

Appeal to Reason.

IF NUMBER 421 IS ON YELLOW LABEL YOUR TIME EXPIRES WITH THE NEXT ISSUE.

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., December 19, 1903.

Statement of the Appeal Publishing Co.

Cash on hand Nov. 25, 1903.....\$1105.92
 Receipts for week ending Dec. 5, 1903..... 2061.01
 Expenses for week ending Nov. 25..... 83144.95
 Cash on hand Nov. 25..... 1891.98
 Obligations about \$2300.
 All money above actual operating expenses of the plant will be turned into Socialist propaganda fund. No charge for use of capital employed.

J. A. Wayland.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOR THE OWNERSHIP OF EARTH AND THE FULLNESS 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, Kansas, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Imperial Rome

Being Repeated in United States

In Colorado a militia officer has issued an ukase ordering every person to deliver up all their firearms and knives to the officers, and a failure to do so, will result in the offender being shot without trial. Any criticism of the governor, the militia or the president is also to receive the same summary punishment.

Rome was a republic. She was governed by her citizens, each having a voice like we have here. Her cunning citizens first amassed great personal wealth from the labor of their fellows. Then they began to feel the thrill of power. Public servants became masters. The nation was used to aid leading citizens in increasing their wealth and power. Corruption was used to deceive the electors. Empire was increased because it increased the opportunity for plunder. Laws were made in the interest of the rich. Judges gave decisions in favor of those who had social and wealth power. Little by little the rights of the people were curtailed. Generation after generation were raised, each believing they had the greatest and freest country that ever existed. The people were oppressed. When they protested they were slaughtered—not at first, but toward the closing of the bloody republic. Workingmen were organized then. Their organizations were made the object of many laws. They were outlawed. Their members were killed and imprisoned. In the name of law and order they were mutilated by the hundreds of thousands. The rich ruled in the name of the people they oppressed. Hard work, long hours, slow social poison had rendered the masses stupid.

We are here traveling the same road—and traveling faster than Rome ever did. Workingmen when they ask for a larger share of what they produce in abundance are locked out to starve. A worse death than being slaughtered outright. They are arrested without process of constitutional law. They are imprisoned and trials refused. The civil law has been trampled under foot by the men elected by the working class to execute laws. On a hundred industrial fields the blood of the workers has crimsoned the grass of their native land. They have been shot while peaceably marching along the highway carrying the American flag. They have been thrown into bull pens without shelter or decent food. They have been imprisoned by hundreds. The justice of their cries has not been considered—only the laws made in the interest of the rich is kept in the eye of justice. The latest incident is in Colorado, where the governor elected by the working class has thrown down the civil law and rules with soldiers. The press has been gagged. A censorship has been established in violation of the United States Constitution. Workingmen members of the militia are to be tried as spies! On what could they spy? The governor, a civil officer, says he will defy the courts if they attempt to apply civil laws. In the south peonage has been carried on for years, in the interest of the master class. The masters are using the worst of all war tactics—the policy of closing the industries and STARVING their slaves into submission and killing them if they do not starve in silence.

These are the conditions here and now. These are the conditions that the working class approve by their votes. These conditions are caused solely and only because of the ignorance of what changing conditions mean, just as was the case in Rome.

Next fall the working class will have another opportunity of putting the masters into control of the government for another four years, and will doubtless whoop it up for them—and get another four years of INCREASING oppression.

Isn't it time to VOTE for the masses and against the rich?

Under Socialism the workers will be the whole cheese. Who wants cheese must be a worker.

Under Socialism there will be no gain in teaching error. Gain can be had ONLY by producing wealth.

Under Socialism the average production of wealth will go to those who produce it. There could then be no poverty with any who would work.

Under Socialism the working class will elect the foreman, managers and superintendents of industry, and make all the rules. There will be no strikes.

Under Socialism the workers will build beautiful homes and occupy them. Under capitalism they build beautiful homes for the drones to occupy.

Under Socialism everybody will be interested in every person having the place where they can do the best work. And everybody likes to do the best work they are capable of.

Under Socialism there will be no boodling of public officials, because there will be no private wealth to enhance, hence there will be no incentive to bribe. No profit could be gotten by it.

Under Socialism there will be no family quarrels about the division of an estate. The parents will not be tried for lunacy to enable children to get possession of property before their parents are dead.

Under Socialism the better the machinery the fewer hours it will require to make the wealth the people want. Under capitalism the better the machinery the more workers are thrown out of employment.

Under Socialism the products of land and mine will be taken directly from place of production to place of finishing and then to place of consumption. There will be no middlemen, no profits, no adulterations, no deception. It would profit no one to have these things.

Under Socialism there will not be hundreds and thousands of merchants competing with each other, other than the kind of competition among the clerks in the same store today. Greater stores than the world has known will supply the needs and the people will

How We See Each Other.

A BRIEF, but comprehensive definition of Socialism is, The Reconstruction of Human Nature by Act of Congress. It contemplates the extinction of selfishness, thriftlessness and laziness; it wipes out individual endeavor and individual responsibility; destroys social, political and economic distinctions; overcomes natural idiosyncracies and acquires peculiarities, and reduces mankind to a smooth, oleaginous, homogeneous paste. The life it aims to establish will flow on in one continuous sweep of untruffled monotony. There will be no debts to pay, no bills to collect; no hills to climb, no declivities to slide down. When a child is born the government at Washington, D. C., enters him up for rations and duty. Until he is 15 years old he is fed, clothed and trained by government officials according to the regimen established by the commissary department. Then he is drafted into the services of the industrial army and serves the commonwealth for 30 years, when he is retired on pension and finally buried by the state. The food he eats will be prepared by the secretary of the flesh pots, and served by the fourth assistant scullion. The clothes he wears will be designed by the first lord of the fashion plate, and constructed by the eleventh assistant to the state tailor. The books and newspapers he reads will be written and edited by the comptroller of the press, printed by the bureau of typography, and dispensed by the bureau of intelligence. The railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steamships, factories, mills and farms will be operated from the seat of government. All the common people will have to do is take what is given them and obey orders. Living will be just as easy as dying and hardly distinguishable. There won't be a thing to bother about. Every morning the program of the day will be dropped in the front yard by messengers of the director general, and there you are. When the stobby period in the age of swain and maiden arrives, and thoughts of love bump around their diaphragms, the trouble can be relieved by merely making out an application blank to the bureau of matrimony. The first assistant match maker general will tend to all the details. Socialism is a fine thing, especially for wooden Indians. But just at present we are wondering where all the integrity and ability to run the machine is to come from. That is the secret which remains forever locked in the profound brains of the boss Socialist. His machine is all right, but it will take God Almighty to operate it, and He will be busy with Mayor Hawley of Boise for at least two years, and in all probability for four thousand years if the half which Jim has promised is done.—The above is taken from the columns of the Tribune, published at Caldwell, Idaho.

A BRIEF, but comprehensive definition of capitalism is The Reconstruction of Human Nature by Act of Rockefeller, Morgan & Co. It contemplates the extinction of self, thrift and energy; it wipes out individuality and puts numbers on people like cattle; it destroys the social, political and economic lives of the masses overcomes the natural talents and reduces mankind to jelly-like funkies for the rich. The life it aims to establish for the workers is one continuous drudgery for masters. There will be debts to pay, and life for the workers will be one long hill to climb. When a child is born Rockefeller, Morgan & Co., will give it a number, and will put it in their factories at five years of age and keep it there without unnecessary education, rest or hope, under hired overseers, and pay it with a scrip on the capitalist pluck-me-stores and will retire the child when it is worn out and bury it in a pauper lot—for few will be able to own a lot in a capitalist graveyard. Capitalism may turn the bodies into fertilizers for the fields of the rich. The food the workers eat will not be prepared more than that given to the other animals of the masters. The clothes they wear will be overalls, cut and made under the direction of the masters. The books and newspapers the few of them can steal time to read will be carefully prepared by the best paid hirelings of the masters, teaching the workers such lies as will keep them in subjection, and charging them twenty prices for the same. The railroads, telegraphs, steamships, factories, mills and farms will all be operated from the offices of Rockefeller, Morgan & Co. All the common people will have to do is to take what is given them and obey orders. Dying will be easier than living, and many will commit suicide. There won't be a thing to hope for. Every morning will bring its task by the orders of the overseer at the blow of the whistle, and starvation if you fail to obey. When the stobby period in the age of swain and maiden arrives, and thoughts of love bump around in their diaphragms, the trouble can be relieved by co-habiting like animals, producing offspring for future masters. Slave marriages are not of any great moment. Capitalism is a very fine thing—especially for capitalists and their funkies. All the integrity and ability that runs the machines comes from the workers—they invent the machines, do the work, keep the accounts and turn over the ownership to the masters. That secret the capitalists carefully keep from their dupes, else they might conclude to do away with the capitalists. The capitalist machine requires the devil and all the thieves, robbers, forgers, murderers and criminals to operate its controlling machinery, as evidenced by the corruption in the Postal, Army, Navy, Indian and other departments of the nation and in St. Louis and Jefferson City matters, to say nothing of all the other cities and is actually in operation without waiting four thousand years.

Under Socialism old age will be honored and not sent to a paupers' house to die of want and neglect. The aged are our parents and the best the nation can provide is none too good for those who have born and loved us.

Under Socialism whatever is produced will belong to the workers. Under capitalism, one owns the place of employment and pays the workers a wage that represents only a part of what the workers have produced.

Under Socialism the workers will select of their numbers those whom they feel can best direct the industries for the benefit of the workers. Under capitalism the owners of plants select those who will get the most out of the workers and give them the least.

Under Socialism the best minds will be selected to direct the labor and hence will be most honored. It will be to the interest of all to have the best minds in the highest places, and none incapable would have such places for it would bring them only dishonor if unfitted.

The capitalists are sending out reports that Socialism has failed in New South Wales. That's funny. This is the first intimation that that country did not belong to England and had appropriated all capital to the public. Socialists are no more in control there than in New York City. Of course these lies deceive the ignorant—and they know the majority are ignorant. But coming close to home—Isn't capitalism a failure here? Is the condition here what you would like? Is society organized for the purpose of producing the thousands of crimes that are daily reported? If it is, then capitalism is a success—if these are not what we are organized to produce, then capitalism is a failure. Capitalism is a failure in the United States. What is the cause about it?

Another great oil field has been discovered in Texas. Now the price of oil will be advanced again. Supply and demand seems to work backward.

The Iowa Implement Dealers' Association at a secret session discussed the Harvester Combine. One of the members said: "The Association isn't agin' the combine; it simply proposes to make the best deal with it." In other words, the dealers will work with the head robbers to skin the farmers. Was robbery ever more bare-faced?

Manufacturers say that wages must come down or exportation of goods must stop! Well, let 'er stop. Let the Americans have a chance of using what their labor produces for a while and see if it will make them savages. Let the blasted foreigners make his own goods and use them. Not one American in a thousand has all the goods he wants—why send them away?

In New York the courts have sentenced a labor leader to prison for extortion. He got a few hundred dollars. In that state the Standard Oil Co., has practiced extortion for years, has extorted MILLIONS from the people—but it is not convicted. The rich can do no wrong. The Standard Oil defied the U. S. courts to make it bring its secret arrangement for extortion into court. It does not care for the courts. It has a hand in naming judges.

The republican leaders say they will make tariff the issue next year. Sure. Anything the discussion of which will not interfere with the robbery of the Trusts and the boodle office-holders. To discuss Trusts would bring up the equity of private property—and anything but that. That old tariff chestnut has done good work for nearly a hundred years—but then there is a fool born every minute and it has material to work on. It can't take much to interest the ignorant.

Everybody Knows

Everybody knows something is wrong.
 Everybody knows that disease is increasing.
 Everybody knows that insanity is increasing.
 Everybody knows that times are out of joint.
 Everybody knows that prices are being raised.
 Everybody knows that crime is on the increase.
 Everybody knows that poverty is on the increase.
 Everybody knows that the wages are being reduced.
 Everybody knows that the Trusts are public enemies.
 Everybody knows that conditions are getting worse.
 Everybody knows that the people are opposed to Trusts.

Everybody knows that the small factories are being ruined.

Everybody knows that the most corrupt men are in office.

Everybody knows the laws are made for the corporations.

Everybody knows that the public treasuries are being robbed.

Everybody knows that judges are the creatures of corporations.

Everybody knows that legislative bodies are notoriously corrupt.

Everybody knows that the working class is getting it in the neck.

Everybody knows that imperialism has unseated a rule of the people.

Everybody knows that the middlemen are being crowded to the wall.

Everybody knows that justice is being strangled where money opposes.

Everybody knows that preparations for military despotism are being made.

Everybody knows that the national wealth is being accumulated in the hands of a few.

Everybody knows that the liberties of the people are being curtailed as rapidly as the rulers deem safe.

Everybody knows that—but what of it? They sit supinely down and insist on permitting things to go on, and damn any man or woman who would disturb their hypnotic slumber. And the traitors to liberty feel secure in the belief they can continue their plunder.

But Socialism will wake up the people.

Under Socialism the earth will take on a new beauty, because it will not be marred by the nightmare of want.

Under Socialism the people who get millions gambling in stocks and bonds will have to do useful work or starve.

Under Socialism there will be no fat, sleek idlers living off the labor of the credulous. Hence the skinners oppose Socialism.

Under Socialism all murder for wealth will disappear, because no wealth could be transferred because of the death of any citizen.

Under Socialism city property would never advance or decrease in value. It would be owned by all the people and would be for use only.

Under Socialism all children will be equally well clothed, fed and educated. None will be in factories making riches for a few skinkers.

Under Socialism citizens will work only with the best machinery, as it would be against public interest to have labor done with old or crude machines.

Under Socialism every good invention would decrease the hours of labor and throw no one out of employment. All would have a right to employment by the fact that they were citizens.

Under Socialism men will not accumulate millions that others have produced. Each worker will get the full equivalent of what he or she has produced. There will be nothing for the useless class.

Under Socialism all suits at court about property rights will be abolished. There will be no private capital to be quarreled about. There will be all the capital the people can use, but it will be for use not profit.

Under Socialism there will be no deputies, thugs or militia called out to force slaves to their task. The citizens will own all industries and will be equally interested in their operation. To strike would be to strike against themselves.

Under Socialism there will be no wasted labor in insurance, either fire or life. Buildings will belong to the nation and if burned will be rebuilt by the nation. No family could be left in want, and hence no life insurance would be wanted.

Under Socialism there would not be hundreds of millions wasted in advertising, and all that labor would be directed into useful channels, making the people good and beautiful things, instead of the nasty things now made to deceive and profit a few operators.

Under Socialism a crop failure in one section would not cause any serious inconvenience. The crop over the whole nation would produce enough for all, and those who had labored in the stricken district would receive as much of the national wealth as those who had labored in the favored parts.

Special privilege feels that its throne is threatened by the wonderful growth of Socialism. I notice that the Sunday school papers are now being used to boom the republican party, and that a Seventh Day Adventist paper of California was recently filled full of articles on the labor problem from the standpoint of capitalism. Money is the God of this nation, so it need not cause surprise that the churches, upheld by money from the hands of the despoilers, should openly espouse the cause of the monopolists. As the Church of Russia is the principal upholder of the Russian tyranny, so in this country it is the upholder of the despotism of private capitalism.

THESE HANDSOME WINTER GARMENTS GIVEN AWAY FREE. THE VERY LATEST STYLE. GIVE US YOUR ABSOLUTELY FREE choice of these 40 high quality winter garments...

OUT-HATCH—ONE TRIAL. Any one with common sense can get a high per cent of chicks the first time when fertile eggs are put in a Sure Hatch.

CURE FITS. When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure.

The "Best" Light. Is a portable 100 candle power light, containing all the latest improvements.

CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, and all Skin and Wound Diseases.

\$3 a Day Sure. Send us your address and we will send you a sure cure for your ailment.

30 LOVELY CARDS. With your own photograph on each, 30 cards with names of friends and relatives.

CALIFORNIA FOR 25¢. All about the land of sunshine and roses, its history, its people, its politics.

1904 CARDS. Send us your photograph and we will send you 10 cards with names of friends.

WE PAY \$32 A WEEK AND EXPENSES. For the best of health, we will pay you \$32 a week and all your expenses.

Old Trusty Incubator. 30 Days Trial. Made by Johnson the chicken man. Write to Johnson, 1000 North 1st St., Chicago.

The Militia Bill and How It Was Passed. Comrade Underman's complete exposure of this infamous attack upon the liberties of the American working class.

The Time For Action

By Charles L. Breckon. THE trades unions of the world have been fighting a bitter battle now for a great many years. How much longer is the unequal struggle to be continued? What remains to be said to convince these noble sons of toil that there is a sure and perfect cure for all the ills under which they suffer?

Trade Unions Held Up to Scorn

Editorial in Chicago Tribune: "The employer sometimes uses harsh words, and not always without cause, about labor unions. He accuses them in angry moments of getting tyrannical. He does not often stop to reflect that they are one of the forces which stand between him and something which would indeed be tyranny."

Pa Teaches Young America

How the Interest of Capital and Labor are Identical BY G. H. LOCKWOOD. "Say, pa, you got mad the other day when I asked you why the workmen did not have a party of their own, but I really want to know, pa; won't you please tell me?"

Thoughts in a Sentence

Can a man be religious when he is hungry? Socialism doesn't need you half so much as you need Socialism. The Socialist question is neither moral nor religious—it is purely economic.

DR. SHOOP'S RHEUMATIC CURE

Costs Nothing If It Fails. Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end.

SOUVENIR WATCHES.

The second batch of watches having been exhausted, it will be February 1st, before another order can be filled by the case maker.

How Some of Our Readers Can Make Money.

Having read of the success of some of our readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success. I have not made less than \$5.00 any day for the last six months.

We Appeal to Reason

by holding our great stove factory aloof from combinations and trusts and look to the people for trade. The only stove manufacturer in the world selling their entire output direct to the people.

LOTS OF NAIL & BOOKS FREE

Free Gold Watch. This fully warranted watch is made of pure gold and is guaranteed to last for ever.



Christ-mass. Christmas, the celebration of the birth of Christ.

Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth, who was crucified because he stirred up dissension among the common people by his revolutionary speeches and doctrine.

He said the Kingdom of God belonged to the poor, and that the meek should inherit the earth.

He said that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for the rich man to inherit the Kingdom.

He taught that God was the father of all, and that all men were brothers, and he said:—"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

The ruling class of Judea were the Pharisees. Jesus said they were hypocrites and whited sepulchres.

Just like all ruling classes, they devoured the poor, were merciless and unjust.

Because the privileged rich did these things,—oppressed the poor, Jesus said:—"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers how can you escape the damnation of hell."

It is not surprising that the master class had Jesus arrested, given a farce of a trial and crucified him for such utterances.

Just a short time before, John the Baptist was beheaded for a similar offense. Stephen was stoned for the same reason and nearly all the apostles lost their lives at the hands of the master class who were robbers, exploiters and tyrants just as they are today.

When Isalah thundered his reproaches against the ruling Jews because of their robbery of the people, the rulers called him before them and said:—"Prophesy unto us smooth things," promising him honor if he would do so, but he chose to take death rather than betray the people.

Well, nearly 2,000 years have gone by since Jesus died for his fidelity to right, and a great religious sect has been founded in his name.

We now have Christian Nations and Christian Society.

Rulers ascend to office by kissing the bible, laying their hands on the book and otherwise paying homage to religious customs.

Men swear to rule justly by the Bible; swear to tell the truth in court; and swear to be faithful to wife and family.

Notwithstanding all these things, the poor do not possess what Jesus said they should and the meek do not inherit the earth.

In this land alone five millions of children work in sweat shops and factories, while many of their merciless employers occupy the high places in the synagogues.

IN the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburg, Pa., with body bruised and maimed, the result of capitalist disregard for the life of the workers, Comrade William P. Manning asks to be propped up in bed that he may write to the Appeal as follows:

I HAVE SIXTEEN CARDS LEFT, AND I WILL KEEP THEM AND MAKE A RAID ON THE HOSPITAL PATIENTS AND NURSES WHEN I AM ABLE TO GO ON CRUTCHES. MY HIPS ARE CRUSHED AND MY PELVIS BROKEN. I AM SORRY TO BE PUT OUT OF MY ARMY WORK FOR THE BALANCE OF THE YEAR, BUT SO SOON AS I AM ABLE I WILL BE FOUND ON THE FIRING LINE AGAIN.

Comrades, if you are moved by the spirit that animates the breast of this hero, we are a host that no power on earth can conquer. But for men like this there could be no Socialist movement, no Appeal to Reason. With an Army such as he there are no heights we cannot reach, no barriers we cannot scale. All that this paper is, or hopes to be, is and must be, the product of the sacrifice and patient persistent work of men who know not defeat, and who will work on unmoved by opposition. Work when it rains, work when it shines; work when it is hot and when it is cold; work when success seems near and when it seems far away.

We must either take the earth away from capitalism or consent to be slaves. No, we cannot even be slaves, for capitalism will not assume responsibility for our food, clothing and shelter. We can get these things only by getting the privilege to work for the masters of the earth and the machinery of production and distribution. Capitalism has not enough jobs for all. Some of us are not needed and must go. It may be your turn next, it may be mine. We will soon be forced to do something and do it QUICK. Socialism cannot be put off to our children. We must settle this matter in the next ten years, or we ourselves, must face conditions which even the bravest man cannot look forward to without a shudder. As we write these lines the first returns from the municipal elections in Massachusetts are handed to us. They are from New Bedford where a city election was held December 2nd. The Socialist vote is 774, against 314 for the head of the ticket in November. Nothing daunted by the somewhat dis-

couraging returns at the state elections the Massachusetts Comrades have gone to work again with renewed determination, and the vote at hand is doubtless an indication of what is to come from every city.

One year ago you took hold of the old Appeal and doubled her circulation. You added names by the thousands. In a few weeks more these names will begin to expire. What you have done once you can do again. It is simply a question of WILL. Who WILL work next year? At the top of this page you will find a fac-simile of the certificate of membership in the Appeal Army for the year 1904. It will be beautifully printed, and mailed to you in a tube, ready for framing. It's cost, 'tis true, is a trifle, and you could not sell it for anything, and yet Comrades were I out where you are—on the firing line—no picture on my wall would be so highly prized as that certificate. It would inspire me when I came in disheartened from conflict with an ignorant world, and send me back to battle again. It would drive away discouragement, and nerve me to the task before us all. It would fill me with the spirit THAT NEVER SAYS DIE. Do you want that certificate, comrades? Will you enlist for another year in a campaign against ignorance?

Think not that your sacrifices for this paper and the cause are unknown, and unappreciated here at the office. Your letters and the SPIRIT THEY BREATHE ARE THE LIFE OF THE APPEAL. Does discouragement seize us? We go to the letter files and are filled with a new life drunk in from the messages your letters contain. The whole panorama of life is in them. Here's a word of praise. Here's a kindly criticism. Here's a prayer for our welfare. Here's a note of complaint, but the next comrade writing, says:—"I am in the fight till I die." We turn away from your letters to our typewriters with a new hope and a firmer resolve. We share with you the toll and misery of capitalism, but before us is a goal. It is Socialism. After that is justice, and then—"the peaceful earth shall slumber wrapped in universal law."

One year ago today I was called from the skirmish line, where I had been one of the Army, to fill a place at headquarters. In that time more than 60,000 letters have passed under my eye. It has been no easy task, but a glorious one. For years Comrade Wayland scanned the pages of every letter that came to the office—till falling eyesight drove him from the task. Many a night we have sat up together reading the files, his eyes lighting up with the mention of a name long on the Army list. Out in the big card cases are 21,000 names of loyal comrades who have done service in the Army during the closing year. What have you to say about this blank, comrades? This is Christmas time. Do you want to gladden the hearts of Comrade Wayland and the staff? In common with the rice we love nice things, but nothing in your power to bestow can so fill us with hope and courage for another year of mighty work, as your name on this blank, which is right here for you to sign.

Rockefellers extort millions from the people for the means to light their humble homes and on Sundays teach Bible classes.

Pious Preachers pray for pompous potentates who pilfer the public.

Christian nations keep large standing armies, every regiment of which has a pious chaplain who prays God in behalf of the red slaughter of battle.

When armies meet on the battle field the opposing chaplains pray the same God for victory all in the name of Jesus.

The Church founded on the name of Jesus is always the loyal supporter of the governing class in all species of official crime, oppression and injustice.

Not a vestige of the revolutionary doctrines of Jesus remain as a guide and rule for the church, and with it has gone the spirit of Christianity—the spirit that sent countless thousands to martyrdom in the first three centuries of its growth, the spirit that prompted men and women to seek to establish social relations in harmony with justice and which so filled the early Christians with zeal, that they went to martyrdom singing hallelujahs.

The established institutions of religion have become whited sepulchres, "which indeed appear beautiful without but are within full of uncleanness."

Religion has always been a valued ally of government. Rulers in all lands have fostered religion whether pagan or Christian, for the priests and preachers have a mighty power over the people. THE PEOPLE BELIEVE that the priest or preacher is a mediator between God and man and when the religious master speaks the people fear to be disobedient. The priest is always on the side of the ruling class, and if he chances to raise his voice against official injustice, the church kicks him out as an infidel.

It was the wily Constantine who saw that the Christian could not be conquered. He turned from oppressor to protector and in espousing the new religion, he became—and after him all rulers—the master of the priests and all the functions of the church.

Oh Jesus, thou humble prophet of Galilee, whose voice was ever heard in behalf of the poor and oppressed, and from whose pure and lofty mind came the most beautiful conception of brotherhood ever bequeathed to the race and who wert indeed the Prince of Peace, what sins are committed in thy name.

How men have conjured with thy name to burn each other at the stake. In thy name every species of crime and injustice known to the hellish ingenuity of man has been perpetrated.

Every noble utterance that has fallen from thy lips has been tortured into a means of oppressing the poor for whom thou didst willingly go to the cross.

Sometimes, oh thou just one, the poor shall rescue thy name from the sanctuaries of hypocrisy. Thy precepts shall be known and honored of men, and the meek shall inherit the earth. There is coming a time when the working class will put away masters forever and take over the means of life to be operated for the common good. Socialism will conquer the earth and give to thy philosophy something more than name, a living, everlasting reality.

Enclose with this blank an order for five cards or its equivalent in books.

You may enroll my name in the Appeal army of workers for the great campaign of 1904. I enclose with this blank pay for

It is agreed that you will number my application in the order in which letters are opened at your office, beginning with the morning of December 1, 1903, and that you will send me a certificate of membership suitable for framing.

No.

Name

P. O.

Street and No State

The names of those who sign this blank will appear in the Appeal in January.

Comrades, let us hear from you concerning the Library of the World's Workers. We have arranged this plan for those who are too busy to write letters to their friends. While we were preparing the plan, we received from Comrade Ament, of Indiana, a copy of a book which he has been sending out with a letter inside the book. Of course, the postage is very expensive to him, but the work is certainly effective. With our plan we pay the postage, write the letters, cut the price of the books in two, and then when you have been in the fight for fifty weeks, you get eleven cloth bound books, of which there are no better.

Of course, you do not have to send the books to fifty different persons unless you wish; you can send the set to twenty-five or twelve or one or any number. To those staying in the fight for twenty-five weeks, we shall be glad to give a little library of five volumes, consisting of Marx's "Capital," Kautsky's "The Social Revolution," Liebknecht's "Memoirs of Karl Marx," Simon's "American Farmer," and Engel's "Origin of the Family," every one a Socialist classic. If you can stay with us but for twelve weeks, we shall be glad to award you a copy of Marx' "Capital."

We have just seen the letter which will accompany the first book sent to the prospective convert. Mechanically it is all right; the matter you saw in the issue of December 12. We may be mistaken, but we think very few people will fail to read this letter, and if they read the letter we feel quite sure they will read the book. We shall keep right behind each book, and let you know exactly how much good your efforts have done.

There is a great deal of pleasure in being accused of having converted a man to Socialism. One of the most pleasing things ever said to the writer was something like this: "You did it; you put me on the road to Socialism." This man was a candidate for a state office in 1900, and there is no telling how many persons have come to see the light through his efforts. You never know where your work will end. Making Socialists is a kind of an endless chain affair. Each man goes after three others to get even; except that they do not stop with three.

If you have some stubborn neighbor who thinks he knows everything, and that the Socialists are all cranks and fools, just send us his name to be put on the circulating library, and write us the circumstances. We shall take pleasure in making a special report on his case. It will be some satisfaction to you to go to him after he becomes a howling Socialist and tell him how you had to resort to strategy to get around his ill-fred prejudices.

George D. Herron's new pamphlet, "From Revolution to Revolution," is a masterpiece of pamphlet literature, a perfect classic, and should be read by every Socialist. Taking the ill-fated Paris Commune for his theme the author deals with it in a manner that is as striking as it is new. With all the force of a latter day Carlyle he points out the lessons which we may learn from that tragic episode. The pamphlet is printed by the Comrade Co-operative Co., (11 Cooper Square, N. Y.) and contains a striking portrait of the author. Price five cents.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF JESUS.

By A. W. Ricker, Associate Editor Appeal to Reason.

Some of the Startling Things Shown in this Remarkable Book:

Trade Unions were in existence a thousand years before the time of Jesus. The first missionary work of Jesus and his followers was among the working classes "who heard Him gladly." Jesus was crucified by the ruling classes because He was a labor agitator, arousing discontent among the poor. The early christians practiced communism and condemned private property until the wily Constantine had corrupted the church. The dark ages began soon after christianity became "respectable" and deserted the cause of the oppressed working class.

Price 10 Cents a Copy, \$1 a Dozen, \$5 a Hundred.

Some Reasons Why Farmers Should Be Socialists.

By William C. Green, of Florida.

On the backs of the farmers rest all the toil and expense; all the losses from storms, drouth, frost, blights, birds, animals, insects; rust, boll weevil and every pest of nature and man. After he has run the gauntlet of all these obstacles and comes to town with his product, a band of gamblers has fixed the price for him and he is forced to submit. Then when he comes to purchase some of his products in a manufactured form, profits for railroads, factories, jobbers, retailers and middlemen galore have been heaped upon them and he must pay the price. Socialism is the only salvation for the farmer; read this book and be convinced.

Price 5 Cents a Copy, \$1 a Hundred, \$4 for Five Hundred.

The Principles and Program of Socialism.

By Carl D. Thompson, A. M.

The second edition of this popular book, revised and enlarged, has just come from the press. It is a concise statement of the principles and program of Socialism. Designed for propaganda work, it is necessarily brief, but for the benefit of the student there is given the names of books from which a more elaborate study of each phase of the question may be made.

The book is divided into four chapters.
Fundamental Doctrines.
What Socialism Is and What It Is Not.
The Principles of Socialism.
The Program of Socialism.

Price 10 Cents a Copy, \$1 a Dozen, \$5 a Hundred.

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO.

By Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

What Magna Charta was to the English barons, what the Declaration of Independence was to the American colonists; all that and more is the Communist Manifesto to the working people of all the earth. It is the most important political pronouncement ever made. In this short book is contained the clearest and most concise statement of the principles underlying scientific Socialism ever penned. No Socialist can afford to be without it.

Price 5 Cents a Copy, 75 Cents for Twenty-five; \$2.50 a Hundred.

A Sample of Each of the Above Four Books For 25 Cents. Address, APPEAL TO REASON, Girard, Kansas.

We have on the press now a dozen leaflets, which will doubtless go like "hot cakes" as soon as the comrades on the firing line once see them. The price is ten cents a hundred, but for the next thirty days we shall send one thousand assorted for \$1.00. We feel safe in offering your money back if you are not satisfied. In ordering, say 1,000 assorted Eye-Opener Leaflets.

Comrade Lockwood has done well on these leaflets. They are illustrated on both sides and there is some statistical information which will cause anything that has a mind to think. No. 2 of the series pertains to the sweating system and the caste line of the \$. No. 7 shows Mr. Jack-in-the-box who always springs up with his silly prattle about the impracticality of Socialism and those other objections which come from the person who talks without having thought. No. 9 shows the picture of that patient member of the animal kingdom to which has been compared the working class. No. 10 has the Socialist vote of the world on one side and a couple of healthy bacilli with the history of their ramblings on the other. The whole bunch is all right. Not a poor leaflet in the lot. Truly they are eye-openers.

The orders for calling cards have been coming in. This is something that is more in use in the cities and towns than in the country. Be sure to ask your wife if she wants a package of 50. They cost only 25 cents and that will serve for about one call a week for a whole year. But by far the greater use of calling cards is with men. "What is your address? Just write it down here for me." If you have a calling card, all you have to do is hand it out. We had hoped to get orders for many thousand cards before the holidays, to be used in sending out Christmas presents. There are a thousand uses for the card, and the first hundred means you will be a constant user.

The comrades have begun to deluge the office with orders for envelopes, most of them straight Form A. There is one thing about the envelope; it has to be read. The whole face is so full of matter that a postal clerk must pause a moment to find the address. The way the boys have been coming in on this proposition leads us to hope to supply the whole country with envelopes. We can print them with your simple name and address if you wish, or with all the Socialist matter. The price is only 40 cents a hundred, 200 for 75 cents.

There is really no reason why you should not take the order for envelopes from every one of your neighbors. He must have them if he writes letters, and we can supply them just as cheap as the store-keeper, besides printing the name and address so the letters will come back if not promptly delivered. As you will probably be out some time in getting these orders, we shall reward you with a cloth bound copy of the latest edition of Simon's "The American Farmer," for every ten orders (1,000 envelopes) you send us. Send all the orders together, and say you love the premium. If you prefer Kautsky's "The Social Revolution," or Vanderveide's "Collectivism," or Engel's "The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State," all you have to do to get it is to say so.

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSANDS OF CAPITALISM.

By W. P. Mason.

ON certain shores of Brittany, we are told by Victor Hugo, a traveler or fisherman sometimes becomes engulfed in the quicksands. He becomes conscious all at once that he has been walking with some difficulty. His feet have begun to sink into the wet sand. Deeper and deeper they go at each step. It reaches the ankles, then the knees; soon he is unable to go further. "He shouts, he waves his hat, or his handkerchief; the sand continually gains upon him. . . . He surveys the horizon; he sees the trees, the verdant country, the smoke of the villages on the plain, the sails of the ships on the sea, the birds which fly and sing; the sun and the sky. He sinks further. He feels that he is being swallowed up; he shrieks; implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, grows desperate. Behold him in the sand up to his belly; the sand reaches to his breast. He is only a bust now. He uplifts his hands, utters furious groans, clenches his nails on the beach, tries to cling fast to that ashes, supporting himself on his elbows in order to raise himself from that soft sheath, and sobs frantically; the sand mounts higher. The sand has reached his shoulders, the sand reaches to his throat; only his face is visible now. His mouth cries aloud, the sand fills it; silence. His eyes still gaze forth, the sand closes them; night. Then his brow decreases, a little hair quivers above the sand; a hand projects, pierces the surface of the beach, waves and disappears. Sinister obliteration of a man."

We look out over the world today and see thousands upon thousands of human beings struggling in the treacherous quicksands of capitalism. We do not need to look; the horrible vision is forced upon us. Try as we may to veil the piteous struggles of the earth's unfortunates, as they strive to get a secure footing upon the industrial sands, there is no power that can screen the frightful sight from our eyes; nothing can deafen our ears to the pathetic moans of the engulfed victims. We must see the death-struggle and listen to the mournful wail of our victims; we cannot escape the horrors of our terrible system, and it is well that we can not.

Not a newspaper do we pick up that does not teem with human suffering and horrible misery. In the heat of summer, death stalks through the slums of our great cities claiming its scores of victims from the sweltering tenements; tiny babies born into a land that boasts of equal opportunities for all, are swept from their foul habitations by hundreds. In the spring the raging torrents sweep down the valleys leaving ruin and desolation in their path, and significant it is that the man who works usually lives in the flooded districts. In the cold winter months, scarcely a day passes that does not leave behind the frozen corpses of some propertyless toiler. In all seasons the pages teem with the struggles of the workers for a larger share of what they produce. Union man is pitted against non-union man, one struggling to raise the standard of living that his wife and babies may have better food and clothes; the other seeing only a crust of bread for his family in the coveted job, and even the it takes bread from another's family, he is

willing to pay the price. Here is the account of a hundred miners buried in the depths of the earth, with frantic wives and mothers, sisters and daughters, wringing their hands and wondering even in the first moments of such an awful tragedy, "What is to become of us?"

Here is the story of the little girls who wear out their lives in the cotton mills and factories of our land; tiny children set to those long tasks before the need of a mother's constant care has passed; pale little things with a weary, drowsy look, worn out and tired of life before it has scarcely begun. There is the story of the breaker boy, scarcely twelve years old who works amidst the clouds of coal dust in the mines, cold and comfortless in the winter months. If he does not die too early he may become a millionaire; and if he is very fortunate and carefully guards the interests of "the company," he may become a superintendent, possibly. Two miners in every thousand become superintendents; why not he? What an inspiring hope! He certainly will not be one of the 998 who find themselves at forty, in the same place as twenty years before, except that they are broken down and tired.

Why multiply the list? Why drag before your eyes these awful horrors of our industrial system? You are familiar with them. Not a day passes that does not bring before your eyes some instance of human suffering and misery. They arouse your warmest sympathies and your severest indignation when you realize how powerless you are to alleviate these frequent horrors; and yet, how easily the whole thing could be remedied.

We know you are unprepared to turn from the story of the breaker boy and listen to the politician prate of "the glorious opportunities of this land of the free and the home of the brave." After you have read of the many little girls working in the textile mills of America you cannot listen serenely to the indifferent man who thinks things are going on all right so far as he is concerned. When you read that 5,000 Colorado miners, purple with cold, stood in the snow and listened to a man, anxious to hear some words of hope from his lips; when you read this, you cannot help but feel a terrible bitterness against that man when he tells those miners to tie their right hands behind them and fight the enemy upon the plans of the enemy. When you read that a hundred miners have been buried alive, you feel like turning with contempt from the man who talks about the profits due the capitalist for his risks. When you see the banded form of an old man, as he gathers up garbage and see the wrinkled face of the woman who scrubs the floors, you boil with indignation when some conceited fool asks you: "Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?" When you see the old woman bent under the load of a week's washing and look upon the scarred face of the section worker, you can scarcely keep from scolding from your presence the cowardly slanderer, who says: "If working people were not so thriftless and lazy, they would all have plenty." When you read of the thousands spent upon a single banquet of the rich, you

want to smite the man who talks of the intemperance of the working classes.

We know you grow full of wrathful impatience when you recount the terrible suffering of the world's toilers and explain how easily it can be avoided, with no better result than to have some indifferent ninny say, "I have been a republican (or democrat) all my life and I guess I will be, as long as I live." We know you must chafe and fume with rage when some vacillating simpleton has listened to the story of wretchedness and is shown the way out of it all, only to exclaim, "What's the use? The capitalist has got us down. It's no use to kick." We know you must quiver in a paroxysm of fury when the anguish and agony, the despair and misery of the world's unfortunates, excites some well-fed idler to slander them, as thriftless, lazy and intemperate beasts. These are feelings we all have at times. There comes to every person as he broods over the persecutions of the past; as he sees and feels the sufferings of the present; and speculates upon the trials of the future, there comes a time when all the pent-up furies of his nature burst forth; when his mind cannot conceive nor his tongue utter the language to express his heart-rankling passions; when he reaches out in vain for some sufficiently brutal cudgel with which to scourge the miserable apologist for "things as they are."

But all this is not effective. The vials of wrath must be corked; the hot blood must be cooled; the gnashing teeth must be firmly set, and the mind must be calm and serene. It may be hard to plan a campaign against the known prejudices of a man, but it must be done. We must give him the right kind of books; we must not force him to understand Socialist principles in a day. We must see that he subscribes for a Socialist paper. If need be, we must give him a series of books that will beat down the walls of objection in his mind. If he has shown that he cannot converse without becoming angry, then converse with him no more. Trust to the printed page.

In going about this matter calmly, we are not deserting the cause of those who struggle in the quicksands. We are trying to reach them before it is forever too late, but there is a greater struggle in which we must do our full duty. We must think of the thousands yet to be engulfed and try to save them. All our energies might easily be consumed in trying to care for the victims of the present system, but it is our duty to establish a system which will have no victims.

Bitter is the fact, but we might as well face it, the cry from Macedonia will yet come from the lips of many thousand creatures before we shall have established the Co-operative Commonwealth. Politicians itch for the spoils of office and will not release their grasp upon the worker's throat until shaken loose and politicians have power and influence, and it seems the workers do not care to shake them off.

"Come over and help us," will yet reverberate throughout the world. It will come up from the depths of the mine; it will come from the tremulous lips of weakened boys and girls, and often will the

cry have to go unanswered; for priest and clergy love ease and comfort, and priest and clergy want the present system to continue, and priest and clergy have influence over the people's minds.

The frantic cries of the disappearing victim will yet disturb our ears; they will come from the widowed mother who wishes (Oh! so much) that her little babe could have warm clothes and healthy food and then it might have blood in its cheeks and life in its eyes; they will come from the families of men incarcerated in Bull Pens and Stockades; and the cries may often be in vain; for college professors and teachers like prestige and fame and endowments; and college professors and teachers want the present system to continue, and college professors and teachers have power over the people's minds.

The cry for help comes from Colorado, as the striking miners battle against the vipers they have voted into office. It comes from the man whose home is desecrated by capitalist hirelings, it comes from the starving families, found there at every turn; it pleads for constitutional rights and humane treatment, but it may have to go unanswered, for the gentlemen of the "public press," like their large salaries and the luxury they bring and the gentlemen of the "public press," want this system to continue and the gentlemen of the "public press" have great influence over the minds of the people.

The treacherous sands of capitalism will silence the mournful wail and rise over the struggling body of many a victim yet, for capitalists want their rents, interests, and profits and capitalists want the present system to continue, and capitalists have great power over the workers' minds and ballots.

Do not let your energies be consumed in anger; nor your vigor diminished by despair, but work boldly forward, placing a book here, and leaving a pamphlet there; distributing leaflets everywhere. Then you may look upon the strange actions of men, feeling sure their folly will some day cease to curse the world, and exclaim:

How long, oh Lord! how long!

THE WOODBEY BOOK.

A great many letters on the file contain orders for a hundred of "What to Do and How to Do It." The boys are acting on our suggestion to buy the book in quantities, and sell them out. A comrade from Brock, Neb., enclosing five dollars for Woodbey's says:—"I am out of work, and think that I will start something." This is a book that will sell, because it is novel.

In all our literature, but little has been supplied by the Negro. The fact that one of the African race has written a work worthy to be in the hands even of a student and philosopher, adds greatly to its selling qualities. Load up comrades on Woodbey's "What to Do and How to Do It," and go canvassing. You will not have any trouble in getting a dime, yes lots of them from rich and poor. They are going out of the office at the rate of 500 per day, and every one who buys sends for more.

RHEUMATISM

Cured Without Medicine.

An external cure so sure that the makers send it FREE on approval. Try it.

Send your name and address to the makers of Magic Foot Drafts...

It they give relief, send them a DOLLAR; if not, keep your money. You decide.

Magic Foot Drafts are worn without inconvenience and cure rheumatism in every part of the body...

WHEN YOU BUY A PRESENT you like to know that it's good. "If it's from Conklin, it's good."

Mr. Reader Mr. Expressman HAVE YOU SEEN THE RAILWAY EMPLOYEES JOURNAL

Official organ of the UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES and THE EXPRESS AUXILIARY.

RHEUMATISM, CATARRH

Headache, Bad Blood, Run Down Constitutions, Liver Trouble, Fever and many other ailments...

BE A MAN WHO KNOWS HIMSELF 60-50 Medical Book FREE, 200 Pages, 42 Pictures, first copy cost \$1000. Sent Free, Postpaid, Insured.

Love, Overstrenu, Hardship and all diseases of men explained in plain language. This wonderful book tells everything you want to know...

For Kidneys and Bladder

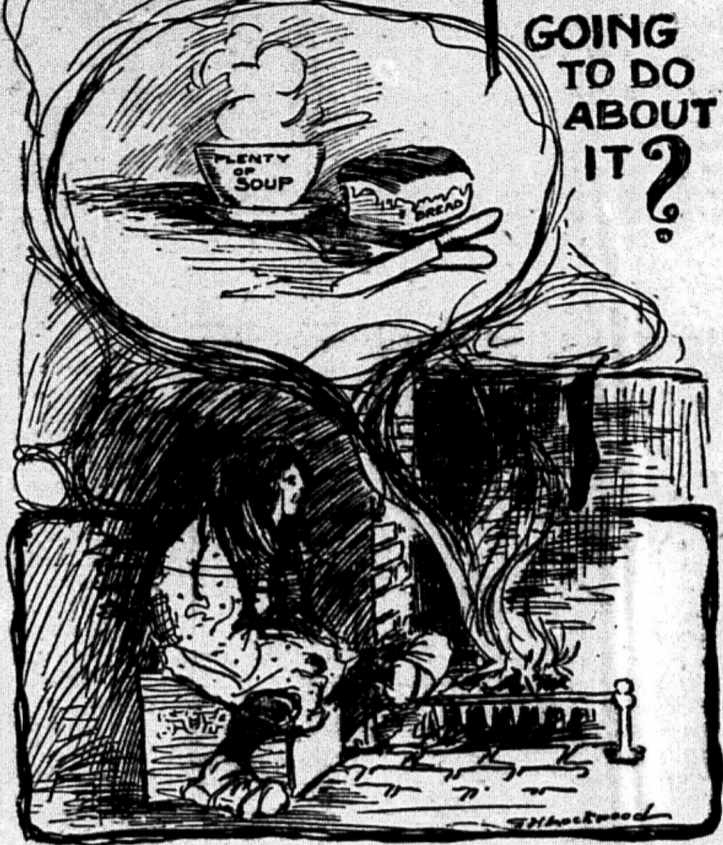
New Discovery by Which All Can Now Easily Cure Themselves at Home—Does Away With Surgical Operations—Positively Cures Bright's Disease and Worst Cases of Rheumatism—Thousands Already Cured

SENT FREE TO ANY NEEDY PERSON.

As last shown in a scientific way to cure yourself of any kidney or bladder disease in a very short time...

Think of the governor of a state "going to try" to keep the railroads from confiscating the coal mined and owned by the state...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



Christmas is coming, and what are we going to do about the poor "kiddies"—oh, the thousands of poor kiddies...

The little thin people, the little ragged people, the little hungry chaps—are they to be forgotten on the one day of all days that is set apart for the glorification of a child?

roll around? Will the emancipated hands clap for joy over the numerous beautiful things they find there? Will the little starved soul expand under the beneficent influence of gifts bestowed generously and mysteriously?

Will the 25th of December, the day upon which the meek and lowly Nazarene was born, be a day of suffering and cold and hunger, to the meek and lowly children of the slums, the sweat shops, and factories?

Will the 25th of December, the day upon which the meek and lowly Nazarene was born, be a day of suffering and cold and hunger...

Are YOU concerned? Are you concerned enough to try to learn the remedy? I am, but the law doesn't allow me to use it after I have learned. I can only ask YOU to help the poor babies.

CONFISCATORS. Kansas mines coal in its penal institution and supplies its other public buildings. Listen to the republican governor of this republican state BEGGING the railroads not to confiscate its coal!

Queries and Answers

How are we going to carry on trade with foreign countries in case we do not have any money as a standard of value? Some one says that under Socialism we will be required to live in colonies, as do the Micronesians. Is that true? A. N. Kan-ton, S. D.

So long as other nations write the value of their articles of trade in gold, the exchange value of an article can be as readily made without such a local value as with it. Wheat in England is represented there by so much gold—all other things there the same.

Under Socialism the people would not likely live in colonies—not unless they preferred that life. If they prefer that life they can do so today.

At a recent woman's meeting I was surprised to hear a saloon-keeper's wife get up and speak in favor of Socialism. While the saloon is a detriment to them, and the money spent for drink is so much taken from their family...

The saloon is an effect of the PROFIT system and will disappear with it. It would not alter the economic condition of the people if all saloons were destroyed.

If rents were to be reduced one-half, the laborer would not be better off; for other capitalists, finding the people had money left, would increase the price of other things and leave the people just as poor.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

Questions like the foregoing are not important at this time. Keep in mind the fundamental proposition of the Socialist party, which is the united action of the workers as a class for the capture of the powers of government.

Under Socialism the people would not likely live in colonies—not unless they preferred that life. If they prefer that life they can do so today.

A wonderful new book, entitled, "The Secret of Power," has just been issued, at an expense of over \$5,000, by one of the leading colleges of the City of New York.

Comrade F. E. Titus, of Gore Bay, Ont., orders 100 "What to Do and How to Do It." This book is getting spread out among the people to such an extent that we are really hopeful that humanity will soon catch on to what to do and how to do it.

Not long ago John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in America, said, in talking to a Sunday school class, that he attributed his success in life largely to his ability to influence others.

THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS AND HOW TO HANDLE THEM. BY W. F. MASON

Be generous. Give your neighbor a "Thousand Dollar Bill" for Christmas. They cost only 50 cents a hundred. Address Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

WITH MY LITTLE BALLOT. Josephine Conger. The father of this country, Perhaps is Washington. And the people they all love him so They say, "like dad, like son."

Contagious Blood Poison. IN 1st and 2nd OR 3rd STAGE CURED UNDER ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE. Every man who has a venereal sore has failed blood or syphilis and will never be safe from its progress until his system has been purged and cleansed of the most minute particles of syphilis virus.

Suffering Women Cured

We will send, absolutely FREE, to every woman, a small but powerful medicine for the relief of all kinds of women's ailments.

Dr. W. F. Mason's "Thousand Dollar Bill" for Christmas. They cost only 50 cents a hundred. Address Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS AND HOW TO HANDLE THEM. BY W. F. MASON. Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

A COUNTRY OF GREAT THINGS.

Prof. Clark, Ann Arbor, Mich., was hit with a wave of prosperity that wiped out his fortune and suicided. Great is private wealth!.....Bernard Owen, a once wealthy confectioner of Cincinnati, is sent to the poor house. Great is private wealth!.... Dennis McGowan, an old soldier of the civil war, is a rag picker in Chicago. Great is patriotism!.... Isaac Carnis worked himself to death to support his family, says the St. Paul Daily News. Great is civilization!.....A Chicago female teacher wrote the president of the school board that she would commit suicide unless she got a place to earn a living. Great is education!.....E. L. Chase, son of the famous Dr. Chase, of Michigan, can't make a living and wants to go back to prison from which he was discharged. Great is fame!.....Workingmen are arrested for walking on the streets in Colorado. Great is freedom!.....Mrs. Grantham, 6909 Parnell ave., Chicago, was beaten so badly by two constables who went to collect an alleged judgment, that she is permanently injured. Great is law!..... Frank Hall, Chicago, turned burglar after his family had been days without food and no employment obtainable. Great is private ownership of industry!.... Two anarchists tried to break up a Socialist meeting in Barre, Vt., and were shot. Great is republican money!.....Mrs. Williams, mother of five children, drunk at the Salt Lake police station; charity associations "unable to lend assistance." Great is charity!

TONS OF FOOD OVERBOARD.

In an article in the Los Angeles Times, Bassett Staines describes a fleet of barges going out to sea in New York harbor loaded with food to be thrown into the open sea, to prevent its being thrown on the market and injuring the trade of "business men," dealing in the various kinds it conveyed. There were tons and tons of food, while thousands in that great city never have enough to eat! It seems to me that when the people read these things in their daily papers that it would cause a greater number of people to meditate and see that something is radically out of joint. But the people are stupid and profits must be maintained if people starve. Great is this civilization—only I don't see anything civil about it.

THE IGNORAMUS.

The secretary of the Trades Assembly, Port Huron, Mich., opined the establishment of a co-operative store "because it would be a failure, as it would drive the merchants out of business and throw the members of the clerks' and teamsters' unions out of employment." Just as though the co-operative store could sell goods without clerks or teamsters! And that it were better for the clerks to have masters dictate to them than to be their own masters, working for themselves! Ye gods! What things the working class does elevate to position! No wonder labor is the slave of capital.

The rulers in Chicago, mostly a set of boodlers, if reports in the press of that city be true, who should be in prison, have decided to make a law "licensing firearms." That is, those who are able to pay the license can carry firearms and those who are poor cannot. This upon the theory that all who are poor are naturally criminals. And they further propose to arrest every man who "has no visible means of support." Chicago is so full of well dressed scoundrels who have no HONEST visible means of support that if this proposition was carried out there wouldn't be prisons enough in the nation to hold them. But only the POOR will be considered in the prosecutions. Those who can swindle their fellows will be considered respectable and law abiding. What a funny old world this is, anyhow.

Six thousand wage slaves in Pueblo, Colo., have been locked out by their masters and the process of starving them into submission is proceeding gaily! On these men depend half as many more—making nine thousand bread-winners or about 40,000 people whose sources of getting a living by honest work have been cut off. And then people will be surprised when crime increases! And what is all this for? Because the masters refuse to obey the eight hour law that is on the statute books of that State. You see that crime is on the throne while labor is being crucified. Private ownership of industry is such a practical thing! Socialism that would guarantee all employment at a FULL EQUIVALENT of their labor would be impractical! And it is claimed by some scientists that men and women are endowed with REASON!

The employers have agreed not to use the Union Label on their goods, even when they employ Union Labor. That is done to help those who do not employ Union Labor, even if they are competitors. Capitalists know how to stand together. Organized Labor, under the leadership of such as Gompers, Mitchell and Schaeffer are playing into the hands of the employers by keeping their followers from voting against them. What is organized labor going to do about it?

Kings and the nobility were ever permitted to do things without punishment that would send the common herd to prison. It is just as true today as in the long ago. The daily press is a long chronicle of the crimes of the rich who are not molested while the poor devils, driven by want, are punished without mercy for less acts against others. How long, O Working Class, will you be the dogs when you have the votes to be men?

We are gleefully informed that our exports are double our imports. Now if a man were to give away twice as much as he received in return he is getting rich fast, isn't he? But people think that the trade of a nation and an individual are just opposite! Why should Americans give the foreigner twice as much as the foreigner gives them? But then people shouldn't think! It is dangerous to think.

T. W. Gilner, who started the exposures that have forced the government to uncover the postal frauds, was rewarded by having his salary reduced and changing his position to a more menial one. You bet this is a reform administration.

The capitalists are busy in the churches. The pulpits are resounding with anathemas for the crier after justice, and with praise for the robbers who divide their spoils with the cloth.

Appeal to Reason 50 cents a year.



Here master, is the product of my years labor. All right John, you have worked faithfully. Here's your pay. This is not pleasant for the workman and he sometimes strikes for more money, when the capitalist turns lose his militia and courts, and beats submission into his slave. The thing will continue till the working man learns to vote his own class into power, when he will keep all he creates, and the capitalist will have to work for a living.

The Working Class and the Capitalist.

J. E. NASH.

Behold a class who never own The product of their labor; Yet humbly plead and beg to work For some sleek, idle neighbor. Yes, beg for work; it seems to be A working man's ambition To get a job, and serve a drone Who lives in fine condition. Yet we invent, our hands have made Machines that aid production, Which drones have legally acquired Through laws of their construction. They claim they pay a living wage; To keep their dupes content; But take it back, though large or small, Through interest, profit, rent. As time rolls on, the parasite Grows haughty, fat and greedy; As time rolls on, the working man Grows old, worn out and needy. Don't blame the parasites if they Exploit, coerce and rob A class which they can satisfy By giving them a job.

As workmen are ranked below Their masters mules or cattle, They organize, but let the drones Select the field of battle. Thus dollars mark the worth of man. One single millionaire May crush a thousand working men, And strip them clean and bare. But why ignore another field, Where men and numbers tell; United there they might destroy Their economic hell. The parasites at once detect Where union craft is lame; And bid the press and pulpit say, Our interests are the same. One day in every year is set Aside, for men who labor; To march, without their pay, before Their greedy, grasping neighbor. We ask some college president, With flowery speech to treat us; But when our unions strike, ah! then, He'll furnish scabs to beat us. Though drones may starve, or lock us out, Or plug us full of lead; Their preachers bid us be content, And feast when we are dead. They form a billion dollar trust, To smash our class communion, But shout, don't mix in politics, It might disrupt your union.

The drones indeed, as they concede, Have organized to beat us, And may e'er long, where they are strong, And we are weak, defeat us. But union men begin to note The crafty drone's illusions; Great numbers reason for themselves, And draw their own conclusions. They reason thus: If working men, All wealth produce alone, Society does not require An idle class to own. And why on earth should we consent To give it all away, And be, as preachers say, content With scarcely living pay? In fighting drones and getting whipped, There's neither fun or glory; If fight we must, why not unite Where numbers tell the story. Then we can make a code of laws, Of working class construction; And you can bet, each class will get The whole of its production.

An Honest Job. What the Capitalist Will Get.

Wines, Factories, Railroads, Land, Machinery, a Decent Home, the Full Product of His Labor.

What the Working Men Will Get.

The bank of Pine Grove, W. Va., has succumbed to prosperity. Socialists cast 500 votes at the recent election in Fitchburg, Mass. How would Parry, the Union fighter, do for a running mate with Teddy? The capitalist papers are throwing bouquets at Gompers and Mitchell. I wonder why? The Union man who votes the same ticket as the employers is a scab. He votes to have a master. The man who can be influenced by an old party politician or a clerical to vote as they want, not fit to be called an American citizen. The Chicago Bureau of Charities, in a begging letter sent out says that it was called on to help 12,993 cases of destitution and that it gave relief to 4,500. A system that would provide ALL families with wholesome work at a reward that would enable them to live in comfort, would reduce them to savagery, don't you know. These charity fakes are worse than the disease. Change the system that produces paupers. Butler, Pa., with a population of 12,000 has 1,800 cases of fever caused by impure water furnished by a corporation for profit. What's the difference how many people die, if the corporation pays dividends? There are plenty of people if millions do die by poison. Most of the cases are little children—but then the working class somewhere will produce enough children to furnish the nabobs of the next generation with slaves. Great is private profit and the Sacredness of Property!

People who never saw a cotton field are making millions out of cotton. But if it were not for such people what would be the use of raising cotton? The good republicans at Manila are looting the government treasury there in a way that would make old Boss Tweed rise in his grave. Yes, we have a good administration. Put none but republicans on guard! The good old party sheriff of San Miguel county, Colo., is arresting all striking miners as vagrants unless they leave town! This is the treatment the old party gives the workers after they have voted them into office. These are the kind of men whom Gompers and Mitchell want the working class to vote for. This is the way the tyrants in Rome were wont to fill their armies and galleys with men. Those who have read "Ben Hur" can see to what we are drifting. Working men, vote for Socialism, and if anybody is arrested for vagrancy it will be those who live in luxury without doing useful work. If you will vote for the masters, don't kick when arrested for walking on the public highways of this free (?) country. Gompers told his dupes recently in Boston that organized labor had gotten the eight hour bill passed by the lower house of congress twice, but because there were so many bills ahead of it, it failed to reach the senate in time. The Manufacturers' Association, in one of its circulars, said it had defeated that bill and the anti-in, action bill in congress. It looks like Gompers and Mitchell are working in perfect harmony with the masters, to prevent the working class going into politics for itself. Does it not look like Gompers was playing the members of Labor Unions like suckers to make such an excuse for the non-passage of the bill—and then advise his followers to keep on voting for the men who refuse to pass laws in the interest of labor?

MEN VOTED FOR THIS.

The Chicago Record, of November 30th, gives an account of the reduction of force in the works of the Harvester Combine of 1,500 men with only two hours' notice, and that 1,500 more would be laid off in the other divisions of the Trust, together with 4,000 in clerical and sales departments, making, with the 1,500 paid off three weeks ago, 8,500 men, "making a saving of \$500,000 a month to the Trust." Then follows this statement, which it will be well to burn in the minds of the working class:

"It is said that with the reduced force practically the same amount of machinery can be turned out, as at present much of the work is duplicated in the five divisions."

The five divisions formerly employed 19,000 men. This is proof practical that the contention of the Socialists that capitalism cannot employ all the people and that an unemployed question will appear that cannot be solved by the present industrial system is true, and that unless it is solved society will be dissolved in chaos. The plants of production are nearing completion, and there will be little labor needed to produce new works, the existing ones being sufficient to produce all the needed products. For two generations millions have been employed in producing the great railroad systems, the great factories and machines. Now that part of the employed will not be needed and they will be added to the army of the unemployed which will rapidly mount up into the millions. The ablest of them will take the places of the less competent, but that will not help matters—rather the contrary, for it takes fewer competent men than incompetent ones to produce any given amount of wealth. The papers in the last few weeks have noted the discharge of certainly a hundred thousand men, besides those out on strike. What shall the harvest be? Why ask Gompers and Mitchell—they will tell you to keep on voting the old party or masters' tickets. And the priests who live mighty comfortable lives, will also tell you to do the same thing. In the meantime both Catholic and anti-Catholic working people are going to get mighty hungry. Then Gompers, Mitchell and the priests will not feed them—these gentlemen want the workers to do the feeding. They live, move and have their being by such an easy process.

Working people, get the dust out of your eyes, and join the Socialist movement, vote the working class into power, and then Gompers, Mitchell, the priests and monopolists will have to do some useful work and earn their own living like you do. They are of the same flesh and blood as you. They are not gods. Wake up.

YES, WHY DON'T HE?

Editor Appeal to Reason: Enclosed find clippings (refers to starvation, suicides, etc.)

Why don't the workingman think? Because he reads only the papers owned and edited in the interest of the capitalists. These papers can make better money serving the capitalists, and can get the pennies from the poor devils for small ads "Wanted—A Job." The average workingman whom I meet does not know enough to come in out of the rain, when it comes to looking out for his own interest. Look at him every election day—walking right up to the ballot box and voting to continue his own bondage, voting to support the capitalist in his luxury, while his own family are perhaps living in a hovel, his wife without sufficient clothes to appear decently, his children in some factory helping to eke out a miserable existence; rent behind, grocery bill unpaid, and himself worried near nervous prostration. What a sorry specimen of humanity he is! I sometimes think he doesn't deserve anything better—but then his conditions have been forced upon him. He is the victim of a disorganized society, and our duty and indeed OUR salvation is to reach his reason and get his help to change conditions. It is a pity. It is hoped that he will learn to use his ballot for his own benefit. Boston, Mass. A Victim.

WHY EXPORTS ARE GREAT.

When the members of congress, senate and cabinet were bribed in what was known as the Credit Mobilier, during the time Grant was president, and which retired Schuyler Colfax, vice-president under a cloud of fraud, the booty being caught in his possession, it created the conditions that now result in more goods going out of this country than come in. At that time congress gave away 252,000,000 acres of land to syndicates that were organized and engineered by Englishmen, who used a few American "statesmen" as their tools. This and the money taken out of the U. S. treasury to build railroads was the basis of the gigantic fortunes of today, which, while nominally known as being owned by Americans, are largely held in England. These Englishmen draw hundreds of millions a year out of this country in the shape of rent, dividends, profits, interest, etc. For instance if an Englishman owns Standard Oil stock that pays him one million a year, it would require exports of one million to pay him, while England would have to send us nothing in return. That is why our exports are larger than our imports. The United States is a slave pen where slaves make wealth for our blue blooded people on both sides of the Atlantic.

The German Princess Elizabeth who shot an actress whom her husband brought home and slept with, shows the kind of people who are so much opposed to Socialism because it would destroy the home. You know all the royalists are telling the people in Europe, as the Roman priests tell the people here, that Socialism means free love. These are the kind of people who practice free lust. All rogues, robbers and despots are opposed to Socialism. That is the best evidence that it is right.

Georgia sells her convicts to brutal employers, similar to those who work the convicts in Siberia, Russia. When the "respectable" employers have not enough cheap labor, they connive with the petty officers to arrest any poor man without money and have him sent to prison. This furnishes the contractor with a hand, whom the state feeds and guards, for a few pennies a day. The petty officers are doing a landoffice business. Slavery was much better for the poor than this system.

If the millions who labor will submit to reduction to servitude to the few thousand who produce nothing, then the millions are unfit for anything except servitude. They must, however, be made to see their degraded condition, else in their submission they compel all others to become mendicants even when they are wise enough to see the horror of it.