

500 contributions of \$10 each are requested for the purpose of sending a copy of the Special Trust Edition, to be issued later, to each one of the 1,000,000 business firms in the United States. The total amount contributed to date is...
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FIFTY CENTS A YEAR
 Six Months 25 Cents
 Clubs of four or more 25 cents.
 Per hundred copies 50 cents

Appeal to Reason.

This is Number 510
 IF NUMBER 511 IS ON YOUR YELLOW LABEL YOUR TIME EXPIRES WITH THE NEXT ISSUE
 Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., September 9, 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 Farm.

The contest for the 80-acre farm closes September 30th, 1905, at 6 p. m. on or before that date to be counted.

We do not believe that there are more than twenty-five or thirty actually contesting for the farm, since the great bulk of the orders received for the Trust Edition up to the present time are for lots of 250 and 500 copies. We are not able to say who is in the lead, or what the largest number of copies ordered by any one worker amounts to, for we do not know ourselves. No one will know that, or can have any idea of what the record will be or who the winner will be until the slips are taken from the bank vault and counted after the close of the contest.

The hour of victory for some man is now approaching—an hour in which, for some seven or eight weeks of effort, he will receive a warranty deed to eighty acres of land—a farm that will give him an agreeable and profitable home the balance of his days.

This land is located one mile from Ravenden Springs, Ark., one of the leading summer resorts of the Southern States. The water is a specific for all kidney, liver and stomach, as well as many minor troubles—and as a resort it will grow into a thriving town of good proportions in the near future. This land is located directly on the line of a proposed railway, which, when built, will furnish transportation from the farm to such markets as St. Louis, Kansas City and Memphis.

The ground is finely adapted to fruit-growing, vegetable production, and will exceed anything in the United States as a chicken and egg producer. It will, to be short about it, produce anything except strictly tropical products, being on the line between the North and South. Here cotton and wheat will grow side by side.

The climate is something exceptional, as the farm is nestled among the Ozark hills—world-famous for pure air and water—for cool summers and mild winters.

Part of this farm is cleared, and about forty-five or fifty acres of it is timbered. The fuel and lumber problem is solved. The buildings consist of a log house, with barn, wagon and buggy shed, cribs, chicken house, etc. A branch of water runs through the place, near the barn, which makes the watering of stock a matter of convenience, while a spring of water comes from the ground about 150 feet from the door of the house.

This place, in return for a reasonable amount of intelligent labor, will furnish you a living such as cannot be obtained in cities at any price—for your meat, butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, honey, syrup, and everything of that nature can be of the finest produced, fresh from the source of production, AND UNTAINED BY DECAY OR ADULTERATION.

Under this farm is an immense bed of talcum, the wholesale price of which is ten cents a pound.

The widow of Mennen, who first began the sale of talcum through advertising about fifteen years ago, was offered recently \$1,000,000 for the business, which grew from a good deal less foundation than this farm offers. Mennen entered into an unknown field, with little or no resources, and in a few years built up a business that is today worth \$1,000,000 not counting the vast sums he derived from it. You have some advantages over Mennen, and this farm is worth every effort you make to win it. We offer you, if you order the most copies of the Trust Edition, a better start than Mennen had.

Heinz, the millionaire manufacturer of outspuns, pickles, chow-chow, etc., started out a few years ago with one-fourth an acre of land, on which he raised horse-radish, and grated and sold it. Today he does an enormous business, and the possession of this farm will give you 320 times the start that Heinz had.

We are doing all that we ought to do in this matter for the winner, for whoever wins it will get more than the value of his money.

RECOLLECT THAT THE CONTEST ENDS AT 6 P. M., SEPTEMBER 30TH, AND ALL ORDERS COUNTED ON THIS FARM MUST BE IN THIS OFFICE BY THAT TIME. EVERY ONE WHO HAS PLACED AN ORDER, EVEN IF FOR ONLY 250 COPIES, IS CONSIDERED A CONTESTANT, AND WHATSOEVER YOU HAVE ORDERED BEFORE IS CREDITED TO YOU ON THE CONTEST.

Rules of the Contest.

- 1.—A farm of 80 acres, one mile from Ravenden Springs, Ark., will be given under warranty deed to the man or woman that orders the largest number of copies of the Trust Edition of the Appeal, to be published at a later date.
- 2.—Each contestant must work alone, ordering with his or her own money. Two or more persons cannot combine their orders in one name to receive a better showing. No contestant is allowed to solicit orders for the Trust Edition on order to make a better showing.
- 3.—The person who orders the biggest single order, but for the most copies ordered by a single individual. Hence the orders may be sent in as often as desired until the contest is closed.
- 4.—The Appeal reserves the right to close the contest at any time previous to the publication of the Trust Edition.
- 5.—Postal subscription cards will not be accepted in payment for the Trust Edition. A good many of these cards have participated in premiums distributed before and they cannot be admitted to this contest.
- 6.—No employee of the Appeal or relatives of employees will be allowed to enter the contest.
- 7.—Under no pretenses will any person be given any information concerning the contest, except such as is printed in the paper.
- 8.—All orders for the Trust Edition must be accompanied by the cash. No accounts will be opened on this contest.
- 9.—Those who enter the contest and order papers will receive the papers to be distributed among the general public anywhere, and any time, except that they must not be given to business men, or to look after any business men ourselves, from this office. The \$5,000 fund is for that purpose.

The rates on this special Trust Edition have been reduced to the following:

- 250 copies Trust Edition.....\$1.00
- 500 copies Trust Edition.....2.00
- 1000 copies Trust Edition.....4.00

How can one tell when one has done one's best? If you are in doubt about it you have not done your best.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Previous to sending a detail of police to break up a street meeting of Socialists at Kansas City the other night, the chief of police despatched detectives in plain clothes to mingle with the crowd and ascertain if there were any revolvers carried by the Socialists. The detectives reported that there were none. The scheme of the chief of police to arrest a number of armed Socialists was thus nipped in the bud, and the detail of police, which was held in readiness after the regular hours for the express purpose of making these arrests, did not leave the station house.

So far is the street riot and sanguinary conflicts with the police removed from the Socialist propaganda that it has never before occurred to me to warn Socialists to be careful not to carry deadly weapons with them to Socialist meetings. There is no instance on record in the large number of arrests made in the United States where any Socialist has been found to be armed. It is hardly worth while to issue this warning, for Socialists do not carry guns from principle, but there are, perhaps, some of them whose duties require them to be armed and who might thoughtlessly carry their weapons to a Socialist meeting and furnish capital for the enemy, who would be delighted to nab a Socialist with a pistol on his person. The movement can easily stand these arrests, but it cannot afford to be placed in a false light before the public. The wholesale arrests of Socialists now taking place all over the country, from New York to San Francisco, indicate a concerted movement of the plutocrats to use the police powers of the cities to prevent the people from hearing the word. The mingling of detectives with the crowd searching for armed Socialists is probably also part of the general program, and care should be taken that Socialists whose duties require the carrying of arms should not carry the arms into any crowd being addressed by a Socialist speaker. It is hardly necessary to advise that physical resistance should not be made to police who are making arrests. In most cases the police are acting under instructions which they cannot well disobey, and besides that these arrests are first-class advertising. Every arrest, if properly managed, can be turned to good account.

EVEN the vice president of the United States is not above the crime of nepotism, with the rest of the gang of senators who have their wives, sons, daughters, cousins, uncles and aunts on the pay-roll at big salaries and no duties. On the first day he took office Fairbanks appointed his son to a secretaryship at \$2,200 a year, and the St. Louis Post of August 19th, speaking of the matter, says that he has no duties to perform except to travel around with his father attending social functions and helping to swarm the presidential bee in his father's bonnet. But why not? Isn't that what Fairbanks wanted the job for? Why should the people kick against paying him and his family for having a good time? Are not the people just lousy with money that they want to throw at the birds? The work people—but then please don't mention them in the same breath with the little tin gods that reign in the graft atmosphere of Washington. It would be sacrilege. When Socialists get in office there will be an end to such graft—so please don't vote for them.

LORD ROCKEFELLER, listen! There is a something by the name of Cranfill, who pretends to worship the same god as you, who is defending your character. It looks like a bid for a donation. Please don't overlook the object. You will find the article in the *Baptist Tribune*, Abilene, Texas, of August 17th. And in a state, too, where you have been indicted for crime! Money is the god to whom he sends up his prayers, and as he says he could not detect any taint on the money of a saloon man whom he married he can't detect any on the money you bring from the necessities of the people. Please, Mr. Rockefeller, send your Texas champion a thirty-cent piece with a hole in it. He don't know any better. Great is Mammon, and such preachers worship him.

MISS TARBELL is telling in *McClure's Magazine* what the Standard "has done" to Kansas. Will somebody please tell us officially what the Standard "is doing" to Kansas and when it will finish the job?

A MAN NAMED WILSON HOLDS THE POSITION OF SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A place, one would think, which honorable men would be selected to fill. This man Wilson has been holding the position ever since 1897, and has had his son drawing a fine salary as private secretary at public expense. The recent graft inquiry revealed the fact that Wilson sent his son for a summer trip to look after private mining interests in Alaska at the expense of the government. And why not? Isn't government a graft, and doesn't the spoils belong to the victors? A few families have had their hands in the public treasury all their lives—they exist and get rich at public expense on moderate salaries! You ought to guess how. And you vote for this!

At the last session the United States senators drew \$28 penknives, or nearly 10¢ to each member, and the knives cost dollars apiece; they paid for wrist bags, handkerchief cases and manicure sets for their wives. To put it bluntly, the senate is composed largely of petty thieves who are small enough to steal a few dollars from the public treasury, in the shape of appropriations, to save their personal funds. It looks like the higher the position and the larger the salary the more petty the thief who gets the place. What do you think of United States senators who stoop to stealing penknives and manicure sets for their families and friends? Do you think such men will not steal larger sums? Don't you know they do? Don't you know they vote for bills that enable corporations to rob the public treasury for a petty bribe? The senate is a den of hoodlums. And the people vote to have it so.

In the current issue of *Success* Walter Welman says that Elihu Root, the greatest corporation lawyer in the land, has been employed by the greatest client in the world, Uncle Sam, as secretary of state. Yes, the trust buster has employed a trust attorney so the trusts can be "controlled!" Root is a corporation lawyer; he believes in the trusts or else he is dishonest in his service of them; if he is dishonest he is a bad man for the cabinet; if he is honest and believes in the trusts he will serve them as master of the state; he has not changed his views; there is no declaration that he does not now hold the same views that he held while serving them. All the evidence is plain that the trusts have another member of the cabinet. The cabinet is and has for years been made up of corporation lawyers; so is the supreme court of the nation and of the several states. And we wonder why the trusts flourish! The working class constitute nine-tenths of the population, but the president could not find one workingman with brains enough to go into the cabinet! How he does love the workers!

You never can tell the motive behind what you read or hear in these days of graft and cunning. I have been much interested in Wm. E. Curtis' letters concerning the southwest and its wonderful possibilities. Now comes the Santa Fe railroad and advertises that it will send to any request these letters in book form! So I have been simply reading advertisements of the road for business under the impression that it was genuine news! And thousands more have been doing the same, and will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to visit and investigate, much to the benefit of the Santa Fe. By the way, the well-advertised trip of "Scotty, the mysterious miner of Death Valley," was simply a well-devised scheme to advertise the Santa Fe. They paid the freight and did it in such a way as to advertise a region that will lure thousands to financial ruin and death. These are great times for grafters. Under Socialism there will be no private gain by any such deception and cunning to take your neighbor's wealth.

A CINCINNATI judge has fined two union men \$100 each for violating an injunction against urging strike-breakers to stand with the strikers. Several years ago United States judges ordered the railroads to quit paying rebates and they have gone right on doing the same thing. But they are not fined. They own the government and the judges. Laws are made only for the work people or their friends to obey. The rich do not have to obey the laws. And this is the kind of system that the Gompers crowd want the work people to vote for and sustain! And they seem to like it!

"PEACE" HAS BEEN DECLARED.

The dispatches tell us that peace between Russia and Japan has been declared, settled by Mr. Morgan, who represented both the Russian and Japanese bondholders. Now the commercial war to rob each other will proceed with increased vigor. The battle-field will be transferred from the field of cannon to the counting house and factory. The more than a million men will be returned to the fields of industry and glut the labor market; Japan will build great factories and put her soldiers at work making goods for the world market; China, guaranteed her integrity, already shows signs of doing the same thing; a parliament for her is promised and she will enter the world powers with 300,000,000 of the most industrious people on earth, whom, supplied with modern machinery, will make Europe and America look like thirty cents when trying to compete with her cheap products. The struggle for commercial supremacy will be more fearful, more sanguinary, wrought with more suffering than have the bloody fields of the recent war—it means slow starvation to untold millions of men, women and children, but the people are so stupidly in love with private exploitation that they will have it no other way. But pain will drive them to Socialism.

POISONING FOR PROFIT.

W. F. Little, Tulare, Cal., writes the Appeal that the canners have found a new source of profit. Formerly it cost thirty cents per hundred pounds to peel and pit peaches. This year they pay ten cents per hundred for peeling, and then give the peaches a live bath, which removes the skin! Handing the peaches thus treated makes the workers' hands sore, and these sores give the peaches a very nice flavor, besides providing future patients for the physicians who make a specialty of treating cancer of the stomach. Everybody should eat lots of the California canned peaches. Under Socialism the public will can peaches for its own use, and nobody will make any profit by such horrible methods of saving a little labor. The public would never do such things to its own food. Capitalism hesitates at no crime to make profits. And there you are and that's what you vote for.

THERE was a great hub-bub when it was found that the thieves who were running the Equitable Insurance company had been paying their personal bills out of its treasury, filled by the duped policy-holders, and that the officers were having their monkey dinners and semi-nude entertainments paid for out of the same blood money. But the government is doing the same thing. Commander Eaton, of the Brooklyn navy yard, had a meal, including the water tip, charged to the department and the bill was paid. The poor fellow probably doesn't get salary enough to pay for his own meals! This meal, made public by a little incident, cost \$1.65. Must have been eating enough to last him two days to save expenses. The greater the salary, the higher the place, the more petty the graft.

At Chicago recently, during the meeting of mayors of American cities, the mayor of Atlanta, Ga., made himself notorious by appearing on the stage in a drunken condition. So outrageous was his conduct that it was necessary to adjourn the convention. These are the kind of cattle who pass judgment on Socialists and send them to the rock pile, as the mayor of Atlanta did a year or so ago, when Comrade Fitts attempted to speak on the streets of that city. Thus we find the police and city officials of the south, the west, the north, the east leagued against the Socialists. Good! That's the way we make progress.

The reigning families of Europe are nearly all of blood kin. They are simply a band of freebooters who have gotten into control of the earth and use the prejudice, ignorance and superstitions of the people to maintain their hold and skin them. But we Americans haven't any such prejudices and superstitions! No, no! We just have our rulers (commercial) skin us because we like to be skinned.

The *Kansas City Journal* gravely informs its readers that the Standard Oil has "declared war" upon the independent refiners. The *Journal* is not very swift on news matters, but give it time and it gets there soon enough.

"Socialist Meeting Was Attracting Too Big a Crowd."

The *Kansas City Journal* says the police stopped the Socialist meeting because it "was attracting too big a crowd." The same paper says:

Chief Hayes announced last evening that the police would attempt to prohibit their speaking on the streets at any place hereafter. Previously there were only specified places where they were prohibited from speaking. Chief Hayes said the movement to stop the Socialists from holding meetings on the streets was becoming general throughout the United States, and that that policy would be adhered to here.

"I see the police are arresting them in New York and in the other large cities," said the chief. "They are blockading the streets, and at the same time they are abusing the police and everybody else. Their teachings have a bad influence on the people. I don't know how we will come out with the cases in court, but we are going to keep on arresting them. If they want to speak they will have to find a hall."

It's account of the Saturday night meeting is as follows:

For forty minutes last night Thomas F. Crael had been preaching the tenets of Socialism from a cracker box to a crowd which had grown continuously, the audience stretching from curb to curb on Ninth street on the side of the hill just above Main, when Sergeant Billbank, at the head of twelve patrolmen, appeared in the midst of the crowd and announced that the Socialists were under arrest.

There was no manifestation of surprise. Each man who acknowledged himself a Socialist immediately made his way to the center of the throng within the cordons established by the officers. Martha Biegler, who had watched every move since the meeting had been called to order, sprang from the sidewalk and took her stand on the cracker box. The roll was called and under the escort of the police the band marched up to Walnut street and thence to the Central police station.

Wednesday night the Socialists were arrested at the corner of Fifth and Main streets. On Thursday and Friday evenings there had been an attempt at a street meeting. The place where the Saturday night meeting was to be held was passed quietly by word of mouth from one member to another. It was not published, for fear there might be too large a crowd, and that in consequence the street might be blocked.

The rendezvous was at Ninth and Main streets. When the first of the band arrived a religious meeting was in progress farther up the block. It lacked some minutes of 8 o'clock. The evangelists had a crowd on the sidewalk, and more than half the street was taken up by the audience. There was no policeman in sight.

At 8 o'clock six or seven men stood in the gutter about fifty feet from Main street. A cracker box was brought from the alley to serve as a rostrum. Thomas Crael, holding the box on his knee, proceeded to put down on a sheet of paper the names of those present. As newcomers arrived he held the box while they wrote their names. Martha Biegler had been walking up and down the sidewalk in company with Jack Woods. Her name was among the first to go down.

The crowd was still small, probably not more than thirty, most of whom had inscribed their names upon the list. The others were those who, in passing, had been attracted by the gathering. After the names had been written Crael mounted the box and called the roll from the list. Each man answered to his name, edged up to the group. He made no comments, but on seeing who were the participants in the street gathering, he walked off down Ninth street. Instantly three men, presumably Socialists, followed, one remarking: "We had better see what he is going to do."

Schmidbaum Was Chairman.

When the names had been called Chas. Schmidbaum stepped upon the box to call the meeting to order. He announced that they were there to discuss a question more important than that of the currency, and more important than that of the tariff; it was the question of the rights of man. He said that he was only to call the meeting to order as his chairman, and that there his duty ended.

Schmidbaum looked about for Crael, the leader, but could not see him, as Crael was talking in the rear. Jack Woods eagerly came forward. "Let me speak," he cried.

Woods is a propagandist of the nervous type. He never likes to see a moment lost. There must always be activity, or he grows impatient. But Crael was called from the crowd and Woods was forced to wait.

Crael is a stone mason, large of frame, strong of limb, and over six feet tall. He is an American. As he began to speak there were about fifty listeners. The shrill tones of the women singing at the religious meeting farther up the hill, the wailing of the little organ upon which one of them played, the strumming of the guitars—all these Crael had to contend against when he first began to speak—the religious meeting had the larger gathering.

Crael gazed into the faces of what may be termed a gathering of average Americans. By their dress he could have picked out many artisans, skilled mechanics who make good wages, men who work in stores and factories. Each had an earnest, determined look. There was not an air of refinement about these men, but there was an air of sincerity.

Martha Biegler was the only woman who took a prominent part in the gathering. She works as a printer. She had signed her name and then taken her stand on the sidewalk. She had apparently more interest in the audience than the speaker, seeming to watch what effect his words had on them.

Crael began his speech with a reference to the Declaration of Independence. He declared that when a people found their condition intolerable, they of right could change the form of government under which they lived. He then declared that the right of peaceful assemblage given by the fourth amendment to the Constitution had not been delegated to the police. He warned his hearers that at all times they should keep within the law.

"Rather would I have this meeting adjourned," he cried, "than do anything which would be against law and order. We are not seeking trouble. For that reason, men, you will find our sergeants-at-arms posted on both sides of the street to see that the walks are kept clear. Do not blockade the walks. We have a flagman posted at Main street to tell us if a vehicle is approaching in order that the street may not be blocked when it turns into Ninth street. Another flagman is stationed up the hill to watch for wagons or buggies from the east.

"These are precautions which we have taken because we want to keep within the law. This meeting has a presiding officer, and it has a secretary. We are lawfully assembled here to discuss Socialism. The capitalist class has taken from us all halls, and we have not the street to meet in. It is our hall and here we meet to discuss questions which are vital to all humanity."

Crael began to gather.

A few more had collected about the speaker on the cracker box and he paused while he directed his lieutenants to clear the sidewalk. Soon afterward a couple driving a white horse came down the hill. Again Crael paused, and ordered a way to be made. It would have been done without a word from him, for as yet the street was not filled from curb to curb.

"Revolution!" he cried. "It is a sacred right. There is no place in our constitution a denial of the right of man to rise in revolt when he feels that he is being crushed. In fact, as a sacred God-given right, it is solemnly affirmed in the Declaration of Independence. Revolution! It was made sacred by the Jewish woman in the valley of Bethulia, when she smote from his shoulders the head of the tyrant and made her people free. Revolution! Each year the maidens gather in the light skirts on Lake Lucerne and sing the songs of their fathers in memory of William Tell, who fought that those cantons might be free. Revolution! It was the appeal of our forefathers when they felt the tyrant heel crushing them into the earth. They died gladly, in the hope that we might be free. Revolution! Today there is revolution. The workingman must rise and claim his own. To the producer belongs the product of his labor, and it should not go to enrich further a class which has done nothing to bring it into existence."

"Aw, cut it out!" cried a man from a window in the pool rooms up-stairs. No one on the street paid any attention to his derisive remark.

Another buggy came down the street, and again, at Crael's direction, the crowd gave way. By this time the street was full of people, but on the sidewalks the way was kept clear by the men who had been delegated to that task. Martha Biegler, ever watchful, from time to time gave directions. Jack Woods aided her, at times crying in raucous tones: "Make way, make way; we must keep within the law." Crael went on with his speech.

"Suppose a man gets out of work in Kansas and is without money and walks to Kansas City on his way to some Missouri point to get work. As he walks he wears the soles of his shoes. When he gets here the modern Sherlock Holmes take him into custody. He is booked for investigation. (Laughter.) The judge probably tries him for wearing out the macadam of the highway by walking over it. He sends him to the rock pile. It would be proper for him to send him there to crush as much rock as he wore out on his walk. Probably a single blow of his hammer would free him. But no, he must work on the rock pile because the capitalist class says he must. The democratic party and the republican party are just committees of the capitalist class, ever eager to do its bidding.

"What are these metaphysical old fossils at Portsmouth doing? They are fighting for something that does not belong to them. They are fighting for the right to exploit the workers. What right have they to eat fine dinners and we not have them? Those old fossils are crushing humanity into the earth and giving the matter no thought. What are the producers to them?"

From time to time the speaker was applauded. It was not loud, but rather a note of encouragement on the part of his followers.

"The longer an aristocracy has done nothing the prouder it is of itself. Those who are at the top are but one step removed from barbarism. Their very amusements are savage. Roosevelt delights to hunt the grizzly in the Rocky mountains. The English aristocrat has his deer park, where he can slaughter wild animals at will. There is a lust for killing in those of the ranks of the leisure class which is dangerous to us."

The sidewalk was becoming crowded. Crael stopped speaking, and at Martha Biegler's suggestion moved his box about ten feet down the hill and into the center of the street. He was about to continue, this time facing down Ninth street so that the crowd would be drawn away from the sidewalks. Suddenly, there was a hubbub. The police had arrived. The crowd numbered 200 at the outside.

The police made an effort to prevent anyone sweeping, merely ranging themselves against the cracker box, from which Crael had descended. Instead of leaving the scene, which was possible for almost all the men who were put under arrest, each man came forward and gave himself up.

"You are under arrest for blockading a public highway, and disturbing the peace," said Sergeant Eubank.

"We are a peaceable, law-abiding assembly," answered Crael. "We are not blocking the street and we are not disturbing anyone. Here is the list with the names of the men at this meeting who are Socialists. Let me read it."

"I will read it," cried Martha Biegler. Snatching the paper from his hand, she sprang upon the box and called the roll.

"Comrade Crael."

"Here."

"Comrade Ryan."

"Here."

Each, as he answered, stepped forward within the circle formed by the police. At last the list was ended. Martha Biegler jumped down from the box. Instantly her place was taken by Jack Woods.

"Comrades, three cheers for Socialism," he cried, and the cheers were given with a will. Those under arrest joined in the shout which went up from their sympathizers in the crowd. Then the march to the police station began.

The streets were lined with people, for it was not yet 9 o'clock. The police made no effort to guard their prisoners, a policeman merely walking in the same line with two or three of the Socialists. From the men in line and sometimes from the sidewalk the cry would be raised: "Huzzah for Socialism!"

At the station the charge of blocking the public highway and of disturbing the peace was put against them. It was said that they had disturbed the peace of the man who ran a pool room up-stairs over the northeast corner.

"You can get out if you have \$11 bail," said Sergeant Caskey to one of the men. "I haven't 11 cents," he replied.

"This is the best advertisement that Socialism could possibly have," said Martha Biegler. "We want the people to know how we are being treated. The American people believe in fair play, and all we want is a hearing."

Rail was finally furnished for all the prisoners. They will appear in the police court Monday morning. The following were placed under arrest: Thomas F. Crael, H. L. Ryan, J. R. Chase, John Noonan, J. A. Malbin, J. C. Bourne, J. C. Landers, Chas. Schmidbaum, W. H. Harris, Jacob Weder, Martha Biegler, Jack Woods, L. W. Weixelbaum and R. C. Thomson.

New York Socialists Arrested.

From the *New York Worker*.

As reported last week, three of our speakers—Sol Fieldman, William Karlin and Algernon Lee, the last-named our candidate for mayor—were arrested on Tuesday evening of last week for addressing a meeting at Jefferson street and East Broadway, which the police authorities had assumed to "forbid" on the ground of their pretended "apprehension of disorder" because of the bakers' strike. The next morning Magistrate Moss imposed minimum fines of \$5, which were paid under protest, with reservation of the right to appeal.

Two More Arrested.

On Wednesday evening Fieldman and National Organizer Myron W. Wilkins undertook to address a meeting at the trial fill Friday morning; the real reason of Canal and Eldridge streets, which likewise the police had put under the ban. Henry L. Slobodin acted as chairman and after a brief speech introduced Wilkins. The latter had hardly begun before he was put under arrest. Fieldman started to mount the platform and he, too, was taken, and the police then closed in and prevented others from approaching the platform. The prisoners were put in cells at the station until Comrade Malbin, of 380 Grand street, gave bail in \$500 for each.

Thursday morning Wilkins and Fieldman were arraigned before Magistrate Moss for "disorderly conduct." Comrade Slobodin appeared as counsel. On the pretext that there was no stenographer at hand, the magistrate postponed the trial fill Friday morning; the real reason of Canal and Eldridge streets, which likewise the police had put under the ban. Henry L. Slobodin acted as chairman and after a brief speech introduced Wilkins. The latter had hardly begun before he was put under arrest. Fieldman started to mount the platform and he, too, was taken, and the police then closed in and prevented others from approaching the platform. The prisoners were put in cells at the station until Comrade Malbin, of 380 Grand street, gave bail in \$500 for each.

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son undoubtedly was to give time for the police to get out of the uncomfortable position in which they found themselves, it being understood that in this case the fines would not be paid, but one of both of the prisoners would go to jail and the case be carried immediately to a higher court. In postponing the trial the magistrate took occasion to give a "warning" to the Social Democrats that they must "obey the law." Comrade Slobodin informed him that we were doing so most scrupulously and that we were proposed to make the police obey it as well.

Nearly all the national banks have less than the legal reserve fund. But they don't have to obey the law.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

That Chief Hayes is right when he said that a general order had been issued to the police of all cities to arrest Socialist speakers is evident from the impartial manner in which, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, our speakers are being arrested and subjected to fines and imprisonment.

The question is WHO ISSUED THIS GENERAL ORDER? The order without doubt came from Washington. The police power is always at the beck and call of the ruling class.

REMEDY AGAINST ILLEGAL ARRESTS.

During July, in Portland, Ore., Socialist speakers were drawing large crowds on the streets. One of them was arrested and fined under a void city ordinance.

The constitution of Oregon reads: "No law shall violate the right of the people to be secure in their persons against unreasonable seizure, no warrant shall issue without probable cause."

Under such a provision such an ordinance is unconstitutional, as it is a law to stand on the street, therefore refusing to move on is not probable cause for arrest.

Anyone who instigates arrest under a void ordinance, or any officer who in any way aids in such prosecution, is liable in damage suit. The judge in passing sentence under a void law or ordinance is not considered a court, but stands in the shoes of a private person.

All states have a similar constitutional provision against unreasonable arrests. Many cities have a similar void ordinance, and arrests under it are illegal.

Where a penal ordinance does not put a police officer upon rules, but allows him to make his own rules, that ordinance simply constitutes him a tyrant, but does not constitute police regulations.

Without city ordinance, under common unwritten law, police officers have a right to prevent nuisance or keep the street from being blocked.

A non-resident of the state, or one who is not a citizen of the United States of America, after suffering illegal imprisonment, if poor, can get into the United States court with a \$5,000 damage suit.

Where large crowds desire, and are pleased to use the street for listening to a speaker, that then would not constitute nuisance, as long as the minority has passage way to go by and wagons may pass the street.

A Socialist speaker should have a guard to attend to this matter if hired or malicious persons persist in blocking. Such guard has a right to call upon the police to demand order.

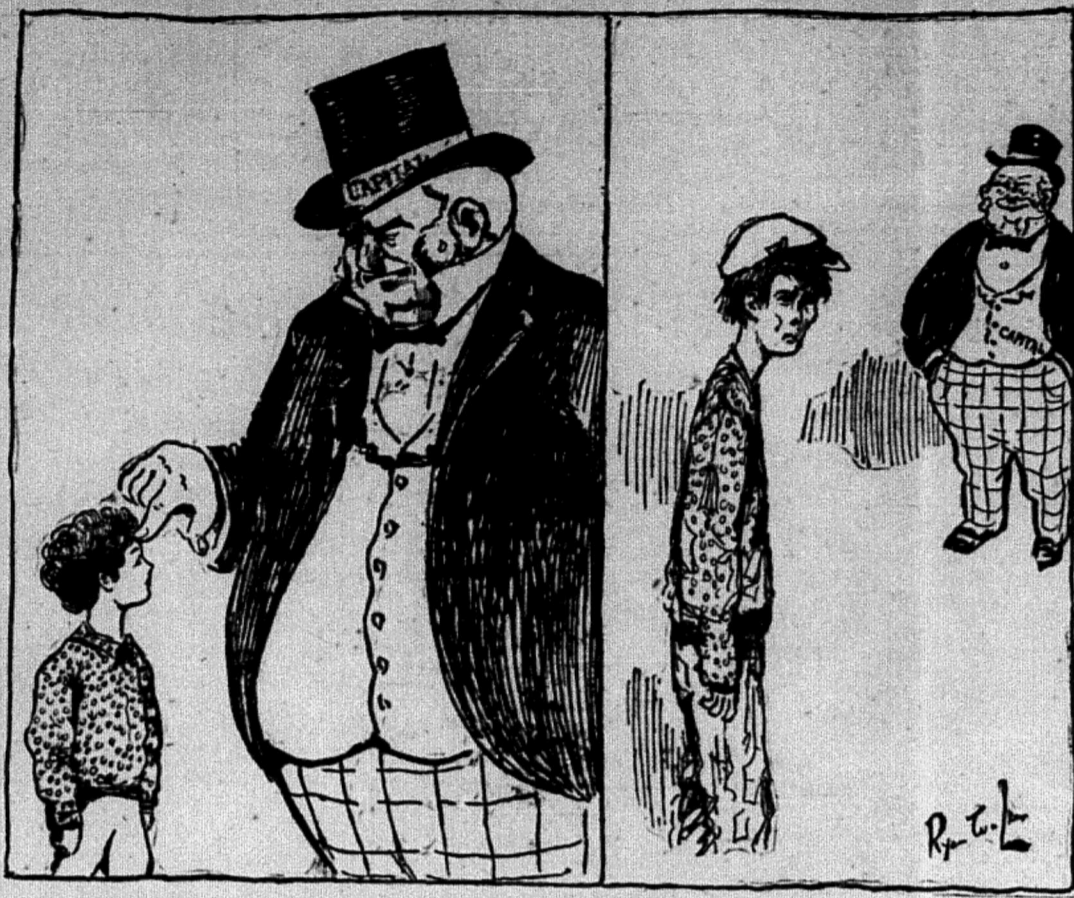
This article could be typewritten large and tacked on the wall in each Socialist hall or local—Mary A. Leonard, Attorney, Portland, Ore.

SOCIALIST PLAYS.

Miss Agnes Wakefield, secretary of the Boston Socialist Women's club, and also secretary of The Boston Dramatic Club, has translated from the German of Ernst Prezzang a play entitled 'The Upper and Lower Class,' which, together with the one-act play, 'The Curate's Dream,' by Robert Granville, reprinted from the London Clarion, are done into a neat booklet by the Appeal printer for use by Socialist dramatic clubs.

The Contest Closes

For the 80-acre farm, which will be given to the man or woman that orders the most of the Trust Edition, on September 30th, at 6 p. m. Get in your final orders at once. This place is easily worth all the effort you may make to get it.



Capital puts its mark upon the children and gives us a youth like this to become a citizen.

"Socialist's serial—The Jungle—is a marvel for courage and intensity. In securing it you are immortalizing the Appeal. If it had not long ago been crowned with untold laurels, its publication recalls vividly the Washington, D. C. era, that truly died seat of slaverydom, when week by week the installments of Uncle Tom's Cabin were sent out. Little realizing what a tremendous influence that story was going to wield on the public mind."—Henry M. Nelson, Georgetown, Mass.

The Jungle

Written for the Appeal by UPTON SINCLAIR, author of 'Mansons.' Copyright, 1905.

CHAPTER XXI.

HAT was the way they did it! There was not half an hour's warning—the works were closed! It had happened that way before, said the men, and it would happen that way forever.

It took him two days to get over this heart-sickening disappointment. He did not drink anything, because Elzbieta got his money for safekeeping, and knew him too well to be in the least frightened by his angry demands.

For another ten days he roamed the streets and alleys of the huge city, sick and hungry, begging for any work. He tried in stores and warehouses, in restaurants and hotels, along the docks and in the railroad-yards, in warehouses and mills and factories where they made products that went to every corner of the world.

He had to fight often in these days—to fight for a place near the factory gates, and now and again with gangs on the street. He found, for instance, that the business of carrying satchels for railroad-passengers was a pre-empted one—whenever he essayed it, eight or ten men and boys would fall upon him and force him to run for his life.

At last, on a Sunday, as there was no use looking for work, Jurgis went home by stealing rides on the cars. He found that they had been waiting for him for

three days—there was a chance of a job for him.

It was quite a story. Little Juozapas, who was near crazy with hunger these days, had gone out on the street to beg for himself. Juozapas had only one leg, having been run over by a wagon when a little child, but he had got himself a broomstick, which he put under his arm for a crutch.

The great mills were getting under way—one could hear a vast stirring, a rolling and rumbling and hammering. Little by little the scene grew plain—towering black buildings here and there, long rows of shops and sheds, little railways branching everywhere, bare grey cinders under foot and oceans of billowing black smoke above.

Jurgis had time enough to stare and speculate, for it was two hours before work was summoned. He went into the office-building, where a company time-keeper interviewed him. The superintendent was busy, he said, but he (the timekeeper) would try to find Jurgis a job. He had never worked in a steel-mill before! But he was ready for anything! Well, then, they would go and see.

So they began a tour, among sights that made Jurgis stare, amazed. He wondered if ever he could get used to working in a place like this, where the air shook with deafening thunder, and whistles shrieked warnings on all sides of him at once; where miniature steam-engines came rushing upon him, and sizzling, quivering, white-hot masses of metal sped past him, and explosions of fire and flaming sparks dazzled him and scorched his face.

Elzbieta was glad to have somebody to listen, and she told all their woes—what had happened to Ona, and the jail, and the loss of their home, and Marija's accident, and how Ona had died, and how Jurgis could get no work. As she listened the pretty young lady's eyes filled with tears, and in the midst of it she burst into weeping and hid her face on Elzbieta's shoulder, quite regardless of the fact that the woman had on a dirty old wrapper and that the garret was full of fleas.

The steel-works were fifteen miles away, and as usual it was so contrived that one had to pay two fares to get there. Far and wide the sky was flaring with the red glare that leaped from rows of towering chimneys—for it was pitch dark when Jurgis arrived. The vast works, a city in themselves, were surrounded by a stockade, and already a full hundred men were waiting at the gate where new hands were taken on. Soon after daybreak whistles began to blow, and then suddenly thousands of men appeared, streaming from saloons

and boarding-houses across the way, leaping from trolley-cars that passed—it seemed as if they rose out of the ground, in the dim grey light. A river of them poured in through the gate—and then gradually ebbed away again, until there were only a few late ones running, and the watchman pacing up and down, and the hungry strangers stamping and shivering.

Jurgis presented his precious letter. The gatekeeper was surly, and put him through a catchism, but he insisted that he knew nothing, and as he had taken the precaution to seal his letter, there was nothing for the gatekeeper to do but send it to the person to whom it was addressed. A messenger came back to say that Jurgis should wait, and so he came inside of the gate, perhaps not sorry enough that there were others less fortunate watching him with greedy eyes.

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Most fortunately, at this juncture, Elzbieta got the long-awaited chance to go at five o'clock in the morning and help scrub the office-floors of one of the packers. Jurgis came home and covered himself with blankets to keep warm, and divided his time between sleeping and playing with little Anna. Juozapas was away taking in the dump a good part of the time, and Elzbieta and Marija were hunting for more work.

Antanas was now over a year and a half old, and was a perfect talking-machine. He learned so fast that every week when Jurgis came home it seemed to him as if he had a new child. He would sit down and listen and stare at him, and give vent to delighted exclamations—'Palauk! Muma! Tu mano sirdies!' The little fellow was now really the one delight that Jurgis had in the world—his one hope, his one victory. Thank God, Antanas was a boy! And he was as tough as a pine-knot, and with the appetite of a wolf. Nothing had hurt him, and nothing could hurt him, he had come through all the suffering and deprivation unscathed—only shriller-voiced and more determined in his grip upon life.

Jurgis had got the habit of buying the Sunday paper, whenever he had the money; a most wonderful paper could be had for only five cents, a whole armful with all the news of the world set forth in big headlines, that Jurgis could spell out slowly, with the children to help him at the big words. There was battle and murder and sudden death—it was marvelous how they ever heard about so

and terror dwell. Then the great caldron tilted back again, empty, and Jurgis saw to his relief that no one was hurt, and turned and followed his guide out into the sunlight.

They went through the blast-furnaces, through rolling-mills where bars of steel were tossed about and chopped like bits of cheese. All around and above giant machine-arms were flying, giant wheels were turning, giant hammers crashing; traveling cranes creaked and groaned overhead, reaching down iron hands and seizing iron prey—it was like standing in the centre of the earth, where the machinery of time was revolving.

Bye and bye they came to the place where steel rails were made; and Jurgis heard a roar behind him, and jumped out of the way of a car with a white-hot ingot upon it, the size of a man's body. There was a sudden crash and the car came to a halt, and the ingot toppled out upon a moving platform, where steel fingers and arms seized hold of it, pushing it and prodding it into place, and hurrying it into the grip of huge rollers. Then it came out upon the other side, and there were more crashings and clatterings, and over it was flopped, like a pancake on a gridiron, and seized again and rushed back at you through another squeezer. So amid deafening uproar it clattered to and fro, growing thinner and flatter and longer. The ingot seemed almost a living thing; it did not want to run this mad course, but it was in the grip of fate, it was tumbled on, screaming and clanking and shivering in protest. Bye and bye it was long and thin, a great red snake escaped from purgatory; and then, as it slid through the rollers, you would have sworn that it was alive—it writhed and squirmed, and wriggles and shudders passed out through its tail, all but flinging it off by its violence. There was no rest for it until it was cold and black—and then it needed only to be cut and straightened to be ready for a railroad.—It was at the end of this rail's progress that Jurgis got his chance. They had to be moved by men with crowbars, and the boss here could use another man—so he took off his coat and set to work on the spot.

It took him two hours to get to this place, and a dollar and twenty cents a week; as this was out of the question, he wrapped his bedding in a bundle and took it with him, and one of his fellow-workmen introduced him to a Polish lodging-house, where he might have the privilege of sleeping upon the floor for ten cents a night. He got his meals at free-lunch counters, and every Saturday night he went home—bedding and all—and took the greater part of his money to the family. Elzbieta was sorry for this arrangement, for she feared that it would get him into the habit of living without them, and once a week was not very often for him to see his baby—but there was no other way of arranging it.

That the mystery was ever solved for the neighborhood was due to this accident to Jurgis. Miss Wheeler heard of it somehow, and she asked Elzbieta if she might come up and see him. She came in the evening, when they were all home; and she sat in the dark and talked with them. She had heard that Jurgis had injured his hand, she said, and she could sympathize with them, because of the dreadful misfortune her brother Harry had met with. He was a musician, as they knew, and he worked at a stamping machine, and had had two fingers of his left hand taken off by it. That made it impossible for him really to play anything upon his violin for the rest of his life; and of course it had made him very unhappy. The young lady spoke in a low, sweet voice that was like a violin itself; it was the first time that Jurgis had ever spoken to a woman of her class in his life, and he was speechless with confusion when she went on to say that she had heard of the sorrow he had met with, and that if it would give him pleasure during his helplessness, she would be glad to have him come down and visit them, and meet her mother, and talk with her while she was doing her sewing. Elzbieta had to kick Jurgis in the dark to make him answer, and then apologize for him because he was such a clumsy bear.

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was turned into a canal. Jurgis would have to wade through it to get home, and if it was late he might easily get stuck to his waist in the mire. But he did not mind this much—it was a promise that summer was coming. Marija had now gotten a place as beef-trimmer in one of the smaller packing-plants; and he told himself that he had learned his lesson now, and would meet with no more accidents—so that at last there was prospect of an end to their long agony. They were within sight of the promised land, and those of them who were left were to be happy! So once more Jurgis began to make plans and to dream dreams. They could save money again, and when another winter came they would have a comfortable place; and the children would be off the streets and in school again—so they might all set to work to nurse back into life their habits of decency and kindness.

And then one Saturday night Jurgis jumped off the car and started home, with the sun shining low under the edge of a bank of clouds that had been pouring floods of water into the mud-soaked street. There was a rainbow in the sky and another in his breast—for he had thirty-six hours' rest before him, and a chance to see his family. Then suddenly he noticed that there was a crowd before the door of the house, and he started in alarm. He ran up the steps and pushed his way in, and saw that Pani Aniele's kitchen was crowded with excited women. It reminded Jurgis so vividly of the time when he had come home from jail and found Ona dying, that his heart almost stood still.

"What's the matter?" he cried. A dead silence had fallen in the room, and he saw that every one was staring at him. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed again. "And then, up in the garret, he heard sounds of wailing, in Marija's voice. He started for the ladder—and Pani Aniele seized him by the arm. 'No, no!' she exclaimed. 'Don't go up there!'"

The International Institute of Social Science, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has issued the first of a series of "Socialist Posters," by Lucien Saniat, giving a comprehensive analysis of the capitalist system of production in the United States, illustrated and made clear by diagrams and figures, based on the census reports of 1900. Single copies, 5 cents; twelve copies, 50 cents; 25 copies, \$1. Address Wm. J. Eberle, Box 24, Allegheny, Pa.

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