

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 \$2.50. Clubs of Four or more \$1.00. Per hundred copies 50 cents. J. A. WAYLAND

This is Number 512. GIRARD, KANSAS, U. S. A., September 23, 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.

Ten-Acre Farms...

Three miles from Rayvoden Springs, on the line of the proposed railroad, the Appeal owns a farm of 150 acres, which it will divide into ten-acre tracts. AND GIVE ONE TRACT TO EACH WEEK AND EVERY WEEK, commencing with the week beginning Friday, September 1st, until the entire farm is given away. Each tract will be ten acres except the first, which contains nine acres, by reason of the fact that a former owner gave one acre for school purposes. Hence there is a school house on the corner of this nine-acre tract, and convenient to all the rest of the tracts. One of these ten-acre tracts will be given to the man or woman that SENDS IN THE LARGEST LIST OF YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ONE WEEK, the week in all cases ending at 6 P. M. on Friday.

LAST CALL.

The ensuing week is the last one in which the contestants for the 80-acre farm may file orders. Promptly at 6 P. M., September 30th, the box containing the order slips will be locked, taken by me personally to the bank and deposited in the vault. The key to this box will then be deposited with Comrade Bowers, secretary of the Socialist local at Girard. No one can secure this key from Comrade Bowers, nor the box from the bank vault, except Comrade E. V. Debs, who will arrive in Girard the following week for the purpose of counting the orders and certifying to the winner.

Recollect that no orders can be added to your record after 6 P. M., September 30th.

Rules of the Contest. 1.—A farm of 80 acres, one mile from Rayvoden Springs, Ark. will be given away... 2.—Each contestant must work alone, ordering with his or her own money... 3.—The premium is not for the biggest single order, but for the most copies ordered by a single individual... 4.—Partial subscription cards will not be accepted in payment for the Trust Edition... 5.—Under no circumstances will any person be given an extension concerning the contest, except such as is printed in the paper... 6.—All orders for the Trust Edition must be accompanied by the cash... 7.—Those who enter the contest and order papers will receive the papers to be distributed... 8.—The Appeal reserves the right to close the contest at any time previous to the publication of the Trust Edition... 9.—The Appeal reserves the right to close the contest at any time previous to the publication of the Trust Edition... 10.—The Appeal reserves the right to close the contest at any time previous to the publication of the Trust Edition...

MUNICIPAL PURITY.

Evolution works along many and devious ways, but ever toward a logical goal. You have often heard it stated that corruption does not exist in English cities, where municipal ownership prevails to such a great extent. You know there is no effect without a cause. Look deep enough and you will find the cause. The reason for the purity of the English cities is because all the positions, with the exception of the aldermen, are filled on the merit system. There are no franchises to give away, hence there is no lobby to bribe. Any citizen, no matter where he lives, is eligible to take a position in any city if he has better qualifications than any one else. And he doesn't have to do any dirty party work to get in, nor is he dependent on what set of aldermen is elected. Every office, no matter what the salary, is secured by some one who proves to an examining board that he has the best qualifications for the place. The cities publish a "Municipal Journal," in which positions that are vacant are advertised, thus bringing all the help into a common knowledge of what cities want help and what kind is required. Here is a sample of hundreds of advertisements that appear in this large paper. These advertisements represent wants in every city in the empire. If such a system were in operation here there would be a different state of affairs, and municipal grafters would have their opportunities cut out.

HELL OF YOUR VOTING.

It needs no words of mine to damn this hellish system of capitalistic greed and corporation rule more than the following paragraph from one of the supporters of the system—the Pittsburg, Pa., Daily Times, of July 28th. Reader, this is what you vote for when you vote an old party ticket—for isn't it the old parties who are managing things? Who else can be blamed? Read this, and understand that it may be your baby or your baby's boy that will be thus left out like a wild beast, in a land where the criminal class spends millions annually in ostentation and royal display. Under Socialism every child will have just as good care, just as good opportunity, as any other, no matter whether its parents live or not. You don't know how such a condition can be brought about? Well, you don't know how electrical machines are made or how the stars are measured, but they who do these things study them, and if you will study Socialism you will find that the children can have everything that will be good for them. But pass it by and forget it. That's about what nearly every reader will do. It's no business of yours because the child—and many of them—are homeless and treated worse than dogs. You think it will cure itself! But it won't. It will take you down in its vortex with the millions who have traveled that road before. O! you thoughtless people! Other nations have perished because their people were thoughtless like you. Shame that our public schools are not used to teach the young the meaning and cause of all this. But they are capitalist controlled, also. Read this and then howl about our great free country!

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PROSPERITY.

From the Wall Street Journal, August 20. These are days of prosperity, and yet anyone riding down-town on the Broadway cars at midnight may see a long line of men, sometimes extending for a block or two, patiently waiting their turn to receive the gift of a loaf of bread, which is every night doled out by a well-known bakery to any one who chooses to seek this charity. This line of sad-faced, poorly-dressed men, waiting at midnight for a chance to get a loaf of bread, has been frequently pointed to in years past as evidence of depression. It has been taken as clear evidence that there were thousands in the great city who were unable to obtain work. There have been few people who have witnessed the spectacle without a sinking of the heart at the thought of the pitiable poverty which it exhibited.

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Did this man send Madam Capital and her young ones to the nice summer resort? The money that sent them there represented his labor. Where did capital send the laborer and his wife and children? Oh, to the nice summer resort of the hot factory, the unhealthy mine and the breakers. Yes, Capital is very good to Labor and family—I don't think.

# The Jungle

The Jungle is one of our great American novels and will be read and reread long after its author has left this sphere of labor. It is all meat, and good meat, too.—James W. Babcock, author of "The Irrepressible Concor," etc.

Written for the Appeal by **UPTON SINCLAIR**, author of *Manassas*. Copyright, 1905.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

EARLY in the fall Jurjig set out for Chicago again. All the joy went out of tramp-ing as soon as a man could not keep warm in the hay; and, like many thousands of others, he deluded himself with the hope that by coming early he could avoid the rush. He brought fifteen dollars with him, hidden away in one of his shoes, a sum which had been saved from the saloon-keepers, not so much by his conscience, as by the deadly terror which filled him at the thought of being out of work in the city in the winter-time.

He travelled upon the railroad with several other men, hiding in freight-cars at night, and liable to be thrown off at any time regardless of the speed of the train. When he reached the city he left the rest, for he had money and they did not, and he meant to save himself in this fight. He would bring it all the skill that practice had brought him, and he would stand, whooping in the park or on a truck or an empty barrel or box, and when it was rainy or cold he would stow himself upon a shelf in a ten-cent lodging-house or pay three cents for the privileges of a "squatter" in a tenement hallway. He would eat at free lunches, five cents a meal, and never a cent more—so he might keep alive for two months and more, and in that time he would surely find a job. He would have to bid farewell to his summer cleanliness, of course, for he would come out of the first night's lodging with his clothes alive with vermin. There was no place in the city where he could wash even his face, unless he went down to the lake front—and there it would soon be all ice.

First he went to the steel-mill and the harvester-works, and found that his places there had been filled long ago. He was careful to keep away from the stock-yards—he was a single man now, he told himself, and he meant to stay one, to have his wages for his own when he got a job. He began the long, weary round of factories and warehouses, tramping all day, from one end of the city to the other, finding everywhere from ten to a hundred men ahead of him. He watched the newspapers, too—but no longer was he to be taken in by smooth-spoken agents. He had been told of all those tricks while "on the road."

In the end it was through a newspaper that he got a job, after nearly a month of seeking. It was a call for a hundred laborers, and though he thought it was a "fake," he went because the place was near by. He found a line of men a block long, but as a wagon chanced to come out of an alley and break the line, he saw his chance and sprang to seize a place. Men threatened him and tried to throw him out, but he cursed and made a disturbance to attract a policeman, upon which they subsided, knowing that if the latter interfered it would be to "fire" them all.

An hour or two later he entered a room and confronted a big Irishman behind a desk.

"Ever worked in Chicago before?" the man inquired, and whether it was a good angel that put it into Jurjig's mind, or an intuition of his sharpened wits, he was moved to answer, "No, sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Kansas City, sir."

"Any references?"

"TAKE NOTICE.—That beginning next week the Appeal will give away a ten-acre tract, each week and every week for sixteen weeks, to the one that sends in the largest club of subscribers (yearly only) each week. The first week begins at 6 P. M. September 22nd, and ends at 6 P. M. September 29th. This is a fine opportunity to get you a small place with a little effort.

land-lady, who had rented his place and had no other for him; and then to his boarding-house keeper, who looked him over and questioned him. As he must certainly work for a couple of months, and had boarded there only six weeks, she decided very quickly that it would not be worth the risk to board him on trust.

So Jurjig went out into the streets, in a most dreadful plight. It was bitterly cold, and a heavy snow was falling, beating into his face. He had no overcoat, and no place to go, and two dollars and sixty-five cents in his pocket, with the certainty that he could not earn another cent for months. The snow meant no chance to him now; he must walk along and see others shivering, vigorous and active—and he with his left arm bound to his side! He could not hope to tide himself over by odd jobs of loading trucks; he could not sell newspapers—he could not even carry satchels, because he was now at the mercy of any rival. Words could not paint the terror that came over him as he realized this. He was now a wounded animal in the jungle. He was forced to compete with his enemies upon unequal terms. There would be no consideration for him because of his weakness—it was no one's business to help him in such distress, to make the fight the least bit easier for him. Even if he took to begging, he would be at a disadvantage—for reasons which he was to discover in good time.

In the beginning he could not think of anything except getting out of the awful cold. He went into one of the saloons he had been wont to frequent, and bought a drink, and then stood by the fire shivering and waiting to be ordered out. According to an unwritten law, the buying a drink included the privilege of loafing for just so long; then one had to buy another drink, or move on. That Jurjig was an old customer entitled him to a somewhat longer stop; but then he had been away two weeks, and was evidently "on the bum." He might plead and tell his "hard-luck story," but that would not help him much; a saloon-keeper who was to be moved by such means would soon have his place jammed to the doors with "hoboes," on a day like this.

So Jurjig went out into another place, and paid another nickel. He was so hungry this time that he could not resist the hot beef-stew, an indulgence which cut short his stay by a considerable time. When he was again told to move on, he made his way to a "rough" place in the city district, where now and then he had gone with a certain rat-eyed Bohemian working-man of his acquaintance, seeking a woman. It was Jurjig's vain hope that at this place the proprietor would let him remain as a "sitter." In low-class saloons, in the dead of winter, saloon-keepers would often allow one or two forlorn-looking bums who came in covered with snow or soaked with rain, to sit by the fire and look miserably at attract custom. A working-man would come in, feeling cheerful after his day's work was over, and it would trouble him to have to take his glass with such a sight under his nose; and so he would call out: "Hello, Bub, what's the matter? You look as if you'd been up against it!" And then the other would begin to pour out some tale of misery, and the man would say, "Come have a glass, and maybe that'll brace you up."

And so they would drink together, and if the tramp was sufficiently wretched-looking, or good enough at the "gab," they might have two; and if they were to discover that they were from the same country, or had lived in the same city, or worked at the same trade, they might sit down at a table and spend an hour or two in talk—and before they got through, the saloon-keeper would have taken in a dollar. All of this may seem diabolical, but the saloon-keeper was in no wise to blame for it. He had either to do it or be driven out of business, just as now-days every manufacturer has to adulterate and misrepresent his product. If he does not, some one else will; and the saloon-keeper, unless he is also an alderman, is apt to be in debt to the big brewers, and on the verge of being sold out.

The market for "sitters" was glutted that day, however, and there was no place for Jurjig. In all he had to spend six nickels in keeping a shelter over him that frightful day, and then it was just dark, and the station-houses would not open until midnight! At the last place, however, there was a bartender, who knew him and liked him, and he went down at one of the tables until he had done back; and also, as he was going out, the man gave him a tip—on the next block there was a religious revival of some sort, with preaching and singing, and hundreds of hoboes would go there for the shelter and warmth.

Jurjig went straightway, and saw a sign hung out, saying that the door would open at seven-thirty; then he walked, or half ran, a block, and hid awhile in a doorway and then ran again, and so on until the hour. At the end he was all but frozen, and fought his way in with the rest of the throng (at the risk of having his arm broken again) and got close to the big stove.

By eight o'clock the place was so crowded that the speakers ought to have been flattered; the aisles were packed half way up, and at the door men were packed tight enough to walk upon. There were three elderly gentlemen in black upon the platform, and a young lady who played the piano in front. First they sang a hymn, and then one of the three, a tall, smooth-shaven man, very thin, and wearing black spectacles, began an address. Jurjig heard a sort of ter-rors of it, for the reason that terror-terrors of it, for he knew that that place was needed for some one worse off than he. That he was utterly helpless, and had no means of keeping himself alive in the meantime, was something which did not concern the hospital authorities, nor any one else in the city.

As it chanced, he had been hurt on a Monday, and had just paid for his last week's board and his room rent, and spent nearly all the balance of his Saturday's pay. He had less than seventy-five cents in his pockets, and a dollar and a half due him for the day's work he had done before he was hurt. He might possibly have sued the company, and got some damages for his injuries, but he did not know this, and it was not the company's business to tell him. He went and got his pay, and his tools, which he left in a pawn-shop for fifty cents. Then he went to his

coming to taunt the poor with their misfortune!—This, of course, was very disrespectful, even impious; but it was how Jurjig felt, and it was how the vast majority of the men felt, while they listened, held prisoners by the cold. These men were out of touch with the life they discussed; they were unfit to solve its problems; nay, they themselves were part of the problem—they were part of the order established, that was crushing men down and beating them! They were of the triumphant and insolent possessors—they had a hall, and a fire, and food and clothing and money, and so they might preach to hungry men, and the hungry men must be humble and listen! They were trying to save their souls—and who but a fool could fail to see that all that was the matter with their souls was that they had not been able to get a decent existence for their bodies! They were preaching about vice—and why did a working-man have to live with low women, save that he could not afford to marry a decent girl? They were preaching about drunkenness—and what made working-men drink but repulsive homes, exposure and hunger, over-work and uncertain employment—the fact, in a word, that his life was a hell, and that a man who has to live in hell had better be drunk than sober?

At seven the meeting closed, and the desolate audience fled out into the snow, muttering curses upon the few traitors who had got repentance and gone upon the platform, and would get some food and coddling for their self-abasement. It was yet an hour before the station-house would open, and Jurjig had no over-coat—and was weak from a long illness. During that hour he nearly perished. He was obliged to run hard to keep his blood moving at all—and then he came back to the station-house and found a crowd blocking the street before the door! This was in the month of January, 1904, when the country was on the verge of "hard times," and the newspapers were reporting the shutting down of factories every day—it was estimated that a million and a half of men were thrown out of work before the spring. So all the hiding places of the jungle were crowded, and before that station-house door men fought and tore each other like savage beasts. When at last the place was jammed and they shut the doors, half the crowd was still outside, and Jurjig, with his helpless arm, was among them. There was no choice then but to go to a lodging-house and spend another dime. It really broke his heart to do this, at half-past twelve o'clock, after he had wasted the night at the meeting and on the street. He would be turned out of the lodging-house promptly at seven—they had the shelves which served as bunks so contrived that they could be dropped, and any man who was slow about obeying orders could be tumbled to the floor.

This was one day, and the cold spell lasted for fourteen of them. At the end of six days every cent of Jurjig's money was gone; and then he went out on the streets to beg for his life.

He would begin as soon as the business of the city was moving. He would sally forth from a saloon, and after making sure there was no policeman in sight, would approach every likely-looking person who passed him, telling his woeful story and pleading for a nickel or a dime. Then, when he got one, he would dart round the corner and return to his base to get warm; and his victim, seeing him do this, would go away vowing that he would never give a cent to a beggar again, since they went straight to a saloon every time. The victim never paused to ask where else Jurjig could have gone under the circumstances—where he, the victim, would have gone. At the saloon Jurjig could not only get more food and better food than he could buy in any restaurant for the same money, but a drink in the bargain to warm him up. Also he could find a comfortable seat by a fire, and could chat with a companion until he was as warm as toast. At the saloon, too, he felt at home—it was the place where he was supposed to be, where everything was understood, without questions or apologies. Part of the saloon-keeper's business was to offer a home and refreshment to a beggar, in exchange for the proceeds of their for-aging; and there was one else in the whole city who would do this—would the victim have done it himself?

Poor Jurjig might have been expected to make a successful beggar. He was just out of the hospital, and desperately sick-looking, and with a helpless arm; also he had no over-coat, and shivered pitifully. But, alas, his case was like that of the honest merchant—he found that the genuine and unadulterated article was driven to the wall by the artistic counterfeit. Jurjig, as a beggar, was simply a blundering amateur in competition with organized and scientific professionalism. He was just out of the hospital—but the story was worn threadbare, and how could he prove it? He had his arm in a sling—it was a device a regular beggar's little boy would have scorned. He was pale and shivering—but they were made up with cosmetics, and had studied the art of chattering their teeth. As to his being without an overcoat, among them you would meet men you could swear had on nothing but a ragged linen duster and a pair of cotton trousers—so cleverly had they concealed the several suits of all-wool underwear beneath. Many of these professional mendicants had comfortable homes, and families, and thousands of dollars in the bank; some of them had retired upon their earnings, and gone into the business of fitting out and doctoring others, or working children at the trade. There were some who had both their arms bound tightly to their sides, and padded stumps in their sleeves, and a sick child hired to carry a cup for them. There were some who had no legs, and pushed themselves upon a wheeled platform—some who had been blessed with blindness, and were led by pretty little dogs. Some less fortunate had mutilated themselves or burned themselves, or had brought horrible sores upon themselves with chemicals; you might suddenly encounter upon the street a man holding out to you a finger rotting and discolored with gangrene—or one with livid scarlet wounds half-escaped from their filthy bandages. These desperate ones were the dregs of the city's cesspools, wretches who hid at night in the rain-soaked cellars of old ramshackle tenements, in "stale-beer dives," and opium-joints, with abandoned women in the last stages of

# The Slave Trade

## In Africa and America in 1905

Mr. Henry W. Nevins writes for Harper's Monthly Magazine an account of "The New Slave Trade" as practiced by the Portuguese on the west coast of Africa. I propose to reproduce a few paragraphs from his account, showing how the "free contract" works in Africa, and then ask you to go with me into some of the free states of America, where the "free contract" is in operation.

The Free Contract in Africa.

The planters composing this Portuguese African colony need "cheap labor," and since the time when chattel slavery was abolished have used all the subtle schemes known to civilization to obtain cheap labor. The basis of the labor system of this West African colony, of which the city of Luanda is the chief center, is the contract which follows:

1. The laborer contracts and undertakes to render all such (domestic agricultural, etc.) services as his employer may require. 2. He binds himself to work nine hours on all days that are not sanctified by religion, with an interval of two hours for rest, and not to leave the service of the employer without permission, except in order to complain to the authorities. 3. This contract remains in force for five complete years. 4. The employer binds himself to pay the monthly wages of . . . with food and clothing. 5. The slave trade, etc. expires.

"Legally," writes Mr. Nevins, "could any agreement look fairer and more innocent? Or could any government have better protected a subject population in the transition from recognized slavery to free labor? Even apart from the splendor of legal language, laws often seem divine. But let us see how the whole thing works out in human life. "I will pass to a stage in the system which I have seen with my own eyes—the plantation stage—in which the contract system is found in full working order.

Below the mountain-edge on which I stood lay the broad valley of the plantation, surrounded by other hills and depths of forest. The low white casa, with its great barns and outhouses, stood in the middle. Close by its side were the thatched mud huts of the work-people, the doors barred; the little streets were empty and silent, because the people were all at work, and the children that were too small to work and too big to be carried were herded together in another part of the yards. From the house, in almost every direction, the valleys of cultivated ground stretched out like fingers, their length depending on the shape of the ground and on the amount of water which could be turned over them by ditch canals.

"Suddenly I came upon this continuous and persistent labor in the flesh. It was a long line of men and women, extended at intervals of about a yard, like a company of infantry going into action. They were cleaning a coffee plantation. Bent double over the work, they advanced slowly across the ground, hoeing it up as they went. To the back of nearly every woman clung an infant, bound on by a breadth of cotton cloth, after the African fashion, while its legs straddled around the mother's loins. Its head lay between her shoulders, and bumped helplessly against her back as she struck the hoe into the ground. Most of the infants were howling with discomfort and exhaustion, but there was no pause in the work. The line advanced rapidly and silently, and the only interruption was when a loiterer had to be tightened up, or when one of the little girls who spend the day in fetching water passed along the line with her pitcher. When the people had drunk they turned to the work again, and the only sound to be heard was the deep grunt or sigh as the hoe was brought heavily down into the mass of tangled grass and undergrowth between the rows of the coffee plants.

"Five or six yards behind the slowly advancing line, like the officers of a company under fire, stood the overseers, or gangers, or drivers of the party. They were white men, or three parts white, and were dressed in the traditional planter style of big hat, white shirt and loose trousers. Each carried an eight-foot stick of hard wood, the jointed, pointed at the ends, and the joint of those sticks quite explained the thoroughness and persistence of the work, as well as the silence, so unusual among the natives whether at work or play. "At six o'clock a big bell rang from the casa, and all stopped working instantly. They gathered up their hoes and machetes (large heavy knives), put them into their baskets, balanced the baskets on their heads, and walked silently back to their little gathering of mud huts. The women unbared the doors, put the tools away, kindled the bits of firewood they had gathered on the path from work, and made the family meal. Most of them had no first to a large room in the casa, where provisions are issued. Here two of the gangers preside over the two kinds of food which the plantation provides—flour and dried fish, the great specialty of Angola, known to British sailors as "stink fish." Each woman goes up in turn and presents a zinc disc to a ganger. The disc has a hole through it, so that it

How is your supply of pamphlets? The September Combination will fit you out with a great big dollar's worth.

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Four books for less than the price of one. Over thirteen hundred pages of very best and latest literature on Socialism. Can you afford it? Can you afford to miss it? Order TODAY and have it.

APPEAL TO REASON, Girard, Kans.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ten-acre fruit farm, at Raynolds Springs, for the BIGGEST club EACH week.

RECOLLECT

That the ensuing week is the last one in which you will have an opportunity to add to your record on the 80-acre farm contest. This piece of property is what you want, if you want a farm, and you cannot afford to leave anything undone to strengthen your position in the contest.

Vegetarians

Vegetarians will be stronger in the faith after reading "The Dark Side of the Beef Trust." In cloth binding, 75c; in paper, 50c.

Real Barriers to Propaganda

The following is a chapter from "Memoirs of a Revolutionary" by Prince Kropotkin... He looked at my bundle, weighed it with his hands, and asked what sort of books were in it...

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE.

The social unrest is caused by poverty. Poverty is caused by a class rapidly losing ownership of the earth and its wealth... The four books in the "Big Four" book combination tell the story.

CRIMINAL INSURANCE.

"Criminal insurance," said a detective, is the insurance that thieves and black-guards take out in case of arrest... The author makes science readable and attractive.

TAKE A TUMBLE TO YOURSELF

WE DO NOT ALWAYS SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US... We had a letter from Comrade Wright of Washington, and he said that the most that we had in our little booklet that we were sending out...

WALL STREET AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The calmness with which the Wall Street financiers take the appointment of Banker Bacon, of the Morgan & Co. group, ought to reassure the public... The fact that Robert Bacon was recently a partner of J. Pierpont Morgan...

It is a healthy development when a man of wealth and business capacity is willing to forego the great emoluments of commercial enterprise in order to enter the government service... Mr. Bacon is the only Wall Street man who, in our recollection, ever entered the public service through the door of the state department.

Five dollars will do for us, and then one dollar or so for the commissionaire, if you are agreeable to it... I had often heard of the honesty of the Jewish smugglers on the frontier...

Next day I left Cracow, and at the designated Russian station a porter approached my compartment, and speaking loudly, so as to be heard by the gendarme who was walking along the platform, said to me, "Here is the bag your highness left the other day..."

in Philadelphia, another in New York, and a third in St. Louis. The policies run from \$100 up to \$5,000, and the premiums are always enormous... Besides the criminal insurance concerns I know of a curious beneficial organization that is conducted among the criminals of Illinois.

NEW BOOKS.

"GERMS OF MIND IN PLANTS." By R. H. France, translated by M. Simons. Chatto & Co., Chicago, cloth, illustrated, 161 p., 50c.

MODERN SOCIETY.

Prof. Ross, of Nebraska University, at Chicago University... "The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a rick-off instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a deck of cards, or scuttles his town instead of his ship, does not feel on his brow the brand of the malefactor."

"The modern criminal wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, and sips with a calm contentment and serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes... The modern criminal wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, and sips with a calm contentment and serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes."

Some time ago the Appeal noted from the daily press about young Fritz Merriek, of Parkersburg, W. Va., who was arrested and thrown in the guard-house for talking Socialism before some soldiers at their encampment... "How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator and the purveyor of polluted waters compared with the red slayings of the bandit or assassin."

Recollect...

That the ensuing week is the last one in which you will have an opportunity to add to your record on the 50-acre farm contest. This piece of property is what you want, if you want a home and you cannot afford to leave anything unmade to strengthen your position in the contest.

The Modern Slave Shackles.

SENATE BILL No. 255. A BILL. To prevent any person from enticing, persuading or procuring the servant of another to leave his employer, and prescribing penalties and remedies for violations of this act.

Patron—Mr. Barkdale. Referred to the Committee on General Laws.

- 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, 2. That if any person shall entice, persuade or procure any servant who shall have contracted in writing or orally to serve 4 his employer to unlawfully leave the service of his master or 5 employer, or if any person shall knowingly harbor and detain 7 in his own service, and from the service of his master or em- 8 ployer, any servant who shall unlawfully leave the service of 9 such master or employer, then, in either case, such person and 10 servant may be sued singly or jointly by the master or em- 11 ployer, and on recovery may have judgment for double the 12 value of the actual damages sustained.

WHAT SOCIALISM AFFIRMS.

What scientific Socialism can affirm, and does affirm with mathematical certainty, is that the current, the trajectory, of human evolution, is in the general direction pointed out and foreseen by Socialism; that is to say, in the direction of a continuously and progressively increasing preponderance of the interests and importance of the species over the individual—and, therefore, in the direction of a continuous socialization of the economic life, and with and in consequence of that, of the juridical, moral, and political life.

- 2 deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not exceeding one 2 hundred dollars, or confined in jail not exceeding three months.

what sort of a world will this new world of ours be? Show us first its exact plan, and after that we will decide... The third estate, the bourgeoisie, would not have been able to answer this question, because it was impossible for them to foresee what the human society of the nineteenth century was to be. But this did not prevent the bourgeoisie revolution from taking place, because it represented the next natural and inevitable phase of an eternal evolution.

TAKE NOTICE.—That beginning next week the Appeal will give away a ten-acre tract, each week, and every week for sixteen weeks, to each subscriber (yearly only) each week. The first week begins at 6 P. M. September 25th, and ends at 6 P. M. September 29th. This is a fine opportunity to get you a small place with a little effort.

DOGS AND FLEAS.

Bill Nye is said to have once had a dog named "Entomologist." An entomologist is one of those intellectuals whose life is devoted to making collections of bugs; and the dog earned the big name because of his intelligence and the remarkable collection of fleas he had accumulated.

"FRENZIED FINANCE." Frenzied Finance; the Crime of Amalgamated. By Thos. W. Lawson; \$1.50, prepaid. The Greatest Trust in the World (the Beef Trust). By Chas. E. Russell; \$1.50, prepaid.

- \$1 THE SEPTEMBER COMBINATION \$1 5 Introduction to Socialism .25 5 Question Box .50 5 Patching the Old Garment .25 5 Reign of Conflict and Capital .25 5 Economics of Socialism and Capitalism .25 5 Socialism; a New World Movement .25 5 What Is Yours and How to Get It .25 100 National Party Platforms .20 100 Vital Problems .20 235 Pieces .50.40

During September all the above will be sent, postage prepaid, for only \$1. Order the September Combination. APPEAL TO REASON, Girard, Kas.

A KALAMAZOO DIRECT TO YOU At Lowest Factory Prices. We will sell you, freight prepaid, direct from our factory any Kalamazoo Stove or Range on a 360 Days Approval Test. SEND A POSTAL CARD FOR CATALOGUE No. 244.

ALL FOUR PREMIUMS FREE TO Ladies & Girls. CURED TO STAY CURED. My TRUTH METHOD has cured the greatest germ which causes Cancer. DR. E. O. SMITH, 2512 GENESEE ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

\$3 a Day Sure. GINSENG \$20,000 made from half bushel of corn. \$5 a DAY FREE. Dr. E. O. Smith, 2512 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.

CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. CANCER WILL YOU WORK FOR US? STUDY SOCIALISM SYSTEMATICALLY.

THE TRUTH SEEKER. OLDEST, LARGEST, BEST FREETHOUGHT JOURNAL IN THE WORLD. A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. THE POWERS AND ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRIAL CONCENTRATION.

THE MOST CONVENIENT WAY TO GO TO CALIFORNIA. An Exceptional Rate. POCKET KNIVES GIVEN AWAY!

POCKET KNIVES GIVEN AWAY! ONE AGENT wanted in every town in the U. S. "Society" between the two towns of Doss and Girard, Kas. by mail. Send 6c for catalog. E. K. BARNETT, 25 West Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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The contest for the 80-acre farm closes September 30th, and all orders for the Trust Edition MUST REACH THIS OFFICE by 6 p. m. on that date in order to be counted.

# COMING NATION

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## Women of the Modern Civilization

"BY THE STATUS OF ITS WOMEN MAY WE MEASURE A CIVILIZATION."

By JOSEPHINE CONGER

"The woman, after all, is least to blame."



HE had risen from a morbid sleep, which she had obtained by a drug. She had been languid and bathed and clothed by maids skilled in the art of beautifying. She had swallowed a costly breakfast by the aid of spirits and seltzer, and had driven off to a day's racing and betting in the company of a cavalier servant.

A high-born girl of loving and passion temperament, she had been married not many years since to one who, in the eyes of the world (her world), was in every way a fitting mate. But the laws of nature seldom recognize the laws of high society, and she had failed to find her life complemented by the mate that had been chosen for her.

Nature rebelled, it cried out for its own, and the girl, at sea as to the meaning of it all, sought succor from her sorrow by plunging into the whirl of that society which had robbed her of her natural rights with the promise of greater pleasure. She failed to find satisfaction, and her dissipation increased. Her house was becoming the resort of men of questionable character, and she was settling at defiance every conventional dictate of propriety. Her young husband went to Africa to "shoot big game." Letters and telegrams followed him, beseeching him to come back. His wife needed him.

He refused to return. And plain hints were given that, should he be forced to return, it might prove but the opening of revelations in regard to his own life, surpassing hers in dissipation, and furthermore, involving half a dozen other high families.

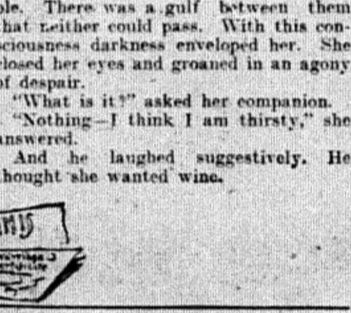
He was afraid to return. And she got on very well with him. In any case her life was unsatisfying, her heart hungry, her soul starving. It was a bright day that she drove off with her cavalier to attend the races. The sun was high and warm. Her cheeks and lips were tinted by the fever in her blood. Her eyes had a deep yearning in

them as she looked out upon the world glowing in natural beauty. She heard the birds singing from pure joy, and her heart grew sick within her. To be alone in a world like this!

The man at her side was repeating a bit of scandal. She was not listening. As the horses turned a corner they came near colliding with a road cart going at full speed. A man of the people saw the predicament, and like a flash was at the horse's head. She had not realized the danger; it had passed too quickly. She looked at the man. "Caring for the animals' noses in an endeavor to quiet them, he looked at her. Their eyes met, full, earnest, unembarrassed. He was of the common people, but he was every whit a man.

They drove on, leaving him far behind. She crushed her hands together in her lap. In the brief space of a second she had realized what her nature had longed for all her life. Recognition, companionship. And in the moment of recognition had come the pitiless tearing apart.

For the man was of the common people. There was a gulf between them that neither could pass. With this consciousness darkness enveloped her. She closed her eyes and groaned in an agony of despair. "What is it?" asked her companion. "Nothing—I think I am thirsty," she answered. And he laughed suggestively. He thought she wanted wine.



## THE GIRARD CEREAL CO.

### THE REAL THING.

THIS company was organized less than a year ago by a few wide-awake business men of our city, for the purpose of manufacturing a cereal coffee that has been named NUTRITO—pronounced NU-TRE-TO.

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## WIRELESS MESSAGES.

(Picked up by Our Correspondent as they Fly Through the Air.)

**Dr. H. to John D.—**Say, John, you must feel pretty good now, since that decision. John D.—Which decision do you mean? Dr. H.—The one down in Kansas, when the court said it was unconstitutional, you know.

**John D.—**Oh, yes, of course. Well, that's nothing more than I expected. The idea those fools got into their heads that they had the right to go into the refining business was preposterous.

**Dr. H.—**Of course, of course; the crazy notions some people are getting into their heads nowadays are strange. But the courts are on the right side and will keep them straight. Can't you dig up a couple of million for your university this week, John? You know the proper kind of education is necessary to preserve your rights in the future, as well as those of all right-minded, public-spirited people.

**John D.—**Yes, that's so; but I'm feeling rather poor this morning. I just paid my doctor's bill and it was fifty dollars for last month, and our milk bill comes due tomorrow; besides, I want to buy a bottle of new hair restorative I saw advertised a few days ago.

**Buzz—**zz—zz—zz. The conversation was interrupted here by a kind of a buzzing noise and the reporter failed to catch the balance of it.

## TAKE NOTICE—That beginning next week the Appeal will give away

a ten-acre tract, each week and every week for sixteen weeks, to the one that sends in the largest club of subscribers (yearly only) each week. The first week begins at 6 P. M. September 22nd, and ends at 6 P. M. September 29th. This is a fine opportunity to get you a small place with a little effort.

## COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Judge—Chauncey Depew, stand up and answer the questions I put to you. C. DePew—Certainly, Judge, I will with pleasure.

Judge—You got \$20,000 from the Equitable per year for giving it advice, you said.

C. DeP.—Yes, sir.

J.—Did you advise the company to loan the DePew Land company \$350,000 on \$200,000 worth of property?

C. DeP.—No, sir.

J.—Did you advise it not to?

C. DeP.—No, sir.

J.—Did you advise the company to pay young Hyde \$100,000 per year?

C. DeP.—No, sir.

## ARMY COLUMN

**Yes, Kearns came in.**

A ten-acre fruit farm, at Ravenden Springs, for the BIGGEST club EACH week.

Comrade Lewis, of West Lubec, Me., comes in with four more scalps.

A ten-acre fruit farm, at Ravenden Springs, for the BIGGEST club EACH week.

Comrade Tubby, of Kingston, N. Y., gets to the bat with a bunch of five yearlings.

A ten-acre fruit farm, at Ravenden Springs, for the BIGGEST club EACH week.

Comrade Holmvik, of Beltrami, Minn., bids us one on the left eyebrow. Five yearlings.

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Comrade Lovell, of Newberry, Pa., gallops to the front with a bunch of four annuals.

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James T. Van Rensselaer has an article in the September Arena on "The Identity of Socialism and Christianity."

Gov. Folk, of Missouri, is great on the enforcement of the law—that is, some laws. But when it comes to enforcing laws against corporations, Mr. Folk is a capitalist, just like the others. A writer in the *Globe-Democrat* shows that Folk was a member of the board of equalization that assessed the Terminal association with \$3,000,000 when that august assembly of pirates had just issued statements showing that their property was worth \$50,000,000! But that is different, you know! Folk is in favor of enforcing the laws that grind the poor, but not those that will help the poor. He is a democrat!

THE TRUTH ABOUT COLORADO. The truth, and the whole truth, as far as it is known, about the shameful misuse of the military in Colorado to intimidate workmen and seize the whole military and political power of the state by the corporations, is told in the book, "Anarchy in Colorado," by H. E. Bartholomew. Prepaid, 25c.

Comrade Pledger, of Louisiana, writes that he puts away in a box every dime

That comes into his possession and devotes it to the Socialist propaganda. He is simply a day laborer. He suggests that others, able to do much and not feel it, should do so. That is the spirit that it takes to win this fight. Our Russian comrades put their money and their lives freely into the crucible. We Americans ought to give enough to place literature in the hands of the millions. There is no other way to gain possession of the world and all it contains. Isn't it worth a little sacrifice today to leave the earth a heritage to your children and your children's children forever? Be men, be brave; do things.

"Here's a bunch of five from Comrade Wood, of Secor, Ill.," remarked the Army Editor from the depths of the letter files. "You can credit those names to my power and intellect and strength of mind," said the Joke Editor. "Of course, you are always reminding us that you are the Only One, but in this case I am the one."

"I fail to see why you should get any credit for it," remarked the Army Editor, coldly. "Why," said the Joke Editor, angrily, "didn't I say, when Comrade Wood, of Blynn, Wash., sent in a club a few weeks ago that I wished every one Wood do that?"

THE GIRARD CEREAL CO. GIRARD, Mo. That the ensuing week is the last one in which you will have an opportunity to add to your record on the 80-acre farm contest. This piece of property is what you want, if you want a farm, and you cannot afford to leave anything undone to strengthen your position in the contest.

great crowd listened and applauded to the very last word. There was no chirp from any of the capitalists to any count of the scathing indictment; but the next day, after Debs had left the city, they turned loose on him in their editorial columns. The editor of the *Journal and Tribune* gets furious because Debs said that capitalists run our government and that capitalists run our newspapers in their interests, and that Governor Cox had sent the troops to Tracy City to crush the strike of the miners. The reader will remember that two men were killed there, by whom nobody knows. The governor at once rushed the militia there and Debs gave him a-h-i for it, and this is what stirred the ire of the editor. He said that if two, or even a dozen, men had been killed in a political row or a lynching, the governor would never have dreamed of sending the troops to the scene, but that whenever and wherever a strike is on, the capitalist governors always rush in the troops to protect the property of their capitalist masters and shoot down their slaves; that even a chicken thief or a pickpocket was presumed innocent until proven guilty, but in case of a strike this is reversed, and when property is destroyed or murder committed by the hirelings of the corporations, to serve their own despotic purposes, the presumption always is that the criminals were strikers, and that they were guilty without even knowing who they were, and that the governor and the militia were trotted out, while the capitalist judges issued their injunctions, and capitalist preachers solemnly approved the proceeding and capitalist newspapers howled its wrath upon the workmen in the name of law and order.