

SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR THIS "DUBB EDITION"

No. 182 If No. 183 appears on your address label, your subscription expires next week. Do not fail to renew.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST

OUR TICKET THIS YEAR

For President
ALLAN L. BENSON
For Vice-President
GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

VOL. II. No. 42.

304

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY, 1916

6c per year; \$1 per year outside United States; 25c for 40 weeks in Clubs of 4 or more except in Chicago

"Who Is Henry Dubb?" Here Is The Answer

Ryan Walker, the great American Cartoonist, has specially written for The American Socialist, the following account of how he came across the original Henry Dubb, that prototype of all that is humble and stupid and easily imposed upon by Capitalist magic and meaningless forms and ceremonies. Beneath the genius of Walker's pencil, Henry Dubb has figured and is figuring in the greatest series of economic and political working class cartoons that the Socialist movement of the world has seen. The American Socialist publishes a Henry Dubb cartoon every week.—The Editor.

By RYAN WALKER.

"WHO IS Henry Dubb?" you asked me. "And how did he originate?"

I shall try to give you the story of how I conceived Henry Dubb.

While in a mining district—for the purpose of studying the conditions of my brother miner—I went by trolley car to one of the most remote of the mining camps. I did not go in quest of enjoyment, for long ago I had learned that nothing of happiness, sunshine and contentment was to be found in the isolated settlements where men dig riches from the earth to pour into the pockets of the men who toil not.

It goes without saying that when I dropped off the trolley car into the above mentioned mining camp I fell into the midst of squalor and unhappiness, for everywhere about me was wretchedness born of Want and Ignorance and nursed by Oppression. There was but one foul street, formed by two rows of dismal shacks—such habitations as we see everywhere that men are employed in vast numbers.

Straggling along this street, and coming from a soot-blackened mine, which vomited black breath constantly, came many men of all ages and degrees of physical infirmity. The latter condition was the toll they paid to their jobs. (Have you ever thought of that—the heavy toll the miner pays to his job?) Their day's work had just ended, and in the shadow of the approaching night they were wearily going to their respective shacks to eat and sleep, preparatory against another long day's toil.

I was in no fit mood to stop to converse with these miners; for bitterness was in me against their oppressors, and also in me against the oppressed themselves—for allowing themselves to be thus oppressed! And I turned my face from them and walked a little way to a fence which encircled a fine pasture in the midst of which stood a great, red barn. About this barn stood many splendid mules, big, strong, sleek. They were literally in clover, kneedeep. As I leaned on the top board of the fence, one of the mules came to me in the most friendly manner, as though he divined my feeling of fellowship for him. And as I gazed first into the beast's kindly eye, then at his splendid pasture and great, secure barn, I was forced to turn about and make the contrast between his surroundings and those of the miners. And suddenly there came labouring thru my brain a strange thought, and I turned again to the mule and held with him mentally a conversation.

"HOWDY, Brother," I bowed. "Howdy, Brother," came his response, most cordially; for the world went well with him, and he felt nothing but kindness for the wayfarer outside his fence.

"That's a nice, red barn you dwell in," I said. "Looks comfortable."

The mule smiled. "It is comfortable—cool in summer and warm in winter, and contains a full manger."

"I suppose you pay a pretty stiff rent for it, seeing it's kept in such excellent condition?" I surmised, enquiringly.

"Rent?" He gave a mule-laugh. "No, Brother, I pay not a penny in rent."

"You look well fed," I next remarked. "I suppose, since mulefood is so high, that you are taxed pretty heavily for it."

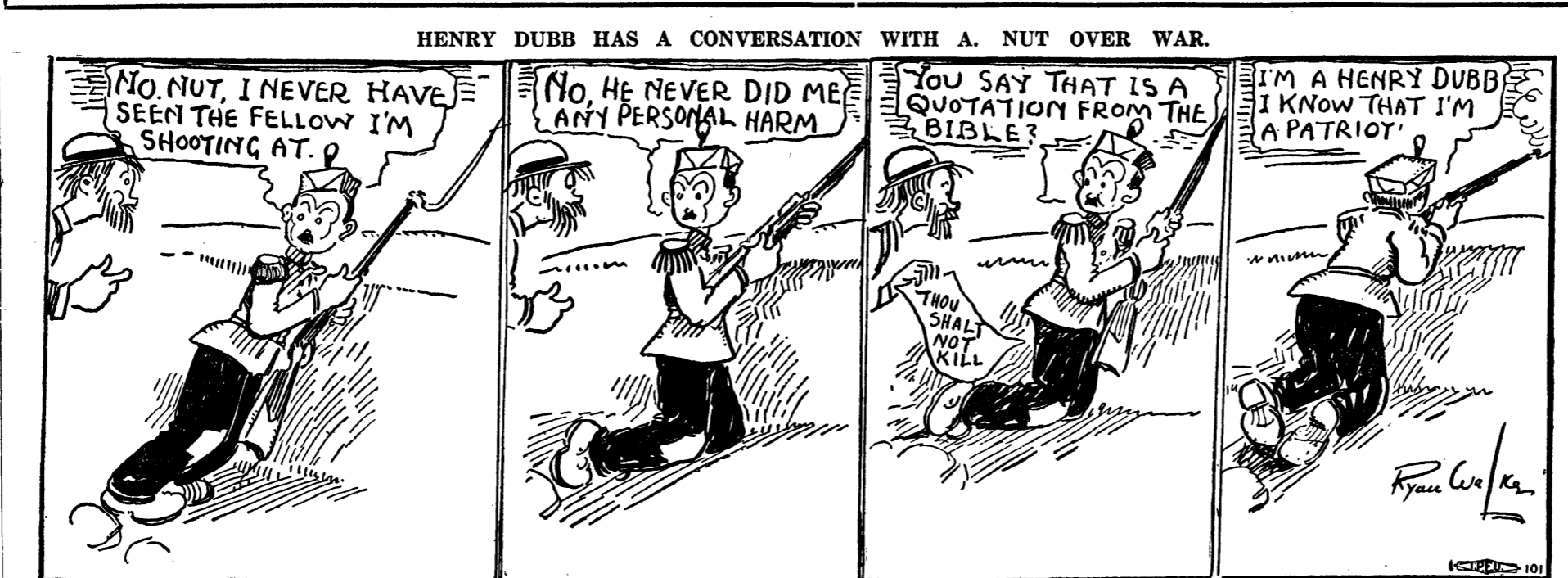
"I am well fed," the mule assured me, "and I don't pay anything for my feed."

"Strange," I remarked, "will you tell me for whom you work?"

"For the mine-owners," informed the mule.

"Now suppose the mines close down," I suggested, "what becomes

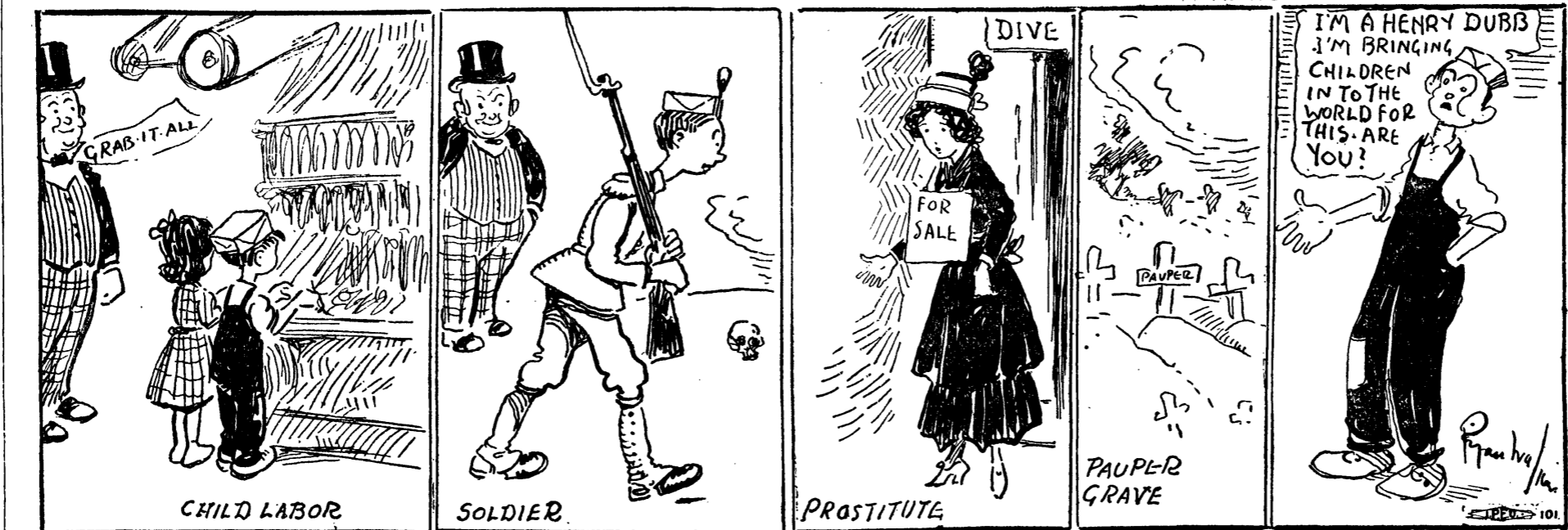
HENRY DUBB, THE JINGO, IN FOUR SCREAMING REELS AS SEEN BY RYAN WALKER



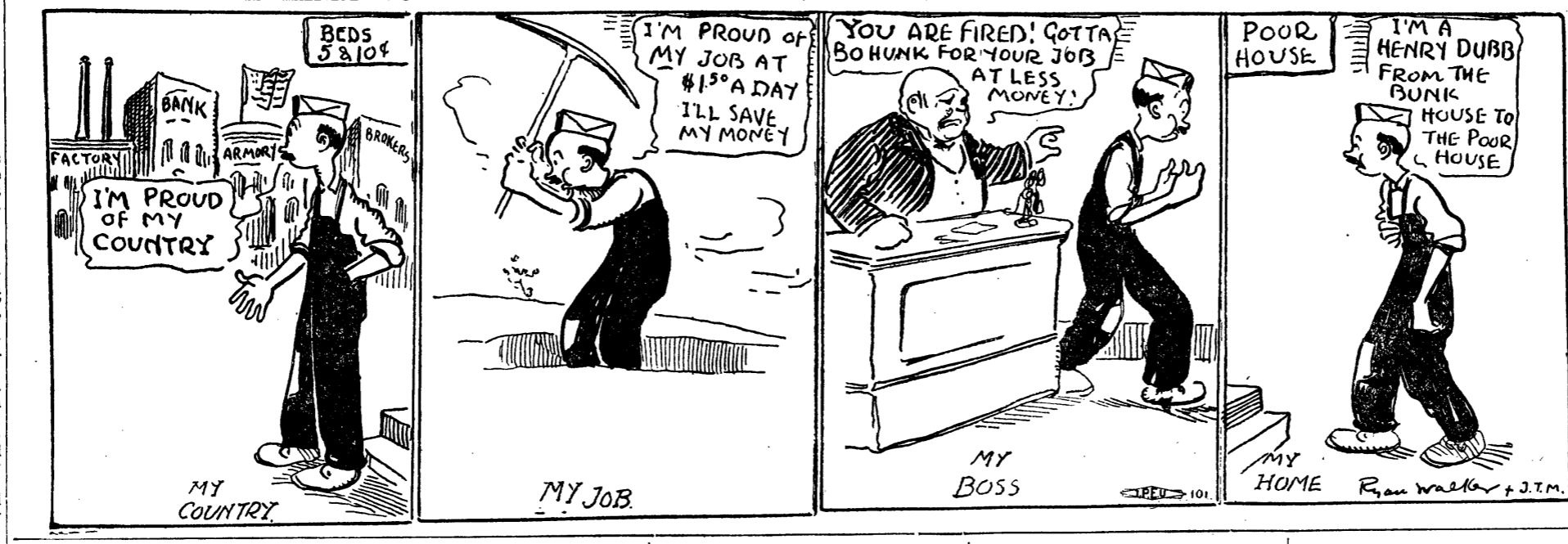
HENRY DUBB GOES IN FOR PREPAREDNESS AND SIGHT SEEING.



WHY HENRY DUBB BRINGS CHILDREN INTO THE WORLD.



A HENRY DUBB DIAGRAM OF MY COUNTRY, MY JOB, MY BOSS AND MY HOME.



of you? Turned out of the pasture and the big, red barn to pick what grass you may find along the roadside, or starve, I presume?" The mule gave me a pitying look.

"No, poor fool, whether or not the mines close down I am cared for, for I am INVESTMENT—I AM PROPERTY."

Then I said—"Brother, will you tell me for whom you vote? What system do you uphold?"

"I vote for the boss, and I uphold the system which TAKES GOOD CARE OF ME."

I pondered his answer a moment. Then I said, "You're a wise mule. Good day."

THEN I went away from the red barn, and down into the wretched street of the miners' houses; and I met a grimed miner, old with toil and hardship. He bent to the earth as though the burden he forever carried



"Say", I cried, "Your Face looks familiar to me. What's your name?"

would not permit of his raising his eyes to heaven. I walked behind him for a little, and underneath his filthy garments I beheld in his bent body the soul of a hero, perhaps a soul of which the earthly part of him was ignorant. I knew that every time that miner went into the bowels of the earth to rend from them their riches he gambled with death. Yet each day he went, and staked his life. And thru him, and such as he, was the world warmed and fed; thru him, and such as he, was the great machinery of civilization run; and I said to myself: "He must realize his own great importance to the world." And I overtook him and spoke to him:

"Good evening, Comrade," He glared at me with an expression of contempt. "Comrade? Don't call me that; I'm no crazy Socialist."

And I said: "Brother, where do you live?"

He pointed to one of the hovels at the end of the street.

"I see," I resumed, "that you are a valuable member of society. I suppose the mine-owners do not charge you rent for that shack; for it isn't worth burning to the ground."

"Ah," he said, with a show of resentment in him, "I do pay rent for that place—a big rent."

"You look hungry," I ventured.

"I am hungry," replied my brother. "My wage is so small and the cost of living so high at the Company's Store that not only am I hungry, but my wife and little ones are suffering starvation. It's the damnable over-production that's responsible for our hard times."

He leaned on his pick.

"I suppose," I continued, "that should the mine close down you would be permitted to remain in the shack you now occupy, rent-free; for you're a valuable member of society, and have given your strength to build up the fortunes of many in this great land."

THE MINER shook his head.

"If the mine closes down I must get out and hunt for another job. If I don't find one I and my family must go to the poorhouse, or starve."

"Will you tell me, my friend, for whom you vote, and what system you uphold?" I inquired with eagerness.

"I vote as my boss tells me, and I uphold the system which gives every man an equal chance with his fellows—our present system."

Then I walked on beside him a little way without speech; after which I said to him: "Brother, why won't you listen to the message of Socialism, the one Great Thing which will transform your miserable life into one of happiness, your hovel into a comfortable home, your empty cupboard into a full one; Socialism will educate your children and fit them for useful and happy lives, and provide for you in your old age; Socialism which will wipe out poverty and injustice?"

He stopped short and glared at me.

"Say, whatever giving me?" he snarled. "Don't the men in the public houses, the men who run the newspapers, and the men that give the jobs to give me, tell me what Socialism is? Socialism would make me divide up, and would destroy my home and rob me of my rights."

"Say," I cried, "your face looks familiar to me. What's your name?"

And he said:

"My name is HENRY DUBB."

THE MILWAUKEE ELECTION.

"I don't care if the Socialists can give us the best administration on the face of the earth; we don't want them."

This was the remark of a prominent Milwaukee manufacturer about a week before the recent election in that city. It tersely stated the real nature of the opposition to the Socialist party. The election resulted in choosing the Socialist candidate as Mayor. The result pretty conclusively shows that the people of Milwaukee disagree with this manufacturer. In other words, they said: "We don't care even if a man is a Socialist; we want him for Mayor if he will give us the best administration."—From THE OUTLOOK.

Yes, the Milwaukee workingclass Dubbs are waking up, thank you!

SOLID IVORY.

A mule took a kick At a Henry Dubb's head. The Henry Dubb lived But the mule is dead.

W. S. Kirby.

It is not enough to join the party, nor enough to vote the ticket. These are but the beginnings of a membership that is to count in the service of the cause and there is never a time when there is not a chance to do something that needs doing to advance the interests of the movement.

The American Socialist

Official Organ of the Socialist Party of the United States.

L. ENGELBART, Editor; WALTER LANGRISH, Business Mgr.; RYAN WALKER, Cartoonist.

Published every Saturday by the Socialist Party National Office, 208 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1914, at the post-office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

BUNDLE RATES—Bundle Rates One Year to one address: 4 copies, \$1; 8 copies, \$2; 10 copies, \$2.50; 15 copies, \$4.00; 20 copies, \$5.00; 25 copies, \$6.00; 30 copies, \$7.00; 40 copies, \$8.00; 50 copies, \$9.00; 60 copies, \$10.00; 75 copies, \$12.00; 100 copies, \$15.00.

Published every Saturday by the Socialist Party National Office, 208 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Here is all the week's news worth while boiled down for workers so busy fighting for Socialism they do not have time to read the daily capitalist papers.

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

Wilson completes work on note to Germany, modifying phrases of Lansing; may confer with Stone before sending it; capital bears rumor Lansing may resign.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18.

Russian army captures Trebnish, Black Sea port in Armenia; Sect. Big Russian fleet in city; liberal and government organs in Greece blame each other for rioting at liberal meetings.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.

French defeat three attempts of Germans to break lines in Western district; Asquith warns Commons of British cabinet; ultimatum sent to Berlin; submarine war; east with Wilson, best opinion.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.

Seven Villistas found guilty of murder in first degree for raid on Columbus, New Mex.; penalty is death by hanging and electric chair.

In Henry Dubb, Whose Face and Fate Confront Them Everywhere, The Millions Of His Brethren In Chains See Themselves Face To Face

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

THE NAME of Ryan Walker and that of his progeny, Henry Dubb, have become quite as celebrated and far more popular than were Artemus Ward and his wax figures half a century ago.

people alternately and made countless thousands see and hear and think and swear. Walker's genius seized upon Henry as the type of the millions of wage-slaves who have been kept in dumb submission to their masters, "brothers to the ox", and used politically and otherwise to forge and fasten their own fetters and perpetuate their own servility and degradation.

Dubbs of America. THE IMMORTAL Henry could never have been the creation of literary fiction. It required the pictorial art to produce and develop him and make intelligible and impressive his antics and performances and arouse his likes from their animalism and slavish submission and sow in their all but extinguished souls the seeds of consciousness and revolt.

brethren in chains see themselves face to face, learn to loathe themselves for their spineless sycophancy and servility, and by degrees are stirred to resentment and finally rise to the stature of men and take their places side by side with their awakened comrades in the industrial and political army of emancipation.

depends and the fate of all trembles in the balance—and entreat them in the name of all they have been robbed of and all they have suffered, to get acquainted with themselves, to open their eyes and see themselves, to know the truth and shame and shock themselves out of their ignorance, superstition and class-conscious revolt against the system that kept them and their ancestors before them on the animal plane and treated them for ages as beasts of burden.

SPEAKING OF H. DUBB

By JOSHUA WANHOPE.

WE HAVE seen him portrayed on the stage, his fatuous counterfeit presentment appearing on the cardboard under a few strokes from the crayon of that facile artist, Ryan Walker, who at times alludes to him facetiously as his son. And we have laughed.

And when we open our paper we often find him stretching across the page in a series of inane adventures which usually end up disastrously for him, a fact which he generally recognizes by informing us that he is "the Henry Dubb." And again we laugh, confident that his recognition of his own folly will not prevent him from repeating. He is a burnt child that doesn't dread the fire; a fool that experience cannot teach. A Henry Dubb, eternally; the same yesterday, to-day, and apparently for ever.

SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY.

BUT WITHAL there is a sort of mystery about him; something that eludes us, something that we cannot plainly identify, tho we know in general that he is being used as a "horrible example."

But the most horrifying thing about him is that thousands who have seen him and laughed at him, still remain Henry Dubbs themselves; that he doesn't always carry conviction to the economic sinners; that they still faithfully imitate him in a thousand ways, just as "Percy and Ferdie Hall-room", the \$8.50 a week department store clerks, who for years have capered thru the comic supplements, as would-be aristocrats, still have scores of thousands of unconscious imitators.

What manner of man then is Henry? Is he possessed of brains of any kind? Is he the kind of person who "put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains", and the enemy returned after a prolonged search and reported that he found nothing? Hardly. If Henry were really brainless, there would be no point in exhibiting him, nor would the genial Ryan Walker still claim to be his father.

HE HAS BRAINS!

HENRY HAS brains. Most undoubtedly. And it would never do to contend that they were warped, because that implies they have once been straight, and we know that Henry is now and always was, "the Henry Dubb". Neither would it be correct to suggest that his brains were really brainless, for the implication from that is that they were once alive and functioned. Really, nor are we any nearer an explanation when we simply call him a "product of capitalism." We are all products of capitalism, even the Socialists. That but adds to the mystery, for we then have to explain ourselves as well as him. Nor yet can we get much farther by explaining him as "the average workingman" who doesn't accept Socialism. That also is too inclusive altogether.

To dissect him psychologically from a Socialist standpoint is no easy task, tho we will not say it is an impossible one. It can be done no doubt, and we are modest enough to say that we could do it, or we think we could, if the editor of The American Socialist gave us, say, six issues of the paper to do it in. But he probably thinks that is altogether too much space for Henry, and has objections to being a Henry Dubb himself, as he would be when he foolishly enough to do any such thing.

What shall we say then about the psychology of Henry? Shall we refer him to Professor Elliot, and have him dubbed a hero? Or to Roosevelt, and list him as a patriot? To the Republican or Democratic politician, who will pronounce him an enlightened, enthusiastic and discriminating audience? Or to Professor Muensterberg, and get a true psychological explanation which we will know to be true because we don't understand it?

DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HIMSELF.

OR HOW would it be to refer to his employer? But perhaps that wily person cannot be relied on in such a matter. We have seen his fool Henry too often to accept him as a reliable authority. "Junior", however, might make an attempt at it, if his papa didn't usually cut him short with a threat of "the strap."

As for Henry, we can readily see that he doesn't understand the simplest proposition. How then, could we expect him to elucidate the complex one involved in his own ego? He does not understand himself it is quite evident, his assurances that he is "the Henry Dubb" not adding much to any general explanation of his psychology.

There, to be sure, is his creator, the artist. He might, but we should not like to ask him. He might not think it fair to have to draw Henry and accompany him with a lecture on psychology. And his object in drawing him is to get the public to find out for themselves what he really is, and Henry must not be used to defeat the object for which he was created. Ryan is a good fellow and very generous, but there is such a thing as asking too many. So we shall perhaps have to leave Henry as we found him—mentally undisciplined. He is a mystery which we all must solve for ourselves. No one else can or will do it for us.

NEVER GIVE HIM UP.

HENRY is a conundrum. But shall we give him up on that account? NEVER! NEVER! NEVER! Not until he undergoes that other mysterious process of Socialist regeneration, and informs us all that he once was "the Henry Dubb", but that he isn't any more; that he was a "has-been" but is now an "is-er", and ready in his turn to enlighten those unfortunate still in the larva stage of Henry Dubbism. Then we shall no longer seek his (de)merits to disclose. Or draw his frailties from their fool abode.

In Sympathy With Henry Dubb, Junior

ON THE level, Junior, I don't blame you for kicking at the old man's stupidity. He makes such an all round dampcloth of himself that when anybody calls you by your last name it almost makes you sore. It don't seem to make any difference to the average man that you are not a plain ordinary "Dubb", that you have the distinction of being the real and original "Junior"—the

Wife of Henry Dubb



Hub-dub, hub-dub, All day at the wash tub. Hub-dub, hub-dub, 'cause I'm the wife of a Henry Dubb.

months, where does he buy his overalls?)

The way things are going now is not fair to you, Junior, and you know it. Young Grabitall, that wall-eyed gink who couldn't keep up with a Public School class two years younger'n himself, has been sent to a private high-school. You'll have to go to work when you're fourteen. And young Grabitall is not going to stop when he gets thru High School, much as he'd like to—he's going to college for some polish—and your dad is puttin' up the kale with which to do the job. And when young Grabitall gets thru his schoolin' he'll come down to the factory some day all dolled out in a sport shirt, wrist watch, and cane, and he'll be your boss. Just like old Grabitall is your father's boss. And you'll have to sweat and toil to put up the polish for his kids and his wives and yachts and monkey dinners and things—just like your dad does now. You'll have to be "his man" just like your dad is now Grabitall's man unless—

GEE, JUNIOR, I'D hate to see you

grow up so spinless and brainless like your dad. I'd look at you if you don't seem possible for you to get into his shoes now. There's another fellow who gets into the "pics" once in awhile, that socialist chap with the soft shirt and fluffy tie. He's the brightest spot in the whole show, and when you hear your dad with some of your back talk, he may not know where you get that stuff, but I do, you have been around the Socialist meetin' where Jimmy Higgins was speaking. That's where you get the straight dope, and you know it, too.

There's a lot of your kind, Junior, and we're getting more every day. More than 4,000 of you are now enrolled in the Young People's Socialist League, it's high time that you are, too. Sure now, remember the day when your god-father Ryan Walker filled out your application himself. So that's where you get it. The debates and lectures and essay contests put you on the right road, and the hikes and dances and jolly good comradeship put a smile on your lips while you travel it. You're in the right company all right, Junior, and your sister too, I s'pose she's in the "country". If all the Juniors in this "country" will join, first the Y.P.S.L. and then the Socialist Party, the land of the Dubbs will just disappear. Grabitall will have to go to work, and everybody will be as smart and good looking and happy as the socialist feller in the pictures. That's something worth working for. Ryan hasn't shown us how fine Juniors will be when she grows up, but he knows, all right, and so do I. Maybe he's afraid his pen won't do her justice. But anyway we'll be sure to meet her down at the next league meeting.

Expecting you there, I remain Yours for Comradeship, W.M. F. KRUSE.

VICTORY AT CANTON, ILL.

In one of the most strenuous contests with a record breaking vote, the socialists of Canton, Ill., elected Homer Whalen, mayor, and three aldermen.

This gives the socialists seven aldermen out of fourteen, and with the socialist mayor casting the deciding vote gives the socialists control of the city council.

The socialists were opposed by the Citizens party and the Independent-Dry party, the vast majority of the women making the saloon question Drys. The total vote cast was nearly 1000 more than that of two years ago. Homer Whalen was elected by a majority of 57 votes.—S. J. DE YOUNG.

THE REAL HENRY DUBB

By LINCOLN PHIFER.

You exploiters are persistent Hicks.

You fool the working Dubbs, and rob them.

You despise those who feed you. You kill them in war.

Yet you yourselves are the real Henry Dubbs. You are fools.

You imagine that your sins and crimes will not find you out.

You end agitation for justice with an agitation for conquest.

You take by force that which you could not take by legal means.

You make fools of the world and laugh and disperse your fellow men.

The editor you cause to agitate for your army, then shut his mouth with army censorship.

The politician you use to forward your ends, then kick him from you with derision.

The working Dubb you impress into your army, then smile as you profit from the blood he sheds.

The nation you use to protect your loot, then snap your fingers at its laws and institutions.

You make the people pay for munitions and navies with which to fight battles for your profits.

You talk patriotism—for others. You agitate for preparedness—but you won't enlist.

You prate of the flag—and fly other flags on vessels that you have the working Dubbs build for you.

No wonder you despise your fellow men, knowing them to be Hicks, chumps and Dubbs.

You have bit off too much this time. In snapping at the shadow you are about to lose the loot you hold.

You have set the nation to conquer you spoil. This means that other nations will be after your heaped-up treasures.

You have jeopardized the life of the nation. Doubt not before it perishes it will conscript all you have.

You have abandoned stealth for highway robbery. The workers may be able to play at that game themselves.

You have turned the world into an armed camp. No Croesus ever lasted long after the army came.

You have begun the wrecking of civilization—and when that is gone there will be absolutely no protection for you.

What fools you capitalists are! Of all the Henry Dubbs you are the chief. You are destroying yourselves.

The laugh will be on you. God will laugh at you. He says of your kind: "I will laugh when his calamity cometh."

You have been heartless, thinking you could escape the sewing you made. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

You have made yourselves that brute without a soul, the corporation. The soulless thing cannot live.

Where are the rich who forced the poor to build the pyramids of Egypt for their glory? What are their names?

Where are the capitalists who corrupted old Babylon for their profit? Gone, gone, as your own tinsel is already tarnishing.

Where are the corruptionists of old Rome, who spoiled the world? They wrecked Rome but they also destroyed themselves.

You have mocked the world of men, keeping it in misery; and your own destruction is near. You fools, you fools!

The people were Dubbs to submit to your mastery and tyranny. But you were greater Dubbs in destroying them.

The workers have nothing to lose but their chains and a world to gain. You have a world to lose and nothing whatever to gain.

In turning the world to the madness of force you are committing suicide. You are few and your victims are many. You fools, you Dubbs!

In forcing the nation to become your agents for loot, you are making it so the Dubbs will not fight for the nation. It will have to turn against you to save itself.

Your glory has departed. You are weaker now than you ever were before. You fools, you Dubbs!

IN THE WORLD OF LAZOR.

By Max G. Hayes.

ONCE MORE Rockefeller's judicial crooks have been given a smashing blow. Lopis Zancanelli, the young Italian organizer of the United Mine Workers, who was charged with shooting a Baldwin-Feltz gunman and sentenced to a life term, was acquitted before John W. Lawson was railroaded in the same manner, he been granted a new trial by the Colorado Supreme Court and released on \$10,000 bail.

MR. F. W. Hirst, one of the editors of the London Economist, predicts that after the war the income tax in England will reach 50 per cent. That prophecy may be fulfilled, but it is likewise certain that if the land and

THE PROSPERITY of non-unionists must be great, indeed! Nearly 30 per cent of the wage earners in Ohio receive less than \$12 a week, according to the report by the Department of Investigation and Statistics of Ohio. About 57 per cent got less than \$15 a week, and only 6 per cent received \$25 a week or more. Employees in offices and commercial positions are somewhat better off, although 20 per cent of the adult male bookkeepers, stenographers, and office clerks receive less than \$12 a week, and 32 per cent less than \$15. The investigation covered 14,776 employees with 779,929 employees. Every organized worker knows that his wages average higher than the foregoing minimums, and they are higher only because he is in an organization. Otherwise he would be in the \$12 and \$15 class.

THE 700 men who walked out on strike against the John B. Stetson Co., manufacturers of Philadelphia, several weeks ago, have been joined by several hundred women, who struck in sympathy. The Stetson employees were up against the difficult problem of making their grievances known to the public, all the Philadelphia papers refusing to publish anything in connection with the strike, and as a last resort they took over the News-Post, which has been having a hard struggle against the big daily combine, and are making their side of the trouble known to the people. A good and effective way to assist the strikers is to refuse to purchase Stetson hats.

The Gift-Bearing Capitalist

By FRANK McDONALD.

ALL HENRY Dubb needs is to learn to be modest, capitalistically modest, so he can get his share and that of the fellow next to him. That is the only way for him to become one of our "better people," and if he doesn't get it in with that lurch he is between the devil of Socialist self-respect and the deep sea of continued citizenship in the Kingdom of Dubbdom. Recently in New York there was a fancy skating contest that shows Henry how to be modest. It—the contest, not the modesty—was promoted by Irving Brokrow. He is descendant of the famous Brokrow who achieved eminence and cash as a pants constructor and vest engineer. He is so rich that he sets a good example to the poor by having a private skating rink connected with his humble suburban hotel.

Now he ran this fancy skating contest.

He gave the prize cup.

He acted as judge.

He awarded the prize to himself.

THE ACCOUNT does not say that he broke into tumultuous applause when he announced himself the winner, or that he rushed eagerly forward to congratulate himself on having adjudged himself worthy of the great honor he trust upon himself. Probably he was overcome by the surprise of winning, or his monumental modesty may have restrained him. Henry should keep this glowing example in mind.

It shows capitalist generosity, modesty, impartiality.

Henry finds it out when Capitalism gives him a "labor law." Henry has the contest; the prize cup goes to Capitalism. Nothing could be fairer.

DIDN'T HE show the cup to Henry and permit him to compete for it? Nothing fairer than that. Didn't he give the cup, or the law? Sure. Then if he wished the benefit of being judge and jury, there is no reason why he shouldn't get it. His modesty almost compels him to do so, for if Henry got anything he would be unduly puffed up. Henry is kicking up enough, he never from good food. He is especially puffed about the head, but never from straight thinking. He has had so much done for him, in just the same way that Brokrow gave the prize skating cup, that he is bewildered.

His brain, in fact, is so addled that he might get a shock if he did get anything out of what is apparently handed to him.

"KILL THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT" SHOULD BE THE SLOGAN OF EVERY SOCIALIST

Through the instrumentality of this movement capitalism is preparing a mail fist with which to crush the rising proletariat. A booklet by Sam Gilleland—"The Boy Scout Movement a Menace to Civilization" is dealing death blows to this infernal organization.

What others say of the booklet: "Send me up fifty copies of the Boy Scout exposure. You certainly stuck your heel in the middle of the snake's head when you wrote that booklet." Dr. S. A. Herington, Plummer, Ida.

"Your package of Boy Scout booklets came this morning. I hasten to tell you how delighted I am with them. Work is piled round me up without doing it is the best thing I have ever read on this subject, and I endorse it without reserve." H. J. Stuart, Nampa, Idaho.

"I am simply delighted with what you have done. I have hoped some one would do this job and do it well. This is precisely what you have done. Please believe me to be genuinely grateful to you for attending to this matter so effectively. The booklet deserves large—very large circulation." George R. Kirkpatrick.

Price of booklet 6c per copy, 4c each in lots less than fifty, 3c each for fifty or more. Address, SAM GILLELAND, TWIN-FALLS, IDAHO.

industries are left in the hands of the present class that wax fat on huge incomes they will find a way to shift the burdens upon those who have been accustomed to bear them, and they are the patient, superstitious and careless working class.

ANTICIPATING another strike that would subject them to enormous losses, the 125 concerns composing the Silk Manufacturers' Association at Paterson, N. J., last week conceded the nine-hour day to 25,000 employees.

H. M. Sinclair, Socialist state secretary for Oklahoma, has just deposited in a state national bank vault, 40,000 signatures for the Socialist initiative petition asking a vote on the proposed repeal of the democratic general registration law. Thirty-eight thousand names are needed to require a vote. Sinclair said that there are 60,000 signatures still in the hands of the petition circulators, and that 120,000 will be secured before the petitions are filed with the secretary of state, May 6.

James White, a millwright, has been elected alderman from the ninth ward in Grand Rapids, Mich., receiving a majority of 400 in spite of the local nonpartisan form of election.

The congressman who mistakes the jingoism of the capitalist press and the crowds of curiosity seekers that follow the presidential special as indications that the people are for preparedness will find himself after the election is over in mourning apparel and following to the accompaniment of slow music his own stiff to its last political resting place.

DOWN AGAIN! GO WITTE PRICES. 2 H.P. \$29.95; 3 H.P. \$47.50; 4 H.P. \$64.75; 6 H.P. \$89.50; 8 H.P. \$129.50. Write for prices on 15, 16 and 22 H.P.

SOCIALIST WANTED. To act as advance agent who can invest from \$500 to \$500 for work in the territory of the Social Company which I have managed for two years.

WOULD YOU show this standard high speed typewriter to your friends and let them know you have the best. FREE to see a sample. Write for literature or letter to a simply say, "Send Particulars."

RED HOT AGNOSTIC PAPER. If you want, for self or friends, a paper that combats all religious dogma, send 50 cents for each subscriber and get the hottest paper published.

SOCIALISTS CHALLENGED. I challenge every Socialist, Radical, Single Taxer, or Reformist to send ten cents (money refunded if dissatisfied) for my book, WHY THINGS HAPPEN TO HAPPEN.

LADIES TO SEW at HOME for a large Phila. firm; good money, steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices and UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 88, Walnut St., PHILA., PA.

SPECIAL TO AMERICAN SOCIALIST READERS. The war has played havoc with the book publishing business. The publishers' money and I have agreed to take a carload of books off their hands. Money talks! By paying special in advance I have obtained standard works at less than actual cost of production. Here is a fair sample: COL. ROBT. G. INGERSOLL'S FORTY-FOUR LECTURES COMPLETE—CLOTH BOUND. A standard volume, worth \$2.50, which I offer to American Socialist readers for only \$1.00, postage prepaid by me.

Five Prize Winning Letters Addressed to You, Henry Dubb

REBEL RUBS FOR HENRY DUBBS By CLEMENT WOOD.

SONG FOR MAY-DAY.
The fat Chicago packer drives his hogs from our stall,
And has their throat cut, bodies, deftly dealt with, nicely dressed,
Thus utilizing head, and hide, and tail, and all the rest—
He gaily cans and sells the porkers body soul, and all.

The crafty foreign monarch cries, "The foe is at the wall!"
And all the stupid working-folk come forth, and gaily run
Into the yawning mouth of bomb, torpedo, mammoth gun;
He gaily sacrifices workers, body, soul, and all.

The godly Christian plutocrat, in business at his stall
In Christ's name sells his goods, starves workers, makes his profits soar;
"Christ's name is useful to me; but why should I not make more?
Oh, if I could but sell as well his body, soul and all!"

Good morning, Henry Dubb!
The last Census Bureau estimate gives the population of these Benighted States as over 100,000,000. Of this number, about 10,000 are capitalists, 4,500,000 are Socialists, and 95,490,000 are Henry Dubbs and Henrietta Dubbs.

By next year, if this issue is well digested, there ought to be 10,000 Henry Dubbs, and 99,990,001 Socialists. The rest will be capitalist.

PATRIOTIC PELLETS.
"Patriotism: the last refuge of a scoundrel." What should we do with the man that said that? The Morgansellers, the Guggenbills, the Rockefellers, cry: "Out with the anarchist! Hang the traitor! Who dared to whisper words so disloyal to the Big Gun and Powder Trust?"

And we Socialists, proud of the man's good sense, might like to nominate him for President, or Secretary of War, or something. Only, he isn't an American citizen—he is English—and he died in 1844. He—Samuel Johnson—is a Classic; and dead Classics are allowed to say such things.

Here's something newer: "To Hell with the Stars and Stripes!" This was said by a captain in Pennsylvania's State Constabulary, the American Cossacks, ordering the flag to be pulled down from over the hearse of a veteran of the Spanish American war, whose crime was that he was a striking miner!

The lying press of the country attributed the remark to James H. Maurer, President of the Pa. State Federation of Labor, and Socialist member of the legislature. When he had proved the lie, the antiquated anti-labor N. Y. Tribune editorialized to this effect: "If he didn't say it, he should have; it was the logical statement of an anti-preparedness advocate." The Leader must take especial care of drunken men and muddle-headed capitalist editors!

Episcopal figures show that it costs them \$1,316 to convert a soul. Irrev. Billy Nut Sunday (sure, we like nut Sundays!) charged Pastors, N. J., only \$2.37 per soul. Modern Methods Win, Every Time!

FAMOUS HENRIES
.... Ford.
.... W. Longfellow.
Fort William
.... Pecked Husband.
.... etta.
.... DUBB.

"DROPS WIFE WON CAVEMAN STYLE. Man Who Eloped in Automobile Seeks Divorce."—Headline.
We are always learning things about those versatile Cave Men.

Yesterday's Exciting Items: German Munitions Company Pays 30 per cent Dividend Despite Tax. Lackawanna Steel Co.'s Earnings 1,525 per cent Greater than Same Month in 1915.
Making murder tools does pay. Are you surprised the Armament Trust wants Intervention, War, State Constabulary, and the other tools of Hell?

A New Jersey man received 15 days in jail because he had only \$2.95 towards a \$3.00 fine.
Jersey Jitney Justice.

Handy Definitions.
Henry Dubb—A worker who doesn't understand capitalism and socialism. Capitalism—The system which legally allows employers to steal more than half of the product of labor.
Socialism—The movement to do away with capitalists, profits, and exploitation, and give labor its product.
Yourself—Which fits you?

TEACH—EM THEN ADD—EM.
(Thanking Leigh Hunt for his "Abou Ben Adhem" tune).
Henry Dubb—and may his tribe decrease—
Awoke one day from a fool dream of peace,
And saw, within his rented tenement room,
Doing her best to clear the airless gloom,
Truth writing in a mighty book of gold,
His foolishness had made Hank Dubb so bold,
That to the stranger in the room he said:
"What are you scribbling?" Truth raised high her head,
And, with a look of pity, then she gave
This answer: "The names of each who lives—a slave!"
"And is mine one?" said Henry. "Goodness, yes!"
Said Truth. Then Henry mused, "I guess
You'd best put me on one more list, my friend—
Write me as one whose slavery shall end!"
Truth wrote, and vanished. In a day or two
She came again, bringing a list of few,
Increasing names—of those who would assist
In freeing slaves—Dubb's led, as Socialist!

A Birmingham, Ala., cotton-field's mule rose to be the King of Barnum & Bailey's Biggest Show on Earth. Then he got corn-shucks and three beatings a day; now he gets three dainty meals, and a valet and private bath everywhere. Brains, Henry Dubb, brains!

Harry Thaw's young cousin has been granted by the court \$25,000 a year, as he can't live on less.... We're looking for the address of that court!

The Shield's water power bill, which recently passed the Senate, gives away to great corporations most of our water power of the navigable rivers of the U. S. How the Senators love to give away our property to their masters!

To stop 'em—vote the Socialist ticket straight!
Rockefeller, the godly young magnate, is giving money to build miners' churches in Colorado. How can Revolutionists object to his Ludlow massacres, past and future, when he gives our product to such worthy objects!

Don't take my word for any of it—1st, learn the truth. 2nd, join the party, and teach it to the other workers. 3rd, end the capitalist hell, and bring the one real remedy—the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Milwaukee's Mayor Wants To Help Wake Up The Henry Dubbs

YOU HAVE all read about Roosevelt's great antidote for Socialism. It is called "Regulation," a sweet sounding, innocent word. Roosevelt doesn't want the people to own the trusts—he only wants the capitalist government to "REGULATE" them, to allow the capitalists to run them in their own interests.
Dan Hoan, Milwaukee's new Socialist mayor, has written a book, in which he shows that "regulation" is not only a failure but a fraud. Dan Hoan was so successful in exposing the plots and schemes of the moneyed oligarchy in Milwaukee and Wisconsin that the workers united at the ballot box and made him the mayor of the ninth largest city in the land. There are fewer and fewer Henry Dubbs in Milwaukee.
When Hoan had this book, "Regulation—A Fraud and a Failure" published, he was told that he would get a royalty on every copy sold in order to repay him for his great work in writing this book. In a letter to the editor of The American Socialist, Hoan says he will get along without his royalty if this will enable The American Socialist to offer his book free with a six month's subscription.
We have carefully worked out the problem and find that we can just make it that we can give this 25 cent, 100-page book, FREE with every six month's sub sent in at 25 cents. THIS IS OUR HENRY DUBB EDITION OFFER TO ALL HENRY DUBBS.
We were only enabled to make this offer because of Comrade Hoan's agreement to give up his royalty. This ought to bring this book and a six months sub to The American Socialist within the reach of every Henry Dubb in the land. Get up a list of six month's subs and in addition to sending each one it, let The American Socialist until after the fall elections, we will also send a copy of this Dubb-awards. Send in your list today. There is only a limited edition of this book and we understand that it will not be republished.

Statement of Judges in Henry Dubb Letter Writing Contest

OUR ONLY regret in going over the mass of letters received was that only five prizes were to be awarded. There should have been at least fifteen. And even with that number of prizes it would have been difficult to choose the fifteen best letters. In over 800 letters that were entered in this contest there were very few that could be called poor. It was for that reason that the committee decided to give Honorable Mention to the fifteen next best letters after the best five had been picked.
That the contest was popular is evidenced by the number of contributions received and by those who participated. The letters came from men and women and children in all walks of life. They were all interesting and it was a genuine pleasure to read them.
The letters were judged by the following merits: originality, nature of message conveyed, simplicity, style, tact and brevity.
The following five were awarded prizes in the order named:
FIRST PRIZE: Helen R. Bates, Pomona, Cal.
SECOND PRIZE: Lina Curry McCoy, Rice, Wash.
THIRD PRIZE: Charles Lincoln, Girard, Kansas.
FOURTH PRIZE: E. T. Cosby, Richmond, Va.
FIFTH PRIZE: A. Former Henry, Trenton, N. J.
The following fifteen were recommended for Honorable Mention and would have certainly been awarded prizes had provision been made. These letters are all good and will be published from time to time in future issues of The American Socialist. Honorable mention was awarded as follows: first, Miss Ann X. Dubb, Washington, D. (Dubbs) (Dubbs); second, Byron C. Hamilton, Iola, Kans.; third, Ernest Revolt, Colorado Springs, Colo.; fourth, James L. Smiley, Annapolis, Md.; fifth, Oscar Federbush, Fairmount, West Va.; sixth, Mrs. George D. Smith, Globe, Ariz.; seventh, Lawson C. Dreese, Freeburg, Pa.; eighth, William Nimock, Rochelle, La.; ninth, W. E. Reynolds, Grand Rapids, Mich.; tenth, Israel Oriando Klingler, Williamsport, Pa.; eleventh, Mrs. E. R. Downie, Rice, Wash.; twelfth, John W. Leonard, Los Angeles, Cal.; thirteenth, C. Johnson, Blairsville, Pa.; fourteenth, Dan Guiles, Olympia, Wash.; fifteenth, Mrs. Frank Smelser, Muncie, Ind.
SIGNED BY THE JUDGES: Eugene V. Debs, George R. Kirkpatrick, Ryan Walker, Oscar Ameringer, J. L. Engdahl, Walter Lanfersiek and Max Sherover.

Here Are The Prize Winning Letters.

FIRST PRIZE.

WOULD HAVE COME LONG AGO.
Pomona, Cal., April 2, 1916.
Mr. Henry Dubb, Dear Sir: Have you ever seen your picture? Perhaps it is true that you really don't know it's intended for you. You are so low and your hours are so long, you seem to feel vaguely that something is wrong, but you vote for a system—indeed sir, you do—that makes just these very conditions for you. For the same reason wages, you toil and you stub and yet you don't know you're a Henry Dubb!
After toiling for many a long weary day, your farm now must go sir, the mortgage to pay; yet you vote for a system that really aids the land sharks to grab all your labor has made. And you curse the system as you sweat and you grub—and yet you don't know you're a Henry Dubb!
You raise all the food, the world to supply, but the prices go sailing 'way up in the sky! The consumer, the price now they sock it—not for the workers but the middleman's pocket!
Now what is the cause? Oh say! can't you guess? Competition has driven the trusts to excess!
The socialist's cure? I'll explain in a minute; we'll form a big trust with every one in it. Then, as brothers we'll dwell, each loving his kind—'I would have come long ago, had you not been so blind!
You're not willing to think! Aye! there is the rub! And that it just why you're a Henry Dubb!
Yours with solicitude,
Helen R. Bates.

SECOND PRIZE.

HAS POWER TO RULE.
Rice, Wash., March 31, 1916.
Mr. Henry Dubb,
All Over, U. S. A.
Friend Dubb—I write this to remind you of what you have forgotten that you possess—Power.
Try to realize, for once, that you and your relatives have the power to rule the destiny of our nation, all by the simple expedient of the ballot.
You remember that our country's first statesmen affirmed that we have the right to "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."
Now, you are so over-worked that, though you may be said to have Life, still you couldn't exactly be called lively.
As to Liberty, have you liberty to take a holiday whenever you wish? Yes, but if you do, you have then the undesirable liberty of hunting another job. And while hunting one, you may get run in as a "vag" and your liberty curtailed.
Of course, we may all pursue Happiness to the best of our ability, but most of us are so busy pursuing the elusive meal-ticket, rent, and fresh patches for our overall knees (or aprons, as the case may be), that we haven't much time to pursue happiness.
Now, Friend Dubb, it seems to me that all you lack is time, a little time for reflection, because I feel sure that if you once reflected, you would realize that you (and all us) are not getting our share of "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."
But remember, if we are not, we still have our full share of Power.
Yours, glad that Leap Year gives us an extra day,
Lina Curry McCoy.

THIRD PRIZE.

HENRY OF THE PRESS GANG.
You are the biggest "It" of all, Mr. Henry Dubb of the daily press. After all these months of suppressing facts and manufacturing war scares in the interest of a bigger army and more loot from the nation for your masters, it is deliciously funny how you have been kicked in the face by the army.
They are telling it everywhere, for such things will come out in spite of your efforts to suppress them. How Villa was entertained by American army officers and shown their method of fighting. How he was financed and armed by American interests who wish to provoke intervention and prevent the peons of Mexico from getting land and gaining independence. How he played a mean trick on our very efficient and expensively prepared army, stealing and stampeding the horses of the cavalry that guarded Columbus, and taking from them two machine guns while they slept. How he then shot up the town and got away before the efficient and fully prepared American army was ready awake—that is, of course, pro-

FOURTH PRIZE.

WAKE UP!
Richmond, Va., April 3, 1916.
Henry Dubb—the love of Mike, wake up! You are delaying the game. Can't you see that mother earth is loaded down with riches—just reaching them out to us workers? "Why do you despair and fear and dread the future?" she says. "Why do you sell your bodies and souls and those of your children when I offer so much. You skimp and save when I have saved enough for all workers for all time. To the united hands and heads of the workers I offer my unlimited store of wealth; to me the man and women of you; to raise you above the daily strife and struggle for bread and shelter; to make you freer of your animal natures and to lead you into an higher sphere of life and endeavor."
But you, Henry Dubb, with your tribe, stand in the way. Possessed of the arch demon "Ignorance," you are traitor to your class and to the race of man. The slave driver and the master class are your offspring and you are the most despised of the slaves. Wake up, Dubb! Turn your rusty brain over and think once. I tell you, you cannot long survive the struggle in your present state. arouse your sleeping senses, crawl out of your prison shell of ignorance and join your comrades of the working class.
The fight is on, the great fight that will end only in victory for the workers!
Most hopefully, Dubb, and with sympathy, I am,
Very truly,
E. T. Cosby.

FIFTH PRIZE.

GETS AN APPLICATION BLANK.
Trenton, N. J., April 15, 1916.
Mr. Henry Dubb,
676 Want Street,
Poverty, U. S. A.
My dear Sir:—If I were to tell you that you inherited a fortune from an unknown member of your family, you would become immediately interested, or perhaps you would swoon. You would want to know where and how you could get this legacy, and you would never rest until you got it. With great pleasure I desire to inform you that you have inherited more than a fortune. By your rights of a human being, you have inherited all the things which are necessary to life.
As I understand your case, you have been defrauded of your just and natural heritage by the legal firm of Messrs. Republican & Democrat, in

whom you have for years placed the administration of your affairs. They have tricked you out of your just share and now you are forced to live in poverty and misery. This they have done in such a sly and gradual manner that you have not yet discovered that it was done.
Will you rest until you get your legacy? Are you content to let others keep what rightfully belongs to you? I am in the greatest office of justice in the United States. We have branches in every city, town, and village in the world. Will you please fill out the inclosed application, and call at our headquarters. We will show you how you can get your just share, and, it will cost you nothing.
Very truly yours,
A Former Henry.

P.S.—Inclosed please find application blank for membership in the Socialist Party.

Onward Ye Henry Dubbs!

By MAX SHEROVER.

GRAB-IT-ALL'S HYMN.

Onward ye Henry Dubbs
Onward to Mexico.
O'er the desert sands,
Down to Hell-xico.
Shoot them full of holes,
Kill them at a click,
Dig into them like moles,
Quickly turn my trick.
On ye Henriettas!
Do your duty now!
"Keep on being a mother,"
Ne'er ask "T. R." how.
Raise your boys and girls
For me to toil and breed
For me to gather spoils
My greedy aims to feed.

WORKER'S REJOINER.

Onward Henry Junior
Hurry, join your class
The Rebel army needs you
To do your level best.
Raise the scarlet banner
Unfurl it way on high,
Resolve now nor never
A Henry Dubb to die.
Onward Grab-it-all
While the running's good
Fight your own battles
And drink your own blood.
For you've re-baptized us
With your Hunger's Club
And our names like us
Have changed now to Ex-Dubb.

We'll not wage your wars
Neither make your wealth,
We'll break the iron bars,
To care for our health.
We'll neither toil nor spin
For any parasite
That we'll make we'll win
With no one to divide.

Four Socialists were elected to the school board at Prosperity, Mo.

Get Ahead!

I Will Help You!

I have helped thousands of other men to attain success, and I will do it for you. If you are plodding along in a dull rut, if you are underpaid, if you are gnashing your teeth with an unfulfilled ambition to get ahead, to be somebody, to be successful and absolutely show the way out, as thousands of others will gladly testify I have!

LAW Is Your Big Opportunity

The successful man is the legally trained man. I will help you because I will train you to go out and fight life's battles. I will bring a legal training to you—at your home—by mail—for a few cents a day. Think of it!

I Now Personally Offer You the Greatest Educational Opportunity Ever Conceived

I have personally planned a way to make a thorough legal education possible for every man who will write me or send me the coupon below. Do not make any plans for your future until you know all about this new, remarkable special offer.

No other institution ever offered you ever could offer you the wonderful opportunity to become immediately a lawyer, to get ahead, that I offer to you, so send the coupon now—today, before it is too late.

This is a strictly limited offer, and may be withdrawn at any moment, so send the coupon today.

The American Correspondence School of Law was established in 1884, and is the oldest, largest and strongest law school in the world. Its graduates are recognized by all courts and law firms. It is the only law school in the world that has a complete law library with every course.

Send the Coupon—Get This Offer
I am interested in the offer of the American Correspondence School of Law, and would like to know more about it. Please send me the coupon and the book "How to Get Ahead" free of charge.

Name _____
Address _____

BOOKLOVERS' HOME LIBRARY SETS

For about the cost of paper and binding.

The European war has destroyed the book market of England and made possible this great opportunity for you. Nelsons, the famous Bible publishers of Edinburgh, overstocked their new editions, turned to this country for buyers and sold the sets for the mere cost of paper and binding. This opportunity is most unusual—the books are real bargains—but the offer is limited, and to get the sets you must act promptly.

New Imported Editions Complete

Over 3000 pp. to the Set
Library Cloth Binding
Duotone Illustrations
Large, Clear Type
Thin Bible Paper
Gold Decorations

The books are in the attractive, handy volume size—therefore books that you will enjoy taking up for either a half hour's reading after a hard day's work, or find just right to slip in your pocket or bag to read "on the road."

BEST STANDARD AUTHORS

POE DUMAS LINCOLN
HUGO DICKENS STEVENSON
SCOTT KIPLING SHAKESPEARE

SIX SPLENDID VOLUMES IN EACH SET

Think of getting your favorite author, whose books you have long desired—in size and weight that are adapted exactly to hand or pocket, and that in a word are just what your ideas of a book are for comfort and utility—and at a price lower than you have ever known, or may ever know.

PRICE \$1.60

Per Set
Delivery Charge
PREPAID to any Point in the U. S.

Six Books for the Price of One
Send your order today. My stock won't last long at this price. \$1.60 pays the entire cost of each set, including delivery charges. Simply fill out the coupon and send with remittance.

W. SCOTT,
6 South Dearborn Street, Chicago

COUPON

W. SCOTT, 6 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—Enclosed find \$1.60 per set, as follows:
 POE DUMAS LINCOLN
 HUGO DICKENS STEVENSON
 SCOTT KIPLING SHAKESPEARE
(Put X in square opposite set or sets you select)

Name _____
Post-office _____
State _____

Ryan Walker and Henry Dubb Hold Forth On This Page Every Week

May Day, 1916

By JOSEPH E. COHEN.

HOW ARE we to celebrate May Day in this year 1916? For the nations of Europe are still at war. Worse than that, the menace of militarism is with us in America, foretelling other wars to come. The sky is dark—near at hand and as far as the eye can see. What is there beyond the storm?

May Day means very little to the men and women on the other side of the ocean just now. The fields are not fair with flowers; they are not full with fruit. The spring freshets have roared red with human blood; the stuff of human forms have been scattered in the earth, and the harvest is misery and sorrow and pain. And the end is not yet.

STILL THE season of sunshine and song enters from that of winter cold and silence. It is this same eternal resurrection of nature that kindles hope in the human breast and endows with great purpose those who have walked thru the valley of the shadow of death. And possibly, too, this also went some way to plant in the working class the self-reliance which is to enable it to free itself and all society.

For May Day is the workers' day. It is the day of the workers of every land. And it is the day of the women and the children. Not only of the men and women as toilers, but of them as man and wife, parents of the freer generations which are to come. And of the children, waifs of promise and joy, who are to make the better social order which is to be.

And because the rule of those on top in society has fallen to bits, and is shattering the world with it, because the working class has reached to the bottom of anguish and tears, because the civilization that was spent itself and can not return without bringing more woe than ever before, the toilers of the nations must trench the earth with their solidarity and hold aloft the standard of international peace.

AT THIS time, it is a task for us in America. It is for us to celebrate May Day. It is for us to keep the fires of human liberty burning, to guard the rights we have dearly won, and strike onward for more. It is for us to shake out of the blood-stained war profits of the American plutocracy some crumbs of comfort for the poor in our own country and some hope of relief to the bereaved and broken on the other side. And it is for us to stand firm against any encroachment upon the part of the militarist, and to raise our voices for world peace.

In past years America was the ray of hope for the oppressed of other countries. Here religious liberty was won; here political independence was established. And now it has fallen to us to break ground for a greater freedom for ourselves and a bigger promise for our fellow men of other lands. It is for the toilers of America to lead the world.

It is for us to celebrate May Day as an international holiday, the moment of rest from the sweat and grime and smoke of toil, the moment of peace in the year of struggle for survival against the odds of the masters. It is for us to raise up the light to shine over the dark meadows and hills of the war-swept miles, to shine for those who are in the pangs of birth of the new civilization. In this we must not fail.

MORE THAN to take our part in the war on war is it needful that we do our share in the war on human servitude. True, the scene has seldom been the battlefield, and the conflict has rarely seemed like the glory of those who fell for their country. But in the unwritten story of the men and women who have suffered and sacrificed for humanity is the worthiest record of all time.

Those who have gone before us have indeed striven in vain if we are not worthy of the measure of liberty they have achieved and handed down

THREE MORE WALKER-DUBB REELS TO WAKE UP THE HENRY DUBBS

HENRY DUBB TAKES JUNIOR TO SEE THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT EDITOR OF YOUR DAILY PAPER.



HENRY DUBB HAS BRAIN FOOD.



HENRY DUBB, A PAIR OF SHOES, THE NUT, AND GRAB-IT-ALL.



to us. And the wreck of war is sheer waste if they who remain over there and we here have not learned well the terrible lesson. They cannot forget; we may.

They cannot forget because they have gone down into the living reality

of facing death, and more than this no one can do for the truth that is in him. But our own feeling in the crisis has been softened by the span of the ocean and the pull of new work and more pay. We may forget; they cannot.

They cannot because all that is to come in the near decades will be burnt out of their terrible experience. Out of the smouldering ashes of their dream will flame the solidarity of the workers of the many lands of Europe. Out of their different voices will rise the common song of fraternity.

TODAY the valleys and hills are sown with bone and blood of thousands of soldiers; the mingling of dust with dust will stir the earth to yield a better crop of grain and a rarer sweep of flowers. Much in the same way, the bone and blood of the spent civilization will enrich the social order that is to come.

Our comrades in Europe will return from the war to their democratic faith; they will join hands under the blood red flag of Socialism.

We have it for our portion to make ourselves worthy of the devotion they have shown to what was dear to them. Willing to die for a lesser cause, they are pledged to all sacrifice for the greater cause. Shall we then stand with them?

If we are to do so, let us make this May Day memorable in the history of the upward stride of labor! Let us pledge ourselves to the movement with the ardor and the spirit that knows only victory for the toilers of all lands and all time!

Enthusiasm is the holy fire that burns upon the altar of the soul and flames out into passionate service to the cause.

How To Become Naturalized.

THE National Office publishes the best booklet of information on Naturalization. You need it to instruct that friend or relation who is about to undergo the examination. Price only 10 cents.—Socialist Party, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago.

The Break Of Day

By JOHN M. WORK.

IT IS darkest before dawn. Does it seem to you as if international Socialism has all gone to hell? Does it seem to you that the anti-social powers are in complete control? Does it seem to you that there is no use trying? Then you are supremely mistaken. It is darkest before dawn.

THIS IS the time for you to test yourself. This is the time for you to discover whether you are a real Socialist or not. This is the time for you to find out whether you have the right kind of stuff in you or not.

You can learn some good qualities even from a butcher. Do you remember what Napoleon said when with long faces they reminded him of the apparent impossibility of crossing the Alps? He said, "There shall be no Alps!"

That is the kind of stuff that gets there. Napoleon got there with a vim worthy of a better cause. If we put the same sort of vim into our cause we will get there too.

If we are really great, it will be a pleasure to us to overcome obstacles. If we are worthy, darkness and danger will stir us to invincible determination.

If we have the right stuff in us, we will be inspired to greater achievements by conditions which would strike despair to the faint-hearted.

HAVE WE faith in our cause. When the night is blackest, men and women of faith are the calmest and the surest.

A sublime ideal is worthy of sublime serenity. It will command sublime serenity.

Socialism is the truth. It will prevail. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

Far from being dead, it will leap from the ashes. The future belongs to it. Soon the east will be flushed with the break of day. It is darkest before dawn.

To be a contented slave is to accept as final the wallow of animalism and abjectly surrender the last vestige of manhood and all hope in the future.

The Carpenter And The Rich Man.

A FEW copies of this book left. This was a regular dollar book, but we will send you one or more copies at the price of 50 cents, postage paid.—Socialist Party, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Warren Is Answered.

FRED D. WARREN, Girard, Kansas.

Dear Comrade Warren: I have read your letter about Comrade Phifer's book, *The Coming Kingdom*, in *The American Socialist*. I have often wondered that you comrades who were so closely associated with Phifer in his work for the cause have had so little to say about his truly remarkable book. He may be prophetic, and he may be altogether wrong in his conclusions, but the book is certainly worthy of the closest study. I know of but one other book that I have read repeatedly; but I am now going over his work for the fourth time. When I first read it, the great war had just started, and the book made me very blue. But now as I go over it, I seem to enter more into the spirit of the writer, and I discover that while he regards the then impending world war as only a small thing compared to worse to follow, he still has a very definite and sure hope for the future. The effect on me now is to encourage and strengthen.

W. G. KRUNZE, Corning, N. Y.

This book was first published in 1910. It contains 300 pages, in 16 "books" and 90 chapters. The original price was \$1, but it goes, while the edition lasts, for half price, 50c, if ordered thru NATIONAL OFFICE SOCIALIST PARTY, 803 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

Pay your dues, shake off the blues, and take your stand with the tried and trues.

WHAT CONGRESS OUGHT TO DO

Four page leaflet. We have 100,000 left and will clean them out at 50c per 1000, which will hardly pay more than express or parcel post charges.

... FIFTY CENTS PER THOUSAND ...

SOCIALIST PARTY
803 WEST MADISON STREET - - - CHICAGO

The King of the Money Kings

"The Force That Controls The Money Of The Country, Controls The Nation."

The Book of the Hour for Socialists.

THE MONEY QUESTION IN CONSTRUCTIVE ROMANCE.

The great mass of people, business men and farmers now they are victims of a gigantic financial conspiracy, yet are unable to trace its inner workings. This book makes it so clear, so thrillingly interesting, even the girls and the housewives see it.

Dr. Karl F. M. Sandberg, specially detailed by the N.E.C. Soc. party, to recommend measures and literature on the money question for the party, says of the Money Kings, after reading it carefully: "I like the book. Courage and determination speaks from its every page. Read it! It will make you feel better braver; will dispel the hopelessness of despair and inspire to action. Will give you a far better understanding of our social problems and how to solve them. They 'way out' IS SHOWN. * * * Enough romance and jollification to make entertaining and fascinating reading. Pleasure and time well spent to read it."

"The fact that the people are densely ignorant on the money question caused J. A. Wayland, to circulate thru the Appeal more than a million copies of the 'Seven Financial Conspiracies' pamphlet. The Money Kings is not a pamphlet but a book, a romance, dealing with the money question in a way to enlist the interest and finally the sympathy and understanding of the most casual reader. It is the only existing novel on this very important question."—Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

Beautifully illustrated; 288 pp, price postpaid, \$1.25.— Address, **SOCIALIST PARTY**, 803 WEST MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

Wake Up The Henry Dubbs!



Henry Dubb Edition Order Blank
(DATED SATURDAY, APRIL 29th)

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST,
803 W. Madison St., Chicago.

I'm with you in your campaign to get one million Henry Dubbs to read the HENRY DUBB EDITION of The American Socialist. I am enclosing \$..... to pay for the following:

PLAN NO. ONE.
..... copies of the HENRY DUBB EDITION to be sent to the address below at the rate of one half cent a copy.

PLAN NO. TWO.
..... copies of the HENRY DUBB EDITION to be sent to the list of names and addresses enclosed at the rate of three-fourths of a cent a copy.

PLAN NO. THREE.
..... copies of the HENRY DUBB EDITION to be distributed by The American Socialist's volunteers where they will do the most good.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

NOTE.—Fill in the above carefully and mail at once.

Ludlow

EDITOR'S NOTE.—One of the enthusiastic sub-hunters for The American Socialist recently sent in a list of ribs that he had secured from the Henry Dubbs in his neighborhood. He wrote that practically all of them had never heard about the Ludlow massacre during the coal miners' strike in Colorado. Here is the story as retold by Adolph Germer on the anniversary of the great landmark in working class history. Let all Henry Dubbs read!

THIS DATE, April 20th, will forever remain green in the memory of the workers of this country and more especially with the miners of Colorado.

This is the Anniversary of the bloody crime at Ludlow where men were shot down like dogs and women and children roasted to death by hired Hessian Rockefellers. The memory of that eventful day will be handed down to posterity and they will look back upon it as plutocracy's ghastliest crime.

Knowing the situation as I did, one can well imagine my indignation as I received the following telegram:

Denver, Colo., April 20, 1914,
Adolph Germer,
Hotel Fey,
Peoria, Ill.

One Hundred Fifty mine guards dressed as militiamen this morning made attack on Ludlow tent colony. Firing has continued all day, driving women and children into cellars. At late hour to-night mine guards had three machine guns trained on tent colony.

John McLennan.

The strikers received their bearing, secured means of defense and gave battle. They repulsed the human degenerate in military garb commanded by Charles Hamrick, Linderfeld, etc., the plant tools of the money power. The outraged men of the mines who were battling for the right to exist were masters of the situation until the federal powers appeared on the scene. Obedient to the law, they surrendered their position and placed their destinies in the hands of the national government. The sad result is too well known to here require elaboration.

Louis Tikas (I learned to know him well), kind, loving, gentle yet courageous and loyal soul that he was yielded up his life while pleading with Rockefeller's assassins that the mothers and their babes might be spared from the brutal slaughter. It was not about himself that he was concerned; but his big heart throbbled for the defenseless women and innocent little children of the colony. With a plea for their safety on his lips he was struck to death with a rifle in the hands of Linderfeld, the mine guard-militiaman.

Louis Tikas was inspired with the sentiment of the poet who wrote:

Or in the battle's Van,
The noblest was he that man can die,
Is when he dies for man.

Louis Tikas died for man and as Eugene V. Debs so beautifully put it on the first Anniversary of the Ludlow massacre, "Louis Tikas made Ludlow holy as Jesus Christ made Calvary".

From the honored dead at Ludlow we should take increased devotion to the great cause for which they so nobly gave up their lives, and we should resolve that they shall not have died in vain.

Forever live the memory of the victims who perished at Ludlow and stepped from the scene of activity to the throne of grace.

ADOLPH GERMER,
Mount Olive, Ill.

The rumbling of discontent among the soldiers in the trenches of the European war is becoming articulate and it is to be hoped that it will break out soon in open rebellion against the whole infernal slaughter system of the ruling class.