

There will be an election in every state this year. Now is the time to plant the seed for the fall harvest of Socialist votes.

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# Appeal to Reason.

This is Number 340.

25 Cents a Year.

Published Every Saturday

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., June 7, 1902.

OWNERSHIP OF THE EARTH

AND THE FULFILLMENT THEREOF  
By ALL the People, and Not by Part of the People.

The Appeal is NEVER sent on credit; if you receive it it is paid for. Nobody owes a cent on subscription. Entered at Girard, Kan., P. O. as second-class matter.

## THAT CAPITAL PRIZE.

The Appeal Army is waiting. Waiting for its members to become interested in that Girard property.

Is it possible that only six Appeal workers out of the fifteen thousand hustlers for the paper are going to work for this valuable home? Thousands of American readers are ready and waiting for someone to take their subscriptions. That comfortable home is also waiting for an owner.

Someone will get a valuable residence. Don't you want it when you can get it without money and without price?

The people are hungry for Socialist literature. Far and near the fields are ready for the harvest. Where are the gleaners?

Socialism is no longer a "new thing." Socialist thought has penetrated every corner in the land, where thoughtful people are longing to know more of it.

The Appeal Army is nobly placing literature in the hands of thousands, but hundreds of thousands want it.

Your family needs a home. The people need the literature. You are in a position to satisfy the needs of both and do a great work for family and humanity.

Now is the time to commence. Hesitate no longer. Consecrate a small portion of your time to the great work which will reward you and the whole of mankind.

Three months yet remain; twelve weeks; ninety days in which you can do great things if you only commence now.

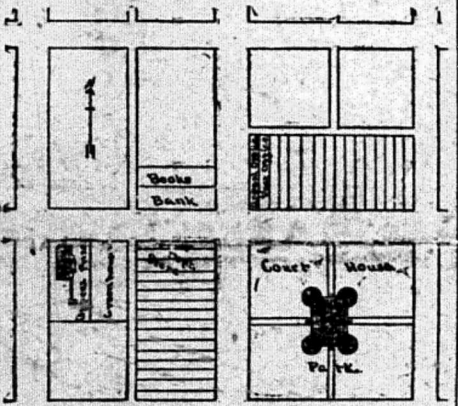
Get out into the highways and hedges, into the streets and alleys, into the stores and shops, the offices and factories. You are wanted, and your work is needed.

I know you want to do it, but something keeps you from getting started. Before you lay this paper down determine to get into the ring and decide to start at once.

The Appeal will give to the person sending in the largest number of yearly subscribers at twenty-five cents per year, before Sept. 1, 1902, a valuable residence property centrally situated in Girard, Kansas.

To avoid the capture of this prize by parties who might use their own money and send in lists of people who would not care for the paper, every subscriber must sign his own name to your list.

The Appeal prints subscription blanks which will be furnished free. You can use these or any kind of paper you wish. Only remember, all subscribers must sign your list. Full particulars, and answers to any inquiry sent upon request.



The above diagram shows the location of the valuable property which the Appeal will deed, free of incumbrance, to the person who sends in the most subscriptions by September 1st.

Girard, a city of three thousand inhabitants, is the county seat of Crawford county. This county has a population of over forty thousand and is rich in soil and mineral. Girard is on the edge of the developed coal, zinc, lead, oil and gas fields. The city recently voted bonds to use in prospecting for gas and it is generally the opinion that coal, gas, and possibly zinc underlie this territory. The town is well built, practically all business houses being brick. Plenty of shade trees, paved streets, city owned water works, excellent graded schools and high school, churches and park. The town is strictly all right, and this property offered is only three hundred feet from the best business corner of the town.

The property offered consists of a corner lot 100x200 feet in size, with frontage to north and west; and an eight-room dwelling substantially built by an attorney, (now deceased), for his own use. There are the usual conveniences including coal house, cistern, walks and shade trees, lawn in front and garden in rear.

In short, it is just the place for a comfortable home. Many people have worked a lifetime and failed to get one half as desirable. And all this is offered for a little work in the grandest cause that ever moved humanity. Go after it.

Business worries cause the suicide of 1,500 people a year in the principal cities of this country. Nice system, eh? Vote for a system, believe in it, fight for it,—and then kill one's self to get away from it! The modern business man is a lulu! He never thinks—he just thinks he thinks. He knows less of the system he lives under, less of political questions, less of the phenomena about him than the average laboring man who belongs to a union. The other day I met a business man from Kansas City and we were discussing the growth and meaning of the trusts and monopolies, and he said that he had never had any insight into the subject until recently when he engaged one of his workmen in conversation, and he had opened his eyes to what all this ferment and crushing meant. He said he was no match for the employe whom he should have said, had he been asked, was an ignorant, stupid specimen of the genus homo. The business man is now reading up to be as intelligent as his employe.

The railroads have notified some operators in the hard coal fields of Pennsylvania who have granted the very reasonable demands of the miners, that the roads will not carry their coal to market. They are determined to beat the miners and break up their unions and force them into just such slavery as they desire. Freedom? Why of course! America is the land of the free—and the home of the brave! How long, O Lord, how long will the working class submit to such despotism and vote the same tickets as the masters?

How does monopoly affect you? Can you state it in fifty words?

Kill everything over tea. That is what the green war, dating at Latham and Hamilton.

The Russian has an income from the hide and bone subjects of \$12,000,000 a year. WE AMERICANS PAY A ROCKEFELLER FIVE TIMES THAT MUCH ANNUALLY. But we would not submit to royalty or taxation without representation. Not on your life!

The Canadian government has under consideration the establishment of a fast Atlantic steamship line to prevent Morgan from discriminating against her if he desired. It will be the intent of the movers to give Canada rates at cost that will build her up rapidly, while the extortion of the trusts will prevent business in the United States from developing, when ocean traffic is a factor. Wise Canadians.

Bread riots have been recorded often, but the meat riots in New York City are a new phase. Many people were killed or injured and the riots forced the closing of the meat shops. If we read of such things in Europe we would pour out our sympathy for the oppressed, but when it occurs in our own country, we take it as a matter of course and pass on to our usual routine of thought—or lack of thoughts. Great is America! Free and prosperous are the people!

Manufacturers have offered to furnish the government with rural delivery boxes for fifty cents each that now cost the farmers \$2.50. They say that if the government will take them and save the expense of advertising, traveling men and other expenses, they can afford to do this and have put in bids at that price. Here you have an object lesson of the expense of competition. Every box costs fifty cents and \$2 is added to pay competitive expenses. Will you ever get your eyes open?

Many manufacturers in Sweden have refused to employ the workmen who recently went on strike to enforce universal suffrage. One has issued orders forbidding employes to join any labor union, and falling to coerce its slaves, announces that it will move its plant to America. Come over, boss, and you will get a dose of trades unionism that will make you know that Americans will not submit to your arbitrary orders. Every worker in American institutions will be organized in the next two or three years. America is the hope of the world—notwithstanding the rapid formation of trusts by the masters.

"The Corporation Auxiliary Co." Chamber of Commerce Building, Cleveland, Ohio, is a corporation that advertises to spy on workmen in the shops of large employers of labor, to keep the employer posted on the actions of the men regarding unions, Socialism and other subjects. Think of that ye workmen. When will you use your votes to make yourselves free from your masters? How much oppression will it require to wake you up? Under what degrading conditions must you sink before you will assert your manhood? Vote for Socialists and you will be your own employers and can do without capitalists and their sweating, spying, degrading system of employment.

The prospectus for the Mergenthaler Basket machine says it will save two million dollars in the cost of making fruit baskets. Two million taken from labor and put into the bank accounts of the wealthy! Such is private property in capital. Why the people, who are thus losing their chance of even being slaves and having means to eat, will support a system that takes from them and gives to those already wealthy, is one of the strange mental phenomena of the human animal. Under Socialism the machine would be owned and operated by the people for the benefit of the people, and instead of depriving people of wages would give them the same results for the shorter hours their work could be done by use of the machine. Can you think?

The Seattle Times, owned by Jim Hill and the Morgan syndicate, in the issue of May 11th, cautiously advocates the election of a president for life, like monarchies have, to protect the business of the country from interruption during campaigns. It thinks the time will come when the business interests of the country will demand the life tenure for a president, and says the experiment of government we are running is only an experiment after all. Gentlemen, there you are. That a king is the desire of the millionaire class is perfectly plain to any but the political dupe with patches on his prosperity. We are living in great times, and the next few years will see some lively kicking. For this purpose is all the preparation of army and navy and militia. What the millionaires fear is the vote of the working class. And the latter are too ignorant to know their power. But they are waking up.

Gentlemen, what are you howling about the beef and other trusts just now for? Have they just attracted your attention? Are they something new to your vision? You seem to think they are something new on the commercial sky. Why, they have been doing business on your blood for years. They have been sucking your substance for the last thirty years. Finding you so docile or stupid as to submit, they have been breeding and thriving on your life. I expect they open their eyes with surprise that you should kick about them doing business now, when all these years you have never evinced any objection to their existence or methods. They have been bribing and robbing and feasting, and I expect they had come to the conclusion that you were only a much carrion with no life to protest. The robbery of the beef trust is nothing to the robbery of the banking and railroad trusts. But you seem to be sensible only of pain when your stomach is directly attacked. You live in your stomach, eh?

The Washington Post of May 13 says that there are too many children—that they are largely in excess of any reasonable demand and altogether out of proportion to existing facilities for taking proper care of them. The Post is wrong, as usual. There are too many rich thieves and drones who steal the living that the parents of the children produce and appropriate the wealth to the maintenance of their own brats. What is true of cows, whose calves we kill in order that we may have the milk nature provided for the offspring, is true of them—that they want the working class to have fewer children to support so that they will produce more wealth that can be taken for the maintenance of their vain, frivolous, ostentatious and useless lives. What difference does it make to a worker how many children his neighbor has, if that neighbor produces their keep? Nor would it make any difference to the rich—if they made their own living instead of exploiting it from the poor. Say, you working wiles, why don't you obey your masters and raise fewer children? Then your masters will have less to care for.

## A MISTAKE ABOUT THE WATCH.

A beautiful Gold Watch, with fifteen-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement, beautifully inscribed with the name of person and the purpose of the present, will be given to the person who sends in the most NAMES for sample copies of the Farmers' Edition, at half a cent each. The time for sending in ends July 10, instead of June 10 as printed last week. This edition will be interesting to all readers, not farmers alone.

## Farmers' Bulletin No. 343.

The agricultural department of our paternal government frequently issues "farmer's bulletins" on "Ducks and Geese," "Barnyard Manure," "Cow-peas," and many other subjects the object of which is to increase the farmer's output of wealth and enable him to stay the ruin of chinch bugs and hog cholera.

On June 28, the Appeal will issue Farmer's Bulletin No. 343; which will tell the American farmer how to enjoy all the products of his labor and avoid the ravages of landlords, money lenders and trusts.

Copies of THE AMERICAN FARMER'S EDITION will be mailed postpaid in bundles of 250 for \$1.00, or to separate addresses at one-half cent each.

## THREE YEARS AGO.

The legislature of Colorado appointed a committee to go to New Zealand and Australia to investigate the tax systems of those countries, with a view to revising the tax laws of Colorado. The report of this commission has been printed by the United States Senate, and is a very interesting document of thirty-two pages. You can get a copy FREE by simply writing to your senator or congressman for Senate Document No. 209, 56th Congress. It is likely that not one senator or congressman out of fifty has ever read or even heard of the commission or the document, and the more of you who write for it the more their attention will be drawn to it—and some of them might by reason of the great inquiry get one of those strange things—an idea—into their heads. Anyhow, you should have the document. Write for it at once.

A plumber's trust is to be investigated by congress. It has developed that it is a cut-throat combine, a public enemy, a defier of laws, an anarchist organization, an outlaw. But if congress investigates all such things it will never do any legislating and there will be few rich people out of jail. This is how the bandits work, according to the Chicago News of May 26:

The pool worked by the master plumber's combine in Chicago is no secret to the contractors and architects, although its expose to the public may be of interest. When a sky-scraper is being put up, the contractor calls on the plumbers who are asked for bids get together and decide which one of their number shall do the work. After that has been decided the real pool features come into play and are backed up by the Chicago Master Plumber's Association, an organization which has its headquarters in the Schiller building and is a branch of the national combine. The members who are not to do the work decide how much they shall receive for keeping out of it and the aggregate amount is added to the contract and paid by the plumber doing the work when he receives his money. In the case of the Montgomery Ward building it is said on reliable authority that \$7,500 was added to the contract for the pool, there being ten plumbers besides the man doing the work in the pool. Each of the ten men received \$750. Similar assessments are said to be put on all large jobs and no work is done except on the pooling basis.

I breed sheep and grow wool. Wool is now ten cents and mutton \$2 a head. Under Socialism who is going to pay me for wool and mutton? And what will be the price? And as my range sheep are not fit for slaughter until fed, who is going to do that feeding?—A Subscriber, Chillico, New Mexico.

Society today pays you for wool and mutton, and society will pay for wool and mutton under Socialism. The difference will be that society will pay those who actually produce wool and mutton, and will pay nothing for those who do not produce or transport it. Under Socialism you will not own any wool or sheep, except you have bought it for consumption from the public. The public (government) will have a department of sheep industry, a part of the animal industry, and that department will have charge of the production, breeding, feeding, etc., of sheep. The wool will belong to the public and will be sent to the mills for working up; the mutton when ready for market will be sent to the public packing houses. The price of wool and mutton will be the number of hours of public employes consumed in that department, divided by the number of pounds of products. It will be merely a matter of book-keeping, just as it is today, only hours will be the units instead of dollars. The price of woolen articles would have added to them the number of minutes represented by the time cost of the wool. A suit of men's clothes, all wool, weighs five pounds. We estimate today that the price of the clothes must include fifty cents for the wool or raw material; \$1 for weaving (ten yards); \$3.50 for making—and we have \$5.20 as the cost of a suit of men's clothes (ready made), all wool. Under Socialism we would get the price in time: Wool and cotton, 5 pounds, will cost ten minutes; weaving ten yards, seventy-five minutes; making a suit, ten hours and fifty-eight minutes; incidentals, thirty minutes. Thus we would have the cost of the suit in actual time, eleven hours and fifty minutes. The figures for weaving and making are taken from the United States report. That means that a suit of clothes, of the best material, such as are sold ready-made, could be had for less than two day's labor. And the price would be the same to all, like a postage stamp, and the citizens in charge of the stores would have no interest in misrepresenting anything about the articles.

New York men, we are informed, want a new bankrupt law. The working class of New York want laws against injunctions and other playthings of their masters. Which do you think will get their wants? The many or the few? Moral: Working people should stay out of politics as they will get what laws they want!

The labor unions of Denver have passed resolutions favoring independent political action.

Give each of your neighbors four weeks of the Appeal for two cents. It will open the eyes of some of them.

A combination of all the great iron foundries with an ocean of water is the latest infant for the American people to feed and fatten.

All the carpenters in Wichita are on strike and the building operations are tied up. All the machinists on the International & Great Northern railway are on strike for shorter hours and more pay.

The situation in Russia grows worse, though the censorship prevents much leaking out. Famine is stalking the land, and the laboring population are everywhere uneasy and revolutionary, especially in the cities, where they have been huddled by thousands in the factories and thus have had a chance to talk over their misery. The social explosion may come out at any time.

New Castle, Pa., bears the proud distinction of electing the first Socialist officer in the state, and Comrade Slayton has the honor of filling that office, councilman in the Fifth ward. In addition to that Comrade Slayton is the nominee for governor; and the reason for all this is plain: There is more Appeal literature going to New Castle than to any other city in the state.

Theo. Rohrer, a genius of Sharon, Pa., spent twenty-five years in making a wonderful automatic clock. It was attached and sold for \$42 to pay a \$40 meat bill the other day. Its value was estimated at \$10,000. And thus is genius rewarded and encouraged under the incentive of private wealth. This is a very practical system—that gives twenty-five years work to a master for \$40! Think ye not so?

In response to the wonderful growth of Socialist sentiment, Socialist papers are starting up all over the country. Nothing could better prove the mental wave in favor of the theory than this creation of a press covering the country. But even more marked than the hundreds of Socialist papers that have arisen in the last year, is the change in the tone of the labor press with their hundreds of papers and millions of readers. Nearly every one of them are advocating Socialism as the remedy that the laboring people must apply to get relief from their dependence on masters. The movement is gathering the force that will awaken the nation in the near future.

From the meagre reports in the cable dispatches from France, it seems that the Socialists and radicals (the latter similar to the populists of this country), have polled such a vote and elected such a numerous membership of the national assembly, that they will dictate largely the national policy of the government, and it is hinted that many radical Socialistic measures will be proposed at once, that will startle Europe. All the sections of Paris that are the shogues of the rich, are voting against them. Gradually the working class are recognizing the class struggle—and when they do their majority will give them control of the earth and the fullness thereof.

The Bankers in convention at Kansas City "resolved" against the proposed banking law that would "establish a monopoly of the great and honored business of banking." These bankers all favor monopoly—but they do not favor this one because, under its provisions they would be knocked out of the monopoly they have. But they have supported their own special privileges against the people and have created a banking power in New York that will wipe them and their country banks off the financial map. I smile as I see them fall into the trap they have set for others. Their "resolving" will not amount to anything against the power of the great banks in congress. It will be done "to protect the gold standard" and the little bankers will find something to meditate on.

The situation in Chicago is fully as bad as it is in the coal districts. The laboring men in a score of trades are striking, and the process of organization goes on day and night. New labor organizations are forming and old ones are strengthening their membership. From a perusal of the labor papers and a glance over the field through the eyes of the daily press, I am inclined to think that there has never been such a growth of labor unions in any two years as has been accomplished in the last six months. Labor is keeping pace with capital in organization. And it will control capital by the strength and numbers and votes in the next few years. I will be surprised if the laboring men do not capture a number of the larger cities in the next elections. And they are fast drifting to Socialism as the only program.

Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio, says that public ownership of the telegraph is utterly impractical and wholly inadvisable. Sure thing! The owners of the old systems today are of the same opinion. They are coining millions out of the people by the private ownership of the wire, and could not be expected to desire the public ownership of it that would prevent their robbery of the public. Grosvenor does not pay for his telegrams. He has a frank and perhaps something besides. He knows that the voters who elect him are too stupid to see that he is serving the corporations and not them, and is perfectly safe in his published statements, though these statements are the most glaring lies. Grosvenor is for Grosvenor. That is what he is in politics for. The people will not always vote for men who serve corporations. Already the grumbling is getting loud and portentous.

Mr. Harriman, the railroad magnate, said in a Denver interview that he was not in favor of public ownership of railroads! Nobody ever suspected him. What king would favor giving back to the people the power to govern themselves? A man who had made a hundred million out of the private ownership of railroads would hardly favor the public ownership by which such seedings would be impossible. But he said something else and referred to it several times. He said he did not THINK that Socialists would ever control this country. But his repeated reference to it showed that he very much feared that they would. And they will! Nothing is surer than that Socialists will increase in numbers until they will control this nation in the next few years. And then the occupation of men who rob the public of hundreds of millions by extortion on transportation, who corrupt the legislators and judges will be gone. The people will be free.

The Dayton, Ohio, Reporter, "published in the interests of the workmen and women," says that labor unions should have nothing to do with politics. And that Socialists are a menace to free governments. That's right. The labor unionists should vote their master's tickets; they should whoop it up at every election for the parties whose candidates enact laws that send labor unionists to jail; that send the militia and galling guns to deal with them in their disputes with their masters; that injunctions them for daring to think. Don't use your votes, men, for your benefit. Your franchise was given you to help your masters. You have no right to use your vote to elect men of your class to office—only the masters have the right to go into politics for their class interest. Workingmen and women should not only work to produce wealth for their masters, but above all things should vote for their masters' men so that the government can be operated for their benefit. Why, a man is a traitor to his class, don't you know, who would vote for a laboring man for office—who would not support such measures as his master wanted! Just think of ingrates who work on railroads who would want some law that would not please Mr. Hill or Morgan or Vanderbilt! Wouldn't it be awful? It seems that the Central Trades Council of Dayton has elevated Socialists to the leading places, showing the drift of the workers toward Socialism, that has aroused the editor of the Reporter to devote his editorial page to denunciation of that theory which would give the working class all the wealth and control of the nation and its industries. I predict that the Reporter will soon become a thing of the past, or change its editor, unless the capitalists whom it serves furnishes the blood money wrung from their work slaves to support it to help them control the working class. But the working class is not going to listen to such songs any longer. It would be well for the editor to study Socialism—some to see what he is up against.

Ask any person you meet if they favor the trusts and you will meet with a negative. When asked what is to be done they will reply, "destroy the trusts." When you ask them how they propose to destroy the trusts, they say make a law that will prevent them from doing business. Suppose we pass a law that will prevent the packing houses from doing business, that will prevent the coal mine owners from doing business, that will prevent the railroad combine from doing business—what will become of the country? Such a law is foolish. The business of the country has developed until it requires the great machinery in use to do it. No law can be passed that will make men compete and fight against each other who have learned that they can make more by agreeing on methods of business. You cannot by law make a man sell his goods at other than a price he shall feel disposed to sell at unless you take his business away from him. He can refuse to sell goods at all if he desires. There is only one thing to do—and only one thing will be done—and that is that the property of the great trusts will be taken by the public and sold to the people. It will be forced as a matter of self-preservation. It is either that or the owners will continue to skin the people as they have in the past. And in the case where one firm has a monopoly of some industry—how could any law make them compete? With whom would they compete? Public ownership of ALL industry is the remedy and it will have to be applied sooner or later, whether you or I believe it or not. It is the inevitable. I asked a Catholic Father I met on the train last week what would be the end of all this monopoly, trust and combining? He said he had been reading on the matter and that there was only one thing that it could end in—and that was Socialism, though he did not agree wholly with the program of the Socialists. And there you are.

The teamster's strike in Chicago assumed proportions that should teach the masters what may be expected when all the working people strike some of these days. If the teamsters in the employ of the packing houses can nearly paralyze the traffic of such a great city, compelling the sons of packers and high priced superintendents to climb on meat wagons in a vain effort to deliver meat, and stopping traffic in the crowded thoroughfare by their incompetence, raising incipient riots, requiring hundreds of policemen to disperse, one might well shudder when the order for a general strike comes. What shall be thought of the robbing packing combine, the defiers of law, and the corrupters of officials, when they will put men on wagons that draw a salary of \$10,000 a year and yet refuse to pay the miserable wages asked by the teamsters? The packers are determined to destroy the labor unions and in that they will not succeed, for their action only tends to force men to combine. Nothing they could do will have as good effect on labor, as their action. It makes the laboring classes recognize the class struggle between the employers and the slaves.

Spain has a sixteen-year-old king. Only the superstition of ages would put a kid on a throne to govern millions of people. The boy will not be the ruler except in name. Cunning men and interests behind him use the superstition of the masses for royal blood to skin them. While the nation is on the verge of bankruptcy, while the people are mostly poor and ignorant and oppressed, the boy is given an income of \$4,000 a day, and the gold lace on twenty-five servants cost \$30,000. It does look like the people of the earth were not very far removed from the ignorance and superstition of wild savages when they permit such things. And America has some superstitions not very much higher. We pay a Morgan \$500,000 a day to tell us how much we shall pay for steel and other things—who rules us with a tighter rein than any monarch, and tells us so to our teeth,—and yet we never submit to a king with a \$4,000 a day salary. The Spanish people know a ruler, but we Americans do not have wit enough to know we are ruled—that is, most Americans do not. Rah for freedom!

Morgan has given the King of England \$500,000 worth of Spanish tapestry to use at the coronation. But he has not given the tens of thousands of wage slaves in his industries anything so far as heard from. Gifts nearly always go to those who have plenty, while poverty and industry go naked to the cold. When the working class realize their conditions they won't do a thing to the Morgans and the Kings. They will use their political power to control the government and the industries and then Mr. Morgan will work at something useful to produce what wealth he consumes. The class struggle is becoming more and more marked as the days of trusts hop along the path of human progress.



# Child Slavery and Brute Luxury.

### How Brutal Greed Wrings Dividends From the Bodies of Tiny Children, and Squanders Wealth Upon Cats and Dogs.

#### Look on This Picture

Irene Ashby Macfarland, in American Federationist.

These are American children dragged into the mills when scarcely out of their babyhood, without education, without opportunity, being robbed of health morally and physically, forced to labor as in the days of negro slavery negro children never were. With their baby hands these little slaves are undermining the liberties of the future, not only of the cotton operatives of the south, but of the American working people, not only of the working people, but of the community in which they for good or evil are to play so large a part.

And what is the universal reply to your question, "Why are they there?" They are there, it is said, "to attract northern capital," a scathing comment on both those who sell and those who ask for the sale. The southern states of America are the only section of the world where the crime of infant labor is permitted, a crime which if not quickly wiped out will write itself large on economic and industrial history, to the everlasting shame of the people of America.

Take the number of the children employed! Statistics are very difficult to obtain. In quoting figures it is to be remembered that we are not dealing with the denser population of the north and east. The whole population of Alabama, more than one-third of which is negro, and does not count in this connection, is only about the same as the city of Chicago.

There is but one of the southern states in which there is a labor commission—North Carolina, Mr. B. R. Lacey, as labor commissioner, gives in his last report 7,605 children under fourteen employed in 261 mills. Taking this as a general average would give at least 20,000 children under fourteen in the textile mills of the south.

The Cincinnati Post recently sent a correspondent through the south to investigate the subject of child labor, simply as a matter of news, and particularly cautioned him not to exaggerate. Out of at least one thousand children employed in five mills in Columbia, S. C., he estimates 400 to be under twelve years of age. Applying this proportion to the above figures would give at the very lowest computation, little children, infants between six and twelve, as operatives. He spoke personally to numbers of children, who said they were seven and eight, and others who were so little they did not know their own ages.

In Alabama, they estimate that there are at least twelve hundred children, or between 6 and 7% of all the operatives. In Georgia, from compared estimates and actual counts, the proportion of children under twelve to grown operatives appears as between 14 and 15%, while in South Carolina it is at least 9%.

The Associated Press reported the president of the Whitney mills as stating before the legislature that 30% of his operatives were under twelve years, which percentage he says referred only to the spinning room, but that is startling enough. James K. Orr stated that 25% of his machinery was run by children under twelve years. These cold percentages do not give an adequate expression of their appearance to be swarming with little children. The light and easy work of which the managers speak is to stand on their feet all day before a spinning frame, where the threads may break at one end or the other or in the middle at any moment, and when the thread breaks the spool stops and the thread is to be rejoined and the spool started again.

A baby has one frame to attend to, but most have two, many have three and some have four or five. The boys are generally doffers or sweepers, that is, they have to change the bobbins on the frames as they become full and substitute empty ones. In the exercise of their work they often run sixteen or seventeen miles a day with their trucks. The little sweeper piles a broom bigger than himself to perform these actions, trivial in themselves, uninterruptedly for twelve hours a day on the average, with only one-half hour for rest and food. We all remember how Lord Shaftesbury obtained powerful backing for his child labor law by inducing a gentleman in high place to repeat for fifteen minutes the very action required of the child. At the end of that time he was willing to vote for anything to put a stop to such barbarity.

Without regulation of hours there is no reason to prevent the mills working at night and when they can do so profitably they avail themselves of this permission. I have talked with a little boy of seven years who worked for forty nights, in Alabama, and another child not nine years old, who at six years had been on the night shift eleven months.

A clerk in a cotton mill told me that little boys turned out at two in the morning for some trivial fault, afraid to go home, would beg him to allow them to go to sleep on the office floor.

In Georgia it is a common sight to see the children of cotton operatives stretched on the bed dressed as they came from the mills in the morning, too weary to do anything but fling themselves down for rest.

In South Carolina Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, found a child of five working at night in the fine large, new mills. Only a few weeks ago I stood at 10:30 at night in a mill in Columbia, S. C., controlled and owned by northern capital, where children who did not know their own ages were working from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. without a moment for rest or food or a single cessation of the maddening racket of the machinery, in an atmosphere unsanitary and clouded with humidity and lint.

SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

The physical, mental and moral effect of these long hours of toil and confinement on the children is indescribably sad. Mill children are so stunted, that every foreman, as you enter the mill, will tell you that you cannot judge their ages. Children may look, he says, to be ten or eleven, and be in reality fourteen or fifteen.

A horrible form of dropsy occurs among the children. A doctor in a city mill, who has made a special study of the subject, tells me that 10% of the children who go to work before twelve years of age, after five years, contract active consumption. The lint forms in their lungs a perfect cultivating medium for tuberculosis, while the change from the hot atmosphere of the mill to the chill night or morning air, often brings on pneumonia, which frequently, if not the cause of death, is a forerunner of consumption.

Now starchy the "pound of flesh" is in-

#### And Then on That.

CATS HAD A SECTION IN A PULLMAN.

A special section, in a Pullman car and a health trip from Chicago to the sunny south are luxuries lavished on two aristocratic cats belonging to two wealthy Chicagoans.

Robert McMurdy and Dorothy were under the weather. As it was Chicago weather, there was some reason for it, especially as Robert McMurdy and Dorothy had not been toughened to the lake winds by athletic exercises on back fences. That was not the kind of cats they were.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Lewis, of the Del Prado Hotel, whom the aristocratic tabbies honored as master and mistress, were anxious about the health of their pretty pets, so a day came when a special permit was secured from the railroad company, an extra section in a Pullman was purchased and Robert McMurdy and Dorothy were whisked off to New Orleans and Biloxi to bask in the southern sunshine and get the effects of the Michigan Lake winds out of their delicate organisms.

"Our cats are part of our family," said Mr. Lewis, "and they travel with us." They have done so, in royal state befitting their station, more than once.

Good manners are preferable to blue blood in cats, according to Mrs. Lewis's choice, and Robert McMurdy and Dorothy excel in deportment. In fact they might have had a college education, so closely do they come to the highest cat standard of aristocratic excellence. They will return to Chicago when the danger of bleak weather is past.—New York Post.

"BOB," THE TERRIER, WHOSE LUXURIES COST MONEY ENOUGH TO REAR A CHILD.

A striking illustration of how money is lavished upon pets of the wealthy is the story of Bob, a terrier, the death of which has brought distress to its mistress, Mrs. A. B. M. Green, of New York.

While, of course, the owners of such dogs keep no record of their cost of maintenance, the expense in many cases equals that of providing for a child in the family. The most aristocratic of these canines have the choicest of food, as much care as a nurse gives a child, and, as in Bob's case, clothing designed by such outfitters as Worth, of Paris.

While it would be difficult to estimate the cost of Bob's wardrobe, perhaps \$400 would be a safe estimate, as the prices for the coats and blankets ranged from \$12 to \$15, and for shoes from \$5 to \$7. Here are some of the garments.

Twenty blankets, ranging from thin linen, summer weight, to heavy fur-trimmed ones. (Sable furs were provided to match Mrs. Green's driving furs.)

Several rain-coats, waterproof and very long; a long net coat as a protection from flies in summer; a gossamer coat, a velvet coat trimmed with gold braid, and a special little dress suit, very artistically made, worn in the evenings for the amusement of friends. Most of the coats are satin lined and have gold buttons.

A large number of shoes, some of kid, cloth or leather, and some rubber storm shoes. A special ventilated leather bag in which Bob traveled.

Here is Bob's menu:

For breakfast one-half pound best porterhouse steak.

For luncheon, custard pudding.

For dinner, one-half pound roast beef, one-third of a brick of ice-cream, one glass of champagne; wafers.

With slight variation these were his daily meals, although he was very fond of birds, which he had frequently.

Medical attendance amounted to from \$20 to \$30, as each visit cost \$2, and a visit was made quarterly to attend to Bob's teeth, while \$15 was charged for extractions or special work was done. Besides keeping Bob's teeth free from tartar, the doctor kept Bob's nails cut and was on hand whenever medical care was needed.

Including cost of the casket, doctor and undertaker charges, it is estimated that Bob's funeral cost at least \$100.

It will be seen by looking over the conservative estimate of the cost of keeping a dog as luxuriously as Bob was kept that many children could be given college educations with the same outlay of money that is spent on pets.

For one year: Food, \$156; clothing, \$40; medical attendance, \$25; total, \$225. The cost of a year's tuition at most of our colleges is about \$150. With careful management, a young man could be provided for at college for \$325, or just the amount the dog cost in the last year at the above estimate, including funeral expense.

That Bob was considered worthy of the best that money could provide is made clear by his mistress, who is now having a monument prepared for his grave.

"When we have known, loved and studied these pets for many years," said Mrs. Green, "and have seen their intelligence and their affections, it seems to me that it is not for us to say that there is not another life for the dumb animals; that as God gives us these pets to live in this world, He would not take them away without we were to have them again."

Mrs. Green was an extensive traveler, and Bob was a distinguished passenger, even having one of the rooms of a suite on board the steamer. He also had the distinction of having a painted portrait of himself in the parlor.—New York World.

PET RUSSIAN POODLE TO HAVE AN AUTOPSY.

A post-mortem examination will be made tomorrow on Josephine, a handsome black Russian poodle, owned by C. F. Grunewald, of No. 551 Browne street. It was the intention to have the autopsy today, but Grunewald was taken suddenly ill and was taken to a hospital where, it is believed, an operation will be necessary.

Josephine died five days ago and the veterinary who attended her was unable to determine the cause of her death. Dr. Andrew Armstrong, veterinary surgeon of the New York Veterinary Hospital, was then asked to perform an autopsy.

The dog is now lying at the undertaking establishment of its owner, packed in ice. After the autopsy the body will be embalmed. Encased in a handsome casket, it will be buried in the dog cemetery near White Plains, where about 150 other dogs are interred.

Mr. Grunewald was much attached to Josephine. She was twelve years old and had

been in the family since she was a puppy. When she died he determined that he would have her interred with other aristocratic dogs in the Hartsdale Cemetery. In this cemetery rests Babe, the pet dog of E. J. Primrose, of the Primrose & Dockstader's minstrels, and many other notable canines. Only recently there was some commotion over the burial there of Bob, the pet of Mrs. A. B. Green, of this city. Bob's body had been shipped to Hartsdale by express, and was held at the station for several hours. Mrs. Green was annoyed by the publicity which the delay occasioned, and it was some time before the dog could be interred privately.

Before a dog can be buried in the Hartsdale Cemetery a permit must be obtained from Dr. E. K. Johnson, of the New York Veterinary Hospital.

DOGS IN PULLMAN.

"I want to engage a section in a Pullman from San Francisco to Chicago," said a woman to a passenger agent of one of the transcontinental lines in Chicago the other day.

"Yes, ma'am," said the attentive agent. "What train do you wish and how many are in the party?"

The agent was informed of the time the party wished to leave San Francisco, and then the woman added: "There'll be seven in the party."

"Seven?" gasped the agent. "and in one section! That's impossible, madam!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," was the reply. "You see, six of the party happen to be dogs—Japanese spaniels."

"That's different," answered the relieved agent. "You'll have to get a permit, and then buy a full rate ticket for each dog, however."

Without a demur the woman handed over \$545.50, and received the tickets for her dogs, which she sent on to her agent in the California city. It seems like a pretty steep price to pay for the transportation of dogs, but that is the kind of a dog the Japanese spaniel is, and they have to travel with an attendant and all the luxuries the railways can provide or else they generally arrive at their journey's end corpses.

This Japanese spaniel is one of the most delicate dogs imaginable. Dogs of this family are very hard to rear anywhere outside the realm of the Mikado. A six months' sojourn in San Francisco is usually necessary in order that they may have a chance of life in other parts of America. The famous Japanese spaniels owned by Mrs. Charles A. White of Chicago are kept alive and healthy only by unremitting care and attention that falls to the lot of few babies. When they travel they enjoy the luxury of a Pullman sleeper. Oil rubs and massage treatments are frequently necessary to ward off incipient consumption and to undo the bad effects of the changeable Chicago climate.

Continued From First Column.

assisted on by the various employers, is illustrated by the case of two little boys of nine and eleven, who had to walk three miles to work on the night shift for twelve hours. One night they were five minutes late and were shut out, having to tramp the whole three miles back again. The number of accidents to those poor little ones who do not know the dangers of machinery, is appalling.

In Huntsville, Ala., in January, just before I was a child of eight years who had been a few weeks in the mills, lost the index and middle fingers of her right hand. A child of seven had lost her thumb a year previously.

In one mill city in the south a doctor told a friend that he had personally amputated more than a hundred babies' fingers mangled in the mill. A cotton merchant in Atlanta told me that he had frequently seen mill children without fingers or thumb and sometimes without the whole hand.

So frequent are these accidents that in some mills applicants for employment have to sign a contract that in case of injury in the mill the company will not be held responsible and parents or guardians sign for minors.

No mill children look healthy. Any one that does by chance, you are sure to find out has but recently begun work. They are characterized by extreme pallor and an aged, worn expression indefinitely pitiful and incongruous in a child's face. The dull eyes raised by the little one inured to toil before they ever learned to play, shut out by this damnable system of child slavery from liberty and the pursuit of happiness, often to be early robbed of life itself, are not those of a child but of an imprisoned soul, and are filled, it always seems to me, with speechless reproach.

There is unfortunately no question as to the physical debasement of the mill child.

In the finest mill in Columbia, S. C., a magnificent example of splendid enterprise, I found a tiny girl of five years old in the spinning room. Her little sunbonnet I fallen back over her neck and her fair hair was covered with threads that had fallen on her head from the frame as she worked. She was helper to her sister. Neither child knew her age, but a girl of eight, standing near, told me they were seven and five and worked there all day long. A beautiful little girl of eight, with hectic flush and great gray eyes told me she "hadn't worked but a year."

What a 13-Year-Old Boy Can Do.

Comrade F. B. Holloway of Winterset, Ia.; is only thirteen years of age, but one of the gamest drummer boys in the Appeal Army. A few weeks ago he sent in a magnificent club of seventy names to the Appeal and thus showed what can be done when an Appeal soldier gets on his war paint. Now it's up to the old warriors to show what they can do.

Sample Copies.

Do not forget that the Appeal will be mailed for four consecutive weeks at the rate of two cents per name. Lists sent in now will get the Farmer's Edition which will be immense both in quantity and quality. A dollar thus invested sends the Appeal for a month into the homes of fifty families.

50 cts. MAMMOTH COMBINATION 50 cts.

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# His Last Letter.

Dear Comrades: After nearly forty years of hard toil and consuming anxiety, the poor house and suicide is my only choice. I have a wife and little boy in Tampa, Fla., a little boy in Texas and a daughter in Oklahoma—scattered to the four winds of the earth—will likely go to ruin for want of my advice and protection.

Just think, comrades, we used to hear talk of the poor black man sold from his children. Is it not worse for a white man? Just think, no one is secure and your dear loved ones are likely to be torn from you and left in the hands of ignorant, selfish persons.

That this beautiful, fertile nation is reeking and groaning under a huge load of ignorance, crime and misery I've been the most willing worker for the last ten years, I've done all I could, I never tire of working and talking for Socialism. In 1899, not being able to do any better, I took a wheel-barrow load of books and papers, and pushed along the dusty roads through the scorching hot winds of Kansas. Two months in 1900, I took a one-horse cart and went to Grand Junction, Colo., and back to Oklahoma, and put over a thousand books and many papers into the hands of thinking people, convincing many that Socialism is our only salvation.

Socialism has been my only religion for ten years. I would not die if I could do any more for the good cause; but my health is gone. While I should be in my prime I can do no more for myself or for humanity. I will take a big dose of laudanum tonight and die a few weeks sooner in order to put my little hard earned money into the good cause I've worked so hard for, that would otherwise go to feed me, and also to avoid unnecessary suffering.

I can do no more, but I hope my soul will be with you. I pray and beg of you to be of good cheer and courage. "Do not fear to own the cause or blush to speak the name." If you can't talk (nearly all persons can if they will try) you can do a world of good by distributing literature.

Don't let 'em rest until such barbarous customs are completely abolished. We now have more than half the people half converted. Nearly all the people are thinking of Socialism, have got over the scare and are investigating. Our principles cannot be refuted, for Right is on our side and we are bound to succeed and the end is not far.

The above letter without signature, address or date upon it, and a postal money order for \$2.50 enclosed were received at the Appeal office May 25. There were no instructions as to what the money was for and the name of the writer was obtained at the post office from the postal advice. The money with more was sent to the family of the deceased in Tampa, Fla., by the Appeal.

Alas! for the sadness and misery of this world to the many, when it should and can be an Eden for all.

Murdered by Capitalism.

At Winfield, Kan., Saturday night, May 24, Sela P. Harrison, wearing an Appeal Army button, died by taking laudanum. He was about fifty years of age, in very poor health, out of work, and unfitted physically to do heavy labor. He was at my house the evening of his death, and bade me good by. He simply said he was "going away." Poor fellow! He has "come away"—gone where the capitalist ceases from plundering and the weary are at rest.

Comrade Harrison, weak in body, but strong in soul, had been selling Socialist literature from town to town and doing odd jobs of light work, endeavoring thereby to earn his bread and butter. I asked him a few days ago if he had money, and told him that while I was only a wage-slave myself, to tell me if he was in want. He replied that he still had some money, and "that when it was gone he had a place to go to."

He has gone to that place—the only haven, alas! for the worn out slave.

He was only a common working man, a day laborer when he was young and full of strength. He was useless, therefore, to his masters, the capitalist class, when age palsied his muscles and disease unfitted him for hard toil.

Say not that Comrade Harrison committed suicide—he was murdered by a savage social system as inhuman as the most infernal machinations of devils could conceive.

His body rests today in the Potter's field, nor would Comrade Harrison will it any other way. Could he speak, I know he would refuse that the Socialists should contribute to bury him elsewhere. He would rather, a thousand times rather, that any offering made in his behalf be spent in Socialist propaganda work. And yet, if I had the money, I would bury his poor body in a piece of land by itself, and place a simple shaft there, inscribed:—Murdered by Capitalism—Thomas P. Harrison, a working slave, worn out and homeless, forced to leave this world because it needed him no more.

HARRY M. TICHENOR.

Watch and Wait Not.

The Appeal will give a splendid lady's or gentleman's gold watch to the person who sends in the most names to receive the Farmer's Edition at the regular rate of one-half cent per copy.

To be in the race for the watch, all lists must be mailed on or before July 10. This is necessary to give us time to prepare the wrappers for this immense edition.

A Direct Nomination League.

From an Oregon comrade we learn that there has been an organization perfected in that state, the object of which is to frame a bill to be presented at the next session of the Oregon legislature, which bill provides for the nomination of precinct, county and state officers by a direct vote of the people.

Book and Job Printing.

The Appeal is now installing a new book press which completes our equipment for all all kinds of book and job printing. Any kind of a printed job, large or small, pretty or plain, at the lowest prices consistent with good work. Let us figure on your job. We will please you twice: First, with our very low prices; and again, with work superior in every detail.

Rev. W. T. Brown has resigned his pastorate of Plymouth Church Buffalo, N. Y., and will devote his time to lecturing on Socialism. He is one of the best speakers and most profound thinkers in the movement, and his work of late has attracted national attention. He will spend a day or week in a place where the comrade desires to hear him.

# Classes at Home and Castes of the Orient

It has been charged that the Socialists are stirring up class hatred, are teaching men to hold each other in contempt, but the fact is that the Socialists are in no way responsible for the present class war and are the only ones who are trying to see a safe and humane ending of the struggle between the economic classes.

If one glances at the historic background of the present strife, he will as soon blame Lincoln for the civil war as blame the Socialists for the class struggle.

The study of the castes of the distant east and of the classes of barbarian Europe, has revealed the same groups in both places, the owners, the fighters, the traders and the workers. In the east, the master groups have so completely conquered the dependent groups that centuries ago, the struggle ceased and everyone is born into his caste above which he can not rise and below which he can not fall. Personal responsibility for the higher castes and personal ambition for the lower ones, ceased with the ending of the struggle and social and civil stagnation has been the result. Let the economic classes remain in this country and let the struggle cease and the irresponsible arrogance on the one hand and the hopeless monotony of inferiority and dependence on the other, which is everywhere characteristic of the castes will speedily follow here as the same case has already followed in the same result in the Orient.

But the struggle will not cease. Soldiers and slaves divided the whole western world of Europe and Asia for four thousand years, but the slaves never ceased to struggle against their bondage and the castes never came. For a thousand years in Europe, lords and their retainers in the castles, and serfs in the hovels, made up the economic classes, but the serfs never admitted that they were born to be serfs—never surrendered to the claim that they had no share in the life of a full free manhood and so the castes never came.

At the beginning of the wage system, the class struggle which occupies the attention of the historians of that period was the strife between the old feudal landlords and the manufacturers and merchants. It was war between the towns and the castles. The French revolution marked the end of the power of the caste and the triumph of the trader and the manufacturer as the new ruling power of the world. The old had stood for the divine right of kings, the new contended for the sacred obligation of contracts.

The constitution of the United States marks the disappearance of the old in forbidding the American government, even to grant a title of nobility and the same section marks the dominance of the new by providing that no state enact any laws "impairing the obligation of contract."

But the new system has drawn new lines. The long line of those, helplessly exploited through slavery and serfdom, but who have never consented and never will consent to the exploitation are made as helplessly the victims of exploitation under capitalism as was ever true of serfdom or of slavery.

Not to struggle means that the workers are to fall to the bottom and in the end be bound there by lines of caste above which they may never rise. To struggle can only result in the overthrow of the master class and so end the class struggle with the disappearance of all classes.

Socialism will end the class struggle by removing the economic inequality of opportunity which has created the classes, the classes which can never disappear, and will never cease to struggle so long as economic inequality of opportunity shall last.

Socialists are in this class war, not from choice. They will cease the warfare the moment the other side will yield their defense of the inequality of opportunity. Whoever will do that, belongs in our ranks—can find standing room nowhere else. Fall in line. Make the battle hot if you would make it short.

A Bit of History.

I reprint the following from the Washington Post, to show you the relation of the established church with the ruling classes. This act of the lord holding the purse over the head of the preacher is to symbolize that the preacher receives his place and purse from the favor of the lord and must serve him. That he is a servant of the landlord, and acknowledges the ownership and the power of the money. It is by such means that the laboring people have for centuries been kept down and the master class on top. This is contrary to the spirit of the Christ:

"There is scarcely a manor in England where some queer old customs dating back to the feudal times, do not survive, recalling the former prestige and glory of the 'lords of the manor.'"

Thus at Wantage on each Palm Sunday since time immemorial, the so-called "god-ship" manorial service takes place. The lord of the manor, leaving his pew in the chancel of the parish church, advances to the steps of the altar and cracks a heavy carriage whip three times in succession while the rector is reading the first lesson. At the commencement of the second lesson he approaches the parson with a whip in his hand and a purse of gold pieces tied to the end of the lash. This he waves thrice in the air, and then holds the whip so that the purse hangs directly over the priest's head, until the conclusion of the chapter, when the priest takes possession of the purse and reverently places it on the altar.

It was but a short time ago that Baroness von Geradorff, lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Germany, purchased the old manor of St. Helene in the Island of Guernsey, and with the manor, which is surrounded by a large park, on which are situated a couple of villages, she purchased the manorial rights, which included, among other things, the right to take possession of 10% of the choicest crops of the best horses or cows in the stable and the best pigs in the sty, belonging to the peasantry on the estate.

"These 'droits du seigneur,' which are still in force in some of the continents of Europe, even authorized the lord of the manor to seize any newly married woman tenant on his estate on her wedding day, and to convey her to his chateau, where she is compelled to remain until he chooses to permit her to rejoin her husband."

The Direct Legislation League of Missouri has headquarters at 3521 Olive Street, St. Louis. Missouri voters desiring information, literature, etc., are invited to write to the







The Cassville (Wis.) Index deserves the patronage of liberal people. The editor, Mr. Foley, is not afraid to ask his readers to subscribe for the Appeal.

I have been reading the Appeal for three months, and am satisfied that the man who has not looked into Socialism enough to know what it stands for is so far behind the times that he will be terribly shocked when in a few years he is brought face to face with a better civilization that Socialism will produce.—Homer C. Butcher.

Comrade Strout, of Davenport, Iowa, is doing a little work that ought to be imitated wherever possible. He is furnishing matter for his home paper in a way that the editor uses it. And every article on Socialism that appears in a capitalistic paper opens the way to minds who have never given the subject attention. It's a way to win, and the game is open to all workers. Take a hand and "play kecards."

Once let the people be educated equally, and trained to use their reasoning powers, let all be made equally independent, or what means the same thing, equally dependent, and the idea of hereditary power or privilege will be seen to be so ridiculous that no one will submit to it for a moment. It will die a natural death as did the old belief in the king having miraculous power to heal by a touch. All we need is enlightenment, the rest will take care of itself.

The president fell all over himself in his haste to ask congress to appropriate \$500,000 for the volcano sufferers. He hasn't even a kind word for the Filipino sufferers. He wants food sent to the inhabitants of Martinique. He sends weapons of war and men to kill the inhabitants of the Philippines. It may be that he has a right to be so inconsistent, but it does seem rather queer, and makes one feel strange when trying to explain these diverse attitudes toward sufferers in different parts of the world.

Comrade Reuben Bourough, of Marshall, Mich., recently won second place in the district oratorical contest on the subject "Is Competition a Success." The oration was printed in the Marshall Statesman, a strong republican paper. This means something for the cause of Socialism, because the speaker pointed out the failure of competition, the terrible results of the present system, and showed wherein Socialism is the only remedy for the evils that now envelop society. Comrade Bourough is only eighteen years of age, but his oration is far superior to anything that usually finds its way to the daily papers.

When the sources of human life are owned in common; when out of the boundless granaries of the world the humblest child shall draw his sustenance; when want and hunger and profits and exploitation have become but dreams of distorted fantasy; when competition shall have given place to emulation; when all the world holds no such sacred thought as human life; when I would have you be what you yourself would be and aid you to become it; then mediocrity will forever vanish from the haunts of men, the human violet will meet the human primrose upon life's highway, and from their kiss of joy a pearl will be so rich, so pure, so rain-bow hued that in it men shall look with seeing eyes and read the riddle of the universe.—The Socialist spirit.

The banking house of Hambleton & Co., Baltimore, issued a recent letter in which is this sentence: "The money markets of the world are so closely connected that any disturbance in any one center is felt in all." The letter says further: "There is no law to prevent the private or corporate ownership of all the railroad stocks in the country or any part of them. The results of the community of interest policy have been beneficial to all. Where this policy will end is another question. Some think toward government ownership of all railways, etc. Such a result would be, indeed, a calamity." Yes, for the banking house of Hambleton & Co., but it is the only solution of the question for the people's benefit.

The Appeal is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Maloy of Waco, Texas, a member of the Catholic church, in which she voices this sentiment: "It is strange that the Catholic church is opposed to Socialism, when the history of the church shows that the priests have never shirked their duty when pestilences of any kind were killing the people. Many of them have lost their lives in caring for the poor in districts infested with cholera, small-pox, and other plagues. 'Why is it,' she asks, 'that they are now fighting a movement that will make of this old world a garden spot for those that toil and spin?' Let history answer the question. Socialism is truth, and no one or nothing can stay its progress. There is only one danger, and that is that those who are in the way of truth are liable to be run over and left by the wayside.

Editor Appeal to Reason:—I have noticed some criticism in other papers of your efforts in spreading the gospel of Socialism. I write this to bid you God speed, and to say that I believe that you are on the right track, and that you are making votes probably as fast as any other agency, who will usher in the co-operative commonwealth. My own conversion, with others I know are instances. About a year ago a man traveling over the Cascade mountains in this state with a bicycle, carrying it most of the way, inveigled me into giving him ten cents (10c.) (all the money I had) for which he was to send me a few copies of the Appeal to Reason. That ten cents worth of Appeal resulted in my casting a straight ticket for pure and unadulterated Socialism this spring.—L. M. Wilson.

The "Packers Are Fled Up" is the headline that makes a filler in the daily papers anent the beef combine. But since there was no combination, the injunction does not affect the packing house officials in the least. It may also be noted that the price of meat did not drop simultaneously with the federal injunction against the trust. A monopolist has no more fear of the courts than a father has of his two-year-old child. He owns the string that makes the dummy called a court dangle his legs, so he does not tremble when the people ask for an injunction. He has played at the game so long that it is second nature to him. A good way to overcome the beef trust is to make all public utilities the public property of all the citizens, and manage them according to the doctrine of Socialism. Nothing else can solve the problem.

On May 19th a terrible explosion occurred in the Fraterville mine at Coal Creek, Tenn., which killed between 175 and 225 miners. The inspector claims to have examined the mine in January 1902, and that he ordered better ventilation. He claims to have ordered a sixteen-foot fan, but he does not know that the fan was installed. He simply has the company's word for it, which is not very reliable. The fact is that the mine inspector is guilty of an unjustifiable neglect of his duty and therefore responsible for the death of 200 men. But the legislature and the courts are equally responsible, because they have known for years that the miners work in dangerous and unhealthful places. The miners have petitioned the law-makers to compel improvements, and those in authority have neglected to do their duty, with this horrible result.—F. Schweizer.

What They Offer and What We Will Do.

"Printers Ink." of New York City, presumed to be authority on printing, makes a great fuss about its price on eight-page (3 1/2 x 5-inch) booklets, offering to furnish them at ten dollars per thousand, or five thousand for twenty-six dollars.

But Look At Us!

We will do the same work and guarantee a first-class job \$3.00 per thousand, or five thousand for \$20.00. Moreover, we will DELIVER to any railroad station in the United States a five thousand job of the above, without additional charge.

We Want Your Printing.

and if prices and quality of work will get it, we are sure to do the work.

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

France polled almost 900,000 Socialist votes at the recent election.

The laboring man, what can he hear? Preying on nobody, he becomes the prey of all.—Daniel Webster, 1834.

The general doctrine of political economy is, that wealth consists in whatever is useful or convenient to man, and that labor is the producing cause of all this wealth.—Daniel Webster, 1838.

A man who was once governor of New York, and who has since become an occupant of the White House, prescribed the "lead diet" for striking miners. Has he ever said a word of comfort for the workmen who believe in the worker getting the full product of his toil?

What a pity that Henry George's great name has to be degraded by being tacked on to a scab cigar. The cigar that bears his name is not made under the union label, and therefore it is not worthy of the name it bears. Call for the label when you smoke, and thus protect your brother toilers.

A joint resolution has been passed by the Rhode Island legislature proposing an amendment to the constitution that will give 5,000 or more electors the right to initiate specific and particular amendments to the constitution. This is a move in the right direction, and it shows the way the tide is blowing.

If you have any doubt about prosperity being here read this cheering editorial from that stalwart Republican paper, the Iowa State Register: "It is now stated that J. Pierpont Morgan's personal profits on 'financing' trusts and combines aggregate \$172,500,000, and that he will endeavor to make the aggregate at least \$200,000,000 before the present year closes."

The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture says on page 522 that "Rural free delivery of mail is scientific. On purely theoretical grounds the post office ought always to deliver the matter entrusted to it at the door of the addressee." And it gives as a reason that "the cost of making the trip is always paid out of the sum total of the nation's capacity to do WORK."

An essay on "Socialism, How shall it be estimated," was awarded first prize at the Hartford, Conn., Theological Seminary. The essay was remarkably fair, coming from an institution that teaches young men to avoid coming in contact with such subjects; and especially to avoid a close study of Adam Smith, who taught in 1776 the fundamental truth of Socialism, viz. that labor is the measure of value. But the encouraging thing about it is that a fair investigation of Socialism was allowed.

Emil Leles, the well-known Socialist editor and speaker of San Francisco, formerly of the S. L. P., has left the party and joined with Mayor Schmitz and the Union Labor Party and says that others will do the same. The party in San Francisco, owing to its sectarian and unscientific methods of thought and action, is said to be stagnated and impotent. Its organ, the Advance, formerly the Class Struggle, has ceased to appear. The same fate appears to be in store for the movement at some other points we might name if the anti-immediate demands fellows, the real enemies of Socialism in America get control.—Social Democratic Herald.

The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable, if the tendency of the laws were to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands, and to render the great mass of the population dependent and penniless. In such a case, the popular power would be likely to break in upon the rights of property or else the influence of property to limit and control the exercise of popular power Universal suffrage, for example, could not long exist in a community where there was a great inequality of property. The holders of estates would be obliged, in such case, in some way to restrain the right of suffrage, or else the right of suffrage would, before long, divide their property.—D. Webster 1820.

Capitalists have proved again that they have no respect for man, woman, child, flag, past, present, future, heaven or hell. A woman was suing the Santa Fe railway for \$25,000 damages received while in the company's employ. The case must have been a good one, for the girl requisition papers and taken to Las Vegas, N. M., on a charge of having stolen \$50 from the man who was kidnapped from El Paso, Texas, without company while she was working in that city. The trial was hurried through the courts, and the unfortunate creature was sent to the penitentiary for ten years. And all this in defiance of law, just because the Santa Fe railway had the power to crush any officer who would dare to demand justice.

The president attended the unveiling of a monument to the Frenchman Rochambeau, who was a compatriot of Washington and commander of the French forces that helped free America from King Edward's ancestor, George III. Now suppose a true and noble hearted Frenchman should lead an army to assist the struggling Filipinos, or the Boers to gain their freedom, and suppose he should meet with death, would the president be present at the unveiling of a monument to him? No; Mr. Roosevelt was not honoring the man for a manly deed, he was there in honor of the deed because it happened to be a friendly one to this country; he was there because it seemed wise to keep on the good side of France for commercial reasons. Men, nor manliness does not count in politics at the present time, profit is the only word that can move a politician to tears.

The "Twelve Hundred" Combination. 25 copies, Why Working men should be Socialists. 50 " Little Needs to Land. 75 " Wanted, A New Conscience. 100 " The Social Conscience. 150 " Descriptions of Socialism, Cards. 200 " Red cards, Ten kinds, 50 of a kind. 300 " Slickers, 4 kinds, 100 of a kind. Good for many and not bad for any. Order the "Twelve Hundred" Combination. Postage prepaid, \$1.00.

YOU WANT A HOME

That will shelter you and your family through good times and bad. That Girard property is the article. You can get it. Why not take it?

Emile Vanderveide, the wealthy Socialist of Belgium, and wife will lecture in the United States during September.

ROLAND T. PATTEN, THE REPUBLICAN TREASURER OF SUMMERSSET COUNTY, MAINE, HAS RESIGNED HIS OFFICE, JOINED THE SOCIALIST PARTY, PURCHASED AN AUTOMOBILE, AND WITH REPRESENTATIVE CAREY, OF MASSACHUSETTS, WILL STUMP HIS COUNTY IN THE INTEREST OF SOCIALISM.

Why did the labor unionists vote the republican ticket in 1900? They were told it meant a full dinner pail. This item was withheld: The women workers in the Philippines receive ten cents per day for their work in the hemp and cigarette factories. But Hanna will change that as soon as he succeeds in exterminating Socialism in America. Yes, as soon as he does—

The first question that a capitalist asks concerning any enterprise is "Will it pay?" And that spirit permeated all the dealings of men. It is not asked whether or not a proposition is right, but what will it benefit? Some day, men will ask if a thing is right, and when convinced that it is, they will do the right regardless of the cost. The cost does not enter into question of saving a man's life and when men become so thoroughly imbued with justice as they are with their own lives profit will not be the main spring of their very being.

A real union paper, the Union Picket, of Dayton, Ohio, is a new visitor to the Appeal's exchange table. The boys of that city have been in need of a paper that stands for the workers. They have needed a paper that would not keep them in ignorance so that politicians could make profit out of their toil. The Union Picket will do this, and it will expose the shams that have been given to the Dayton workers by a political paper that has sailed under the flag of Labor.

The laboring man or woman who will not join a union for fear of losing his job needs a spark of Patrick Henry's enthusiasm. It may be that such an one has loved ones who would suffer in case of discharge from work; then think of the countless thousands who are suffering as a result of low wages throughout the earth. Think it over; put yourself in the place of the sufferers and then make up your decision as to what is right. Under Socialism there will be no need of a strike, but until Socialism rules the affairs of men, join the union of your craft, and be as true to your union as you are to your country.

In Captain Jinks, Hero, by Ernest Crosby, there is a chapter on the capture of Aguinaldo. The description is so clear and calm that it cannot help stirring any honorable man or woman's blood. Liars and treacherous characters may be necessary in a war of criminal aggression, but the common people who are accustomed to honesty do not easily fall in love with a contemptible trick. Captain Jinks, Hero, is one of the most potent advocates for peace that has ever been put in the form of a book. It deserves a wide circulation. You will read it all when you have once begun. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. of New York, \$1.50.

Every paper in the land has heralded the tidings that Cuba is free, that we have kept our promise with the people, and that the people are wild with joy. But a few of the papers mention the fact that Robert Treat Paine of Boston celebrated the occasion by giving the miserably poor of Havana a good square meal, something they are not accustomed to. This reminds one of the promise old Gomez made to the Cubans that the should own their country, which has not been fulfilled, nor can it be until capitalism is gotten rid of. It makes little difference whether a Spaniard, American or Cuban capitalist controls the unhappy island, there never can be freedom for the Cubans until Socialism give every worker the full product of his toil.

Negroes threaten a revolution unless the practice of lynching members of their race is stopped. Sometimes people have to revolt in order to secure the enforcement of law, but there is no valid reason for the continuation of lynch outlawry. The officers could prevent it if they wanted to; and if the negroes are forced into a revolution in order to enforce the laws of the land, it will be a terrible revelation of our honesty and respect for law. It is a common thing for laboring men to strike in order to have labor laws enforced, but when a whole race are compelled to think of revolt in order to force a people, who boast of civilization, to respect their own laws, its enough to make one stop and think, and wonder why we are called a law-abiding people anyway.

The reviewing authority that decided upon the court martial verdict in the Waller trial for murdering natives in the Philippines, says that the lieutenant should have disobeyed the order to kill the prisoners. But will that apply to other soldiers who are ordered to do an insane thing? Suppose you are a soldier, and your commanding officer orders you to fire on helpless workmen who are striking against capitalism, do you think you would be justified in disobeying orders? Not much. But this decision is a good one, and every one ought to follow it; and when an officer orders you to do anything that seems the work of an insane person, you ought to have the manhood to disobey orders. If our people can be filled with the desire to do right as they see it, the business of going to war to murder at command of an officer will not be entered into as lightly as it is at the present time.

Washington Gladden, in "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age," says Socialism lays so much stress on the improvement of the mass that it ignores the integrity of the individual. Mr. Gladden ought to know that no government can rise higher than the average intelligence of the masses; and he ought to know before saying anything against Socialism that its purpose is to enable the individual to improve himself by giving him the full value of what his work produces or maintains. He ought to know, before speaking against Socialism, that it says nothing against private property except the private ownership of the earth by a few for their own benefit as against the masses who are thus denied access to the soil. Under Socialism no one could be forced to ask permission from one who had arrogated authority to himself in order to earn his daily bread. Mr. Gladden ought to know this or he ought to be wise enough to be silent until he does know what Socialism is.

BUGLE NOTES

From the Appeal Army.

Comrade Cleveland of West Superior, Wis., sends in a neat list for the Monthly.

Comrade Behrmann of Buena Vista, Col., remembers the Monthly with a good club.

Comrade Lee of Los Angeles, was the first to get in an order for the Farmer's Edition.

Comrade Gleeten of Edinboro, Pa., has already sent in a list for the Farmer's Edition.

Comrade Knetsar of Aldine, Tex., helps the Monthly along with a dainty club of three.

Comrade Bicknell of Longwood, Fla., contributes a club to the boost the boys are giving the Monthly.

Comrade McDuff of Patton Junction, Ala., is doing his share toward putting the Monthly on its feet.

The miners at Fraser, Iowa, are becoming interested in Socialism through the efforts of Comrade Leedom.

Comrade Obenchain of Greenville, Tex., sends in for a bundle and kindly remembers the infant Monthly.

Comrade Duncan, of Reno, Nev., sends in one of those many clubs now arriving for Wayland's Monthly.

And still they come for No. 338. Comrade Hartwig of Evansville, Ind., is scattering five hundred of the article.

Comrade Clark of Terra Haute, sends in a club that would Terra Fi some of the haughty Terra Haughters should they see it.

"Look out for Indiana," shouted Comrade Ankenlock of Spencer, as he fired in his list of Hoosiers for the Farmer's Edition.

Comrade Arrowood of Birmingham, Ala., sends in a hearty list of yearlies. The South is keeping up the pace it set a few weeks since.

Comrade Beecher of Mason City, Iowa, is looking out for the welfare of the new Monthly. He sends in a list of seventeen new subscribers.

Comrade Dunkel and the local branch of ward 21st, Milwaukee, sent in for a supply of ammunition and are evidently going after everything in sight.

Orders for the Direct Legislation number continue to roll in. But the press-man is a good natured fellow and says he will grind out all the boys want.

The picture of Comrade Southworth of Benton Harbor, Mich., adorns the Appeal gallery along with the irrepressible Gordon, Dodge, Phelps & Co.

Comrade Bennett of Birmingham, Ala., found eighteen in his town that wanted the Monthly. How many are there in your neck 'to the woods'?

The Comrades at Des Moines, Iowa, are making things hum. Among the good things is a handsome list for the Monthly sent by Comrade Schreiner.

Comrade Caspar of Ft. Edwards, N. Y., placed a splendid order for papers and books last week, and also gave the Monthly a lift with a handsome club.

Comrade Barnes, of Deloit, Kans., gets grandly into the procession of progress with an order for all kinds of ammunition, among which is a fine club for the Monthly.

Comrade Moisen, a veteran of Salda, Colo., sent in a list last week that threw the Appeal canine into an assortment of fits. Comrade Moisen is also giving the plutocrats fits.

"I have succeeded in getting a few hard-shells to discuss Socialism," remarked Comrade Murray of Allegheny, Cal., as he sent in his order for a bundle. "I hope in time to get them really interested."

A brave lassie living way down South in Georgia writes: "I am a girl and know I can't vote, but will do all I can for Socialism, so I send this small club of five, and will send in some more before long."

Comrade Cole of Gehring, Neb., sends in an order for ammunition and tells how a G. O. P. man ran him out of his yard while soliciting subscribers. "But that's nothing when one gets used to it," he cheerfully adds.

"Enclosed find thirteen stamps for one sub. for your Reasonable Appeal. Don't despise one sub. If every one of your great army sent in one, the victory would soon be ours."—Comrade Heely, Chicago.

Comrade Stanton of Chadron, Neb., has taken out a twenty-five year insurance policy on the Appeal plan. He sends in his subscription for twenty-five years thereby insuring the receipt of the Appeal for a quarter of a century.

A comrade way out in the United States sends in an order for the Direct Legislation Edition and remarks: "Am editing an independent country paper, wearing a Republican campaign button and intend to vote the Socialist ticket."

"I have been placing my Appeals around among different people, and I think they have been doing some good, as I have the promise of several subscriptions along the line they have been placed."—Comrade Curtis, Portsmouth, Va.

And still they come for No. 338. Comrade Schulz of Lawrenceburg, Ind., orders five hundred and remarks: "This number is a dandy, and if the thick skulls can't get any new ideas from its lines, there is nothing in them worth redeeming."

"Today I knock at the door of the Army headquarters for admission into regular ranks as a volunteer army recruit, and display, as a proof of good faith and loyalty, the accompanying fresh republican and democratic scalps—taken with my own hands from willing victims."—Comrade Patterson, Keene, Tex.

"I take several Socialist papers and see some discussion as to the work the Appeal is doing; but I am too dense to understand the meaning of it. 'I was converted by the Appeal. Had been an unconscious Socialist all my life. Did not know there was such a party of noblemen in existence. Always thought of dynamite when I heard the word Socialist. A friend handed me an Appeal and that settled it. Have a good job, good trade, no kick that way on this old system, but the system is rotten. Have three children. What is going to become of them? That is what puzzles me.'—Comrade Bisson, Raymond, California.

Miss Redhead Makes a Request.

Our hustlers at the front nearly smothered the Auburn-tressed fairy with orders for No. 338. Last Friday she scratched out of a pile of letters, sought the business manager and begged leave to say a word to the workers. She asks that the comrades when sending lists for sample copies or four-weeks subs, write the lists upon a sheet separate from the one on which they make their order.

When syndicates of American millionaires are tired of buying our shipping and our railways, a similar gang may take a fancy to buying Yorkshire and turning it into a deer forest. There is nothing to prevent them. Profit is King and God and Law. The people may go and be damned.—London Labor Leader.

So let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men; and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth.—Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth to Grand Jury in 1794.

Socialism.

Socialism marches with thought, not daggers; it brings peace, not war; and acts upon the plane of love, not hate. It is not an untried theorem, nor a speculative; but is here, is tried, is proven successful. In our public libraries, in our public parks, in our public schools, in our public post offices, we find the idea of Socialism; we find public necessities run and controlled by the people. It is not, therefore, a theory, but a demonstrated remedy.

Transportation, telegraph, express, and every species of manufacture, together with all natural necessities of the community, including land, water, air, light, and all pertaining thereto, are as public in their character and nature as are our educational and mail departments, and every circumstance that governs, or should govern the other. If a public necessity is conducted by private individuals contrary to the interest of the public, there is but one remedy, and that remedy is for the public to own and conduct necessity itself.

So long as the public refuse to take charge of their own affairs, and allow their affairs to be managed by private interests, it is folly to complain about monopolies, trusts, etc., for private interest is assuredly attending only to itself, and to expect it to attend to public interest is certainly folly. No more conclusive proof that the control of our public institutions by individuals is destructive to society's interests and positively checks evolution, progress and the life of the masses, can be adduced than the presentation of the fact that today the telegraph corporations have locked up in their vaults valuable invention upon invention, which, if put into operation, would lessen the expense, and in an extraordinary measure improve the telegraph system now in vogue. Thus these great advantages of progress are kept back and withheld from society because of the selfish greed of the individuals who control these public institutions thus foolishly allowed to be run in the littleness of personal desire, and not in the greatness of the interest of the human race.—Stephen Maybell, in Civilization Civilized. For sale at this office at twenty cents per copy.

Making Slaves of Children.

The census sharps in England have been compiling figures on child-workers, and the showing is bad. There are laws there to protect children, and that the laws do not protect is shown by the fact that in the land of King Edward there are over 300,000 children earning, in whole or in part, their daily bread.

It seems to be a part of the industrial system of civilized countries to make juvenile slaves of infants, and America, the land of wealth and libraries and schools and \$10,000,000 bequests, cannot cast a single stone at the record of any other nation in this respect.

In Liverpool 131 wage-earning children under seven years of age were found.

There can be no emergency in any land where babies of that age should be allowed to toil for pay. The child that goes into harness almost before it leaves off its baby talk and forsakes the cradle will reach old age almost at the threshold of life.

But there are more statistics. In Liverpool there are 1,120 of the age of 7, 4,211 eight-year-olds, 11,027 aged nine, and 22,131 aged ten, a total of 38,489 children between the ages of six and ten, who are employed at least a part of each week day.

The rate of pay is as offensive as is the fact that the children are allowed to work at all. A total of 17,084 English children earn six pence (about 12 1/2 cents) per week each, 47,273 from thirteen cents to twenty-five cents, 40,240 up to fifty cents each week, and the rest of the stunted and enslaved juvenile army of 300,000 from fifty cents up to \$1.25 a week, the hours of labor varying from ten hours a week to eighty hours.

It is a shame. It is more than that. It is a crime. And it will bring its own penalty some day.—Cleveland Press.

"Individualism"

"Individualism!" what a long, long word for such a short, short thing! "Individualism," that claims itself, the part, greater than the whole; that the "us" has no right to own the land, but the "me," the little floating speck in the sunbeam, has the right, and the sunbeam has no right at all! It claims that a dot is larger than the sun; and a more important factor than the universe. "Individualism," this small thing with the big, big name, that says: "Me" shall own the land, water, light and air, the railroads and the telegraphs, the industries and the money; but it would be wrong for the whole to own the land, water, light and air, the railroads and telegraph, the industries and money. It would be outrageous for the whole to own itself, but right for the "Me" to own the whole, BY OWNING ITS NECESSITIES OF LIFE.—Civilization Civilized.

Next Week's Appeal.

The Appeal for next week will contain an article by Comrade R. A. Dague of Alameda, Cal., on "Rockefeller and His Beauty Roses," which exposes the ridiculous position taken by young Rockefeller to justify capitalism in its brutality.

That number will also contain a letter from Comrade Allan W. Ricker, who gives some splendid ideas upon how to do the best work for Socialism.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford railway has put in a new air brake, and fifty brakemen have taken a permanent vacation. Prosperity has taken care of the capitalists, and the workers are looking for another job.

Readers of the Appeal who know anything of T. C. Husted, are requested to communicate with Wm. Brothwick, Barry, Ill. He was 30 years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, weighed 135 pounds, black hair and mustache. Left St. Joe, November 16, 1901, for San Francisco.

THE NEW

Wayland's Monthly

The Next Time Wayland's Monthly is issued it will be four times its present size and better in every way.

It will contain more than 100 printed in improved form on good book-paper with attractive colored cover, and contain not less than 22 pages.

Twenty-Five Thousand Subscribers are needed at once to make the Monthly a success, and the price is yet held at that of the old Monthly as an inducement to prompt action.

Autograph Clubs for the Monthly will count on the Girard property, subject to the same conditions as apply to the paper.

The Monthly is Offered for the Present at 25 cents per year, at which rate every worker can send in a club, as it will by reason of its compact form, clear print, strong paper and carefully prepared reading matter, be of the greatest value as a propaganda publication.

Give the Monthly a Start and it will be able to win its own way.