

NEXT WEEK...

The first of a series of pictures entitled "JIM and JAMES" by Cartoonist Walker will be printed in the Appeal. Walker considers this series his best—and you will say so, too.



At this very hour the destinies of millions yet unborn rest in our hands. By "our" I mean those who read these lines. I am addressing those who have brought Socialism into this nation, and made it the vital question of the day.

This work must be begun NOW, and it must be prosecuted on a large scale. Capitalism is rapidly organizing to preserve itself from what it realizes to be a vital danger.

I propose, and I know you are with me, to open the ball at once.

This will be done by a special edition on trusts, intended especially to reach the business element of the nation, but also good for any intelligent, reasoning man.

There are in the United States one million business houses. There is an average of not less than two men in each firm.

The Appeal has the name and address of each one of them.

Each one of them is at present alarmed over the trusts and not only worried, but absolutely anxious, to find out the remedy for them. These men see their business undergoing a slow decay, and their foresight tells them plainly that the poor-house is their portion unless some remedy is devised to check the progress of corporate absorption of the business of the country into the hands of a few trusts.

These men know that they are hemmed in and hedged about on every hand by gigantic aggregations of capital, with which they cannot compete and in the operation of which they are not permitted to join.

They are as sick at heart as any laborer who has lost his job, for the handwriting on the wall indicates their certain future elimination from business.

Alarmed as they are, they do not know the full truth, which is that four men control twenty thousand millions, or one-fourth, of the wealth of this nation, while the rest is almost wholly controlled by sixty-eight other men—and this ring of seventy-two is getting smaller year by year and the wealth is growing greater.

This SPECIAL EDITION of the Appeal will prove these facts by the highest financial authority. We will deal only in facts and figures furnished by the established official sources. No argument, no question can be raised as to the authenticity of the black facts which we shall state.

Each and every line in this edition will be edited from many thousands of pages that we have collected and the entire energies of this office will be devoted to making each and every line of that edition shine and scintillate like a diamond.

These tottering business men will be shown plainly and clearly that the trusts cannot be broken up and production and distribution returned to the standard of small things. Socialism will be presented as the remedy for trusts, and it will be proven that Socialism will be better for them than the present system. Abundant evidence will be furnished them that the kings of the commercial world are now considering this proposition, and that it is the coming state of economics, regardless of what the small business man thinks about it.

To place one copy of this edition in the hands of each firm in the United States means that two million business men, comprising THE ENTIRE COMMERCIAL FABRIC OF THE NATION will read it.

To do this will cost \$5,000.

I want 500 men to join me, each contributing ten dollars, for the purpose of opening this campaign upon the stupendous proportions that its importance merits.

No contribution will be accepted of less than ten dollars, for I contemplate writing each one a personal letter of thanks, with a pen (not a typewriter) and this task is all I can undertake at my age, and with the other work I have to do.

I want each and every one who reads this to identify himself (or herself) with this proposition, which is really

# Appeal to Reason.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.  
Six Months 25 Cents.  
Clubs of four or more 20 Cents.  
Per 100 Copies 50 Cents.

This is Number 497

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., June 10, 1905

No man is great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for a longer time than paid for. It is published as an advocate of International Socialism, the movement which favors the ownership of the earth by ALL the people—not by a PART of the people.

Entered at Girard, Kan., postoffice as second class mail matter.

the opening gun for the institution of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The campaigns must be conducted upon gigantic lines henceforth, since there are billions of dollars soon to be arrayed in opposition.

The foe is now worthy of your steel. The attitude of contempt has been thrown aside by a strong, armed, vigilant and intelligent opponent, and, as a consequence, I am asking you to break the world's record in this matter.

The Appeal already holds the world's record for a great edition, a record that the plutocratic papers have been unable to reach, a record of 1,000,000 copies, but—

### WE WANT TO KEEP BREAKING OUR OWN RECORDS!

Recollect, a ten dollar contribution to this fund means that YOU have assisted in placing a copy of this special edition in—

### THE HANDS OF EVERY BUSINESS FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES!

Way up at Dawson, Alaska, the Socialists have organized with 44 members. The people who think are preparing to put Socialism into operation.

How different! H. P. Davidson, vice president of the First National bank, was arrested in New York for speeding his auto. He had five policemen transferred. But when a poor devil is arrested, maltreated and jailed the policemen are not transferred. Only money talks in this country. The working class should continue to vote to be the maltreated slaves of the trust, just as they have been doing for forty years.

The Belgian Socialists urge their followers not to use alcohol in any form, as it will deaden their feelings and senses and make them easier prey for their capitalist masters. Men must have full possession of all their faculties if they succeed in getting out of their wage slavery. Capitalists know that the traffic is one of their most potent aids in holding their mastership over their victims. This is timely advice. The Socialist cause needs clear heads here as well as in Europe.

B. COSGROVE, who, after forty years' service for the S. P. railroads, was crippled by an accident, was turned out of the railroad hospital and sent to the poor-house at San Francisco, according to the Chronicle of May 13th. That is what capitalism does for the workers whose votes uphold it. Thousands of such cases occur every year, but still the workers are too stupid to see that their own votes make these things possible. Under Socialism every worker will be retired on an income of enough to supply him with all the needs of life, whether he is crippled or not. But the workers seem to prefer the poor-house rather than vote for Socialism, that will make life worth living. Capitalism cannot exist a day without the votes of the working class, so no one is to blame for the deplorable conditions except the working class whose votes uphold it. Will you ever get that thought through your cocoon?

The labor commissioner of Indiana reports the average wages of the carriage and wagon workers of that state is \$6.98 a week. This shows the kind of wages Parry pays—and he expects the workers to live and save and be contented on that! How would he like to have his income limited to that? Think he wouldn't use his vote to increase it? You bet he would, but he warns his victims not to be Socialists and use their ballots to help themselves. I am inclined to the view that men who get only that measly wage and still vote the old tickets are getting a darned sight more than their brains entitle them to. But it is a pity their wives and babies have to suffer because the husband is so stupid.

It is proposed that the meat workers assess themselves for ten years to raise millions to establish co-operative plants. Yes, and put the money in banks, which, if they do not fail, will give the use of this money to the meat trust to do its exploiting with. If the meat workers will use this money to educate the voters they can have possession of the present plants in less than ten years, before which many of them will be dead. We have plenty of plants now—why not use them instead of stinking and then wasting the results in duplicating productive machinery? Educate yourselves on the power of the ballot. That is what you need more than more plants, when plants in every industry are now idle. Think!

### THE MAN WHO ROCKS THE BOAT.

From World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

It has been truthfully said that none is so blind as he who will not see. President Parry, of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, is a splendid type of the man afflicted with that kind of blindness. President Parry is the head of an organization that represents more than three-quarters of the \$13,000,000,000 of invested capital of this country, the principal sins of which are to combat Socialism on the one hand and trades unionism on the other. Addressing the annual convention of the association at Atlanta, recently, President Parry said: "The tendency toward Socialism is certainly not to be attributed to a declining sense of public morality. Rather, I believe, it is to be traced to ignorance of the fundamental principles of free liberty and to democratic leadership that, for its own ends, would stop short of nothing."

President Parry, if he only knew it, is himself representative of the most powerful of all forces that make for Socialism in the United States. Socialism is not the growth of demagoguery nor of ignorance, as he fondly imagines. No political party is made up of men who will average as high, in point of sincerity and intelligence, as do the Socialists.

There are two principal causes for the dangerous growth of Socialism. One is capital federated and organized into monopoly, and the other is the increasing difficulty with which labor, by organization, is able to protect its interests. The Wall Street Journal very aptly points this out in the course of its comments on Mr. Parry's address. It says:

It is a pity that Mr. Parry, with his antagonism to organized labor and his bias in favor of the concentration of capital, fails to recognize how inconceivable his position is as regards the cause of Socialism. Trades unionism is today one of the most effective breakwaters against Socialism which the country possesses. It is very significant that the two strongest opponents of trades unionism are Mr. Parry's organization and the Socialist party. If Mr. Parry succeeded in destroying trades unionism he might open the door to the very Socialism to which he is opposed.

Then Mr. Parry, in his address, failed to appreciate the fact that the concentration of capital, which he defended, is really by its own nature a condition of monopoly, controlling the agencies of production and transportation in the hands of a few private individuals that will cause the people to starve and support this by a monopoly controlled by the state, which is Socialism.

It is difficult to see how thoughtful men can deny the force of these pregnant observations. If labor, by means of industrial organization, finds itself unable to protect itself, and uphold the standard of living, it will inevitably be driven to attempt it through political class organization. If federated capital persists in the effort to relegate competition and individualism to the limbo of antiquated customs and ideas, and succeeds in placing consumers and laborers at the mercy of monopoly, the consumers and laborers, politically organized, will be impelled to protect themselves by taking over the regulation and control of monopoly.

The impending conflict is a serious one; perhaps the most serious the free and democratic institutions of the United States have ever had to face. Private monopoly threatens on the one hand, Socialism on the other. And such men as President Parry, pitifully myopic, with everything they have gained at stake, are recklessly hastening the issue and making it inevitable.

### GIVE THE WORKERS A REST.

The Haring cotton picker has proven a success. A large factory is going up at Dallas, Texas, for its manufacture. It is capitalized at \$2,000,000. One machine will pick eight acres of cotton per day. It will reduce the cost of picking the cotton crop one-half, or \$75,000,000 a year. It will take that much from the working class and give it to the capitalist class yearly. It means that the poor of the South must become still poorer and have that much less than they now get, for only the poorest pick cotton at the miserable wages paid. Under Socialism this machine will work for all the people, and will increase wages, not reduce them. Under capitalism it will take away \$75,000,000 worth of employment from the poor and create a few more millionaires every year. And yet the poor are so silly that they will vote the capitalist tickets and starve.

The tobacco trust has hired Ex-Secretary of War Elihu Root as counsel. The trusts appear to hire all the high government officials. Nearly every ex-member of the cabinet and many ex-heads of departments are now hirelings of some trust. Which shows that men who are called to fill these positions are friends of the trusts, for certainly the trusts would not employ men who are opposed to them. And the people expect relief from trust exploitation by electing democrats and republicans! As well expect liberty by supporting friends of the king. The trusts never select Socialists, because they recognize in them enemies, not friends.

### LOOK FORWARD TO THE DAY.

Our forefathers, with the crude implements of production a hundred years ago, were able to keep their families well, and leave an ever-increasing amount of permanent or unused wealth to the next generation, and no parent had any fear of their children starving or being unable to make a good living. No such fears haunted their day dreams of the future. How is it today? With machines that will enable men to produce ten to fifty times as much wealth as could be produced a century ago, and with that much actual wealth being produced by the workers, poverty is rampant, and every parent who has any brain development beyond the mere animal passes many sleepless nights over the problem of the future of his children. For the many there is nothing but wage-slavery—if they are so fortunate as to find some master who will employ them at wages sufficient to feed and clothe them. A competence is almost out of the question, and few hope to be able to retire on plenty and end their days in peace beyond the borders of want. Why this condition? Why, when men make more, do not those who make have more? By what rule of mathematics is such an answer to the earnest industry of the many arrived? We are facing a condition, not a theory. It must be met. It will not do to stick your heads in the sand, like an ostrich, and say there is nothing wrong. Look at the prospects ahead for your children. What can they do? What will be their position in society? Have they any chance in the race of life against the millionaires which this impractical, infernal system has created? You know they haven't, yet you, blinded by party and custom, vote to have the same old system. God! how you are to be pitied. You, a very victim yourself of injustice, voting to have your children suffer in every growing oppression! You never received any tangible benefit for any vote you ever cast—but others did. And yet you cling to the old garment that has reduced you to poverty, and insist that your children shall wear it until it becomes more ragged! Parents of America, what can you be thinking of? Of what use is it all? Where will it end? Your votes have made every rich man his wealth. Without laws of special interest not a millionaire would we have, but there would be wealth in abundance for the workers. Wake up! What are your brains for if not to think with and act? Why will you vote your children, some of them little and helpless, into a life of wage-slavery? Have you no higher ideal for them? Don't do it. Study Socialism and see what a glorious earth this can be made for all who are willing to do their share of production. Please do. And your children will bless you for the good government you leave them, as surely as in their agony they will curse you for your ignorance and stupidity if you leave them a slavery to exist under. We need no capitalists—we need wealth, we have it, and can produce more in abundance. But when we produce it now it only goes to the few and makes more millionaires and leaves us poorer than before, because it gives our masters more power. Look forward to the New Day of Socialism!

THE president, vice president and cashier of the American National Bank at Abilene, Texas, were arrested the other day for speculating with the bank's funds. The president, C. J. Lowden, was the late republican candidate for governor. These old party politicians are reliable and trustworthy.

THE German, Whitney and Central banks, of New Orleans, have merged; the American and Federal Trust companies, of Chicago, have merged. Just one day's news! Competition is a good thing to teach the common herd, but those who teach it are not competing. The little fellows will have to go. This is a day of big things. The biggest thing that can happen, and that will happen, is for all industries to be merged into one common trust of, by and for all the people. Then a man will be a man for a' that.

THE tobacco trust is still after the cigar stores in the cities, and gathering in their scalps. It will soon have every prominent retail cigar stand in every city. This helps. When the retailers find they cannot do business, but must give way to the strong hand of monopoly, they will prefer to have a public monopoly—monopoly is inevitable. It is only a question of whether it shall be for private greed or public good. The retailers support capitalism because they hope to become the rulers themselves, but when they discover that they are doomed, they will be forced to help Socialism to protect themselves from the poor-house. Everything helps Socialism these days.

FORMER District Attorney Philbin, of New York City, before the students of Cornell university, May 23d, said that the police force of the city collected more than one million a year in blackmail from the gamblers and criminals and the unfortunate women of the city. Is it any wonder that the police powers are opposed to Socialism, which would make conditions under which there would be no profit by gambling, prostitution or other crimes, and under which they would disappear? The present system, like the Russian barbarism, rests upon and is supported by crime. Vote for Socialism and usher in the New Day of Justice and Happiness.

Our friend, Tom Watson, in his magazine, complains that Socialists do not make a program of how they are to run the new order. Tom lives in the jungles of Wall Street now and hasn't seen the Socialist platform. Tom is a fine fighter, but gets knocked out and doesn't know it. When one of the Appeal Army, in response to several sample copies, asked some questions, his manager wrote him: "It would be a waste of time trying to convert a man of your temperament. Apparently you imagine that you know all there is to learn about political economy. Populism doesn't propose to abolish the wage system." It looks like Tom's manager is one of "them fellows what thinks" he knows it all himself. The Socialist knows that populism doesn't propose to change the system under which the many are exploited for the few, and of course can't be converted to competition, for that is just what he has forsaken—he knows all about it, for he has never had anything else but it since his eyes opened on this vale of tears. The populists don't appear to realize that there is no populism any more. The coffin has not even a skeleton in it—it is empty. Some people are dead about a generation before they find it out. All there ever was in any populist platform was what they took from the Socialist platform that has been before the world for fifty years. And they took only the least essential of that. However, they did good work in their day, and helped to arouse the people. We will finish the work where they quit growing.

The earnest jasper who thinks that Teddy or Bryan or himself is going to beat up the trusts will get over it when he reads "Patching The Old Garment." Swap thirty cents for a dozen and help the befuddled to get right.

WHAT IS THE USE of trying to do without them when you can get a hundred copies of "The Fable of the Water Tank," for only \$1?

### THE NEW YORK WORLD SAYS THAT

"within a hundred miles of New York thousands of tons of food go to waste every year, while within the city hundreds of thousands of the population are not adequately fed." Will you solve this riddle, Mr. Reader?

R. C. Davinson, the "reform" ex-mayor of Baltimore, ex-president of the Trust and Guarantee company, and prominent member of Rockefeller's Baptist church, has flitted to Europe with a woman other than his wife. He was a strenuous opponent of Socialism, of course. All such are. No wonder society is in its present condition when it is directed by such men. They denounce Socialism for the very crimes they commit.

In Switzerland a jeweler who handles gold or silver goods is not permitted to handle any other kind. Thus, when one buys of a merchant whose sign advertises gold, he is sure that what he buys is just what it is represented to be, under penalty of having his whole stock confiscated. We make it easy in this country to swindle the unsuspecting. We leave the individual to deceive all whom he can. This is a free country, don't you know.

ONE Loblely, an employe of the Equitable Insurance Life, is charged with stealing \$54,000, but there are those high up who are afraid to press the case, and are trying to get him to confess and take a light sentence. They are afraid of the testimony that will come out during the trial. Keep paying your policies—the rich are having great times with your stuff. These people are opposed to Socialism! Do you wonder why? Under Socialism they couldn't live like kings off the credulity and confidence of the people. That's why.

REV. J. E. HUFF, Cherokee, Ia., has been studying economics from experience. He farms with his own hands. In a newspaper article he writes: "I shipped a load of corn from Elk Point, S. D., to Montrose—100 miles—and the freight was \$91. It was more than the freight to Chicago." It is such experiences as this that wake up the people. He appeals to the voters to use their votes to take the railroads out of the hands of such robbers. "Economic determinism" is no dream.

THE Americans are such practical people. They pay a judge from five to ten thousand a year, and retire him on pay after a certain number of years. But when they employ a man at one dollar a day, they take it for granted that he can keep his family on it and save enough to keep him in his old age without a pension. Nice, isn't it? Under Socialism every citizen will be retired after about fifty years of age with an income per week which will enable him to live decently. But the working people do not want that. They prefer to pension judges at \$10,000 a year and go to the poor-house themselves. That is why they vote against Socialism. See?

THE value of the personal property in Maine averages \$105 per soul. This is all that the population of Maine has left above the living of an average of 400,000 people for two hundred years! This would show a net saving of one dollar a year for each person! Surely here is an evidence of prosperity. Can't you point with pride to it? And the worst of it is, that just a few hundred of the present 700,000 population own all this personal property. The real estate is not taken into consideration, for it was there before the people, and it had more wealth on top of ground than it has now. Surely the people are poor unto charity—a pauper community.

The rich of this nation are not only now planning a wide and comprehensive campaign against Socialism, but have already fired the first gun. Next week we will produce some evidence that will make you see as plainly as you need to, that Socialism has got to get right in and dig from now on. The plutes are not Easy Marks. Not by any means. The fight is now being opened up on the business men, and an attempt is now under way to cause the business element to hold the working class in contempt—even more than they do now. The small business men of the nation are as much in need of Socialism as the working class, since every door of opportunity is closed to them. In order to head off this attempt of the Moguls of Finance, we propose to issue an edition of one million copies, and distribute it to the one million firms in this country, where it will be read by two million business men. If it is worth ten dollars to you to see this done we shall be highly gratified to receive your contributions.

PARRY, the plutocratic parasite, has time to talk to the assembled employes in the various cities, but he refuses to meet a Socialist in debate, even when offered the free use of any theatre in his own city. Parry is one who fights when there is no enemy about. He dares not meet a Socialist on the platform.

### THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE PRESENT.

One of the things I have against the present system is its uncertainty. No matter how successful you or I may be in amassing wealth, we have no assurance that we can hold it, and if we do, and leave it to our children, we have less assurance that they will be able to hold it. A few years may see some, or all, of them paupers, through the cunning of some sharpers. This is brought home to you in the last few days if you have been reading the daily papers. Some unknown fellows have succeeded in putting millions of worthless stocks and securities onto Helen and Frank Gould—a loss so great that they will have to curtail their high living expenses—and the Goulds have every advantage of the skill and sagacity of that noted family to protect and advise them in their actions. If they can't protect themselves, with millions to back them, how do you suppose your or my children will be able to do so? Let's change the system and make one in which justice can and will be done. This one is not worth fighting for—isn't worth having as a gift. We are now ready to institute another system—it only waits for your approval at the ballot box. Under Socialism every act will certainly produce for the doer its just recompense, and none can deceive or take it away from him or her. Isn't that what you want? Certainly you do not want injustice. Come, help us institute the New and Good Order.

COME, LET US REASON TOGETHER.

You want food, clothing, shelter, instruction and pleasure—an abundance of the right sort of each—so do I. Now, this being so, why is it that we cannot arrange society so that each of us can have these things according as we help to produce them? Why should we disagree about it when we want the same things? You know that when two people disagree both of them cannot be right—but both can be wrong. For instance, if one man says that "5x5 are 24" and the other says "5x5 are 26" both are wrong. Why not discuss and compare methods of getting these good things? If the present system is giving these things in abundance and with certainty to all, then there is no reason why the subject should be discussed—for there is nothing to discuss. But if there are any considerable number who are not getting these things, then why not, as members of society, throw away prejudices and get down to the facts of the case and see if things can not be made to respond to these reasonable human desires? Why do the republicans and democrats differ? Only because they want things better and each has different ideas about what will make things better for them. Are they not like the fellows who differ about what 5x5 are? Are the working people any better off in a republican state than in a democratic state? Or under a republican than under a democratic administration? Didn't the panic of 1857 come under the democrats? And the ones of 1873 and 1884 come under the republicans? And the one of 1893 under the democrats? Is it not plain that neither of these parties see or want to do the things that will produce peace and plenty for all? If not, why do they not do it? We Socialists say it can be done, and can prove our position from the very statistics furnished officially by the old parties. The rulers of the old parties say that everything is all right now. Do you believe that? If you do, then, of course, there is nothing for you to wish other than you have. But is that so? Come reason with us, and see if we can not show you that we have a program that will help you. If you read and learn about it, and find that it will not help you, we know that you will oppose Socialism. If we were trying to deceive you, we would not want you to read and understand it. The old parties only want your vote—they don't advise you to read up and post yourself on what is best for you. "Vote 'er straight" is the kind of members they want. We want you to read and understand. Which, now, is really the safest plan to follow for your own interest?

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# I Want What You Want

Let's see, brother—I want to be happy, don't you? I want to be comfortable in my old age; isn't that what you want? I want my children to be well educated, free from poverty and happy. This is what you want for your children, isn't it? I don't like to see others in poverty. Does it give you pleasure to see them?

It doesn't delight me to know that 80,000 school children in New York go to school every morning hungry, does it you?

I want a system under which all can be well fed, well housed and well clothed. That's why I am a Socialist.

Those are the things you want—I know you want them because you are just human like myself, and it isn't human not to want to be happy and not to want to see others happy.

You think you are not a Socialist, but that is because you don't understand Socialism.

You think you are against Socialism, but, my friend, the thing you are against is not Socialism at all; it is something you have conceived to be Socialism, but which is nothing of the kind.

Suppose you study the question and find out where you are at. That is the only sensible thing you can do.

Every public man in the United States admits that the country is up against this question of Socialism. Isn't it about time you found out something about it?—E. N. R.

## BABIES AND HOGS.

The town of Huddersfield, Eng., according to the Chicago Tribune, is making an effort to give the children of the working class as good a show as a breeder of hogs gives to his Berkshire. Here is the Tribune's account of the municipal efforts to give the babes a "square deal."

The person who first notifies the health office of a birth will receive a shilling. As soon as notified the health office will dispatch municipal nurses to the house. They will take entire charge of it. They will instruct the mother in everything relating to the nursing and exercise for the child, proper feeding of clothing, how to bathe, how to play and exercise, and what shall be done for it when ailing. They will also instruct the father as to its education, as well as its punishment when it is naughty. For Huddersfield still believes in the good old practice of spanking. If the mother is a working woman, as many of the mothers of Huddersfield are, it being a mill town, her baby will be maintained free of charge during working hours at a municipal day nursery. Besides all this, the corporation will give a guinea to each mother when baby reaches the age of 12 months.

Now, in America, we do not believe in this municipal paternalism. In New York last year, if we are to believe Cleveland Moffett, 37,000 babies were born without medical attendance, 20,000 dying before they had reached the age of five years. You can see for yourself how much better this American plan is than the English. Each one of these little bodies furnished a snug sum for the pauper coffin contractor. This sum was paid, it is true, by the municipality, as the parents could not pay it. We can't very well get away from municipal paternalism after the child is dead. In order to protect the living we feel it is better to bury it. Besides there are the contractors with a pull who get so much for each pauper buried.

It would interfere very materially with the profits of the pauper coffin trust if the municipality should get the paternalistic craze and send trained nurses and skilled physicians to the houses of these work-weary mothers and relieve the suffering and give the baby a "square deal."

Down with paternalism and Socialism—and let the babes die and the mothers suffer. Profits are sacred and babies will be born in spite of the spirit of race suicide, which is rampant over the country.

The casual observer, after reading the accounts of the battle of the Sea of Japan, thinks of the belligerents as Japanese and Russians. But they are more than the representatives of these nations. It was a battle of social systems. When the smoke from Togo's battleships was wafted away there remained only the shattered hulk of mediaeval feudalism, which has been for centuries throttling the progress of Russia. The capitalism of the nineteenth century triumphed, as it has triumphed in every battle since the French and American revolutions of the eighteenth century. The Russian autocracy has played its little part, and will make way for the new order—new to Russia, just as the building of the American and French republics was new a century

ago. Progress will be rapid in Russia from now on. Capitalism will flourish as it has in other modern nations. It will run its course as it has in England, America, Germany and France and in its turn give way to the New. As capitalism succeeded feudalism, so will Socialism succeed capitalism. You can stop it no more than could the antiquated methods and decaying aristocracy of Russia stop the cannon balls of Togo's fleet. The debris of aristocracy and feudalism has been cleared from the last of the great nations—it's to be a fight to a finish from now on between the forces of the million-armed proletariat and the gold-crazed oligarchy of Capital.

From a Grant's Pass, Ore., paper I notice that three boys, aged from 13 to 16, have been sent to gaol for robbery. They were sons of the best families, Sunday school scholars and members of church. The paper says this was the result of reading novels, as they had the best home surroundings. He had recently joined church, doubtless for the same reason that many business men do—to cover up their real characters. But that was not the fault of the church nor the Sunday school. Why are such novels written and sold? For the profit. Why did the boys rob? For the profit. Analyze the action and you will find that profit somewhere was the cause of the actions that sent the boys to prison. Under a rightly organized society in which the graft principle was eliminated, boys would grow up and never commit such an action. Neither would there be any vile literature, for there would be no profit in it. Graft is everywhere, in everything, and under such conditions the wonder is that there is so little crime, not that there is so much. Isn't everybody trying to get the most out of their fellows with the least return? And doesn't that logically lead to robbery such as these boys committed, which is a less crime than the robbery being committed on the boards of trade and by the operation of the trusts? If you prefer to have your boys go to prison, vote the old party tickets. That's doing the work all right.

DISCUSSING the tremendous growth of Socialism in this country, the Portland Oregonian plaintively says: "Many have opposed this policy and have opposed the philosophy underlying it; the Oregonian among the rest. But it is futile. Government in its several forms and functions, national, state, municipal, is to take direction of all affairs supposed to be affected with a public interest. They insist that the government shall do them." In other words, Mr. Oregonian, the government will do for the people and the people will do for themselves what the capitalists have been doing. We will get along without the capitalist just as we have been getting along without the king. I will not pretend to say that the king was not a necessary individual at one time in the evolution of the race, nor will I pretend to say that the capitalist was not a useful citizen—in fact, may be useful to a certain

extent today. But I do say that as society found it could get along very nicely without a political king, we are today rapidly approaching the time when we can get along very nicely without an industrial king! And the king knows it.

But certainly Socialists will not deny that Socialism would destroy all private ownership in the agencies of production and distribution.—Portland Times.

THE Portland Times, in a lengthy editorial, discusses Socialism fairly, and in the course of its remarks makes the above observation. Yes, the Socialists will deny most emphatically "that Socialism will destroy all private ownership in the agencies of production and distribution." That private ownership has already been destroyed by capitalism. Saving for an insignificant portion, private property has now passed into the hands of corporations. There is not a single mile of railroad in the United States, there is scarcely a coal mine, of which any man can say: "I own this. It is my private property to do with as I like." Productive property has passed into the hands of corporations, and the stockholders stand in much the same relation to the entire number of stockholders as will the individual under Socialism stand in his relation to society. The Socialist recognizes today that private property is being destroyed—or rather absorbed. He points out this fact, and announces that it is due to a law of social progress which has been discovered by scientific Socialist writers. He is quite certain that society will never return to the burdensome form of private property any more than it is likely to discard the railroad for the stage coach. Not only is private property in productive and distributive machinery being destroyed, but private ownership of lands and houses is undergoing the same process. More than eighty per cent of the working class are renters, and own no property in real estate. Of the ten million persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, less than three million own land. In New York City no workmen own houses, and less than three per cent of the entire population own any real property at all. So you see, Mr. Times, there will be no private property for the Socialists to destroy when we get into power.

A NEW ZEALAND paper reports that President Roosevelt recently told a representative of the New Zealand government that he was "very much in favor of old age pensions." Says Roosevelt: "I cordially approve the granting of old age pensions. There are many reputable persons who, from a variety of causes, cannot make adequate provision for their old age, and it behooves the state to assist in such cases. These pensions should be given as a matter of right and not as charity."

Mr. Roosevelt and his party are in full control of all departments of government, but up-to-date, after about four years of rule, no one in America has read any official utterance of the president indicating that he favored giving the aged a pension. It is quite likely, now that Roosevelt has discovered that the Socialists will sweep the country, he will recommend to his party the adoption of some such measure in the vain hope of stopping the tidal wave which threatens capitalism. I would consider it a victory for the Socialist movement did the republican administration give the needy old men a pension—but can assure Mr. Roosevelt that such legislation will not stop the progress of the working class movement for complete emancipation. It did not in Germany—nor will it in America. I think the administration would be quite dumbfounded if it knew how much of the pension money now disbursed by the government to old soldiers is used to boost the cause of Socialism. Here is an extract from a letter from an old soldier that will indicate how the land lays in that direction:

I declare afresh my undying loyalty to the cause of Socialism, and will do all in my power to help bring it into power, tho' it may be the cause of my losing my pension. As I am a confirmed invalid, unfit to do manual labor, it would go hard with me, but I will chance it. I am 64 years old and haven't long to live, but will live the rest of my days for the good cause of Socialism.

Now, if the republican administration will be kind enough to give to all old men in the United States a pension, it will materially help the Socialist cause. And the republican administration will hand out old age pensions when the Socialist vote touches the two million mark.

It has cost Chicago ten millions of dollars, by reason of the strike, because one of its citizens refused to pay his employees some twenty cents a day more wages. Yes, private enterprise is a good thing. Could the public do any worse act than that if it run the industries?

Under Socialism there will not be a better opportunity for the thief than under capitalism. Providing one becomes a thief without the aid of someone else? Should a man after a year's labor have a superior to him? Should he be liable to be returned to the government? Will he be responsible for that?—Oto Kriebbaum, Cleveland, O.

If you mean by riches that one man will be able to accumulate and so use it that it will produce an income without labor, none will be rich under Socialism; but if you mean that riches consist in having an abundance of all the good things of life, then all who work will be rich. No one can be rich without the aid of others, under Socialism or any other system. Yes, a man could produce much more in a year than he could consume, but he could not lend it out for hire, for each other person would have the opportunity of employing themselves just as he had done, and without paying interest, rent or profit, so it would be absurd to suppose that any one would pay him a profit in any form. This surplus would and should be his to consume whenever he wants it, and would be saved up by society for his benefit. For if he were to try to save it up himself it would deteriorate. For instance, suppose he should lay up grain or meat or other products, on which men today speculate for use several years ahead, would they not be spoiled? But society will use his surplus, and reproduce and have it at his command on his demand. This surplus should not be taxed at all nor be returned to the government, yet the people could make a law that would tax it or confiscate it if they wanted to. But would they want to? I think not. There will be no taxes, as we understand them today, under Socialism. For how could all the people tax themselves? Taxes today are collected to pay a lot of useless citizens, mostly for their work in collecting the taxes. They do nothing useful, but much that is harmful. Under Socialism there will be no political or useless offices, but only industrial offices, each of which will be productive, giving results in real wealth equal to what the incumbents are paid. Thus the offices will be producing their own pay—quite a different condition from the present. The present system is based on taxes for non-production, public and private. Socialism will be based upon social service, and pay for real service is not a tax.

The tongue that licks the Little Red Sticker is the tongue that talks. Be eloquent and stick 'em up. A thousand for \$1.

SOME idea of the rottenness of the upper crust of society is shown by the action of the New York legislature in passing a bill to legitimize the illegitimate daughter of Millionaire C. B. Barker, of Central Valley, N. Y., with Miss Stringer. The governor vetoed the bill, and there is a great stir about it. Adultery, fornication and sexual debasement is the rule of upper sweldom—the class that rules the nation and government. These are the people who oppose Socialism because they say it will destroy the home! They are upholding the home, aren't they? To legitimize the child would have given it a share in the father's millions—and that is why the wife who submits to living with the millionaire opposed the bill and had the governor veto it. You see it is only a matter of money—economic determinism. Society is even more rotten than the French court of Louis XIV. And these people have the chastity of the nation in their hands!

So cleverly had a check which made its appearance in the Touch Court, today, altered that detectives say there are only five known men in the country, if not in the world, capable of doing the work. These five men are in receipt of a regular pension from the American Bankers' Association, in return for which they have agreed to refrain from executing their unlawful and dangerous talents. The police are convinced that one of these men is responsible for that a new and unknown "American" has begun work in this city.—Chicago Record-Herald, May 24th.

Here is a new industry created by capitalism. Educate your boy to do the penman act so cleverly that the bankers will give him a pension of twenty thousand a year not to forge papers? Capitalism fosters crime. Under Socialism no forger could possibly profit the forger, and hence would not be attempted. Men are what their environments make them. All the crimes of today are the direct result of the capitalist system of society, and will pass away with capitalism.

The way to knock out an objection to Socialism is to answer it. That's what the "Question Box" is for. A dollar a dozen.

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A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, most people never know perfectly fresh and sweet almost nothing can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 125,000 people. I can give you any amount of directions when you use the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people who have agreed to refrain from executing their unlawful and dangerous talents, the police are convinced that one of these men is responsible for that a new and unknown "American" has begun work in this city.—Chicago Record-Herald, May 24th.

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# The Jungle

By Upton Sinclair  
Author of "Mammas," "Prince Hagen," etc.

(New readers of the Appeal may obtain the chapters of "The Jungle" which have been divided for the convenience of the supply lists.)

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Now the family finances were about as they had been before Jonas left. This meant that they still had to live on Maria, and so about the same time Teta Elzbieta accepted with joy an opportunity that came to her. It had been intended that Teta Elzbieta should have the care of the house; but then it had also been intended that the children should go to school, and learn to read English, instead of picking up all the vices of the "Leaves"; it had been intended that Ona should stay at home and take care of her child, instead of dragging herself to Smith's to see her husband. All these fine intentions had been abandoned one by one, and now they abandoned the last. The son of Grandmother Majauskis belonged to a club with her mother worked as a coachman over in Hyde Park, the swell district near the lake-front; and there a woman was wanted to do the dirty work of the kitchen, and would get her board and fifteen dollars a month. That would about make things even, and so little Kotrina also left school and came home while her mother went away. It was humiliating to Teta Elzbieta, who had once considered herself a lady, to have to serve as a kitchen-wench; but she took it as a penance, to try to retrieve the disgrace of the brother's desertion. Elzbieta took this much to heart, for to her it meant one more victory of America over Lithuania.

Little Kotrina was like most children of the poor, prematurely made old; she had to take care of her little brother and sister, both of them cripples, and also of the baby, and of Jurgis. She had to cook all the meals, and wash the dishes and clean house, and then have supper ready when the workers came home in the evening. She was only thirteen, and small for her age, but she did all this without a murmur, and did it beautifully. She and Jurgis would get on famously, for Kotrina had learned things in school and could borrow games and picture books from her former teacher.

Now that the winter was by, and there was no more danger of snow, and no more coal to buy, and another room warm enough to put the children into when they cried, and enough money to get along from week to week with, Jurgis was less terrible than he had been. A man can get used to anything in the course of time, and Jurgis had gotten used to lying about the house. Ona saw this, and was very careful not to destroy his peace of mind, by letting him know how very much pain she was suffering. It was now the time of the spring rains, and Ona had often to ride to her work, in spite of the expense; she was getting paler every day, and sometimes in spite of her good resolutions, it pained her that Jurgis did not notice it. She wondered if all this misery for her as much as ever, if all this misery was not wearing out his love. She had to be away from him all the time, and bear her own troubles; he was bearing his; and then when she came home, she was so worn out, and when they talked, they had only their worries to talk of—truly it is hard, in such a life, to keep any sentiment alive. The woe of this would flame up in Ona sometimes—at night she would suddenly clasp her husband in her arms and break into passionate weeping, demanding to know if he really loved her. Poor Jurgis, who had in truth grown more matter-of-fact, under the endless pressure of penury, would not know what to make of these things, and could only try to recollect when he had last been cross; and so Ona would have to forgive him and sob herself to sleep.

The letter part of April Jurgis went to see the doctor, and was given a bandage to lace about his ankle, and told that he might go back to work. It needed more than the permission of the doctor, however, for when he showed up on the killing-floor of Smith's, he was told by the foreman that it had not been possible to keep his job for him. Jurgis knew that this meant simply that the foreman had found some one else to do the work as well, and did not want to bother to make a change. He stood in the doorway, looking mournfully on, seeing his friends and companions at work, and feeling like an outcast. Then he went out and took his place with the mob of the unemployed.

This time, however, Jurgis did not have the same fine confidence, nor the same reason for it. He was no longer the finest-looking man in the throng, and the bosses no longer made for him; he was thin and haggard, and his clothes were shabby, and he looked miserable. And there were hundreds who looked and felt just like him, and who had been wandering about Packingtown for months begging for work. This was a bad time for Jurgis, and if he had been a weaker man he would have gone the way the rest did. Those out-of-work wretches would stand about the packing-houses every morning till the police drove them away, and then they would scatter among the saloons. Very few of them had the nerve to face the rebuffs that they would encounter by trying to get into the buildings to interview the bosses; if they did not get a chance in the morning, there would be nothing to do but hang about the saloons the rest of the day and night. Jurgis was saved from all this—partly, to be sure, because it was pleasant weather, and there was no need to be indoors—but mainly because he carried with him always the pitiful little face of Ona. He must get work, he told himself, fighting the battle with despair every hour of the day. He must get work. He must have a place again and some money saved up before the next winter came.

But there was no work for him. He sought out all the members of his union—Jurgis had stuck to the union through all this—and begged them to speak a word for him. He went to every one he knew, asking for a chance, there or anywhere. He wandered all day

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through the buildings, asking everyone; and in a week or two, when he had been all over the yards, and into every room to which he had access, and learned that there was not a job anywhere—he persuaded himself that there might have been a change in the places he had first visited, and began the round all over, till finally the watchmen and the "snotters" of the companies came to know him by sight, and to order him out with threats. Then there was nothing more for him to do but go with the crowd in the morning, and keep in the front row and look eager, and when he failed, go back home, and play with little Kotrina and the baby.

The peculiar bitterness of all this was that Jurgis saw so plainly the meaning of it. In the beginning he had been fresh and strong, and he had gotten a job the first day; but now he was second-hand, so to speak, and they did not want him. He was a damaged article, to put it exactly. And yet it was in their service that he had been damaged! They had got the best out of him; there was the truth—they had worn him out; with their spending up and their damaged carelessness, and now they had thrown him away! And Jurgis would make the acquaintance of some of these unemployed men; he would stroll away with them, and perhaps sit down and talk a while with them; and he found that they had all had the same experience. The packers had gotten the best out of them all. There were some, of course, who had wandered in from other places, who had been ground up in other mills; there were others, who were out from their own fault—some, for instance, who had not been able to stand the awful grind without drink. The vast majority, however, were simply the worn-out parts of the great merciless packing-machine; they had toiled there, and kept up with the pace, some of them for ten or twenty years, until finally the time had come when they could not keep up with it any more. Some had been frankly told that they were too old, that a spryer man was needed; others had given occasion, by some act of carelessness or incompetence; with most, however, the occasion had been the same as with Jurgis. They had been overworked and underfed so long, and finally some disease laid them on their backs; or they had cut themselves, and had blood-poisoning, or met with other accidents. When a man came back after that, he would get his place back only by the courtesy of the boss. The only exception to this was when the accident was one for which the firm was liable; in that case they would send a slippery lawyer to see him, first to try to get him to sign away his claims, but if he was too smart for that, to promise him that he and his should always be provided with work. This promise they would keep, strictly and to the letter—for two years. Two years was the "statute of limitations" and after that a man could not sue.

What happened to a man after any of these things all depended upon the circumstances. If a man were of the highly-skilled workers, he would probably have enough saved up to tide him over. The best-paid men, the "splitters," made fifty cents an hour, which would be five or six dollars a day in the rush seasons, and one or two in the dull. A man could live and save on that; but then there were only half a dozen splitters in each place, and one of them that Jurgis knew had a family of twenty-two children, all hoping to grow up to be splitters like their father. For an unskilled man, who made ten dollars a week in the rush seasons and five in the dull, it all depended upon his age and the number he had dependent upon him. An unmarried man could save, if he did not drink, and if he was absolutely selfish—that is, if he paid no heed to the demands of his old parents, or of his little brothers and sisters, or of any other relatives he might have, as well as of the members of his union, and his chums, and the people who might be starving to death at his door. For a man with a family, there were periods when a brief accident would not be apt to wreck him, and others when almost certainly it would. The ups and downs of it might have been shown on a chart. The first year both he and his wife would be at work, and saving; but then the babies would begin to come, one at a time, or possibly two or three at a time—and then the man's chances would go steadily downward, and stay down till the children began to reach an age where they could sell papers or pass for sixteen at the yards. Then the line of his fate would rise again, until the man had a number of grown children, when it would be highest of all. Finally, however, his children would begin to marry and incur responsibilities of their own, and then the line would sink again, to the lowest point of all, and never to rise. The most striking single fact about Packingtown is the large number of the children, and the next most striking fact is the small number of the old people.

This is in accordance with two well-known laws of nature, the first that those creatures whose order is the lowest and whose existence is the most precarious, cast out into the world the largest number of offspring; and the other—which has been mentioned in the fore—that the creatures of the Jungle never die a natural death. The age at which they began to die an unnatural death in Packingtown could have been ascertained by taking a census of the unemployed who thronged the yards. The number that was there now, in a time of the fullest "prosperity," was appalling; and yet they represented but a very small part of those who were

thrown out into the packers' scrap-heap every year. Of those who fell sick, or met with accident, a good many never came back to ask for work; and of those who did, the vast majority had given up in despair, and either were living upon others, or dying of starvation and exposure, and the diseases to which these men are liable. Or else they had wandered off to beg for work in some other place; or had gone down into the heart of the city and become prostitutes and beggars and criminals; or had gone out into the country and become tramps and vagrants—all of them certain to perish in the end, of the same cold, the same hunger, and the same diseases, as if they had stayed at home. For the place which is here called the Jungle is not Packingtown, nor is it Chicago, nor is it Illinois, nor is it the United States—it is Civilization.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WRECKS ON COMMERCIAL SEAS.

The Merchants' Trust company of New York, has gone to the hands of a receiver. Its liabilities in excess of its assets are \$950,000.

Burnett, Cummins & Co., bankers of Boston, have failed for the trifling amount of \$1,700,000.

The First National bank of Barborton, O., has been closed by a national bank examiner. The bank held \$30,000 of worthless securities.

Oakdale, Calif., bank failed May 23. Cashier shot himself.

Bowling Green, Ky., bank of Potter Sons, failed for over a million.

First National, of Cornwall, N. Y., failed May 19th.

Monument National, of Charleston, N. Y., established in 1855, closed its doors and went out of business May 27.

Bank of Flat Rock, Ind., had its checks refused. Speculated on board of trade. Failed May 29.

## BOTH OPPOSED SOCIALISM.

John Smith, an aged preacher of Gal-laway county, Ky., was recently sentenced to serve 15 months in the Atlanta prison for counterfeiting. He made silver dollars and did not think the act illegal, "because the money was as good as that turned out by the government."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday school song "There is a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kan., where he died a tramp in the town jail 12 years ago. His name became a byword in the places where he was known; and from a prison cell he went forth a vagabond upon the face of the earth.—Press Dispatch.

## Pet Dog to Have Costly Funeral.

Mrs. Emma Jones thought so much of her pet dog "Sport" that she will bury the animal in a fine, satin-lined coffin in the yard of her home, 218 North Second street. An undertaker will do the job. "Sport" was 16 years old, and was loved and respected by a large circle of friends.—Philadelphia North American.

Get the habit. What habit? Habit of handing some neighbor a copy of the Appeal, or better yet, get the habit of handing out five copies a week for a year. They'll cost you but a dollar.

The republican party has been responsible for some things that should not be endured for a single night by such enterprising men as sit here.—Gov. Cummins, at Chicago.

## What Men Want

They Must Have Nerve in Order to be Happy—Now Free to All

There is a medicine that imparts "nerve" and all the powers and attributes of super and extra strength. That will enable any man to privately quickly and simply cure himself of nervous exhaustion and its attendant defects and weaknesses that unfit for the duties and pleasures of life.

From our experience we know of no other medicine that is so positive, perfect and reliable. It cures all the ailments of the nervous system, restores vitality, invigorates and renews the brain, cells and nerve fibers; imparts strength, energy and functional perfection to deteriorated, fagged and played-out organs; restores lost energy. It equips one with vigor, stamina and endurance. It restores the vitality of the aged, the vigor of the over-worked middle age; the prep and mainstay of advancing years.

A cure for rheumatic, prostatic trouble, bladder and kidney troubles, blood poison, stricture, gonorrhoea, and all the other ailments that may have been caused by early indiscretions or by over-indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh.

Simply send your name and address to the Interstate Remedy Co., 184 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and they will send you a bottle absolutely free, a trial treatment with full directions for its use.

This offer is open to all, and the medicine will be sent absolutely free to everyone who will apply for it. Send your name and address to the Interstate Remedy Co., 184 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and take advantage of this fair and liberal offer.

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No Unpleasant Nose  
No Unpleasant Throat  
No Unpleasant Lungs  
No Unpleasant Stomach  
No Unpleasant Intestines  
No Unpleasant Bladder  
No Unpleasant Kidneys  
No Unpleasant Liver  
No Unpleasant Gallbladder  
No Unpleasant Pancreas  
No Unpleasant Spleen  
No Unpleasant Testes  
No Unpleasant Ovaries  
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No Unpleasant Uterus  
No Unpleasant Vagina  
No Unpleasant Cervix  
No Unpleasant Vagina  
No Unpleasant Cervix  
No Unpleasant Vagina  
No Unpleasant Cervix

**KNOCKS THAT QUESTION ABOUT SOCIALISM**

TO ASK QUESTIONS is to doubt; but to answer questions IS TO CONVINCE. Shakespeare says that "He is three-armed who hath his quarrel just." The contention of the Socialist is just, for he seeks the establishment of justice, and when gloved with the "Question Box" is prepared to knock out lightweight and heavyweight questions in the first round with ease and rapidity. Get on the gloves. A dozen for \$1.



**Socialists Demand** That every man shall receive the full social product of his labor. Is that "DIVIDING UP?"

# COMING NATION

**Socialists Demand** a job for every man, an education for every woman, an education for every child. Is that ANARCHY?

## Mr. Post's "Mind Child."

THE National Manufacturers' Association held a very interesting session at Atlanta a few days ago. Mr. Parry was, of course, the central attraction—but he is being pushed for first place by Mr. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., the rising star in the capitalist firmament, who spends millions of dollars annually to tell the working class just what he thinks of them. Here is some of the Post philosophy, which was applauded by the assembled manufacturers, representing in the aggregate over three-quarters of the wealth invested in the manufacturing industries of the nation:

A workman carries some boards to the building and a horse hauls some more. Which "creates" and to which should the building partly belong, both work and both execute, but neither originate or create any wealth whatever? Both are paid an agreed, understood and full equivalent for their services. The horse his oats, hay and water, and the workman his money. The man who sells the brick for the house creates nothing, yet the bricks are necessary to picture forth the original mental creation. The man who sells physical labor for picture, yet labor is necessary to the material building. The brick seller, lumber merchant, glass maker and workman who sells his labor all belong to the same class of sellers of material needed, but none of them are creators of that building. Physical labor is not a creator. Mind is the only creator. When the workman chooses to cease selling his labor to execute the designs of another and starts to originating designs himself and hiring others to execute them, he abandons the arms of sellers of labor and becomes a creator of wealth by first giving birth to ideas and then buying brick, lumber, labor, glass and iron, and combining them to picture forth in material his original mind child, his creation. Let all men get these points clear and save contests on the point of incontestable ownership of property."

Now, then, Mr. Worker, you and the horse do a job—the horse gets his hay, oats and water (which mind created) and you get your wages, with which you buy oats, wheat, corn and bacon (which mind created). You arrive, at the end of the year, at the same point as does your companion, the horse, or mule, as the case may be. There is this difference, however, which Mr. Post overlooked: When the job has been finished the capitalist dispenses with the services of the workman and his responsibility ceases. He can go to the devil for all the capitalist cares. Not so with the horse, or the mule, as the case may be. If our good friend, Mr. Post, has nothing for the animal to do, the horse gets his hay, oats and water (which mind creates) just the same. This is a perfectly frank statement on the part of Mr. Post, and I am glad he has made it. I have pointed out frequently in these columns that the average American workman was little better off than the horse or mule. Now we have it from a well-known capitalist that the workman and the horse are exactly on a level, with the odds, as I have shown, in favor of the horse.

However, let us look a bit farther into the philosophy of this capitalist mouth-piece: "The man who sells the brick for the house creates nothing." True, again, Mr. Post, but the man who dug the clay and fashioned the brick, and fired the kiln, and railroaded it to the place of your building, did create wealth. If you will go back a few thousand years and read the history of brick-making you will discover, Mr. Post, that bricks were first made by laboring men—not by capitalists. There were no capitalist in those days—yet there were bricks. Later on the workman was made a slave, and his master told him to make bricks, but the master neither made the bricks with his hands, nor did he conceive the idea of bricks in his mind. It was a conception born in the brain of a workman thousands of years previous. The slave master, however, claimed that the bricks belonged to him because "he told the slave to make them." If you will pull down the musty bible in your library and turn to the book of Exodus you will read of the first strike of the brick-makers. After the Israelites had left Egypt, taking their physical labor with them, there were no more bricks made in the land. The mind of Pharaoh was left behind, however, but it couldn't make brick. (Amay be possible that the mind of the capitalist today can "create" brick, and saw lumber, and mould glass, and dig iron. I don't know—I never saw one at work bringing forth this "mind child." I surmise this is a little jolly which Post was giving his assembled friends—the militant plutocrats of the nation.

Suppose Mr. Post and his friends had been suddenly transported to one of the numerous islands in the Atlantic ocean—you can at once readily understand the difficulty they would have in materializing the "mind child"—the birth pains, I wot, would take the form of blisters and aching shoulders, the results of physical labor. This chaff, Mr. Post, is entirely too gauzy to catch the average workman. He begins to get a glimpse of the situation as it exists—and is forming himself into a battalion under the banner of Socialism. He doesn't propose to hurt the capitalists. You can continue to bring forth your "mind children" to your hearer's content—be's simply going to refuse to blister his hands making brick and building houses for you. He's got a mind and he's using it. That's why the assembled group of financiers discussed the problem of putting down Socialism to the exclusion of other matters at Atlanta. FRED D. WARREN.

By the Spokane, Wash., *Review* of May 19th, I find an interview with S. T. Holbrook, a capitalist who has returned from Australia. He says the Socialists are in control and capitalists are leaving that country, as they can't make any money there because of the laws. That is good news. Evidently the laboring class there have gotten onto the game, and find that they don't need capitalists or employers, because they can be their own employers, and have grown tired of giving up three-fourths of all their labor produces to sustain a lot of leeches and parasites. If Holbrook sold out, as he says, then some one must have bought who had faith in the people, so it don't seem to be so bad after all. Australia and New Zealand are developing wealth at a tremendous rate. But it is being held more and more for the workers, and not for the shirkers. It will be a great day for the real workers when all the capitalists leave that country. The workers will not have to support them in idleness or viciousness, as they do here.

The recent Indiana marriage law requires the applicant to answer all question under oath. Among these questions is "Can you support a wife?" and the result is that marriages have fallen off one-fourth, with a necessarily corresponding increase in prostitution. And of such is the wisdom of the law-makers! If those whose business it is to enact laws will make conditions so that every man and woman can have employment that will supply their wants there will be more marriages and less prostitution. But foolish people elect other foolish or incompetent people to make the regulations of society, and there you are. If wise people were in the majority we would have a wise and happy

society, but evidently the majority are just about wise enough to vote what some one tells them to vote. As Mohammedans would elect Mohammedans, so the foolish or ignorant elect their own kind.

E. B. STEPHENS, San Raphael, Cal., made desperate by the prospect of starvation, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, of May 25th, killed his sleeping wife and five sleeping children and then committed suicide. Private ownership of the jobs comes high, but people do love it so. Here was a man willing and able to work; no one would let him work because they had all the "hands" they wanted; there was only one thing for him to do—kill himself and family to prevent starvation, which would have been infinitely a more horrible death. You helped to kill him and his family by voting for the present system. Under Socialism there would be a place for every willing worker, man or woman, at more than \$2,000 a year. You, by your vote, prevent such conditions, and are, therefore, just as guilty as if you had helped him to load the gun he used. It may come your turn next time to commit crime to get out of your misery. Ye gods! be ye men and have no sense of what you do?"

From time to time the Appeal prints from other papers and periodicals anti-Socialist views of the growth of the movement. Readers should bear in mind that these expressions are not always endorsed by the Appeal. They are simply printed to show the wide-spread interest which the movement is occasioning. Frequently statements are made by these writers in other papers which are not exactly in accord with the Socialist philosophy, but as a rule they are an honest endeavor to tell what Socialism is, and how it is growing.

## ARMY COLUMN

Each and every member of the Army should contribute ten dollars to the fund for sending the trust edition to the business men. This will, at once, without any monkey work or delay, place Socialism before over two million business men of this country. The price, ten dollars, is worth it to every one that wants to see the Co-operative Commonwealth inaugurated and who desires to be identified with the great plans that are utilized in accomplishing the work.

Four scalps from Comrade Morsch, of Peachland, B. C.

Comrade Johnson, of Mineral Wells, Texas, gets to the bat with a bunch of four.

Comrade Rush, of Kasan, Alaska, gets to the front with a contribution of \$7 to the League Fund.

Comrade Lee, of Roosevelt, Okla., gets to the front with a club of seven. The very name of Roosevelt looks good to us that way.

Peter Jacob, of Wall, Pa., ambushed five old parasites for the benefit of the Appeal recently. Kind of get them up against the Wall, as it were.

Noting a number of the enemy cruising about, Comrade Flowers, of Bigfoot, Texas, ordered out his destroyers and captured five of them. On with the fight.

Orders for bundles of five are rolling in from all over the nation. This is a measure which every worker should support, for you really need the papers in your business.

Comrade Adams, of Dallas, Texas, torpedoes four of the enemy the other day and informs us that he isn't old enough to vote. We have forwarded him a commission as lieutenant in the Appeal Navy just the same.

Comrade Keas, of Bradford, Tenn., touches us up with a club of four. Keas is the owner of a general store—one of those business men who knows a good thing when he sees it. Socialism means peace and plenty for Keas without the hard labor and worry that the business men of today are compelled to undergo.

Our list at Baker City, Ore., has been added to the extent of five names through the kind efforts of Comrade Davis. Let everybody get in and do up your town. Let us make Davis shed tears and then go out and be obliged to nab at least seven or eight more. Davis can do it—and what is more, he will do it very soon.

Comrade Mercer, of Ava, Mo., not only got in with an order for a bundle of five for a year for himself, but he also lifted the scalps of Comrades Ridgeway and Victor, of the same town, for a bundle of five for each one of themselves. It is said to have been one of the most bloodless battles ever engaged in by a member of the Appeal Army—in fact, the enemy surrendered upon catching sight of Mercer.

Comrade Phillips, of the wholesale drug firm of Berry, DeMott & Co., Nashville, Tenn., gets to the front with two new names, which we appreciate. This company is one of the largest, if not the largest, drug firms in the south, carrying a half million dollar stock of goods. Phillips must be trying to get some ragged working mule to "divide up" with him!

Each of the following named comrades have subscribed for a bundle of five for a year:

- Arnold Allen, Abner Aldrich, Alexander Atkinson, Aker, Branton, Bennett, Beschamp, Benson, Brock, Brossman, Bell, Bernhardt, Benson, Coss, Corley, Carden, Carpenter, Cole, DeLapina, Davis, Eastbrook, Fowler, Bry, Gibson, Good, Gubser, Hebel, Hetckel, Hickey, Hardwick, Howell, Howarth, John, Johnson, Killgiver, Lutz, Lucks, Lein, Linn, Linn, Metzger, Minger, Moyer, McKeever, Baldwin, Roub, Swanger, Slat, Talbot, Trapp, Thomas, Vazian, Wellman, Wolf, York.

Comrade Hopkins, of Rapid City, S. D., got to the front with a club of four last week. "I should think you would rather live in Rapid City than here," remarked the Joke editor to the Sporting editor. "Why so?" inquired that worthy, as he cautiously turned his cuffs. "Because you are so fast," returned the Joke editor. "Well, I am not so certain that I could live in the same town and keep pace with Hopkins," replied the Sporting editor, reflecting sadly upon the vicissitudes of a poker game of the night before.

"What's that about banks?" inquired the Sporting editor, coming in just as the Army editor had finished telling about the club of four from Comrade Boylan, Vice-president of the First National Bank, of McLoud, Okla. "Boylan," continued the Army editor, "not only got in with a club of four scalps, but he takes a bundle of ten weekly, and on each one of them he writes his name and a statement that he will send in subscriptions at 25 cents each. But where are you going?" he inquired of the Sporting editor, who was picking up what he calls his valise and making for the door. "Going? Going? Where do you suppose I would be going?" the Sporting editor snorted angrily. "I am going where I will be appreciated and where my credit is good for something. I am on my way to McLoud, Okla., and on my way I hear that I have successfully negotiated a large loan from the First National bank of that city. I don't want you to see me butting in and tell Boylan that I owe you a few coppers. My new system of beating the bookies will be successfully demonstrated at the Kansas City race tracks this summer and then you will all get your dough. All you have to do is not to do up my credit at the banks," concluded the Sporting editor, as he passed through the door and went to the station on a dead run.

The theory which some of you jaspers appear to hold," said the Army editor to the assembled editors, "that the

working mule is the only one that takes any stock in Socialism is a delusion and a snare. For instance I am in receipt of a note today from H. D. Mackay, president of the St. Louis, Siloam & Southwestern Railway, saying: 'A friend of mine has just handed me a copy of your paper the Appeal to Reason. I am much pleased with the contents. You express my sentiments fully.' 'I think it would be a wise plan,' said the Religious editor, reflectively, 'to write to Brother Mackay and inquire if he would not be willing to put a gospel car on his road, so that the living words of the Christ could be preached to the people. What do you think of it?' he concluded looking anxiously at the assembled editors. 'Your idea isn't worth a tinker's—' replied the Sporting editor, promptly. 'My theory is to establish a park in some out of the way place and pull off prize fights and three-shell games. This will build up an excursion business, by which the road will profit, while your idea is simply to have a creed carried to the people that don't want it had enough to pay for it. You only want to work yourself into a soft snap, skylarking around over the country on special trains and private cars, while I have to hustle all the time to get bread.' 'If you hustle for bread with the same vigor that you ferve for beer, you would soon have the bread market cornered,' retorted the Religious editor, menacingly. 'If you read the Bible with the same avidity that you do the Police Gazette you would soon leave the Professors of Theology at the starting post. But your present scheme of doing the devil's work because it is natural to you will work out just as it always has—you will get nothing but trouble for it.' This retort angered the Sporting editor to such an extent that he lost his reason, and picking up a copy of the New Testament he was about to break the head of the Religious editor with it, when Comrade Griffith, of Bridgeport, Texas, landed a shell containing 20 yearlies and Comrade Hartley, of Bonner Springs, Kan., exploded another one immediately following, also containing 20 yearlies, knocking down the Sporting and Religious editors, and in the excitement of counting the names both gentlemen forgot their differences and resumed their former amiable relations.

At an unknown hour in the future what you do today may weight the scales of fortune so greatly in your favor that some favored avenue will open to you—a trail that leads to the highest position that a human being could ask for on this planet. And, equally true it is, that your failure to do the work today may count against you, and close to you exactly the opening for which you might be willing to give even life itself.

Louis Klamroth for many years has tramped the western section of this country over, taking subscriptions to Socialist publications. The labor has been hard to an extreme degree, it has paid but very little in a financial way, and the appearance of Klamroth indicates no special features of heroic endeavor on any line. His work has been simply the plodding, patient work of taking subscriptions. And, because of that, Socialism has spread and widened and deepened, until today it is thundering and clamoring at the doors of the legislative halls of the world. In a few more years it will be in those halls, completely the master, and when that day comes do you not think that Klamroth's whisper will be more potent than that of a hundred thousand men who simply rode on the crest of the revolution, scattered throughout the nation—the workers in every city, town and hamlet of this country? The men who do the work always win—how can anyone who does nothing ever expect to have any experience to back his opinion with?

The Togos of the future time will see their opportunity on this day and date. It comes but once in many thousands of years—such a chance as this. For, soon Socialism will have every place of power and honor in this nation. It will have the men to fill them then, just as Japan has its Oyamas and Togos today—it will be those who started early and were contented to prove that they could do the small things well, until the great ones appeared and called them into the limelight of the World's Attention.

If you are looking for something to help win your precinct to Socialism, search no further; but sit right down and send \$1.25 for a dozen copies of "What's So and What Isn't," the 96-page booklet by John M. Work. It wakes 'em all up.

## The Togo of the Social Revolution

THE other day the relentless Togo, with the eyes of an eagle world upon him, on the high seas, in alternate fog and sunshine, encased by powder smoke and the deafening roar of battle, amid gigantic explosions, in as fierce a hell as the science and money and brains of the world could conceive and put into operation, performed one of the greatest feats this world has ever known. For it will receive all the honors that the rulers of Japan can bestow, all the things of this material world are his—money, glory and esteem. In this hour of the triumph of Togo let us, without examining the moral aspect of the matter, examine into how it was done. Let us see what it was that gave Togo, when the hour for action came, cleared cables and waiting telegraph lines to every seat of government on this globe, to the end that the rulers and diplomats of the world might be able, with lightning speed, to tear up, to formulate and to project policies of the world for the people, in accordance with whether Togo won or whether Togo lost.

Togo did not climb to the conning tower of the flagship on the day of the fight. He was not called upon suddenly to assume the task of standing single handed and alone, as the one man of Japan capable of saving the national life of his country. Japan did not publicly cry out for some one to assume charge of the costly treasure he the way of battleships—to command the thousands of men upon whom such great responsibility rested. Quite the contrary.

The cheers which greet the name of Togo are the product of nearly fifty years of tedious and unremitting toil; of hard work, of careful preparation, of continued study, of vigilant care, of supreme attention to small details, of constantly acquired experience in minor matters, which many others, who are not, and who never will be Togos, do not think it worth while to do. Togo began with the rising tide of the New Japan, in a time when nothing accrued to holders of such sentiments except hardship and toil. Togo had his share of these—in point of fact, his life has had little else to it but hard work—within the last two years, when the hour came to use it—to put into practice the knowledge and experience so learned. If Togo had not taken up with the New Japan in the long ago, if Togo had not diligently applied himself to the labor necessary to make himself valuable to that cause, then Togo would today be one of the unnumbered peasants of the countless throngs that cheer Togo's name. Certain it is that the New Japan could not and would not have pushed forward an ignorant man to fight its battles, to crown with honors, simply because of the name he bore. No, it would have been some other name that would be crowding the cables and wires of the world today, some other name that would be credited with changing the policies of nations, but the man that bore the name, the man that won the fight, would have behind him the same years of toil and study to produce himself that Togo has.

Today, rising swiftly into the view of mankind, is the New Industrial Policy, by which the social relations of the future will be governed. The day and date for the beginning of the future Togos is this day and this date. The times demand men who know an opportunity when they see it, and who begin to lay the foundation with a view to what the future will bring forth. And these men who carry the flag of Socialism today, at the time that it needs bearers of its standard, are the ones who will forge to the front when the time comes to write the history of this greatest of all revolutions.

This work was formerly sold at \$1.25 net, in cloth edition. The Appeal has a supply in paper covers which are offered, postage prepaid, at only 25c.

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## GETTING AT THE TRUTH

It is an old and very true saying that when "thieves fall out honest men get their dues." Today, we may render it thus: "When rogues fall out the truth is liable to be made public." Ex-Adjt-Gen. Bell, of Colorado, has fallen out with Ex-Gov. Peabody. Bell with his usual swagger announces: "I'll make public to the world a few things that are not generally known. And I'll have them from 'Jim' Peabody's own lips. I'll make him show what a weak and vasellating governor he was and how I constantly had to be behind him to stiffen his backbone.

"Pledged as was 'Jim' Peabody to the corporations, he tried to make a dicker with Moyer and Haywood the moment he got into office. When he found he could not be called out when we had Moyer in the bull pen at Telluride! When the federation applied to the federal court he completely collapsed. 'Release Moyer, for heaven's sake!' was the substance of a telegram he sent me to Telluride.

"If 'Jim' had batted an eye Lieutenant Governor Haggott and I had it framed up to take Peabody in an auto to Cripple Creek and place him in the bull pen with the men who were later deported."

## DOES IT COST TOO MUCH?

They make more dollars and ruin more lives under the pall of Pittsburg smoke than anywhere else in all the world. The great steel district takes into its capacious maw human flesh and blood and spews out dead and cripples. The complicated machinery employed compels great risk. The danger increases when there is neglect to provide the proper safeguards.

There are other places besides Pittsburg where human life is cheaply estimated. The railroads of the country kill and maim their hundreds of passengers and their tens of hundreds of employees.

We are getting rich. To do so we immolate human victims upon the altar of our commercialism. We continue to put dollars above men.

We build our civilization upon the bones of our humble workers. We are in advance of all the world. To pay for that advance we maintain a death roll in times of peace.

It is too costly.—Omaha Daily News.

"MASS AND CLASS," a survey of social conditions by W. J. Ghent, author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism."

Mr. Ghent maintains that since the time of early tribal society social processes have inevitably grouped men in economic classes. The generally accepted test of relative income in differentiating present-day classes, he maintains, "fails utterly to furnish a standard for distinguishing them. No common characteristics, no common body of instincts and beliefs are developed among men by parity of income alone. It is the difference in the methods of making a living that divides the mass into economic classes." "Between the two extreme classes—that which owns the means of production and that which must use the means of production owned by other men—there exists an enduring conflict."

Two chapters on "The Reign of Greed" outline the subject of prevailing fraud in business and government. The final chapter, "The Failure of the Trading Class," depicts the condition of society under its regime, the absence of a collective sense of responsibility, the emergence of a new group of organizers, the awakening consciousness of the workers, and a statement of the outcome to be expected.

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## Not Sanders, By E. P. Richardson

No pendulum always swings one way.

Man's inhumanity to man makes millions.

Good politics is not always good morals.

Misery always produces a scoundrel or a saint.

Rojevstevsky! Adieu! It was your time Togo.

The world's trail blazers have always been dreamers.

The trust is simply one phase of the social revolution.

Capitalism is a suicide system—it is destroying itself.

Many a man is in jail for taking things as they come.

Everything you do is good—good for someone or something.

Going to law is simply one way of going to the poor-house.

A wise man always puts in more time thinking than talking.

Plenty of funerals are an evidence of prosperity—for the undertaker.

Socialism is coming in spite of all the working class may do to stop it.

The average man today is simply a user of tools that he doesn't own.

It's easy enough to find plenty of evidence of prosperity—for someone.

There is only one kind of Socialism. It's men's view points of Socialism that differ.

It is not the quantity of a man's knowledge that counts so much as the quality.

Liberty—there is only one kind of liberty but there are many kinds of imitations.

Reformers fight effects, Socialists would remove the cause. Which is the most sensible?

The strength of a movement can best be measured by the strength of the opposition it arouses.

The highway of hope is covered with the tears of the disappointed, yet it is the only road to happiness.

Your interests and the interests of your employer are in one respect identical—you both want all you can get.

The people will learn some day that it doesn't do much good to elect good men to office to uphold a bad system.

Yes, my son, you can quit your job if you want to, but can you stick to it if you want to? Ever look at it that way?

Socialism is the only remedy for "argavolia." That's the scientific name for the disease commonly called "money madness."

Those Frenchmen who have their money invested in Russian bonds are probably now thoroughly convinced that war is hell.

The only real trust buster in this country is John D. Rockefeller—he is busting all the little trusts as fast as he can get to them.

The Socialist Spark is a bright, snappy monthly, published at Durban, South Africa, by the Clarion Fellowship. May its spark never grow dim.

When the workers learn to live without eating it will be time enough for them to begin figuring on winning a strike on the economic field.

When a man starts out on a business career he usually does with his conscience what he does with his trunk when he goes traveling—"checks it out."

Business is simply getting the best of the other fellow, not because there is any fun in it, but to keep the other fellow from getting the best of you.

The difference between what you find in your pay envelope and the social value you have produced is the amount you have been robbed of by the system.

Mr. Post, of Battle Creek, and Mr. Parry, of Indianapolis, are each entitled to one of those Appeal souvenir watches for the good work they are doing for Socialism.

The New York stock exchange is reported nervous. As the date of Lawson's Kansas speech approaches it will probably develop into a full-fledged case of nervous prostration.

Frank Coleman, an Oklahoma prisoner at the Kansas state penitentiary, is serving a ten-year sentence for stealing eight cents. No, Mr. Coleman never had an office at 26 Broadway, New York.

Under the present system Rockefeller and his class are like so many powerful magnets, irresistibly drawing to themselves all the world's wealth. Socialists propose to demagnetize them.

There can be no industrial peace as long as the wage system lasts. And it is surprising the number of capitalists who are waking up and recognizing this fact.

In preparing society for the New Order the work of the capitalists is as important as that of the Socialists—the capitalists are organizing industry while the Socialists are educating the people.

J. Pierpont Morgan seems to be getting on a very friendly footing at Rome. You don't suppose he aspires to be the Pope's financial agent? The church has billions, you know. It would be a great combination.

If you don't believe in dividing up, why don't you quit it? You are certainly not such a chump as not to know

that you only get a small part of the wealth you produce. Who gets the rest of it? Don't bet a fool.

Roosevelt says there are good trusts and bad trusts. The Socialist philosopher says they are all good—good because they are necessary steps in the evolution of society in its march towards Socialism.

Socialists do not want Rockefeller's millions, but simply want to take from him the power to accumulate more millions. In other words Socialists are willing for Mr. Rockefeller to have all he earns, but not what other people earn.

Buying and selling state legislatures, municipal councils, etc., has become so common that it excites very little comment. It is not a radical defect in our national character, but simply the natural result of our political and social institutions.

Why should a majority submit to the domination of a minority? Ignorance—nothing but ignorance. The working class produce all the wealth and although they out-number the parasites twenty to one they meekly accept their board and clothes as their share and are happy when they can get even that.

Roosevelt says this can never become a government of the mob, meaning of course, the common people. It has already become a government of the grafters, and that's where it will stay until the "mob" quit throwing brick-bats at one another's heads and begin using their ballots to capture the powers of government for themselves.

No, my good southern friend, Socialists are not working for a system of society that will force you to associate with the negroes—you are doing that already—but on the other hand, Socialism will give you the opportunity, for the first time in your life, to associate on an equality with those who are congenial to you and to whom you are congenial. Economic equality does not spell social equality by a long ways.

Police Commissioner McAdoe, of New York, says he intends to give all members of the police force two days' extra vacation on full pay on account of their faithfulness during the recent interborough railroad strike. Faithfulness to whom? Faithfulness to capitalism, of course. The rest of the New York workers can take their vacations without pay and amuse themselves chasing a job—they, too, were faithful to capitalism; they voted for it.

## THE TRAFFIC IN WHITE SLAVES.

New York, N. Y.—Sold, according to a story she told in court today for \$25, by a man who, she said, had abducted her from her home in Brooklyn, to Antonio Isabella, who it is alleged, accepted a receipt for the amount which he had paid, Bertha Thielman, a 16-year-old girl, appeared today against her alleged purchaser. Bertha's disappearance several weeks ago confounded the police of three cities. In the interval, she avers, she had been made a prisoner in the apartments of respectively, her reputed abductor and her alleged purchaser.

As a result of her story today, when she appeared against Antonio Isabella, the latter was held for trial in \$2,000 bail by Magistrate Jossan of Central Street police court.

Through a letter received by Police Commissioner McAdoe from Stella Villerman, another young girl, who alleged that she had been held captive by Isabella, the whereabouts of the Thielman girl was revealed, as was also that of Josie Seligman, 17 years old, who recently disappeared from her home.

## Why Socialism Grows.

A union teamster told one of our comrades one day this week that he had heard a good many Socialist speeches, but had never been convinced that he should be a Socialist until he saw the police riding on the wagons acting as strike breakers. He said, "That was what fetched me. In the future I am with the party of the working class."—Chicago Socialist.

L. R. Jenks and Arthur Parker, who were charged with an attempt to kill Edward Bell, sheriff of Teller county, were acquitted last week at Castle Rock. With all the perfidy of the mine owners and their allies, the citizens' alliance, they have failed to score one single conviction of any member of the Western Federation of Miners.—Miners' Magazine.

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