

BRUTAL TREATMENT

Meted Out to Women at Spokane

In the City of Spokane, Washington, the workers are forbidden to talk Socialism in public. A censorship as bad as that in Russia has been established by the Spokane police. Mrs. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn-Jones has been sentenced to three months in jail for daring to talk Socialism in that city. The newspaper, *The Industrial Worker of the World*, attempted to publish her story of arrest and imprisonment. The Spokane police confiscated the issue, invaded the headquarters of the I. W. W., smashed all the furniture therein and arrested all on the premises. The following is the article written by Mrs. Flynn-Jones which caused the paper to be confiscated.

State of Washington, County of Spokane, ss. Elizabeth Flynn Jones, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:

On Tuesday, November 30th, at about eight o'clock, I was walking towards the I. W. W. Hall. As I reached the corner of Stevens and Front I was accosted by Officer Bill Shannon with the demand: "Are you Miss Flynn?" I replied "Yes, whereupon he grunted. "Well, we want you," I asked, "Have you a warrant?" "Naw, we haven't," he rejoined, when the other officer stepped up and remarked, "There is one at the station." I accompanied them to the police station, where I was booked and a warrant read for criminal conspiracy. I was then taken to the chief's office, where the prosecuting attorney, Pugh, put me through the "third degree." Mr. Moore, attorney for the I. W. W., came to the door and asked for the chief, demanding to see me, but they unceremoniously slammed the door in his face. The chief said, "Let him wait till we get through." At that time there were present beside the chief and prosecuting attorney, Commissioner Tucker, stenographer and several other officials unknown to me. I refused to answer the prosecuting attorney when he fired the first question, saying, "I don't know who you are." Indignantly the chief introduced us with necessary formality: "This is the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Pugh, Miss Flynn, the I. W. W. organizer." They were all extremely courteous, probably due to the information conveyed to them over the phone that my physical condition was such that it would be dangerous to be otherwise. But the ordeal of a rapid-firing of questions is not as easy as it looks from the outside. Every trick known to a shyster lawyer is resorted to. Every appeal made to the honesty, sincerity and truthfulness of the average citizen that the questions are presumably had no respect for themselves. Frankly the only mistake I made was to talk at all but what I "forgot," or "refused to answer," "didn't remember," and "couldn't recall" would fill a book. A man they would have put in a sweat box and broken his physique and spirit and eventually got him so faint and sick that he wouldn't know what he was saying.

The idea of the third degree is evident, namely, to trap you into attempting to prove yourself innocent, into forgetting that it is up to them to prove you guilty. Some of the cross-questions were entirely humorous. For instance, Mr. Pugh remarked: "You know it is useless denying what is an apparent fact, easily proven by scores of witnesses?" To which I retorted, "Well, why do you ask me so many questions for themselves?" The chief of police was anxious to know if Katherine Flynn, who signed the Irish Socialist communication, happened to be any relation of mine. Irish on both sides of this fight annoys the chief in the face of his assertion that we are all foreigners.

With an assumption of innocence Pugh asked: "Why are the Executive Committee and who handles the finances?" The first I didn't know, the second I refused to answer. He asked: "Do you know?" and I answered, "Of course I know." And he asked: "You refuse to answer?" I said: "I certainly do." He asked: "Did you say so and so in your speeches?" To which I replied: "I talked so much I don't know what I say." They all gave him the laugh and he asked if that statement wouldn't probably, if published, injure my reputation as a speaker. Anxious he was for me to maintain my standard as an agitator, indeed! Finally he said, with a very smooth preliminary about not caring to prosecute a woman, that I might go if I would state that I had no connection with the free speech fight, was not in sympathy with the tactics of the I. W. W., and had not induced men to go to jail. I refused to either deny or affirm, declined to be tried and found guilty or judged innocent in the chief's office, and that settled me.

I was allowed to see Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers in the chief's office after which I was taken to the county jail in the patrol wagon. The morning *Spokane Review* had a story that I had requested to be taken across the river in a hack. The idea never occurred to me and if it had I would have known better than to lay myself open to being refused. The *Review* lied, as usual.

I was placed in a cell with two other women, poor, miserable specimens of the victims of society. One woman is being held on a charge that her husband put her in a disorderly house. The other is serving ninety days for robbing a man in a disreputable resort in Spokane. Never before had I come in contact with women of that type and they were interesting. Also I was glad to be with them for in a jail one is always safer with others than alone. One of the worst features of being locked up is a terrible feeling of insecurity of being at the mercy of men you do not trust a moment day or night, unable to defend yourself or call for help. These miserable outcasts of society did everything in their power to make me comfortable. One gave me the spread and pillow cover from her own bed when she saw my disgust at the dirty gray blankets. I could not eat the heavy, soggy food, stew, etc., nor drink the terrible stuff they called coffee, but the girls gave me fruit that had been sent into them. They moderate their language, apologize for their profanity and pathetically try to conform to some of the standards of decency when they see that you are "different." They have been so accustomed to being ill-used and brow-beaten they rather expect it, yet become indignant when it is done to another. In the morning they gave me soap and clean towels that I might not have to use common soap or dirty jail towels.

The jailers are on terms of disgusting familiarity with these women, probably because the latter cannot help themselves or don't care. Imprisonment does not seem to have any horrors for them. Content to sleep and eat, they seem as happy in jail as out. They are unconscious of their degradation and solicit no sympathy. Perhaps they shouldn't be conscious, for society is to blame and not they.

I was put in with them about 11 o'clock, yet the lights were burning brightly and they showed no sign of retiring. Three little iron beds were the furnishings of our sleeping facilities, so I threw my cloak over me and tried to sleep. The younger girl still remained up, though she turned the light down that I might rest several times as she went to and fro asking if she disturbed me. Finally the jailer came, opened the cell door and took her out. She remained a long time and when she returned I gathered from a whispered conversation with the older one the following: That he had taken her down to see a man on the floor below, a "sweetheart" she called him to me afterwards. She went again and remained a long time, and whispering told the other woman on her return that "Bert" (I judged to be the jailer) would have brought "Jack" up but for this woman-indicator. "They don't trust her," she said. Perhaps I am carrying out her suspicion in writing this. But the whole performance bore the earmarks to me of a putrid state of morals inside the county jail of Spokane. Taking a woman prisoner out of her cell at the dead hours of night several times to visit sweethearts looked to me as if she were practicing her profession inside of jail as well as out! And what particular interest did this man "Bert," so intimately designated by his first name, have in the matter? It would bear investigation. Readers may well imagine the horrible night of restlessness I put in.

Early in the morning a man by the name of Bieglov, jailer, I presume, came into the cell with breakfast. Instead of leaving it in the ante-room of the cell and going about his business he marched straight into the room where we were all still in bed. He laid his cold hand on my cheek and I awoke with a start. My anger blazed up and I said, "Take your hand off me; I didn't come here to be insulted." He murmured some inarticulate excuse. "Of course not," or words to that effect, and got out. It certainly is a shame and disgrace to this city that a woman can be arrested because of union difficulties, bonds placed so high that immediate release is impossible, thrown into a county jail where sights and sounds, horrible and immoral and absolutely different from her ordinary, decent mode of life can be forced upon her, her privacy invaded while trying to steal some sleep by a brute of a man in a jail that hasn't attained the ordinary standard of civilization, that requires a matron for the care of women prisoners. This all for law and order!

"O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn-Jones.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of December, 1909.

FRED H. MOORE.

Notary Public in and for State of Washington, residing at (Seal) Spokane, Washington.

Paid in Advance

Every copy of Cotton's Weekly is paid for before it leaves this office. If you get Cotton's through the mail with a colored address label on it, numbered, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the truths of Socialism. You need not hesitate to take Cotton's from the post office as no bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

HERE'S A BARGAIN.

The following little books should be read by every Socialist, and passed along to those who wish to study Socialism. They are attractively bound, and can be carried comfortably in the pocket. Read them in the order as here presented:

1. "Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford. Has made over a million and a half Socialists.
2. "The Socialists," by John Spargo. An easily understood presentation of scientific socialism.
3. "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Frederick Engels.
4. "The Communist Manifesto," by Marx and Engels. Necessary to every Socialist.
5. "Value, Price and Profit," by Karl Marx. One of the text books of the international movement.

The price is 10 cents per copy. Fifty cents takes the bunch from Cotton's Book Department.

Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

Copyrighted, 1907 by John B. McMahon.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Rensen, minding vaguely the college list, fancied that three or four volumes would cover the ground. He was astonished when the librarian to whom he sent forwarded a case of three dozen books, saying these would give one a general idea.

He spent the long summer days reading the books, beginning with those called economic. It amazed him to find such difficult reading; a blend of politics, mathematics and astronomy; labor troubles connected with the weather bureau; financial panics ascribed to cyclic habit; human laws linked with the action of the tides; conflicting axioms, statistics and citations of authority from the founders of the republic and the authors of the bible. The nations were suffering from a hundred diseases and as many remedies were proposed.

Puzzled and worn out in trying to discover any truth in these matters, Rensen took up an easy book, telling how some manufacturers realized ideal conditions for their employees. They built model homes, and clean, light, ventilated shops, with vases of flowers near the machines; reading rooms, luncheons, gymnasiums, evening schools, insurances, and many other benefits. It was startling information for one who had fancied himself almost a pioneer in philanthropy. Years ago others had done more in this direction than he had ever dreamed of. It made one blush to think of the meagre benefits planned; and he suspected that vanity all so involved, the self-commendation allied with generous emotions.

"How indulgent," he said to himself, smiling slightly, "the stars were that night when I told them my schemes."

His thoughts went back to the basic problem, especially after reading a book that held a statement of conditions, instead of theories and arguments. He learned that while the country was very prosperous, having riches under the earth, on it and above it, and a bigger per capita of wealth than any other, forty million people were living on day's wages. If day's wages failed them, as often happened, they could do as not a few—starve, beg or steal. Next to these, thirty million people belonged to the class of small farmers or clerks, on the ragged edge. The country was prosperous because a ten per cent. middle class had sufficient salaries and savings. But the country was prosperous for the reason most eminent that the rich, being one per cent. of the population, owned more than one-half of the total wealth of the nation. Four thousand individuals alone would find it an easy matter to pay out of their private purses the national debts of this country and all Europe. This was the mildest, most conservative statement of conditions.

If these were true, Rensen could see no excuse, astronomical or mathematical, for them. The argument that the men of his class were a superior mold, and like the queen bees ought to be gorged with honey at the expense of the lean workers, no longer appealed to him. As he lay in bed looking at his shrunk, white hands that had lately tugged with death, he saw no difference between wheezing, "Clo's!" Bu-y-y east clo's!" as he passed the hospital.

"On the contrary, the rag man has probably earned his own living in the last dozen years, while I have done nothing but squander a fortune, corrupting myself and those about me. His life has been useful; mine, idle, vicious, worthless. Perhaps a man in my position is a pillar, so to speak, in the social structure. What have I upheld? By the act of birth I acquired so many houses, so many shares of stock, and the Atlantic foundry. Witness the artistic detachment from my property that I could go to work as a laborer without knowing I employed myself. How many other owners are better acquainted with their possessions? We read often of the nice people who own, unwittingly, tenements and worse. A superintendent manages everything and remits the yearly profits of twelve to eighteen per cent. It is very convenient. But what right have I to a single penny that comes from the toil of these men whose existence I was lately unaware of? Is it for value received? Do they pay me a pension? Or a tribute?"

"It is said, however, that leaders of industry are necessary and they demand vast rewards in return for their supervision. The case of Mr. Townsend, one out of many, goes to prove the contrary; that a plain employee may attend to all the business, while the leader of industry is yachting and otherwise amusing himself. But grant the industry of some leaders; the men who perform the greatest services for their country, whether statesmen, generals, lawmen, scientists or inventors, are usually content with moderate wages. The greatest benefactors in all ages have been satisfied with a plain livelihood. The men who do comparatively the least for humanity, taking advantage of science and the simplicity of the people, are the ones who amass wealth."

Rensen marveled that the great simple truth he saw was so belocled by the writers. It seemed to him that a child could understand and set right matters that confounded the minds of aged wise men—wise men, blinded with selfishness and a haze of prejudice. If the many were hungry and the few glutted with food, why not make distribution a little more equal? If the country was wealthy enough to support all in comfort, why ruin the few with superfluity and the many with want? Why mention provi-

dence or meteorology, when a fraction of the nation's pastures, farms and factories, could produce abundance for all the people; when co-operation, shutting off the mill-race waste of our present system (the ton of coal burning with nine-tenths loss is nothing in comparison,) discovering new wealth, more than was ever taken from land or sea, would further the general welfare to a point inconceivable.

"But," he thought, "to waive any millennium of theory, imagine a just distribution of our present resources. . . . Three houses, equivalent to five hundred comfortable houses; a special golf train that would carry a thousand passengers; an automobile, the recreation of another thousand that might need it, a year's gambling, enough to pension a regiment of Limpid Jacks. . . . One hundredth part of the population has more than half of everything. . . . As for man's natural depravity nullifying the benefits of economic justice, it is an argument too far-fetched, an excuse for slavery and every immoral wrong. When the people are allowed to possess their own, to be well fed, housed and educated, it will be time to consider other matters. The first thing is to do justice."

Rensen could not doubt he had hit upon the secret of the world's misery. A common sense plan that could be put in operation in a few days, so to speak, would bring true liberty and happiness to all. What were the difficulties? Why had it not been done long ago?

At first the answer to these questions worried him terribly. He became so wrought up that his pulse beat fast, he was fevered and sleepless.

"My boy," said the red-bearded doctor on this occasion, shaking a threatening finger, "I will have to prescribe a diet of novels. It is evident that economics, which are other men's sleeping powders, act like champagne on you."

"Do you regard it as a sequel of typhoid?"

"Ah, that is a question. I have known cases—but I believe you came to us with the virus in your system."

"A book of statistics would help me more than anything else."

"You can't have anything more," cried the doctor in alarm. "I won't answer for your mind if you get any more."

The patient laughed, but he could not rest until he had settled the question, what hinders progress?

He realized at length with sadness, that any man and every man was a stumbling block, all had intelligent persons, all good stupid persons—he himself, who had lived ten reckless years without giving a thought to the duties of life. The poor were too ignorant, the middle class too content or ambitious, the rich too selfish or indolent.

His thoughts led back to himself. "What must I, not another, do in order to set myself right?" For the new birth, the spiritual awakening, had not come without a tenderness of conscience that reflected on all past events. The past was not blotted out nor blurred; rather for the first time its vivid blackness was seen by the light of purity. The very phrases of cynical self-exuse had a bitterness in the recollection. And like jostles in a crowd, sometimes dagger thrusts—whether promoted by color, a sound, a word, or by action of mysterious chance—came up a thousand perverse memories. This was the disadvantage of new birth; or perhaps the sign of health being restored on payment.

He frequently recalled with pain a conversation with the nurse in the early days of recovery. He sat in an arm chair beside the open window; the day was hot, but the leaves of the poplar fluttered and danced in the little breeze.

The nurse was tidying the room. He admired the quiet energy of her movements, the strength of her large hands and arms. She did not speak until he addressed her.

"Yes, sir, you may talk; I don't mind." She adjusted the blue-striped uniform, slightly awry from a reach under the bed. "But you've had your say already."

"I've had my say already?"

"You said considerable the first few days."

"Oh, that is what I wish to ask about."

"Well, you had a notion the ice water would burn you—seemed as if you'd been working in a foundry like."

"But what was the worst thing I said?"

She laughed. "Every one wants to know the worst. I got so used to hearing things, I never pay much attention. Of course they turn themselves inside out—they tell about everything from stealing to murder. Poor fellows, one of them says to me, 'Take back this roll, Senator,' and he offered a handful of bedclothes and begins to cry like a baby. He was a politician."

"Please tell me what I said." The agile poplar leaves, with their glossy tops and creamy undersides, suddenly recalled those other leaves that were opening on the spring day along the lower avenue.

"I guess it would take a book to tell. All about college and painting and a trip to Europe, society doings, clothes, getting arrested for speeding the auto, golf, card playing and my Lord! a lot about sand and melted iron. All mixed up. Couldn't remember half of it."

"So the worst was like the best?"

"Do you want to know, really?" The nurse's amiable tone became oddly severe. She dusted the interior of the glass cabinet, "Of course, people sometimes imagine things," she added, softening.

"What was it then?"

"Don't get excited, or I won't tell. She wiped the sweat from his brow with a sponge. "It was the way you acted to the tall ugly girl from the country. She was good till she met you. Didn't you ever have a sister?"

(To be continued)

The Velvet Lined Cage

By Rev. Eliot White.

In the incredibly wealthy church the tip-toeing ushers have seated the strangers with tactful courtesy, and Scripture reading and hymn, prayer and quartet anthem have completed preliminary exercises as faultless as the polish of rare onyx.

As the minister begins his sermon, his athletic figure in smooth frock coat is outlined against a crimson velvet curtain that hangs in deep-shaded folds along the back of the platform.

The visitor wonders what such a man is to say, thus lifted up between earth and heaven, with a multi-millionaire listening from every tenth pew below him, and a God of unveiled truth and flaming justice listening above him.

He pleads with his women auditors to do their Christmas shopping before the holidays and lessen the weight of toil on overwrought employees during the final tumult that ushers in Christ's birthday.

With eloquence and sympathy the preacher reminds his congregation that great numbers of their fellow-men and women are pitifully undernourished, underpaid and overstrained, till their bodies are enfeebled and their souls endangered.

He seems to tear from the life of the mass of those who labor and are heavily laden the veil that conceals as yet from universal sight the causes of their excess in toil with penury in health and joy.

He seems on the verge of flinging to the winds all fear of consequences to himself, if only he may strip bare the iniquity of such gigantic theft, and like a new Samson thrust the pillars from beneath the house of Wrong, though in its fall it crush his worldly hopes to dust.

But no, he would have those who must lay burdens on the overborne not wait to fling them in one sheer bulk, but with consideration add them pound by pound, that little children's limbs and women's fragile shoulders may learn to bless such clemency.

Again he cries aloud upon myopic vision that sees as secular, not sacred, the bestowal of a million dollars to fight the great white plague.

Another step in sacredness he leaves untried—that those who earn should keep, and have their own sunlit rest and nourishment, till health laughed o'er the land and wrought a nobler than an Age of Gold.

And now the preacher tarries to tell full tenderly of Francis of Assisi, who sang of sweet Poverty, the Sister of Christ."

And the millionaires seem overcome at least with wonder, if not the admiration that their pastor feels.

But he leaves no flavor of the long ago too strong upon their spiritual fare, and lets sweet Wealth be close at least as cousin to the Lord.

That new and generous affluence, so far removed in every trait and tendency from ancient Mammon, enemy of God!

But so it is that as the preacher stalks to and fro on his platform, vehement, and pleading, sometimes thunderous of voice and turbulent in gesture.

He yet seems confined securely as by invisible bars of a cage, lined with the hanging velvet that it be not harsh.

He may advise the rich how to give to the needy and the "worthy," how to be good "stewards" and "consecrate" their worldly goods, but there the unseen yet all-powerful iron gate is set, and he must halt.

How modern wealth is won, why the poor are mulcted ever more ruthlessly for food and shelter, light and warmth, while "king," "lord" and "baron" of the people's inheritance wax richer to all dizzy heights, and dwell, like Simeon on his pillar, lonely on their Alpine crags of gold.

Why idlers gorge on dainties, while the toilers lack for simple needs, why jewels flash—gorgeous mockery into the eyes of starvation.

And stealthy-wheeled cars of the luxurious who repudiate labor as a curse, jostle freezing bread lines of those who are denied the use of God's land and the machines born of the generations' genius, God-inspired.

Such questions are not spiritual, they breed unrest in precincts of the saints, and hurt the "influence" of shepherds with the finer flocks.

'Twere heresy to such considerate

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Of, by and for the Working Class. The only great popular illustrated magazine that stands for revolutionary socialism. Circulation doubled twice since present editors took charge. Size increased from 68 pages to 100. More and better scientific articles than ever, besides pictures, stories and news.

Ten cents a copy; \$1.00 a year; to Canada \$1.20; to other countries \$1.36. Local and traveling agents wanted; will start you with 10 copies of the latest Review and 4 subscription cards good for three months each, all for \$1.00.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 130 Kinzie St., Chicago.

READ

The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street. Business Meetings every Monday evening at Socialist Headquarters, 222 St. Lawrence Main.

L. S. JACKSON, Secretary
120 St. Lawrence Blvd.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The circulation went behind 82 last week, and it seems at present writing that another slump is due for this week. Immediate work is needed on the part of the Hustler's Corps to keep us above the 5,000 mark. Use the Sub Blank sent you with the last issue. It will do the trick.

Following is the circulation of COTTON'S for the issue of last week Jan. 6th.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario.....	98	48	1442
British Columbia.....	9	31	973
Prov. of Quebec.....	28	10	877
Nova Scotia.....	27	16	506
Alberta.....	11	13	466
New Brunswick.....	2	3	274
Saskatchewan.....	10	28	284
Manitoba.....	38	3	160
Elsewhere.....	3	1	64
Yukon Territory.....	1	12	12
Prince Ed. Island.....			5

Total..... 215 133 5060
Loss for week..... 82
Total issue last week 6,000.

doctrine, to deem this Samson captive, with locks shorn, eyes stopped with earthly favor, and preaching fraught as with creaking travail at the Philistines' mill.

In former days, before the cage of velvet-hidden bars lured such a lion to its hold, he roared to some purpose, it is said,—

Paying small heed to threats of crafty builders, whose iniquitous foundations he smote with strong blows and showed all men their rottenness.

But now he tries in vain by vehement calls, and paces from the cage's end to end, to assure himself and men and God that he ranges fearless on steep mountain slopes of truth.

One door that no hand can shut, one way to leave the costly cage, stands open yet, but ah, so low, so narrow and so dark beyond!

The gate of utter obedience to a still small voice, that tells what is and ought to be, and not what dominant power would have men think.

That Voice, that heedless of advantage, place and honor summons the prophets of all ages to the deserts.

Where angry beasts of the world's scorn and resentment lurk, and the Tempter lays snares, but where the thorn bush is ablaze with God, and after the fasting angels minister.

—The Christian Socialist.

WORLD WIDE SOCIALISM.

The Socialists of Prussia are protesting against the three class reactionary system of voting. The three class system practically prevents the workers from having any control in the Prussian government at all. If other means fail the Socialists will hold nightly street demonstrations.

Reports to hand show that the Southern States are being stirred by Socialism.

Ann Morgan has withdrawn her support from the striking shirtwaist makers of New York City. The strikers were too Socialistic in spirit to suit philanthropic Ann.

The following are the seats for which British Socialists are running, Burnley, Northampton, Haggerston, East Bradford, Carlisle, North Aberdeen, South West Ham, Brightside and Rochdale. In addition about fifty laborites are in the field.

Socialists believe that airy homes are better for the growing up of children. Socialism wants to give homes to the people at labor cost, without people having to pay toll to rent lords and rent collectors and banks and capitalist tax gatherers.

LOW-PRICED PROPAGANDA

You send Cotton's for—

Three months to Five different addresses for 50 cents.

Three months to ten different addresses for \$1.00.

Three months to Fifty different persons for \$5.00.

Three months to One Hundred different persons for \$10.00.

"Knowledge," says Samuel Johnson, will always predominate over ignorance. The workers will never achieve their emancipation until they understand the nature of their enslavement.

Comrades, A. B. C. of Cotton's off to hustle yearly subs. That is the crease. Old get new sub your Cotton worker and v

Comrade R. Alta, sends writes, "The was at one ings, Sunday could under they were sa hungry for I had ad at ward ren these th time together drink, yet coffee.

A. B. C. of copy of Cott sult is that ately forward receiver of t

to try to lan pay day. B was their n are holding a talist system appreciate ay the Gospel want Christi they are op The Carpent strong on laborers of i

Comrade R. Alta, sends writes, "The was at one ings, Sunday could under they were sa hungry for I had ad at ward ren these th time together drink, yet coffee.

A. B. C. of copy of Cott sult is that ately forward receiver of t

to try to lan pay day. B was their n are holding a talist system appreciate ay the Gospel want Christi they are op The Carpent strong on laborers of i

Comrade R. Alta, sends writes, "The was at one ings, Sunday could under they were sa hungry for I had ad at ward ren these th time together drink, yet coffee.</