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Appeal to Reason.

J.A. WAYLAND

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 FRED D. WARREN
 Managing Editor

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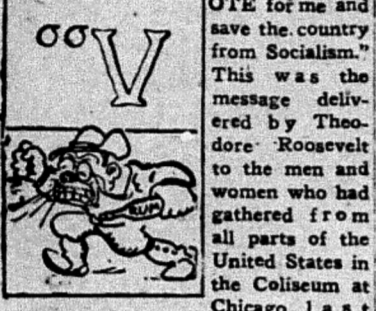
WHAT YOU GET

ROOSEVELT Perkins McCormick Flynn	TAFT Penrose Guggenheim Darnes	WILSON Ryan Salmon Taggart
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The workingman puts in his ballot under the head republican, democrat or progressive and the above is what he draws. There are no blanks.

MAKE NO MISTAKE—THIS IS A REAL FIGHT

BY FRED D. WARREN



NOTE for me and save the country from Socialism." This was the message delivered by Theodore Roosevelt to the men and women who had gathered from all parts of the United States in the Coliseum at Chicago last week to hear from his lips the remedy he proposed for the evils existing in our social and industrial society. Through the courtesy of our comrades of the Chicago Evening World, I had a seat in the press gallery and within a few yards of Mr. Roosevelt during the entire proceedings of the second day. I had a peculiar interest in the occasion. For the first time I had a close view of the man who for four years hounded me through the federal courts in a vain attempt to send me to prison and suppress the Appeal. By a strange trick of fate, unprecedented and extraordinary, he was cheated of victory and the Appeal lives today stronger and more virile than before the attack.

I had expected this man to turn a complete political somersault but I was hardly prepared for the mental acrobatic feats staged on that occasion for the entertainment of his admirers. Roosevelt is not an orator, nor has he a pleasing personality. Some may think this statement biased because of my rather unpleasant experience with the gentleman. However, I will say that for nearly two hours he held the close attention of the vast audience while he read from the manuscript his carefully prepared "key note address" of the progressive party. There was an expectancy on the part of the audience that was very plain to the observer. And therein lies the significance of the Coliseum meeting and the formation of the progressive party. Here were approximately 10,000 men and women, most of whom had been life-long republicans, representing several million men and women of like mind. Here were old men who had witnessed the beginning of the party of Lincoln, here were young men who had been nurtured on the doctrine that the republican party was a sort of divine institution that God in his infinite wisdom had ordained to look after the affairs of mankind here in the United States. Yet these one-time republicans publicly approved of Roosevelt's attempt to wreck the g. o. p. and they had gathered in Chicago to assist in the work.

It is true here were many smug politicians who had failed to land jobs under the Taft administration; here also were aspiring statesmen who saw in the movement an opportunity for pelf and position; but if I am any judge of human nature, the majority of the delegates present were in earnest in their desire to bring about better conditions. The expectancy depicted on their faces when Roosevelt started to speak remained after he had finished! The vast crowd was visibly disappointed when he announced at the end of his address that this was his "confession of faith." These people had expected a strong declaration of principles and a clean-cut program suggesting a remedy for the evils which all recognized existed; instead, Roosevelt handed them his "confession." The reporter sitting next to me, who was visibly bored during the entire address, allowed his pencil to simlessly wander over the paper pad on his desk and this is what the idle pencil wrote: "Platitudes! Platitudes!"

THE applause which started on the appearance of Roosevelt, after the first five minutes, was desultory and intermittent and kept alive for fifty-seven minutes only by a cleverly pre-arranged program. At those points in this "great popular outburst of enthusiasm," when the noise got pretty thin, the colonel stepped to the front of the platform and waved his red bandana vigorously. This was the signal for another round. At other times the band would play, ably seconded by the drum and fife corps imported for the occasion. At the psychological moment a procession of notable aspirants for fame marched down the aisles and were lifted to the platform where, in full view of the assemblage, they pledged their allegiance to the standard bearer of the progressive party. This kept the ap-



"CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS?"

plause going for thirty minutes stretching the time in all to fifty-seven. Without intending to be funny, I can assure the readers of the Appeal there were, all told fifty-seven varieties of enthusiasm on this occasion, but at the end of the long drawn out hour, the crowd refused to waste any more time in foolishness. Most of these people were here in real earnest and they were anxious to see the start of the steam roller that was to mow down the oppressors of the common people and establish the reign of justice in this trust-ridden country.

But in this they were, sadly disappointed, and the disappointment was visible on the faces of delegates and spectators alike. Here was the occasion and here the need but their favorite had fallen down lamely at the very beginning of the race. It is true, he advanced ideas which he himself admitted were radical in the extreme, but a majority of those who heard him were familiar with all these radical measures through their contact with Socialist literature. They had heard Roosevelt denounce, in his

characteristic way, these same measures and they were perplexed and puzzled at his sudden change. The majority of the delegates on the floor of the convention were from the middle class—small business men, merchants, manufacturers, land owners (but no working men and no tenant farmers). They were struggling against the octopus on the one side and what they conceived Socialism to be on the other. How Mr. Roosevelt was to accomplish the impossible feat of protecting Big Business and saving the nation from Socialism by adopting planks from the Socialist platform was a problem they could not solve and they waited in vain for Roosevelt to make plain to them how he would work this wonder.

IN these columns I have told you of my belief that Roosevelt is to be the central figure in this campaign. Shrewd, unscrupulous and without the slightest sense of political honor, he has seized upon and made his own many of the planks incorporated in the Socialist platform, which have been popularized by hard work and self-

sacrifice on the part of the Socialists of the United States. Unless vigorous measures are taken by the Appeal Army and the Socialist party we will see, in this campaign, the fruits of our endeavor temporarily swept aside. Roosevelt is ambitious to be the Bismarck of the United States. He proposes to kill the Socialist movement by pretending a conversion to some of its radical measures and to sweep into power on the crest of the wave of unrest that now threatens to engulf the capitalist system. Louis XVI vainly tried the same tactics.

With the unlimited millions back of him, furnished by the Perkinses and the McCormicks, he will be able to carry on a campaign that will carry millions of men off their feet, and it would be a miracle if some of those who have today made up their minds to vote the Socialist ticket at the coming election were not carried with the tide. The set-back will be only temporary, every Socialist knows that, and in the end, if we do not lose our heads and become discouraged and disheartened, WE WILL IN TURN

REAP WHERE ROOSEVELT IS NOW SOWING!

Make no mistake—this is a real fight.

Socialism has grown to tremendous proportions, greater than we, ourselves, realize. The day before I started for Chicago I attended the Socialist encampment at Sulphur, Okla. Ten thousand people were in attendance. It was an inspiring occasion. I looked into the faces of these men and women in whose eyes burned the fires of the revolution. I read in their countenances the promise of the new day, born of the hope that Socialism inspires in the working class mind. What was taking place in Sulphur on Saturday, August 4th, was occurring in other parts of Oklahoma and what was taking place in Oklahoma was happening throughout the nation.

The capitalist is also quite well aware of what is taking place and he knows that unstoppered, the Socialist movement will inevitably result in the overthrow of the capitalist system and his disappearance as an exploiter. He is determined to hold on as long as

cunning and ingenious methods, political and otherwise, can keep him atop. The capitalist thinks he sees in the Roosevelt move a scheme that will accomplish the destruction of the Socialist party. Most of them would prefer Taft or Wilson to Roosevelt—not that Roosevelt is any less their friend and true friend, as he has repeatedly proved himself to be, but because of the spectacular manner in which he carries out his so called policies. The capitalist is a sensitive creature and he prefers the easy-going Taft methods of making money to the hurly-burly Roosevelt system. If he cannot have Taft or Wilson, he is quite willing to take Roosevelt and his sham reforms rather than Socialism and a complete revolution in society and industry.

I WOULD be untrue to the cause I love and to the comrades who support the Appeal did I not warn you that we must not deceive ourselves by the surface indications that Socialism is sweeping the country.

We should keep constantly in mind

that a very great many of these enthusiasts who applaud the Socialist message are not yet thoroughly grounded in the revolutionary doctrine of our movement and there is great danger of many of them being carried away by the Roosevelt eleventh hour conversion.

Shrewd political observers two months ago placed the Socialist vote as high as three million. This was before Roosevelt plunged into the arena after a theft that made the steam roller gang's performance at Chicago look like a one-ring circus. Before this campaign has proceeded far, a considerable number of these three million votes, conceded to the Socialists by our opponents, will be following the red bandana adopted as the emblem of the progressive party.

It is a stupendous task the Socialists have to line up in impregnable battle array all these puzzled and perplexed men and women. BUT WE MUST DO IT! "This is our year"—YES, IF WE MAKE IT OUR YEAR. It is not enough that we hold our own in the present campaign—we must and will do more than that. It will be necessary for you to begin sitting up at nights with the near-Socialists. We need them, and they need you.

When the battle of ballots is over in November and the last one is checked up and counted, let us carry the news 'round the world, that like our German comrades we made steady gains in spite of the strenuous efforts of the American claimant for Bismarkian honors—Theodore Roosevelt of Oyster Bay.

Make no mistake—this is a real fight!

Taft Condemns Roosevelt.

From recent speeches, Taft, formerly a close friend of Roosevelt, a man Roosevelt boomed for the presidency four years ago, ought to know the man.

"Condemn me if you will, but condemn me by other witnesses than Theodore Roosevelt."

"I was a man of straw; but I have been a man of straw long enough; every man who has blood in his body and who has been misrepresented as I have been is forced to fight."

"Mr. Roosevelt says that I did not go back on Lorimer and Lorimer was not successful in carrying Illinois for me. Well, my letter to him about Lorimer was written a year before I knew that the colonel's hat was in the ring at all. Mr. Roosevelt had no right under any circumstances to misrepresent me in that regard."

"One who so lightly regards constitutional principles, and especially the independence of the judiciary, one who is so naturally impatient of legal restraint and of due legal procedure, and who has so misunderstood what liberty regulated by law is, could not safely be intrusted with successive presidential terms."

"It is not a pleasant thing to do. In ordinary circumstances it is not dignified for the president of the United States to enter into a personal controversy. But I am forced against the wall with my back to it and I'm bound, if I have any manhood, to fight."

"Are the conditions so peculiar that he is needed to do the 'job,' as he calls it? Then why not a fourth term and a fifth?"

Roosevelt a Maniac.

Henry Waterston, veteran editor of the Louisville Courier Journal.

I personally know that Theodore Roosevelt is of unsound mind and I refuse to fight a madman."

That is nearer a just epitome of the situation than will be any of the specific counts in the indictment the republican party first as most responsible, and the American people second, as most deeply concerned must draw against the man whose insatiable thirst for power and love of display have brought so great a disgrace upon us.

He carries all the marks typical of the perverted understanding—the devilish streak of viciousness, the ignoble malignancy, the logical intensity and inaccuracy of the lunatic.

That is the long and short of it. The man is a maniac. He knows not clearly what he does or says. Never an utterance of his will bear discussion or dissection. Never an act of his can be defended. That he should cast friendship to the winds, intellectual dignity to the dogs, his own antecedents to kingdom come were proof enough that he is mad; as mad as Hamlet.

An Unrewarded Author. We call attention to the following letter written by Fred Smith... The Socialist movement... I am a victim of the capitalist system...

Socialism Forward Movement. Five locals were organized in Kentucky in July with eighty-one members... The three hundred delegates at the national convention...

Denounced by the Dead. In a speech delivered by John P. Alford, former governor of Illinois, now dead, some observations relative to Theodore Roosevelt...

The Oath Side of It. On Monday, July 23 (not July 7th, as I stated in my article), I attended a meeting of the campaign committee...

Official minutes. Debs has made it known in no uncertain tones that he is disgusted with the whole scheme by which Barnes is running the campaign...

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Glasses Absolutely gratis. Now look here all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers... Perfect Home Eye Tester Free...

Significant News. An advance of twenty per cent on all grades of wheat is announced by market factors... The Grand Bounce has started for the scene of disaster...

Statement of Campaign Manager. To the Members of the Socialist Party. Dear Comrades—At a very beginning I intended to understand this statement...

Wilson's Meetings. Comrade Ben F. Wilson's Texas lecture tour at the encampments is proving of immense value... Wilson's Meetings.

The Red Portfolio. This is a collection of cartoons taken from the columns of the Evening Nation and the Free Press...

The Way of the Courts. An effort was made by the police to break up a Socialist meeting held in Nashville, Tenn. An injunction was sought to prevent the police from interfering...

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ROUSEWARES OF CHICAGO... THE MAIL-ORDER MAN. ASK: HAVE YOU TEN DOLLARS, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, OR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS?

The Little Old Appeal. There's a little head of writers, And a little head of editors, They are working on the little old appeal...

A Feast of Good Things. The Coming Nation for August 17th—number 102—contains a feast of good things...

The Tin Horn Party. Under the above caption Eugene Wood has an article in the Coming Nation on the democratic party...

Seizing Water Powers. Watch your water powers! There is going to be a concerted effort to divert them to private or corporate uses...

Warren's Meeting in Sulphur, Okla. Saturday night, August 3d, at 8 p. m., Warren addressed a gathering of 10,000 people...

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Par Noble Fratrem. From St. Louis Mirror. Federal Judge Harford and Commerce Court Judge Archibald are equally noble brothers...

Misnomers. Teacher—Who can give me some examples of a word which is a misnomer? Johnie (who's papa is a Socialist)—I think I can...

Editorial Fund. The editorial fund has now reached the sum of \$1,765.35. Leaving \$1,241.85 needed to complete the fund...

Warren's Dates. August 21, Albia, Iowa; city park, 2 p. m. August 22, Scotchdale, Kans., 3 p. m. August 23, Marion, Ind., Indiana opera house, 8 p. m.

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