orders.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER X.

Fate, or Something, Had Fought Against Him.

(Continued.)

So Dinny thought some more and then he went back to Nora and told her all about the zero weather in Winnipeg, and she agreed that they oughtn't to go there till next spring anyway. And in the end he went down to the track and told the foreman he would start work in the morning if the pay was to be a dollar and a half. Fortunately they had not yet purchased their tickets for Winnipeg. The remainder of the evening was spent in getting apartments and once more they started house-keeping. Spud was disappointed, but he cheerfully acquiesced in Nora's opinion that the baby might not be able to survive forty-five degrees below zero. And that's how near Dinny came to getting "out West."

All through the fall and winter Dinny worked steadily, never losing a day, wet or shine. He found the foreman, John Vinton, a very decent sort of man, and the two families became quite intimate. The Malones rented a little three-roomed house and furnished it on the instalment plan, and by the time the cold weather-set in they were comparatively snug. There was a lot of zero weather even at Fort William, but it did not worry them greatly, as the baby seemed to thrive on it. About Christmas they received the first and only letter from Spud Murphy. He had not stopped in Winnipeg very long; it was not far West enough for him, and he had gone on first to Brandon, then to Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, and was now at Banff, right in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, where he was engaged in manufacturing spruce beer. He was going further west in the spring and would write again. But he never did. And here we must take our leave of Spud, as he doesn't connect up with Buncombe & Scrapp's, but what I know of his subsequent history would make interesting reading. He was in some of the biggest mining boom towns of British Columbia, but he always came out poorer than he went in. He could not catch the rimble dollar, and if one jumped into his hands he could not hold it. It takes a great deal of cunning to manipulate the golden stream so that it shall flow your way, and Spud was no manipulator. The last I saw of him was some four or five years ago when he was going north from Similkameen in an empty freight wagon. He told me he was on his way to the Peace River country. Poor old Spud! Nobody's enemy but his own.

It was along in June, when baby Kathleen was eighteen months old and about the time they had intended leaving for Winnipeg, that the stork paid a visit to the Malones and left another little girl. They named her Nora. So now there were three months to fill besides his own, and Dinny began to admit that his chance of ever going further west was not particularly healthy. However, he still cherished that ambition; and hoped to be able to make the effort later on in the summer. But before the summer was over something happened, and Dinny did not go to Winnipeg that year.

It was in August and the section gang had been at work several miles down the line. There were eight of them, and they were pumping their handcar home after a hot day's work. It was still hot and the sun still shone high. There was the sudden shriek of a locomotive, and the men jumped off the car as a light engine appeared around a curve. It was travelling at great speed and was pretty close by the time the handcar had been lifted clear of the rails. There was a wooden handle at each corner of the car, and the men who had lifted with their backs to the engine had either been blinded by sweat or had been too scared to see that the inner handle still overhung the outer rail. The foreman told the nearest man to lift the handle clear, but the man looked at the approaching engine and stepped back. Now the only damage that could have occurred would have been the cutting off of one handle of a common railway handcar had the foreman not been so anxious to save the company's property at the risk of his life. He stepped forward to do what the man had been afraid to do, and just then the engine swept by, striking off the handle and knocking the car around with such force that the other handle on the same end struck the foreman in the pit of the stomach. He fell to the ground unconscious, and the engine sped on like a flying, screaming, smoking demon gloating over the evil deed it had accomplished.

Dinny and two or three of the men who were facing the engine had shouted "Stand back," but it was too late. The whole thing had happened and was over in less than an instant of time. John Vinton had sacrificed his life to save the company's property. They replaced the car on the track and took him home, but the doctor pronounced him dead as soon as he saw the body. And the poor wife and little ones! Ah, I must draw a veil over that. It is happening somewhere in this exceedingly civilized country every day in the year. Of course it was an accident. The company could not be blamed for it. Nobody even hinted at such a thing. But did they make such provision for the widow and children as would have been done in the case of an assistant general manager, or a superintendent of division, or even a roadmaster? Of course not; that isn't the way the system works. The company paid the funeral expenses and gave Mrs. Vinton a small sum, small for the life of a breadwinner, but big enough, perhaps, as the system plays the game.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody

any good. That night the roadmaster notified Dinny that he was to take Vinton's place and take the gang out in the morning. This was a raise to fifteen dollars a week, and once more the idea of going west began to loom up in Dinny's mind. In a year or two he would have enough to take up land and buy stock, and even while grieved at the sudden death of poor Vinton he could not entirely suppress a feeling of elation at the bright prospect ahead.

The months slipped by, winter passed and summer came again. Nora had got over all feelings of homesickness and had begun to like the life at Fort William with its grand view of the great inland sea. But it was not the town or the scenery that had wrought this change in Nora's feelings, although she thought it was. It was the economic determinism of the case. Fifteen dollars a week figured out at three pounds a week to her, and three pounds a week was big money. Why, three pounds a month was first-class wages home in Ireland. It is always so, it always has been so—the economic conditions always determine the case. The terrible anxiety and worry of having to make the two ends meet had been unknown since Dinny had been made foreman. She had received letters regularly from her uncle and in his last he had told her he was coming out to America. He had obtained the pastorate of a small church near a certain city and expected to leave Ireland about the end of the present summer. He would come up to see them at the first opportunity.

In November of that year, when baby Nora was nearly eighteen months old, the stork came again and left still another girl. She was named Aileen. Four months to feed now, Dinny! But Dinny only grinned and said fifteen dollars a week would stand it all right.

At Christmas Father O'Connor came and the meeting was simply great. The priest was getting an old man now and he had nobody in the wide world but Nora and Nora's children; he would live years longer, he said, if he could be near enough to see them once in a while. He stayed nearly a month and when he left he said he would be sure and come again next Christmas if he were alive. And so he did, and stayed another month.

The summer after that Dinny met with an accident. There had been a week down the line, and he and his gang were going down on a work-train in response to a telegram to send down all the men available, when the flat car on which they were riding left the rails and ran on down an embankment. Most of the men jumped, but Dinny and two others were caught under the car as it turned over at the bottom of the embankment. Dinny received a compound fracture of the thigh and several broken ribs while the other two got off with gashed heads and bruised bodies. The conductor of the work-train went to the nearest station and telegraphed for an engine and car to take the injured back to Fort William, and the news soon spread over the town that Dinny and several of the men had been killed. Of course there were plenty eager to sympathize with Nora, and by the time Dinny was brought home the doctor was at his house with Nora almost delirious and a baby boy born prematurely. The child had convulsions and did not survive many hours. The old saying that "trouble never comes alone" was amply exemplified here.

It was four months before Dinny was fit for work again and Christmas was close at hand once more. Father O'Connor came up on his annual visit and he persuaded Nora and Dinny to go back with him. There was lots of easy jobs Dinny could get in the city, he said. With his money added to Dinny's they could live comfortably and he wouldn't need to spend a small fortune to visit them every winter.

So they spent their last Christmas at Fort William and went to the big city to live, because the long spell of sickness and the heavy expense entailed had eaten up nearly all Dinny's little hoard, and he was too disheartened to begin all over again. Besides, there were five of them now, and he could not expect to save in the future even if he saved twice as hard as he had in the past.

For more than five years he had worked, never losing a single day, and here was the result—he had even less money than when he landed at Quebec! His dream of going west some day had been a great spur to him all along and had kept his will keyed up to the most rigid tension in order to satisfy Desire. His spirit had never flagged in the matter of working out his laudable ambition; but now the dream faded, flickered and went out. Fate, or something, had fought against him, he thought, and he had lost—the first round, anyway.

It was quite true. Something had fought against him, but Dinny had no idea what that something was. How could he know? He had never seen it, never touched it, never sensed it, so he asked, and yet there was hardly a worker on the C. P. R. between Montreal and Vancouver but what had a vague, undefined consciousness that something was fighting against him.

That splendid institution, the Canadian Pacific Railway, perhaps the mightiest railway corporation in the world, with its thousands of employees, its millions of miles of steel, its millions of acres of land, its steamships on both oceans, its stockholders scattered amongst all the nations of the earth and its powerful influence over the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments, is but a type of every privately owned corporation the world over. Its one aim is the making of dividends, and dividends can only be made through profits. The last dividend declared was thirty-

three million dollars! This vast sum was earned by toilers like Dinny who never lose a day, yet they can never get any farther because they are only allowed a bare living wage—just sufficient to keep them in bodily health and no more. And yet these poor, ignorant workers, resent being called wage slaves. They like to boast of being free men. Oh, ye gods! can anything be more pitifully ludicrous? Are they not slaving every day of their barren, monotonous lives to earn dividends for parasite non-workers, many of whom have never seen the C. P. R.?

It will not require any great amount of intelligence to see what the something was that fought against Dinny, as it fights against every worker. It was Profit, a heartless, soul-less thing! A devilish, brutal, soul-destroying nonentity that has driven millions to suicide and made a charnelhouse of every industry that our boasted civilization has brought us; a corrupting influence that is destroying the physical man and degrading the indestructible spiritual man. And yet this thing has been elevated to the position of a god and is being enthusiastically worshipped by the great majority of a degenerate race of humans.

Profit! Until that devil is overthrown there can be no justice for the workers and no peace on earth! (To be continued.)

A LITTLE BETTER

There were 72 yearlies, 232 halfers and 61 trials last week. This is travelling at the rate of 10,933 subscriptions a year.

That is a little better. It shows that the hustling army are facing their foes and are holding their ground.

But capitalism is a rotten, rotten ripe for change. It is not enough to hold the list steady! It must be swung upward to the hundred thousand mark.

The old Conservatives put the C.P.R. deal through. The Liberals objected. Laughed at the idea. The Liberal candidate of this county, within six miles of Cowansville, declared that the road would never pay axle grease. It is now paying thirty-three million dollars a year in surplus profits.

Cotton's is going to the hundred thousand mark, and you, Comrade, are going to help put it there. Can't be done? Remember the C. P. R.

Cotton's is to become the most powerful political paper in Canada. It is the paper that will make capitalism tremble on its throne.

There are those who laugh at Socialism, but they read not the future. It will take sacrifice on your part, hard work, and enthusiasm. You have got these qualities for I have proved them in the past.

Now, Comrades, let us all work together and give Cotton's the biggest circulation of any political paper in Canada. Go to your fellow slaves with the light of triumph in your eyes. Get him interested. Go to the little storekeeper who is being hard pinched, to the office clerk, the farmer. They are all interested; vitally interested in the overthrow of capitalism.

There are two ways to face a crisis, the one is with a feeling of failure and despair; the other is with a feeling of triumph and the certain knowledge of victory through effort.

Comrades, you are going to put Cotton's to that hundred thousand mark because you are filled with an enthusiasm that nothing can quench, and you are willing to fight with the laughter of glad hope in your hearts.

Comrades, there are entrenched fortresses of slavery and ignorance. Forward to the charge!

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of March 16.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	307	219	526
British Columbia	63	57	120
Alberta	37	19	56
Prov. of Quebec	39	17	56
Nova Scotia	47	32	79
Manitoba	23	3	26
Saskatchewan	33	17	50
New Brunswick	13	4	17
Elsewhere	5	3	8
Yukon Territory	0	1	1
Newfoundland	0	0	22
Prince Ed. Island	2	0	2

Total 569 372 941

Loss for week 197

Total issue last week was 11,300

Bundle Prices.

10 copies per week, for 3 months	\$1.00
25 copies per week, for 3 months	\$2.50
5 copies per week, for 6 months	\$1.00
10 copies per week, for 6 months	\$2.00
5 copies per week, for one year	\$2.00
7 copies per week, for one year	\$3.00

Cotton's can be made a Co-operative Publishing house if 250 shares are subscribed for by April 8th. Shares are \$10.00 each, payable 25 per cent. down and balance in three monthly payments.

\$1.35 pays for 100 Good White Wove or unruled, and 100 X-2 White Wove Envelopes, well printed, and postage prepaid to any address in Canada. All kinds of printing at same brand of prices. Under Label. Ask for samples. Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowansville, P.Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OPTIMISTIC FOR THE FUTURE.

Norwich, Ont.

March 12th, 1911.

To Cotton's, Greetings!

You will see I have been busy by the enclosed subs.

In the first place I must tell you that Kennaway is nothing more than a lumber mill situated on the margin of a small lake at which nine and sometimes ten men are employed.

I am English, a life-long Socialist. Arriving in this country just a year ago full of hope for the future, naturally endowed with a love of freedom and rusticity, I was attracted to the forest of Canada. But I soon learned that this country was not the El Dorado our capitalist friends would have us believe. I soon learned that labor here as elsewhere had to bend his back for a mere pittance. I soon learned this beautiful country of Canada lay writhing under the blight of capitalism. I soon learned that greed stalked rampant through the land. Oppressed by the murk, the gloom, the vastness of the city life of London, I hoped to experience a sense of freedom, freedom from man's inhumanity to man. Perhaps I expected too much.

In the words of "The blind old man of Chilo's rocky isle,"

Jove fixed it certain that, whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

And so it is life long slavery robs man of that good red blood and in the words of Longinus' philosophic friend "continually overflows and beats down his genius."

Since I have been in Canada I have watched the trend of events very closely, but I cannot understand things a wee bit. I cannot understand a people living in a land of glorious sunrises and superlative sunsets, whose hills are crowned by verdant forest, whose valleys are the abiding place of the placid silver lake, the rippling rill, the bubbling stream that wanders through the tufted grass and irrigates the countless flowers "star-scattered on the grass." I say again, I cannot understand a people ignoring these beauties of nature and entering body and soul into the miserable scramble for filthy lucre.

But I believe the hour is struck. I believe the deathknell of capitalism has sounded. Of the future I am optimistic. Fred Rowlett.

BROTHERHOOD.

Editor Cotton's Weekly:

I feel like saying a few things about Socialism. I have been a Socialist for quite a number of years, and have always voted that way when I have had a chance. I am a Socialist because I think it the most progressive political movement in existence.

I have always been taught that order was the first law of the universe, but I consider order but the classification or arrangement of the effects of progress.

Somewhere in your paper you said the brotherhood of man had been the dream of the ages. Why should it not become a fact? Brotherhood has been taught by all our great religions, mystics and philosophers in a classified form. Even Darwinians teach that mankind sprung from the same family of monkeys.

My idea is that the law of order has been allowed to take too much precedence over the law of progress, and all brotherhoods have been too much classified or organized until they have come to a standstill.

Now for Socialism. It has spread over the world because it knows no race, nationality or creed; teaching the progress and brotherhood of the majority of mankind. But it too is becoming classified and organized along certain lines, which in my opinion spells a halt in its progress.

Why limit it to the working class? Why mention class at all? Why not include every human being? Why not give a place in our teaching to every movement, every act that is for the progress of mankind, whether it comes from a Karl Marx, a king, a president, or a Canadian premier, or a crossing sweeper?

They are all brothers of the human family, and have every right to a brotherly feeling in our hearts. We Socialists are concentrating our minds to socialize the human race. If we classify, or divide the human race into classes, and leave a class or two out, how can we expect to succeed?

Yours in comradeship, A. Galloway.

(The answer to the above is that under Socialism there will be industrial democracy. Many classes will be abolished. The brotherhood of man will not come by trying to persuade robbed and robbers that they are equal brothers. The brotherhood of man will only come when robbery will have ceased and economic justice has arrived. Under the present capitalist regime it is somewhat difficult for people to treat people as individual brothers and also as class antagonists. Socialism does not aim at making antagonistic classes love one another. Socialism aims at introducing a social system under which the parasite classes will be abolished.)

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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DENTIST

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