

"THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM."

By Eugene V. Debs, will appear complete in the Appeal of March 17th—No. 537. This article originally appeared in "Success" Magazine, but it was cut and slashed out of all resemblance to the original and Gomrade Debs wishes it to appear in its entirety. Extra copies, 50 cents per one hundred.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.

The editor of "Success" magazine asked Eugene Debs to write an article for its columns on the "Socialist movement." This Gomrade Debs did. But when the article appeared it was emulsified and its unity destroyed and its force lost. In a recent letter to the Appeal, Gomrade Debs says:

"Employed I hand you manuscript of the article which was partially published in 'Success' magazine. I say partially because the article was cut in a way to make it appear incoherent and in some instances and unsatisfactory. This alone prompts me to wish the article published in its entirety. The editor of 'Success' writes me very kindly, saying that he was so crowded for space that he had to reduce it, and in condensing it certain essential passages were omitted and the entire article, so necessary to its unity and completeness, was cut out."

The Appeal is here for the purpose of serving the Socialist movement and giving its spokesmen an audience. And I therefore, as someone with pleasure akin to enthusiasm, that Gomrade Debs' splendid article, "The Growth of Socialism," will appear entire in the Appeal of March 17th—No. 537. Extra copies may be had at the rate of 50c per 100.

The railroads deny they have violated the laws. So does every thief, even when caught with the goods.

There are more evictions of poor tenants in New York City annually than there are in Ireland. Think.

Wasn't it sickening, the babble over Miss Roosevelt's marriage? Talk about English funkiness; it was never more nauseating.

The San Francisco Chronicle, republican, says that the Standard Oil company is making Socialists rapidly. Yes, it helps. It is forcing the people to think, and thinking people reason themselves into Socialism. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL PAYNE said the charges of graft in his bureau were hot air—but four of his pals have been convicted of stealing from the government they swore to protect. We have a custom in this country of not questioning the acts of the heads of departments. Payne is at large.

AFTER walking around several days in prosperity, seeking employment and without food, Myrtle Hubbard, of Portland, Oregon, committed suicide. It is queer how prosperity and plenty of employment work on the human mind, isn't it? If we could only have too little employment and a taste of a real panic, perhaps the people would become joyous and happy. It takes a good hard lick to make thick-skulled people wake up.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS, of New York, says that women are becoming so addicted to drinking that society men fear to marry the female members of their set. And the men do not have to marry—they simply keep harems which these drinking females visit. And the men are drinkers, too. A sorry lot capitalism has made of its successful devotees. Rotten. Vote for the system, workmen, that forces you to keep up a set of drunken, debauched men and women in luxury. Why not? Isn't that what your vote is for? You are a lulu, you are.

THE Oklahoma State Capital writes up a horrible description of the county poor house, saying that "innates are dying of neglect and starvation." The paper is republican, the officials are republicans, and the state of affairs is republican. This is what the capitalistic system does to its old and poor and helpless. This is the respect the people have for their aged parents. Capitalism has so dehumanized the people that they are like unto dumb animals. Under Socialism we will have the finest buildings and the best of attendance and surroundings for the aged. They will not be considered as burdens, but as our fathers and mothers, do be cared for and loved. But to do that would probably destroy the family! How thoughtless the people, and how they suffer from their own lack of thinking.

A NUMBER of Cleveland, Ohio, capitalists floated a company for two millions of stock and three millions of bonds, on a paper organization with only ten thousand of assets! How's that for high finance? The men connected with it are of the respectable kind, and prominent in business and political circles—old party circles, of course. These are the nets they set for the poor, foolish fellows who have a few dollars laid up for a rainy day. And then they are damned because they die poor! You vote for the system, and are guilty of part of the crime. Under Socialism there will be no bonds nor stocks nor mortgages, and there will be no opportunity for the schemers to skin the workers and the president. Keep your money out of stocks and bonds—except public bonds. In the meantime, put your money in postal money orders for safe keeping, and the skimmers will not fly so high.

THE New Orleans Daily Item of February 14th, says that the Boston millionaire, Lawrence Sanborn, charged with bigamy, has been released because the injured wife could not furnish the money to bring him back to New Orleans for trial! What a great thing the law is—for the rich! Can you poor people never get wise enough to see the game being played on your credulity?

A FIGHT in the city of Boston for taking some of the franchises out of the hands of the bootleggers and bribers has commenced. It is said that a majority of the citizens have pledged themselves to public ownership in preference to private ownership. Once they get started the common people will find that they are even more interested in having the ownership of their jobs and their homes than they are of the few franchise properties. But take all you can get and then demand the rest.

AN Englishman named Maginn says that he can demonstrate that a man can live on wood, and that it will solve the poverty question! Just as if the capitalists would not at once corral all the wood and leave the people to starve unless they worked for them, just as they leave them to freeze though coal is more plentiful than wood. Nothing will solve the poverty question except that the people take over all the means of production and distribution and permit none to eat who will not do useful work. If food were only one-tenth the price it is, wages would fall to one-tenth and the poor would be just as bad off.

CONCERNING the statement printed in the APPEAL that the Panama commission is buying and paying for ladies' dresses, furniture and other luxuries out of the public funds, which was denied by several readers, they will find the facts in a dispatch sent from New York on December 22d, and printed in the Denver News and other papers. If I say that government is a graft, I simply repeat what the daily press continually prints. Either the daily press lies or graft rules at every capital and every counting house. Don't blame the Socialists—they are only lookers-on at the game. You old party voters are the players.

SEE 'em squirm. A bill has been introduced into the Mississippi legislature that provides for levying a tax of half cent a pound on cotton to provide a fund for erecting publicly owned cotton factories and oil mills, to protect the planters against the extortion of the privately owned ones! Wouldn't that jar you? Think of these fellows voting for a system of private ownership and then trying to get away from its logical results! What a wise set of jaspers they are! Some papers owned by the monopolists have been trying to shame them out of passing the bill by telling them it is socialistic! I wonder why?

PROF. H. W. WILEY, chief of the chemistry bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, is authority for the statement that one million babies are sacrificed yearly to the various concoctions known as soothing syrups and more than twice that number killed by impure milk. And all done in the name of profit! The dollar stands up before the babies and the babies are sacrificed! The heathen mother who cast her baby into the Ganges—was she a heathen? Or do not the American financial pirates deserve the epithet? And you plod along in your ignorance and prejudice and refuse to lift your hand, and when the little baby is taken from your home you blasphemously lay the responsibility on God.

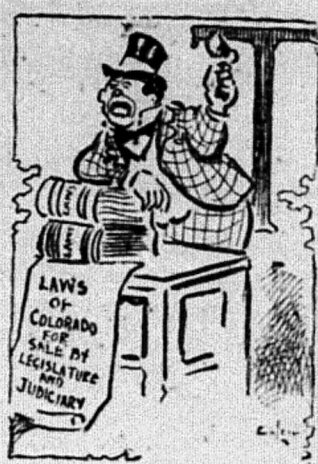
GET an education? Yes. But the New York Journal, of February 7th, quotes the superintendent of the New York branch of the Y. M. C. A., as authority for the statement that one-third of all the derelicts that apply for aid are college graduates! In view of the fact that college graduates do not number one-tenth of those who have not had that advantage, it seems that an education is really a handicap in making a living under this rule of Mammon. Once upon a time a man who had a college education was at the top of the pile, but today they are numerous and very cheap. Capitalism cares only for the profit it can grind out of humanity; and it puts the college graduate into its sausage mill just the same as any other old junk. No wonder the colleges are becoming hot beds of Socialism.

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Appeal to Reason.

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., March 3, 1906



HE extra edition of last week's Appeal contained the first authentic news of the latest Colorado outrage—the kidnapping of the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. Though accomplished under the thin guise of law (?) it was the most high handed piece of lawlessness ever successfully executed by any band of conspirators since America took her place among the nations of the world.

Without one scintilla of evidence to connect these men with the killing of ex-Governor Stuenenberg, of Idaho, President Moyer, Secretary Haywood and St. John and Pettibone, members of the executive committee, were arrested secretly. With the connivance and active assistance of a peurile governor—the executive head of a great state—these men were hastily taken out of Colorado and placed in jail in Boise, Idaho.

Instantly, as though by a pre-arranged signal, the daily press began to vomit forth its slimy lies, the whole forming a story so atrociously and apparently untrue that only the most ignorant and unthinking would accept it as fact. But a lie—and it matters little how glaring a lie it may be—can be repeated and reiterated by the daily press, with its millions of copies, and crammed into the brains of those who rely upon this source for their information until it is accepted without question. The press dispatches have been screaming into the ears of millions of readers during the past week the statement that the officers of the Western Federation of Miners were guilty of this Idaho crime, though it was not even claimed that they were in the state at the time.

This charge is as damnably false as were the statements which crowded the columns of the capitalist press after the Independence mine explosion two years ago. Every statement then made has been proven untrue time and again; first by the Appeal's splendid story printed at the time and written by its staff correspondent, who was on the spot; second, by the court records; third, by the conviction of nearly a score of the hired agents of the mine owners' association for various crimes; and, finally, reluctantly admitted by the daily and weekly press of the country, when it was discovered that the real facts were in possession of the majority of their readers.

With all the legal machinery in their hands, backed by judges, courts, governors, legislators and county and city officials, the mine owners were unable to convict a single member of the Western Federation of any crime, nor make good in the slightest degree any of the charges which they trumped up against these men of Colorado, who are fighting your battles, and my battles, and the battles of every man who works with hands or brain for wages in this land!

And now comes the climax to the long train of legalized crime. Men as innocent as you of this crime are torn from their families in the dead hour of night, and spirited away, without the preliminary hearing, which the law guarantees every man, to another state—a state whose officers are even more abjectly under the control of the corporations than Colorado. Perjured witnesses are ready to swear away the lives of these men, whose only crime is that they are at the head of a great industrial movement which aims to give the working class liberty and freedom!

But my brain seems on fire! The words to express what I feel and what I want you to feel will not come. I want you to understand the heinousness of this crime against the working world, of which you are a part. You must lay aside your prejudices—your preconceived notions—and look this situation squarely in the face. It is a momentous crisis in your life and it affects you and your little family intimately. Look at the picture: On one side a handful of brave men with their backs to the wall fighting for you. In front and on all sides the horde of hirelings, spurred on by the frenzied men of gold, inspired by hatred, lust and all the demoniacal passions which spring from greed, clamoring for a sacrifice! And back of this horde of money-mad human coyotes hovers a muzzled daily press, unwilling to print the real news; and a little further back the weekly press of the nation, ignorant, and thus unable to print the truth. And back of them, tier upon tier, the hopeless multitude, swayed and moved by the organized financial giants of the nation, who are using them all as mere pawns in the game of gold.

SHALL WE WHO KNOW SIT SUPINELY DOWN AND PERMIT THIS CRIME TO GO UNCHALLENGED? NO!

If these comrades of ours are murdered, then their blood will rest upon the heads of the Socialists and trade unionists of America!

You have the power to prevent this crime, as the working class at no previous period in the world's history has had the power to prevent the masters from working their will. You can arouse that spirit of public protest, and make it so strong and so vigorous that the instigators of the outrage will slink into their holes like the cravens they are. You did it two years ago, when you made this nation ring with the miners' side of the Colorado troubles—and you can do it again. Safe in the fancied security of the ignorance of the multitude, the mine owners think they can do this deed before the popular mind grasps its enormity! But they reckon without considering the facilities which the working class has at its command to carry intelligence and the truth to the remotest hamlet in the nation. As I write this the postman hands me a letter from Comrade Simons, of Chicago.

"I hope," says Simons, "it is not necessary to urge upon you the tremendous crisis created by the arrest of the W. F. M. men. To my mind this forms one of the most urgent calls to action ever created in this country. They are going to legally murder these men unless such a sentiment is aroused in the East that they dare not do it. The Chicago papers are filled with stuff showing clearly a national conspiracy and they absolutely refuse to print anything telling the truth. It is up to the Appeal to save the day. Send a man to Idaho at all costs. We must have some means of getting the truth before the people. If the Appeal will help we can make this country ring."

And the Appeal will help! Its magnificent organization is at the command of the working class in this, the gravest crisis which it has ever faced. Already the Appeal's staff correspondents are speeding on their way to the scene. And ere many days have passed its big press will be swiftly reeling off papers by the million telling of this latest attempt of the corporations to fasten upon the Socialists and labor movement their own crimes!

And, what is more important: EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES WILL HAVE LAID ON THE DESK OF ITS EDITOR EVERY WEEK THE TRUE STORY OF THE LABOR WAR IN THE WEST! And these editors cannot escape the responsibility of keeping their constituency in ignorance. The argus-eyed Appeal Army will see that they can not plead they did not know. These stories which the Appeal will print will be written by trained newspaper men, who will be on the ground, and their narratives will carry conviction that will confound all the cleverly concocted lies and editorials which the Associated Press and the daily newspapers can set in motion. And yet so potent is the truth that it will arouse the most sluggish blood to fiery heat.

All this will cost money—and lots of it. But the Appeal has never yet lacked for resources when there was some great undertaking at hand. The Appeal Army will be there at the tap of the bell this time. Never fear!

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CAPITALISM AND YOUR DAUGHTER

The Los Angeles Express, republican, February 14th, prints a horrible tale of debauchery of the working girls, incident to one being killed in a "gentleman's" resort, prepared by the capitalists for the profit there is in it for them, which should cause a shiver of remorse for all the party votes you ever cast for such a system. I wish I could burn the moral of this into your soul until you could get no rest until you felt an impulse to go out and help to execute such a damnable condition. Daughters may be the next—can't be. The man who was with the dead girl gave this out to the reporters:

I suggested that we go to the Del Monte because we could get a private room there. The girls drank too much liquor and got gay. I took Mimie (though the girl who died) to my room at the Caine lodging house, Second and Olive streets, after we left the Del Monte, where she had injured herself. I am only one of hundreds of men who do this, but the others don't get caught.—Mortimer C. Helmer.

Here you have it from the opposers of Socialism—"hundreds of men do this." And every one of them uphold this capitalistic system by their votes. They are the kind of men who support the Yellow Jacket, a serio-comic republican sheet printed in North Carolina. They are republican-democratic politicians and hangers-on. You are guilty of this if you vote for a system under which one set of men hire others to work for them at a profit. Here is a letter printed in the same issue written by a girl to her mother:

Dearest Mother:—It is very lonesome here and I almost wish myself at home with you. The small salary I earn each week does not dress me as well as I would like to dress, and I can't afford to buy the things I need. A gentleman came to where I was working the other day and one of the girls introduced me to him. That evening we took an automobile ride and later took dinner at a cafe. He told me he was wealthy and offered to loan me money to buy new clothes, and he says he wants me to have a good time and not be so lonely. Oh! I am so unhappy. What shall I do about it?—Your loving daughter, Jennie.

That is what the wage system does for your daughters, and you, old, stupid, prejudiced, bigoted party dupe, haven't wit enough to see it, and you furnish hundreds of thousands of your daughters each year as a sacrifice worse than death to appease the lust of your political masters, who own the machinery of production. Just as the black slave furnished his daughters for his white master. You are a party to every case of this kind, for if the industries were public property, operated for the benefit of the workers only, no man would have the wealth to throw at such sport, nor would any woman be in want of all the good things of life. The reward of labor would give to each worker all that wealth could buy, and no girl would have to sell her body to dress her back, nor would she be forced to see crime dressed in silks while chastity went in rags. Only the stupidity of the masses ever permitted a few to lord it over others. If you have a spark of manhood you will help to remedy this evil, an evil that is logical to the capitalist system. Are you with us or against us? Do you like crime better than justice? It is up to you, and this fall you will have another opportunity of expressing what you like at the ballot box. Get in or get out.

WHILE society is disorganized, as at present, where every man must provide individually for himself and those dependent upon him, it becomes necessary for each to get all he can and keep all he gets. You do this and I do it—it is the only way to ward off want. This is what is expressed by the word "greed." But if society were organized upon a co-operative basis; if the public held title to the means of life and employment; if each citizen were guaranteed the right to work and the full results thereof without tribute to another; if society held the surplus, subject to the demands of those who had produced it, I wouldn't save anything, wouldn't try to grab anything, wouldn't work to accumulate against a day of want—for want would be unknown. We have greed because the conditions make it necessary for self-preservation. Do away with the necessity, and you have done away with the abnormal development of this trait of human action. What we have is logical to the conditions we live under.

THE respectable rich have robbed the government of untold millions by means of land frauds in Louisiana. The rich are always doing something of other.

"THE LAND OF NOW."

Dates for Comrade Ryan Walker's tour in May are being rapidly taken up, and you should at once file your application if you wish to avail yourself of his services. For terms, etc., address D. Warren, Girard, Kans.

MORE WAGES, MORE DRINK.

There is one discouraging feature connected with the upward tendency of the wage scale among the workmen of this country. The higher the wage, the more money they spend in the saloons. The shorter the hours, the more they are inclined to absent themselves from home. An apparent disregard for family ties is growing among the poorer classes which will eventually lead to a disregard for the blessings our country affords them. Hence, with an increase of wages, a corresponding movement for better manhood, nobler citizenship and truer christianity should be set on foot. The dignity of labor should be maintained, which can be done only through the love that a man should have for his work, and though the intelligence which he puts into it. A steady hand and a sober mind are necessary for this. Hence the necessity of the temperance cause and of the efforts which organized abstainers are putting into the movement.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Therefore, according to this logic, the lower the wages and the longer the hours, the better for the working class! If large wage or income fosters a tendency to drink and neglect of family, what a condition the rich must be in! They have the largest incomes and work the least, therefore, they must be the most debased. So that the only way to rescue the rich from perdition and the destruction of their family ties is to have Socialism so that they will have to work for a living. So long as society does not provide respectable places of amusements and recreation for the hours not at toil, so long as the saloon is the only club for the poor, the only place where they are welcome, it may be that there will be a tendency to degeneration, but the fault lies not in the high wage but the lack of facilities for spending the free hours to advantage. You can see what rot goes for philosophic thinking if only the oracle be one who have elevated by your votes. Like people, like rulers.

RRIBING FOR PROTECTION.

Rockefeller and his crowd understand the public. They know that men will sell their country and their honor for gold. They are not deceived by the yawping of the stump speaker about the flag or "our" country. To this end, and plainly stated, I quote the following from Rang & Co.'s Bulletin, Chicago:

A New York dispatch says: "An unofficial announcement was made, Tuesday, that the Standard Oil Company is preparing to increase its capital stock from \$100,000,000 to \$600,000,000 by issuing six shares for each one now outstanding. The company has two objects in doing this. One is to try to dispel the public criticism that arises every time the Standard declares a 40 or 45 per cent dividend. The other is to bring about a scattering of the stock among a large number of holders, so that there may be missionaries in every town to help stem the rising tide of opposition of the company. It is argued that the salvation of the Steel Trust is its enormous number of small stockholders. When the present stock is increased sixfold the price will drop from 600 to about 115, and the dividends, instead of being more than 40 per cent, will become about 7 per cent. No stockholder will be a loser, because he will hold six times as many shares as before."

CORRUPTION has become so loud in Indian Territory affairs that the president has taken a hand in it and told the United States attorneys that they could not dismiss the suits against corrupt officials. The poor Indians are being skinned alive. Dispatches from Washington state that attorneys have received over a million dollars in fees for their part in stealing the lands of the Indians, and that two-thirds of the money was paid by them to government officials that a few speculators and railroad companies could profit out of the helplessness of the old men. Corruption? Why, Rome was never so corrupt in its worst era. It appears from the testimony of the capitalists themselves, that the government is in the hands of the worst criminals in the nation. The president, no matter how honest he may be, is as helpless as was Lincoln when surrounded by a set of thieves who stole the nation blind. The only hope of a change is in the working people going into politics on their own hook and cleaning out the den of rich thieves who have captured the government.

DIRECT legislation is of no avail unless the people know what they want to direct. Oregon has direct legislation, yet only the skimmers seem to make use of it. The essential thing is to know what should be done.

J. W. Soles, Robins, Teau, wants the address of R. K. Bull.

THE IMMORALITY OF THE RICH.

"The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change; Then let it come For men in earnest have no time to waste In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."
—Lowell.

It is a law of life that you obtain your bread either at the expense of work, or at the expense of faculty. In a society which gives the fruits of labor to those who do not labor, the class which receives these fruits without the cost of effort begins slowly to decay. The habit of parasitism acts as surely upon the human as it does the lower animal organisms. Let the parasite habit be formed, and, with the animal, away go legs, eyes and ears. But with the human, standing as he does on a higher plane of life, it is the higher faculties that are first attacked—the faculties that distinguish the human from the mere brute—and, hence, the habit of parasitism in man drops him down to the plane of the senses, and he loses his moral nature in the unrestricted enjoyment of mere sense indulgence.

This is the road to degeneration, for the moral element once unhinged, sense gratification leads to sensuality and the blunting of the commonest promptings of decency. Since the American civil war there has grown up in this country a class which may be termed "the reckless rich." Its character is identical with that of the class which flourished immediately preceding the French revolution. Its debaucheries may not, perhaps, be yet as shameless as those of the court of the Louis, where women of the highest circles appeared at dinner in super-heated rooms in nothing but wrappings of transparent gauze, and the feasting and drinking ended in the wildest orgies; but it may easily be predicted that we need only the time element to produce a generation of Americans who will find means of excelling the French in this, as in all similar directions.

There seems a direct and consequent connection between the predatory or exploiting instinct and unrestricted sense indulgence. It is evident that it is the men who are most successful in winning the soiled plumes of modern business victories who are the most conspicuous, in their hours of recreation, in the pursuit of expensive gratifications of sense. The modern commercial exploiters would seem a reincarnation of the old-world conquerors, whose results of military victories were always mighty feasting and the defilement of the women of the enemy.

There is sometimes now, as then, accompanying these lower instincts, a manifestation of a higher sense-activity; as in the case of the late Charles T. Yerkes, who was possessed of a color-sense and an accurate eye for drawing that made him a considerable judge of technical excellence in art. All art appreciation is more or less a sense of proportion, and this art sense of Mr. Yerkes kept him from indulgence in the vulgar orgies common to the polite society from which he was excluded. Polite society never accepted Mr. Yerkes; not solely because of his jail-record, but because the woman he married, after divorcing his first wife, was not approved of. He is not, therefore, identified with the monkey-dinners and the chorus-girl feasts of the smart set.

Mr. Yerkes' art sense was in evidence in all his amours. Each of the four women whom he kept going at the same time had some claim to artistic excellence. Ethel Yerkes, who was a granddaughter of his half-brother, was a vaudeville actress of great beauty and considerable taste. Mr. Yerkes found her in New York and installed her in his \$5,000,000 Fifth Avenue home while Mrs. Yerkes was in Europe. The return of the latter, and what she found on her return, caused the final break between them.

Miss Gladys Unger, authoress and playwright, is also a painter. She was Mr. Yerkes' London sweetheart. She is very beautiful and a social favorite in the doubtful stratum of society in which the king of England moves. But, undoubtedly, the woman of the four who possessed the greatest charm for the magnate is Emilie Grigsby, beautiful, southern, convent-bred, and of such perfect manners as to deceive even so old a social guardian as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who was caught and trailed quite successfully by the young woman one summer while they were in Europe. For Miss Grigsby Mr. Yerkes furnished a house in Park Avenue, New York, whose interior beggars description of its magnificence. One bed-chamber is upholstered in panels of tapestry costing \$5,000 a panel, of which there are fifteen, and the drawing-room was decorated by Albert Herter, a genius of art. It is a dream of Wagnerian subjects, worth a fabulous sum.

This a cross-section of the morality of the rich, taken at the death of one of the world's greatest financiers, reveals a man whom even capitalist law had once sent to jail, who got out, resumed his plundering career of bribing city councils and corrupting legislatures, reaping fabulous public values,

and spending these values in debauching young women of promise, who, under other conditions, might have achieved honorable careers in art. And we behold all the world's best artists in painting, embroidering, jewelry, and what-not, pressed into service to beautify the bedrooms of this man's mistresses. On the other hand, we find the husbands of the women who are too respectable to associate with Mr. Yerkes' girls gladly associated with Mr. Yerkes in his transportation schemes of plundering public values. The "nice" women spend money out of the same purse that Emilie Grigsby did, only they do not get as much of it as she did; and by touching the magnate only through their highly moral husbands were secure, in their hypocrisy, from his contamination.

The easy consciences of the New York rich in the matter of funds smoothers even natural pride, and all marital relations are re-adjusted without the slightest difficulty, in that charmed circle which is beyond the pale of bourgeois morality. An interesting example of this re-adjustment is the present Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who is the divorced wife of W. K. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt married her after she had been divorced consecutively by two of his chums, and now pays her a quarter of a million dollars annually, which her present husband is helping to spend. Mr. Belmont's brothers are ashamed of his taking this money from his wife's ex-husband. They, themselves, are engaged in the exploitation of public values in New York subways, a steal that, to one outside the family, makes the little graft of O. H. P. Belmont, or "Perry," as he is affectionately called, seem like petty larceny. In a society whose entire foundation is graft and thieving it is difficult to understand the criticism of one by another, especially a blood brother.

But it is to the younger generation of the rich that one must look for an approximation of the French pre-revolutionary society; men like James Hazen Hyde, who has just made his exit from the insurance world, and W. Ellis Corey, president of the United States steel corporation; whose little dinner to Mabelle Gilman would have cost him his job if he hadn't held cards that the other magnates were afraid he might play.

What were the accusations against Mr. Corey, anyway? That he gave a dinner to Miss Gilman, at Asbury Park, at which his wife was hostess, and that he forgot his wife was hostess; that some of the men drank wine out of the slippers of the women; and songs not written to be sung in polite society were sung. While Mr. Corey was not prepared to contend before his angry and investigating directorate that the publicity given his dinner and his wife's application for divorce was a matter wholly consonant with the dignity of his position as president of a billion-dollar corporation, yet he did not propose to allow anybody to make a scapegoat of him. When Mr. Schwab was president, didn't he forget the "dignity" of his job, too, and try to break the bank of Monte Carlo? Must a man be a saint just because he happens to be in the lime-light, when he knows all his associates are going the pace?

The directors were obdurate and thought they could depose Mr. Corey because he was young; but he had been trained in the wrong kind of a school for such a tactic, and he flatly refused to resign. He went out to Pittsburgh, and put up at the Duquesne Club, and called in a few friends to dine with him. The next day there were rumors throughout town that the newspapers were to be given some suppressed information relative to Cassie Chadwick and her relations with other prominent Pittsburgh gentlemen, beside Mr. James W. Friend—relations that had been buried from the public gaze under a pile of greenbacks showered by these gentlemen who had also been in Cassie's toils. It was a disquieting rumor.

Mr. Corey got in touch with his father, and the result of the conference was that the elder wrote to the uncle, J. B. Corey, who was making a fight on his nephew, to "for heaven's sake let up on Ellis." It was evident Ellis did not mean to give up his \$75,000 a year job without making trouble for somebody.

The next day the papers had hints of a dinner given a few years ago by Mr. H. C. Frick at the Duquesne Club, the full details of which had never been made public. Those in the confidence of Mr. W. Ellis Corey intimated that he knew all about this dinner, and that the things there would put to shame the innocent little dinner given by Corey to Miss Gilman, and that the names of the guests at the Pittsburgh dinner and their doings would make most interesting reading.

The story of this dinner, as made public at the time it was given was interesting enough to set people talking. Mr. Frick gave this function to his bachelor friends in honor of his men relatives, and guests were present from Pittsburgh and New York. Mr. Frick gave Anna Held \$500 to come, after her local performance, and sing and dance for his guests. The check was exhibited by Miss Held's manager before the dinner, and Miss Held went to the Du-

quesne Club after she had finished at the local play house. What happened there is known only to Corey and the other guests, but the fact remains that Miss Held fled in "terror, tears and tatters" from the club by the back door, escaping in her carriage. It leaked out that Miss Held, in her abbreviated stage costume, had started to sing her favorite song, "Oh, Won't You Come and Play With Me?" Then something happened. Some of the guests, it appears, showed a desire to accept the invitation literally, and the song was never finished, for Miss Held was secured by her manager and rushed from the club. The manager started to raise a row, but was substantially quieted, and no more than the above facts were ever made public.

And so on his visit to Pittsburgh to call the bluff of his directors, who were after his resignation for being naughty, Mr. Corey hinted that there were other and more startling facts to relate; that there were others beside Anna Held to entertain, and that names and incidents would make rich reading.

The telegrams began to pour in and out of Pittsburgh, and in a day or two the New York and Pittsburgh papers announced that the directory was convinced that W. Ellis Corey was altogether too valuable a man for the steel trust to part with, and that his private and domestic troubles had nothing to do with his business relations. A week after the directors gave Mr. Corey a public dinner, and made him all manner of complimentary speeches.

It's a wonder the food of the young man did not choke him with suppressed laughter as he looked about that table at the venerable and respectable business men whom he was compelling to eat crow.

The details of these vulgar feasts are of little interest except as proof that men like young Mr. Corey are not exceptional among the rich, but are the rule, and get their sensual training from their respected business superiors. There is nothing sincere about such a society except its hypocrisy. It's warning to its growing youth is "Don't get caught at it, for your dignity must not be impaired—for business reasons."

A cross-section taken at Pittsburgh, gives the same result as that at New York—rottenness, rottenness woven into the very fibre of the successful rich. The poor are isolated in their local cities of residence but the rich go and come. When a man like H. C. Frick gives a dinner, Philadelphia, New York, Boston—all the large financial centers are represented. To prove the rottenness of the rich in one city, therefore, proves its rottenness in all.

It is seldom that local conditions lend themselves to such a shocking exposure as recently took place in the city of Philadelphia, in Mayor Weaver's attempt to "clean up" that city. For years such organizations as Tammany Hall in New York have guaranteed the safety of the rich in their visits to houses of ill-fame, and the attacks of such blustering and shallow reformers as William Travers Jerome upon the "Tenderloin" district have been made with the sole and avowed object of rendering men "safe against robbery" in such places. The tenderloin districts are frequently raided in all cities; but the rich are always warned in advance, and no one is taken except the country deacons on a visit to town, and the people generally without urban reputations.

The raid in Philadelphia that fateful Saturday night differed only in the fact that no one had warning. It was thorough and it was complete, and it stirred Philadelphia as it had not been stirred by all its political rottenness. For, in this raid, in which 105 resorts were entered and 568 prisoners were taken, there were men and women whose names adorn the blue book of society, who are well known figures in Newport, New York and Paris, and who had to use all their fineness and influence to keep their highly respected names from being trailed in the mire. Three or four hundred of them willingly underwent the discomfort of several days and nights in the jail, trying to think out a way to get free without anyone knowing it. Clubmen, lawyers, business men whose names are known throughout the city, sports and hightyers, young scions of society from the Germantown section, and, in some instances, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, met one another in the corridors of the jail to their mutual and common undoing. For a week there was a struggle to get bail and cover up scandal. Absolutely no mercy was shown. Rich and poor, old offenders and new, were scooped up in the same net and carted away to jail. The police were frank in their brutality and could not be bribed. They realized that they were killing their own graft and the incidental slaughter of half a hundred fine old Quaker reputations did not bother them.

In not a single instance did the men or women prisoners of good repute give their real names. As is always the case in a raid the women got by far the hardest treatment. A man of prominence would be called to the bar only to give a fictitious name, and fade away after paying a ten-dollar fine; but the woman, in every instance, no matter of what family or reputation, was looked upon as an "inmate" and fined \$300. This is a fair sample of the cowardly and contemptible capitalist law, which

punishes the female and lets the male prostitute, who makes her what she is, go free.

In nine cases out of ten there was no bail forthcoming, and the better ones were led, weeping, back to their cells. Many of them were of good families, many were married, many were visitors to the city, and there were heart-breaking revelations when they were forced openly to attempt to get bail. But tears, moans and hysterics from the better ones and curses and cat-calls from the hardened old-timers were alike to the police.

Four magistrates were required to handle that one night's business. In a few instances they allowed themselves to be swayed by the pleading of young girls whose appearance indicated that they were not beyond reformation. But, generally speaking, no pull was sufficient to obtain release, and everyone arrested was compelled to answer charges.

A tall, beautiful girl, who had been caught in a Thirteenth street house with an escort, was called before Magistrate Eisenbrow. She wore a white dress and her face was swathed in an automobile veil.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate. The girl seemed past all feeling. She stood as white as marble, without replying. The magistrate repeated the question.

"I shall give you no name," she replied with a convulsive sob. "It is all over now, and can do no good. It will be death for me in the end, and death for my parents. I will only say that I was engaged to be married. I still feel that I am a good woman. It is too late to ask for mercy. Oh, my God, too late."

"Officer, did you ever see this woman before?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, your honor," whispered the officer. "She lives at No. ——— street. She is the daughter of ———"

"Take her away, quick! Put her in a carriage and send her home!" exclaimed the horrified magistrate.

In the meantime a continual moaning and shuffling were kept up in the rear of the room—ejaculations such as: "Oh, God, judge, please let me go, I've a husband at home," or, "I'm a married woman, judge, and I'm a respectable woman." A little red-haired woman cried: "I was lured there, judge, I did not know what kind of a place it was." Eight or ten members of the Bermuda Cricket Club were caught in the toils. They paid their fines stoically and departed. Two men in evening dress paid their fines and hurriedly left the court room. Two married women, of aristocratic air, with whom they had been found in a place on Callowhill street, were called soon afterward. They had wept until they were apathetic. They, too, were sent back to wait for bail, which was brought by their escorts in the early afternoon. So the endless pathetic panorama of the city's vice dragged on and on into infinity.

Philadelphia, by this raid, is enabled to present only her phase of this sort of thing. Other cities await only the exposure. In a sermon some time ago preached by Rev. James T. Coffey, of St. James Catholic church, in St. Louis, Father Coffey said: "In my investigations among the slums I have found that society in high life is honeycombed with immorality. Two police officers a few mornings ago found a beautiful young woman coming from an immoral resort. She was arrested and begged to have her name withheld. She proved to be the daughter of one of the leaders in St. Louis society."

Not long ago in an address before the Minnesota state medical association, Dr. R. St. John Perry, a prominent physician declared: "For morality and temperance, the average American of money ranks below the ignorant African savage. Christians look with abhorrence on Mohammedans who take plural wives and consider it proper; they despise ignorant Africans who indulge in admitted polygamy. Yet, if the truth were known, husbands of New York and Chicago and all our large cities indulge secretly in not only plural wives but in thrice the wives of these so-called degraded peoples. The spread of diseases attendant solely upon unrestrained vice should cause the gravest alarm."

But, perhaps, the most striking proof of the degeneracy of the rich is furnished by the recent proceedings in the case of *Town Topics*, the journal of social blackmail, which has flourished for so long in the city of New York. The editor of this paper had so familiarized himself with the private lives of the entire smart set of the East that he could lay them under blackmail tribute at will. There is scarcely a prominent rich man in New York, from J. Pierpont Morgan down (or up?) who did not pay tribute to the information possessed by "Col." Mann, the editor. This paper was a weekly threat; its every issue was grabbed for by the smart set, and eagerly scanned for scandal about the other fellow. The thousands of articles published in *Town Topics* were all of one character, describing the commission of mean, vile and corrupt acts and practices.

And yet it would not be the whole truth to say that the society journalism of the smart set has been merely a blackmailing system; for it has been something more terrible than that.

It has been the realistic expression of the set's debased and degenerate soul!

No one has ever cared nor dared to sue for libel; and all the while the circulation of this vile weekly was overwhelmingly among the very people upon whom it preyed.

The middle class seldom read it; and the working class never saw it.

It is, of course, true that the "personal" element is always of absorbing interest. The same instinct which prompts the smart set to scan the columns of *Town Topics* prompts the country dame to read the names of those at the Methodist church supper at the town hall. But no one can fail to observe that the nearer you get to the common people the purer becomes their society journalism. Even if the yellow journal be considered the society organ of the slums, it cannot be charged with such an atmosphere of scandal and lubricity as characterizes the acknowledged society organ of the New York smart set. No yellow newspaper, however low its tone, however vulgarly sensational, is run for the purpose of blackmailing the poor. And the poor do not run to their favorite newspaper with scandalous items about their neighbors and acquaintances. But the attitude of the luxurious people who read *Town Topics*, and without whose subscriptions it would cease to be printed, is of a different character. One of the most amusing and surprising figures brought to public notice by the recent Haggood trial was a former Episcopal clergyman, named C. De Lyon Nichols, who had contributed items and paragraphs to the notorious society journal.

Mr. Nichols describes himself as an "expert" in the matters pertaining to the smart set. He compiled the great work known as "The Ultra Fashionable Peerage of America," which shows who is eligible in the United States to "Mrs. Astor's set" and to invitations to Mrs. Astor's social functions. There are 600 of them. Mr. Nichols, a most interesting creature, now runs a philanthropic enterprise for the New York slums known as the "Sunday Kindergarten Art History Association"—the art education of the East side having been sadly neglected, as we know. Possibly the special knowledge possessed by the reverend gentlemen equips him to collect money to maintain his philanthropic enterprise by the same manner that Col. Mann collected his.

No matter with what broad charity one is constrained to judge the present immorality of the American idle rich, one fact forces itself absolutely upon our recognition. This is that there is no force or factor within the leisure class itself, or its exploiting captains and lieutenants, to effect its own purification. It is rotten through and through. It can only be purified and redeemed by a new psychology and a new psychology can only be born of changed economic conditions.

The only way to arrest the moral degeneration of the rich is to put them to work! Work teaches morality, faithfulness, reliability and decency.

The working class must redeem the capitalist class from its present sensuality. This is no easy task, for the working class is itself poisoned by the aims and ideals of the class above it. The working class, too, must have a new psychology; and, realizing this, the aim and object of the Socialist propaganda is to redeem the working class, first, from its capitalist methods of thinking.

The working class must be set right before the capitalist class can be set right.

The working class is to blame for the immorality of the rich!

The working class can have any kind of a society it wants; it outnumbers the idle class a thousand to one.

Therefore, by maintaining the present system, whereunder it not only supports itself but supports the capitalist class in idleness, it affords the opportunities to the capitalist class to get into bad habits.

By not insisting upon the entire product of its labor, the working class consents to its own poverty and the poverty of its daughters, poverty through which they are led into lives of shame. And by allowing the product of its labor to be taken away and spent by the capitalist class, it thus furnishes the capitalist class with the very leisure in which it is led into debauched ways of living.

A decaying society can only be re-habilitated by an infusion of new life, and new life must come from the children of the earth, the working class. If anything ails the root the plant must suffer blight. The realization of the Socialist ideal is the pruning and resetting of the root. That is why it is called a working class movement, and a working class philosophy.

But its blessings are not for the working class alone. Out of its realization will come the redemption of the other class; the class which today is also defrauded of its birthright by being born to a life of idleness, which means degeneration.

In the hands of the workers lies the power to build a new world.

—FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

DOESN'T LIKE SOCIALISM.

Personally, I have no use for the kind of doctrine handed out by our Socialist friends. It is a sort of a hybrid, socio-political propaganda and runs the gamut of human endeavor all the way from buying a marriage license to lying up at the polls on election day. The special organ of Socialism in this country is a miserable sheet, printed somewhere out in Kansas, and called the "Appeal to Reason." Some pie-face has caused my name to be placed on the mailing list of that publication, and each week as I fear the cover of the thing and spread open its pages I feel as though some one was handing me an "Appeal to Treason," and urging me to spread the doctrine. I don't believe in Socialism, and don't want to believe in it. If I wasn't a republican I'd be a democrat, or a populist, or a prohibitionist, but a Socialist, never. It doesn't look good to me, and it sounds less likely than it looks. Socialism stands out like an unnaturalized and hostile alien, kissing the shins of the constitution and making a mockery of the stars and stripes. This lapd of ours is good enough for me just as it is. I don't want any more liberty than I have got, and I don't want any

other fellow to have less than he has. There is just enough sentiment in me to make me love and be satisfied with the old house our fathers lived in, and to hold in contempt the teachings of the "Appeal to Reason." Honestly, I'd rather put on a suit of gray and learn the "rebel yell" than to learn to like the dope handed out by the so-called "Appeal to Reason."—Knox, Ind., Republican.

I expect Editor Moorman is not a bad fellow. He has a misconception of things. I venture that he is very much discontented, just as the rest of humanity is. I will venture the assertion that he does not like to be held up by the paper trust, the type trust, and the many other trusts that sneak away his energy and substance. If the APPEAL is a "miserable" sheet it can be condoned on the plea that the daily papers show that there is a tremendous amount of misery in the country. If he feels that some one is urging him to spread the doctrine he simply feels

the impulse of his own nature. I once felt toward is like he does, had no use for it, but when I came to understand it I found it was just what would make me and my fellowmen happy. He may yet do so. He will believe in Socialism if he ever gets the right view of it. This reminds me of a story told of Washington. He was out in the forest surveying. The then unknown Gen. Putnam went to see him and to talk over the grave public situation. Putnam pleaded with him to oppose the English tyranny. Washington put one foot upon a log lying between them, straightened up, looked Putnam in the face and said: "Putnam, see that good right arm? I would rather see it torn from the socket than to do aught against my King." But Washington was not to lag after at the head of the army fighting that same king. So will it be with Editor Moorman. It don't make any difference about

his conclusions today—tomorrow brings new conditions and new thoughts. This land is good enough for anybody. Granted; but that does not say that it is managed the best possible for human happiness and progress. And he is not satisfied with the house his father lived in, for that house has been greatly changed—it is not the same today as it was yesterday, and it will be still different tomorrow, whether he will it or no. He will probably take on the "rebel yell" against the system that enables a few to amass the

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wealth produced by the millions. The word rebel is honored when applied to our revolutionary forefathers, and it will be honored when applied to those who oppose the system of private ownership of the earth and the fullness thereof. I like a man who will say what he feels, and in this I respect Editor Moorman more than those weak-kneed scribblers who are afraid to say what they feel. Here's a word to Moorman. The time will come when he, like Washington, will be with the people against capitalism.

COMRADE JOHN WALKER, of Valley Camp, Pa., who was recently killed in a railroad accident, left his entire estate to executors for the benefit of the Socialist propaganda. The estate is valued at about \$10,000.

The Appeal does most of the job printing for the "particular" people of Girard. These "particular" people are not Socialists—not even in sympathy with the movement, but it is a human nature to see the best there is for the least amount of money.

ANOTHER SCOOP.

The Bank of America, Chicago, has collapsed with several hundred thousands of its dupes' cash. You vote for congressmen and state legislators who elect senators, and they are in the pay or have interest in banks and stocks, and hence refuse to have the government provide any safety for your deposits. There have been hundreds of millions stolen from bank depositors during the last four decades, and yet not a dollar would have been lost to the depositors had the government furnished public banks. So your vote is at the bottom of the crimes, and I really am pleased when I see you lose the money which you put into these traps. A burnt child dreads the fire, but when the child grows old it seems to have less sense of comparison than when it is toddling on the floor, for the grown child gets

burned, and reads about others getting burned by the banking system, and yet goes right on playing the same old confidence game.

The smelter trust is doing to the miners of the west what the Standard Oil is doing to the oil producers. It's the game. When the people get wise they will vote in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

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