

Next Week

Franklin H. Wentworth's article on "The Immorality of the Rich."

Established August 21, 1892

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR Six Months \$2.50. Lists of four or more \$2.00. Per hundred copies 50 cents.

Appeal to Reason.

This is Number 534

J. A. WAYLAND

12 NUMBER 335 IS ON YOUR YELLOW LABEL YOUR TIME EXPIRES WITH THE NEXT ISSUE

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., February 24, 1906

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 COAL STRIKE.

Henry George, jr., has written an editorial for the daily newspapers on the "Strike and the Public." He says that the coal strike is a strong possibility, and points out the disaster that will occur—the "public" being the chief sufferer. He thinks the difficulty could easily be overcome if the nation would tax the land values held by the coal barons. This tax, levied on the coal lands held out of use, would cause the coal barons to either relinquish the land or open it up and throw more coal on the market, thus preventing a scarcity and giving more labor to the workmen. This is the single tax idea briefly stated. With an absolute monopoly of not only the coal land, the mining machinery, but of the coal carrying roads, the coal baron would have little difficulty in raising the price of the coal to a point that would cover the additional tax levied on his unused lands. This high price would in turn cause a lessened consumption, which would necessarily decrease the amount of work the coal barons would hand out. The single taxer would leave the machinery of production, and consequently the product of this machine and the labor necessary to perform the work, in private hands. The capitalist always figures into the selling price of the completed products any of the incidental-like taxes. In the good old days of competition it was difficult for him to always collect the extra tax, but in these Days of the Cinch, it is a very simple matter. For instance, when the coal miners forced a 10% raise in wages in 1900, it was cleverly tacked on the selling price.

IS THE TIME RIFE?

On the second page of this issue will be found the story of the "Smashing of Trades Unions in Australia," written by an agent of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance, and printed in one of their official organs. It was reprinted in the National Civic Federation Review. It is significant and startling—and encouraging to every Socialist in the United States. Whether events will so shape themselves in America and a similar result be reached, I do not know. I think they will. This year promises to witness the greatest strike in our industrial history. Strong and determined, the United Mine Workers are up against the greatest aggregation of capital ever brought together under the direction of a single group of capitalists. The conditions in America today are very similar to the conditions which preceded the Australian strike of eleven years ago. We are at the tail end of a period of prosperity. The unions are strong in both membership and funds, and the capitalists have their coffers piled full of profits, and what is more to the point, a powerful organization. It is a foregone conclusion that the miners will lose and the capitalists will win. Whether this will be the signal for the working class of the United States to get together on the political field depends upon the amount of work which the Socialists do. Every Socialist should get ready for work and be prepared to take advantage of the industrial situation which is in no part of their making.

PREFERS A CZAR.

The worst enemies of freedom in Russia are the czar and the autocrats but the Socialists, whose ultra-revolutionary program makes it impossible to establish a representative government.—Tri-County Press, M. L. Review, O.

You can scratch the average "county printing" republican or democratic paper and you will find them supporters of the murderous czar rather than of the people who are struggling for liberty. They are of the kind that helped King George against the rebels in revolutionary days. They would sell their country, their honor and their family for one benign smile of some brutal emperor; some bandit with the booty to divide. The worst enemies of freedom are those who want to suppress freedom, like the czar and the Press.

THE APPEAL sent out something like two millions of booklets and pamphlets last year. But how insignificant! That is not as much as the Russian Socialists distributed in two months! And they are poorer than you, and they had to be printed in secret and distributed in secret, with a penalty of imprisonment for detection. All the Socialist presses of this nation, running day and night, could not turn out the literature that should be distributed among the work people. Many of you are faithful, but many think more of a dollar than they do

of liberty—of freeing themselves from the malign government of corporations. Make a resolve that this year you will put into literature every cent you can spare, as the best possible heritage you can leave your children. Let's do things this year.

TEN-HOUR FARM.

Comrade G. A. Sanford, of Excelsior Springs, Mo., has certainly made a marvelous record in sub-getting, having secured in ten hours continuous work 89 single yearly subscribers and 38 for a bundle of five per week each, making a total of 279, thus winning the 40-acre farm given by the Appeal. The phenomenal records made by the ten-hour contestants stand far ahead of anything the Appeal has ever witnessed in this line. Comrade Southworth, of Benton Harbor, Mich., made as good, if not a better, record than the winner, having successfully solicited 162 persons, 161 of them for single subscriptions and a bundle of five for himself, while Comrade Sanford successfully solicited only 127 persons, securing his advantage in landing the bulk of bundles of five each, a perfectly legitimate method as laid down by the rules governing this contest. We could fill the Appeal with exploits of comrades who went forth to do battle in this contest, but limited space forbids. Capitalism may well tremble when the batteries of such soliciting giants are turned loose on a betrayed and deceived public as Comrades Bullock, of Chilton, Mich.; Bainbridge, of Greenwood, Ark.; Tazbell, Lansing, Mich.; La Rue, Bessemer, Ala.; Pasley, Port Arthur, Ont.; Deeds, Mayer, Ariz.; Ries, Toledo, O.; Haskin, St. Louis, Mo.; Kiepe, Newark, N. J.; Trebing, Chicago; Walton, Pinole, Cal.; Winkler, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Rogers, Hutchinson, Kans., as well as many others whose loyalty to the cause of Socialism will stand unimpeached on the records of the Appeal until the dawn of universal freedom.

The rules demand a strict and satisfactory affidavit before the deed will be turned over to Comrade Sanford, which will be published as soon as received.

HOW THIEVES BECOME RICH.

If you want to enter the circle of the respectables, open a bank. One of the easiest kind to open is a savings bank. Then get the papers to print articles showing how the working people, for whom you have set your nets, ought to save their money and put it into a savings bank where they can get interest and save something for a rainy day. Also to damn, on the side, the working class because they are spendthrifts and, if they are in want, tell them it is their own fault. Then open the door, hang out a gilt sign, and you have at once entered into the charmed circle of the eminently respectable and become a pillar of society. Then, as you watch the fools put all their savings into your possession, you look about for some speculators to aid you in skinning them. This is the game. It has been played successfully for 100 years. The people have been robbed of hundreds of millions by this process in the last generation, but the fools seem just as willing to go into the trap again as if it were entirely new.

The Provident (note the name) Savings Bank of New York closed its doors in the face of a surprised but glib public the other day. It had 25,000 depositors, mostly boot and shoe workers, children, and the poorest kind of people. It had taken in nearly a million, and had only \$4,000 cash on hand! Pretty nearly as bad as the average national bank. Women and children stood around the bank door crying, but what are the tears and sorrow of the poor to the thieves who run things at Washington and refuse to establish postal savings banks that will be safe? Are not the members of congress well dressed and well supplied with money? Why should they protect the poor? Isn't it with the money stolen from the poor that corporations are enabled to pay them for their dirty work? There is no punishment too severe for the hirelings of the corporations who sit in Washington and see the people robbed and make laws only in favor of the corporations so the robberies can continue.

And the poor? Well, they are so stupid that it seems a pity to wake them up to their degraded condition. They seem so ignorantly happy in being able to play the game of banking, of which they know as little as the animals of the fields. Still, it makes one sad if they have any heart. It is the foolishness of the poor that is their undoing. But it is the rich who do them.

THE EARTHQUAKE THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

Everybody held their breath up in Chanute, Kan. Chanute is a few miles west of Girard, and the Appeal gang shared in the suspense. Last Tuesday there was a meeting of the independent oil producers—the real article, so we are informed by one of our Kansas exchanges. And there wasn't to be any monkey business, either. This time the Octopus was to be smashed to smithereens. Here is the deft, issued four days in advance and printed in the Independence Evening Star:

The oil men—the real independent oil men of these parts—don't care much what the Standard thinks any more, nor who reports their movements for the Standard. They have reached a point where it doesn't make any difference whether they keep still or not, so far as revenue is concerned, and they are inclined to say what they please. Most of them are heart and soul with the fight Hadley is making, and they want him to keep it up even if it costs them money. They are tired out to death of the oppression and monopoly, and of bulldozing, lying and chicanery. They are going to that Chanute meeting and they expect to say just what they think when they get there.

Although I listened intently all night Tuesday for the earthquake, it failed to materialize. Whether some seductive Standard Oil hireling captured the meeting and turned it into a pillow party, or whether the real independent oil producers just talked themselves to sleep is not known at this end of the line. What a brave nincompoop the real independent oil producer in Kansas is, to be sure! He is an ass to begin with and he never learns. He can't read history, or, if he does, he fails to understand its lessons. He deludes himself with the belief that he can bust the trust; he howls, he tears his hair, he pleads, he threatens, then he tries tears, and finally, he blusters and then disappears in his own dust. With the Standard Oil in the United States senate, with the Standard Oil on the bench, with the Standard Oil in the Kansas legislature, with the Standard Oil in control of the railroads, the refineries, the retail market, with its ability to make or break an entire state and paralyze industry, what can these men accomplish by fighting on the Standard's own ground? Nothing—absolutely nothing. They are being ground to death by the pitiless wheel of modern industrialism, and some day they will wake up at the bottom of the toboggan slide where there are ten million or more propertyless workingmen. And when these propertyless work people combine, and in their might sweep the Octopus, and the system which makes the Octopus possible, from the face of the earth, and establish a new system—the Co-operative Commonwealth—then will there be relief. In the meantime, the little fellows, like a net full of fish, can scramble and squirm to their heart's content; but they will find themselves landed high and dry.

LYING ABOUT LONDON.

The Derby, Conn., Free Library made the following announcement: As Jack London publicly announces he is an anarchist, devoting the constitution to hell and the government to destruction, we have ordered all his works withdrawn from circulation, and we urge not only other libraries to do likewise, but all lovers of their country to cease buying his books or taking magazines publishing his stories.

These soft-handed gentles have a habit of going off half-cocked on the least provocation. Jack London did not say "To hell with the constitution," nor did he announce himself an anarchist. What he did do was to quote the expression of one of the Colorado mine owners' officials, who, with an oath, showed his contempt for that historic document by saying: "To hell with the constitution." Not only that, but these law-abiding Colorado outlaws deliberately shot the constitution to pieces and ignored it as shamelessly as any gang of cut-throats that ever went unhung. These namby-pamby folks of the east did not get on their ear at that time. But let a Socialist quote the expression of one of their own spokesmen and they get excited and rush into print, and threaten all kinds of dire things.

OHIO appropriated \$50,000 to pay lawyers to probe the life and fire insurance companies; Kentucky and other states are to follow; the lawyers are hungry. The sums spent for investigating would have furnished the capital to start a state insurance business, which would give the people insurance at one third what they are now paying. Then the people could have patronized the private concerns at their peril; if they preferred to be

skinned by private corporations, why just let them, but spend no public money to aid their foolishness. But a public insurance business wouldn't give the legislators and state officers any graft; its business would be public and every cent would have to be publicly accounted for; it would not bribe any officials; it would serve the people and not private interests, hence a state or national life insurance business is not mentioned by any of the grafters. It would degrade the people, don't you know, if the public officials served them—were really of some use.

ABE LINCOLN ON ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

One Rev. Dr. Ross once maintained that it is the will of God that servants should be obedient to their masters; and that the black slave should accept the position to which his Creator had called him.

Old Abe met the argument in the following words, quoted from his notes for speeches that have been preserved:

Suppose the Rev. Dr. Ross has a slave named Sambo, and the question is, "Is it the will of God that Sambo shall remain a slave, or be set free?" The Almighty gives no audible answer to the question, and his revelation, the Bible, gives none—or, at most, none but such as admits of a squabble as to its meaning; no one thinks of asking Sambo's opinion of it. So, at last, it comes to this, that Dr. Ross is to decide the question, and while he considers it he sits in the shade, with gloves on his hands, and subsists on the bread that Sambo is earning in the burning sun. If he decides that God wills Sambo to continue a slave, he thereby retains his own comfortable position, but if he decides that God wills Sambo to be free, he thereby has to walk out of the shade, throw off his gloves and delve for his own bread. WIR Dr. Ross be actuated by the perfect impartiality which has ever been considered most favorable to correct decisions!

Whatever Dr. Ross may have done in the premises, it is certain that no considerable number of slave owners ever allowed their religious convictions to free their slaves. As a matter of fact, such reverends as owned slaves or drew their salaries from owners of slaves evolved a diametrically opposite interpretation of God's intent as revealed in the Bible. In so doing they proved the correctness of the theory of economic determinism and disproved their own pretension to impartiality.

In like manner the D.D.s of the present day, who draw comfortable salaries from capitalist pew-renters, or who own a few blocks of "this world's goods," are ever ready with eloquence and biblical sanction to condemn Socialism and show that it is God's revealed will to perpetuate the horrors of wage slavery.

Should they decide differently they would lose their comfortable livings and be compelled to get off the gloves, get out of the shade and do what Sambo's master would have done had he decided against the economic interests of his parishioners.

It is a homely and unpoetic fact that the broad and latter question determines the religious and ethical, as well as all other attitudes of any given class of people. Some think the influence comes from a supernatural source above and are honest in the belief, but that only reveals their misunderstanding of the situation.

Every serious student of human motives, and especially every Socialist, should follow out this theory as demonstrated in the Bible pamphlet, "Why the Church Opposes Socialism," by Fred D. Warren (price 5 cents), that explains the stand that the clergy has always taken in support of the ruling class, and how they interpret everything biblical and divine to that end.

THE miners voted to accept a reduction in wages in 1904. They now ask for an increase in wages to correspond with the increase in the prices of food supplies. Articles that could be bought for \$100 on the first day of January, 1904, now sell for \$105, according to Dun's index figures printed in the last bulletin issued by the treasury department on prices of leading articles. With wages reduced and the price of food increasing, it will be seen that the miners had the hot end of the poker. But really the miners ought to be used to it by this time. They have been handing that end of the industrial problem for these many years. But some people are never satisfied.

CONGRESSMAN MURDOCK, of Kansas, took a fall out of the administration railroad bill the other day. He said it was a "poor bill," and would not regulate the railroads. The gentleman seems to be right. The bluff will work for a while—but you can't fool 'em all the time.

WILL STEFFENS DO IT?

When Lincoln Steffens announced that he was going to Washington, and that he had traced the head of the "system" to that point, naturally those who had followed his series of magazine articles expected great things. Steffens has been the one man who has been able to lift the cover of municipal and state corruption and has described it so minutely and carefully, and circumstantially that there was no getting away from the great, big fact that he had at last cornered the animal. But he was not satisfied. He wanted to put it in a cage. And so he tramped down to Washington, while an expectant multitude looked on admiringly. So far his letters have been a disappointment. They have described nothing that was not already known. It would seem that he has actually fallen under the spell of the hypnotic influence of the big grafters, and he talks about them just like the average Washingtonian. Everybody in Washington thinks things are all right. They are a snug set, comfortable, satisfied and well fed. They see only the glitter and tinsel—unless one is really on the inside. And then you never tell. Steffens admires Roosevelt—he even intimates that Roosevelt is going to do great things. That's it—always promising! Roosevelt is like a caged lion. A magnificent animal, restlessly pacing up and down his cage—harmless. When he roars we shudder until we remember that the bars are strong and then we move up closer and inspect his claws. Steffens is describing a caged animal when he talks about Roosevelt. And I rather think Roosevelt likes to be caged. It is very convenient to throw the responsibility on some one else's shoulder. There was the beef trust investigation, for instance. Of course, Roosevelt started out with the very best intentions. But he tamed down considerably. Then there was the railroad merger a few days ago. It was nothing. But now it has been discovered that it embraces practically all the eastern railroads and that it has the whole country in its grip. Roosevelt could have known this—but he was engaged in playfully biting the bars of his cage. Let us hope that Steffens will exercise the same powers of discovery that characterized his work in the outlying districts.

Every great strike of the workers has failed, or, at best, left the combatants in a state of passive warfare. Trades unionism on the old lines has proven it cannot win against the changed conditions of industry. To send out on strike one detachment of labor at a time to be beaten in detail is simple idiocy. Labor should be organized in one compact body—divided into different battalions, according to the craft, but all one union with one emblem of solidarity. Then on the economic field the workers can meet the masters in a solid body—million against thousands. With such an organization they can protect their members and can make it to the interest of those now out of the unions to join. By such a union the whole working population of Chicago or New York could be taken out of their places in one hour. A general strike, like that in Russia, could be inaugurated in a day, and any demands of labor could be forced. The economic power could also be thus wielded against any unfair production, for, with such a force, any competitor could afford to give the conditions for the demand the union could make for his products. The American Federation of Labor is a capitalistic organization—that is, it is organized and managed so as to keep the workers under the lash and make them think they are organized against the masters, while doing the masters the least injury. Every one knows that some kind of labor organization is not only necessary, but that it is going to exist. The capitalists want one that they can handle by reason of the courts, injunctions, police and leadership. That is the American Federation. The masters fear one that is founded on the principles of solidarity, such as the Industrial Workers of the World. They will, therefore, do all they can quietly to help keep the American Federation of Labor in the field and managed in the future as it has been in the past.

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Officers of Western Federation Kidnapped.

Under the Thin Disguise of the Law, President Moyer and Secretary Haywood of Colorado Are Taken to Idaho—Another Chapter in the Colorado Labor War.

Special Telegram to the Appeal. Reason. There is not the slightest doubt in the world that the confession, "I've the others worked up in the Colorado troubles, is a fake from start to finish. The men who have arrested Moyer and Haywood have shady reputations. Several of them most active in the troubles of two years ago are now in the penitentiary for crimes varying from murder to robbery.

The Kansas City Journal gives the following additional facts of the arrest: "Boise, Ida., Feb. 19.—Charles E. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, William D. Haywood, secretary of the same organization, and C. A. Pettibone, a former member of the executive board of the Federation, who was arrested in Denver Saturday night charged with complicity in the assassination of Frank Stuenkel, former governor of Idaho, arrived at Boise, Ida., this morning in custody of a strong guard of Idaho and Colorado officers. The special train of engine, combination car and Pullman coach, which left Denver at 6 o'clock Sunday morning, arrived here at 9:15. The necessary changes of locomotives en route were made at suburban sidings, and the train took water at obscure tanks, so that no sleepers were made in cities or large towns.

The officers in charge of the prisoners were Adjutant General Buckley Wells, of Colorado, Colonel D. W. Sheridan, head of the governor's staff, Mel drum, Watson and Fisher, secretaries of a detective agency, and James Mills, deputy warden of the Idaho penitentiary.

The prisoners were taken directly to the Idaho penitentiary, and no interview with any member of the party was permitted.

Vincent St. John, president of the miners' union at Burke, Ida., who was arrested yesterday, probably will be brought here tomorrow.

Officers have gone to Haines, Ore., to search for a man named Stimpkins, who is supposed to be in that vicinity.

It is persistently reported that Orchard, the prisoner arrested soon after the assassination at Caldwell, has made statements which will be used against the other prisoners near their arrest, and one or two others whom the officers are seeking.

Whether they will tamely submit or whether they will declare war—that is the question. I have always said that when the roads refused passes to the newspapers then would public ownership of railroads be reasonably assured. It may be, the railroads are getting ready to unload on the people and take this method, as the cheapest, of arousing the ire of the newspapers—the moulders of public opinion.

IF HE WON'T WORK? You say that under Socialism, of the able-bodied, he who does not work shall not eat. How will you deal with those who won't? Some today say that the world owes them a living and they are going to have it. Instances are on record where men of this class have been punished in penitentiaries for refusing to work and the prison authorities have desisted for fear they would kill the obstinate offender.—J. J. King, M. D., Berg Hill, O.

You have stated the law, Dutch there is a regeneration it may be that there will be cases such as you mention; there will also be dumbards who have been created under the capitalist system. But as men are the creatures of environment, are made what they are by the social compact and contact, the Socialist organism will not produce such. The wonder is that we do not find more degenerates than we do. Raised up under an atmosphere of graft and deception, where useful labor is a badge of dishonor, and unearned wealth the badge of honor; where labor is looked upon as being alien to the ruling classes, a thing of loathing and fit only for the debased, is it any wonder that it produces such abnormalities as you mention? Activity is the essence of life; to be idle is not natural; when honor can be had only from useful activities there will be the same striving for it that there is now for wealth because of the honor paid it. Such cases as you mention should be treated as cases of insanity, but none should be permitted to live the lives of parasites, except they are insane. Such cases will be treated by the department of health.

A STREET car conductor out in Seattle knocked down a five-cent fare; was discovered; tried; convicted, and fined \$75 and lost his job. In Oregon a couple of fellows stole a million dollars' worth of timber and land; were discovered; not convicted; not fined, and sent to the United States senate. There's a difference, you know. Better play safe and be a big grafter.

FARMING THE FARMERS. Fritz Heller, Lemon Grove, Cal., writes a local paper there as follows, which shows how the private owners of railroads, commission houses and other grafters gather in millions at the expense of the producers:

The lemons, shipped the 21st of August, fifty-one shipping boxes, were sold in Cincinnati, Ohio, for \$81.35. The expenses were: Packing and selling, \$30.34; freight and refrigeration, \$60.11; other charges, \$1.63; total expenses, \$92.08. So we did not only receive nothing, but have, on top of it, to pay out in cash \$10.73, not to speak of the expenses for picking and hauling them.

California voters repeat the folly every year of voting the same old tickets for the same old system and get the same old treatment. The capitalists know they can cinch them and continue to be voted into power. They have been at it so long that they are not afraid.

THE newspapers of the east are mad—mad all the way through. It seems that the eastern railroads have decided to cut off all newspaper passes. The Pittsburg Newspaper association has passed a resolution barring from their columns all complimentary notices of the Pennsylvania railroad or its officers. Hereafter all wrecks are to be reported in detail, exercising care that the railroads, as heretofore, are not favored in the write-up. This is a confession on the part of the newspapers of Pittsburg that they have accepted passes and in exchange closed their columns to the truth regarding the roads. The railroads feel that they are now strong enough to cut loose from this sort of bribery. THE APPEAL awaits the outcome with interest. The newspapers of this country are really a power, and if they were so inclined they could make things mighty, interesting for the railroad trust or any other trust.

"SMASHING THE UNION" IN AUSTRALIA.

The Crushing Out of Labor Organizations Has Resulted in The Development of a Powerful Socialist Party.

Hugh O'Neill, in Kansas City Independent, organ of the National Manufacturers Association, and Reprinted in the National Civic Federation Review.

It was Malcolm Donald McEacharn, ship owner and capitalist, who delivered the Commonwealth of Australia to the Socialists. He is the one conservative on the continent that the Socialists fight without malice. They are under a debt of gratitude to the shipping millionaire, and the bitterest offense he suffers is the occasional reminder of that fact.

Of course, McEacharn didn't want Socialism. He only wanted to break the power of the trades unions. He thought that their exactions had become intolerable, and there was some justification for that view. Strikes were common, and frequently the cause of quarrel was trivial. But the strikers were always successful because the country was being flooded with British money, and the voice of the boomster was abroad in the land. The union leaders were ignorant of all economic laws, and they mistook the existing condition for one of natural prosperity. (That's where they made their mistake.)

McEacharn knew better than that. He knew that the burst would come sooner or later, and he prepared to attack labor on a falling market. He figured to smash the unions and remove the heel of aggressive democracy from the throat of capital. A partial victory was not what he wanted. He was after the whole hog. He got it. (That's where he made his mistake.)

The unionists were lions led by asses. McEacharn knew that. Time after time the shipping union made demands upon his company; time after time he granted these demands with smiling readiness. But day after day he went on building together the units of a force to fight trades unionism that was destined to sweep organized labor out of existence. The plan was colossal, but the solid patience with which in the meantime he bore the galling exactions of the trades was quite a feat.

And then one day he loosed his thunders and struck hard and straight and true. He chose the time of battle, the cause of battle, and the place of battle. The unions chose nothing. They were arrogant with riches.

The cause of quarrel was childish, as McEacharn meant it should be. A difference arose between the quartermaster and the steward of one of his coasting steamers over the charms of a stewardess. The captain, to settle the difficulty—as he thought, poor man—discharged the sailor. The union demanded his reinstatement. McEacharn, knowing what the reply would be, offered to put him on another ship. The union demanded reinstatement on the same ship. McEacharn in very courteous terms pointed out that that was impossible. Then the asses who led the lions told him that unless the reinstatement was effected within twenty-four hours they would call the crews off all his ships and order a general strike.

Then, like a flash, McEacharn unmasked his guns. Back went the reply that the unions might strike and be damned.

The strike was ordered. And then there followed a battle grim and great. Union after union was called out, ship after ship was laid up, state after state was involved in the quarrel, until the whole continent stood under arms. In less than four weeks the fires of nearly every coasting steamer were drawn. The trade

"Vanquished in the industrial war, the members of the battered trades unions had reorganized their forces on a political basis and sought to win by the ballot the privileges capital had denied them. Someone discovered that where all men had votes and the bulk of men are wage-earners they have only to decide among themselves what they want from the state to get it."

of Australia was paralyzed. Four hundred thousand unionists were idle, and every man of them was drawing half pay. Also every unemployed man who looked like becoming a free laborer was paid a weekly allowance from the general fund to prevent remaining the ships.

But the Shipowners' Union that McEacharn had organized didn't even try to remain the ships. The land boom had reached its limit, trade was declining, very large coal reserves had been laid up, the funds and membership of the unions were known to a dollar and a man. The shipowners simply sat down on their hunkers and waited.

The trades leaders organized pickets, but there was nothing for them to do. The problem was a new one. They couldn't solve it. The owners were apparently not trying to run their ships at all. Patterson, who owned one fleet, wrote to the strike committee, and in a vein of pawky Scotch humor offered to sell them his ships.

Then it dawned upon the union that the strike had become a lockout. The besiegers were besieged. The weapon of capital was not free labor, but starvation. Starvation won easily. Ten weeks after the first shot the unions capitulated to the grim foe hunger that before then had bowed the neck of many a proud city. McEacharn had meant to break the unions. And they were broken all right.

Funds gone, membership decimated, courage wilted, the once great trades unions of Australia were counted out.

The capitulation was announced in the biggest public hall the labor leaders could get. John Hancock, big bodied and big hearted—the finest platform man in Australia—rose in that hall of silent hundreds to tell the men that they must return to work on the best terms they could get. It was the shortest and most pregnant speech he ever made in his life. "Friends," he said, "men of Australia, we have not been beaten; we have been started into submission. Unionism is dead, but anything can happen in a democracy, and from the ashes of the funeral pyre that the shipowners have lighted will rise the phoenix of our liberties."

Nobody knew what he meant. It is doubtful whether he knew himself. But it sounded large and fine, and something with that sort of sound was just what those depressed people wanted that night.

But one year later big John Hancock took his seat in parliament—the first

labor member sent in by the first political party in Australia. Vanquished in the industrial war, the members of the battered trades unions had reorganized their forces on a political basis and sought to win by the ballot the privileges capital had denied them. Someone discovered that where all men have votes and the bulk of men are wage-earners they only have to decide among themselves what they want from the state to get it.

That was only ten years ago. And now they have gotten nearly all they wanted. Think of it. Eleven years ago the unions were battered, dead, done for. Today their direct lineal successor owns the whole blessed Commonwealth of Australia.

They attacked municipal councils first, and enforced the minimum wages and eight-hour days on all of them. They attacked the state parliaments next and gained factory legislation and old age pensions and compulsory arbitration. No factory in the country can now employ child labor, or work its people more than eight hours per day, or pay less than the minimum wage fixed by the wages board. In two of the six states the labor party are the government in office, in two others they hold the balance of power, and in two others they are the direct opposition.

But it is their success in the commonwealth parliament—the national assembly—that marks out Australia as a Socialistic nation.

In the senate half the members are pledged Socialists—definite servants of the labor party. In the representatives the direct opposition are pledged Socialists also—members of the same party. Compulsory arbitration in labor disputes is the law actually operating in two of the states, and the national legislature has passed a law enforcing compulsory arbitration in any labor dispute that extends from one state to another.

McEacharn, the lord mayor of Melbourne, the man who smashed unionism, was defeated last year by a labor candidate in the contest for election of a member of the house of representatives.

Twelve years ago in Australia there were two parties, the freetraders and the protectionists. Today there is one party—the labor party—and the dragged remnant of another that occasionally totters helplessly before a tired public and tries to get itself taken seriously as the anti-Socialist party. But it has no power, it never had a policy, and its friends are ashamed to recognize it in the daylight. Some day a man may arise in Australia who will evolve a policy big enough to cover the anti-labor party and those others who at present remain outside, but so far as the writer knows he hasn't sent word of his coming. And the gentleman who precipitated all this on the country has sought his country seat and the tiresome seclusion of a friendless man.

The writer points no moral. But he has heard the suggestion that Socialism was a coming force in American politics treated with derision, and he thinks that perhaps this story may be worth thinking over, because manhood suffrage prevails in America, and the great, big-bulk of Americans are wage-earners, too.

ORDER AND DISORDER.

When you walk along the streets in the cities and towns do you ever mentally note the lack of harmony that everywhere grates on the eye? Note the different kinds of pavement—brick, stone, cement, board, gravel, dirt; streets the same way; then note the houses—wood houses, stone houses, brick houses, marble houses, tall houses, low houses, painted houses, unpainted houses, palaces, hovels—colors without number; big yards, small yards, no yards; all kinds of fences and no fences—a perfect rainstorm of anarchy, confusion worse confounded. This is the way individualism builds what it calls cities. If hades has any worse jangling it must be a very, very bad place. And the condition of the people in these blotches on the fair earth is even worse than their habitations and surroundings.

I never visit a city but what these things make me feel that I am living in the infernal regions. And, really, that is just where the people are—the rich as well as the poor.

Let us turn from the picture and think what could be, and will yet be, done in the making of habitations for the human race when the wild anarchy of competition has had its run, and men have come to their real selves. There is a lack in every life. Even the richest are striving to make a harmony about themselves that they never find. There is a canker at every heart that makes for misery. I have never talked to any who were perfectly satisfied with their surroundings. They don't know what's the matter, but they busy themselves trying to reach an ideal that ever eludes them.

When the present anarchy shall have been replaced by its antithesis, Socialism; when the collective good shall take the place of private striving for individual salvation, regardless of others, cities will be built like we now build public buildings, like we build school houses, from a sense of the need of them. There will not be a wild scramble for the best lots, to put up any old kind of a thing, just to spread nets to catch the less lucky, but society will go about it in an orderly manner. It will call into service the best minds of the nation to select the site where a city beautiful can be located, as near as may be to the seat of industry to which its citizens will be mostly attached. Great will be the honor bestowed on the minds that plan and the muscles that build. Having found a location, the department of construction will go onto the ground and prepare it to receive the new city. The whole area will be landscaped, as would a park; underground areas will be provided so that the streets

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

- 1—What was the date of the first appearance of the trust?
- 2—Name the six largest:
- 3—What percentage of the wealth of the United States do they now hold?
- 4—What is the estimated wealth of the United States?
- 5—What percentage of it is said to be in the hands of the trusts?
- 6—What is the meaning of the words "Black Friday," as applied to a certain national event in Wall Street?

The first gigantic enterprise approaching in scope and magnitude the modern trust in the United States was Astor's fur trading corporation, which aimed to combine (and, in a very large measure, was successful) all the trading posts in the United States under a single directing agency. Astor's enterprise reached its height in 1811, but the industrial evolution in America had not yet reached the point where the idea conceived by Astor could be made effective. Communication required many months and transportation was by crude methods. Nevertheless, he made a great fortune out of the trade, which was invested in New York real estate. The modern trust has been a gradual development and it would be difficult to state just when it made its first appearance. It is safe to say, however, that the present period of industrial combination commenced shortly after the late war, that it struggled along against odds until the year 1890, staggered during the panic of 1893, recovered in 1896 and has been speeding ahead under full steam for the past ten years.

One such city as this would be a world's wonder, and millions would travel to see it, and yet in time, under Socialism, the whole earth will be filled with them.

And why not? Haven't we the material on earth? Haven't we the men and women with the skill to build them? And don't the people desire to live in such? The only thing that prevents just such an improvement is the lack of social organization. Individually the people cannot have such blessings; collectively they can, but they are blind to their own interests. They have been taught that the only way to happiness and plenty is for each individual to grab for himself and let others do the same, and the blessings that would come to them by concerted action cannot come at all. The ages past have proven that "everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost" cannot produce conditions on earth that will give anyone a full life. None of us can be happy until all are happy—none can be sure of plenty until all have that assurance.

Wouldn't you like to live in a world where people were so housed and the other environments of life were equally pleasant? I would. Now, if you and I are agreed on this let us get our neighbor to see the picture, and he or she will help us. And thus we will live and grow.

READER—You can get all information about depositing in postal orders from the postal laws and regulations, which can be had at each postoffice. Any bank will cash a check on the United States treasury.

THE "WHAT" BOOKS.

- 4 Copies "What's So and What Isn't" \$ 2.00
- 4 Copies "What to Do and How to Do It" \$ 2.00
- 4 Copies "What's Yours and How to Get It" \$ 2.00

THE "WHAT" BOOKS. 4 Copies "What's So and What Isn't" \$ 2.00 4 Copies "What to Do and How to Do It" \$ 2.00 4 Copies "What's Yours and How to Get It" \$ 2.00 THE BEST IN PRINT, worth \$1.25 THE ORDER PREPAID FOR ONLY 50 CENTS. Just enclose 50 cents and tell us to send the "What Books" and the twelve books will be mailed, postage prepaid.

Moody gives the following summary of the totals of all the trusts in the United States: Total of Great Industrial Trusts \$2,662,752,100 Total of Lesser Industrial Trusts 4,955,639,433 Total of Industrial Trusts in process of formation 143,000,000 Consolidated Tobacco Co. 3,733,426,071 Total of Finance Trusts 92,915,700 Total of the Great Steam Railroads 9,611,066,867 Total of Allied Independent Steam Railroad Systems 180,277,000 Grand total of all trusts \$20,379,102,311

The market value of these great enterprises today is not far from \$25,000,000,000. C. F. Menaghan, of the United States department of commerce and labor, estimates the total wealth of the United States at \$110,000,000,000. Accepting these figures as correct, it would seem that the trusts have actual possession of 25% of the total wealth of the country, through the ownership of which they control practically all of the wealth of the country. There is no independent production of anything in the United States—not even on the farm, except the little that is actu-

ally consumed by the farmer and his family. In 1869 Jay Gould and James Fiske, jr., cornered the gold of the country and came near bringing ruin to the "business interests." Gold was selling at that time at 130. Gould and Fiske conceived the very laudable ambition of buying all the gold, raising the price to 200, selling out and retiring from the field. They commenced operations on September 13th. By the 24th, which happened on Friday, they had succeeded in putting up the price to 160, amid great excitement. As gold touched this mark a message was received from the secretary of the treasury that he would sell four million dollars of gold. Instantly there was a panic. The price of gold suddenly dropped, and continued to go down. It is claimed, however, that the Gould-Fiske crowd unloaded and carried off over eleven millions in profit. Friday, September 24, 1869, has since been known as "Black Elack Friday."

AN EDITOR'S APPEAL.

To Brother Publishers in Behalf of the Lost Child of Doctor Byers, of Seelyville, Indiana.

If the editor of every paper in the central west will republish these lines there is no question but what Dr. S. L. Byers, Seelyville, Ind., will recover his little son who was stolen from his home one year ago last May. Dr. Byers has spent his entire resources in search for his child and unless the big-hearted members of the press come to his assistance his son will grow up an outlaw and an outcast among the lowest people of the earth. It is a cause that should appeal to everyone, and no father reading these lines can do so without a quivering of the heart and a sympathetic throb. It is believed that if this article is reprinted in the newspapers it will form an endless chain that will uncover the lost boy's concealment and return him to his distracted parents. In doing this the profession of journalism will be fulfilling one of its highest destinies. Publishers whose circulation touch the Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi valleys are especially requested to reproduce this story of the lost child, as Dr. Byers believes his boy is now in some boathouse waiting to take the road in the spring. There is a reward of \$500 awaiting any information that will lead to the boy's recovery. No questions will be asked and the abductor himself would deliver the boy to his parents he would not be molested.

This appeal is indited originally by a publisher who saw Dr. Byers only once, has no personal interest in his quest other than the bond of sympathy that makes the world akin, and is inspired from the belief that the lost boy can only be found through the united effort of the country press, of which he is proud to be a member.

The following is a description of the lost boy: Description. Richmond Byers, if alive, was 6 years old last July, is of light complexion, has gray eyes, left eye noticeably crossed, has a small V-shaped nick in the edge of the left ear, has a sharp chin and a narrow projecting forehead. He is rather small to his age and is unusually bright and intelligent, taking after the manner of a boy much older. Dr. Byers has searched among the roving bands that frequent the United States and believes that his son can be found among traveling junk dealers, so-called horse traders or movers. He does not think the boy was stolen by genuine gypsies. He thinks he was taken by a wandering band that used him for the purpose of begging in the towns along the route.—Times, New Harmony, Ind. (Exchanges please copy.)

The Face of the Investigation. Lawson says the Standard Oil investigation is a farce. It looks that way to us out here in Kansas. Says Lawson to Attorney General Hadley: "There is in the Standard Oil building, within the keeping of Henry H. Rogers and John D. Rockefeller, and within the knowledge of a number of their employees, the documentary data of everything pertaining to the Caesarean birth, Fagan rearing and in famous existence of Standard Oil, the parent company, and each of the scores of its brats, and it will all be open to you the minute after you give Henry H. Rogers the choice of jail, perjury or open sesame. If it is not possible for you, with all the powers of the great state of Missouri, to do this, then I would respectfully suggest that you close up shop."

Getting Ready for the Big Strike.

One feature of the big strike expected this spring, which is not occupying a prominent place in the daily newspapers, is the military preparations being made by the state of Pennsylvania. From the Greensburg, Pa., Daily Tribune I learn that "Troop A is being Whipped into Line for Its Arduous Duty." Pennsylvania's new law providing for the establishment of a number of mounted troops to be placed in the industrial districts is now in operation. From the account I make the following extracts. Note how cheerfully the railroads hand out special trains to land troops at any point in the state. This for the purpose of punishing alleged law-breakers—not the big law-breakers, like the railroads, when they merge their interests and violate the traffic laws of the state and the nation, but the fellows who are goaded into striking for livable conditions. But these troopers come from the ranks of the working class. And some day they will realize their class interests. Says the Tribune:

Practice with the revolvers will be begun, and instead of the saber drill the men will be trained in the use of the club when mounted, and in handling crowds, which must be done in a different way by the policemen than by the soldier.

Not one of the men knows what service may be expected of him. It may be a patrol as quiet as a beat in a suburban district, a dash into a mob of unruly foreigners, a stalk in the night with a flying criminal as a quarry, rescue work at a flood disaster, or it may be the heart-breaking job of keeping the peace at a great strike, when men grow desperate from their grievances and the greatest danger is from the irresponsible ones who resort to violence. The force will be in close touch with the authorities and a telephone message will bring a squad or a troop as the judgment of the captain or superintendent may deem necessary. The railroads have signified their willingness to keep horse cars always in reach and if necessary to run special trains anywhere it may be necessary for the troops to go, so that a rapid mobilization of the entire force can be made at any point in the state.

The plan of policing a commonwealth by a body coming directly under the control of the governor is unique, but all over the country the demand for such an organization has been growing and other states are watching closely Pennsylvania's experiment. It is not unlikely that before long a number of the states will have just such forces ready to take a hand whenever they are needed. The force will do for the sparsely settled sections of the state what the mounted police do for the suburban portions of the big cities, and the so often incom-

WHY THEY WERE PARDONED.

Having pardoned 132 workhouse prisoners, Mayor Rose, of Kansas City, Kan., sent to the council a statement of his reasons. He says: "A majority of petty crimes are committed under the stress of circumstances by poor persons. An administration by means of which the few get wealth they don't produce, while the many produce wealth they don't get, is the cause for nine-tenths of all crime. The present system is to pound away at the effect without touching the cause." Socialists Win in Denmark. Our papers are full of news about the demise of the old and the accession of a new king of Denmark, but none of them state that the country is honey-combed with Socialism. At the municipal elections, which have just taken place, the Socialists carried 143 seats, the radicals 80, and the reactionaries 122 seats. That is not a bad result for little Denmark.—Labor Leader.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND.

Thousands believe that socialized industry and socialized wealth will be the chief characteristics of a new dispensation in which the Christ shall rule earth in His second advent, and that society and events are leading to the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand. Social Thought is the only publication in the world that teaches and it provides these things. All who believe will be promptly wrapped in paper and sent to the printer in a letter and send for a year's subscription to THE SOCIAL THOUGHT, Rich Hill, Mo. Be it true.

CHEER UP! TRY AGAIN.

We are co-operative, practical, and ready to solve problems, willing to cooperate, letters and all wisdom to domestic financial, social or other questions or troubles. Our personal, confidential, \$1 a year, no other charges. Stamp 25 cents. Business-like, confidential. Stamp 25 cents.

OWEN R. WARSHUEN.

128 West 12th Street. Rich Hill, Mo. WANTED—Information as to the whereabouts of John Madison, and address of JOHN MULLOON, Sr., R. F. D. No. 6, West, Texas.

EARN A HOME.

For a particular address send stamp to the Colorado Co-operative Co., North, Missouri, Co. SEND 25c to BOX 77, Independence, Mo.

Rich and Poor Before Tribunals of Justice.

The editor of the Portland Oregonian, the leading republican paper on the Pacific coast, is an independent thinker—one of the extremely few now to be found in the ranks of American journalists.

During trial in all courts the prisoner's exemption from testifying against himself is scrupulously guarded. Before he comes to trial the degree of his exemption depends upon his political influence, wealth, social standing and reputation.

If the prisoner is poor and friendless, like Jasper Jennings, his constitutional exemption from testifying against himself, before the trial, goes the way of most other privileges and immunities of the man who cannot defend them.

Barbed Paragraphs

True education is self-education. Have you it?

As a bee ledged in an open jar, so is the factory worker of today.

Knowledge makes free, but an abused ballot is evidence of ignorance.

Knowledge follows investigation; ignorance is the lack of training.

What laborer may not be filled with the desire to be a respectable dog?

If you are happy you may have been wise; if miserable, obtain wisdom.

As a putrid sore upon a fair face, so are filth and rags in a rich city.

The mouse is not a slave to the lion, but the worker is a slave of capital.

The abundant crops of the farmer are gathered to be his own chagrin.

Fish, rags and a human animal result from graft, greed and gluttony.

Sun and rain are the joy of plants, but filth and squalor belong to the fool.

Man has been given the power to invent; what is it he parts with so cheaply?

The ballot in the hand of the worker is like a thousand-dollar bill in the hand of a child.

As the bubble playing about a drift in shallow water, so is the bubble of overproduction.

As a penny in the fingers of a spendthrift, so is a broken worker in the sympathies of wealth.

Government inspectors sit cheek by joint with those who would steal an acorn from a blind hog.

Man was created and placed upon earth; capital remakes man and puts him beneath the earth.

A looking glass shows us up as we are; so does the ballot that is quitting our fingers into the box.

The eye makes us acquainted with nature and with man, but the work slave, being blind, knows neither.

The value of Socialism must be insisted upon; the subtlety of capital must be constantly arraigned.

Give capital your inventive and constructive faculties, and receive for your pains rags and obscurity.

As a lamp shows the way plainly

The Real Foes of Property Rights.

There is an editorial writer on the Kansas City Star who knows a thing or two—something unusual in the average daily newspaper shop.

While the czar's address to the peasants on property rights embodies essential truths, it might be pertinent to ask why the message should be confined to the poor and ignorant classes.

The peasants have done more or less pillaging and burning. But what are their deprivations compared to the loss of life and property inflicted by the recent war, which was brought on by a clique of noble speculators in Korean timber lands?

THE ARMY

Five, seeking light, landed by Comrade Jacob, of Wall, Pa.

"Four tough ones for the iron," writes Comrade Hill, of Cheney, Kan.

Local Covington, Ky., orders a bundle of 16 copies a week for a year.

Comrade Yingling, hailing from Blue Ridge, Texas, lands a dozen renewals.

"Four in a few minutes," is the record of Comrade Sheehan, of Bogard, Mo.

Comrade DuVall, of Mayfield, Kans. (the irrepressible) gets to bat with a club of seven.

"Only caught four this time, but watch out for my next move," says Comrade Forsyth, Auburn, N. Y.

Seven from Geo. L. Spencer away up in Providence, R. I., makes the bull dog sniff the air in that direction.

"A visit each week for a year will land these five high and dry," says Comrade Cummings, of Portland, Ore.

Seven of the disgruntled variety have agreed to try the Appeal, recommended by Dr. Mastin, DuBois, Neb.

"Ten enclosed looking for information," says Comrade Goodson, of Birta, Ark. "This town is waking up in earnest."

Comrade Sewell, of Hastings, Okla., snatches four from the flames of prejudice and applies Appeal tonic to the burns.

The Appeal now regularly visits seven more families in Brattleboro Vt., as a result of a few twists made by Comrade Lackey.

Four, who have for years been mentally afflicted, apply for Appeal tonic through Comrade Atkisson, of Woodbine, Ala.

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THE JUNGLE

A letter from Comrade Sinclair announces that the publication of The Jungle has been unavoidably delayed until February 23d. Until that time orders will be accepted for the cloth-covered edition at \$1.25, after which the price will be \$1.35. Order now.

HIS DIARY

December 1st—Stopped at street corner this evening—heard a Socialist speaker proclaiming the benefits of the Co-operative Commonwealth and abusing the present system. Was asked plain question: "Are you a Socialist?" Answered: "Not much! Have steady job at \$2.00 per day and can support my family on that, and only work nine hours. Have always voted the republican ticket. Want no change. Present system good enough for me."

Dec. 15th—Manager called me in this morning and said they had to lay me off "for a few days" as things were rather quiet at the factory. Well! a few days won't hurt me anyway, though it's rather awkward just before the holidays.

Dec. 22d—Manager of factory said this morning that he was sorry, but the directors had decided to close down for two months, or more, to clear out stock. That's bad! I'll have to hunt another job, or there'll be no Santa Claus money for the boy.

Dec. 29—Hunted the whole week for work. Got none. Everything dead after holidays. Employers all indifferent. Guess we'll have quite a store bill to meet and the rent is due. Our Christmas was a failure.

Jan. 5th—Got work at last. Manager of large lumber yard said "be here at 7:00 tomorrow morning to help unload sawlogs."

Jan. 6th—Got up at 5:00 A. M. Was at lumber yard early. After waiting one hour was informed that sawlogs had not arrived and I was not wanted. Inquired at over twenty other places for work, but no success. Mary commenced taking in washing today to help keep us alive.

Jan. 9th—Manager of large iron works today gave me a job at \$1.50 per day working on scrap heap. Work very hard. As lots of others were waiting around today for the job I was lucky to get it. At noon I saw the manager ride off in an automobile with his wife. Wife's sealink jacket cost more than I can earn here in six months. It doesn't look just right.

Jan. 10th—"Every man shall have the full product of his labor." Work for all and the kind of work he is best fitted for. "Co-operation, not competition." "No weary tamping around begging work from soulless capitalists, and heart-breaking snubs from employers." That's what I heard the same Socialist speaker say tonight. If that's Socialism I want it, and want it quickly. Wonder why I didn't investigate before?—I. T. Sharp, Fruitvale, Cal.

LAND GRABBING.

A tremendous migration to the Great Southwest of Texas and New Mexico is in progress; even western Kansas and eastern Colorado is pouring over with land seekers. I joined one of these excursions the first of the month and spent ten days in the "Panhandle" of Texas and the arid belt of the Pecos Valley in New Mexico. It is not my purpose to advertise the country, but to draw a moral from the conditions I found. "Did you ever see a picture of a man should be comfortable in his shoes. He took out a twenty-dollar gold piece and held it up before my eyes. I passed on. There was no chance for an argument. To be sure it was not a picture of God, but it was a picture of the god the American people are worshipping today."

THOUGH DEAD, HE STILL WORKS FOR SOCIALISM.

Comrade D. C. Feely, a citizen of San Jose, Calif., died December 30th, leaving an estate of \$15,000, to be used for the cause of Socialism. At a memorial service on January 2nd, the final words were uttered over his body by Rev. Anthony Mills, minister of the First Unitarian church. Comrade Mills said in part: "I have chosen the text, 'Let there be light,' because our departed comrade has repeatedly made it known to friends that he desired most of his property to be used at his death in shedding light where darkness has dwelt. We his fortune ever so small, the mere fact that it was a dying man's wish that it should promote Socialism would carry great significance and would become a potent factor in enlightening the eyes of the world to a cause which has behind it some great intellects, a most imposing philosophic and scientific literature, and with it, an ever-growing band of workers and adherents who work for it with such a religious zeal, similar to nothing less than the heroic devotion and self-sacrifice of the early Christian martyrs, so that Mommsen, the great German historian, was led to say that 'Today this is the only political party which has a claim to respect.'"

"An act of this kind will advance true religion. Religion in broad terms (and there is a definition of religion possible that would make all skepticism absurd) is a realization that God is the Father and a life in which all men are treated like brothers. "Socialism is an attempt to apply this principle to the economic world. "When men behold the glorious red that you have chosen as your color, they are led to believe that it symbolizes a blood-thirsty, fantastic, non-sensical attempt to destroy every good thing that civilization has called into being, when they should know that it is emblematic of the noblest sentiment of which humanity is capable, a recognition that 'He hath made of one blood all men who dwell upon the face of the earth.'"

"I admire the words of the venerable Hebrew prophet, Isaiah, who said: They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them; they shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; they shall not labor in vain or bring forth for calamity. "Today those who build do not inhabit. Those who plant do not eat the fruits of their labors. The men who do the useful work, those who build the

HOT CINDERS

If you want to be happy be a fool.

Save your friends—you may need them.

It isn't half as hard to acquire knowledge as it is to get rid of it.

Whenever you see two men in conversation it's a safe bet they are talking about "dollars."

Not one man in a million but what wants to tell the truth, but not one in two million dares to tell it.

Between a money-drunk and a whiskey-drunk, it's my opinion that the latter is less harmful to society.

It's no wonder that most men stay in the old rut. As soon as one of them gets out of it the world calls him "crazy."

It always makes me smile when my good friends hand me a chunk of advice. The wise man keeps his advice for home consumption.

When the average man isn't sleeping he's figuring on how to make more "dollars," or else how to hang on to what he's got. And they call us sane.

If a species of the animal MAN, as he exists today, is alive two hundred years from now it is my opinion that he will be exhibited much as we exhibit the monkey today.

"The good people may sing of a land that is fairer than this until they are hoarse and stiff in the joints, but in the end they will find that the land we live in right now is the fairest the sun ever shone on."

I can take off my hat to the man who tries to bluff for a jack-pot with two deuces, because he does sometimes get away with the pot, but the fellow who tries to bluff Standard Oil with a Kansas legislature—or any other legislature—well, a smile is the best I can do for him.

I picked up a trade journal a few days ago and across the editorial page in large letters I found this: "GET A PROFIT." The whole philosophy of the commercial world is encompassed in these three words. Draw your own moral and preach your own sermon, I haven't got time.

And don't think because I write these things that I think I am any better than the fellows I write about. I'm just like the rest of you—looking out for my own interests. Can't help it—it's the system and I didn't make it. The only difference between me and most of the others is that I recognize what is going on and have a habit of calling things by their right names.

A man stopped me on the street the other day and asked me this strange question: "Did you ever see a picture of God?" Of course I replied in the negative. He took out a twenty-dollar gold piece and held it up before my eyes. I passed on. There was no chance for an argument. To be sure it was not a picture of God, but it was a picture of the god the American people are worshipping today.

THE YELLOW CAR BANDIT.

J. Ogden Armour, the yellow car bandit, has rushed into print and puts up a good story in defense of the packers. What Armour says is very largely true. The combine is doing better by the fruit man, the cattle man and the produce man than did the aggregation of middle men before the advent of the private refrigerator car. But that is not all. He is doing better for himself and his associates. Doing so well, in fact, that he is now in a position to absorb all that the producer, the cattle raiser and the fruit man create. This part of the story he overlooks in his account. But here it is, taken from Ray Stannard Baker's recent article in McClure's Magazine:

But now that Armour had completed his monopoly on the fruit trade in various parts of the country this profit did not satisfy him—big as it was. He wanted more, and this is the way he got it: When he made the exclusive contract with the Pere Marquette in 1902, he found that the railroad was billing a cost charge for ice supplied in refrigerating cars. At first the railroad had

iced refrigerating cars and made no additional charge beyond the freight rate, but as business increased the cost of ice was added to the bill.

In 1902, before Armour came, for example, that ice charge from Mattawan, Mich., to Duluth, Minn., was \$7.50—the actual cost of the ice and the service. The next year, after Armour came, the ice charge jumped to \$45—over 500 per cent. This represented the net profit of monopoly on a single car load of fruit.

From Paw Paw, Mich., to Dubuque, Ia., the ice charge before Armour's reign was \$10 on the average. After Armour got possession it increased to \$37.50. To Boston from Grand Rapids,

after Armour, being cost \$20 a car, before Armour, \$55. Other advances, not only in Michigan, but nearly everywhere else, were made in similar proportions—rarely less than 100 per cent, often 300 per cent.

No monopoly, even in this patient country, ever before, perhaps, put on the screws so suddenly and with such unrelenting cold-bloodedness. Most monopolies have the patience of cunning; this one apparently could not restrain its greed for a single season.

Do not forget that each one of those refrigerator cars, constantly rushed by the iron system of Armour, was making huge profits—30 per cent at least—on mileage. To this they now added perfectly enormous icing profits. Ice cost no more after the Armour contract was signed than before. Indeed in many cases the railroads continued to supply the ice exactly as they had in the past, out of their own ice houses, but instead of charging the cost to the shipper they charged it to Armour and let Armour collect the huge extra profits of monopoly.

SOCIETY NOTE.

Here is a society note from the New York Press of February 3d, one of the very staid and conservative republican papers of the metropolis. I would suggest that the readers of the Appeal cut out this pathetic account of a truly sorrowful incident and frame it for the edification of future generations:

Tanbark may be spread in front of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs' handsome house in Fifty-seventh street this morning, for it is the worthy matron's wish that her pet poodle pass away in peace. Mopsie is the poodle's name, but she can't help that. Mrs. Oelrichs gave it to her. Mopsie is so aristocratic that it makes many members of the "400" feel like upstarts just to glance at her pedigree. Why, she knows—or would, if she had human instead of canine intelligence—who her great-great-great-grandfather was. And now, with all that patrician ancestry, she's dying from bronchitis.

Mopsie's veterinary surgeon, Mopsie's private nurse, Mopsie's private maid and Mopsie's private footman were sorrowful faces in the Oelrichs home last evening. All the other servants tipped about the dwelling and looked sympathetic. Mrs. Oelrichs could not be torn from her darling's side. She was inconsolable. Rachel weeping for her children was a hard-hearted monster alongside the society woman. Mrs. Oelrichs was too sad to weep. She could only look at Mopsie and moan and moan. Mopsie moaned, too.

Early graves run in Mopsie's family. Louiseette, her sister, was bitten by one of Harry Payne Whitney's bow-wows

WHAT DO YOU KNOW

necessary foundation of our social life, who mine the coal that warms us and grow the food that we eat and fashion the clothes that we wear and build the houses in which we dwell, surely if any man should be comfortable in his shoes, but the inconceivable fact remains that the workers, as a class, are very poor; that when their lives are not utterly squalid, they are stunted and broken; that their environment is such as to shut out not only the beauty of the world in which we live, but also to rob them of all that finer heritage of thought and culture, of aspiration and achievement, which has come down to us through the centuries and has invested our human life with its dignity and strength.

"A ordinary cannot be 'good' in the ordinary sense living under conditions which limit the lives of multitudes of poor people in Christendom. Men housed like pigs cannot pray like Christians."

Probably no wage earners in Manhattan own their homes, and in several other large cities probably 90 per cent of the wage earners are propertyless. The significant thing in this lack of ownership lies in the fact that a very large majority, probably 90 per cent, of the workmen in the cities and industrial communities are propertyless, and furthermore, are involved in a weekly indebtedness for rent of from one-fifth to two-fifths of their earnings, regardless of whether they have work or not.—Robert Hunter.

Civilization, though she has brought the opportunity, has not yet brought to all the ability to go abroad and visit the world. What is your civilization bringing you?

When you pay \$800.00—hardly there some—each year for looking after your affairs and spending your money in the United States estate.

If you would like to learn something about who they are and what they are doing "on the side," send 20 cents for a copy of "Who's Who in Congress," by Franklin H. Wentworth, with illustrations by Ryan Walker.

But has any one stopped to inquire what authority Mr. Garfield would have for standing between the packers and the will, as expressed in law, of 80 million people?—K. C. Star.

Comrade Margaret Prevey, 162 South Main street, Akron, O., has been elected a member of the national committee for the unexpired term of 1905 and also for the term of 1906.

The people of Finland, now that they have succeeded in winning back their constitutional rights from Russia, will give women the ballot.

The first municipal college for girls in Germany will be opened in Berlin next Easter, in accordance with the vote of the city council.

\$100.00 CASH Prizes For Essays and Orations on "Socialism" by boys and girls. Write to the Appeal for particulars.

THE NUTRITO NEWS

By The Girard Cereal Co., Girard Kansas, U. S. A.

The wide awake merchant keeps what his customers want. That's why your grocer keeps NUTRITO.

Prof. F. F. Wilcox, 19 Albany University, New York, after the interests of NUTRITO in the health of his children, writes: "NUTRITO has always been the champion of the rights of the working class. Give him a hand."

Three wholesale houses in Pueblo, Colo., now handle NUTRITO.—The Henkel-Duke Mercantile Co., and Hudson-Baker Co.

Superintendent Howard of the People's Smelter and his amiable wife are familiar faces to thousands of Puebloans. One day he was taken to his chair by a stroke's paralytic attack. He was unable to take a single step. He was unable to take a single step. He was unable to take a single step.

You will find the Nutrigo Trade Label on every package of Nutrigo.

Four Large Packages of NUTRITO for One Dollar. We Pay the Express.

THE ECONOMY COMBINATION

1 Political Economy of Jesus \$.50

2 Why First Years Should Be Socialists .50

3 Ghosts Banished .50

4 Trying to Cheat God .50

5 Waste of Competition .50

6 Socialism, by A. M. Simmons .50

7 Socialism, by C. H. Johnson .50

8 Title Deeds to Land, by Spencer .50

9 How We Are Robbed .50

10 The Social Conscience .50

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