

PRAISE WHICH CONDEMNS

Bishop Mills, in the Ontario Synod held at Kingston, after applauding the military burdens Borden is fastening upon Canada, had this to say of Borden's moral worth:

The rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, told me there was no one of whom he had a greater respect, or a more affectionate regard, because of the consistency of his life. While he lived there was not only always in his place in church and state, but in everything in connection with it, giving liberally of his means to its support—but though a busy and hard working man, he was a teacher of the senior Bible class, over whom he exercised a most exemplary and salutary influence; and many a young man in Halifax is indebted to him for guidance in the right direction.

Bishop Mills is in cahoots with the military spenders. He applauds the leviathans of murder. He sympathizes with the schemes for making cannon fodder out of human beings. As part of his speech he takes the subject of Borden and congratulates him for his navy policy and tells the public what a good, religious, Bible teaching man Borden is.

I beg to differ with Bishop Mills in his summing up of the character of Borden. Borden is not an exemplary man. He is not one to be followed. His advice should be listened to with great caution as coming from a suspicious character.

For Borden has climbed the political ladder to be Premier of Canada. He is the chief agent of the capitalist exploiters. He acts as the chief political executive of the class which live off unpaid labor. He is the patron and political agent of the labor skinner.

Borden has bent the pregnant hinges of the knee to the lords of capital. When the troops were called out in Springfield, N.S., he did not protest. When the troops were turned out to drive the Grand Trunk strikers back to their slavery, Borden did not protest. He does not open his lips over the Porcupine outrages now in progress.

Any man who becomes Premier of Canada under our present rotten political conditions is a person to be viewed with great suspicion.

Borden owns bank shares and is a considerable labor skinner himself. He is busy at such tasks as his fellow parasites order.

The praise Bishop Mills bestows upon Borden proves Mills to be a sycophant of the capitalist thieves, and a believer in the divine right of the big belled plutocrats to ride in luxury upon the slave class of Canada.

The General Manager in the Brain Tank

By Oscar Ameringer.

I don't know much about anatomy and still less about psychology. But from what has trickled down to me I gather that the brain tank is a kind of head office where the general manager sits and shovels the gray matter around that makes things happen.

From the brain tank run all kinds of telephone wires over the plant, over which the department heads, foremen and straw bosses, report to the head office. Important matters are immediately taken up by the old man and orders issued. But little things, such as casual observations, vague hints, and rumors, are filed away in the subconscious mind-case, where they lay until stirred out again.

If, for instance, the stomach is empty it can't crawl out to look for grub. The foreman phones to the brain tank and says, "no fuel under the boiler, this shebang will stop before long."

As soon as the G. M. gets this he steps to the phone and yells, "Hey, there, legs! Hike over to Spingale's grocery for a pair of kraut, a loaf of rye bread and two pounds of schweinswursters." "Get a move on you, hand, dig in those pockets for an iron wheel to pay the bill." "What's that? Nothing in it! Well, dig in somebody else's pocket; we can't let the fire go down."

That G. M. in the brain tank has no more conscience than the manager of a steel corporation plant. He's got to make the wheels go round or lose his job, and he's going to hang on to that job even if some of his subordinates got to steal.

Another time the hand picks up a piece of meat from the free lunch counter, that's all to the bad. Luckily, above the mouth, sits Mr. Nose, the pure food inspector. He no sooner smells "what's what," than ups and reports to headquarters. "Drop that meat, you fool," yells the G. M. "Can't you see it's poison, you dog-dogged blank blank blankety blank son of a molecule?"

Every once in a while something will get into the stomach that clogs up the fires, or smother the fires, and then you ought to see the old man act up. He pounds the desk. Kicks the swivel chair, throws books and raises Cain in general. No snoring around the head office either until the cause of the trouble is settled.

English Beauty tells Complexion Secrets

("Elise" in American Home.)

Through a fortunate meeting with an English lady, noted for her complexion, I recently learned the full meaning of that old adage, "Beauty is but skin deep." She taught me how to remove my muddled old skin, revealing the young and beautiful skin underneath. The process is so simple, harmless and inexpensive, I'm sure you'll be glad to know about it. Just get an ounce of ordinary mottled wax at any drug store and apply slightly, like cold cream, for a week or so. Every morning in washing off the wax, tiny particles of wax will come off, too. The skin is so gentle and gradual, there's no discomfort. It's a wonderful treatment, as it not only peels off the faded or discolored skin, but all of its defects, such as chaps, roughness, freckles, pimples, blotches, blackheads.

I am indebted to the same lady for a remarkable wrinkle-removing formula. One ounce powdered salicylic dissolved in a half pint witch hazel. Used as a face bath, this is so effective that just one application causes the fine lines to disappear, and soon even the deepest ones go.

You think the eyes see. Well, they don't see any more than the eyes on potatoes. They're a kind of magic lantern that throw pictures on a screen in the rear of the brain tank. If the G. M. is on the spot he'll tell you what the picture is. But if he's out, (as happens when a man is crazy) if the eyes throw the picture of a broom handle on the screen, that broom handle will claim its race horse, and ride it as a proof.

You also may have lived to a ripe old age in the belief that your ears hear. Nothing of the kind. The ear is but a little tambourine with tiny bone hammers on the inside that rattle when a noise strikes the eardrum. A dead man may have the best kind of ears, but does he hear? Not by a long sight. It's the G. M. in his brain tank that hears. The ear don't hear any more than the fiddle does. "A noise is a noise," you say. Not a bit. It all depends what the G. M. thinks about. You go to a Wagner opera. If your G. M. has been brought up right then you sit there for three hours, soak in the noise and cool your eyes in ecstasy, like a sentimental cat that got stuck on the man in the moon. But if your G. M. had the wrong raising then he tells you after the first half hour, "let's go back to the boiler factory, Pat, and have a dolce far niente; which is Latin for a waking snooze in a quiet place."

Well, this isn't all I know about the shop organization of the body. There is a heap more I could tell if I wanted to. But the purpose of this scientific treatise is only to show that the human mechanism is run by the G. M. in the brain tank. Whether this functionary is called conscience, will, soul or spook, is immaterial. The main thing is that he belongs to you. If he don't, there is trouble. And nine-tenths of all the trouble of us working people come from G. M.'s in our brain tanks. THAT'S THE END FOR STOCKHOLDERS ON THE OUTSIDE.—Social-Democratic Herald.

Do you know of anything lower than the job of a policeman hunting fees out of doing the dirty work of the master class? In St. John, N.B., there is a tax of \$7 on every worker who comes into St. John to work either temporarily, or permanently if he lives outside. This tax is not imposed to protect the St. John worker. It is imposed to make workers live inside the city so as to be sucked of rent by the tenement house sharks, or help pay the taxes. The workers of course try to escape this tax, and the masters pay the police seventy-five cents for each worker they report trying to dodge the \$7 fee. Sergeant Finley and Policeman Lee of the West St. John squad reported 60 workers in two days, and cleaned up \$45. The masters got \$375. The 60 workers paid both the \$45 and the \$375. Those policemen are low-down creatures to engage in such dirty work. They perform a certain service and get \$45 but the exploiters get \$375. Yet when we stop to think, they are only doing what all the working class are doing. They are working for the masters, and are getting but a small fraction of the results of their labor. If you work for a boss and produce \$10 per day and are given \$1.50 as a wage, what better off are you than the St. John police? You are dividing up with the boss and doing his dirty work, feeding him, etc., for a mere pittance.

Rev. R. W. Dickie, of the Crescent St. Presbyterian church, Montreal, recently spoke from the pulpit on the "slums" of that city. He said: "There are houses within five minutes walk of this church, which are not fit for swine, but which are made on a \$20 value, to bring in as much as \$60 a month to rapacious landlords. It has been proved there are slums in this city which are equal, if not in area, at any rate in depth of overcrowding and vice, to any that exists in the great centres of the United States or Great Britain. The slum district has numberless alleys and remnants of closed-in courtyards, rickety dwellings with oozy floors, and leaky roofs for which the very poorest are made to pay far in excess of their value. One family of five members, two of them sick, live in a basement without a door, which they reach through the doorway. The man who owns this property does as he likes, and the man who is capable of civic patriotism, is so preoccupied that he cannot take a hand in alleviating such conditions." This kind of talk from every pulpit in the land would go far towards ameliorating the unbearable conditions imposed upon the poor by the parasites who have forced them down to want and the level of the beast.

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Clothing manufacturers are installing machines in their cutting departments, one of which will take the place of forty men. What will these workers do? All other trades are installing labor saving machines, and letting out the men whose places they take. The machine age is closing in on us at a rapid rate. The man who today thinks his job is secure may wake up tomorrow and find a machine in his place doing the work of many men. Do the workers own these machines? No, the workers invented and built them, but the capitalists control them, and their product. Socialism can save the worker. When all the machinery of production and distribution are owned by the people and used for the people, the workers will be glad to see labor-saving machinery installed, for then the machines will be to their benefit; and not used to enrich a few useless parasites who could neither make a machine nor run one.

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WHY INDIA STARVES

Basanta Koomar Roy, Extension Lecturer of the University of Wisconsin, in New York Outlook.

America is confronted with the grave problem of the high cost of living. In India the problem is not to maintain a certain standard of life—it is to sustain existence itself. In past ages, when man's knowledge of the way to harness the forces of nature was meagre, when means of communication were defective, and, above all, when economic conditions were far from being understood, there were famines in every country. Even Great Britain, which has a world-wide empire and is rolling in wealth today, was the hotbed of famines, plagues and pestilences.

In England, Scotland and Wales there were in the
Eleventh century—twenty famines.
Twelfth century—fifteen famines.
Thirteenth century—nineteen famines.

Fourteenth century—Sixteen famines.

Fifteenth century—Nine famines.

Sixteenth century—Fifteen famines.

Seventeenth century—Six famines.

Eighteenth century—Seven famines.

Nineteenth century—Two scarcities.

And in the descriptions of these famines we read such characteristic expressions as "awful famine"; "endless multitudes died of famine"; "men driven by hunger ate dog and horse flesh, rats, cats, and other vile vermin, and some abstained not even from the flesh of men"; "such famine prevailed that everywhere in cities, villages, and cross-roads lifeless bodies lay unburied"; "unusual death—the living could scarcely bury the dead"; "such famine that people ate their children." This was in England, Scotland and Wales. So it was also on the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Yangtsekiang, and the Ganges.

Now let us turn to India. I take the following figures from "Prosperous British India," by Sir William Digby:
FAMINES IN INDIA BEFORE BRITISH RULE.
Eleventh century—Two famines.
Thirteenth century—One famine.
Fourteenth century—Three famines.
Fifteenth century—Two famines.
Sixteenth century—Three famines.
Seventeenth century—Three famines.

Eighteenth century to 1745—Four famines.
Nineteenth century—thirty famines.
To analyze the figures of the nineteenth century a little further. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century there were five famines with 1,000,000 deaths; in the second quarter, six famines with 5,000,000 deaths, and in the fourth quarter, eighteen famines, with 26,000,000 deaths.

What a change we notice now. European countries, with the aid of modern science and economic development, have killed famines; whereas in India famine still kills human beings.

INDIA NOT OVERPOPULATED.
It is true that the total area of India forms only one-twenty-fifth of the total land area of the world, and in it live one-fifth of the entire human race. But India taken as a whole is not overpopulated. There are other countries in the world that are more congested than India. Let the following figures from "The Statesman's Year Book" bear testimony to this statement. The density of population per square mile is in

Belgium	589
Holland	454
England and Wales	405.6
Japan	317
Italy	293.47
German Empire	290.4
China	266
Austria	226
India	211

If density of population should be the cause of famines in India, there ought to be famines in Germany, England, Belgium, Holland, etc., first, then India can take its turn. And again, within India itself, Bengal, which is the most thickly populated of all the provinces in India, has the fewest famines, whereas the Central Provinces, which are thinly populated, have the most and the worst.

It is quite evident that over-population is not the real cause of famine in India.

NO LACK OF RAIN.
Then is it caused by failure of rain? There are lessons who think so. The Viceroy and other British officials talk of it in season and out of season. Even so intelligent a man as Lord Morley finds it hard to be free from the trammels of this easy superstition. Shortly after his return from India the late Rev. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, rightly criticized Lord—then Mr.—Morley in a speech in his home city. He said: "Not long ago Mr. Morley made a speech in which he said he hoped he could not be blamed for the Indian famine; he did not suppose even Indians would demand of the Secretary of State that he play the part of Elijah on Mount Carmel, intimating that the only difficulty is the failure of the rains. But this is not true, and it seems incredible that any intelligent, adequately informed man could so misunderstand the situation." I, personally, do not think that any intelligent and well-informed man can misunderstand the situation, but it was to Mr. Morley's interest to misrepresent the state of affairs so as to send the world's thought on a wrong track, that people might not trace it to an origin not pleasant for him to contemplate.

Now, what are the facts in this case? In the country as a whole, rain never fails in India. India has

the heaviest rainfall in the world. In some parts of India it rains more in one day than it does in England throughout the year. Famine experts claim that "in any country an average of twenty inches properly distributed throughout the year insures reliable agriculture without irrigation." Even in famine years the average rainfall in India is far higher than twenty inches. In 1865-66, when there was a famine in Orissa, the rainfall was sixty inches.

In the year of the Bombay famine of 1876 the rainfall was fifty inches. In that of the Madras famine of 1877 it was sixty-six inches. The trouble is that water is no longer stored, as the Hindus used to store it—and this statement is corroborated by the presence of thousands of dry and silted tanks scattered throughout all India. Rain never fails in India, but it comes at the wrong time.

In America, of course, the great difficulty in irrigation is lack of water. But in India there is no want of water. Over and above the tremendous amount of rain water, India has thousands and thousands of rivers and rivulets, streams and streamlets, that rush towards the seas to empty their superabundant supply of water, which they gather from the melting snow on the tops of the mountains. The river and rain water afford a limitless source for irrigation. Major Philip B. Phipson, in the January, 1903, number of the "Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly," writing on "Poverty and Famine in India," says: "The water supply of India is ample for all requirements, it only requiring to be diverted from her rivers, stored up from her rainfall, and distributed over her fields, to secure such an abundance as shall leave no single human being wanting it."

This can be done only by building irrigation works of various kinds, suited to the peculiar conditions of different localities. It has been proved beyond doubt that irrigation is an antidote for failure of crops in India. But the trouble is that the British Government in India pays more attention to strategic railways and the efficiency of the army than to education, sanitation, or irrigation even though the latter brings into the government treasury seven per cent. interest on the investment.

Thirdly, is famine caused by lack of foodstuff in the country? In America there are many who believe that lack of foodstuff is the real cause of famine in India, a superstition which is to be found in most unexpected quarters. Thus we read in a standard text-book on economics: "In India the population presses so closely upon the food supply that any considerable failure in the rice crop is sure to result in famine and starvation." A sentence like this can emanate only from ignorance or prejudice, possibly both.

GREATEST FOOD PRODUCING IN THE WORLD.
In spite of the antiquated system of cultivation, in spite of the ignorance of the farmers, in spite of the caprices of the monsoon, and in spite of the inadequacy of irrigation works, India is one of the greatest food-producing countries in the world. Her rice crop is the greatest in the world, her wheat crop is surpassed only by that of Russia and the United States. In maize, peas, and pulse she stands among the first. Even in her worst famine years India has food enough for her people, and to spare. Crops may fail in the Central Province, but there is plenty in the Punjab. Crops may fail and famine may starve the people in the face of the United Provinces, but there is plenty, and more than plenty, in Bengal or Madras, and vice versa. Moreover, in famine years, when people die of starvation by thousands and millions, India actually exports food products to foreign countries. In the year 1900-1901 India exported 1,500,000 bushels of wheat, and still in that year the export of grains alone from British India stood at \$60,332,445. On the average, India exports food and drink worth about \$100,000,000 every year. Even in the famine districts of India there is no dearth of foodstuff; it is dearth of money that causes the suffering. If the pressure of population on the food supply were the real cause of famine in India, as the superstitious would have us believe, then may we ask in all earnestness, why is there no famine in England? The population there is so great and the food supply so insufficient that, if England had to depend on her own food supply, she could live for only three months, and the remaining nine months she would starve. It is safe to assume that at the end of the nine months, if not earlier, there would not be one soul left to tell the story of the famine there.

Why is there no famine in Germany when, if Germany had to rely on her own food products, she would starve for three months of the year? While India exports about \$60,000,000 worth of grains, the United Kingdom imports every year about \$721,000,000 worth of wheat, barley, oats, etc., for breadstuff alone, and imports about \$497,000,000 worth of grains, etc., for the same purpose.

However, with such facts and figures against Great Britain and Germany, we do not hear of famines in those countries; and India, with her abundant food supply, is still the very abode of chronic famine. Under such anomalous circumstances, what can be the real cause of famine in India? The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall said in the speech mentioned above: "There are factors in this terrible question which I would not care to discuss in this room. The obvious fact stares us in the face that there is at no time, in no year, any shortage of foodstuff in India. The trouble is that the taxes imposed by the English government being fifty per cent. of the produce,

the Indian starves that England's annual revenue may not be diminished by a dollar. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, ex-Member of Parliament, asserts that it is the economic drain to Great Britain from India which impoverishes India. Mr. A. H. Haggard, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, lays it at the door of his British compatriots by saying: "Famine is the gift of the British to India; it is the return given for careers for her sons in the civil and military services, for the pride of her power and conquest, for the pension of retired officers, their widows and children, for guaranteed interest on railways and other works, for regularly paid interest on government loans." Sir William Digby seems to agree with Mr. Haggard when he says: "England is largely responsible for the famines which have occurred in India during the nineteenth century."

THE REAL CAUSES.
But it is quite unsafe to ascribe this abnormal phenomenon to any one cause. It comes through a chain of causes inextricably mixed. No doubt if there were plenty of irrigation works the failure of rain would not at all affect the crops; again, if farmers had a little saving in fat years, one year's failure of crops would not cause death from starvation. Why is there no saving? Because they are rack-rented and the last penny is squeezed out of them even in a fat year. The Indian farmer even then does not have the luxury of enjoying a full meal. "Land tax," wrote Colonel Briggs in 1830, "like that which now exists in India, professing to absorb the whole of the landlord's rent, was never known under any government in Europe or Asia." This impoverishing land tax is the principal item of India's revenue. The British government must have this revenue to keep up her expensive system of government in the poorest country in the world. India is a country which is "drained of its necessities," to quote from Sir William Digby, "to pay high salaries to aliens—a country that has been made dependent entirely on agriculture because the world-renowned industries of India were destroyed when the 'British manufacturer began to employ,' as says H. H. Wilson, the historian, 'the arm of political injustice to keep down and ultimately strangle a competitor with whom he could not have contended on equal terms.'"

Thus it is evident that the causes that make for Indian famines are both economic and political; and it is hardly necessary to say that nowadays political power is a perquisite to right economic wrongs. The people of India are realizing the hopeless derangement of their economic life which expresses itself through the ghastly mortality from famine, plague, and malaria, and complete dependence on foreign manufactures. They are also realizing that these economic diseases that afflict India can never be cured save through good government. And as they are bound to elevate the economic status of their country, they are demanding more political power.

The British Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the General Railway Workers' Union, and the Pointmen and Signallers' Society, have put forward a scheme, whereby an executive committee of 24 will have the power to call out all railway workers without first taking a ballot. The capitalist class are horrified. They say this will do away with wage agreements and arbitral schemes and conciliation boards. At present the attitude of labor is making the hearts of the labor skinner quake. The shell of the old order is wearing thin, and the lords and barons and stockbrokers and railway owners and other like creatures are fearing that any time the old shell may go bust.

Butter which costs 26 cents a pound in Ingersoll, and pays 1 cent freight, costs 40 cents in Winnipeg. Potatoes in Ontario cost 30 cents a bushel, 3 cents freight, and sell for 65 cents in Winnipeg. Wholesale prices of apples in Winnipeg \$2.35 per barrel, retail price is \$5.25. The employers of labor are looking into this question and are going to swat the middlemen some heavy blows shortly. For the middlemen raise the cost of living and the employers of labor have to pay higher wages. Cut out the middlemen and the cost of living will fall and wages can be lowered through the workers fighting each other for jobs. The big exploiters want parcels post, for they figure it will give them more profits. They are dead set against the Socialist demand that the workers get, not merely cheaper living, but all the working class produce.

A man who had taken large shares in an iron and steel industry attended a shareholders' meeting a short time ago. He had never seen the inside of an iron works, and was curious as to the methods employed in the factory. He inquired of the president of the company. The president told the inquirer that he attended to the financial affairs of the institution and did not bother much about the workings of the plant. A foreman in blue jeans had to be called on to explain the modus operandi and conduct the new shareholder through the various departments. The president knew nothing of how the wealth was created, and cared not, as long as the profits were enormous. Many people claim the big money grabbers have a corner on the brain market. The real brains in this case were directing the lathes, drills, planers and other machinery grinding out profits for the shareholders to juggle with, so more machinery could be purchased and more profits made.

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A POLITICAL BISHOP

Right Rev. William Lennox Mills, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ontario, residing at Kingston, welcomed to that city the forty-eighth annual session of the Synod of the Diocese of Ontario.

In his speech this revered bishop of the Anglican church in Canada launched into political matters. He upheld the gift of three Dreadnaughts to the "defence of England." He declared that \$35,000,000 is a large sum of money, but Canada could well afford to pay it, and he, the Bishop, would feel little of the loyalty or wisdom of Canada if the sum was refused. He wanted to know where "we" would be if England were starved into submission. He declared the Laurier policy to be absurd, and congratulated Premier Borden.

We, as Socialists, have nothing to do with the religious doctrines of Mills, but we have much to say when he enters the political arena.

Mills may have a religion as bloodthirsty as he likes. He may hate the Germans and he may think that God, in His infinite wisdom, appointed the British race to thrust opium upon China by force of arms and rob India till the natives dropped dead in their tracks from starvation. The God of Mills for all I care, may be a God revelling in the waste of war and considering the smoke of cannon to be incense in his nostrils. As a Socialist I have nothing to do with his religious beliefs.

But we have much to say when Mills, welcoming an assembly of one of the great churches of Canada to his city, launches into the political arena.

The working class of Canada is opposed to battleships. The farmers are opposed to the waste of money. It is the working class who have to do the fighting. It is their mothers, wives and sisters who suffer the heartache. It is the children of the working class who suffer the want and misery of military burdens and the horrors of war.

The international working class protest against war and military burdens. They protest against \$35,000,000 of the public monies of Canada being flung into useless expenditure. The many broken hearts and lives could not those millions bind up! How many alms could they not eradicate. How much misery could they not relieve. We protest against the proposed waste. We as a political party are dead set against such wanton misdirection of labor power.

Yet Mills, with his priestly atmosphere around him, in an assembly of the religious presbyters, applauds a political measure which adds to the burdens of the toiling many of Canada.

Does Mills say his battleship mania and his lust for military dictatorship of the world on the part of Britain is his religion? Does he claim that it is his religion to fight the peaceful aims of the working class? Mills and his ilk wonder why the people are leaving their churches. They wonder why the rows of pews are growing emptier and emptier. The answer is easy, Mills makes of his church a political weapon to be used against the toiling many. He rushes the "Holy and Apostolic Church" to the aid of the profit schemes of the financial vultures which are tearing at the vitals of the workers of the Empire. He shamelessly throws his priestly robes around the rottenness of capitalism and preaches empire and blood in the name of the Prince of Peace.

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Start a boom. Land a club of four subs, and above them over. Start it now.