

No man is great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for longer time than paid for. If you get a copy regularly it paid for, and will stop when the sub expires

40 CENTS
25 CENTS

What did you do last week to spread the gospel of discontent? Can you do better this week?

Socialism would not break up the home. It would prevent the capitalist taxing the home through rent.

The fall elections in the U.S. are approaching. Every election means more victories for the working class.

The Socialists are the only political party which give women equal rights within their organization with men.

The prisoners cry unto the Socialists for justice. Are you doing all you can to bring justice to the prisoners through Socialism?

There are two hundred and twenty-one members of Parliament in Canada, and they all vote for the continuance of rent, interest and profit.

Watch the expiry number on the red label of your paper and compare it with the number on the heading of this paper. If they are the same this is the last paper your subscription entitles you to. You should at once renew.

The capitalists believe in taxation without representation. They tax the workers in the mines, in the mills, on the railways and farms, and they will not allow the workers a voice in how the mines, mills, etc., shall be run.

The hungry and ragged look dumbly to the Socialists to be fed and clothed. They have experienced the cold charity of the masters, and found it bitter, bitter indeed. Comrade, let your heart be red-hot in the cause of human liberty.

Is not the toil-worm hand of the worker more worth than the flabby hand which gathers in the wealth created by the hand of labor? We propose that the hand of the worker become less toil-hardened by the flabby hand becoming more accustomed to useful labor.

Imperial Rome was pagan, and her laws are today the laws of the white nations of the world. When you uphold "British justice," you are upholding the cynical, cold, slave laws established in the days of Rome's greatness and cruelty. You are upholding the laws derived from a city which legend asserts was founded by a wolf.

"I am with you for Socialism pure and undefiled; not in a thousand years, but as soon as possible! If every class conscious Socialist will only do his share in the work of agitation, we will soon have the children out of the factories, the sweatshops of business, the capitalist out of existence and the people out of misery." — J. A. Wayland.

The Calumet and Hecla Mining Co., at Calumet, Mich., has erected steel breastworks around its plant and mounted a searchlight. The cooper workers are on strike. We connect breastworks and searchlights with war. The war is on, the social war. The capitalists prove it by their actions, but they do not want the workers to be told the truth.

When a member goes to Ottawa he speaks of "my" country. He looks upon you as his personal political property. But when he comes out to you, he talks differently and tells you not to be misled by Socialists. We want you to govern yourselves. We want you to control your member instead of him controlling you. Which believes more in your real rights to self government?

The only way a workingman can protect himself against the injustice he suffers is by withdrawing from the old parties and allying himself with his own party, the Social-Democratic party. It will do no good to become vexed with the Tory party and join the Liberals, or leave the Liberals and join the Conservative party. Both old parties are controlled by those who enjoy the privileges which arise from the injustices practiced upon you men and women in toil. Why not become a red card member?

Would you go back under the rule of Russia? No. You would prefer Canada, where we have parliaments and provincial legislatures and where these bodies make the laws. You say democracy is good. So say we. We say it is so good we want more of it. We want democracy in the management of industry. We want the C.P.R. and the G.T.P. and the C.N.R. and the Cobalt mines and the big departmental stores to be owned collectively and operated for the benefit of the people, not for a small class of owners.

We propose that the workers organize collectively to capture the political power and make what laws they like. The people are supreme, are they not? Can they not rule themselves? Of course they can. But when the Socialists propose that the people, the working people, make laws which will give the working people the wealth they produce, our opponents hurl vile epithets at us and tell lies about us. You see, the present politicians and financiers do not want the people to rule themselves. We are the only party who want such rule.

This is the machine age. Machinery is doing the work that millions of men could never do. But this machinery does not lighten the labor of those who toil, because these machines are owned by a small section of the people and the toilers are slaves to the owners of the machines. The owners keep the slaves toiling long hours and the owners live in costly palaces and have numerous servants and they waste in wanton richness wealth a Nero would envy to possess. Such things will be until the toilers at the machines become also the owners thereof.

Did you notice the column entitled "Messages from the Front" in last issue? Did you notice how we knew just where the subs came from and what member of parliament was having his influence weakened by your activity? Cotton's sub list is more than a mere newspaper circulation. It is a mighty political force. Where Cotton's goes both old political parties become undermined. We want you, dear reader, to send in subscriptions from your locality. We aim at having your electoral district represented by a Socialist, no matter where you may be located.

IF No. 263 IS ON THE RED LABEL, RENEW AT ONCE AS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES NEXT IS SUE

One Year
\$2.00
Six Months
\$1.00
Three Months
\$0.50

Circle of Four or more (40 weeks) \$5.00

Cotton's Weekly

W. U. COTTON, S.A., S.O.L., Managing Editor

Established Dec. 3rd, 1906

ROY WINN, Associate Editor

Published Every Week at Cowansville, P. Q., Canada Thursday, Sept. 18th, 1912

Socialists Should be Open-Minded

We have received the following letter from a good comrade:

Dear Cotton:—Am pleased to note the absence of advertisements in your valuable paper. But am sorry to note the class of the ONE advertisement in this week's issue.

I am sure if you will carefully read the advertisement in question (on hypnotism) you will agree with me that advertising matter of this class is not only unfit, but absolutely the worst imaginable class of advertising matter conceivable.

He says he will teach people—presumably any one who will read his Big Book REGARDLESS OF THE CHARACTER of said person, so they can "CONTROL OTHERS." If this advertisement is telling the truth would you or I wish to have such a one have the "control" over our sisters or daughters?

The advertisement further says: "Attain your AMBITION." What ambition might some of the people have who read and study his doctrine? You know we would not like such to control and attain their ambition with ourselves, or one of our family; and I feel that I should not do with another what I would not wish another to do with me. And money would not hire me to allow another to have such control over me or mine. Neither would I allow the best intentioned person to have such powers, were it within my power to prevent it.

Now, this advertisement is either a fake advertisement, and the man is lying and can do no such thing. In which case it is not fit for publication to induce some comrade to bite.

Or he is telling the truth in that advertisement. In which case it is a million times worse than though he were lying. So in either case it is not fit to run in any decent publication, say nothing of having been run in a Socialist paper.

Fraternally yours,
H. S. TRUMAN.

P. S.—I wish to speak my appreciation of the general improvement which I note in the paper, thus enabling us to work for its circulation with more enthusiasm.

HYPNOTISM USED AGAINST THE WORKERS.

We do not guarantee the ads appearing in this paper. Our advertising is handled by an agent in Chicago. We take what he sends. The advertising which appears in Cotton's is a purely capitalist transaction. They may be fakes. They may be good. We sell certain space for outsiders to say what they like.

The advertisement in question to which our comrade takes exception is the following one. We insert it here where no money could buy it space and for which we get no money at all.

HYPNOTISM

You May Learn It! Big Book FREE

By this mysterious unseen force of nature you may control others, create endless fun and wonder, reform the degraded, treat the sick and afflicted, attain your ambition and make money easy. YOU may learn it! Write today for my instruction FREE. Based on Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Mental Healing and kindred sciences. Address: Dr. H. S. TRUMAN, 224 Jackson, Mich.

That advertisement may be a fake. I do not know. I have not seen the book. But I wish to take exception to Comrade Truman's statement that such advertising is the worst imaginable.

He seems to think that either one thing or the other has to happen. The advertisement must be wholly false or wholly true. This is not the case. It may be partially false and partially true.

Comrade Truman appears to be afraid of hypnotism. He says that we should not allow such ads in our paper because, if true, it will spread knowledge which is hurtful.

Supposing hypnotism is possible, do you think capitalists are so foolish as not to know about it? AND USE IT UPON YOU WORKINGMEN?

Explosives are a terrible thing. They are put into shells and are used to kill workers with. Should the workers be advised not to know anything about guns because they are dangerous? Rather should they know all about guns and explosives, otherwise they are handicapped when dealing with the agents of the master class who use bullets against the workers.

What if the masters ARE CONSCIOUSLY USING HYPNOTISM AGAINST THE WORKING CLASS? If that is the case, should not the workers know something about it?

I have met many comrades who pride themselves on their broadness of outlook. They think they have reached the utmost extent of knowledge with their Hackel's Riddle of the Universe and their Dietzen's Positive Outcome of Philosophy and a few books like that. When I talk about cosmic consciousness, or the subliminal personality or hypnotism or the unseen world they look at me pityingly as not yet having emerged from my metaphysical conceptions and still plunged in the sloughs of superstition.

THE NATURE OF HYPNOTISM.

Have you heard of the Hindoo mystics? Have you investigated the practices of the Mohammedan fanatics? Have you ever tried to fathom the reason why thousands of men and women retired into seclusion during the middle ages? Of course I know that many of you find it hard to understand people and to get an audience to listen to you. I receive letters from quite a few of you stating how hard it is to get people to listen. Have you studied personal magnetism?

I make this statement. **THE CAPITALISTS ARE USING HYPNOTISM TO RULE THE WORKING CLASS AND TO KEEP THEM IN SLAVERY.**

Have you heard of the Emmanuel Movement? In 1906 the pastor of Emmanuel Congregational church, Boston, started to practice faith healing. He had quite a success. He and his assistants succeeded in curing many nervous disorders. They were practicing what the Hindoos have practiced for ages, what the early Christians practiced, what the Babylonian priesthood practiced, what the Catholic church practices, and many other people practice.

In 1908 the Emmanuel Movement, D.D., Ph.D.; Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D.; and Isador H. Coriat, M.D., wrote a book called Religion and Medicine, or the Moral Control of Nervous Disorders. In this book they state they used hypnotism with great success.

On page 225 of this book is the following

statement: "According to the best authenticated statistics and also as the result of personal experience, one can safely assume that from 80 to 96 per cent of all persons are hypnotized."

This book points out that when a person is hypnotized his will power is lowered and his conscious resistance to the hypnotizer, if it does not vanish altogether, is greatly weakened. There is a state of over-suggestibility, and there is a heightened suggestibility whereby you take as truth what the hypnotizer tells you. "In the slightest grades of hypnotism," say the writers, "more frequent hypnotization becomes necessary." That is to say, if you are not completely hypnotized, but remain conscious, the hypnotizer must keep after you to work his suggestions off on you.

To be hypnotized, you surrender yourself into the hands of the hypnotist. You cease your own will power and he rules you. There are mechanical means whereby the hypnotist is aided. I wish you to carefully read the following quotation from this book, found on page 224:

"Thus we have seen that the fundamental characteristic of the hypnotic state is the altered condition of consciousness, whereby the normal suggestibility is heightened or greatly intensified. It can be produced by mere verbal suggestion, by various mechanical devices, SUCH AS STARING AT A BRIGHT OBJECT OR LISTENING TO A MONOTONOUS SOUND STIMULUS, thus fatiguing the sense organs and brain by a narrowing of consciousness upon one point. In all hypnotized persons there is a rapport or connection between the hypnotizer and the person hypnotized. This of great importance, as it enables suggestions to be mentally assimilated and to be carried out as post-hypnotic phenomena."

A BIG INSTITUTION BASED ON HYPNOTISM.

That means that, when hypnotized, and you become awake afterwards, you will do or believe what the hypnotist told you. To get you hypnotized he can use artificial means like a bright light and monotonous sound.

Is there any big organization today using hypnotism to fight Socialism and to keep the workers in slavery? There is. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

I am not talking of the church as a religious body, but as a political body.

Those who look at this organization with open eyes, can see it depends largely upon hypnotism to fight Socialism.

Its adherents put themselves in a state to be hypnotized. They are told that the church is great, that they must to church, they become subdued, and adopt a reverent attitude. They go into the church with a spirit of subdued awe. They put themselves into a state to be hypnotized.

Then they look forward and the candles are burning on the altar. In other words they GAZE AT A BRIGHT LIGHT AND FATIGUE THE HYPNOTIST'S ATTITUDE.

Then the priest proceeds to give to his hypnotized audience the suggestions he wants them to carry out. He gives them ideas against the Socialists, hypnotizes them into a belief that we are a wicked set of people.

I live in Quebec in a Catholic community. I see them go to church and return. They do not doubt get some good out of what the priest tells them. Notice the ad, which says that by hypnotism you can reform the degraded, treat the afflicted, attain your ambition, and make EASY MONEY. The revenues of the Catholic church are something immense. They oppose the Socialist movement as being wicked and they do it by the method which Comrade Truman says no Socialist should investigate.

Of course the advertisement exaggerates the power of this method of influencing people. It has its limits. But the Catholic church today holds its power because it uses a means it condemns to hold its followers in its power.

Notice the Catholic church keeps its adherents close, will not let them go with others. It wants none of its hypnotized subjects to receive counter suggestions from antagonistic sources.

THE TASK OF COMRADES.

I do not say comrades should study hypnotism, but they should keep an open mind about it. They should know that such a thing exists.

There is no need to point out how the politicians endeavor to hypnotize their audiences, how the newspaper editors continually use anti-Socialist suggestions into the duped minds of their readers.

I need only point out the general result. The majority of workers are hypnotized against themselves. Unknown to them a thousand suggestions have been poured into their brains. A new stunt of suggestion is being pulled off in Quebec. Every school must fly a flag before it will receive a government grant.

The thousands of suggestions poured into the workers hypnotize them in spite of themselves. The will of the capitalist dominates over the will of the workers.

The worker knows he is robbed. He knows he is used like a dog. He knows he lives in hell. He knows he is discontented.

And yet against his own better knowledge, he thinks he is contented and used decent. The publicity agents of capitalism have overcome him. He is discontented and he says he is contented.

When you get with him and talk with him quietly, when you use your magnetic power on him to bring out his true feelings, he comes to the front and he damns the system.

As hypnotism is being used against us, is it policy to turn our backs and say we will have nothing to do with hypnotism because it is such a dangerous thing?

Although you may know nothing about the question, you are constantly fighting the suggestion of the master class. You denounce their politicians. You show up their rotten press. You point out their robbery.

It is for you, as much as lies in your power, to counteract the hypnotic suggestions of your masters and all their agents. When your masters discover a fine hypnotist, they pay

him big money to fool you and hypnotize you to neglect your own interests.

The best way you can fight them is BY SPREADING COTTON'S WEEKLY. We are constantly studying the question of where the masses are hypnotized and giving counter suggestions. To many a poor dupe Cotton's comes as a blow straight between the eyes. He has so long surrendered his will to the Catholic church, to the Anglican church, to the priest, to his boss, that anything that wakes him from his trance is very painful indeed.

I want you Comrades to spread Cotton's more widely. You little realize what a powerful weapon you are neglecting when you become indifferent.

Remember your masters are watching you and have hypnotists all the time busy betraying you. Cotton's stands firm to expose the hypocrites and to clear the brains of the hypnotized.

PICTURES

Gerald J. Lively, Islay, Alberta.

An old copy of the Grain Growers' Guide, a letter in the "mailbag" section, and an old story; a story that is older than the writer of it, older than our country, older than history, for it is History—and was before it.

Just a letter drawing in a few, well-chosen words the picture of a shack on the Alberta prairie in winter with the mercury flitting the thirties "below." The poor, mean home of a worker; and his children half clad and barefoot in the bitter cold, because, forsooth, oats were not "WORTH" 17c a bushel.

And through it all the woman singing with that unknown hope which a world era of oppression has failed to crush in the heart of the proletarian—"Love me, and the world is mine."

"Love me, and the world is mine." I close my eyes, and the little vignette is duplicated, and reduplicated in my brain, even as one's countenance is in certain freak mirrors; even the same little picture, it's setting varies, perhaps, according to locality, but the picture never.

The same sadly cheerful wife, the same poor, mean surroundings, the same clinging, half-timid children—then, forcing themselves through and over and between those little pictures, but never obliterating them, other pictures intrude themselves, other pictures and inscriptions. CANADA THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE. HOMES FOR ALL. MARKETS AT YOUR DOORS, and so on ad infinitum, and ad nauseum. What pictures! Beautiful, tree-sheltered homes, with nice, clean, well-fitted picture filling the stores! Leisured men driving in limousines or autos to superintend vast harvesting operations!

Wonderful pictures, alluring, gripping, exhilarating pictures. But they fade away and are blurred by the steam of knowledge that rises from the melting pot of experience—that pot in which the gold of dreams and the silver of hope is reduced to the dull-colored metal of reality. The beautiful pictures and legends pale and disappear, but the first little picture remains, clear cut as a cameo, and all round it this wonderful western land bursting with resources, capabilities, possibilities.

Oh the biting tragedy of it. Oh the side-splitting comedy of it. Oh the capping, screaming farce of it, for this particular set of his wife and five children will be called upon, to between them, find \$35 towards the Dreadnoughts which will protect THEIR empire against the savage Teuton, or, perhaps, it will be someone else by the time the ships are built.

And then more pictures, all centreing round and radiating from that first little picture.

Automobiles, private yachts, private trains. These are new pictures, but the faces of those in them are old, old as Sodom, old as Gomorrah, and I nearly said—as evil. Old faces. Hard, complacent, satisfied faces. Faces of rulers. Sumptuous palaces flanking broad, clean streets, the via triumphalis of the wealthy—and that figure in the glare at the corner, was she left behind when the chariots passed? She is an old picture. She was in Nineveh, she is in Winnipeg streets to-night.

Old pictures those palaces, older still that pathetic figure with the mother in her murdered—and yet, who knows. He sat with them.

Old pictures those palaces, as old the festering hovels in their shadow like some hideous, running sore on the face of society, half hidden by the elaborate false coiffure so skillfully and persistently made up by hireling writers, hireling speakers, hireling priests—priests of the temple to which the money-changers have long since returned and where, since MAN comes to drive them forth with scourges, they sit and chatter complacently for human flesh and human souls—but for all their work the coiffure never quite hides the sore.

Pictures of ugly, reeking factories, uncouth scabs on the countryside.

Pictures of travesties of childhood tiptoeing at the looms, crouched above the roaring chutes of the coal-breakers, bleached like lepers, in the bleaching vats—then, showing through the mist of lies and time, the Great Mystic Figure of the Ages, the First Great Comrade, the Lover of Children with His solemn warning, "Whoso offends one of these little ones"; like a flash another picture, a well fed, uncouth priest droning out His words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Mammon leers over his shoulder and repeats them, while a smug, complacent congregation throw back their heads and sing—"There's a rest for little children above the bright blue sky." They'll need it.

More pictures. Girls masked and hideous, working, working at mysterious occupations. Pictures of filthy, reeking, stinking THINGS—whose lives are spent at trades unknown save in obscure reports; horrible, unspeakable trades—revolving hopes, hopes, hopes.

Pictures of "homes" where belated industries are carried on under conditions and amidst surroundings indescribable. And from out of it all flows a stream of wealth such as the world never saw, while on its shores is piled higher and ever higher the debris, the wreckage, the slag, the exorbitant of human lives, human loves, hopes, homes and happiness.

Ever and anon I see figures of reformers. Great men some of them, ear and eye compelling men, strong, earnest, strenuous men, some of them; shallow, selfish, blatant, caricatures others. But quacks all of them.

This paper is not published for profit. It is published by co-operative effort as an advocate of the co-operative commonwealth. Last week we sent the following number of copies

30,680

Quacks. Dealers in pills and powders, lotions and condiments. Curing phobias with a lozenge, cancer with a poultice, a lousie when we need prevention or the sanatoria, a poultice when we need the operating theatre and the knife. Quacks, whether they know it or not, quacks deceiving the sick.

I am seeing many pictures tonight. Pictures of long lines of waiting men; curious lines of strange men, surely, in this the Granary of the Empire. Curious lines of men. And by their side pictures of huge piles of grain rotting, rotting. Pictures of ailing, wasting women and children, aching for the healing fruit which in another picture I see, the hogs trampling under foot.

Pictures of steaming, stewing, tenement pictures of fair, open, whist, sweet, sunbaked spaces given over to weekly and nightly brawls.

Pictures of forests, raped and ravished, the true, scared and disfigured in places by the hand of greed, but still forests, great, waving, waveless seas of axe-ripe trees, great, and kindly, ready to give shelter to millions, and alongside, pictures of miserable troops, caroused shacks, cabins of dozy people, long, howls of mad, and sad, strables of willow sticks and manure.

Then coalfields, vast, waiting, accumulations of heat, the great sun accumulators of the ages; magic wells of gas and oil, and again the picture of a device to burn straw by which shivering thousands may warm themselves and economize.

Pictures of many men plodding mechanically over the ties of railroads which they have built; stepping aside to let trains of empty coaches pass: These pictures can be seen all over Canada today. I am seeing them, thousands are seeing them. Thousands and ever increasing thousands all over the world in more or less the same form.

They are seeing them in China, suddenly, as if by flashlight. Slowly and indistinctly in Turkey, Egypt and India. With a greater clarity in France, Germany and England. They are seeing them in that wonderful country to the south of us. And up from the vast audience of this world-picture-show there rises, with a growing intensity and impatience, the question: Why? Why? Why?

That question is being whispered throughout the network of secret societies which entangle the bureaucracy of Russia. It is being asked openly by a thousand organizations in England, in France, in Germany, in the U.S.; wherever there are rulers and ruled, oppressors and oppressed, exploiters and exploited. Wherever there are workers and the lack of work, abundance and starvation, luxury and poverty. All over the world that question is being asked—Why?

Explain yourselves, O ye in high places. Give us a reason, O ye rulers. Why should these things be? Answer the question, O masters, we, the workers, we the disinherited of earth, we the sons of Martha, we are asking. Give us of your wisdom; tell us the reason why these things be. Explain away the muddle, the confusion, the disorder and the WASTE. Waste of effort, waste of energy, waste of talent, waste of life and love. Explain yourselves, for we are listening. Why? Why? Why?

All over the world we are asking that question, but no answer comes, so that already the question is varying, so that men and women, peering across the darkness, begin to whisper when? When? When shall the picture-show cease?

I have asked the question Why? and received no answer. Now, lifting my voice, I, too, ask when? And back like an echo out of the confusion of life comes the word—How? How? Can you tell me, O my masters? Can you, comrades? Can you, chance readers? How?

The Montreal Herald says organized labor has a hard name amongst sane people. Organized labor is used to being called hard names by "sane" people. It is used to being shot and bayoneted and jailed by "sane" people. Anyone who is able to exploit labor is recognized as "sane" by the plutocrats. The worker who has ideas which conflict with the exploiting ideas of the masters is always insane according to the prostituted press. If a few workers refuse to be bludgeoned by the police or thugs, they are termed an "insane mob." When the workers bring the co-operative commonwealth forth out of the present chaos, the Herald will be among the first to come and today as the friend of labor. The workers, happily, can see through the yawnings of press and pulpit hirelings, and are fast losing confidence in both.

Do you believe elections are run honestly? Do you think bribery and corruption go on? You know the elections are not honest, but did you ever stop to think why they are not square? Because it pays a certain class to buy votes. It pays this class to run crooked elections so their crooked men can be where the laws are made so that crooked laws are passed. If it pays the politicians and financiers and big capitalists to pay large sums to control the members of parliament, would it not pay you workers to send members of your own class to make the laws in your favor? Of course it would. That is what we want to do. We are not so very crazy, are we?

In Ireland labor is in revolt. The old times of Protestant and Catholic are being obliterated and the new cleavage between labor and capital is coming to the front. But the masters are striving frantically to maintain the old religious strife. Their agents are distributing arms, and their papers are endeavoring to keep the old bigotry, intolerance and hate alive. They want the workers to divide along religious lines in order that the masters may rob them the easier. But labor is seeing with clear brain. The old stale drama of Ulster against Ireland is pretty near dead. It is now the workers united against their oppressors.

Do you feel lonely, comrade, surrounded by non-Socialists and with few to share your thoughts? Where today you stand lonely a little while and there will be many many with you, thinking the same thoughts and working with you for humanity. The future is yours.

Nice bones for their dogs, nice oats for their horses, and a wage dole to their slaves so they can buy their own cats. That is your masters' idea of a sane and beautiful, social system.

The class struggle will afflict us as long as one set of men own the machines and another set of men tend them.

BY C. STUART BARNES, DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY

Goldwin Smith says: "There is no longer any use in eluding to the untenable or in shutting our eyes to that which cannot honestly be denied." Their why should he express the fear that it might be presumptuous for the average layman to think for himself? That in spite of the fact of his expressed opinion that the clergy cannot write with perfect freedom? Prof. Smith realizes that the modern man must have never done before in dealing with the mystery of existence. He deals with the results of modern science, having shown man his true insignificant position in a vast universe. He concludes: "In omnipotence and benevolence are to meet the most apparently be at a point at present beyond our ken." Speaking of the idea of immortality, he says: "The thought of conscious immortality is one which makes the mind as it were, ache, and under it, the im-

A voice of today declares: "If Jesus Christ were proved not to be of divine origin, I, for one, would throw away his religion and make one of my own."

As the teachings we call the teachings of Jesus are not the teachings of a Superman, and as those teachings are single for truth that challenge to truth in that voice stares that challenger straight in the face, A Jew taught Jews, over nineteen hundred years ago that "to find all a man must be willing to

Out of an honest endurance of injustice clearly obvious to himself the Jew character has gained in self-respect and in various other ways. In what does an ignorantly unjust Gentle gain, presuming that his eyes are opened to his own injustice; or, in what way out of various ways can he gain? Clearly his punishment is his remorse. Also it is true, though not yet a matter of general knowledge, that a deferred awakening to our injustice does carry heavy, heavy interest in suffering of remorse—a remorse of a degree calculated to make an observer frightfully un-

(THE END).

AN UNOFFICIAL LETTER

"Pump the immigrants in" has been the gleeful motto of the politician and the employer of labor. They have been pumped in till Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and the other

has resorted to giving away. Of course Smith disposes of belief in heaven or hell. He is convinced: "no one has ever been seen to rise from the dead, or to be resurrected, or heard of after death." He feels "it is to fathom the mystery of the universe—the mystery of existence—that we cannot hope." And the philosopher, who so declares and who ridicules belief in miracles, who can freely assert: "If there was no fall, there was no man in sin; and if there was no man in sin, there was no need of an incarnation; and that whole circle of dogma apparently falls to the ground," he who admiring the great and lovely qualities of Jesus, while at times even entertaining doubts as to the historical character of Christ, this self-same author exhibits all the poverty and cowardice of bourgeois philosophy by asking: "Supposing religion would fail, what would the clergy do? Would they starve?" What a void would the departure of religion and the closing of the gates of heaven be like! It is like saying that disease was an evil, but a void would be felt if illness were conquered and hospitals abolished! The clergy would follow Ruskin's advice and preach truth for truth sake, supplying their material wants by useful productive toil. Goldwin Smith realizes that clergyman

most pronounced unbeliever. Nor is the fear of social disturbance which imposes reticence if not hypocrisy, unfounded. There can be little doubt that belief in the present state of things as a divine ordinance and in future retribution, dim as it may have been, has had considerable influence in reconciling the suffering classes to the present order of things. And giving a still stronger expression to the evident idea of truth being only a lie for the benefit of the ruling dogmas, for the gullible mass, he says: "We are confronted with the vital question 'what the world would be without religion, without trust in providence, without hope or fear of a hereafter. Social order is threatened. Classes which have hitherto acquiesced in their lot, believing in divine providence and redress and recompensation in a future state, are now demanding that com-

Where does interest come from? It does not come from paper money, because if you bury a hundred dollars in the ground then it will not be a hundred and six dollars next year. Gold does not increase of itself. Interest comes from the exploitation of the producing class and from no other source. Interest will have to be abolished before the exploitation ceases.

If you are offered ten dollars for your vote on election day and are robbed of \$500 a year by the laws made by the man who offer you ten dollars for your vote, who gets the best of the transaction, you or the other fellow?

THE TROUBLESOME THAW CASE

Harry K. Thaw has been troubling the newspapers of Canada. Throughout the Eastern Townships of Quebec his case has been discussed by the village scribes who give their diets from the barren verbiage of the local hostilities. The newspapers have featured him. His case is an instructive one, and throws a white light upon our capitalist conditions. The newspapers, to this white light, have been throwing their own darkness in other directions to distract the attention of the public.

Harry K. Thaw is the son of a Pittsburgh multimillionaire now deceased. His mother allowed him \$50,000 a year to live on.

In his earlier days, with nothing to do and plenty of money to do it with, he cut many capers. He went the pace which money and youth allowed. Finally he married Evelyn Nesbitt, a young lady with whom he had been intimate before marriage.

White, a rich architect of New York City, persisted in paying attention to Mrs. Thaw after her marriage. Harry, although he had the sense, although he knew the free and easy life with his wife had led to her marriage, became enamored. He sought white out and shot him many times with a revolver.

Thaw was apprehended and the Thaw suit was at the law. The suit was a long one. Lawyers were engaged and the state of New York spent a million dollars trying to detain the crime man Thaw. How much the Thaw suit is known only to themselves and their intimates. Finally Thaw was adjourned to prison and shut up in Matteawan asylum as a criminal lunatic.

He spent several years there, and recently escaped. Thaw had been allowed more latitude than the other inmates. Was he not a very rich man? Why should he be treated as the common run of ordinary inmates?

In the early morning he was roaming round the grounds. The milkman called at the gate and the gate was opened, and Thaw, after knocking down the gate, rushed into the road, where a high power automobile was waiting. In this he was hurried over to the Canadian line at sixty miles an hour. He has now been in Canada several weeks.

HIS JOURNEY TO CANADA

He was arrested in the little village of Coaticook, Que., and at once the lawyers were summoned by people to his defense. At once Greenfield and Lafamme and McKenna and other lawyers were summoned to his aid. He was removed to Sherbrooke.

He had been arrested and was in jail without any definite charge against him, and his lawyers took a habeas corpus proceeding to get him out. Then they thought that the immigration authorities were waiting to deport him as an undesirable alien and he would have to go back to Matteawan, so they petitioned to have their own habeas corpus proceeding quashed. While in jail Thaw was surrounded by his lawyers and his friends. Would you, Mr. Worker, be allowed to have a whole raft of visitors if you were in jail? No. You would be treated like a dog. You see you are only a useful worker. You do not belong to the parasite capitalists who draw your whole lifeblood to keep such persons as Harry Thaw in luxury.

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The producing class toil and get but a living wage. The rest of the results of their toil go to the gentlemen who do nothing useful, to the Thaws, the Strathconas, to the nobility and the plutocracy.

When, therefore, you, a worker, want to get what even the capitalist law says is yours, you cannot. You have but your daily wage, which you must live on. The lawyers' fees are high, and you cannot meet them. So you cannot get your legal rights.

But your masters, who rob you, have much revenues. They do not stand on their own feet. They ride on your backs. So when they want to go before the courts of law, they can hire the highest-priced lawyers in the Dominion. They pay the lawyers their fees out of what they have stolen from you.

So when free administration of law is demanded, it means that you cannot go to law at all, while your masters can employ many lawyers and have judges and courts bowing and scraping and doing their will.

A Thaw with millions, so they petition to have their own habeas corpus proceeding quashed. While in jail Thaw was surrounded by his lawyers and his friends. Would you, Mr. Worker, be allowed to have a whole raft of visitors if you were in jail? No. You would be treated like a dog. You see you are only a useful worker. You do not belong to the parasite capitalists who draw your whole lifeblood to keep such persons as Harry Thaw in luxury.

So Thaw was kept in jail and the people asked: "What now?" There was Jerome representing New York State and the prosecuting attorney of the county in which Matteawan is situated, and the crowd prosecutor of Sherbrooke and the expensive lawyers representing the Dominion government, and the expensive lawyers representing Thaw and they were at a standstill. So Premier Gouin of Quebec province sent an expensive lawyer to demand the release of Thaw. He was in jail where he had no right to be, and his lawyers wanted to keep him there. The province of Quebec did not expect to feed him and care for him, and so, at the instance of Gouin he was ejected from the jail.

He was thereupon taken back to Coaticook to the immigration officials. They sat upon his case, and ordered his deportation. An appeal of course was lodged with the Minister of the Interior against the deportation.

But that was not enough. Greenfield and Lafamme went to the court of Appeals in Montreal and got a writ ordering the body of Thaw before that tribunal. The proceedings were rushed through. A special Grand Trunk train was waiting at Bonaventure station. As soon as the writ was obtained Green

