

Appeal to Reason

J. A. Woyland

This is Number 301.

Fifty Cents a Year.

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., September 7, 1901.

Published Every Saturday

Public Ownership of MONOPOLIES

Single Subscription, one year 50 cents. Clubs of Five, one year 25 cents.

Contributed to the STRIKE FUND: By the Army, \$418.70. By the Appeal, 418.70. Total \$837.40.

THIS STRIKE MEANS SOMETHING...

The response to the request from the comrades in the strike district for literature to distribute among the strikers, has met with a more prompt and generous response than accorded any propaganda enterprise ever inaugurated by the Appeal Army.

tax the public for the cash they spend to corrupt pub- lishment. Washington City is worse than legisla- tion. The laws involve greater gains to the ben- efit of what you are going to do about it? Keep the same old tickets? The laboring people have never had to even ask for legislation in their favor from Socialists, either from the few mem- bers elected in this country or the many elected in Europe.

Comment Unnecessary

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 29.—Un- ion pickets may be arrested without warrants and held to the criminal court for unlawful inter- ference if they touch a non-union man and request the privi- lege of a conversation.

THE LESSON AT ARGENTINE.

The Smelter Trust—otherwise known as the American Smelting and Refining Co.—has given the citizens of Argentine—many of whom were its employes—a lesson in political economy which probably will long be re- membered.

Rev. Sprague's book "Socialism from Genesis to Rev- elations," contains a vast fund of facts and argument for the Socialist. Better order a copy today. Five hundred pages bound in cloth, postpaid for \$1.

The average family in this country consumes fifty gallons of coal oil each year. The average retail price is thirteen cents per gallon. A witness before the Industrial Commission testified that a gallon of coal oil can be refined and shipped to any part of the United States at a cost of two cents.



"PROVIDENCE OR THE TRUST?" A Story of To-day, by Fred D. Warren.

AY, mamma, do 'oo think Gertie'll get well? I liked a bright-eyed youth of five, as he gazed anxiously into his mother's face. "Yes, dear, of course," replied the mother, as she smoothed the tangled brown hair of the boy at her knee.

standing upon the gate post and a bright colored handkerchief fluttered a farewell. The wife nodded encouragingly through her tears. A warning whistle notified the traveler that the train which was to carry him to the new field of enterprise was approaching.

The journey was nearly complete. A newsboy shrilly called his wares. Smythe purchased the latest edition of a Chicago paper, and settled back in his seat as he glanced over the "square-heads."

"Hello! what's this?" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon a dispatch from A—, the town in Indiana where he expected to locate. This is what he read: GLASS PLANTS TO CLOSE.

Trust Methods Near Home.

There is something about the town of Argentine suggestive of a great calamity. The people move slowly and quietly as if under the pall of some sorrow that is common to all.

The cause is found in the widespread fear that the closing down of the great Argentine smelter is permanent. It has been a month since the smelter authorities began to gradually reduce the number of men employed.

There were others in that group who thought of the monthly notes to pay for their homes that could not be met if the smelter closed down.

The merchants in Argentine are supplanting their orders for the fall and winter trade and are shutting off credit to the workmen.

The discharged workmen look upon the closing down of the Argentine smelter as a striking example of the trust methods brought close home.

During the evening meal the father endeavored to conceal the fact that anything was amiss, but who can hide a secret from the eyes of a loving wife?

The following day the good-byes were said. As the little brown-eyed boy pressed his soft cheek to his bearded face, Smythe had hard work keeping back the tears that persisted in coming to his eyes.

As he turned the corner that hid from view the cottage he called home, he glanced back. The mother was holding stiff Tommy, who waved his chubby hands with delight, for he thought the father would return for the usual romp before evening. Gertie was

were some of the answers that greeted the man. But he still trudged on. Hope told him there was something better just across the county line.

He had confined his travels to the highway but he concluded to follow the railroad as it would lessen his journey.

Walking became wearisome in time. "Why not ride," he thought, as a freight train pulled by.

The Succeeding Days Brought no Work.

own their homes and have an independence about that belongs to citizenship.

"When will you need us again?" the men ask.

That is all. Every morning workmen begin to tear down some new part of the plant inside.

Down the street passed a gray-haired old man with a short and rugged frame, carrying a square tin

interview with the injured man tried to speak, no indication of life was visible to the watchers.

And the life of the tramp went out—a victim of what? Providence or the trust?

The town of C— was, so lately the scene of active industry, now a deserted village. The negro from the town was complete, with the exception of a few families, among whom were Mrs. Smythe and the two children.

The mother looked in vain for a message from the absent one. But the letters which had been so regular ceased suddenly—and no tidings came to enlighten the waiting eyes.

"Well, the rent's due today," remarked the company's agent as Mrs. Smythe opened the cottage door in response to his knock.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Smythe, the company's orders must be obeyed. I had to turn Murphy's folks out yesterday—they was three months behind. I wrote to the superintendent 'bout it, but he said he had re-

ceived instructions from somewhere else and of course I could do nothing but turn 'em out."

After his departure Mrs. Smythe sat down and tried to solve the problem which mothers have before tried to solve.

The following morning Mrs. Smythe, after arranging her household duties, told her children she would be absent during the day.

Trusts Wipe Out Towns.

Associated Press Dispatch. East Douglas, August 23, 1901.—The announcement that the directors of the American Axe & Tool company have decided to dismantle the shops here and concentrate all the plants at Glasport, Pa., causes a great regret in this town.

From the Kansas City Star. A feature of the trusts which is even more objectionable than their power to control the output of certain commodities and to advance prices, is their ability to throw out of employment workmen who depend on their labor for their means of support.

From the Kansas City Star. It would be a source of much gratification to Kansas City to see the Argentine smelter continue its operations, but if the trust which operates it should decide otherwise, Kansas City would go on its way without any appreciable diminution of its activity or prosperity.

As the winter months approached she realized that she could not continue to live at C—, the journey to and from would task her strength to such a degree that she would be unable to perform her duties.

One evening she returned from her daily task. Gertie was lying upon the couch, her face was flushed and her eyes were filled with unnatural light.

"Why, Gertie," asked the mother, "what is the matter?"

Gertie tried to smile as she replied, "nothing mother, only I don't feel well."

Mrs. Smythe applied the simple remedies at her command, but the fever had its hand upon the frail little body and for weeks death hovered over the household.

"Mamma, do you think Gertie will get well?" and Tommy repeated the question he had asked at the beginning of the narrative.

The mother tried to persuade herself that her daughter was growing better. Unable to go to her work she could not provide the little ones with the things necessary for their welfare.

People of Dowell county Have Money to Burn.

Dowell county people have money to burn. This is not used in a figurative sense at all. The people of the county have more money than they know what to do with.

"New, mamma, we can get all the money we want, and we can get Gertie medicine and have the doctor come and see her and she will get well."

"But, mamma, can't folks get money at the bank?" he finally asked.

"Why, yes, by paying interest they can," replied the mother, as she emptied the meal bin.

"Well, we'll pay interest," quietly said Tommy, although he was doubtful as to what the term meant.

The mother tried to explain to the puzzled mind of the boy the meaning of the word.

"When a person borrows money at the bank he must give a mortgage on property worth more than the amount of money he wishes to borrow.

This problem has vexed the brightest minds of the past, and is still unsolved. Can you explain it, reader? Can you satisfactorily answer the question and explain to a waiting and anxious world why it is that with "money to burn," with granaries filled to over-

lowing, with stores and warehouses filled with articles necessary for the comfort, welfare and happiness of the wives and mothers and little children of our country, that any should lack? Do you not feel that YOU are, in a measure, responsible, and that it is your duty to intelligently study the question and then assist in solving it?

The little store of supplies on hand was fast dwindling to a point dangerously near the bottom, and Mrs. Smythe realized that she must at once do something.

The mother, one morning, charged Tommy with the care of his sick sister and returned to her former employer. Her place, however, had been filled by another.

"Mamma! Mamma! Come quick," cried Tommy in evident alarm as he ran to meet his mother on her return in the evening.

An awful crime was committed in the village of C— last night, Mrs. Smythe, whose husband was an employe in the big glass factory before it closed but who went to the Indiana glass fields and has since never been heard of, killed her baby boy and herself.



To meet Papa as He Returned in the Evening.



The Succeeding Days Brought no Work.



She Kneels Beside the Still Form.

The telegraph operator at Flint, Mich., made a mistake in his train orders. The mistake fortunately was recalled, but before the knowledge of this reached the operator he was a raving maniac.

A dispatch from Rochester, N. Y., says that at least the problem of perpetual motion has been solved. Wm. Dabus is the inventor of a machine which has run twenty-one days. If this be true, what a snap for Mr. Morgan.

Capt. McLaughlin of the ship "Sourabaya," in an interview with an American, stated that he saw in the Red Sea a native boat manned by live gorillas, under the direction of several native officers. Should this be a fact, what a snap it will be for the navigation trust.

A eastern farmer is responsible for the story that a New York paper has an educated ape, which rings the dinner bell, washes dishes, carries water and milks the cows. Will not this solve the perplexing servant girl problem?

The famous Prof. Haeckel," says a dispatch from Philadelphia, "says that some day man will learn how to make life—that he will know how to produce a living substance by artificial processes."

The Haverhill, Mass., Social-Democrat will be succeeded by the "Clarion." Rev. John Hill is the new editor.

The Socialists of Massachusetts will hold their state convention September 23d, at Boston.

Why should a public official ride on a railway pass? It is enough that he be carried on the back of the passer.—Washington Post.

The August dividend of Standard Oil is 5% on a capital of \$100,000,000, says a dispatch. The Appeal is glad to know that it helped pay this dividend by paying up an increase in the price of gasoline.

The office of the Consolidated Glass Company presented an animated scene. Well dressed men filed in and out and a clerk handed each of the visitors a printed slip. It was a record of the year's earnings.

