

STAND UP....

MR. ROOSEVELT

A Few Campaign Questions by FRED D. WARREN.

...AND ANSWER

Centrality to the public expectation, and after much mature deliberation, Theodore Roosevelt accepted the nomination tendered him by the republican politicians at Chicago

In a very lengthy communication Mr. Roosevelt tells the committee which waited on him at Oyster Bay that he will accept the favor, and then proceeds to point out a few reasons, covering nearly two pages of close print, why the selection was wise, and calls upon the people of the United States to ratify the deal.

It is an ideal document—without a flaw—looked at from the standpoint of the commercial element in America.

It appeals to Rockefeller, Morgan, Gould & Co. because it breathes the spirit of a man who has at last realized the inevitable and recognizes his master.

Roosevelt is now the tractable tool in the hands of the men of finance. While still holding over his head the threat of the election of his opponent, they have agreed to his re-election, as it will be much easier to swing the tide to the republican standard than it would to elect Parker.

The democratic party is demoralized—it has no backbone. It shows signs of decay and degeneracy, but it displayed enough vitality at the last convention to enable the Wall street gang to utilize it to their purpose. Having done that, there will be little doing this campaign.

In defending the act of the administration in extending universal pensions to all soldiers of the Civil war who have reached the age of 62 (half disability) and 70 (full disability) he says:

"It is a matter of common knowledge that when the average man, who depends for his wages upon bodily labor, has reached the age of 62 his earning ability is, in all probability, less by half than it was when he was in his prime, and that by the time he has reached the age of 70 he has probably lost all earning ability. If there is any doubt upon this point let the doubter examine the employees doing manual labor in any great manufacturing, or on any great railroad, and find how large is the proportion of men between the ages of 62 and 70, and whether these men are still employed at the highly paid tasks which they did in their prime."

You will search in vain through the wilderness of words which compose the president's letter, for another sentence which comes so near representing the sad condition of the laboring masses of this country. He would assist the men who had served in the army during the civil war, but of the veterans who remained at home, toiling in shop, field and mine, and whose labor made it possible to do all the things which Roosevelt credits to the veterans, not a word is said.

"As conclusively shown by the bulletins issued by the department of labor, the purchasing power of the average wage has grown faster than the cost of living, and this in spite of the continual shortening of working hours. The accumulated savings of the working class of the country, as shown by the deposits in the savings banks, have increased by leaps and bounds. At no time in the history of this or any other country has there been an era so productive of material benefit alike to workingman and employer as during the seven years that have just passed."—Roosevelt.

Suppose we analyze the last report of the labor Commissioner and find out just what sort of prosperity the working class of this country is enjoying, and of which Mr. Roosevelt boasts.

This report, to which Mr. Roosevelt refers as showing the tremendous prosperity of the working class, is dated July, 1904, "Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor."

The investigation carried on by the department of labor covered 2,567 families, located in the five different sections of the country. It shows the average income per family, consisting of five persons, to be \$827.19. As a rule, there are two and three wage earners in each working class family. Assuming that there were two, the average wage of each would be \$413 for an entire year's work. In 1890 the average wage was \$442. Have wages increased?

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and answer.

And yet Mr. Roosevelt would have us believe that the working class is rolling in wealth and luxury—that wages are increasing so fast the worker doesn't know what to do with his money.

The most interesting feature of this report to which the president refers is the table showing the expenditure of the "average American workingman's family." I am going to print it in full, and I want you to look it over carefully and then compare it with the bill of fare of the American capitalist:

Table listing food items and their costs: Fresh beef \$36.05, Salt beef 3.25, Fresh hof products 14.82, Self-bred products 9.40, Other meat 6.74, Butter 28.70, Eggs 19.70, Milk 11.32, Lard 6.35, Tea 2.52, Coffee 10.21, Sugar 15.70, Molasses 18.24, Flour and meal 12.80, Rice 2.45, Beans 12.80, Potatoes 18.82, Other food 20.40, Total for food \$268.52

But this does not take all the earnings of the family. What was done with the balance? On page 706 the commissioner has tabulated, very neatly, the proportion of the income that the laborer and his family spend for the other items of living—much after the manner one would tabulate the cost of maintaining a lot of hogs and cattle. Here is the table of expenses complete. The commissioner figured in per cents. It doesn't look quite so bad to say that 12 per cent of the total income of the family is paid for rent as it does to say in bold figures that the average workingman is charged \$99.53 for the shack which he calls home—not one in 100,000 of which have an ordinary bath tub, to say nothing of the conveniences which Mr. Roosevelt deems absolutely necessary for the welfare of himself and family. But I have gone to the trouble to reduce the per cents to dollars, so that you can keep the result in your mind more readily:

Table listing household expenses: Rent \$28.90, Fuel 12.14, Principal and interest on mortgage 8.15, Lighting 8.15, Clothing 107.90, Taxes 3.79, Insurance 20.64, Organization fees 2.60, Religious purposes 2.60, Charity 2.60, Furniture and utensils 12.50, Amusements and vacations 12.50, Books and newspapers 12.50, Intoxicating liquors 12.44, Tobacco 10.81, Sickness and death 20.62, Other purposes 45.12, Total for all purposes \$708.52

Now, Mr. Roosevelt, are we to understand that this is all that your administration has to offer the wealth producers of the United States? Do you believe it would have been possible for an ante-bellum slave owner to have provided for a family of five slaves for any less than the sum represented above? Do you wish the working class of this country to understand that you are in favor of handing out only a slave diet to the men whose votes you MUST have to win his fall?

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and answer.

Look over the figures carefully, Mr. Roosevelt. Surely you have made a mistake. You certainly do not expect the working class of this country to accept this statement, made by your own labor commissioner and referred to in your letter of acceptance as the "standard of living for the working classes" of this country, whose votes you MUST have this fall to win!

Stand up and answer, Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt, do you not know that the figures represented above would not keep one of the fine horses in your stable for a year. Now, would it, Mr. Roosevelt?

Are we to understand that you favor a diet and a standard of living for the working classes of this country, for the farmers, the railroad men, the miners, the clerks, etc., lower than that which you provide for your fast horses in your stable, furnished by the people?

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and answer.

Are we to understand, Mr. Roosevelt, that you are proud of the fact that the men whose votes you must have this fall, are able to spend the stupendous sum of \$12.29 for vacations and amusements, including Christmas and the glorious Fourth of July—and all for a family of five? Less than one cent per day for each member of the family!

Two dollars to take the tired wife to the seashore; two dollars to pay the expenses of the daughter at Newport; two dollars for the boys to make happy the vacation days. Surely, Mr. Roosevelt, you have been misquoted. This sum would not pay for the cigars which your predecessor consumed in a week. Now, would it, Mr. Roosevelt?

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and answer.

And you point with pride to the result of seven years of glorious prosperity, at the end of which time the average taxes paid by the working class of this country for a family of five are \$5.76. Taxes, under the prevailing regime, represent ownership. What proportion of the wealth of the nation is owned by the working class on the basis of \$5 taxes for each working class family?

Stand up and answer, Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt, is it a source of pride to you and the men who nominated you at Chicago that the average working class family pays interest on the little mortgaged home of \$12 per year—more than twice the sum paid in taxes—indicating that what little property is owned by the working class of this country is mortgaged to the money shark, who is whooping it up for your election because he does not want the present arrangement disturbed? Mortgaged and taxed of his meager wage, Mr. Roosevelt, and yet you have the brazen effrontery to tell this man of a family that he should be proud of your administration and the great things you have done to uphold the American flag in the Philippines and Morocco.

Mr. Roosevelt, stand up, and let us hear from you more definitely. Surely the newspapers have misquoted you.

Mr. Roosevelt, is it a source of joy to you that the working class family of this country, consisting of mother, father and three children, spend \$20.52 per year in cases of sickness and death? This sum would not pay the doctor bills of Mrs. Vanderbilt's poodle dog for a single week. And yet, Mr. Roosevelt, you tell the fathers and mothers of this country—forming the great bulk of our population—that they should be happy and glad because under your beneficent reign they are enabled to spend for the preservation of the health of their little ones the magnificent sum of \$20.52 for one whole year. And out of this must be paid funeral expenses. Mr. Roosevelt, surely you have been misquoted. You do not wish the impression to go abroad that the families of the men whose votes you MUST have to win this fall have only at their disposal \$20.52 to provide against sickness and death of their little ones, as a result of the rule of your party? How many babes would this take to the mountains or the sea shore during the long, hot, dusty summer months, when their little lives hang in the balance, needing only the healing touch of divine nature to bring back the smouldering spark of vitality?

Stand up and answer, Mr. Roosevelt. All the world awaits your reply.

Mr. Roosevelt, under your reign and the administration of your party during the past seven years, and prior to that for a quarter of a century, the average workingman's family is able from the the munificent wage he receives for his labor and that of his wife and children, to buy \$26.29 worth of furniture in one whole year. How many pianos would that provide for the daughters? What sort of parlor, dining room, kitchen and bed room furniture would this buy? How many pictures would adorn the homes of a man whose

income permitted him to spend \$26 per year for furniture. Why, Mr. Roosevelt, that would not pay the wear and tear on the furniture in the blue room in the executive mansion. That sum would not furnish a dog house for Mrs. Olerichs. Harry Lehr, the pet of the fast women of Newport, and a warm supporter of your friends, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont, spends that sum on his gloves for a week. And yet, Mr. Roosevelt, you expect the working class of this country, whose votes you want this fall, to be satisfied. And remember, Mr. Roosevelt, the figures which I quote are not mine. They are furnished by your government, and quoted approvingly by you, so I assume that they are correct.

Is this the sort of prosperity, Mr. Roosevelt, which you propose to hand out to the men who will elect you this fall?

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and speak louder.

Into the homes of this great mass of mankind—forming over one-half of our population—go \$8.37 worth of books and newspapers. Think of it! And that includes school books. Say, Mr. Roosevelt, what sort of an education would Miss Alice and Teddy, Jr., and the rest of the Roosevelt clan have received if their father had furnished them with \$8.37 worth of school books—less the amount which you would have paid for your daily paper? Do you wish us to understand that we can rear our children as intelligent men and women on an outlay of \$8.37?

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and answer.

Your moralists will point to the fact that the workingman spends \$23.16 for liquors and tobacco, and they will wear their hair in pointing to the evils which follow this accursed traffic—forgetting, Mr. Roosevelt, that it is the profits from the liquor and tobacco taxes which enable you to carry on your foreign policy and send ships and munitions of war to the Orient. They overlook the fact that they are partners with the saloon-keeper, the distiller and the brewer in debauching mankind for a few miserable dollars of profit. They overlook the fact that you, as president of the United States, spend more in a day for wines and tobacco than the workingman's family does in a year. They overlook the fact that the men and women who support the pulpits, from which they hurl their diatribes at the extravagance of the poor, consume many millions of dollars per year in champagne. That a Morgan will in one day spend more for cigars than the workingman does in a year. Go teach your morality and economy to the rich, who heed it not.

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and let us know whether you favor the total abstinence of the working class, driven to drink by the hard conditions under which they work, and bacchanalian revels for the wealthy members of your administrative family.

I would particularly call your attention, Mr. Roosevelt, to the sum expended by this working class family of five and one-third members for clothing. \$107! Think of it, Mr. Roosevelt, under the prosperous reign of your republican friends the working classes of this country can spend \$20 for each member of the family for CLOTHES! Think of the luxury of clothes, shoes, hats, caps, stockings, fur coats, silk dresses, spring hats, etc., and all for \$20 each! Mr. Roosevelt, how much did the last fall hat of your charming daughter cost you? I will wager my vote for Debs against yours for Roosevelt that the head gearing of Miss Alice Roosevelt cost you more than the entire sum paid by this workingman for the clothing worn by his wife and children for one year.

Stand up, Mr. Roosevelt, and let the world know whether you believe the idle parasitic class should revel in the wealth created by the toilers of this land, while they take the cast-off clothing of the exploiters?

In the same copy of the Kansas City Times in which I read your stirring appeal for votes, I read that Mrs. John Jacob Astor spends \$36,000 per year on her clothes alone. I attach a list of the "essentials" to my lady's outfit:

Table listing clothing items and costs: One dozen linen waists \$5.00, Two dozen corsets 2.00, Three dozen hats 3.00, Half dozen (formal) afternoon gowns 3.00, Half dozen (informal) afternoon gowns 3.00, One fur coat 1.00, Two pairs of evening gowns 1.00, Four evening wraps 1.00, One dozen house gowns 2.00, Three dozen rubber shoes 2.00, One pair of shoes 2.00, One hundred pairs of socks 2.00, Six dozen pairs of hose 1.00, Handkerchiefs and neckties 3.00, Linens 1.00, Three automobile suits 1.50, Total \$26.265

And you tell the wives of the minor, the factory hand, the railroad man, the farmer—you tell my wife, Mr. Roosevelt, that she should be happy and contented because I am able, under your beneficent reign, to spend \$20 for her wearing apparel in twelve months. Mr. Roosevelt, will you kindly explain how it is that a woman who, it is well known, never in all the days of her life did a single useful act, can spend \$36,000 on the single item of clothing, while the wives—the mothers—from whose blood and travail is reproduced the great American nation—must skimp along on an outlay of \$20 during the same time?

You may be able, Mr. Roosevelt, to dodge this question NOW, but, mark my words, it will be the ISSUE four years from now and the outraged working class of this country will demand an ANSWER. Failing to make the question clear to them, they will sweep aside you and your puny class—puny in number, mighty in political and capitalistic trickery—as they would so many insects.

But you point to the sum expended for "other purposes." You tell me that it is here that the working class gets the things which are necessary for their welfare and happiness. Search the list carefully and you will find no item covering the sums expended for railroad fare, street car fare, and the innumerable little incidentals which capitalism has placed so cleverly in the way of the simple-minded workingman and his family. The incidentals, Mr. Roosevelt, which you point to as covering all those things which go to make life pleasurable, are wiped out by the daily street car fare exacted from the workingman in the city, and by the horse and cart used by the miners and other workmen in going to and from their places of labor.

It is a clever game, Mr. Roosevelt, which you are supporting, and there is no place where the workingman can escape. Every dollar of his in-

50c a year, 25c Six mo. Appeal to Reason. Entered at Girard, Kansas, postoffice as second-class mail matter. J. A. Wayland Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., September 24, 1904. This is Number 460

come is looked after carefully by men schooled in the ways of capitalistic graft.

But again, you point to the fact that the income of the average American family of five, consisting of husband, mother, three children, and the baby in one-third of the cases, is \$827.19, while the expenses during the same period are but \$768.54—leaving a net gain to the workingman and his family of \$58.65. This represents the savings for one whole year, fifty-two weeks. It shows a surplus of—think of it—a little over \$1 per week. Is this not a munificent sum, Mr. Roosevelt? Here is a family of five and a little over—consisting of at least two wage earners—and by dint of economy, denying themselves many of the things which you consider actual necessities of life—laying by for future emergencies one dollar per week! Gracious, generous capitalism! It surely must be an ungrateful man who would ask for more!

But here again, Mr. Roosevelt, we see the clammy hand of commercialism. Is the workingman and his family permitted to keep this little hoard, laid by with such painstaking care and denial? What do you gather from the long list of defaulted savings banks, insurance companies, building and loan associations, and the countless other "safe" institutions where the workingman is invited to place his money in trust? But the danger does not lie here. Granting that the bank remains intact, the workingman is growing old; for twenty years he has saved and the little home is nearly paid for. Another year and the place will be out of debt.

The shop closes down! Out of work!

The days pass, lengthening into weeks and months. The interest comes due on the mortgage—then the principal. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt's governmental representative—the sheriff—knocks on the door, and the gray-haired old man and old woman are invited to step down and out. And, mayhap, if they do not move fast enough to suit the minion of the law, the old people are forcibly told to move on. You and your class do not consider these matters—they are but trifles to you, surrounded as you are by the wealth from the toil of these people. You consider these things the workings of a divine providence, with which politics and politicians have nothing to do. And yet when you go to Argentine, Kan., the people will tell you that it was the smelter trust that a few years ago closed the big smelter and caused widespread disaster to the toilers. It was Robert T. Lincoln who closed the doors of Pullmantown a few weeks ago and set 7,000 men and their families adrift. It was the Pennsylvania railroad and other great eastern corporations that since the 1st of June discharged more than 75,000 men, making homeless that many families—wiping out in a few short months the savings of years.

And, Mr. Roosevelt, these are the men whom you ask to vote for you this fall.

But the end is not here. A workingman and his family may escape all these things, and he will find lying in wait for him the promoter. These little savings, Mr. Roosevelt will not provide an income when the muscles are wasted and the eyes dimmed by age. They must be invested, as the capitalist invests his money. And so the workingman, with his few hundreds of dollars, is an easy victim for Lawson, Rockefeller and their associates. Mr. Lawson confesses that in one week, through his manipulation, aided and abetted by Rockefeller and Rogers, the Amalgamated Copper Trust skinned the dear public, made up largely of these small investors, of \$36,000,000. Count that again, Mr. Roosevelt. Thirty-six millions of dollars! Representing the savings for one year of three and one-half million people—if we are to take the word of your commissioner of labor as to the annual amount saved by the workingman's family. Is that the sort of a graft you support?

Stand up and answer, Mr. Roosevelt.

And now, Mr. Workingman, while President Roosevelt is preparing his answers to the above questions, I want to say a few words to you. I want to talk to you just as though you were sitting here beside me. We are discussing a subject of vital interest to you and your family. It relates to the question of providing food, clothing, shelter, entertainment and education for your wife and children. I take it that you love your wife and your children and that you are anxious to serve them in every way in your power.

You have, no doubt, followed carefully the course of my remarks to Mr. Roosevelt above. If not, I wish, before going further, to re-read them to you. Mr. Roosevelt bases his claim to your support on the showing made in his letter of acceptance. In that letter he enumerates the many reasons why he is entitled to the support of the capitalistic interests of this country (and I concede without further argument that he is certainly the best type of man the capitalists could possibly put in the presidential chair, from their standpoint). But it is not this part of his letter I wish to discuss with you.

Is Mr. Roosevelt entitled to your support, Mr. Workingman?

That's the proposition, and we will stick to that, and when I am through I will let you talk. He bases his claim for support upon the record of his party for the past seven years. He claims that his party is responsible for the material prosperity of the nation during the past quarter of a century, and I concede the point.

In his letter of acceptance, which you may have been too busy to read, Mr. Roosevelt insists, in that masterful way of his, that the imperative need is the preservation of the standard of LIVING of the American workingman. To prove that the republicans have preserved this standard, he points to the bulletins of the department of

labor, and it is from this source that I have quoted at length above. The particular bulletin referred to by Mr. Roosevelt is the July issue, 1904, which you can have sent to you free by applying to the U. S. commissioner of labor, Washington, D. C.

You are an average workingman—the sort Mr. Roosevelt refers to so solicitously. You know whether the family income exceeds \$827.19 or not. Mr. Roosevelt's commissioner of labor, using your money, has sent his agents into your homes and there wormed out of you the secrets of your household and placed them on record for public inspection. And he asks you to be proud and grateful. He asks you to support him again that you may have the pleasure of working a whole year and in exchange receive—what? Just what a man needs to feed his horse—enough to live on, to maintain you in good condition!

Do you call that a desirable standard of living, Mr. Workingman?

Are you content with a meagre existence in exchange for one year of your LIFE? Remember, when you go into the factory, into the mine, or the farm—you give your LIFE. Of your vitality you reproduce the material wealth which goes to make this the greatest, the wealthiest, the mightiest nation on the face of the earth. You have the word of the president for it.

I say, are you content with receiving simply enough to renew that vitality you have expended? No, not even renew it—because you are at the close of the year, 365 days nearer the end; you are weaker; you have in fact received only enough to provide the oil necessary to make the machine work smoothly. You have received nothing for a renewal of the life—except as you reproduce that life in your children.

Any shrewd capitalist will tell you that he must lay by ten per cent each year of the original cost of the machine to provide for a new one. You are not permitted to lay by ten per cent of your income. The difference in what you receive and what you spend for the bare necessities of life is less than ten per cent of the income of yourself and family. And this you do not keep, because the traps laid for you are numerous, and you have had no time during your career as a workingman to study the tricks of commerce.

Mr. Roosevelt asks you to be satisfied with this sum you receive. This provides you with the pork, beans, meat and other coarse food necessary for your subsistence. You are denied the pleasures of a vacation; your wife never goes to the summer resort; your children are denied the benefit of the schools and colleges—and you think them very fortunate if you are able to keep them in common school until they graduate.

And remember, all this grubstake, of which Roosevelt boasts and for which he claims credit, IS THE DIRECT RESULT OF YOUR LABOR.

It is YOU and YOU ALONE who furnishes the arms and munitions of war, and the BLOOD to carry on the wars of conquest in the Orient; it is YOU and your sons who man the battleships which enable Mr. Roosevelt to carry fear and consternation to the half-civilized tribes of Africa and Asia.

And you are asked to be content with a meager existence.

Do you get more, Mr. Average Workingman? — If you do, stand up and tell us of the innumerable advantages which your wives and daughters and sons enjoy under the rule of the republican party.

You build the finest mansions, furnish them in Oriental splendor, and then take yourself sadly out of sight.

You produce the most delicious food—and eat the coarsest.

You see your babes gasp and die in the fetid atmosphere of summer, and you see their pinched, blue, emaciated little forms in winter—dying for the lack of those things which your hands have created, but which go to your boss.

You think you are free, and yet you cannot work a single day without the consent of the master. Can you?

You think you have a voice in the control of the government. And yet every law enacted during the past twenty-five years of republican rule has been in the interest of your master. Is this not so?

And if, through a mistake or an oversight, some legislation in your interest should slip by the lobbyists, the courts declare it unconstitutional. Is this not so?

No, Mr. Roosevelt will not answer the questions propounded above. He disdainfully refuses to see delegations of workingmen. He refuses to heed their petitions. He is considering the interests of the capitalists in other countries; he is looking after the Panama canal, with the object of securing a shorter route for the goods which you produce, but do not use, to the Orient; he is working hard to make jobs scarcer for the sailors, and profits greater for the ship owners.

If you get an answer to the questions I have propounded to him, it will be necessary for you to make it yourself.

There can be but one answer: If you are a MAN, and love the wife of your youth and the children from her womb, you will REFUSE to vote for Mr. Roosevelt this next November and cast your vote for Debs and Hanford, candidates of the Socialist party.

I would tell you what Socialism is, but my space is filled now. I will simply say that SOCIALISM MEANS AN END TO THE PRESENT DIVIDE-UP SYSTEM, under which you are robbed of the wealth you create.

If you believe in dividing up, vote for Roosevelt.

If you do not, VOTE THE SOCIALIST TICKET.

Red Eyes Cured Free.

Red Eyes Cured Free. This is a medicine that is absolutely harmless and perfectly safe for all eyes.

Weak Eyes Strong and Bright Instantly. This medicine cures all eye ailments, including redness, pain, and inflammation.

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Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

When the "Army" gets to bat with over 15,000 subs in one week, as shown by the report below, it strikes me that I ought to be excused for asking the foreman of the composing room to set the following faint expression of my feelings in as large type as possible:

WHOOPEE!!! Let your eye go down the columns and note what the gang in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Texas did.

How easy it is to do things, comrades, when we want to? This week's work will mean many more votes for Socialism; probably 25 per cent of these new readers will vote with us in November and go per cent of the rest can be depended upon by another year.

Keep the ball rolling, boys, we should add at least a hundred thousand subs to the list before January 1st.

The farmers everywhere are flocking to our standard as fast as we can get to them with our literature, and the city proletarians are coming in droves.

The trade unionists are not going to obey the orders of their fake labor leaders much longer. Gompers is a back date right now and Mitchell is getting ready for a cabinet position under his platocratic masters.

The workers of America are turning their eyes to such men as McDonald of the A. L. U., Donnelly of the meat workers and Max Hayes of the types.

Men who have brains enough to organize on the economic field for better conditions have brains enough to see that the strike of the future must be on parole when arrested here.

And so is punctured another of the well laid plans of the Mine Owners' Association to fasten upon innocent men the crime for which they alone are responsible.

It is not a significant fact, dear reader, that the Mine Owners and Citizens' Alliance, with all the civil and military powers of government in their hands, have made no attempt to apprehend the guilty parties?

The only men who would have run them down—the union miners and their attorneys—were forcibly deported. The end of the story has not yet been written.

A Frank Admission. From the Washington Post. Considerable has been written this year about the influence of railroads in politics, especially in swinging large blocks of voters to one or the other party.

The work that railroads, as well as all property interests, did eight years ago, and, to an extent, four years ago, in opposing the democratic ticket is generally known.

Politicians who know about such matters discount a popular belief that the simple say-so of a railroad president starts hundreds and thousands of voters into line.

In times of stress, such as the last two presidential campaigns were regarded by property interests, the effect of active work by all corporation officials in behalf of one candidate is tremendous in the aggregate.

But in a campaign like the present, where whatever the preference as between candidates, the election of neither would cause alarm in the business world, the direct influence of railroad officials on the voting is less than that of the press.

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"We had more applicants for free bread this summer than during any previous summer of the fourteen years I have been here. I do not know how to account for it, but it is a fact. We have been giving away on an average more than 400 loaves a night recently weeks, and still more than that Sundays."

Statement by Captain Henry, who passes out loaves to the "bread line" at Fleischman's bakery, Broadway and Tenth street.

TO NEW JERSEY COMRADES. There is every probability at this writing that the whole ten congressional districts will be in the field. But of the most profound importance are the county tickets which include the assembly nominations upon which the vote entitling us to legal standing is based.

The county tickets sure are: Hudson, Essex, Morris, Union, Passaic, Bergen, Mercer, Camden, Cumberland and Gloucester.

Those possible are: Warren, Sussex, Atlantic, Burlington, Ocean, Middlesex and Monmouth.

Nothing doing in Hunterdon, Somerset, Salem and Cape May.

The addition of any of these eleven to the list of certainties would be better than an increase of a few hundred votes in organized centers. We are not very far behind in financial affairs.

The money in sight at present will be a little more than that clear us up. But to set about getting these other counties, needs a lot of money. Three or four hundred dollars would enable us to send a man into each of these counties to stay there until the nominations were made and petitions filled out and filed.

We have a few men who could be used that way during the next two weeks, but the nominations should not do it if the money is not in sight. We think we can get them all this way but three, and these three would give away before a de-terminated attack. The question is, comrades, can we get this money and get it at once while the men are at hand who will do the work. In two weeks they may be at work and then it would be impossible.

WE WOULD REQUEST THAT Socialists in the states who can help in the work of this committee in any way, distributing literature, organizing, etc., should communicate with the secretary, Mr. G. H. Strickland, 44 Hill street, Newark, New Jersey.

A PROSE POEM.

When the "Army" gets to bat with over 15,000 subs in one week, as shown by the report below, it strikes me that I ought to be excused for asking the foreman of the composing room to set the following faint expression of my feelings in as large type as possible:

WHOOPEE!!! Let your eye go down the columns and note what the gang in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Texas did.

How easy it is to do things, comrades, when we want to? This week's work will mean many more votes for Socialism; probably 25 per cent of these new readers will vote with us in November and go per cent of the rest can be depended upon by another year.

Keep the ball rolling, boys, we should add at least a hundred thousand subs to the list before January 1st.

The farmers everywhere are flocking to our standard as fast as we can get to them with our literature, and the city proletarians are coming in droves.

The trade unionists are not going to obey the orders of their fake labor leaders much longer. Gompers is a back date right now and Mitchell is getting ready for a cabinet position under his platocratic masters.

The workers of America are turning their eyes to such men as McDonald of the A. L. U., Donnelly of the meat workers and Max Hayes of the types.

Men who have brains enough to organize on the economic field for better conditions have brains enough to see that the strike of the future must be on parole when arrested here.

And so is punctured another of the well laid plans of the Mine Owners' Association to fasten upon innocent men the crime for which they alone are responsible.

It is not a significant fact, dear reader, that the Mine Owners and Citizens' Alliance, with all the civil and military powers of government in their hands, have made no attempt to apprehend the guilty parties?

The only men who would have run them down—the union miners and their attorneys—were forcibly deported. The end of the story has not yet been written.

A Frank Admission. From the Washington Post. Considerable has been written this year about the influence of railroads in politics, especially in swinging large blocks of voters to one or the other party.

The work that railroads, as well as all property interests, did eight years ago, and, to an extent, four years ago, in opposing the democratic ticket is generally known.

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A FAKE CONFESSION.

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HUMAN PROGRESS.

The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class-struggles. Thus begins the Socialist's declaration of independence, written by the world's master minds, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

The republican and democratic parties deny this and say that the interests of capital and labor are identical; that capital and labor are brothers; but strikes, lockouts, boycotts and blacklists prove the contrary.

There are evidences of a class struggle, of an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor. A brotherhood of capital and labor! Fine identity of interests! Whether it be in Colorado or Wisconsin, the class struggle is omnipresent. It is a conflict between the capitalist class and the working class, caused by the private ownership of the means of social production.

It is this private or individual ownership which divides the world into two hostile classes—one class possessing the instruments of labor, the other class possessing nothing but their labor power, which they offer for sale to the highest bidder.

The price of labor power is determined by competition between the workers. If there are two workers to one job the wages will be reduced to the lowest possible point essential to sustain life.

In that case the workers are forced to organize trades unions for self-preservation. If, on the other hand, there are two jobs to one worker the wages will rise, and at the same time decrease the profits of the capitalists or employers, thus forcing the capitalists to organize for self-protection.

Thus we see how the law of self-protection or self-preservation forces the individuals to organize unions on the one side and the struggle not between individuals, but between economic organizations. But this struggle is an unequal one. The capitalist class controls the powers of government, which they obtained through political action, and are therefore the masters of the situation.

They are the ruling class and force the workers to accept their terms or starve. The workers are not in a position to starve the capitalists, but, being in the majority, they are able to wrest the powers of government from the ruling class.

The working class can only capture the powers of government by political action, by joining the party which represents the interests of the working class. All political parties are representatives of classes. The republican party represents the interests of the large capitalists; the democratic party represents the interests of the small capitalists. They both are pledged to maintain the competitive system; to perpetuate that system under which the hewers of wood and the drawers of water live a life of misery, poverty and destitution.

The United States senate is a club house of millionaires; the senators and assemblymen are plant lackeys of the parasites of society. Priding themselves upon their statesmanship, they are prostituting their intellect for pecuniary gain.

Traitors to the working class! Away with such intellectual prostitution and moral depravity! Let the workers of the world unite under the banner of International Socialism and present an invincible front to the upholders and defenders of capitalism and wage slavery.

Though the ruling class scorns the workers' economic unity, it trembles at its political unity. Therefore it is best for the workers to rally round the red flag of Socialism and abolish capitalism and wage slavery. When this has been accomplished, peace, joy and happiness will reign supreme. ROBERT N. GIES.

The Appeal has made many inquiries in regard to stereotyping pictures or lantern slides. No firm, so far as we could learn, made pictures suitable for a Socialist lecture. In order to supply this demand the Appeal has arranged to have suitable pictures made.

Some fifty of the most striking designs and cartoons, including a series of photos of the Colorado struggle, are now ready. A complete list descriptive of the pictures will be furnished you if you request same. The Appeal hopes to be able to announce the completion of arrangements whereby we can furnish you a complete picture making machine, suitable for street agitation and hall lectures. Watch for announcement.

With this reduced the price of its yearly subscription cards to 25 cents. Cards will be sent to anyone on credit and payment need not be made until the end of the year. This offer is an especially good chance to get double the number of Socialist magazines at a nominal price, and readers should not fail to jump at it. Better orders before the card is out.

Other cards good until next election day.

Pushing the Work in Oregon. Dear Comrade—Your favor of Aug. 22 at hand and your most extraordinary low rate for the Appeal read. I am very much elated to know that my little offer of \$25 has started a force to work for Socialism that is almost boundless.

So confident am I that our comrades here will take up the work and push it to success, that I will at once forward the \$25 to our state secretary, Yours fraternally, Grant Rawlings, Central Point, Ore.

Contest Closes October 15th. We will pay \$85,000.00 in prizes to those who can estimate nearest to the total paid attendance at the Great St. Louis World's Fair. This fair opened April 30, 1904, and will close December 1, 1904. The paid attendance is estimated to be 1,514,714. Can you estimate the number of people who will pay admission during the entire Fair?

\$85,500.00 IN GOLD To Those Who Come Nearest. First Prize \$25,000.00. Second Prize \$10,000.00. Third Prize \$5,000.00.

To the nearest estimate \$25,000.00. To the next 20 nearest estimates, \$1,000 each. To the next 100 nearest estimates, \$500 each. To the next 100 nearest estimates, \$250 each. To the next 200 nearest estimates, \$100 each. To the next 1,000 nearest estimates, \$1 each. To the next 10,000 nearest estimates, \$1 each. To the next 100,000 nearest estimates, \$1 each. To the next 1,000,000 nearest estimates, \$1 each.

SEND IN YOUR ESTIMATE AT ONCE. Not an estimate will be considered that is received in our office after October 15, 1904. For each estimate we send you a separate envelope and a numbered certificate with your estimate thereon. The corresponding copies of these certificates are deposited in the time your estimates are made, and can be handled only by the Committee on Prizes.

1 Certificate and Coupon will cost \$2.00. 2 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$4.00. 3 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$6.00. 4 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$8.00. 5 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$10.00. 6 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$12.00. 7 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$14.00. 8 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$16.00. 9 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$18.00. 10 Certificates and Coupons will cost \$20.00.

You can estimate as often as you wish. We will immediately make out your certificates and send them to you to be retained by you until the Fair is over.

Remember you are to estimate the number of people who will pay admission into the grounds during the entire Fair. This does not include free passes whatever. In order to help you estimate, we will state the total paid attendance at the Chicago World's Fair was 1,280,141, and at the Panama Exposition 2,008,283, and at the United States Exposition 2,008,283.

MONEY NOW DEPOSITED. We cannot touch this prize money. It is held by the Missouri Trust Co. for other prizes. You can estimate as often as you wish. We will immediately make out your certificates and send them to you to be retained by you until the Fair is over.

ONLY A FEW DAYS REMAIN. Don't subject yourself to a life-long regret by failing to enter the contest. Only a small amount invested in our estimating certificates may mean that an independent fortune is yours. WRITE TODAY. Remit by express order, postal note or registered letter. Don't send personal checks.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST CO., 6837 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. OCTOBER 15TH, LAST DAY. Don't forget that you must enter the contest before that date.

NOTICE—Contestants are distinctly understood that participation in this contest is not confined to subscribers for any paper but that the contest is being advertised in a paper of wide circulation for the purpose of reaching the subscribers for all of which are prepared to take the distribution of the prizes offered.

NEW WATER TANKS. The Parable of the Water Tank from Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has been used so much and so long as a simile for Socialism that the story has been written in small letters in the newspapers. The story is told in a new edition in large type. It is a story which will please more than ever the old workers who have used it so often. Price postpaid \$1 per 100.

Deafness Can Be Cured.

I Have the Most Marvelous Discovery for the Positive Cure of Deafness and Headaches and I Give the Secret Free.

With This Wonderful, Mysterious Power I Have Made People Deaf for Years Hear the Tick of a Watch in a Few Minutes.

Send Me No Money—Simply Write Me About Your Case and I Will Give the Secret by Return Mail Absolutely Free.

After years of research along the lines of the deeper scientific mysteries of the occult and in- visible forces of the universe, I have discovered and cured deafness and head noises, and I have enabled my patients to understand knowledge and to give to many unfortunate and suffering persons perfect hearing again.

I Have Demonstrated That Deafness Can Be Cured—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

I say to those who have thrown away their money on the cheap, common, false, and worthless cures, that I offer the public through this advertisement, a cure that is sure, and that you can try at your own risk. I ask no money. My treatment is free, and it costs nothing to try it. You will restore your hearing quickly and permanently. No matter how many remedies have failed you, you will hear again. This is a new method. It is a new discovery. It is a new cure. It is a new hope. It is a new life. It is a new world. It is a new heaven. It is a new earth. It is a new God. It is a new Jesus. It is a new Holy Spirit. It is a new Kingdom. It is a new Power. It is a new Glory. It is a new Honor. It is a new Dominion. It is a new Authority. It is a new Majesty. It is a new Splendor. It is a new Brilliance. It is a new Radiance. It is a new Light. It is a new Life. It is a new Hope. It is a new Faith. It is a new Charity. It is a new Love. It is a new Peace. It is a new Joy. It is a new Happiness. It is a new Salvation. It is a new Redemption. It is a new Forgiveness. It is a new Mercy. It is a new Grace. It is a new Favor. It is a new Blessing. It is a new Gift. It is a new Promise. It is a new Reward. It is a new Pardon. It is a new Cleansing. It is a new Purification. It is a new Sanctification. It is a new Glorification. It is a new Exaltation. It is a new Coronation. It is a new Enthronement. It is a new Reign. It is a new Dominion. It is a new Power. It is a new Authority. It is a new Majesty. It is a new Splendor. It is a new Brilliance. It is a new Radiance. It is a new Light. It is a new Life. It is a new Hope. It is a new Faith. It is a new Charity. It is a new Love. It is a new Peace. It is a new Joy. It is a new Happiness. It is a new Salvation. It is a new Redemption. It is a new Forgiveness. It is a new Mercy. It is a new Grace. It is a new Favor. It is a new Blessing. It is a new Gift. It is a new Promise. It is a new Reward. It is a new Pardon. It is a new Cleansing. It is a new Purification. It is a new Sanctification. It is a new Glorification. It is a new Exaltation. It is a new Coronation. It is a new Enthronement. It is a new Reign. It is a new Dominion. It is a new Power. It is a new Authority. It is a new Majesty. It is a new Splendor. It is a new Brilliance. It is a new Radiance. It is a new Light. It is a new Life. It is a new Hope. It is a new Faith. It is a new Charity. It is a new Love. It is a new Peace. It is a new Joy. It is a new Happiness. It is a new Salvation. It is a new Redemption. It is a new Forgiveness. It is a new Mercy. It is a new Grace. It is a new Favor. It is a new Blessing. It is a new Gift. It is a new Promise. It is a new Reward. It is a new Pardon. It is a new Cleansing. It is a new Purification. It is a new Sanctification. It is a new Glorification. It is a new Exaltation. It is a new Coronation. It is a new Enthronement. It is a new Reign. It is a new Dominion. It is a new Power. It is a new Authority. It is a new Majesty.

WHY THERE IS SO MUCH GENERAL APATHY

A New Party May Be Born and the Next Fight May Be Between a Consolidated Republican-Democratic Party on the One Side and the Socialists on the Other.

Under the above heading the Newspaper Enterprise Association sends out to its syndicate of fifty daily newspapers the following significant article. It makes good campaign reading, and I trust every subscriber to the Appeal will see that his old party neighbor gets an opportunity to cast his eyes over the words that follow. Nothing could so clearly indicate the trend of the times and the early breaking up of the two old parties and their amalgamation as one to fight the growing, vigorous youth—SOCIALISM.

By Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—The first week in September! And still the national campaign fails to grip the interest of the nation. Why?

A speech has been delivered in New York by David B. Hill, and answered by Chauncey M. Depew. The populist and the Socialist candidates have taken the stump. But from Indiana—the much-talked-of pivot of the campaign—Colorado, and from Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Utah come the same reports of "nothing doing."

Colorado is soon to be flooded with republican craters, but it is about the only state to which the western republican headquarters is giving attention. Is it too early for the national campaign to begin on and off the stump from July until November?

In what respect does the present campaign differ from the three previous campaigns? Why has the summer passed without political discussion? Why are the professional politicians clamoring anxiously to the national committee to "stir things up"? Why is the public apathetic? Is the public apathetic? What is the significance of the apparent symptoms? Is there any?

These questions have been put by the writer to the managers of both parties. The managers have discussed them freely, when assured that they were not to be quoted, and on the basis of their replies the following explanation is furnished.

The present campaign differs from the three previous campaigns—if not from all previous campaigns—in the absence of any fundamental principle or issue, dividing the parties. The absence of discussion is explained very simply by the fact that there is nothing to discuss. The democrats, as a

party, have shifted their ground. From being a free trade party to have come to admit that protection is, like the gold standard, firmly established; from being a champion of silver at 16 to 1, they are committed to the official belief that this is no longer a live issue. On fundamental principles and specific issues—a two parties are officially as one. As it takes two to make a fight, so it takes two antagonistic beliefs to support a discussion.

What is the consequence? The only issues left are the sincerity of the parties, and the personality of the candidates. The democrats reply to the charge of insincerity; that the republicans are rallying to the defense of the personality and official record of Roosevelt. But up to the present time, there has been no such division of opinion on either of these topics as to occasion heated debate.

The opinion is growing in the minds of many old politicians that the present democratic leaders have attempted the impossible. Republicans, at least, say that for eight years, the democratic party has been a party of radicalism. It has been the party out of power; the party of the opposition, and by the very nature of things must have been the radical party. To convert a party of radicals into an ultra-conservative party, by its national convention, is not possible. They believe that some voters will follow the party name and fortune; but there must be a shuffling of the radical vote, which is always a floating and independent vote. The conservatives will prefer to cast their fortunes with the conservative party which is in power, and the radicals will seek refuge with the organizers of the Socialists, as, in many communities they are already doing. Many of the less radical even find a refuge in the party which bids fair to retain itself in power for another term of years.

Following this movement to its ultimate conclusion there are those—and they are not confined to the republican party alone—who see in the present trend of affairs the beginning of the end of democracy. That there is not room for two conservative parties is the basis for this belief. Supposing, as is not impossible, that an overwhelming defeat awaits the democratic party, what will be the consequence? A new party, with new leaders and new issues, would be inevitable. Under any form of popular government an opposition party is a necessity. The natural division between two great parties are the divisions of radicalism against conservatism. If the conservatives are in power the opposition is radical; and vice versa.

A prominent and conservative republican has expressed the belief that, unless a new party is formed under wise and efficient leaders, the next great contest will be between the republican party and the Socialists. This, it is said, was also the opinion of the late Senator Hanna.

However this may be, it will probably be admitted that the "conservatism" will bring about a critical revolution in the organization of the party from which it may or may not recover. All of which is intended to explain (or at least throw light upon) the difference between the present campaign and those which have gone before.

MY VISIT TO A HUNGARIAN COUNT

By NICHOLAS KLIEN, Correspondent.

As we in the United States speak of J. Pierpont Morgan, so in Hungary the people speak of Count Joseph Maloth. The count is one of the leading capitalists of Hungary, and has most of his holdings in land. I heard so very much about him that I decided to pay him a visit.

You have to change trains three times in your ride from Budapest to the home of the count. Of course, you can ride "first-class." If you have the price, and go straight through without any change; but Socialists here generally patronize the "third and last class." Of course, the working people build the first-class, too; they ride "last class."

I arrived in Perbeujik Zemplenegegy, a small town with a population of about 100 families. This is where the count lives. Perbeujik is an old-fashioned place with sand-dirt as a street and the "excuses for homes" are all built of "mud-clay," with straw roofs. If there are any sidewalks, I could not find them with a microscope. It's a good English mile to the home of the count, and instead of paying for a carriage, I walked through the so-called street to the count's place.

I hardly noticed the barefooted women, the half-naked children, or the barefooted men, with broad, short, white imitation "panties," resembling an Indiana farmer's white umbrellas after a hailstorm. They were gazing at my strange clothes, wondering what sort of a freak I was. But I was busy. I was too much absorbed in a day-dream. I was picturing in my mind how I would send my card to the count on a solid silver plate. Of how the count would order me brought before him. I saw myself sitting down in a soft plush arm chair with golden trimmings. Then the picture in my imagination changed. I was now seated at a long white table, sumptuously decorated, surrounded by an army of waiters crying, "Please, Sir!"

I was just reaching for the soup, when I was suddenly and rather violently brought to a standstill. I had gone the entire mile and walked into a solid stone wall, a part of the count's possessions. With the exception of my straw hat, which received a slight knock, I was not the worse for the accident. None of the count's soup spilled on me. The stone wall that I struck is about twenty feet high and about three English miles in length. It was the first stone of any kind that I had seen in Perbeujik.

I finally found the entrance, walked through, and was met by a tall man in a gilded uniform, a long sword and an immense mustache. I was not surprised; nearly every second man in all Hungary wears a uniform of some kind,

And the man in this land who does not wear a mustache is either an actor or a foreigner. The man was one of the count's guards. He raised his hat, bowed very low—so very that I was afraid his nose would touch the ground—called me "Tekintetes Ur," and made me understand that he was at my service. You see, I had on my best clothes, because I knew I had to resemble a 10-cent capitalist, at least, when visiting a count. In Hungary there are all sorts of titles, according to your appearance, wealth and birth. This guard had called me "Tekintetes Ur," which means noble sir in our language. The only person in Hungary who is not addressed with some sort of a title is the workingman, or one who may have the appearance of a worker.

By the way, the working class here have a uniform also—it's a sort of one, anyway—torn clothes and naked feet—you can tell a workingman immediately. It is the custom for him to tip his hat—if he has one—when one of the useless class passes by him. It is considered very bad form here to do any work, and as no real "Hungarian gentleman" works, only those who stoop so low as to perform labor can be found tipping the hat. I felt just a trifle insulted at being termed "noble sir," but I did not mind such a trifle; I was there to see the count, and so I informed the guard. I handed him my card; he bowed even lower than before, blew his whistle and handed my piece of pasteboard to a young uniformed, and again heavily armed, man, who disappeared with it. Meanwhile, I stood there observing the count's castle. It stands in the center of a heavily guarded park, is built entirely of white stone and is two stories high. A coat of arms worked in white stone is seen above the doorway. The windows are very small and dismal looking, with heavy iron bars to keep out all intruders.

The young armed knight soon returned, stating that the count had seen my card and that he was too busy eating his lunch to see me just then, but I could return at some future date and catch the count when he was not in the lincing business. The young armed guard told me that if I cared to see the grounds and the stable, he would be only too glad to escort me. As I could not get a chance to see the count, I thought that seeing his horses would be about as good a task, and almost as good company, if not better. The guard was very young, well-built, strong and "intelligent looking." I immediately took an interest in all he said and I fell into a deep conversation with him. He wanted to know all about America; in fact he told me that he had about half

made up his mind to quit the count and go; but the only thing which troubled him was the cash with which to pay his fare. Thousands are leaving Hungary for America every week. Every capitalist paper here writes daily articles, painting with a brilliant glow bright and sunny pictures of how every man can acquire wealth in America. Some of the people almost believe that money is found on the streets in the United States, and only those who are too lazy to pick it up are poor. Just as soon as a laborer can scrape together enough to buy a ticket he makes haste to the "Golden America," where they live in luxury. The young guard answered my every question and gave me more information than the count

could have furnished. He showed me the beautiful stables, built of heavy stone. The count's valuable horses live on the ground floor, while his servants, guards and coachmen live on the top floor. The count's horses come first. Horses cost money in Hungary, while working people can be had for the asking. The guard told me that the count had more land than he could visit in one year. It was either rented to others or worked upon shares. The count was born in luxury. He acquired his lands by the death of his parents, and his laborers are making him so immensely rich that he now loans money on land held by other counts, who happen to be in financial trouble through gambling or some other such legitimate enterprise. The original debt to land can be traced to war, and was probably written by a count's ancestor who used a serf's finger for a pen and a serf's blood for the red ink. From his picture, I would judge the count to be a dark, small, elderly man, with a low countenance and a slightly curved back. He did not obtain the curve in his back in the same manner that his laborers did theirs, because the count performs no useful labor of any kind, unless eating his meals can be called a useful performance. The young guard told me that the count's laborers went on a strike last summer. They refused to work, asking for higher pay. They were receiving forty kreutzers (pennies) for a thirteen-hour day, and got it into their heads that they should receive more. They held out three weeks, but the government furnished troops and sent the rebels back to work, minus three of their comrades, who now "rest in peace." I was trying to find out if the laborers had an organization, but it was mighty hard work. The guard insisted that there was no organization. I placed two crowns in his palm; he still shook his head. "No!" I finally struck the correct track. I showed him a letter I had from Jacob Weltner, national secretary of the Social Democratic party of Hungary. He immediately showed his colors. Under the lapel of his vest he carried an emblem—the two hands clasped across the globe—the Socialist emblem. He called me comrade.



The Class Lines in Hungary.

Yes, they had an organization. It was a very weak one. As the farm laborers are not permitted to organize, it was a secret one. He shot a number of questions at me about our movement in America. I saw a look of wonderment in his face when I told him in answer to a question that every man in the United States was entitled to a ballot.

"Then you Socialists must have a majority in your house of congress. You must have things your own way." I told him that as yet we were a third party and had no members of congress. I explained our different political parties to him and told him exactly what they represented. I also told him that although 85 per cent of the people of the United States were members of the working class, still they divided their ballots almost entirely between two dominant capitalist parties. It was hard for this 22-year-old workingman to grasp this. I could not find the correct words to excuse myself for being an American citizen just then. I felt ashamed of myself.

"You say that every man in the United States is entitled to a ballot?" I asked the young guard. "I answered, 'Yes.' 'You also state that 85 per cent of the people there are wage slaves?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Can these people, these 85 per cent, change matters if they desire?' I answered, 'Yes, they can, this coming November, go to the ballot box and by casting their votes properly elect president, vice president, congress and all. They can carry things as they choose, because they are a large majority. They can out-vote the capitalists easily.' 'Well, I can't understand where your much-boasted intelligent American workingman comes in, if they cannot see their way clear to seize the government by a peaceful revolution at your ballot box.'"

I excused myself with the explanation that we in the United States had a great many things to consider with. I explained that the movement was young and misrepresented by every capitalist paper. I showed him how our workingmen were bullied and threatened with discharge if they voted with us; how ballots of workingmen were bought for a few dollars apiece. I pointed to the corruption of American politics; of how our worker is fooled wherever he seeks information. I told him that everything from rotten information to cheap corn whiskey was given to the workers to keep them in line. But my talk was all useless. The young man thought that the class lines were drawn too tight to admit any excuses.

He lost all respect for the American worker and actually began to make sport of him.

"You Americans are mighty dumb," said he. "You tell me that such a simple process as casting a ballot correctly for Socialism can give the American workingman the president, congress and even the senate, and in this way you can institute proceedings to replevin the industries back to the producers, and that even then you Americans refuse to vote for Socialism?" I said, "Yes," very weakly.

"Then you Americans are big fools; that's all." And saying this he walked through a door and slammed it in my face, leaving me standing there puzzled at his anger.

I retraced my steps and walked out of the count's place, through Perbeujik village into the depot. I did not fail to notice the great difference between the count's white stable, built of solid stone, and the low, half-story mud building of the working class.

Not I did not see the Count Joseph Maloth and I did not miss him. This young slave of his gave me enough to think about. I will never forget this young guard's anger. The look on his face as he declared the American workingman a fool will haunt me. It could disturb a wiser head than mine.

"SENTIMENT AND SARCASM."

Collier's Weekly made a raw crack about Socialism the other day and since that time the comrades throughout the country have been bombarding the editor with hard knocks. Commenting on the Collier incident, the Transcript of Nevada City, Calif., says:

"Collier's Weekly has an editorial this week lamenting that it ever touched on

the subject of Socialism on account of the mail that has since reached it on that topic. But Collier's Weekly was right in its assumption that the success of the Socialist in Germany is not to be taken as the triumph of purely theoretical ideas. The Socialist party in the German Empire represents as much the gradual development of antagonistic ideas with regard to the present system of government as it does anything else. There is, in brief, a revolution in progress in that country, but it is going forward in a characteristic Teutonic manner and has taken the form of support of the Socialist party. The growth of that party's strength in the Reichstag is the measure of the progress of the revolution.

"Socialism is opposed by the ruling caste in Europe, not because it is the principle of subversion of government, but because it is the principle of caste destruction. It aims at the placing of all humanity on one plane, and would level by lowering the present rulers and raising the lower classes. It is the direct antithesis to anarchy, which means the triumph of individualism as opposed to the rule of the community. The individual must give way before the requirements of the community at large, according to the Socialist way of thinking, and in that sense the principles on which the American republic is founded are Socialistic. The reasonable believer in anarchy, on the contrary, would elevate the individual at the expense of the government.

"By the rigid rules of Logic, Socialism could be carried into effect, but anarchy, on the contrary, can never be anything but a pure theory, for anarchy means no rule at all.

"The extent to which the Socialist theories—mark that it is theories that are being talked of—are believed in America is very large. The Socialist

of America, be he known as Nationalist or by any other name, is a man who thinks and is usually a good citizen."

Collier's editor throws up his hands and says: "No class of readers keeps at us, and probably at other newspapers, more persistently than the Socialists, which is but an illustration of how deadly in earnest they are. One of them quotes some of the eloquent words expressing the ideals of Louis Blanc, and adds: 'In the social world we see the same law. Christ taught a different law: that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak.' Another commentator writes in a style so pleasing to our taste that we allow him to occupy the limelight during most of this editorial. 'I am glad,' he says, 'that the Socialists have fallen foul of you and belabored your intellectual bald spot. I suppose you would have made the same remarks about the Abolitionists of old—despite the many mighty minds in sympathy and active touch with the movement. I fancy if you were to meet Robert Blatchford, editor of 'The Clarion,' author of 'Merrie England' and 'Britain for the British' (two books it wouldn't hurt your intellect to read), or August Bebel, G. Bernard Shaw, Walter Crane, our own Jack London, Jean Jaures, Walter Carpenter, Watson, the labor leader of Australia, or could you have met the late William Morris, Zola, Liebknecht or Lassalle, you probably would have found them worth your while intellectually, even if you are editor of Collier's. As to the rank and file—in my wide experience in the Socialist movement in this country—will say they compare more than favorably with the republicans and democrats. I have attended both old party conventions and Socialist conventions—and the Socialist conven-

The Trust-Busting Campaign.

From the Washington Post.

Has there been the slightest probability of a "trust-busting" campaign on either side this year since it became evident that Bryanism was to be unhorsed? Could anything be more ludicrous than the idea of such a fight under the men who are at the front on both sides and managing the canvass? Take a list of their names and a sketch of their respective business careers, and suggest that they go out to a trust-busting rampage if you want to make the campaign really and uproariously funny. Talk about "making a dog laugh," that would stir a mule into uncontrollable merriment. Even inanimate objects would feel the effects of so grotesque a spectacle as that of multi-millionaires and corporation magnates sallying forth to "bust the trusts and smash the combines," and the "mountains would skip like the rams and the little hills like lambs." Better a dull campaign than a farce-comedy like that.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him Oll creatures here below; Praise Him above ye olley hoo, Praise John and Will, but John the most.—C. A. Byrd.

As a Beacon Light



Vitae-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease toward the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, port your helm ere it be too late, take heed of the message of Hope and Safety which it flashes to you; stop drifting about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately and reach the goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has used Vitae-Ore is willing to act as a pilot for you, each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice, follow the light and be cured as they have. Can you afford to disregard it? Read our Special Offer to readers of the Appeal to Reason.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE SENT ON 30-DAYS TRIAL BEST DOCTORS FAIL

BY MAIL, POSTPAID.

READ THIS OFFER!

WE WILL send to every worthy person who writes us, mentioning the Appeal to Reason, a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore, by mail, postpaid, subject to the condition that it be paid for within one month's time after receipt. If the recipient can truthfully say that his use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quack or cost-cutting patent medicines he or she has ever used, we will send him or her over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good and not before. We take all the risk, you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you may return it. Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It is a geological discovery, in which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing disease, as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using.



THE TESTIMONY OF A MAN WHO TRIED VITAE-ORE. I was taken with Kidney Trouble and could not do any farm work, continued in this condition for so long, although I tried many remedies, until I was almost blind. I had been more or less in a drowsy state for the past twenty years, at times, as I suppose, already very badly. I was attacked with Rheumatism some 11 or 12 years ago, and this has been with me almost continuously since that time. I had the best doctors in my country, and have been continually searched and examined, and excruciatingly treated, but I could not bring about a cure. I was told that it was possible, but all to no avail. I also tried my share of all the advertised "tree" medicines, as I suppose every sick person does, and spent with them a great deal of money. When I first learned of Vitae-Ore, I had tried so long and so fruitlessly that I laughed at the claim that it would cure me. I mailed further and found that it was a genuine, honest, and reliable medicine. I was induced by a deposit. I grew interested in it, and decided to try it. I received it and started taking it. I must give it a trial. I cannot say how long it took, but I felt better and still take, and am now as well and free from all these troubles as I ever was. I am now a healthy man, and I am sure that Vitae-Ore is certainly a powerful remedy, and I only wish that I had learned of it when it was first placed on the market. It almost makes me heart-sick to think of all the people who are suffering from these troubles, and the ability I could have had to do all I wish to do, had I but known of this opportunity to try it when it offered to them.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

Vitae-Ore is a natural product—as natural as the sunshine, the air you breathe, the water you drink, or the food you eat. It is a God-sent remedy, containing no artificial ingredients, and is made in Nature's laboratory, and supplies to the body those elements which are lacking in disease and restores all the bodily organs to a normal, healthy condition.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

Vitae-Ore is a natural Mineral Spring in concentrated form. One package is equal in medicinal strength and curative value to 500 gallons of the most powerful medicinal mineral water. It is the most powerful and most reliable of all constitutional tonics. Blood, brain and brain builder. Tissue maker and health restorative ever discovered. It gives tone to the system and restores the vitality. It is a germ destroyer, system fertilizer, and kills the nidus of disease.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

Women Are you afflicted with any of the following diseases? Are you troubled with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles? Are you afflicted with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles? Are you afflicted with any of the following diseases? Are you troubled with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles? Are you afflicted with any of the following diseases? Are you troubled with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles?

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

Men Are you afflicted with any of the following diseases? Are you troubled with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles? Are you afflicted with any of the following diseases? Are you troubled with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles? Are you afflicted with any of the following diseases? Are you troubled with any of the following ailments? Are you suffering from any of the following troubles?

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED. This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending us for a package. ADDRESS THEO. NOEL COMPANY, Dept. Appeal, Vitae-Ore Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

APPEAL TO REASON.

Wholesale dealers in Brain Developers... thoughts new... make hide-bound creeds tremble and quake...

CAPITALIST WITNESS.

The officers at Ft. Sheridan, near Chicago, take beer and other liquors into the barracks... followed the example of their officers...

THE WAY TO WIN.

Bring your March old ballot, bars, and aid the cause of right... Let us vote and all the brutal rule of might...

THE OCTOPUS.

Few people realize the magnitude of the aggregation known as the Standard Oil Company... It works—and talks little...

GOOD-BYE, MR. CAPITALIST.

Society can do without you, Mr. Capitalist. As it does without the slave-owner, and the As it does without the ancient emperor...

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.

This is the title of a pamphlet of about fifty pages issued from the Appeal Publishing Company of Girard, Kansas...

THE THEATRICIAN AND THE SURPLUS.

Grab and Keep had often declared that they would leave town if Socialism continued to grow... when they discovered, much to their surprise...

Co-operation HEED THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL CO-OPERATION spells the doom of all capitalistic monopolies. CO-OPERATION is the principle which will deliver the producing classes of the country from the bondage of the competitive profit system...

We Want You as a Partner

In Our Enormous Mail-Order Business, Which is Conducted on the Co-Operative Plan and We GUARANTEE you at least 7 per cent on your investment (with assured profits of from 15 per cent to 20 per cent per year)...

CO-OPERATION COOPERATIVE CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST Weighs 4 Lbs. Over 1,250 Pages-Costs Us Nearly ONE DOLLAR to Print and Mail...

Investors! Consumers! We Guarantee You a Steady Income. The hold of the Standard Oil company upon the oil business of the country has been largely because of its superior transportation facilities...

10% Dividend Earned The Magnificent Success of One Year of Practical Co-Operation The first year of practical co-operation, as first inaugurated and applied by us in America, closed in a blaze of glory...

TRY THIS. Pick out your victim, and after getting him to agree to read something on Socialism, hand him the following pamphlets, one at a time, in the order named: A. B. C. of Socialism. What to Do and How to Do It. Introduction to Socialism. Method of Acquiring national Possession of Our Industries. Communist Manifesto.

SHOWING COON SKINS. An old Arkansas hunter, who was in the habit of taking his dogs and gun out for a solitary hunt...

SEEMS STRANGE. James H. Teller, a prominent lawyer of Pueblo, and a brother of Senator Teller, writing of Colorado affairs, says: "It is a suggestive fact that the mine owners with all the powers of military government in their hands for nine months, have not convicted a single member of the miners' union of an offense against either life or property..."

ESTABLISHED 1885 INCORPORATED 1899 RE-CHARTERED 1909 CASH BUYERS UNION FIRST NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY CAPITAL \$5,000,000 158-168 West Van Buren Street, Dept. 915G, CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A. REFERENCES: Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, Registrars; Messrs. Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency, the Rating Books of any Mercantile Agency; any railroad or express company; the publishers of this or any other newspaper or magazine; any bank or reputable business house in Chicago; 1,000,000 satisfied customers in every country on the globe.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON and mail to us at once before you lay this paper aside and we will make you a SPECIAL PROPOSITION entitling you to an extra dividend without cost to you. In order to secure 25,000 shareholders within 30 days we will make you a Special Proposition whereby you will be entitled to an extra dividend without cost. Write us today, mentioning this paper, and ask us about the extra dividend.

GET A "SPLINTER."

Comrade Kattie Sprague Hulse, of Oregon, is not far off when she says: "Some day those who are trying to crucify us now will be fighting for splinters off the crosses."

And it is not only those who are against us now who will be fighting for "splinters" in the near future, but many there will be, who are with us now, whose hearts will be heavy with regret that they failed to possess themselves of some souvenir to show that they took a prominent part in the greatest revolution ever enacted on this ball of mud floating in space—something to show their children that they helped to emancipate the wage slaves of earth.

You have the opportunity right now to secure such a souvenir. The Appeal will present a beautiful souvenir gold watch to the comrade who sends in the largest number of three month subscribers during September. You may take these three month subscribers at 10 cents each.

This watch is strictly first class, gold filled case, with a 25-year guarantee, 17 jewels, adjusted. You can't duplicate it anywhere for less than \$30.

The souvenir inscription will read as follows:

Presented to
(your name in full)
by
Appeal to Reason,
October 1, 1904,
As a Souvenir of the March
"On to Washington."

This offer has been printed several times, and, although but a few days remain of September, Miss Mabel, who keeps the subscription records, informs me that no one, so far, has made any effort at all to get this valuable present.

It will probably go for a small list, but some comrade will be made happy, anyhow.

The Carnegie steel mills, Pittsburgh, Pa., are having trouble. They have hired strike breakers to force the union men into striking. A number of these non-union men have made affidavits that they were hired and paid \$100 a month besides their work wages to do nothing to the company officials. When we get Socialism there will be no one with an interest great enough to hire spies. The works will belong to the public, and the workers in them will have complete control in electing all the foremen, superintendents and managers and making rules governing all the conditions of labor. When will the workers get wise enough to vote to control the works, and not have to strike and starve to do it?

The public is paying hundreds of thousands of dollars in salaries to keep public officials traveling over the country making republican speeches. From cabinet offices to petty clerkships, Washington is pouring into the country to persuade the voters to re-elect the present administration to its graft. Golly, how the people are ridden!

By our presidential candidate will appear in the Appeal No. 465, dated October 29th. As great as are the facilities of the Appeal, this edition just before the curtain falls, will, no doubt, tax them to the utmost. It will be put to press fifteen days before the polls open, but there will be a few days off, necessary to fill your order and give it time to reach you. I figure that we will have ten days and nights of clear sailing for the press work on this monster election edition. Orders for No. 465 will be filled in the order received, and I would suggest that you hand in your orders at once. 50c per 100 copies.

The Appeal Army Picture Gallery

How many of you want your pictures in this Socialist gallery? This is your book, comrades. It's for you to say. I have wanted to get out this book for a long time, but how to select the pictures for this gallery—that's the point that has been bothering me. I have finally decided to leave it to the Army—you are the one to decide whether you want your picture and a short sketch of yourself printed in this book. I want your decision some time before November. If you send me your photograph, with a short story of yourself, any time before the first day of November, accompanied by a list of twenty yearly subscribers, you will occupy a place in the "Appeal Army Picture Gallery." A copy of this book will also be mailed you free of cost as soon as it is ready after November 1st. The sooner you get in the sooner the book will be ready, as the photographs will be sent to the engraver as fast as received so everything will be ready to rush the book out right away after October makes its exit. Besides the pictures and sketches of the Army comrades in the field there will be pictures of such members of the Appeal force as comply with the conditions and hand in 20 yearly subscribers with the cash to pay for same. The most of them have assured me they would be there with the "goods." There will also be short introductory articles by the "One Horn" editor, the bald-headed Army editor and that irrepressible product of Kansas, the Hon. Geo. D. Brewer. And last, but not least, a poem, "The Appeal Army," by our own Josephine Conger. It's a book you will want—you'll want a copy for yourself and you'll want copies to send to your friends. Extra copies can be had for \$1.00 per copy, postpaid. Those who want extra copies must order them before we go to press with it—just enough copies will be printed to fill such orders, and no more. The book will not be sold to the general public—only to Socialist workers. E. N. R.

WHAT CAPITALISM MEANS.

The following from the Hazelton (Pa.) Daily Standard is a little item, describing an incident—one of thousands which occur daily—that ought to show the workers that they should change their votes. Under Socialism there could be no evictions. Every family would have a comfortable house to live in. Every mother and child would be protected in the possession of all the good things of life, because we would each want that protection for our wives and children. This evictions, as well as every other one that ever occurred in this country, is the direct result of the foolish votes of the old parties. Socialism would soon eject the coal barons from the possession of the coal mines and they would have to work if they got a living. Do you like the picture of your conditions?

"Ecker was the scene of a sad eviction yesterday when the household effects of John Frenzo were hauled in the street by Sheriff Jacobson and Coal and Iron Fellowman Ecker. Ecker's wife and child were also turned out, and having no place to go, the neighbors feeling to take them in, they were the displeasure of the officials of Cox Bros. & Co., the mother wheeled her baby helplessly about the streets of the village."

Will Make Christianity Possible.

Commercialism makes Christianity impossible; the attempt to reconcile them can lead to but a single result—hypocrisy. Socialism, on the contrary, makes Christianity possible; moreover, it is the only political system which does.—Edmond Kelly, M. A., at Columbia University.

War Will Be Dead.

In the twentieth century war will be dead. The scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundaries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will live. He will possess something higher than all these—a great country, the whole earth, and a great hope, the whole heaven. Victor Hugo.

The democrats and republicans are putting up a job in Denver, says the News, to divide the city offices. The "leaders" of both parties have held a secret meeting and agreed to divide the spoils. The voters will be expected to ratify the arrangement. It is a sure shot that the campaign literature which the republicans are using is not being circulated in the city of Denver, but is being used exclusively in the outside districts. The arrangements between the two plute parties is to give the bulk of the city of Denver to the democrats and the state to the republicans. To do this it is necessary for the republicans to make a hard campaign throughout the state. They are circulating by the millions documents to head off the stampede to the democratic party, which the little democratic leaders on the outside of the ring are trying to steer their way. The republicans will carry the state and the democrats will capture the city, and the plundering will continue. The Socialist voters and their sympathizers have been forcibly deported, but in spite of this the Socialist vote in that state will surprise the politicians.

The Washington Post of Sept. 4 says that the government gave out its report on the cotton crop before the published report, to some favorites, and that the knowledge was used by them to make money in speculation. Well, what are you howling about? Isn't that what government is for? What's the use of having control of the government except to make money for yourself and friends? The government at Washington is a graft from top to bottom. It taxes the people and does nothing for the people. Everybody knows that. Shut up.

The petty hirelings in the public service, those who have had to pass an examination and prove their fitness for their positions, are forbidden to take part in the political game. But the men at the top of the departments, the men who have not been selected for their fitness for the positions, the men who draw the big salaries and who actually do no work—they are free to engage in the game that pays them so well. And yet the real workers vote the same tickets as their real masters! What a funny old machine this is anyway.

Through tricks of deception, the aristocracy of Rome had the common people supporting them, under the name of patriotism and religion, long after the republic had ceased and monarchy, parading as a republic, had been established. The people then, as now, were used to produce wealth for the few to enjoy, and denounced any who tried to show them the cheat as traitors. Human nature is the same in all countries and in all times. We have this advantage however that then the many could not read or write while today they can. In this lies the only hope of changing the present rule of the rich to a rule of the whole people.

You will remember that a few months ago the newspapers were filled to the guards with accounts of the tremendous prosperity of the Kansas farmers, based on the deposits in the Kansas banks. A recent decision of the supreme court makes it necessary for bankers to submit on demand from the assessor the accounts of depositors for inspection. The assessor found three millions—the bank commissioner had reported a short time previous sixty millions on deposit. Thus does "Prosperity" take wings.

How to abolish poverty.
Vote for Debs.
How to get a shorter work day.
Vote for Debs.
How to get your salary raised.
Vote for Debs.
How to secure an education for your children.
Vote for Debs.
How to bring back the smile of youth to the face of your overworked wife.
Vote for Debs.
How to keep the boys and girls at home.
Vote for Debs.
How to demonstrate your sanity.
Vote for Debs.
How to prove you are not a fool.
Vote for Debs.
How to abolish crime.
Vote for Debs.

FOR PRESIDENT, EUGENE V. DEBS, Of Indiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HANFORD, Of New York.

HOT CINDERS.

By E. N. RICHARDSON.

All great things are done through the people.

The workers build the jails and then occupy them.

The office boy has a new name for congress—a place where they manufacture gold bricks to sell to the working people.

The great mass today have no property, and their chance for getting any is not as good as a ticket in the Louisiana lottery.

As Barum said, the American people like to be humbugged, and they get what they like, and get it regularly every four years.

Some men are so egotistical that they are afraid to go to sleep at night for fear the world might stop revolving before they wake up.

It is stated that a bitter fight will be made for the ship subsidy bill in the next session of congress. We must have more ships in which to export bibles, guns, liquor and syphilis to the Filipino.

The literal truth has little value to the average man—he sees everything through the medium of his interests. He may think he tells the truth, but his interests prevent him from seeing things as they are.

The workers make the guns, the workers use the guns, and the workers furnish the targets with their bodies. And the capitalist smiles as he orders his slaves to sharpen the automatic coupon clipper.

There is no such thing as an unchangeable standard of morality—a thing right today may be wrong tomorrow. Nothing stands still. Even a rock grows—it may grow a thousand part of an inch in ten thousand years, still it grows.

The history of the world is a long record of class superceding class. And in every instance it has been a lower class overcoming the class above. Today it is a fight between the working class and the capitalist class, and the under class—the working class—will win. History repeats itself.

The platforms of "the twins" both generously agree to allow the Filipinos to govern themselves when they become sufficiently versed in the ways of Christian civilization; that is to say, when they learn to build jails, insane asylums and poor houses and keep them well filled. Surely the Filippies can ask no more.

Socialism is not a religion, but a science. Socialists are not trying to tell you how to get wings and a harp in another world, but how you may get your share of the good things in this world. In other words, Socialism is a common sense solution of the bread and butter problem, and not a new way to get to heaven.

I meet very few men these days, in fact no intelligent men, but agree that Socialism is the only issue before the world today that really amounts to anything. The old political parties may make a few more bluffs and hoodwink a part of the people into a belief that the tariff and imperialism are live issues, but you will find after this campaign they will give it up as a bad job and face the issue—Socialism. And there will be no middle ground, gentlemen; you must take your stand on one side or the other. You'll vote for capitalism or Socialism or stay at home. There will be but two parties—the Socialist party and the republican party. Going to be kind of tough on some of those old Arkansas democrats when they have to quit voting for Jeff Davis.

Mr. Workman, why don't you do a little thinking on your own hook? You have brains; why don't you use them? The old parties ask you to continue them in power that they may open up foreign markets in which to sell your surplus product and keep you employed. Don't you know that there is a limit to foreign markets? They must play out some time, and that soon. Even now the Japanese and even the Chinamen are rapidly beginning to produce for themselves all that they need. There are a million and a half workmen idle in this country all the time as it is. What are you going to do when that will-o'-the-wisp—those foreign markets—are no more? I'll tell you what you'll do; you'll starve or establish Socialism, one of the two. Why wait until that time comes? Why not vote for Socialism now? Is there no way to reach your intelligence except through your stomach?

The man who is afraid to read a book on Socialism must have a queer set of wheels in his head. If you think

The Standard Oil Company has given ONE MILLION DOLLARS to the republican campaign fund, say the daily papers. What for? Do you think the Standard gives it for your benefit? Do you think it is not going to take it out of the people with a profit? These rich men know the value of controlling elections—yet you working people have the votes to control the elections in your interest—but you don't know enough to use your votes for your own benefit. Why don't you?

FOR PRESIDENT, EUGENE V. DEBS, Of Indiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HANFORD, Of New York.

HOT CINDERS.

By E. N. RICHARDSON.

All great things are done through the people.

The workers build the jails and then occupy them.

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Socialism is such a bad thing, why don't you read our books and expose the weaknesses of our philosophy? You can't expect to put up an intelligent fight against Socialism without knowing something about it. If you want to prove that the astronomers are wrong in their calculation of the distance between the sun and the earth you'll have to study science, and if you want to prove Socialism is wrong you'll have to study it. Of course, it doesn't particularly matter to you how far the sun is from the earth, but it does matter to you whether Socialism is right or wrong. The question is up and will not down—you have got to settle this question one way or the other. And it is well to remember that no question is ever settled until it is settled right. Better send for a Socialist book catalogue. Don't be a fool.

J. Keir Hardie has an interesting article in the London Labor Leader—"An Indictment of the Class War." Mr. Hardie denies that there is such a thing as a class war. "Socialism," says this brilliant labor leader, "declares war upon a system, not upon a class." If Mr. Hardie had said: "Socialism declares war upon a system and not upon individuals," I could readily agree with him, but how can we make war upon a system and not upon the class that represents that system—the capitalist class? That thousands of workmen scab on their fellows and themselves by voting with the capitalists, because now and then a capitalist votes with us, does not alter the fact that a class war exists. No matter what Mr. Hardie or I may believe or not believe, the class struggle is here and it waxes more fierce every day.

Mr. Hardie further says: "They (the Socialists) do not seem to see that a movement having nothing more substantial as a basis than a determination to overthrow one class in order to supplant it by another, contains within itself all the elements for its own destruction."

I can agree with Mr. Hardie that the Socialist party contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. Socialism is a conscious effort of the working class to overthrow capitalism and establish a system of society in which there can be no divisions of the units that go to make up society into economic classes. The establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth means the dissolution of the Socialist party, as well as the republican party and all other political parties, for the simple reason that we will no longer have a political government, but an industrial state. In this sense it is true that the Socialist party contains within itself the elements of its own destruction.

Mr. Hardie is a member of the English parliament, and it may be considered rather presumptuous for an ever questioner and unparalleled, known me to set my opinions against his, but, really, I cannot call black white even though Mr. Hardie says it is so. Kansas is too close to Cripple Creek for me to accept as true a statement that there is no such thing as a class war.

No man today can stand up and say he is certain of a livelihood. No workingman is sure of his job. No man out of a job is sure of getting another one. You may organize yourselves into trade unions until you have in your organizations every worker on the face of the globe, and you cannot free yourself from the fear of want, until you organize politically—you must own the jobs as well as use them. You never can be free as long as you must beg for the jobs, and you can't get them without begging for them until you own them. The capitalists control the markets and the tools, and they own you. There is just one thing in this country that they do not own and that is your vote. But you don't know enough to use that, and they might as well own it.

No strike is lost that teaches the strikers that there is but one way to win a strike—at the ballot box. If the stock yards workers have learned this lesson they can truthfully deny that they have lost the strike—it has just begun.

J. J. Van Alen, former leader of New York's "400," has bought a castle in England and will become a citizen of that country. How long, you slaves, are you going to continue buying palaces for your masters while you live in hovels yourselves?

The colored troops were not used in the mimic war play in West Virginia the other day. Colored soldiers are only for real war where real bullets are used and where somebody is liable to get hurt.

This paper is produced and handled by the labor from the time it starts in the editorial room until it is put in mail sacks and turned over to your Uncle Sammy.

Someone whose memory is good concerning bygone events remarks: "Hurrah for Jesse James, Rube Burrows, Parker, Roosevelt and Cleveland!"

FEAR THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

From the Kansas City Star.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 15.—The danger feared most by democrats, next to the cotton crop, is the Socialist vote, which will be drawn largely from the populist allies of two years ago. One of the shrewdest democratic politicians in Oklahoma said recently that the Socialist candidate would get between 5,000 and 7,000 votes. He warned those who differed from him to beware of belittling the Socialist campaign. He said that never before in Oklahoma had he seen such zeal and pertinacity as the Socialists are showing this year. They are at work incessantly in the towns, arguing Socialist doctrines, scattering Socialist literature and making proselytes. Clinton Simonton, the Socialist nominee, is an organizer of the American Federation of Labor, a man of education and energy. He is campaigning by counties and has made as many speeches as either the democratic or the republican nominee.

Colorado as Seen by Cartoonist Walker.



The acting representative of the Mine Owners' Association.

HOW THE OLD PARTIES ARE NOT SETTING THE WORLD ON FIRE.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"Secretary Shaw started the campaign near Brooklyn with a speech that was delivered to a thousand persons instead of the ten thousand who were promised, and he did not disguise his displeasure. Chauncey Depew, the unprecedented and unparalleled, addressed a republican Labor Day mass meeting at Jamaica, L. I., and the audience consisted of two hundred persons, half of whom were women and children. This shows that republican enthusiasm is not entirely uncontrollable."

contrast this report with the reports of Debs and Handford meetings.

MAY BEALS FUND.

The May Beals fund is going to grow again, and we will keep the agitation in Tennessee going until after election. The whole south is awakening and Comrade Beals is sowing the seed well in her state. She is a modern Joan d'Arc who is carrying the message of freedom to the enslaved. Let the comrades who cannot work in the field assist her who can. Do you know what the inauguration of the Co-operative Commonwealth will mean? Do you know what it will mean to the women and to the girls? Have you seen enough misery and degradation under capitalism? Have you suffered yourselves? Are you in earnest? Then let deeds prove your desires. Comrade Beals writes: "I received a dollar from a poor woman who said she earned it by washing. I sat down and cried over that letter, and thought I would send the money back. Then I knew she was in earnest, and instead, I said I would go out and work with all my heart."

The following has been received since last publication of fund:

H. E. Gilliland, 50c; Mary Wheeler, 50c; Alice McMahon, 50c; May Gillig, Mrs. Gillig, 30c; Miss Elsie Clover, 25c; W. J. Williams, 20c; Ada Wicks, 20c; W. J. Courtney, 10c; Elliott, 72c; Mrs. Fannie Dueser, \$1; Mrs. Janet Hillbert, 25c; J. C. Weybright, \$1.75; C. C. Rolfe, 50c; Woman's Soc. Branch, Cincinnati, \$5; Appeal League Fund, \$10; J. McMullen, \$2; John Evans, \$1; Photo D. Graham, \$1.

Send remittances to Josephine Conger, care Appeal to Reason.

BE A STUDENT.

Socialism is a science. It is worthy of the same careful study that thoughtful people give to any other scientific subject. It is one thing to vote the Socialist ticket as a protest against existing conditions and quite another thing to be so grounded in the philosophy of Socialism as to be able to answer correctly the thousands of pertinent questions that will come up every day from now henceforth.

Leaflets and papers have the same value as kindergarten and primary schools, and as such are doing a great work in attracting the attention of the masses to Socialism; but it is the books, the carefully prepared essays on economics, with reference to the working class that make their readers a rock against which the waves of capitalistic sophistry beat in vain.

Be strong; be thorough; be a student, and master every detail of the subject. Then, and only then, can you be a competent and successful teacher. Know what you are talking about and you will never be at a loss for something to say.

The literature of Socialism is broad and comprehensive. It throws a light upon history, literature and art that gives them a new and rational meaning. Such authors as Marx, Engels, Kautsky and Gronlund are a delight to those who make the mental effort necessary to comprehend them. It is worth while. Get books and get busy. Read Engel's "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," Kautsky's "Social Revolution," Marx's "Capital" and be a factor in the great mental battle that will establish Socialism. The Appeal can supply you with these books and many others of equal value, at the lowest possible price. Get books and get busy.

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS.

Princeton, N. J., Sept. 13.

My Dear Comrades:

I have just written the state secretary asking him to send a comrade down here and I will board him and furnish him with a horse and buggy and 20,000 Appeals and let him cover this country for ten miles, leaving one at every house, town included. Also, he will leave a circular explaining things and saying that he will call again with postal sub cards within a week. I will have the state secretary route a speaker, and in this way we will wake up this country pretty well, I fancy. My idea is to get four numbers of the paper—445, 447, 449 and 450—and have them left in succession, explaining in the circular so that anyone can go to his neighbors and get hold of the others. In this way I can place, including Trenton, 5,000 each of the four. Send also 1,000 postal sub cards.

Truly yours
UPTON SINCLAIR.

The world has plenty of common sense—what it needs is more uncommon sense.

The stock yard strike has been declared off. As usual, the strikers won.

How to Capture Your Locality for Socialism.

The following letter received from Francis M. Elliott, of San Diego, California, ought to be read to the members of every live local in the country and steps taken to do likewise:

"Now, a word about the Appeal and the extension of its service here. Your proposition was presented to our local, and it was the unanimous opinion that 1,000 copies for six months sent to selected lists would accomplish more than 1,400 copies for three months sent to indiscriminate addresses. Our workers are now in the field in every precinct making a thorough canvass for names and cash. We expect to forward the list within ten days. Six months will run us well into the spring campaign, and no son of toil can withstand six months' constant pounding of the Appeal. I wish that you would announce in the next Appeal after receipt of this that I will be toward sending the Appeal to give \$10 toward sending the Appeal to 1,000 voters in this city for six months. Maybe we can raise for six months in addition to that collected by our active solicitors to run our list to 1,500, or possibly 2,000."

For the benefit of those who may not have noticed our former offer, I will state that the above refers to the Appeal's offer to accept one hundred thousand six-month subscribers at ten cents each, where sent to us in 1,000 lots. Only one hundred thousand six-month subs at this special rate, which is below cost of production, can be accepted. The Appeal has the funds to make up the loss on that many of these "cut rate" subs, but that is all it can stand at present. When 100 local or state organizations have accepted this offer it will be withdrawn. Oregon comrades have accepted and are now gathering the 1,000 names and the \$100 to pay for them. Local San Diego, California, is next in line and may take two of these blocks of 1,000. Speak up quick. To make sure it might be well for you to telegraph us to reserve a place for your local.

Will contain Comrade Debs' Number "Final Word" just before the curtain drops. It will be directed to the working men and women of the United States and it will be the very last opportunity in this campaign to make effective propaganda for the Socialist ticket. Order early. \$5.00 per 1,000 copies.