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Cotton's Weekly

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SOCIETY WILL ADVANCE ONLY BY ABOLISHING WORK

The New York Call.

It was in the New York World, that is the funny part of it. The World which has led all other papers in bitter attacks upon the unemployed. The world which has called upon the police to "take vigorous action" meaning thereby to club the jobless for making any demonstration of their joblessness. The World, which insisted upon jailing Tannenbaum for the crime of leading his helpless aggregation to church. The world, which ridiculed this boy after a capitalist court had wreaked its full limit of vengeance upon him for "stirring up the people." The World which has insisted blandly that "these people won't work." And intimated that everything would be alright if they would.

And what was it that was in The World? A slashing double-edge interview with the great Socialist scientist, Dr. Chas. P. Steinmetz, who demonstrated quietly but thoroughly the utter ridiculousness of the position of the World. The Call is glad of an opportunity to give The World full credit for its work, knowing, as it does, that so long as the workers of New York keep a Socialist press in action capitalist papers will be compelled to print scientific articles like this from time to time. Here is the full story as it appeared in the Sunday World Magazine:

"What Society should aim at is to abolish work."

You could not possibly guess who made this statement, nor from any adequate idea of the shock it caused the man to whom it was made. He was looking for another story, "inspiration," a story of a battle against almost unsmotherable odds won at last, by constant, never ending toil and scrupulous concentration upon the disagreeable tasks of life.

He had gone for the occasion to the one man in America who could best illustrate that struggle—to a man who a few years ago was a physically handicapped, penniless, immigrant, and is today at the very top of that profession in which America is imminent. That man is the chief consulting engineer of the greatest electrical concern in the world, the General Electric Company. His name is Charles Proteus Steinmetz.

"Work is a curse," was the amazing statement of Dr. Steinmetz. "It is deadening to all the faculties. We can never attain our best as individuals or as society until we reduce work to a minimum. What society should aim at is the abolition of work."

The interviewer collapsed. But the interview went on. It is not necessary to ask many questions when you are sitting in the presence of Dr. Steinmetz. It is an absorbing presence, seemingly all intellect. His dwarfed little body is surmounted by a great watch tower head which gives one the impression that nature had set the stars, as it were for a supreme wizard's appearance. But the face is kindly and intensely human. There is nothing superior or condescending in its expression. To anyone who honestly wants to learn Dr. Steinmetz likes to give his personal attention.

"What I said about work," the wizard explained, "will have no meaning at all unless we understand what is meant by work. I do not want to abolish energy or occupation. In one sense of the word we shall work more when we work less."

"Doing the things we want to do is not work, not the work we impose on the workman. Engineering is not work to me. It is my life, my way of expressing myself. I spend twelve or fourteen hours a day at engineering. I spend half an hour a day at work, reading things or doing things which I feel that I

must read or do but that are in themselves disagreeable and uninteresting.

"But standing in front of a punch press is all work. No one can possibly be interested in the monotonous turning of the machine. No one does it because he wants to do it. Men do it because they are paid to do it, and they must have the pay."

"If anyone uses his faculties constantly at a disagreeable task he cannot use them to express himself. They become dulled. The more disagreeable the task, the greater the deadening process."

"Eight hours a day is too long, far too long for a human being to tend a machine. The man who works in a shop eight hours today works longer than the man who worked twelve or fourteen hours years ago. In those days his occupation may have been crude, but he could get interested in it. He was making something, a shoe or a wheel or a box. There was much disagreeable labor thrown in, but his occupation gave him some play for his creative faculties. The machine has taken that opportunity away."

"The day's work should be reduced to four hours. Men could stand that much drudgery and have initiative enough left to enable them to take up interesting occupations. Society, instead of being impoverished by the shorter day, would be enriched by all the greater accomplishments these men would undertake."

"The tendency of the machine itself is to bring about the very change. There is no reason to believe that the labor saving machine has reached a final stage of development. Inventions will go on. But heretofore the labor saving machine has meant a tremendous increase in production, instead of an actual reduction in the hours of labor, and each machine has required the service of a machine tender."

"Yet now automatic machines, the machines which superintend themselves, are coming in. These are supplanting human drudgery. I see no reason why the factory may not be changed as much in this respect as it has already been changed in the transformation from hand to machine production."

"A little drudgery, will perhaps always be necessary. But this is not a hardship where it is associated with the thing we like to do. Lying on your back in the hot sand and letting dirty oil trickle in your face is not a pleasant occupation in itself. But you don't mind it occasionally if you own the automobile and you have a passion for automobilism. You get out and under with considerable pride in yourself for knowing how to fix the machine."

"But suppose you are doing the same thing or \$3 a day. Then it is unadulterated work. The automobilist does not work. The chauffeur does."

"Society is organized or disorganized, today, so that all the disagreeable things associated with disagreeable occupations can be shifted to the shoulders of a certain class of people. We call them the working class. To that class even many of the potentially agreeable occupations become drudgery due to the social stigma attached to them."

"If we had a rational organization of society very much of the drudgery of to-day would be found exceedingly interesting. You can hire a man to work in your garden for starvation wages, and the work at once becomes disagreeable, socially dishonorable. Yet when fortune smiles on you and endows you with leisure and a home of your own, the chances are that you will put in your year at the same occupation and it will prove delightful."

"If it is necessary for the disagreeable duties of life to be shifted to certain shoulders, there ought to be a premium on that particular work. If there is to be a distinction in reward—and honors—the people who do the most distasteful work of all should receive the greatest rewards and the highest honors. Why should I be honored or paid more than he who digs? Society could worry along for some time without its engineers, but it couldn't get along without its laborers."

Dr. Steinmetz was sitting in the marvelous laboratory of his Schenectady residence. His salary is fabulous, but there is no evidence of extreme luxury here. Mysterious electrical apparatus is installed throughout the building, giving the impression that much of his income is spent in forcing nature to yield up more and more of her wonderful secrets. Several acres of rather wild ground, where he is making studying plants and butterflies, and a spacious conservatory, filled with rare cacti and orchids, are apparently his own extravagance.

"I don't need more than any other person," he said. "I don't consume more than anyone could consume if society were organized. You may think I have more land than others could have, but comparatively few would want to be bothered with land if it were not for its commercial value."

"What do you mean by a rational organization of society?" The interviewer had recovered himself enough to ask the question.

"Socialism," said the wizard. "An organization of society in which the things we need would be manufactured in order to supply those needs. We make things to-day not to use but to sell. The result is a fearful social loss, not only in profit, interest and rent, but the abnormal waste of wealth, energy and human life in competitive production."

"Eliminating the social waste of production means reducing work to a minimum. Today a stone house costs twice as much as wooden houses but lasts four times as long. The cost of the upkeep of the stone house is only half that of the wooden house, and any mathematician can see that it is far more economical to build the former."

"But it is actually economical, under capitalism, to build the wooden house, because the interest on the difference in the money invested is greater than the difference in the cost of upkeep for habitation instead of for sale, we not only save the interest but we also save half the work and get better homes."

"Will the Socialist party bring about these changes?" Dr. Steinmetz was asked.

"No," he answered, "the system is being changed from day to day, and by the time the Socialist party gets into power, there will be little left to change. Business itself is organizing and reducing waste. It is eliminating the unnecessary work of competitive salesmanship and installing automatic machinery. Labor is organizing and demanding shorter hours. The people are organizing and asking more and more control of industry through the national government. Even the unemployed are catching the spirit and are kicking up a racket that would have been impossible a few years ago. See what young Mr. Tannenbaum and his small army accomplished in New York." The interviewer was not aware

that Tannenbaum accomplished anything and waited for the explanation.

"He turned the minds of the whole nation to the unemployed situation," Dr. Steinmetz went on. "We had heard that there were 300,000 unemployed in New York, but the figures whether exaggerated or not, left no impression upon us. They were just dead statistics. Then all at once we heard that the unemployed were marching on the churches demanding, not begging bread and lodging. No matter how the people felt toward Tannenbaum, they saw the situation vividly."

"But that was the I-Won't-Work Army," the interviewer suggested.

"Yes," said this man of miraculous industry. "They were rebelling not only against unemployment, but against the great thing that makes unemployment so tragic. We condemn the unfortunate to do our drudgery and pay them wages upon which they cannot live. The drudgery kills their initiative, destroys their faculties and leaves them eventually, in thousands of cases, not only unemployed but unemployable."

"We condemn them to do our dirty work. Then we condemn them for doing our dirty work. Then we curse them for not doing our dirty work. It is a good sign when the unemployed are neither willing to starve to death in meek submission nor to be thankful for a chance to do society's meanest and most degrading drudgery. Even if this was an I-Won't-Work Army, they had at least an element of justification."

"Dr. Steinmetz," the interviewer asked, "what word of encouragement can you give to the man who is down and out to-day? You are the superb type of the self-made man. You came to this country with nothing. You have climbed to the topmost round of the ladder of success. All the other great men I have ever met have held out their own careers as an inspiration to ambitious youngsters everywhere. They have told me that obstacles are only opportunities and have uniform maintained that the future is bright for any boy who is willing to work. Can't you say something of the kind?"

"I am a scientist," the wizard replied. "My employment has been the study of natural forces and the conditions under which they may be utilized. We can't bring up children to the routine of the factory and expect them to develop. The drudgery dulls their minds. An excess of it has the same bad effect in a lesser degree upon adults. Inspiring those individuals who are condemned by the conditions under which they live is rather a hopeless task. I am interested in eliminating the drudgery as far as possible, making it certain that no class of people is condemned to an undue share of it, and throwing open the gates of opportunity in any line of endeavor to those who wish to enter."

"The tendency of modern education is in this direction. It has been discovered that children are more successfully educated if their education is made to seem like play. There is always a residue of discipline left which may be necessary to bring about concentration and self-control. But the drudgery of school work is being constantly reduced."

"We must go much farther. We ought to pay good wages to children for attending school."

He smiled at the audacity of the suggestion. He didn't think it would be immediately followed. But man who writes mathematical books which only a chosen few of the great mathematicians are far advanced enough to read is used to problems that are inconceiv-

able to the average mind. The attitude of the public on education is no more binding on his brain than its attitude on electricity.

"Why not pay wages to school children?" he asked. "We pay wages to the man who makes a hat machine just as readily as we pay the man who makes a hat. The child in school is not producing wealth directly, but neither is the man who makes the machine. Both are getting something ready for an increased production. When the brain of a child is considered as a piece of machinery we will be willing to pay as much for its development."

Dr. Steinmetz does not expect any sudden or violent revolution.

"The people are gradually assuming control of industry," he said, "in a blind and futile way at first and then more systematically. They appoint an interstate Commerce Commission to protect them from the railroads. For years the Commission exhausts itself in trying to make the roads obey laws which cannot be obeyed. Then it issues edicts which the railroads say they cannot follow, and it is up to the commission to show that they can be followed."

"That means assuming control of the actual operations. The New Haven railroad could once declare that there was no satisfactory block system in existence and point to its standing offer of \$10,000 for the invention of such system as positive proof that it meant to be as safe as possible. Now the commission must step in, select a good system and say: Install this."

"From government control to government ownership it is but a step. That will not be Socialism, for the working class will not yet own the government. But then the economic law that the interest on capital is proportional to the risk of the investment will gradually but steadily reduce the income from railroad bonds and the bonds of other industries taken over by the government, until the Socialist party, the party of the now organized working class, steps in and takes away the last element of private profit from the industries. The step will be so infinitesimal compared with what has gone before that it will scarcely create a jar."

"I cannot see any sudden breaking down of the capitalist system. We have gone too far towards government control already. And I cannot see any greater unemployed crisis. The situation today is serious, but it cannot be compared with the situation when Coxey's Army marched on Washington twenty years ago."

"Then the unemployed did not know what they wanted Washington to do. And Washington did not have the slightest idea what they could do. But Theodore Roosevelt and many new ideas have crept into the government at Washington since then. If an army of unemployed should march on Washington today they would know definitely that they wanted the government to give them employment, and the government would give them employment. Our government has become an altogether different thing since President Roosevelt first intervened to stop the coal strike."

CIVIL WAR IN COLORADO

Civil War is on in Colorado in the mining district.

The private thugs of the mineowners, calling themselves mine guards and state militia, set upon the tent colony of the striking miners at Ludlow, riddled it with bullets and burnt it to the ground. A score of lives were lost, mostly women and children.

The striking miners, infuriated, rushed to arms. For fourteen hours on April 29th, four hundred miners fought the state troops. Forty five persons, mostly women and children, were killed.

On April 23rd the armed strikers had increased to one thousand men. They swept over the mining area from Delagua to Rouse and set fire to eight great coal properties. The damage by fire was more than \$1,000,000.

More than \$20,000 was subscribed in Denver by strike sympathizers to buy arms and munitions for the strikers.

Miners over the border in Wyoming, have been arming and are prepared to help their comrades of Colorado.

Pres. Wilson has been appealed to to stop the civil war with federal troops. Wilson appealed to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the saintly Sunday school superintendent, to stop the bloodshed. Rockefeller is the backbone of the mineowners.

Rockefeller naturally refused.

All over the States unions are voting appropriations to arm their men and to send them into the field to aid the strikers in their battle against the militia gun men.

Many miners have been jailed, including Adolph Germer, president of the Trinidad Miners' Union.

No doubt Wilson will rush Federal troops to the district and the miners will be arrested and tried for murdering the gun men and the women and children who perished in the flames.

Labor will arise in its might and say the striking miners who avenged the deaths of their women and children shall not die.

It is probable that a strike war like this may usher in the social revolution.

It starts in one corner of the field of exploitation. The masters endeavor to stamp out the revolt in blood. The attempt rouses armed revolt elsewhere and soon the country is ablaze with revolution.

Walling may predict state capitalism, but we have no desire to predict a speedy revolution, nor have we any desire to predict an intermediate benevolent feudalism. For history has a way of falsifying prophecy.

The revolution may delay, and it may break forth this year.

Brown stone mansions for the non-producer, rickety shacks for the producer. That is the way capitalism hands us bouquets.

DAS CAPITAL

Come now, how many of you have read the three volumes of Marx's Capital?

Marx's Capital is a critique of political economy. It is an analysis of the capitalist mode of production.

If you go to these three volumes for an outline of the socialist movement, for a prophecy of the future, for an inspiration to fight for individual liberty, you will be sadly disappointed.

Marx deals with present society. He shows the methods of production, the rotation of capital, value, price, profit, the nature of banking functions, etc.

He lays bare the whole operation of capitalist production and shows the tendency towards state activities in industry.

He also lays bare the dependence of all our institutions, political, religious, governmental social, literary, artistic, upon the current mode of production.

Few there are who master Marx's analysis of capitalist production. The ware system by which the workers are exploited of all they produce save a bare living wage for long hours of toil, prevent the necessary leisure to master this work, and when the workers get leisure to master this work by having won the class struggle, it will no longer be necessary. For the capitalist system will then be abolished, and there will be no reason to study its mode of operation save from a purely antiquarian standpoint.

The police of Montreal have discovered the books of a society of "fallen women." The women paid a dollar a week into the funds, and in return their fines and the cost of their defence when arrested were paid for them. This is one of the results of capitalism. The women were driven into the life by capitalist conditions, and they must not be taken from it. If thirty or forty women are sent to prison for six months, just that much revenue is lost to the people who fatten on the degradation of the women. Landlords, grocers, butchers, cigarette vendors, bootmakers stand to lose easy money when women of ill repute are sent to prison. The law says they must go to prison, so a common fund has been formed to fight the law with money. People who live in brownstone houses in the select section must not have their revenues rent taken from the houses of shame in the slums which they own.

A headliner sky pilot of San Francisco disbelieves in the virgin birth of Christ, and so old his congregation. He was immediately set out, and must hunt for another job. The plumes want their ministers to deal out the dope according to the cut and dried methods that have been in vogue for so long, and those who refuse to obey lose their meal ticket.

Bulgaria, after her reign of slaughter, is sitting up to notice the terrible havoc left in the wake of war. There are 10,000 men, once full of vigor, left crippled for life. Mothers and sisters are mourning for 48,000 men killed. There are 78,000 orphan children always asking for mother, looking for father to come. When will the mad desire of slaughter depart from the peoples of the earth? There are always Sam Hugheses in every country to keep the fires of militarism burning. These creatures are under the iron paw of the armament trust, which inevitably seizes upon those possessing murderous instincts and places them in positions where they can take advantage of the least opportunity to start a criminal war. Such is capitalism.

Archbishop Bruchesi don't want his people to attend theatres and those moving picture shows where money is so foolishly wasted which might be spent for better and more useful purposes." Bruchesi is afraid the people might learn something in the theatres and movies. In fact the movies are playing hob with the receipts of the churches and piecemeal, and preachers, priests and boozedeaders have been on their toes for years trying to find a way to stop the exodus of nickles from their respective places of business. The people are being educated at the movies, and will go as long as they have a nickle to spare. The movies are extremely popular with the masses the world over, the churches, and barrooms are not popular.

A bitter strike at Sunderland, Eng., was caused by the casual remark of a foreman shipwright. He told a workman to "hurry up." This is the proper spirit for the workers to display, and is a spirit which is rapidly coming to the front the world over. The masters hear the rumblings of trouble and those in the lead rarely seek foreman who forget themselves so much as to let the worker see that he is being driven. There are more subtle and surer methods. Time clocks, piecework, clocks on the machines, and continual supervision by numerous bosses who keep records of the work turned out by each employee have proven to be better dividend getters than the old fashioned threatening methods.

"Society the Real Criminal," are the words being chalked up on boards, rocks, etc., through the western states. This is the name of a novel by C.R.D.S. Oakford of Dexter, Kansas. Oakford was mobbed and his printing shop destroyed by a Kansas mob, so he must be some rebel. If you want the book, send \$1 to the author at Dexter, Kansas. The price will help him publish the book. It will be published in book form as soon as enough money has been received by the author.

The family of the worker is denied the benefits of a good education. They are forced to leave school and work to support themselves.

THE DEBATE IN EVERYBODY'S

The debate in Everybody's upon the question "Socialism, Promise or Menace?" came to an end in the last issue of Everybody's Magazine. Morris Hillquit took the side of Socialism while the Rev. Father Ryan, a Catholic priest, opposed.

The closing words were interesting. Hillquit threw overboard the ultimate materialism while the Rev. Father Ryan admitted that capitalism was not the final form. So close did the two come that the editor in the perfunctory sarcasm remarked that strange as it might seem to the average person, the two debaters still disagreed.

Ryan's great point was that Socialism stood for atheism, that the doctrine of economic determinism excluded the idea of God and hence was irreligious and could not be accepted by Christians. This attitude has been adopted by the church with regard to every scientific discovery. The heliocentric theory, the law of gravitation, evolution, economic determinism, all these have been opposed as irreligious and all have been accepted as scientifically correct.

The debate was interesting as showing that even the opponents of Socialism admit that a new order has to come. Only the opponents of Socialism want the friends of the present order to bring about the change. Like the Republicans of the U.S. who cried, "Let the tariff be reduced by its friends," so they cry, "Let the new order be dealt with by the friends of the old."

As long as the friends of the old are in power, the old order will be very tenderly dealt with, and the new order will be praised and kept shivering in the cold.

A daily paper says that skilled laborers in Malaga, Spain, earn as "much as 90 cents a day." This is said in a sarcastic manner, but there is no need for sarcasm. There are skilled laborers in Canada and skilled mechanics also who are working for 90 cents a day, and less, and glad to get the chance. There are thousands in the city of Montreal alone who have not been allowed to work for 90 cents or any other price during the past winter. Many women would think themselves lucky if their husbands were bringing in 90 cents a day. There are good honest sober workers in this country to-day spending their day keeping house, cooking meals, etc., while their wives are doing day's work for the plute class. "O Can-a-da, O Can-a-da!"

It is likely that the labor and Socialist representatives who have been elected in Ontario municipalities will hold a meeting to compare notes, and work out a general municipal campaign. Slowly but surely labor is pressing forward in the political field. And at the front urging the workers on to the great triumph are the Socialists demanding the abolition of the capitalist class.

IS CAPITALISM BANKRUPT?

"A form of society never breaks down until all the productive forces have been developed, for which it affords room. Never and higher relations of production are never established until the material conditions of life to support them have been prepared within the lap of the old society itself."

This is one of the profound declarations of Marx. It is for us of the second decade of the twentieth century to apply them to the present state of industry and government.

Is the capitalist system bankrupt? Has the present form of Social production reached its limit? Do the phenomena of unemployment, prostitution, slum dwellings, physical degeneracy show the breakdown of capitalism?

These phenomena certainly show that the present state of society cannot last. Radical changes must take place.

The question then arises, will the changes to take place in the near future be an amended form of capitalist exploitation, or will they be a complete overthrow of the co-operative system and the ushering in of the co-operative system? Is the capitalist class thoroughly corrupt and degenerate, or is there vitality and mental energy enough among them to see the danger to their class rule and bring about changes?

To those who examine the capitalist class with dispassionate eyes, the members are seen to be keen and energetic. The Harry Thaw case is the exception. There are here and there degenerates among the ruling class, but the majority are vital, keen-minded, energetic, far-sighted, and more or less moral. Degeneracy which afflicted the ruling class of Babylon, of Rome, of Byzantium, of the papacy, has not yet overtaken the modern capitalist class.

The Kaiser of Germany is a strong character. Henry Ford is a big bunch of energy. The telephone trust is a powerful personality. Roosevelt is strenuous in the extreme. Anyone who comes into contact with our Canadian exploiters will realize their strength.

The workers are also powerful. They are growing more powerful as they realize their strength lies in solidarity.

We are then in this position. A form of exploitation which cannot endure. A powerful exploited class facing a group of far-sighted, keen, energetic exploiters. Will these exploiters be able to change the form of exploitation to a higher one so that new productive forces may be developed?

William English Walling, in his "Progressive and Anti-Progressive," (Macmillan, New York, \$1.50 net), holds that this reorganization of exploitation is now going on.

The capitalist class get their revenues from the difference between what it costs the workers to live and what the things produced. This is not realized until the things produced are sold. The market under present conditions is choked and vast numbers, millions of workers are thrown out of work and profits from their labor cease because there is no market for the things produced. War and war preparation is becoming a played-out game for consuming this surplus as the masses are refusing to become food for powder and the voters see that the waste is useless. What will take its place?

Walling says the capitalist class are preparing to maintain their dominance by changing the wage basis from the living level to the efficiency level. This will mean a tremendous activity for labor and also tremendous profits for the masters.

An ignorant, ill-equipped worker produces small surplus values. Wherefore the capitalist class are preparing to rebuild upon the efficiency basis.

The state is to assume larger functions. This is to crush out the small employers who cannot stand the higher wage bill and the bigger initial expenses.

Slums are to disappear. Houses instead of shacks are to be built. The old shacks are to be torn down. Technical training is to be established on a large scale. Child labor is to disappear. Wages are to be increased so the spending power of the workers will be greatly increased. Gigantic governmental undertakings like reforesting, canals, railways, etc. are to be begun. Intimations of this policy can be seen in the government undertakings now under way.

This will create a great demand for labor. The unemployed army will be largely absorbed. The increased wages will allow the workers to absorb more of the social product and thus relieve the market of its surplus.

The farm will be invaded by capitalist methods. The inefficient production of the small farmer will be replaced by gigantic equipment. And upon all this endeavor the capitalists will reap their profits.

Although the wages of the worker will be increased, nevertheless the proportion of their product they receive will be smaller than it is now. For their labor will be far more productive than at present.

THE CHANGE NOW ON.

We can see the beginning of this new system in Canada as elsewhere.

On May 25th, 26th and 27th the International Conference on City Planning was held at Ottawa.

Henry Ford at Detroit is distributing \$10,000,000 per year among the employees of his automobile plant at Detroit in a profit sharing scheme. He declares that this will have a profound effect upon the labor situation throughout the country.

The U. S. government has built the Panama Canal. It is building a \$40,000,000 railway in Alaska. The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission is at work upon a plan for a net work of electric railways throughout Ontario with the stock watering schemes of the private buccanniers eliminated.

A minimum wage for women of \$10 per week is becoming a realized fact in western states.

The Commission on Technical Training appointed by the Dominion government has issued four bulky volumes and technical training institutions are rising in many places.

The barbarians in our penitentiaries are to be removed and the convicts placed upon a more humane basis. They are to be given beautiful work and no doubt their families will be given the wages the convicts earn.

Premier Gwyn of Quebec has expressed himself favorable to the plan that prisoners be paid for work and the money given to support their families.

Factory laws are becoming stricter. The health of the employees is becoming a serious consideration.

In the recent Social Service Congress at Ottawa, many ministers of the gospel denounced the misery produced by our present society. Many politicians and capitalists spoke in favor of a change.

Competitive capitalism is dead. State capitalism is taking its place.

A CLASSLESS STATE INEVITABLE.

However, with all the reforms possible, a classless state will finally emerge. It is admitted that with wages placed on the efficiency level, profits will increase faster than wages.

After the old factories have been abandoned, after the slums have been wiped out and replaced by dwellings fit for human beings, after the capitalization of the farm, after the gigantic government works have been built, labor will be still at work. And their work, with up-to-date machinery run by skilled hands will be tremendously productive.

The higher efficiency will create a higher productivity and the overproduction; once the labor of recreating our living and machinery, will be as tremendous a problem as ever.

The workers will still have the class struggle to face. For the machine has sounded the doom of production for profit.

The workers will finally win out along class lines. The labor of producing things men use will become a small part of our lives, and man will at last be free to climb to heights of development undreamed of now.

Judge Meredith Again

By Gumbo.

In Cotton's Weekly of 9th of April I have beheld the first of these series of articles throwing a little light on what Judge Meredith would have the boneheads believe to be the philanthropy of the C.P.R. I hope that ere this the dear man may have had his wilderness cry brought under his notice in order that his intelligence may be somewhat relieved of the paralysis wrought upon it by his owners.

It is always a good thing to see learning and intelligence prostituted to a base use and held in certain circumscribed bounds, but it is a million fold sadder when thieves and robbers can employ and own the men who make our laws, to go through the form of proving that they have broken any law and are just doing what is proper. Did a great poet descend to the level of composing lines on some obscure theme all the world would rise in wrath at him; but when a man of great legal learning degrades himself by helping to hold these vampires on the shoulders of the worker, all respectable church-going would be Christianity, sides with him, because the environment he moves in is one that is conducive to a fat, sleek, well-groomed air of respectability. And of course the worker with his muddy boots, too often and begrimed face is too hideous, too filthy, too unkempt, too illiterate an animal to have any notice taken of him or what he says.

But give the worker the education he ought to have and let him get up before any audience and bring his claims before them in a logical way, and Judge Meredith will look like twenty-seven cents. If a worker dared to get up at most any street corner in this great land of liberty and try to repudiate these gross misstatements of Judge Meredith, the same as I have been doing to do, the chances are that he would be arrested or moved on or bunked into silence in some way. You see, capitalism dreads the idea of letting the workers bring their grievances before the public in a reasonable, logical way. As long as they keep the workers in a mood for violence and get them roused into some riotous behavior against which they can use the mailed fist, so long will they be able to maintain their accursed system. But once the workers are educated, the chances are that facts concerning their present status, and at the same time arousing public interest by plain, true, straightforward statements in a widely circulated press which will be read by thousands, then, and only then, will they beget to scorn.

There is nothing thieves hate so much as the glare of the light, and it's just the same with those engaged in this capitalistic thievery; they positively can't stand the glare of an enlightened public opinion. I quite endorse your idea of Socialists keeping clear of the militia and fighting their battle on clean, clear, straightforward lines, and when once public opinion has been sufficiently educated along reasoning lines, there will be men in plenty to stand forward as leaders and help to bring his claims before them in a logical way, and Judge Meredith will look like twenty-seven cents.

But what I set out to contradict in this article was Judge Meredith's statement that C.P.R. track employees have "as much of the Company's lands along the right-of-way as they may care to cultivate for their own benefit."

Now, would Judge Meredith tell us first: How are they going to do this? Can a man with a spade dig over wild, rough, ridgy, burnt-out, gumbo-coated desert, and make it productive of anything? Can a section foreman get such land broken without a team? Can he get a man and team without paying for them? Can his wages after paying rent and "doctor" (if) stand it? Would Judge Meredith tell us secondly: When are they going to cultivate such wild useless land? Will they rise at 3 a.m. and work at it until 7 and then start to a hard day on the track? Or will they attempt it after a hard day's work on the track? Or will they run the risk of being fired for being caught at it during working hours? Yes, there's lots of land inside the track fence, but there's also far more work on the track itself than any too limited section force can ever hope to keep up with; and there's always plenty of other avenues for getting rid of the poor section foreman's money than squandering it upon breaking, fencing and cropping a piece of the company's land from which he may be ejected at a moment's notice. Such section house gardens as are in existence along the line were broken and fenced and cropped at a time when there was less inhumanity shown those responsible for the safety of the track.

Yes, Mr. Meredith, C.P.R. employees have lots of space above the track in which to soar around in aeroplanes and race with the trains, but who's going to supply the aeroplanes? They have also lots of space outside the company's fence if they don't like how they are treated inside of it, and as you say they have a most unlimited supply of land inside the track fence, but who betide them if caught spending any of the company's 10 hours away from places where rest the ties and rails? The company is able to bare the expense of breaking, fencing, seeding and caring for all land around section houses.

The section foreman has quadruple the work he can handle without it, and his meagre wage has enough demands made upon it without paying for the breaking, fencing and seeding of land, off which he may be suddenly ejected.

"When Socialism is accepted, every human being on earth can greet every other one as 'My Comrade.'"—Jack London.

Workers Message to Capitalism

By Dora B. Motefiore, in the Maoriland Worker.

Out of the pit where you've crushed us, out of the gutter and slum, Pouring from prisons and workhouse, creeping from brothels we come— Fluttering and gibbering shadows, mocking your Church and State, Shades of abysmal darkness, hounding you down to your fate.

"God made the poor" is your watchword; "Christ clinched the matter," you say; That might be true in Judea, but it doesn't sound true today.

Parsons preach "Life hereafter," when poor folk come to their own— We want to live in this world, and just leave the future alone.

We suffer this world's torments; we pay the price while here; We women sell our bodies—what price our souls up there? Why should our sisters flout us? Had we the power to choose—

Think you we'd tread this winniness? think you we'd herd in stews?

Men with the hoe and the anvil, maimed and scarred in the fight,

Women with bodies twisted, and eyes that have lost love's light;

Babes who were starved and branded, while they fought for life in the womb;

Miners who crouched and sweated, toiling in living tomb.

Girls whose white flesh was battered to foul disease or age;

Youths who have split their hearts blood your war lust thirst to assuage—

Each with a sob and a wailing, e'er they lay them down to die;

Indict "the system" you stand for, and curse it with stifled cry.

You that have branded our bodies, you that chain the ocean waves,

You that enslave our women to pile up blood-stained gains,

You that exploit our children through the power money gives;

You that sneer at our drunkards, and pocket the brewery "divs"!

Lo, we who once in ignorance hailed rich men "masters" and "lords";

Now we indict them as spoilers, now we mesh on in our borders;

Yield us the land and the factories, steamers and railways and mines;

Forego your sweated profits, give us your trusts and combines.

Ours are the brains that shall work them for uses of human kind;

Science now is our handmaid, she has healed the once dumb and blind;

She has whispered of life's beginnings, that the race in its long, slow rise,

Shall cast off priestly lies.

She has taught us to conquer Nature, and make her forces slaves;

Has bade us fling wide-world highways, and chain the exploiters;

She has traced back through rock and fossil, through slime of river bed,

The history of man's beginnings, the record of ages dead.

Through the stone, and iron and firestick; through amoeba, ape and man;

She has shown us hope and failure since time's beginning began;

But the lesson we, the workers, have spelt through tears and sweat,

Is the tale of upward struggle—the tale you too oft forget.

That all is flux and "becoming"—that sex and chattel slaves,

Serfs and indentured workers; through the days men dwell in caves;

Through wars and warrior prisoners, through church and feudal scorn,

Through hunger, brandings, scourgings, through flesh and spirit torn;

Till the days when industrial slavery says to woman, child and man:

"Tend the machine or perish; toil and compete all you can!"

Crush out the artist and dreamer, kick in the faces the poor;

Wealth is the only standard, Success is the flattered whore!"

But while you feast, and we starvelings grind the commercial mill,

Think you that evolution, favoring you, stands still?

Think you the souls you trample back to the gutter and slum

Never shall rise to judge you, never shall threatening come?

Armed with the light of Reason, girded with Science sword,

We, who have lived as wage slaves, flout you as master and lord!

Room for the countless millions who are out to conquer "bread,"

Who will bring back grace and beauty to a world where Art is dead.

Who will honor poet and teacher, and Labor's curse destroy,

Who will make this world their heaven of leisure, culture, joy?

Room for "the Light of Science," for the Vision which began

When poets, dreamers, craftsmen taught the Brotherhood of Man!

War Against War

At the last International Socialist Congress Hardie and Vaillant proposed a resolution that in case any two nations should go to war the workers of both countries should declare a general strike. This motion was referred back to the various countries to test the opinion of the rank and file of the working class. The Socialist parties of the various countries are getting the opinion of the membership on this question and it will be decided at the next International Congress to be held this year in Vienna. It will be interesting to hear the result. For the first time in history, Canada will be represented at this Congress. The various locals of the S. D. P. are now suggesting candidates for delegate to be chosen later by referendum. South Hill local suggests Parker Williams. Other locals will suggest other names.

If Boston only had his three dreadnoughts now, the armament trust could order them down to Mexico, where they would be bound to mix in some sort of trouble. Any kind would do, as long as more battleships, ammunition and war necessities would be needed.

The International Co-operative Movement

Many readers of Cotton's have asked from time to time that we publish an article upon the Co-operative movement.

The co-operative movement upon this continent is young and backward, but in Europe the movement is strong and vigorous.

According to the statistics of the movement in 1910 the following was the membership standing of the various co-operative societies in the principle countries.

Members	
Austria.....	410,351
Belgium.....	250,106
Denmark.....	113,000
Finland.....	102,000
France.....	800,000
Germany.....	1,473,740
Hungary.....	156,563
Italy.....	346,000
Netherlands.....	65,000
Spain.....	29,000
Sweden.....	66,582
Switzerland.....	212,322
Great Britain.....	2,542,532
Japan.....	24,000
United States.....	36,286
Total.....	6,627,482

By 1912 the membership had grown fully one million.

These co-operatives not only buy and sell, but many of the societies also manufacture.

By hiring workers under the capitalist system and exploiting them of surplus value they produce, the co-operatives have large revenues to dispose of. These revenues are partially divided among the members in proportion to their purchases, and are partially used to finance such movements as the membership desire to propagate.

In Belgium the profits are used to publish Socialist papers. In the general strike the co-operatives provided food to the strikers, thus helping the strikers to win.

In Scotland now 5 per cent of the net profits are devoted to Socialist propaganda.

With the awakening of labor to its class position in society and the necessity of abolishing capitalism, there comes the demand for funds to carry on the propaganda of the movement. There comes the demand for financing election campaigns.

The workers have to dig down in their own pockets. Out of their slave pay they have to dig up the funds to carry on the political agitation.

With the private ownership of the commodities used by the working class and private distribution thereof, the workers have to pay private profit to the owners and distributors. The workers in the stores and factories of the private capitalists are exploited and the profit goes to the capitalists.

With the working class using their purchasing power co-operatively, the workers in the co-operative stores and industries are still slaves and are exploited. But the result of the co-operative movement does them the working class, and with these funds the workers are rendered more powerful to fight their masters.

The co-operative movement is spreading rapidly. When the slaves have the spirit of slaves, the co-operative movement does them little good. When the slaves have the spirit of rebels, the co-operative movement becomes a weapon with which to fight the capitalist system.

Labor Inevitable

By James DeWitt Carpenter.

I. Labor Inevitable. I have smothered the forge's fire to build titanic cauldrons fit for Jove, whose smoke ascends and hides the stars.

Whirl leaping, roaring, thundering flames paint midnight's sky with uncouth gnomes and elfin forms.

My hammers have ceased to be playthings of pounds; they clang upon the anvil with the weight of tons.

I have forgotten the distaff and the spinners wheel. I leave the hand loom to its cover of dust.

Within the factory walls my myriad hands perform their wonted tasks. From masters' looms pour cataraacts of woven warms, whose prismatic colors shame the morning sky.

I have ceased to be a globule to become a giant.

I, who play with Nature's elemental forces. I who invade the air, or sail the sea. I whose plastic hand tears hidden metals from earth's dark caverns.

I, who build palaces, inhabit hovels to feed my weary frame with a slave's reward, a beggar's pence.

I come forth a giant, with a pygmy's head; my Lilliputian masters lash me with hunger's cruel knot. In coal camps I crouch as a beast behind frail tents' walls. My blood stains the copper country's snows.

The factory's brazen voice calls me from my petty individual cares, unities and makes me a part of the world.

I am led by filmy strands of ignorance, prejudice, falsehood, where my master wills, strands my political power will break.

Each day they call me to my task I learn anew that solidarity is my power, and grasp the social meaning of my productive force.

I can stand forth freed only when I become cemented by solidarity to direct myself when masters shall be no more.

I am destined to do the world's work as a free being.

Through my class consciousness, I will solve the riddle of the universe.

I, Labor Inevitable.

Premier Asquith, in a speech before Associated Chambers of Commerce, London, said that considerable amount of labor unrest would occur this year and he had no remedy to offer. Asquith is a henchman of the labor skinner. The remedy is to do away with the labor skinner. This Asquith cannot suggest without his political head being lopped off. Never mind. The workers are not depending upon Asquith to win the revolution but upon their own united strength.

It is hard to say where the boss has skinned. In skinning the Dubb who likes being skinned.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

ALBERTA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE S.D.P. of C. meets every first and third Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Moose Hall, Fraser Ave. Edmonton. Comrades desiring assistance in organizing locals please write Sec. C. Spencer, 65 Clara St., Edmonton, Alta.

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXECUTIVE S.D.P. of C. meets in Pinnish Hall, 285 Pender St. East Vancouver, on the first and third Sunday of every month at 1:30 p.m. General Business Meeting on third Sunday, E. Finch, Prov. Sec. Jubilee Station P. O., Vancouver, B.C.—29.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Social Democratic Party of Canada meets every first and third Monday at 8 King Street East, H. Martin, Sec. 4 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—29.

MANITOBA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Monday night at Headquarters Hall, 215 Jarvis Ave. For information and literature write to Prov. Sec. J. Penner, Box 162, Winnipeg, Man.—26.

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, S.D.P. meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month, 8:15 p.m., Labor Temple, 161 Church St., Toronto. Secretaries: F. C. Young, 85 Wroster Avenue.—26.

BERLIN LOCAL No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets every Sunday business every first Sunday night at 7 p.m. at 55 King St. East. Secretary, 140 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.—26.

COBALT LOCAL No. 2, S.D.P. of C. holds Business and Propaganda meetings every Sunday evening at 8 p.m., Miners Union Hall, Cobalt, Ont. I. G. Dean, Sec., Box 294.

HAMILTON LOCAL No. 61 S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Friday evening of the month in Swales Hall, cor. Barton and Eldorado at 7:45 o'clock. This is an invitation to attend.

J. Alexander, Sec., 41 Fraser Ave.—26.

LONDON LOCAL No. 11, S.D.P. meets every Sunday in Forest St. Hall, People's Savings Building, Richmond St. (opposite Carline St.) Propaganda Lectures at 2:30 p.m. Propaganda and Comrades, regard it as your first duty to attend regularly and punctually.

HEATHCOTE, Sec. 81 Smith St., Ealing P. O.—24.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 13 meets every Tuesday, 8 p.m. for business and Propaganda in Club Room, 1000 Broadway, Vancouver, B.C.—26.

NANAIMO LOCAL No. 11, S.D.P. of C. Business meetings, Propaganda, every Sunday at 8 p.m., in Colonial Theatre, Vancouver, B.C.—26.

WILLIAM WATSON, Sec. 129 Nanaimo, B.C.—26.

NIMMOLOA Finnish Local No. 6, S. D. P. of C. Post Office Address, N.S. Osaato, Nimmoila, S.A.—26.

PORT ARTHUR LOCAL S.D.P. meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., second and fourth Wednesdays 8 p.m. for business. Matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 78 Rutland St., Sec.—26.

SOUTH PORCEPUCE LOCAL No. 32, S.D.P. of C. holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. in the Miner's Union Hall, South Porcupice. Tom Meyers, Sec., Box 521.—26.

TORONTO Christian Socialist Fellowship, Local No. 1, meets every second and fourth Thursday, 8 p.m., sharp, in West End Y.M.C.A., (between Bond, College and Dovercourt Rd.) Open cordially invited. J. W. Connor, Sec., 350 Ossington Ave.—26.

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published in the interests of Socialism by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowansville, P.Q. W. U. Cotton, Pres., Roy Winn, Sec.-Treas.

Job Printing Bulletin

We have greatly enlarged our job printing plant. New type has been bought, and new material of all kinds added, which will enable us to turn out a better and more varied assortment of job work. Formerly we were somewhat afraid of tackling large jobs, owing to the smallness of our plant. Now, we welcome the big jobs which the smaller plants cannot do. There are nine job printing presses at the service of Cotton's Job Plant, and tons of type and material.

WE PRINT—

ANSWERED FROM A VISITING CARD TO A POSTER.

COLORFUL POSTERS A SPECIALTY. OUR POSTER FACILITIES ALLOW US TO DO ANYTHING FROM A 32nd SHEET POSTER TO A THREE SHEET POSTER.

FINE SMALL JOBS WHICH REQUIRE THE BEST OF MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP WILL BE WELCOMED.

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO QUOTE PRICE ON BOOKS OF ANY SIZE OR DESCRIPTION. There is no printing plant in the province of Quebec (outside the large cities) which can execute a better variety of jobs than Cotton's Job Plant.

Send for estimates on your work. We can compare prices favorably with any shop, and the large additions to the plant will enable us to quote prices that the majority of Canadian printers cannot touch. We want your work, from east, west north and south, and any enquiry will be attended to promptly.

Below are a few samples of ordinary work which will give an idea of the general character of our printing.

Letterheads, on 16th Bond, a fine light sheet..... \$2.00 \$3.00

Envelopes, fine commercial, 100..... \$2.00 \$3.00

Not. 7 or 8..... \$1.00 \$2.50

Bill Heads, standard size, good stock..... \$1.00 \$2.50

Statements, fine stock..... \$1.00 \$2.50

Note Heads, very best stock..... \$1.00 \$

The Man from the Wise Land

(Translated from the Yiddish by Marx Lewis)
The hero of the story is an American named Christopher Smith. He is a true American, and even an exceptionally good American. His father fought heroically in the Civil War, and his grandfather died on the battlefield in the Revolutionary War. But he himself could not find a job during the entire winter, and he went out in search of work elsewhere.

And he went from town to town, from village to village, but in vain. In the factories he was told that they did not need any more "hands," because they have got sufficient goods, and no orders are coming in. When he sought work as a clerk in a store, he was shown the overfilled shelves of goods, for which there were no customers, and how could they find employment for more? He applied to the farmers, and he was told that the products are rotting on the field, and in the gardens are rotting the greens, because there is an overabundance of products and the railroad companies force the poor farmers for transporting it into the city. Why, then, should they employ more "hands"?

And so Mr. Smith kept on riding and then walking by foot, going through woods and forests, stealing rides on freight trains and aboard ships, and again continued walking through swamps and muddy roads, until one day he arrived at a wild and distant land, where there was not to be seen a white person or a civilized dwelling.

The only human specimen that could be seen there were Indians, who had never seen any people outside of the red skinned. They were wild like the Indians which Columbus found when he first discovered America.

The white man surprised them. They thought he must be a godly being. They received him in the fashion of an angel. They started to talk to him. How it was possible for Christopher Smith to speak their language, I don't know. That is his secret which he does not want to reveal. Be that as it may, he spoke to them in their dialect, and they understood him and he understood them. Mister Smith was not a liar, and he told them that he was not an angel, but a person, like all persons, and that he comes, not from the heavens, but from the earth—from a land far, far away, where all the people are as white as he is.

Then they started to question him as to what kind of a land it is, and he told him that there men can fly like birds, that men can speak to each other thousands of miles apart, that there ships as large as mountains cross the ocean, and that they sailing by themselves, and that there, when a mishap overtakes one of the ships, she tells others of it, hundreds of miles away.

And he told them more and more of this distant land. All in their own language, the Indian language, so that they could understand him.

And the naked Indians listened and wondered, and would frequently interrupt the remark, in their language, "A wise land! A wise land!"

He told them so many nice and interesting things that they looked upon him with deep respect; they treated him to the best that could be got, and gave him the nicest room available, and the best wool to cover himself with.

So went day after day. The Indians among themselves referred, in their style, to him as "the man from the wise land."

One day, while he was sitting and thus explaining about his fatherland, one of the Indians asked him:

"Why did you leave such a nice land?"

And Christopher Smith started to explain to them:

"There was no work, and I had to go seek a job, but in the entire land I could not find any work. Wherever I came I found that there is too much eating products, too many things and that they don't need any one to work, and everywhere I found many men and women who were also looking for work like myself. There is no work; one can't earn even a cent. It has become so bad that there is really nothing to eat—

"I don't understand," questioned one of the Indians.

"I don't understand," called out another, and so remarked the third, fourth, fifth, etc.

"Why can't you understand?" declared Christopher Smith, impatiently. "If there is everything that is needed, more than is needed, so no more is produced."

"So it is good," they called out in a chorus. "Why then did you have to travel so far, through mud and swamps, to come to a strange land? If there is so much of good food in your land, yet too much, and many other nice things, then why did you not stay in your land?"

Mister Smith spoke and spoke, explained and explained, but the Indians could not understand him. His throat became dry speaking, perspiration began to accumulate on his forehead in an endeavor to explain. But to no avail. They could not understand him.

"Oh, it is impossible to speak to such wild beings!" he thought. "How are you going to explain to such uncivilized creatures?"

Still he talked further, but it was useless. They could not grasp it.

Finally, one Indian was found the wisest of the entire crowd, who said that he understood.

"I understand what you mean," he said. "In your land it is this way: The more food there is to eat, the hungrier you are; not so? Have I understood you correctly?"

Mr. Smith sat there, all muddled up. The Indian's words sounded so true and still it is queer.

Denial could not be offered, so he tried to explain it away through wise, civilized words.

"That is," he answered. "I agree with you partly, but entirely I cannot agree with you. It is nevertheless true that the more there is to eat and to protect ourselves from the cold, rain, all the more men must seek work and can't find it; they must therefore, suffer starvation, suffer from the frost and suffer from the rain."

The "civilized words" to the Indians fell on deaf ears. They understood the essence of it, however. So one of them responded:

"Be that as it may, what difference does it make? The fact remains that the more there is to eat, the hungrier you are, and here it is just the reverse. Here, when God gives us a year of plenty, and there is an abundance of bananas, birds in the woods, oysters and fish in the sea, we enjoy ourselves to the utmost. But when God gives us a bad year, and there is a scarcity of bananas, birds and oysters, then it is unfortunate for us. Then we die of hunger. Any by you it is just the other way: when God gives you a large supply of food, you starve of starvation, and when he gives you a scarcity of food you then enjoy yourselves! Ha! ha! ha! A queer land."

Mr. Smith smiled:

"Him! Now we see that you are wild," he began. "How can you understand what takes

place by us 'civilized' people? Yes by you it is as God gives you. But we are not wild people, and therefore it is different. If we would have waited for God, would we be able to fly like birds? Would we be able to speak with a person a thousand miles away? No not through God. By us the essence comprises the ability of the man. We have wonderful places, known as factories; and from these very factories are produced treasures. You can't even understand what goods are made there. All this comes, not from God, but from man. So it is this way: When we, the people, produce in our factories too many good things to eat, to drink, to live in, ornaments to wear, etc., no work remains to be done and we go around without work. We are idle, and, therefore, our stomachs are empty. There is nothing to eat, times are bad."

The Indians looked at him in amazement. They looked at each other, and soon there started a whispering and laughter. "Oh! what wise men!" one Indian cried out. "they are so wise, so able that when they have an overabundance of food they die of starvation. And why? Because they are so able that man can fly like a bird and speak to another thousands of miles away."

"Ha, ha, ha!" another Indian exclaimed in laughter, "better he wild like us, and then you will have something to eat when there will be food and starve only then when there will be no food. And they laugh at us wild people! They are the wise ones! Did you ever hear of such wise men? Ha, ha!"

A gray-haired Indian with deep, serious eyes then remained. "No, not a wise land is yours but a foolish land."

And since then Christopher Smith has always been referred to as the "man from the foolish land."

Is this why they want war?

Carl D. Thompson.
In the Daily Consular Report of the United States government, of March 28, 1914, appears the following news item: The United States Consul General, William H. Gale, at Athens, Greece, states that the Greek minister of war has signed a contract with an American firm for 1,000,000 cartridges.

Sinister news item.

Evidently it pays some people to have war and rumors of war.

And is this the reason they want war—the profits on the sale of the munitions of war?

I am a father.

I have two boys.

I don't want them to be murdered. Neither do I want them to be murderers.

Like all fathers I know it costs something to raise boys. Cost something the boys will never repay—are never expected to repay.

Like all fathers I've borne in my body the pain of this cost. Through sleepless nights and days of doubt—I've learned the cost; through nights when the ache in my body was nothing to the ache that wracked my heart.

I've learned the cost of fatherhood.

But all that, I know, is nothing compared to the cost of motherhood. No man can ever know. It is a thing apart to us men. But no father can ever have stood in the presence of that miracle of love, motherhood, and fail to realize that the cost is above every thing else in heaven and on earth.

All your gold, all your money, all your profits, are as nothing compared to one boy—if that boy is your boy.

Yet mark the moral degeneracy of our social system today. It puts a few dirty dollars above the value of human bodies and human souls.

Greece wants a million boys to kill.

And other nations are ready to kill them. One million cartridges, and smokeless powder.

And to think—workmen will make the cartridges. Workmen will make the smokeless powder. Workmen will pack the packages and deliver them to workmen in the Greek army.

Workmen will receive the cartridges. They will load them into guns and if war breaks out workmen will pour them into the bodies of their fellow workmen, on fields "where lava contends with lightning and volcano contends with earthquake."

And workmen will receive the murderous bullets of these smokeless cartridges crashing into their quivering flesh and splintered bone and die—miserably, hideously, horribly die; and their mangled bodies be thrown to vultures to eat or tumbled into nameless graves, to lie forgotten forever.

Workingmen, let us make no more cartridges with smokeless powder to pour bullets into our fellow workmen; let us ship no more cartridges and smokeless powder; let us load no more guns with cartridges of smokeless powder; let us shoot no more; kill no more and be killed no more.

Our fathers and mothers did not bear us to be shot and to rot in unmarked graves.

Let us stop war. Let us command peace. It is within our power to do this—workers of the world—ours, and ours alone.

Twelve hundred people passed a medical examination last year, conducted by the transportation companies of Europe, but failed to pass the government test of Canada. They are in the coffers of the transportation companies and is a total loss to them. This 1200 have been deported. If a boat cannot secure a full complement of steerage passengers in Europe, those immigrants who should not be allowed to come here are readily passed by the examination of the companies. Thus is a fare secured, and the immigrant taken to a country of which he will not be allowed to land if he cannot come up to the regulations. The companies do not care. The poor immigrant's dollars are in the dividend mill. That is all.

The employers of Montreal are seeking to "stab" organized labor by taking advantage of the overworked labor market of the country and advertising in other towns and cities for help. It is said that the employing painters of Montreal recently advertised in a Winnipeg paper that painters were needed in Montreal. Labor, organized and unorganized, has been badly walloped the past winter by unemployment, and now have to face the machinations of the masters' sneaking methods of keeping the wages below a living wage.

The garment workers of Montreal and Toronto threaten to strike in June. Ever industrial unrest. Ever the struggle between owner and worker over the division of labor's product. The sensible solution is to have the workers become the collective owners and the owners become social producers.

The Norwegian Trades Union congress has protested against the attempt of the government to introduce compulsory courts of arbitration in labor disputes. The workers have learned to look every gift horse from the capitalist class in the mouth very carefully.

B.C. "Prosperity"

Dear Cotton's—I put in a few hours yesterday (Sunday) gathering up the remnants of our late subscription list. I got nearly all that are still resident in this section, but some "new chums" whom I solicited pleaded that they did not possess the two bits required, and as they are minus a job I don't for the moment doubt that they spoke the truth. The government road work has heretofore started up in March. This year there is only the whisper of a rumor that a few small gangs will be started out about the first of May. There is nothing else here that the common, ordinary laboring man can work at. That he is a hopeful, optimistic cuss is amply exemplified by the fact that he will hang around all winter doing nothing but keeping the fire going in his little old log cabin just for the sake of putting in the long, bright summer days on "Government work."

But the B.C. Government is in a hole and money is scarce just now. The big eight-million dollar surplus that finance minister Elison boasted so much about two years ago is now just as big a deficit, and economy is the watchword now. The gang that has been in charge of B.C. revenues for the past eleven years seems to be about to split up. "Our Diel" has landed the exceedingly splendid job of Canadian High Commissioner in London. All the others are pretty well fixed. As is always the case, the recent "prosperity" so loudly proclaimed in this province meant prosperity for the few who pulled the ropes, but now it has collapsed, leaving the empty bag in the hands of the chumps who mistakenly thought they were really in the swim with the leaders. There is one thing we can console ourselves with, and that is: if Socialism is not making very much headway in Canada it is surely making rapid strides everywhere else, and the cause is that Capitalism is in its youthful days here, while elsewhere it is hoary and foul and rotten in its polluted old age—As ever, yours for the revolution—R. W. Northey.

World Notes

At the third annual conference of the British Socialist party, held in London, the motion to endorse the organization of a democratic citizen army for defense purposes only was defeated by a vote of 76 to 58.

During 1913 the membership of the Dutch Socialist party has increased from 15,567 to 25,380, a gain of 64 per cent. The number of branches increased from 284 to 382. The number of Socialist representatives in parliament increased from 7 to 15, on different provincial bodies from 24 to 42, and on municipal bodies from 171 to 247.

The Finnish people are facing their darkest hour in their long and heroic struggle to maintain their ancient liberties, if a report reaching here from St. Petersburg is to be believed. It is said that the czar has decided in the event the Finnish diet persists in refusing to pass the new laws suggested by the Russian government and which would have the effect practically of destroying what is left of the Finnish constitution, to proclaim a "state of war," permanently garrison the capital with two infantry and two Cossack regiments, and replace the Finnish police with Russian gendarmes.

In the Swedish elections the final returns show 56 members of the National Defense party, 71 Liberals and 73 Socialists. In the last House there were 64 members of the National Defense party, 102 Liberals and 64 Socialists.

In Bulgaria the Socialists have 20 seats. The Constructive Socialist vote dropped from 54,369 to 47,107, and the Radical Socialist vote from 52,777 to 38,382.

The Socialist party membership of Switzerland last year advanced from 21,360 to 31,382.

The International Conference of Working Women will be held at Vienna on August 21st and 22nd. Questions to be discussed include the fight for the franchise and legal protection and social provision for mothers and children.

It is thought that we will turn out weapons on our French comrades or other foreigners, then we shall never do it. For this statement in a speech, Rosa Luxemburg has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany. The prosecuting attorney interpreted this to mean that Comrade Luxemburg was inciting German soldiers to murder their officers.

Within the year 1912 the number of organized workers in unions reporting to the international organization increased from 11,435,498 to 12,368,103.

American Notes

Kiang Kanguh at 730 Jackson street, San Francisco, Cal., is editing a new Chinese Socialist paper printed in Chinese.

Rebecca Edelson, an anarchist anti-war agitator, jailed in New York city for declaring against the Mexican war, has begun a hunger strike.

Two hundred miners have been burnt to death by an explosion in mines 5 and 6 of the New River Collieries Company, Eccles, West Virginia. The explosion is a grim commentary upon the dastardly conduct of Judge Dayton of the West Virginia federal court in jailing 14 miners for refusing to obey his injunction against agitating for better conditions in the mines.

The Industrial Workers of the World are invading the cotton mills of South Carolina.

Such a tide of anti-war protest has arisen among the common people of United States, organized and directed by the Socialists, that President Wilson has been glad to let Chile, Argentina and Brazil help him out of Mexico by arbitration.

The Buffalo Socialists have moved their headquarters to the more commodious Teck Theatre Building. A large hall will be at their disposal.

The United Fruit Company is the big octopus of the Caribbean countries. The United Fruit Company is the only organization of its kind in the world. Its power is beyond counting. Formed in 1899 by a union of nine fruit companies, it bought up, leased or optioned almost all the accessible fruit land in the Caribbean Sea. It obtained 600 miles of railroad in the Caribbean countries in one way or another and 500 miles of trams, 100 ocean-going steamships supplying six countries, including the United States, employing at least 65,000 persons and paying enormous profits to stock dividends.

Alex Scott, the Paterson, N.J., Socialist editor who was sentenced to a term of imprisonment of from one to fifteen years for his activity during the strike of the silk workers, has been freed by the decision of the New Jersey Supreme Court.

One of the grandest signs of the times is the refusal of the unemployed in the cities to act as scabs.

A sweat shop full of contented slaves is the joy of the masters.

The Awakening in the East

Mr. G. S. Eddy, the foreign secretary for Asia of the Y.M.C.A., has just issued a report in which he devotes considerable space to the industrial awakening of the East. He says during the latter half of the nineteenth century the trade of India increased fourfold and that of China sixfold, while that of Japan has increased sevenfold in twenty years. The chimneys of the great factories of Osaka and Calcutta tower like those of Birmingham. It is possible to travel around the world on Japanese steamship lines, comfortable, highly efficient and paying dividends, while some of the American lines on the Pacific can scarcely pay expenses. China has the greatest coalfields in the world. Shansi Province has enough to supply it for a thousand years. American steel magnates say that they cannot compete with Chinese iron on the Pacific Coast. In the great Hanyang Iron and Steel Works, at Wuchang, across from Hankow—the Chicago of China—among its four thousand workers there were skilled Chinese laborers working at \$1.25 a week, handling ten thousand horsepower machinery under electric control, and turning out the finest 85-pound steel rails for the new railways of China, which will stretch from Shanghai on the east to India on the west, from Canton in the south to Siberia in the north. These are some of the outstanding facts with which he deals. Evidently we must revise our estimates of the colored races of the East.—Montreal Herald.

Give Us the News of your District

A Toronto comrade has made suggestions as to how Cotton's Weekly could be bettered. Some of his suggestions are good, and would be followed out, if the comrades took a little trouble to give us the information necessary. The comrade would like to see more news from the locals in the paper. So would we. We have asked time and time again for the local secretaries to let us know what is happening in their locals regarding Socialist activity, but only a few respond. Those who send us Socialist news see their articles in print as soon as possible, providing the news is of general interest. We are willing to devote the whole of page three to news of the revolution in different parts of Canada, and would not say that we would not hinch over on another page if there was enough of it. It would no doubt make the paper brighter for the comrades in general. Now, comrades, get busy and give us the dope of your city, town or district. We are not eager for strictly labor news and doings. Organized labor has about eight papers in Canada devoted to strictly labor news. What we want is strictly Socialist news. Socialist meetings, dances, entertainments of any kind, different means of spreading propaganda, new speakers being made, future picnics in the summer, in fact everything which will tend to make the comrades better acquainted with the activities in their respective places, will be welcomed by Cotton's.

Slaves Hit Hard at Trenton N.S.

Things are in an awful state down here at present. The Nova Scotia Steel Company has closed down the car works for want of orders. The slaves have worked themselves out of their jobs, and hundreds of men are walking the streets filled with nothing but hope. Living is at the highest notch; rents for workers' houses from \$15 to \$25 per month, all to be paid out of the huge sum of \$1.65 per day, when one is allowed to work. Say, isn't it nice to think of the dear members of parliament having their sweet rest? No doubt Borden will be enjoying himself down south sucking oranges and living on wine and chicken while the Henry Dubbs of the cold dismal north are unemployed and their families half starving. But the workers are waking to the fact that they must elect men from their own ranks to parliament if they ever expect to get free from their chains. I would like to see C. M. O'Brien of Alberta come down here before he goes back west for he could do a lot of good just at present.—A Trenton Wage Plug.

That Detroit Scheme

Reedy's Mirror contains an article about an automobile firm in Detroit paying big wages and the game worked therewith. It declares that Hunkies are hired, sped up to the limit till, in eight months' time they are wrecks and flung on the scrap heap.

Writing in Pearson's, Allan Benson shows conclusively that Ford's profits are so tremendous that he could easily grant a minor wage increase to his workers without losing a cent. Ford can do this but the steel trust and other industries where the waste of competition has been eliminated.

John W. Pickering, writing in the Appeal to Reason, declares that less than one-fourth of the Ford workers are getting this minimum wage, that Ford has got vast advertising out of the scheme, and that seventy-five thousand unemployed were attracted to Detroit on the strength of the big wage and Ford has the pick of the working class. More over anyone caught with Socialist literature is discharged.

The question is, is Ford a friend of labor?

Steady Producing Brings Results

After weeks of expounding the principles of Socialism amongst the boys with whom I work, I have at last found appreciative ears. I enclose the enclosed list of subs. I may state that I have brought these boys to the point where they realize their class position in human society, so, will now leave them in your charge knowing full well that there is no more worthless paper than Cotton's Weekly as a means of doing this.

I do hope that our gallant sheet does not become snowed under owing to the slump which has wrought so much misery, poverty and degradation upon the wealth producers of this unhappy country. Let us not, comrades, rest until we have made our own way, but instead of hate, greed and avarice which rules the world now, we may establish equality, liberty and freedom for the class who carry upon their backs the burden of the world's work, and alone make civilization possible.—R. T. Earlsourt, Ont.

The Retail Merchant's Association of Ontario tried to slip a bill through the legislature making the wages of workers seizable to the extent of one-half for store debts. At present in Ontario wages of less than \$25 per week are exempt from seizure. The Toronto District Labor Council put the kibosh on the scheme. The big capitalists also were against it.

The measure, for if a slave does not get his slave pay he is underfed and cannot produce big profits for his boss.

In 1913 there were 178 prosecutions of Socialists papers in Germany.

No Militia for Berlin

What does Sam Hughes think of a Canadian city of over 15,000 people which cannot support a company of militia? Such a city is Berlin, Ont., which is certainly in the lead regarding the anti-military feeling which is rapidly spreading throughout Canada. A comrade sends us a clipping from a daily which announces that the military band of Berlin has received notice that it no longer holds that position. The Berlin band has been the regimental band of the 29th for thirty years, but owing to the anti-military spirit of the members and the citizens in general, its services are not acceptable to the bloodsuckers. The comrade also wants to know whether the Dominion Executive of the S.D.P. is responsible for the change. We don't know, but we hope so. We take off our hat to any man or any body who can cause a city the size of Berlin to go without a company of hired murderers for year after year till there is no possible chance to have it resurrected.

Singing the Social Revolution

By Bouck White.

That's the name we give it—this thing we're getting under way here in New York as a centre. The Elders in Socialism, from the national headquarters at Chicago, command me to write something for "A May Day Spread." All right. And it will be about the Red Rebel of Galilee, and the devotees we are enlisting in his name. For May Day calls for revolution. And the Call of the Carpenter of Galilee is for revolution. The two go together. People used to have the idea that Jesus of Nazareth was a preacher of peace and quietness. That was before modern scholarship had got busy with the bible narrative. Now we know that he was a "stirrer up of the people." And was nailed to his death by the same forces of plutocracy and reaction that seek to nail Socialism to its death. Because he is the cornerstone of christendom, this capture of the Carpenter of Nazareth for Socialism means the capitulation of christendom as soon as this new light of the higher criticism has percolated.

We're helping it to percolate. Something like this is the thing now to sign to: In the covenant of the Carpenter of Galilee I enroll myself into comradeship. I enlist under the Lord of the blood-red banner, to bring to an end a scheme of things that has enthroned Leisure on the back of labor, an idle class sucking the substance of the poor. I will not be a social chimera; but will stay with the workers in class solidarity, and will class shall have been done away in Fellowship's glad dawn.

No mere "reform" you will notice. Socialism has no business with reform. That isn't our job. Our job is revolution. Nothing else. Political action? Yes, we must have political action as a defence to the revolution. Political action for its own sake, is the essence of the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, and the Bull Moose Party. And has made them, the office-hungry, debased, unspokeable things they are. Socialism has been in danger of surrendering to the same devil's principle. Votes alone cannot bring to pass the mighty God kindled revolution that society needs. With us, political action must be what the convoy is, sent to escort a treasure ship. The convoy bears not the treasure, it is only a protection for the gold. Revolution is the gold we transport. And the political end of Socialism must be kept eternally subordinate to convey purpose only.

The times need revolution. Need it, as they need nothing else. 'Tis the hardest, sordidest, meanest materialism that the sun for many centuries has looked down upon. Middleclassdom is rampant; a generation of animal comfort. 'Tense thinking and noble feeling are no more. The fiery idealisms that founded the American Republic, and that redeemed it when negro slavery was the issue, are now shallow, off into philistinism; a trivial, jering generation of shop keepers, content in a snug domestic city—feeding and breeding; breeding and feeding.

Last March, William Eaglestone and three companions were caught robbing the post-office in Mimico, Ont. The three companions got five years, and Eaglestone was shot in the knee. He had to have his leg amputated, and has suffered intensely since the shooting. The youth is only twenty, and has a widowed mother, but last week he received a sentence of three years in the pen by a so-called dealer of justice. The boy stole a pair of silk stockings with an enclosed \$25 cheque. For this he will be a life long cripple and be forced to do three years in the worst of bastilles in Canada. Yet a bunch of crooks can smash a bank (such as the Farmers' Bank) and not even be captured, though everybody in the country knew just where they were hiding but the detectives who were supposed to be chasing them in the interests of "justice."

If we compare the economic position of the slave and the modern worker who thinks he is not a slave, we do not find much difference if any. The slave was a dependent and subject to menial service. So is the worker of today. The slave owned no tools of commerce. Neither does the worker. The slave had no claim of ownership to the soil. How much has the modern farmer until the mortgage is paid off. The slave was denied the benefit of education. So is the worker. He gets enough education to attend to the interests of the masters. The slave lived at the lowest point of subsistence. The slave was fed, however, to-day hundreds of workers are at the actual point of starvation. Are we any better off than the old time slave?

The Toronto District Labor Council side-tracked an attempt by the Retail Merchants' Association to have the Ontario garnishee act amended so that they may levy on the workers for 50 per cent of their wages for store debts. At present the garnishee act provides that up to \$25 per week an employee's wages are exempt from garnishee. The merchants fought tooth and nail to have the act amended so they may grab the last dollar and cut it in two, but the activity of the labor council put a kink in their Shylock aspirations.

The farm journals of Canada are bitterly opposed to the growing military bill. The big capitalists want soldiers and munitions to get the profit arising therefrom and to keep the workers in subjection. The working farmer is waking up to the game the masters of life are playing.

9,000 waterfront workers struck last winter in New Zealand. They were beaten up, their officials jailed, and the strike was broken by farmers and clerks acting as strikebreakers. The division of the working class spells their slavery. Solidarity will spell victory great and lasting.

The more the workers become revolutionary the faster will the servile politicians and the masters rush forward with reform measures.

Social-Democratic Party of Canada

- (1) Reduction of hours of labor.
- (2) The elimination of child labor.
- (3) Universal adult suffrage without distinction of sex or regard to property qualifications; and
- (4) The Initiative, Referendum, and right of Recall.

THE WOMAN REBEL.
The Woman Rebel is the name of a new monthly publication. Price \$1.00 per year. Address 34 Post Avenue, New York City.
The first number attracted the attention of the grandmothers running the U. S. post-office department and this attracted our attention to the publication.
It is as its name applies the woman rebel. The paper is in revolt against manmade laws, against women being considered a breeding machine for the profits of the capitalists. It is well worth being read. We will look forward to a change from the present condition of bondage which women endure.

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hold to Hotels, Boarding Houses, Re-
sidents, and families at factory prices.
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Then take away your shallow, idle
throng,
The Capital that crushes Labor
down,
The lily-handed coterie of my song,
The brow bedewed with sweat has
earned the crown.
From dainty, idle hands I would re-
coil;
Give me the hands made rough by
honest toil.

LABOR FIGHTING PROHIBITION

The trades unions of New York city have decided to fight prohibition on the ground that if it were universal it would render idle hundreds of thousands of people directly and indirectly employed through the liquor traffic. If this reason is to be held good, then the unions might as well oppose laws to stop the white slave trade.

the private dective business, the army and navy give employment to many persons. If the workers want work, whether that work results in ill to humanity or not, monkey diners, Harry K. Thaws, horseracing etc., all provide work. However what the workers should aim at is not more work for themselves, but less work and the value of what they produce.

According to Captain J. Read, in the Montreal Telegram, there are 10,000 Russian laborers in Montreal alone and less than one thousand of these have jobs. The rest are penniless and out of work. And the steamship companies are landing more each week. Many of these Russians are now consumptive through lack of nourishment. This is what capitalist prosperity does for the

of their exploiters. For the exploiters, our eminent gentlemen, produce nothing but misery and destitution for the only useful class in society.

UP AND AT 'EM AGAIN.

Owing to the destruction of the headquarters of the London, Ont., local of the S.D.P., they have been obliged to secure a new meeting place. They are now holding their meetings at the residence of a new recruit.

a minute. A little thing like a fly does not faze them. This is the spirit that wins. May it spread throughout Canada among the comrades and cause them all to do their share towards spreading the propaganda of Socialism.

The campaign committee of the D.P. of C. Cobalt, Ont., have now elected an organizer through the clay bank of the South Timiskaming riding. Comrade T. G. Mills is the one designated, a local Comrade of Cobalt. All reds will please assist him in his

will be in the field during the month of May. Watch for his posters announcing when he will be in your vicinity.—Socialist Campaign Committee, Box 446, Cobalt, Ont.



the buffalo used to roam the agitated
is now at work teaching the people the way to freedom.
"Four more sub cards please,"
the polite message from a Montr

list which spells doom to the plutocratic system, and which will cause the snapping of chains to sound from coast to coast of Canada.

If you have any untoward blemishes or eruptions on your face, you can't cover it up. Too often this only emphasizes the defect. Besides, it's in vain to resort to cosmetic preparations. The ordinary makeup will do little or nothing. The wax will gradually remove freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth-patches and other skin defects. It will soothe any surface eruptions. The affected cuticle is absorbed, a little each day, until the skin is smooth and clear. The skin's breath is brought wholly to view. Ask the druggist for an ounce of makeup wax and use this like you use soap and water. Many who have tried this simple and harmless treatment report a new complexion, free from wrinkles or crow's feet. Wash your face by dissolving an ounce of powdered asphaltum in a quart of water. The water will remain clear. A switch hazel will prove remarkably effective.

**\$200.00
A MONTH**

If you are making more than \$100 a week, you should write me. I will show you how to get your money and the means of making twenty more of it.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He stayed at the best hotels, lived like a king wherever he went and crisscrossed up and down the continent for over a year without paying more than \$10.00 every day he was out. Another man worked the same route and made the same trip and found it essential to do, just started out on any street he happened to choose and took home \$100.00 or more for each day's work.

The reason you don't go is because you don't know what to do.

[illegible]

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A heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burden, too. Write to me and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Write me this box will be sent you. It has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2s (the cost of postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to day care free to most. MRS. F. S. CUMRAN, Windsor, Ont.

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned. I, though I am doing hard work as a car mechanic, have no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information to anyone who desires it. I can be seen without operation, if you write to me Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 33 E. Main St., Chicago, Ill. I will send you a free cut out this notice and show it to all to whom you are ruptured—you may say so at least stop the misery of the rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

some time in May. Here's a chance to put in all your time working for the Revolution. Applicants communicate with P. C. Young, Sec. Ontario Provincial Executive, 82 Wroxton Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 2

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