

Appeal to Reason.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOR THE OWNERSHIP OF EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF BY ALL THE PEOPLE AND NOT BY PART OF THE PEOPLE.

The Appeal is never sent on credit; if you receive it it is paid for. Nobody owes a cent on subscription. Entered at Girard, Kansas, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Statement of the Appeal Publishing Co.

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All money above actual operating expenses of the plant will be turned into Socialist propaganda fund. No charge for use of capital employed.

J. A. Wayland.

IF NUMBER 429 IS ON YELLOW LABEL YOUR TIME EXPIRES WITH THE NEXT ISSUE.

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., February 1, 1904.

A BUSY WEEK

YES, the campaign of 1904 has opened. If you could visit the Appeal office for a few days and watch the young men and women busily engaged in sorting in divisions and opening and filing the orders for papers, subscriptions, books and pamphlets, which come to the Appeal from every state and territory; if you could catch the inspiration which comes from a physical contact with the letters written by the men and women who are laying the foundation for the greatest revolution ever witnessed by the world, your heart would thrill with delight and you would return to your field of labor with renewed determination to wage the battle to the end. You would know that thousands of comrades were pressing on to the goal with that enthusiasm and that earnestness of purpose which history tells us has changed social systems and pushed the old world onward and upward to better and brighter things.

January has been a very busy month in the Appeal office—more papers were sent out, more books were distributed, and more orders were received from a greater number of comrades than in any previous month in the history of the Appeal. This means that the Socialists of America are preparing for the greatest campaign ever inaugurated in the world for the emancipation of the working class.

Is it any wonder that Mr. Hanna has started his crusade against Socialism, announced the latter part of last year? Is it any wonder that he proposes to devote the balance of his life to the eradication of Socialism from the minds of the toilers of this land? Is it any wonder that from Boston was telegraphed to every great metropolitan paper within the confines of Rockefeller's domain, Hanna's opening gun, directed against the "Growing power of Socialism?" Do you wonder that the capitalist class has been aroused to that point of resistance where it proposes to spend millions of dollars in order to retain its position and preserve the "smoothest system of extracting the honey and avoiding the sting of the bee," ever devised? But all this has ceased to be a source of wonder—and has become an inspiration to the toil-weary workers of this country.

Suppose the capitalist press has circulated ten million copies of their sheets with Hanna's unreasoning diatribe against Socialism—suppose their hired clerks are sending out from New York and other points tons of literature in a vain hope of stemming the tide—suppose they are training corps of speakers for the platform, to hurl their anathemas against the growing giant that is destined to overcome and abolish the capitalist system and its brood of misery, unhappiness and despair?

The Appeal and the Appeal Army, now reinforced by the Coming Nation, will go them one better.

So big has become the Appeal and its great plant that it has attracted the attention of the capitalist press, and within the past week two special correspondents have visited Girard for the express purpose of writing "a special story" for their papers.

To the eyes of these newspaper men the Appeal represented a "big graft." They were unable to catch the spirit back of the Appeal and back of the army of men and women who have made it what it is. They have been reared in an atmosphere of grab all their lives, and it all looks alike to them.

That men could possibly have some other object in life than one of mere money-getting never occurred to them. After watching the young men and women spend the forenoon opening the letters, one of them turned to his companion and remarked:

"Say, what a cinch Wayland has!"

Comrade Cramer, the bookkeeper, had just finished his task of making out his monthly statement of receipts and expenditures for January. I handed it to them. And that you, too, may know where the money goes, which you so generously send to the Appeal, I herewith append it—you have a right to know—the Appeal is yours. Without your co-operation the great press would be silent, the fires would be drawn and an army of employes would be looking for other jobs.

The capitalist press has assiduously circulated the report that the Appeal is "working" the trusting men and women who are searching the highways for possible converts to Socialism, in the hope of winning them to our way of thinking and securing their help in inaugurating the Co-operative Commonwealth. This charge does not come from the 26,000 comrades who have built the circulation of the Appeal to a quarter of a million and who circulate hundreds of thousands of copies of books and pamphlets. They understand that when they send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription to the Appeal that it is returned in value at just as near the labor cost as it is possible to safely conduct an enterprise of the magnitude of the Appeal. When they send \$1 and receive in return 100 leaflets, they understand that they have their money's worth, but that its value does not lie in the quantity of paper received, but in the message which it brings to the oppressed and hopeless. I want you to preserve the following report. It will be useful to you, as the campaign warms up—because you will be met at every turn by men who, unable to combat the arguments which are contained from week to week in the columns of the Appeal, hope by calumnies and statements, which are the result of prejudice and hatred against a movement which threatens the overthrow of the prevailing system of exploitation, to discourage you in your work:

Expenses.	Receipts.
For Paper \$3,460.07	Subscription and extra papers, \$5,508.44
For labor 1,359.77	Sale of books, 1,018.01
Postage 1,212.80	Job printing, 283.20
Miscellaneous expense, 1,212.80	Advertising, 2,510.02
Paid F. & M. Bank	Miscellaneous, 64.20
acct. Counting Nation, 1,048.51	League, 301.46
For book paper and supplies, 692.57	
Total Expense \$9,948.70	Total Receipts, \$9,748.47

On page eight of this issue you will find the report in detail. You will find it interesting. Study it carefully and you will begin to appreciate the financial difficulties which attend the publication of a Socialist paper of from four to twelve pages per week at 25c per year. You will begin to understand why it was deemed necessary, for the present at least, to admit advertising to its columns. The total receipts for advertising during the month of January covered the additional cost in the paper, postage and labor necessary to issue the enlarged paper, over what would have been the cost had but four pages been issued each week. Shall we go back permanently to the original size and eliminate the advertising, or shall we continue to make the advertisers put up for the increased amount of paper, postage and wages? It's up to the Army. What's the verdict?

CAN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY GIVE US SOCIALISM?

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether we, as Socialists, would accept Socialism if offered to us by the republican or democratic parties? Sure. Take anything you can get in that line. But, my dear friend, if you are harboring a delusion that the democratic and the republican parties will jointly or singly offer you Socialism, shake it at once. In the first place, neither party could advocate Socialism and still retain its identity; they would become, in effect, the Socialist party. Again, neither the republican or democratic party can give us Socialism, for the very good reason that it is not a thing which can be given, or set up, or inaugurated by a party. To illustrate: The republican party has been charged with giving to the

WHOSE SLAVE ARE YOU?

GURTH, the born thrall of Cedric, the Saxon." It was the innocent custom of the masters in the days of the Saxons, to place around the necks of their slaves, a brass collar, on which was engraved the name of the wearer and his owner. This collar was worn as a matter of course, much as a street railway conductor today wears a cap on which is printed or fastened the badge designating to what particular company he belongs. The Saxon slave was bound to his master by reason of birth, and performed his tasks in exchange for shelter and clothes.

The street car conductor is bound to the street car company because he must live, and this job offers him an opportunity to do so. He is glad to accept this mark of owner-

One of Capitalisms Clever Means of Fighting Unionism and Socialism. Watch For a Full Exposure of the Parry Aggregation in Number 430.

Henry Apthorp, President

Matt M. Smith, Vice President

J. H. Smith, Manager

The Corporations Auxiliary Company
Chamber of Commerce Building
Cleveland, O.
Dec. 22, 1903.

Gentlemen:

Personal and Confidential.

In view of the present labor conditions we believe you will be interested in the enclosed pamphlet, entitled "Industrial Inspection," which describes in a very general way the inspection system operated by this company.

Wherever our system has been in operation for a reasonable length of time, considering the purpose to be accomplished, the result has been that union membership has not increased if our clients wished otherwise. In many cases local union charters have been returned without publicity and a number of local unions have been disbanded.

Our experience has convinced us that the best way to control labor organizations is to lead and not to force them. We are also convinced that the conservative element in all unions will control when properly led and officered, which we are prepared to do.

We help eliminate the agitator and organizer quietly and with little or no friction, and further, through the employment of our system, you will know at all times who among your employes are loyal and to be depended upon.

You will also be advised of any loss of time or material and be furnished with the means to assist you to increase the efficiency of your working force and promote economy of operation.

In view of the rapid increase of socialism, which is the real mischief-making influence in the industrial world today, we would particularly call your attention to the EDUCATIONAL FEATURE of our work. Our representatives are educated along industrial lines for the express purpose of combatting, by calm argument, the fallacies of socialism. In a number of instances our men are employed for no other purpose than to resist the spread of socialistic theories.

We would appreciate a contract with your company, and if you are interested we will be glad to have one of our representatives see you the first time he is in your territory, or if you will be in this city in the near future we would be pleased to have you call at this office, as it is difficult to thoroughly explain the merits and extent of our system, except through a personal interview.

May we have the pleasure of a reply.

Very truly yours,

THE CORPORATIONS AUXILIARY CO.

By

J. H. Smith
Manager.

world the trust. The charge is not true. The trust was born as a result of the economic necessities of the capitalists. It was either a combine or run their business at a continual loss, which meant final ruin. The republican party has fostered the trusts by manipulating legislation in the interests of the trust promoters. The senate and house is made up largely of stockholders in trusts, or the employes of trusts, hence their class interests prompted them to favor and promote trusts. The republican party has thus hastened the development of capitalism, and in doing this is giving us Socialism in the only way in which it is capable of helping along the movement. The Socialist party cannot give the world Socialism, for the reason that Socialism is the law of economic social progress and was set in motion ages ago when the unseen power set in motion embryo worlds. Socialism will develop as the economic necessities of the people force them to recognize the law of co-operation for mutual benefit. But the Socialist party can do this: When it assumes the power of administering the government, it can so shape legislation as to hasten the development of Socialism. It will bear to the future state the same relation that the republican party now bears to the present capitalistic regime, or as the democratic party bore to the past. That's why I am working for the Socialist party today, and that's why I propose to use the best endeavors of which I am capable to build up and strengthen the Socialist party. When you recognize that your material interest lies in this same direction, you will join the marching hosts and help us land the prize.

Comrade Mally has been re-elected National Secretary for the ensuing year by the National Committee. The work of preparation for the great campaign is being pushed vigorously.

The Social Democrats of Milwaukee will hold their city convention at Lincoln Hall February 27th.

The man who clips the coupons may truthfully be said to get the full product of his toil.

Socialism means a working class government.

ship which the metal piece on his cap blazons forth to the world. The street car man would resent the designation of slave—but in what way does his service to the corporation which owns the street railroad line differ from that of the Saxon thrall? Gurth, the slave, served his master, and in return was given enough to live. What does the street car conductor get?

What does any workingman get for his services? Here and there you will find a man who, by economy and perseverance, saves enough to purchase his freedom—just as the slave did before him. But the very nature of conditions precludes more than a fraction of one per cent of the railway employes of this country ever attaining to that point where they can live without wearing the collar of some corporation.

The only difference between the Saxon slave and the American slave is that the one tried to get away from his master and the other is trying to find a master.

Ninety-nine per cent of the men in the United States are looking for a master—they are anxious to wear a collar designating them as the slave of some master.

Whose slave are you?

WHAT WORKINGMEN'S VOTES CAN DO.

They can starve women and children.
They can make strong men commit suicide.
They can make honest men thieves.
They can fill the insane asylums to overflowing.
They can make women sell their honor for bread.
They can make justice a farce and freedom a mockery.

And

THEY DO.

But

They can make all men and women free and happy.

But

THEY DON'T.

Why?

Because they are not yet class conscious.
Because they are the victims of ignorance and prejudice.
Because they haven't learned yet that the ordinary scab is an angel compared to the election day scab.

THE MISSION OF THE APPEAL

COMRADE J. J. Jones, of Montgomery, W. Va., a veteran of 72 years, writes the Appeal one of those letters which not only delights the heart to read, but which furnishes the inspiration which keeps the mill grinding at the office, when otherwise faith would often grow faint, and zeal wane. Just a few lines from his letter tell the story.

"A year ago I knew nothing about Socialism, but one day a man came to the shop where I work, to fix the boiler. We fell into a conversation about history in general, and I found that many of his theories about social conditions and the way to remedy them. When he went away he took my name and address, and in a short time the Appeal began coming to me. I read it, and in a short time I had sent some papers to many of my friends, and have been the means so far as thirty miles around the country. It is the best paper I have ever read, and I cannot be without it."

Comrades, there is a sermon in that letter.

The Appeal is here to make Socialists, and as a result of that work, bring Socialism.

If it can do the kindergarten work of the American Socialist movement, it will have accomplished its purpose, and that it has done, and is doing, this work, not even its severest critic can deny.

It was long the dream of the founder of the Appeal to create such a medium, and conduct it at the cost of production.

Has he succeeded? Yes. But at what cost? Half of the moderate fortune which, in 1892, he took in gold from Colorado to Greensburg, Ind., was sunk in founding the Coming Nation; part of it lost in the colony at Ruskin, and more in getting the Appeal on a self-sustaining basis.

Until the present time the Appeal has never been in condition to earn a dollar on its investment of machinery and equipment. During 1903 we saved enough money over and above the weekly expenses to add \$25,000 in improvements to the plant, but in reality nearly every dollar of the amount was borrowed from our subscribers. During last year we added nearly 100,000 more subscribers than we took off, making an excess in subscription of nearly \$25,000. I explained this in an article last summer captioned, "Once started, it is fatal to stop," in which I showed that any paper published at 25 cents could run only on the principle of fraternal insurance companies. All of the fraternal companies which furnish insurance at low cost are able to make good because they are adding a proportionately greater number of new members than they have deaths. When the companies become old, and this proportion is changed, they must either break up or increase the cost of insurance. The Appeal to Reason could run with four, six, or even eight pages at 25 cents per year without advertising, provided each week MORE SUBSCRIBERS CAME IN THAN THE WEEK BEFORE, and this was continued up to the hour when Socialism was inaugurated and a Socialist paper was no longer needed. The Appeal owes its subscribers right now more than \$25,000 in unexpired subscriptions.

Who wants to undertake the task of keeping enough steam in the boiler, and guarantee that the food of subscriptions will roll in from week to week, while the Socialist congress assemblies and our propaganda work is finished?

When viewed as history, and the fact is taken into consideration that in addition to its other expenses, the Appeal gave to the National Committee \$1,000, and has bought the Coming Nation, involving an outlay of more than \$4,000, its record is little short of the phenomenal. Only one other Socialist paper in the world approaches it, the German "Vorwarts," whose circulation is less than half that of the Appeal, and that, too, in a nation with over three million Socialist votes.

A few hundred dollars remain to be paid for the equipment of the Coming Nation, which was taken over at the cost of the machinery (which was badly needed in the book department), some unpaid paper bills of no large amount, and then the old Appeal will, for the first time in twelve long months, be out of debt.

The problem has been somewhat lightened by the book department, now managed by Comrade W. P. Mason, which is selling thousands of pamphlets, and by the receipts from advertising. A year ago Comrade Wayland authorized me to say that now that the Appeal bade fair to get where it could create a possible surplus of money, that NO DIVIDENDS SHOULD EVER BE PAID TO THE STOCKHOLDERS. He did this against the protest of the other stockholders, who were finally removed as a result of the strike, which was accurately reported at the time. Not a member of the Army, many of whom have been loyal supporters of the paper for years, ever asked Comrade Wayland to give away any surplus which the Appeal might accumulate. He did it entirely of his own motion, and because he has no need to take any money from the paper other than his weekly wage. It is true that the present equipment of the Appeal could not be duplicated for a cash outlay of \$50,000, and it is also true that, as president of the Appeal Company he controls this property. He has the power to shut down the Appeal office and close its doors. He has the power to undo the work of twelve long years of sacrifice and work, years that have bent his form and dimmed his eyes; years of mistakes common to mortals, and from which none are free. Envy and jealousy, born of the system under which we live, have whispered of the fine house in which he lives, and the carriage he drives, but history has not recorded the fact that he has been an outcast from society, that his children have been hissed at school because their father was a Socialist, or that his life has more than once been threatened in the earlier days of the struggle, because of the ideas he has so persistently promulgated. Capitalist papers all over the land have filled their columns with statements such as "The Appeal office is one of the biggest grafts in the land." Envious journals of our own faith have echoed these statements.

Are they true?

If you cannot trust the word of the man who has given his life and his energy to the spread of Socialism; if you cannot believe the seven members of the staff, who write the letters, and help create the matter which goes into the columns of the paper, come here and see for yourselves. The Appeal to Reason, from four to twelve pages, comes to you each week for 25 cents per year. Do you think you could be exploited at that price? Is it filling the bill as the cheapest and best propaganda paper published in this country? If so, of what can you complain?

Do we weary you with our revival meeting style of propaganda? Are you inclined to complain that we push you on and ever on to work for Socialism?

Are you sorry that we opened up the south with our Dixie campaign and thus brought us nearer by years to our

(Continued on eighth page.)

“JUST A BIT OF CHICKEN BROTH”

BY BERTHA HOWELL MAILLY

Special Correspondence to the Appeal to Reason.

Trinidad, Colo., Jan 21.—The grievances of all the mining camps in this district are practically the same, for the miners have to deal with the same masters. These grievances are but repetitions of all that have come to light in previous great coal strikes in other parts of the country, and find but a very moderate expression in the formulated demands which the striking miners have presented to the companies. To take as authority the word of those who have had experience in similar strikes, in no mining camps elsewhere has there been worse slavery than here in Colorado.

The specific demands of the strikers relate only to their work in and around the mines and scarcely touch the hundred and one details of infamous tyranny which surround and intensify the struggle for existence.

The miners ask for an 8-hour day. That 8-hour day is theirs by right, by the expressed will of the majority of the citizens of Colorado, and is denied them because it has been set aside as unconstitutional by a corporation-owned court.

The miners ask also that all wages be paid every two weeks instead of monthly, and that all payment in scrip be abolished. Under the present system each workman is paid at the end of each month, if anything is coming to him, with a bank check. During the month if he needs any money for the necessities of life, he receives it at the office of the company in the form of scrip notes, for which, if he buys his goods of the Colorado Supply Co., (the company's store), he receives the face value. If he chooses to trade elsewhere the notes are worth 10 or 12 per cent less than their face value. Now, consider that the Colorado Supply Co. charges much higher prices for goods than outside firms, and you will see why the miners refuse to submit any longer to this imposition. The scrip method of payment was formerly the universal system in mining regions all over the country, but has been nearly abolished in the mining states east of the Mississippi through the power that the workers in the mines have gained by their organization.

The 20 per cent increase in wages was little enough to ask, but unless the payment in scrip is done away with at the same time this circle of robbery by which the companies make both ends meet, will leave the miner no more in return for his labor than he received before.

The same old system of forced assessments takes place here as in other parts of the country. One dollar a month for medical attendance, 50 cents for blacksmithing, 25 cents for maintaining school advantages, etc., etc., and these assessments the miser finds subtracted from his pay if he has been in the mine not more than half a day during all the month.

According to the legal standard of weight in the U. S., 2,000 pounds constitute a ton. Here to fore the companies in Colorado have required from the miners 2,500 pounds for a ton, or that each workman shall give to the company 25 per cent on each ton he mines. The miners now demand that the companies comply with the law.

The last on the list of the strikers' demands is perhaps the most vital. It is that the company take adequate measures to insure a plentiful supply of fresh air. There are laws in every mining state requiring precautions in regard to ventilating fans, the storing of dynamite, etc., and yet the mine disasters, which no daily newspaper is without, show the ruthlessness of mine owners in breaking laws which are contrary to their interests and their disregard for human life.

Such are the demands of the striking miners. And yet they give voice to only a few of the wrongs the miners and their families are forced to endure. I have been unable to find any activity uncontrolled by the companies, from the birth of a child, for which the services of the company doctor must be employed, oftentimes unwillingly, through school and church and daily labor, through sickness and death the grip of the company is never relaxed.

The companies own almost entirely the miserable houses. They own the land upon which the houses stand. Instances have been told me where their agents have ordered tenants not to set pails or anything on the ground outside of the tiny huts, saying that the rent was paid for the houses, but not for the land.

The companies own, as well, the school

system. Out of the school assessment of 25 cents from each miner, they generously build school houses, in which they place teachers chosen by school boards composed of superintendents and mine bosses, with perhaps a moderate proportion of members of the Citizens' Alliance, the Anti-Union organization. The teachers teach from books prescribed (and changed each year) by the school board and paid for by the miners. This custom of changing text books yearly is one of the innumerable grafts of the companies. Another one that pays well is that of the saloon business. In four different camps under the control of the Victor Fuel Co., two saloons pay each as license to the company, 20 cents for every man on the payrolls, about \$800 per month for the company.

The company store is a sore grievance. The owners, a group consisting of members from each of the mining companies, claim that no one is forced to buy there. Does not the system of scrip payment seem a pretty effective means of forcing? Competition is not permitted to grow very lively, for if an outside man comes into the camp and attempts to sell anything he is taken before the local justice, also owned by the company, and promptly fined from \$10 to \$50. One incident will serve to illustrate the non-forcing process.

A woman who had been ill wanted some broth and ventured to buy a chicken from a neighbor, who had a little vegetable patch and raised a few chickens. A company agent saw her carrying it home and asked her roughly what she had.

“Just a bit of chicken I got of John because I was sick.”

“Why didn't you go to the company store?” he demanded.

“They haven't any chicken,” she answered timidly.

“You can get all the meat you need at the company store,—you. You can tell your man to come and get his time.”

Let me mention incidentally that Rockefeller controls 70 per cent of the stock of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., and that the miners' families pay 25 cents a gallon for Rockefeller's oil at the stores of the Colorado Supply Co.

The United States postoffice in each camp is always located in the company store. The manager of the store is always the postmaster, receiving a salary therefor, and the work of the postoffice is done by the cashier of the store, who is an over-worked drudge, and whose services cost the manager nothing.

There seems to be no question that mails have been tampered with during this strike in some of the most closely guarded camps. I have been told on direct authority of letters sent to persons in one of the most inaccessible camps which were never received. Labor papers sent through the mails scarcely ever reach those for whom intended.

The climax of all this robbery, and perhaps its most hateful form, is in the medical department. Each man working in and around the mines is taxed \$1 per month for service for himself and family. Some estimate of the company's income from this source may be made from the following figures, which are authentic:

Total hospital fees collected at Hastings, Gray Creek, Delagua and Chandler (Victor Fuel Co.) each month about \$2,300.00 Monthly cost of medical attendance, etc. \$50.00

Excess of collections monthly...\$1,450.00 Multiplied by 12 the excess of collections yearly is \$17,400.00.

There is said to be more than \$60,000 hospital fund not accounted for in these four camps.

The company hospital is at Pueblo, and it is claimed by its owners to be one of the finest in the country. It ought to be, when the cost to the miners is considered. It is a journey of from 150 to 200 miles from many of the camps to Pueblo and after being brought there the sick and injured men are often left lying in the railroad station for hours before being taken to the hospital. It is a sufficient commentary on this subject to report that the women of the camps universally hate both company doctors and the company hospital. I have heard more than one woman say: “I'd rather have my man die at home than take the chances on sending him to the company's hospital.”

It is impossible to do more than suggest a few of the wrongs of the workers who live in these isolated and pitifully dreary camps. Their lives are all one vast wrong and even a hasty glimpse, caught in a few days' visit in the region, makes you feel the desperate struggle before them. But not hopeless, as you realize the great growth that is taking place in the comprehension of their class wrongs and in the knowledge that the remedy for these must come through class loyalty and class organization.

THE MILITIA TO BE WITHDRAWN.

From the latest reports it appears that the militia is to be withdrawn from the strike districts, and martial law ended.

It must, of course, end some time, and when it does there will be a day of reckoning. Suits for damages aggregating several hundred thousand dollars have been filed against the governor and his military helpers. These suits will be pushed to the limit, and the Citizens' Alliance will not escape. If it is proven that the Alliance agents destroyed property, as generally believed, for the purpose of making cases against the miners, the Alliance officials will want to call on the mountains to cover them from the public scorn. If the Federation wins its battle, against such tremendous odds, there is a future for the western labor movement, bright and glorious. Around it will rally the hosts of American labor, with confidence unbounded. That they may win should be the hope of every one in sympathy with the struggles of labor.

MINE OWNERS GUILTY.

So Say the Coroner's Jury in the Mine Accident at Independence.

Interest in the Colorado strike situation has centered during the past week in the investigation of the coroner's jury, called for the purpose of investigating the horrible mine accident reported in the paper last week.

The verdict of the jury, which was awaited with breathless interest, and which has created a sensation, was as follows:

We, the jury, find that the above named men, (the victims), came to their deaths at Stratton's Independence mine on January 26, 1904, by the engineer, Francis T. Gellese, losing control of the engine there in use, and pulling the cage into the shaft, thereby parting the cable and precipitating the cage, loaded with the above named men, down the shaft to their deaths.

And we further find that if the management had not neglected the usual necessary precautions, the said casualties might have been reduced, if not avoided.

The usual precautions referred to, which were not taken, are as follows: First—No man is required to preside at the collar of the shaft while hoisting men.

Second—No safety device was in use on the cable to prevent the overwinding of the same.

Third—Men were loaded and unloaded without placing the cage upon the chairs.

Fourth—The disc brakes of the hoisting engine were detached from their usual positions and were useless.

THE MEN STANDING FIRM.

Special to the Appeal. Telluride, Colo., Jan 29.—There have been over eighty persons deported by the militia up to date, BUT NO SURRENDER YET. There are only a few of us left to encourage the boys. Don't know how soon I will be taken, as I have been warned to cease my pernicious activity under pain of banishment.

FLOATEN.

TRY TO BRIBE JURY.

A verdict against the mine owners, virtually involved the Citizens' Alliance, which has prevented the mine owners from settling the strike and filled the district, in part at least, with incompetent men. Organizations that blow up property, for the purpose of laying the offense on union men, and that have been the active cause of outrages never equaled in our history in times of peace, and seldom in war, would of course not hesitate to bribe juries, if it were possible. An attempt was made to induce Rev. T. S. Leland to hang the jury, particulars of which are as follows:

“A man by the name of E. E. Wheatley, an ex-newspaper reporter, came to me somewhere in the neighborhood of an hour before our adjournment on Saturday evening, and asked me to hang the jury.” (Signed) “T. S. LELAND.”

Wheatley has until recently been a reporter for the Cripple Creek Times. At the present time he is employed at Stratton's Independence mine. Rev. Leland states that Wheatley called him out of the jury room and talked to him, offering to put his name down for \$10 a month on his church salary. Juror Leland said that he replied that he would credit him with the money when he got it. Leland then insisted on returning to the room with the rest of the jury, and states that Wheatley then said: “I want you to hang the jury, and if you do you will be taken care of.”

Juror Leland states that he left the would-be briber abruptly and returned to the undertaking chapel, where the other members of the jury were awaiting him. He claims that he does not have a very extended acquaintance with Wheatley, although the latter professes to know him very well.

The Colorado Special.

No edition of the Appeal ever printed went home to the spot like No. 423. In order to meet the demand from the Colorado for a pamphlet containing the Colorado matter, a four page special has been printed containing nothing but Comrade Ricker's splendid description of the “Battle for Freedom” in the west. This special edition contains no advertising and is printed in large clear type in two colors. It can be printed in this form at 50c per 100 copies, postpaid, while in pamphlet form the best price that could be received would be \$2.00 per hundred. When ordering this, ask for the four page special. Through an oversight some of the contractors who had ordered the regular were sent the four pager. As fast as we can we are sending out the regular to all these orders. If you have ordered the two pager, and received the four page edition, notify the office at once and you will be mailed copies of the regular edition—please run down that the four page suits your purpose better.

It Touched the Sore Spot.

Fifty cents per hundred copies.

BEHIND THE COAL STRIKE IN COLORADO.

By Charlotte Teller.

Special Correspondence to the Appeal to Reason.

THE strike in the southern coal fields of Colorado is but a drop-curtain behind which a certain capitalistic drama is being played, with Rockefeller in the leading role. Or, if you please, the coal strike is a mask which the interested corporations hold up before their faces when they turn appealingly to public sentiment in Colorado and demand sympathy.

Every union man in the country should try to look under the drop-curtain or behind the mask and decide for himself what is the real situation which necessitates this dramatic diplomacy.

The strike, which was begun Nov. 9th, was a strike of 10,000 men for an 8 hour day, a 2,000 lb. instead of 2,400 lb. ton, a checking man, a bi-monthly payday, a 20 per cent increase and the abolition of the scrip system. These demands are not unfamiliar to the union man. Nor are they unfamiliar to the employer. All of them were made about that time on the mine operators in the northern coal fields of the state and were acceded to; and the men there went back to work. The mine managers of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Victor Fuel Company and some small properties owned by individuals, refused even to meet the representatives of the miners or to consider a conference. They refused to do this before any strike was declared.

This refusal gives color to the theory, which I believe is correct, that the corporations most interested in this district did not want to avoid a strike, but invited it, and are now determined to prolong it until they decide to open up the steel works at Pueblo and begin to work there on a new basis.

When Rockefeller has accomplished his purposes—no one can tell what they are in detail—he will say: “Let there be light in the furnaces,” and soon thereafter his representatives will meet the representatives of the U. M. W. of A. and some decision will be reached. Then the other operators concerned in the strike will follow suit, for, after all, they do but make the tail for Rockefeller's financial kite. This is only a prediction, but it should rouse the interest of those who believe that every commercial game holds its lesson for the workers.

This game is played on Wall street, but the results affect the 10,000 miners in the Trinidad district and the 5,000 employes of the steel plant at Pueblo, who were thrown out of work months ago; it affects the families of these 15,000 men, and all the trades people who look to them for patronage it affects the length and breadth of Colorado.

It was just a year ago that the fight was on between John Gates and J. C. Osgood for control of the C. F. & I. Company. Osgood won. Then, early in the summer, Rockefeller, who seems to have had a thorough knowledge of the loose and extravagant methods of the management, began to “hammer” the stock of this property.

As a result of his hammering the stock fell from somewhere above 80 to 17. Then agents of the Oil King began to buy it in until he was in possession of a controlling amount. He became dictator in the corporation and his secretaries could study the books and report upon the deficiencies, the disorganized condition of the actual workings and the possibility for retrenchment and economy.

All this might seem uninteresting, of little value to the man who gets wages, were it not for the subsequent happenings, which may or may not have a

close connection with the investigation of the books. Three of the best known and most influential officials of the company are believed to have committed suicide—Jerome, Cass and Kehler—and all within a few weeks of each other. The press of Colorado, with one accord, touched but lightly upon the suspicious circumstances of the “sudden deaths,” and the friends of the men refuse to admit the suicide theory—to an outsider. Probably the mystery will never be cleared, but its significance will deepen in the minds of men as they learn to study these great games wherein human life is sacrificed, both at top and bottom.

Soon after these deaths the silent and swift-moving hand of the great Invisible in New York grasped the steel plant at Pueblo and began to shake out employees. And here again there was an example of the uncertainty of any job, whether it be that of treasurer of the corporation—the position Jerome had held—or that of the colored man in the yard gang. Superintendents were discharged without a day's notice, expert engineers, long in the service, were thrust out as ruthlessly as the clerks in the company store. No one was told to hope for a re-opening of the works.

Rockefeller began to reorganize the steel industry in Colorado. That was all, until the strike in the coal fields of this company forced itself on the public notice. Then came the opportunity of throwing the burden of the depression (consequent upon the closing of the plant) on the shoulders of 10,000 strikers, who probably knew little of the game that was being played. The public was informed that the steel plant was shut down because of the coal strike. And there you have a most interesting example of the way in which capital can use even the hostility of labor to benefit itself.

Very likely the smaller corporations whose property lies close to that of the C. F. & I.'s in Southern Colorado do not see that the game is being played in this way. They may honestly believe that Rockefeller is on his dignity and is simply against the union demands, and they may be perfectly honest in their hatred of “dictation from the union” but it is evident to the close observer that there is a play going on behind the curtain and another face behind the mask.

You may read of the feudal conditions in this district, where the miners are taxed 25 cents a month by the company for the public school!

Where the company favors the outsider and charges its employees 25 per cent more for goods; where the deputies kill innocent men; where injunctions are always favorable to the corporations and the coroner always gives a verdict which will not give an opening for damage suits against the companies. You may read all these things and still only understand the one-half of the situation among the coal miners of Trinidad. To understand the “invisible as well as the visible forces at work there, you must study the stock reports which relate to steel. You must watch the developments in the latest enterprise of the new Steel King. And even then, unless you have second sight, you can make no clear analysis of it all, nor any prediction as to the future, but you will have gained a clear idea of the ruthlessness and impersonal cruelty of any great enterprise run for a profit of a few or the ambition of one.

METHODS OF THE OPPOSITION.

Ernest F. DuBrull, commissioner of the National Metal Trades Association, is authority for the following statements:

“The main object of the association,” he says, “is to protect its members in case of strikes, and it is thoroughly prepared for this. It has a regular force of strike-breakers—men who are not afraid to go anywhere to work, and who are ready and able to defend themselves in case of necessity. This force numbers something like 500 men, who, of course, are all employed by members of the association in various cities. But when a member has a strike on hand, he lets the commissioner know, and that worthy sends on what men he needs to operate the plant. These men draw their regular wages, and are paid in addition \$7 a day by the association itself. About sixty-five men are kept busy all the time by the association in handling plants which would otherwise be idle from labor troubles. These men are all skilled craftsmen in their several lines, and thus machine shops, pattern shops and the like, requiring expert workmen, can be kept open when trouble is on hand by means of them.”

FREE BREAKFAST, DINNER or TEA SET. \$1000 PAID TO ANY PERSON WHO CAN PROVE WE DO NOT MEAN WHAT WE SAY—A chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition—No humbugging. No beating about the bush. We will give away 1000 Beautifully Decorated Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Sets. Each set 25 pieces. Latest design full size for family use—to quickly introduce Carbolettes, the greatest Remedy on Earth to regulate the Bowels, stimulate the Appetite, and beautify the Complexion. A good set of dishes costs \$20 or \$30. Don't waste money. We will make you a present of a complete 56 piece set, beautifully decorated in Pale Blue, Brown, Green or Pink, exactly as we claim or furnish our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes absolutely free. This is all we ask you to do. Send us your P. O. and Express Office address and agree to sell your 12 Boxes of Carbolettes at 25 cts. a box. We will send them to you. They sell like hot cakes. When sold send us only \$1.50 and keep the other \$1.50 of our money until you receive the dishes. No two ways about us. We talk straight from the shoulder and we are bound to introduce our Remedy, no matter what it costs. When we say we will give away these magnificent sets of dishes we will do it. This is a great opportunity. Remember our Dishes are beautifully decorated and are washed, braced and shined. Free of charge. Manufacturers' Supply Dept., M. 502 61 Park Place, N. Y.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing If It Fails. Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic preparations had disappointed physicians everywhere. I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease, that is irresistible. My offer is made to convince you of my faith. And I know this so well that I will furnish my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease, that is irresistible. My offer is made to convince you of my faith. And I know this so well that I will furnish my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease, that is irresistible. My offer is made to convince you of my faith. And I know this so well that I will furnish my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. 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The Socialist Lecture Van in America.

By G. H. Lockwood

Dr. C. W. Woodriddle, formerly of Cleveland, O., was the first Socialist in this country to conceive and put in operation the idea of the Socialist Lecture Van. In the winter of '96 he designed a wagon for this purpose and had it constructed by the Labor Exchange Branch, at Ashtabula, O.

The van completed, he advertised in the old Coming Nation for a companion, and, after a preliminary correspondence, selected the writer of this article, who was at that time living the life of a recluse in the woods of California, preparing for the Socialist platform.

Together we went to Ashtabula, outfitted the van, and started, what I believe to be, the most effective method of Socialist propaganda ever designed.

The first van was a very clumsy affair. The wheels were low, the reach was long, and it was decidedly top-heavy. Many a time I have on a bike, followed the trail of that old wagon for miles by the snake like track that it made; for like the Socialist agitators who went with it, it was not built to run in the ruts of a capitalist road bed.

Over an eighteen inch deep wagon bed a 6x12 foot platform was constructed covered by a canvas top over six foot high, making the extreme top of the wagon 12 feet, eight inches from the ground. An ordinary load of hay could go places where we were sure to get stuck and many bridges and railroad culverts, especially in Tennessee and Kentucky, we could not go under without first "dismantling the rigging."

Unfortunately, Dr. Woodriddle's wife was stricken with nervous paralysis

Beardsley was not a Socialist at the start but got off on a month's vacation to make the trip for the sake of his health. In three weeks time he was a thorough convert to the cause in general and the van propaganda in particular, and threw up a good job to cast his lot with, what we at that time called, "The Wagon Mission of the Co-operative Commonwealth."

After a very successful trip, everything considered, we eventually landed in Ruskin Colony, stored the outfit for the winter and spent our time working with the colonists, with the exception of a two month's propaganda trip to Nashville, then the home of our National Secretary, Wm. Malloy, who was an active assistant in our work in that city.

Early in the spring of '98 the van left Ruskin Colony for Chicago. This trip we had a male quartet of singers on board, having added A. S. Edwards, former editor of the Coming Nation, and another singer named Garken; to the outfit.

The old comrades at Paducah, Evansville, Vincennes, Terre Haute, and other points along our trail will testify that we stirred up the animals wherever our four lusty voices broke loose.

About this time the Cuban war excitement was at its height and we found the propagation of Socialism "up hill business" until we hit on the plan of advertising to talk on "War from the Socialist Standpoint," thus attracting large crowds who would listen to any kind of talk if they thought it had anything to do with the war; and inasmuch as the Cuban war was a product of Capitalism, the text was a good one for our purpose, in more ways than one.

At Chicago we attended the first convention of the Social Democracy, or what has been called the Debs movement, which resulted in a split and the organization of the Social Democratic party by the minority faction, which stood for political action, while the majority faction soon went to pieces on a utopian colony scheme.

After the convention Edwards and Garken left the van, the former to take the editorial management of the Social Democratic Herald, Beardsley and myself again hit the trail, this time for Toledo, O. Starting out in the hole over five dollars we met all expenses, including repairs on our wagon from an accident, and landed in Toledo with about twelve dollars in our treasury, all of this money coming from the sale of Socialist literature.

At Toledo the best looking girl in old Tennessee came up and joined the mission, and after that the Lockwoods had complete charge of the destiny of the van.

We took our wedding trip in the van and were only prevented from being married in it by the collection of a crowd of curious people from whom we took

refuge in the friendly home of Rev. Geo. Candee, who married us without money and without price—fact is that I was about as near broke at that time as—as a Socialist agitator generally is.

It would be useless, at this time, to try and follow the trail of this old Socialist Lecture Van to the time when the severe illness of Mrs. Lockwood forced us to abandon the ship. We spent four years of active service with it covering over five thousand long, weary miles of country, dispersing Socialist philosophy and recitations interspersed with music and supplemented with literature sales.

It would require a book to give an adequate account of the interesting and exciting experiences incident to the pioneer work we were doing.

During the four seasons we worked with the old van, we were, most of the time, in territory wholly unorganized and depended on voluntary contributions and the sale of literature

gong, advertised our meeting, lit our lights, played violin and organ duets, such as they were, to attract the crowd, then went after them with illustrated lectures and recitations and closed our meetings with book sales. And after it was all over we drove out of town in the darkness and camped like gypsies along the country highways, frequently taking the precaution to get several miles out of town before we pulled in for the night. At 4 o'clock the next morning we were again hitting the pike, tho we generally tried to have a good rest at noon, having usually reached a camping ground near to our night's stand. In the afternoon, while the horses were picking grass along the roadside, Mrs. Lockwood would do her house work and I would get on our bike and go down to reconnoiter the enemy's country and lay out the plan of attack.

It was a hard life, especially for a woman, but the Spirit of the great

ing of three excellent vans, which will be started out as soon as the weather is favorable in the spring.

After coming to Girard we started another van agitation that resulted in Comrade Wayland purchasing a complete outfit for local work.

With the exception of a van that was operated in California one season, '98, by Job Harriman, and the Lockwoods' new auto, these are the only Socialist Vans in the country of which I have any knowledge.

I have gone somewhat into the history of this matter to show that my enthusiasm for this method of propaganda is not altogether the result of theorizing. Basing my opinion on my past seven years of experience I am HEARTILY IN FAVOR of the Socialist Lecture Van.

There is room for 100 vans in this country. The van, aside, of course, from the weekly Socialist papers, is the cheapest and most effective method of propaganda yet devised. If, seven years ago, two people could invade the enemy's country and carry on an active and successful propaganda without the aid of organizations and at a time when the question of Socialism was not in the public mind, what a field the country now offers for this kind of work backed up by a powerful organization and a quickened public interest.

The strong points in favor of the van method are these: It saves care and puts the time of starting and stopping at the disposal of the operators. It saves hotel bills, or inconvenience to friends. It saves advertising expenses and work. It saves hall rent. But best of all and more important than anything else, it catches the crowds, furnishing a good light and fine rostrum from which the speaker can pour forth hot broadsides into the rotten old capitalist hull.

You can do more effective advertising with a good van in half an hour than with any other method in a week's time.

Everything put together, it is a sharp axe for cutting tall timbers



The First Socialist Van in America.

for our support. I was prejudiced at that time against the idea of taking public collections, which undoubtedly would have yielded us a better living than our book sales and the few dollars that were given to us by our friends.

As it was, book sales were light, there being comparatively little interest or sympathy with the movement at that time, especially so, outside the cities. As the Irishman expressed himself: "the only way we kept up our expenses was by keeping them down."

Many is the meal we made on graham mush prepared on our little gasoline stove, for we always kept house, and the house was always the same, "tho we frequently moved our back yard."

By the majority of the people we were considered as dangerous "anarchists," or at the best rattle-brained cranks.

We frequently worked for weeks without meeting a comrade and those who were friendly to us in our audiences were usually afraid, or ashamed, to manifest it by any act more than a kindly look, tho our book sales was evidence that we had created an interest. Practically we were outcasts in our own country.

We traveled during the day. Invading the towns at night, we rang our

Social Revolution was on us; we had seen the vision of the "New Heaven and the New Earth" and the old one could no longer satisfy us. Day after day, week after week, month after month, we hit the trail, seeking new fields in which to plant the seeds of social discontent that might some day, we knew not when, blossom into our beloved Co-operative Commonwealth. That we did good work will be attested by thousands of comrades in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, who first heard of Socialism through the medium of the old "White Elephant" as the boys nick named our van.

After abandoning the old van that was much the worse for wear, we went to Minnesota and took an active part in the work in that state. As state secretary and organizer of local Minneapolis, I started the movement for the building of the Minnesota State Van, which has done such excellent service the past season under the management of State Secretary Holman, manned by Etherton and Martin. This van was planned and partly built by myself and was run the first season by the Lockwoods. That the van was a success from the start the Minnesota comrades will gladly testify.

Partly through our influence the Coming Nation boys started the van proposition that has resulted in the build-



On the Outskirts of the Crowd.

compared with a dull jack knife or a stone implement.

A Socialist Van won't run itself; it must be operated, and it is certainly important that the right kind of people operate it. But we already have plenty of bright young Socialist agitators who are capable of doing good work with this kind of a tool and the Appeal is going to give them a chance to get an outfit that is complete in every particular.

Nothing that the Appeal has done, or can do, in my estimation, in the way

of premiums can equal the one it is now offering. And the conditions of the contest are such that every one has an equal show to get out and hustle.

This Van outfit is worth working for, and working hard at that. We know that the "hustler" who gets it will keep on hustling for the great cause; he's the very fellow we want to have it because he will have demonstrated his ability to do the right kind of wood chopping.

"ARE YOU THE MAN?" That was the heading of Dr. Woodriddle's little ad that attracted my attention and started me out on the first van over seven years ago. "ARE YOU THE MAN?" who will get out and hustle for this fine premium?

"ARE YOU THE MAN? Why not? I venture to predict that the name of the winner of this prize, in less than one year from today, will be known all over the U. S. ARE YOU THE MAN?"



A Little Difficulty at Brazil, Ind., in '98.

Dr. Woodriddle had over one hundred applications to fill the place that he offered. I made up my mind that I wanted to go and, well, if you make up YOUR mind STRONG enough, you can win out, YOU might just as well be the man as the other fellow and if you will do the right kind of hustling YOU WILL BE THE MAN. If I was out in the field without a good outfit, and I saw a chance to get one like this I'd have my coat off in a minute. Makes me feel like going into this contest just to think about it, but this is kept out of the question. I expect to be busy at this office helping to take care of the returns.

Come! Set your machinery to work and get busy. Remember, ALL THE CARDS YOU BUY COUNT; you can sell 'em any old time after you get the man. See?

And suppose you lose, you will have done some grand work for a grand cause and have gained some useful knowledge that will help you to succeed the next time. Every subscriber you get for the Appeal is a prospective Socialist Vote and enough Socialist Votes means Socialism. It's worth working for, boys, without any premium, but with a chance of gaining such a prize it is worth an extra effort. YOU MAY BE THE MAN, MAKE THE EFFORT.



The Lockwoods in '98.

soon after our start and he was compelled to abandon the project, much to his sorrow, for if there ever lived a man whose soul was in the Socialist movement, and who was willing to sacrifice and who did sacrifice for the cause, that man is Dr. Woodriddle.

In the fall of '97, after working during the summer in Ohio, the van, manned by the writer and a young stenographer from Cleveland, O., named Joe Beardsley, a fine singer and pianist made the trip from Cleveland to Ruskin Colony, Tenn.

DO WE NEED A VAN?

By A. W. Ricker.

WHAT will a van do? It will enable the worker to carry the propaganda of Socialism to the smaller towns and county precincts at the least possible cost.

I have written about this question so much since I have been on the staff of the Appeal that I do so now at the risk of repetition, but the subject is of such paramount importance that it can never be worn out.

In the earlier days of the Socialist movement, when the organization and propaganda were confined to the city of New York and its environs, it was believed that in that metropolis would develop the power that would control the movement and bring on the cataclysm that would result in the overthrow of capitalism. It is needless to say that such a view would now be held as an absurdity by the vast majority of So-

were endangering the "proletarian basis of the party."

But truth at last comes home to the most stubborn, and the last six months has witnessed a great change in the attitude of the party on the "farmer question."

Eastern speakers, whom Comrade Malloy has brought west and sent south, have seen "a great light."

The revolutionary character of the western and southern farmer is at last becoming apparent to the "wise ones," and the question of whether or not he will espouse Socialism, is being settled by the farmer himself, for all over this western and southern stretch of country, he is joining the Socialist locals. As reported in these columns two weeks ago, he is also joining the American Labor Union in the west.

We have steadfastly clung to the be-

lion and means to educate is lacking. The Socialist movement is money-poor. Speakers sent out from National headquarters are expensive, unless they travel through sections where there are enough Socialists to care for the expense. All this work is necessary, but it don't reach to the towns and country precincts where there are no Socialist papers received, and no Socialists. These places must be reached, and this is the great work that the Appeal has mapped out for itself. It has the machinery to do it. It has the facilities for flooding the country with the Socialist message, such as no other paper possesses, and which could not be built up by another paper in years.

Still, something else is lacking. Out there in Jimtown, Squadunk county, are 200 sovereign voters. There is not a name on our list, and no speaker has

plan of propaganda surely has something wrong with his liver. He needs fixing. The van is the pioneer. It should be manned with someone who has tact and judgment. He should know a cow from a giraffe, and be able to distinguish between a self-binder and a flying machine. If he awakens a spirit of enquiry, and plants some books and subscriptions to a Socialist paper, he has blazed the way for the organizer, who will come after, and who will have someone to advertise his meetings and help pay expenses. Yes, we need a van, many of them. They will hasten the coming of our final victory by years.

WILLIE AND HIS NEW IDEA A FABLE

By W. S. BOYD

TEDDY and Willie played for years in their Uncle Sam's back yard and distributed toothpicks among their playmates as rewards for meritorious services in the games.

One day after Willie had been beaten several times and had been on a visit to his cousin, he happened to notice a log marked "Municipal Ownership" floating down the river, which ran near their play-ground. He thought to himself: "Now, if I can get possession of that log I can make more toothpicks than Teddy ever heard of, and I can win all the other boys over to my side."

So he started out to try to get the log, and about that time another boy, a red headed Socialist, happened to be going along and Willie asked him to help him get the log, and promised him some of the toothpicks which he expected to make if he would.

The Socialist told him that there was a whole forest of such logs further up the stream, and that he intended going up there and taking possession of the whole woods, and that he could not stop and fool away his time with only one little log.

MORAL.

Don't listen to what either Willie or Teddy may say about catching a few stray logs, when there is a whole forest to be had for the asking.

How It Can Be Stopped.

At the present time the prosecuting attorneys in not less than twelve different states are attempting to enforce the criminal laws against "graffers." Senators, congressmen, federal servants of high rank, state officials, mayors, members of the legislature, and whole boards of aldermen, have been accused of the grossest kind of irregularities. Even some of the old party politicians have become anxious about the matter, and not a few are making political capital out of the situation. What will be done about it? Nothing. The small political grafter is but a faint echo of the large industrial grafter, both are the legitimate products of the capitalistic system, which breeds corruption and rottenness in all of its departments. When the people really get tired of this sort of thing they can put a stop to it, but not as long as the capitalist system lasts. The hope of the future is in the Socialist party.

WHY NOT?

By E. N. Richardson.

I have a letter from a comrade who objects to the Appeal giving its workers any substantial rewards.

Why not?

It is this policy that has given the Appeal a quarter of a million circulation every week.

Is it wrong?

Does it matter much how it got that circulation?

Isn't it Socialism we want?

I know, and every other comrade should know, that conditions in this country are ripe for Socialism. But we have first to get to the people with our literature. Some men and women do not take up with something they know nothing about.

Is there any better way to carry this message to them than with a van? I don't believe there is. It is my faith in

the "Van Plan" that moved me to induce the management of the Appeal to offer this van and team to the worker who gets in with the largest number of subscriptions before May 1, 1904.

This van is needed in the field to reach territory almost impossible to reach in any other way. And the main object in getting this "Riot Gun" into action in this manner is this: The comrade who gets it will have demonstrated his ability to handle it in the getting of it. The Appeal is here to make Socialists, and proposes to do so in any and every way it can. And in doing this it is but carrying out the wishes of the army of workers back of it—the 25,000 men and women who have made it what it is today. Do you want this van? I've told you how to get it.

CHATTEL SLAVERY STILL IN OPERATION.

That the condition of the colored race is in many instances worse than "befo' de wah," is a fact that needs no proof to those conversant with the real situation. That the old form of chattel slavery still exists in some places is not so commonly known.

Speaking of the condition in Texas, a recent report says:

"There are hundreds of large plantations in the state upon which thousands of negroes are employed. The agreed remuneration usually averages 50 to 75 cents a day."

Parties who claim to know, allege that upon many of these plantations, particularly in districts remote from traveled roads, negroes have been held practically in bondage, some of them being the descendants of men and women who were slaves on the same plantations. It is said that some of these have been kept in ignorance of their emancipation. It is known that negroes in some districts loosely regard marriage.

There is no need of having a fit about the above, however, as there are thousands of white workmen all over the United States who are in circumstances worse than chattel slavery, and the general outlook ahead is that wage slavery will soon out-do anything that chattel slavery ever did in the way of refined brutality. The real thing to do is to abolish the complete system of slavery, workingmen's votes can do it. Why not use them when you have a chance.

The Limit of Greed.

The Manufacturers' Association in various localities is advocating laws taking from all men who do not pay taxes on \$200 worth of real estate, the right to vote. The capitalist class makes laws under which the wealth of the country is concentrated in the hands of the few, and after reducing the wage slave to a condition of pauperism would take from him the only avenue of escape left him—the ballot.—Labor Journal

THE INSURANCE GRAFT.

The insurance companies are raising a howl because the state laws of Missouri recognize the right of a suicide's family to his life insurance. In commenting on the matter one of their lawyers said:

"Men have been known to steal the money to pay the premiums on life policies in hopes that their families might receive the fine sums called for by the contracts as soon as the suicides' death should occur."

Fine state of society when a man has to kill himself in order to protect his family against want, isn't it? Speaking of robbers, it would be hard to find a bunch who have worked a smoother graft than these same insurance companies, who annually appropriate millions of dollars of the hard earned money of the victims of capitalism. Under Socialism a man would need no insurance whatever, for Socialism itself would be the best insurance in the world.

Press Feeders Union Hit Hard.

Chicago, Jan. 16.—Franklin Union No. 4, of Press Feeders, is in the hands of a receiver. A petition was filed signed by attorneys for the Chicago Typothetae, individual members of Franklin Union and by the state's attorney, alleging that the union had failed to satisfy a judgment for \$1,000 due to the state as a fine, which Judge Holdom entered against the press feeders' organization after finding it guilty of contempt of court as a corporation. Judge Brentano today entered an order naming Allan McLean as receiver.

Negro Oratory

A negro politician in nominating L. N. Ury for president of the Mnakogee Republican Club, delivered himself of the following literary gem: "Mistah Urah stands fo' de principles denunciated by Lincoln, unanimously adopted by Grant, scrutinized by McKinley and stamped on every sinner by Roosevelt!"

cialists. Later on in our history, the New York point of view was enlarged somewhat and it was held as a sacred tenet of our propaganda that it must be confined to industrial centers, where exploitation is fiercest, and poverty and degradation the greatest. Those who held this view were jealous of any attempt to extend the propaganda outside the big cities. The farmer was a property owner, who would so jealously guard his "property rights" that he would stand in the economic struggle with the capitalist class, who were annually frying out his fat. Those who urged that the farmer was driven to a corner where at last his entire product represented but so much raw material, which had not a farthing of value until its production and distribution was finished by the capitalist owners of the essential machinery, and for that reason were ridiculed. Those who persistently pointed out this fact, notably Simons, Untermaun, Bigelow and the writer,

lief that nearly all of those who made up the ranks of the Peoples' party in the west and south can be added to the Socialist party. Underneath the wild theories of money, which formed the letter of the populist demands, there was a spirit greater than the substance. It was the spirit of rebellion against capitalist exploitation.

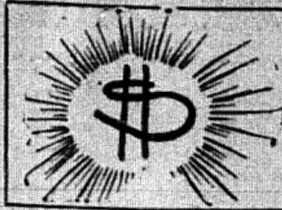
This sentiment still nestles in the breast of the farmer, and will open the door to his intelligence, through which an education in Socialist economics may enter.

Using such space as our crowded columns offered, I have sought to reach the farmers and create among them the propaganda spirit. I have watched the movement grow in the south, and have fostered it with thousands of free copies of the Appeal. When the ballots are counted this fall and Arkansas, Alabama, Texas, Louisiana, and the cotton states are heard from, the "wise ones" will have a think coming. The sentiment is there, but the educa-

ever soap boxed it through the place. We've got to reach Jimtown. How? If we put out a man there's railroad fare and hotel bills and advertising, expenses that mount up into big figures.

Somebody originated the van scheme. There's a nice turnout, wagon, team, harness, sleeping quarters, cooking outfit, phonograph, and if necessary, stereopticon. Transportation, living quarters, advertising, platform—the whole thing. What's wrong with it?

Then, there's Podunk township, 16 miles from the railroad, where the farmers get all their political knowledge from the county paper, whose editor wears a No. 13 collar and gets his editorials already prepared from capitalist headquarters. In Podunk township are 126 voters, each of whom would vote against capitalism if he knew how. In the winter time the van can visit Podunk, and a series of meetings can be held at Center school house that will worry the court house ring in days to come. The fellow who objects to the van



A TYPICAL CAPITALIST CITY

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER

CHICAGO.
"Bitter, bitter Chicago."
From the first glimpse of its ragged edges to the depths of its heart's core does the discerning eye see written on its smoke-dimmed sky, on its palaces and hovels, on its narrow, filthy streets, on its broader boulevards, the word PROFIT. Chicago exists for profit. Chicago's multitudes, its workers, are kept for profit. Chicago's buildings are erected for profit—the rows of flats, with their little rat holes, in which the respectable people live; the long lines of tenements, in which the city's "scum" exists and breeds and vanishes away—these are run strictly for profit. The theatres, the saloons and the "gilded dens of vice," are for profit. The smelters are worked for profit; the factories are operated for profit. The magnificent dry goods stores are profit-makers, and the food supply houses are run for the same end. The elevated street car lines, strutting out the light of the sun, intensifying the darkness caused by the great smoke belchers of the city, these too, are for profit. The surface lines, with their frequent blockades, and their inadequately heated cars, are competing for the same thing. Profit! profit! profit! Father of mercy! is there nothing in the great, throbbing city but this one aim, this one heart-rending, soul-queening, nerve-destroying quest? Is nothing produced for the PEOPLE? Is nothing done for the PEOPLE? Is there no thought that is innocent of this aim? No deed that has not as its instigator this hectic desire? Is there no love that is clean love? No sympathy that is clean sympathy? Is every natural emotion quenched, or depraved, by this base alloy?

Little boys on the streets sold daily papers for a penny, while the thermometer was 28 degrees below zero. Many had no gloves on their hands. Their clothes were often too loose or too scarce for warmth. They stamped their frozen feet on the icy pavement and called out their papers. They had no time to go inside the stores and get warm. They had to live. They had also to produce profit for their masters. Every penny counted. Without pennies it was impossible to procure more papers. Without more papers it was impossible to procure bread and an old coat for the back. The old coat and the bread came out of the master, perhaps, but the profits came out of the boy. Otherwise he could not have existed as a newsboy.

Down in the "Tenderloin District," were rows of doors, behind which were brilliant lights and warm music. There were also girls, curled and painted and adorned for the slaughter of the soul. They were white slaves to a debauching system, and they were enslaved for profit. When the time came that they could produce nothing for the masters, they would be given their "liberty." That is, they would be cast out, nobody knows where or how.

In the factories where food stuffs are made, adulterations of alum, chalk, sand, glucose, various poisonous acids and coloring matters are used, not for the benefit of consumers; the consumers would be glad to have pure, wholesome food; the consumers want pure food. But the profit-makers—by their flourish through the power of adulteration. Poison food is sold for the sake of profit in Chicago.

Buildings are owned in Chicago by "law abiding" citizens; by citizens who are the "back bone of the nation;" citizens who erect splendid churches, in which they worship the meek and lowly Nazarene, and these buildings are let to renters for the purpose of running saloons, houses of ill repute, gambling hells, low theatres,

and for the practice of every vice that is conceived in the brain of "civilized" man. Young men are deceived into these places, betrayed and ruined. The future social life is menaced—but so long as there is profit in it, what boots the ruin of youths? Briefly interpreted, the philosophy of the modern citizen would seem to run like this: "Today we will eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The disaster at the Iroquois theatre tells a story of its own. Even the most hardened, the most shameless of capitalist papers, have openly admitted that the greed for gold, the desire for profit, was at the bottom of the whole matter. Public opinion became agitated, and the city's mayor, together with other prominent citizens, were arrested for criminal negligence, for selling their better judgment to the property holders for a "mess of pottage," for a political pull, or a "haul" in some financial venture. Profit closed up the ears of the mayor, said the people, to the dangers that he knew threatened his fellow men, in the Iroquois and other theatre buildings.

But public opinion does not always intervene, and expose such rascality. There are sections in the city in which men, women and children are constantly meeting both swift and slow death through the criminal negligence of authorities. The sweat shops, the glass works, packing houses, smelters and other establishments where the workers of the world must congregate to furnish society with the necessities of life, are allowed to pass without serious criticism, without the censure of press and platform that would secure to these workers the safety of life and limb that

is justly theirs. The reason of this is that these people have no platform, no press. They are the "disinherited," the unrepresented. They are the profit-makers for the press and the platform, aside from their profit value the press and the platform have no interest in them, and assume no responsibilities for their sake. They exist in the midst of their vermin, breed their young there, feed them upon the cheap, adulterated food that does not nourish, watch them by the score, and to cover the horrors of a slow death themselves, drown their senses in alcohol, opium and poisoned tobaccos.

About half past five one afternoon, I stood on the edge of Lake Michigan, in Washington Park. The ground was white with snow, the spray from the waves of the lake was frozen and had piled up in mountainous ridges along the shore. A heavy fog had settled down over the water, and the electric lights shown dim through it. Here and there at our backs, stood white stone buildings, lingering testimonials of the once splendid "White City," a thing that had been built up with an eye to harmony and beauty and which had been a proof of what the ingenuity of man could accomplish, had he some other end in view save that of profit.

"Do you see that landing over there?" asked my companion, after a moment of impressive silence. I answered that I did, and my friend said: "One night during some strenuous times among the laboring people here, I stood upon that place and seriously debated with myself the advisability of burying my physical body in the waters of Lake Michigan, and thus avoid forever the horrors of a life in a capitalist city."

The waves came against the shore with a steady, ominous beat. I looked at the speaker. I remembered the coldness, the cruelty, the utter indifference to human life, to human joys, that existed in the city where Profit was concerned. I knew what it was to have young blood, a warm heart, a need for truth, and sympathy, and the opportunity for natural, human development.



HER SOUL COINED INTO PROFIT



A SOURCE OF PROFIT



THE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS



RESPECTABLE CAPITALIST

The Political Economy of Jesus

By ALLAN W. RICKER

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of Our Industries. N. A. Richardson. The Mills Bill. Ernest Untermann. The Communist Manifesto. Marx and Engels. Some Reasons Why Farmers Should Be Socialists. Wm. C. Green. A Possible Twentieth Century Trust. John Davison. Socialism and the Church. Rev. Wm. Thurston Brown. A Little Sentimental Socialism. Geo. Pyburn. Property. Geo. Pyburn. Cartoons and Comments. Fred D. Warren. Socialism. A. M. Simons. The Christ. Rev. Sumpter K. Hooper. The Municipality: From Capitalism to Socialism. Ernest Untermann. The Trial: Public Enemies vs. Socialism. Some "Credit Mobilier" Scraps. Geo. W. Bell. A Twentieth Century Message. James L. Cowles. The Industrial Revolution. Rev. Chas. H. Vail. The Attitude of the Socialists Toward the Trade Union. Frederick Engels. Development of Socialism from Utopia to Science. Frederick Engels. Socialist View of Waterbury Strike. Ben Rice. The Root of the Social Problem. J. D. Abbott. Machinery Question. G. B. Benham. The Tragedy of the Vote. John Sparzo. National Prohibition. W. L. Young.

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Socialism: Utopian and Scientific. Frederick Engels. His Life, His Work, and His Writings. May Wood Simons. Socialism: What It Is and What It Seeks. No Compromise. Wilhelm Liebknecht. Socialism and the Intellectuals. Paul Lafargue. The Economic Foundation of Art. A Study in Government. Henry E. Allen. In Memory of John P. Altgeld. Liberty. Clarence S. Darrow. Prison Labor. Eugene V. Debs. Socialism and Slavery. H. M. Hyndman. Government Ownership of Railways. The Living Wage. Robert Blatchford. Evolution of Industry. William Watkins. The Trust Problem. H. Gaylord Wilshire. A Primer of Socialism. G. C. Clemens. The Class War in Idaho. Job Harriman. The Crimes of Capitalism. G. B. Benham. Debsite. Leon and Harriman. What is Capitalism? Ferdinand Lassalle. Real Socialism. Robert Blatchford. The Object of the Labor Movement. Johann Jacoby. What Socialism Means. Sidney Webb. A Socialist's View of Religion and Nurture. Tom Mann. Socialism: A Reply to the Pope's Encyclical. Robert Blatchford. The Living Wage. Robert Blatchford. Sanctions for Socialism. C. C. Blitchcock. Unaccepted Challenges. Father McGrady. Why Physicians Should Be Socialists. Where We Stand. John Sparzo. Socialism and the Negro Problem. From Revolution to Revolution. Geo. D. Herron. Child Slaves in Free America. John Sparzo. Socialism and the Negro Problem. Rev. Chas. H. Vail. Hanford's Reply to Havemeyer. Ben Hanford. What Workingmen Want. Ben Hanford. The Misinformation of the World. Geo. D. Herron. Marx's Theory of Value. M. Hyndman. Socialism Made Plain. Robert Blatchford. The Story of the Red Flag. G. B. Benham. Patriotism and Socialism. G. B. Benham. Railroading in the United States. Ben Hanford. Single Tax Debate. Maguire and Harriman. The Proletariat. Karl Kautsky. Factious Trade Unionism. William Beatty. Was Jesus a Socialist? Wm. Leathman. The Land, Machinery, Inheritance. A. M. Simons. A New Thing About Trusts. J. A. Wayland. The Inquisitive Bad Boy. L. A. Stockwell. The American Farmer. F. G. R. Gordon. Farmer's Cause and Cure. F. G. R. Gordon. Waste of Competition. F. G. R. Gordon. New Zealand Is a Nutshell. Compilation from Records. Who are the Criminals? M. E. Lever. The Ethics of Socialism. C. C. Blitchcock. What is Socialism? Walter Thomas Mills. Socialism in a Nutshell. Compilation from Reports. Some Facts About Railroads. W. C. Sullivan. The Last Crisis. Walter. Introduction to Socialism. N. A. Richardson. Methods of Acquiring National Possession.

The Principles and Program of Socialism

By CARL D. THOMPSON

Ten Cents AND

Modern Socialism. Rev. Chas. H. Vail. Suggestions on Government. Sam Moffet. News from Nowhere. Sam Moffet. The Socialism of John Ruskin. The Socialism and Unsocialism of Thomas Carlyle. (Vol. II). The Economics of Herbert Spencer. The Communism of John Ruskin. Six Centuries of Work and Wages. Woman. J. E. Thorold Rogers. Twentieth Century Song Book. B. M. Lawrence. The Pullman Strike. Carwardine. The Truth About Socialism. John Collins. The Key That Fits the Lock. Elizabeth. Shrouds with Pockets (Illustrated). The Fabian Essays. English Socialists. The Workingman's Programme. Ferdinand Lassalle.

Thirty Cent Books.

The Republic. Plato. Socialism and Anarchism. (with 65 illustrations). Pichon.

Thirty-five Cent Books.

The Impending Crisis. Basil Bourdoff. Principles of Socialism. Rev. Chas. H. Vail. Horace Greeley and Other Pioneers of American Socialism. Chas. Sothern.

Forty Cent Books.

Value, Price and Profit. Karl Marx.

Fifty Cent Books.

The Pure Causeway. Evelyn H. Roberts. Beyond the Black Ocean. Father Thomas McGrady. Equality. Edward Bellamy. Looking Backward. Edward Bellamy. Man in the Past, Present and Future. Beucher.

The words of my friend were not empty words, I understood. We turned our faces to the lights of the city, and the expression of Frank in Wentworth, made at the time of Gov. Altgeld's funeral, "Bitter, bitter Chicago," came over me with the intensity of truth.

How long will it last? How long will our cities remain in the hands of the oppressors? How long will the people submit to it? How long will a system that crushes and debases its whole people endure? How long will the mothers refuse to see? How long will the fathers refuse to act? These are the questions that every earnest, comprehending Socialist is asking. "How long, oh, people, how long?"

Call for Contributions to the National Organizing Fund to Organize for Socialism.

National Headquarters, Socialist Party, Omaha, Neb., Feb. 11, 1904.

To the Members of the Socialist Party: Comrades—The plans now being developed and carried out by the National Headquarters for the purpose of strengthening the Socialist Party organization for the National campaign of this year require the assistance and support of Socialists everywhere.

The work done in this direction during the past year has already shown itself in an increased membership and a solidarity of purpose and action which promises still greater things for the future. To continue to extend the industry and activity of the Socialist Party into every part of the United States should be the ambition and desire of all Socialists.

The opposition to Socialist agitation surround us on every hand. Every daily newspaper points the lesson of the class struggle for us to send home to the minds and hearts of the working class from East and West, North and South, across the crash of industrial conflict. Steadily and inexorably the lines between the exploiting and exploited classes are becoming clearer and clearer drawn, so that none can ignore its deep significance. It is for us, the Socialists, to take advantage of these opportunities and use them for the furtherance of our cause.

The situation in Colorado, growing more and more acute demands our first attention. John W. King, New York, is one of the ablest and best equipped Socialist workers in America, is being placed in Colorado to cover the field under the direction of the working class committee. The National Committee assumes entire responsibility for Comrade King's expenses while in that state. Jas. T. Casey of Hawaii, will also give some time to the expense of the National Committee. Others will follow, if necessary.

In a short time organizers will be placed in the field for the special purpose of reaching the people speaking foreign languages. It is important that the large population of Germans, Bohemians, Italians, French, and other nationalities, daily growing larger, should be reached by Socialist organizers and literature, so that they will not continue to be used as cannon-fodder. Capable comrades have already been selected to do this important work.

In addition to this will be the agitating and organizing of the Socialist Party, the English speaking people in many states where organizations are not strong or matured. During 1903, the National Organizing Fund, which has been set up, where a Socialist speaker had never been heard before. This work must go on until the soil is well tilled and local movements developed.

Comrades, we ask you to assist in the consummation of our plans by subscribing what you can to the National Organizing Fund. The work so well begun should not be allowed to lag for want of sufficient support. If you receive one of our coin cards fill it out and return as soon as possible. If you have not received a card, one will be sent you upon request. If you do not care to use the card, a contribution by postal order or check will be as much appreciated. Only so something, if at all, able, to strengthen the party advance funds for the coming national struggle, which will test our strength to the utmost.

Send all remittances and communications to the National Secretary, Socialist Party, Omaha, Neb. Fraternally yours,
Victor L. Berger, Wisconsin.
John M. Werk, Iowa.
Wm. W. Weaver, Illinois.
S. M. Reynolds, Indiana.
Charles Dobbs, Kentucky.
National Secretary.
(SEAL) By Wm. Edw. Kelly, National Secretary.

How the Norwegian Paper is Published.

AGREEMENT. We, the undersigned, The Appeal Publishing Company, of Girard, Kansas, agree to print for E. L. Mengshoel, his next paper, the "Appeal," upon the following plan: We supply all type, print paper, ink, and all other material necessary for the printing of said publication, including postage, advance on the necessary living expenses of E. L. Mengshoel and his assistance, and do the necessary job printing; these expenses are to be charged against E. L. Mengshoel, until such time as he can repay the same; in the meantime, the Appeal Publishing Company, is to receive and care for all cash receipts, and to have a running account hereinbefore mentioned is repaid the Appeal Publishing Company, then the publication and all material then paid for, is to become the sole property of E. L. Mengshoel, and can be removed from or retained with the Appeal to Reason plant, according to further agreements in connection therewith.

THE APPEAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
E. L. MENGSHOEL.

Socialist Headquarters.
Utica, N. Y.—65 Hick st.
Kansas City, Mo.—602 E 12th st.; T. E. Palmer.
Hyde Park, Mass.—18 Elm street.
Oakland, Cal.—Large Hall under Galindo Hotel, 405 8th street.
Long Beach, Cal.—Free reading room, 813 Pine ave. (at High St.)
Springfield, Mass.—Ezra 2nd and 4th Tuesday at 469 Main street.
S. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.—1815 Carson street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Highway at 3d E. S. S. Sunday, 2:30 p. m. Monday, 10:30 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.—Twin Building, 316 Cedar street.
Dayton, O.—Reading room, 26 Pruden Building.
Washington, D. C.—Concordia Hall, 6th and E. N. W. Every Sunday afternoon, commencing during the location of Socialist Headquarters, in the reading room, etc. published in this column, will please send them in.

What To Do and How To Do It

By G. W. WOODBEY

Ten Cents AND The Three for 25 cents.

The Hand and the Torch



The bright torch of progress is lifted on high. To shine as a beacon in Liberty's sky...

Sage cannot have honestly earned his hundred million dollars, or one-thousandth part of it. It is evident to every sane man that the coal and metal in the earth cannot be the private property of any man...

"JEHUS."

In his address to the Citizen's Alliance, in St. Louis, behind closed doors, December 28, to which only those vouchered for by TWO members were admitted...

How long do you think Parry and his class would subsist if you were not everlastingly and continuously dumping the product of your toil at their feet...

"How long, O Lord, how long," will the creator remain subservient to the creature? Have not the mushroom aristocracy of America trodden the working class deep enough in the mire...

Private Property.

William Harrison Riley.

Strictly speaking, there is no private property, no man can exclusively own, as private property, his own body. The right to use some property is a birthright...

There is air enough for all, and all persons have an equal right to breathe it. There is water enough for all, and all persons have an equal right to drink it...

The able-bodied non-laborer is either a pauper, a thief or the receiver of stolen goods. Whatever property he uses is abstracted from the earnings of the laborer.

Each man is indebted for his existence to other men. For the implements he first uses he is indebted to other men, and he owes to others his education and his power to labor.

It is not necessary to use algebra to prove that the laborer has been robbed of their birthrights—that not only has their land been stolen but that the fruits of their labor are perpetually stolen.

All men may understand that the Duke of the Southland could not earn a right to exclusive ownership of the million acres of Scottish land...

SYSTEMATIC PROPAGANDA WORK.

Comrade Dr. Steward J. Spence, of Chattanooga, Tenn., submits the following excellent suggestions on a system of pamphlet distribution for Socialists...

Table listing various pamphlets and their prices, such as 'Parable of the Water Tank' for 40 cents.

FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

Immutable Law.

- 1. Wealth is the sum of desirable things. 2. All wealth comes out of the earth. 3. All wealth is produced by labor, directed by intelligence.

The landlords hold the land, and compel the workers to give up a large portion of the wealth they produce in rent...

These men, the capitalists and the landlords, rob you, live on you, and despise you. They hold you in a kind of slavery...

You will never free yourself until you give up leaning on any other class; until you begin to think about your own affairs; until you make up your mind to become united in mutual confidence, faithfulness and friendship into a solid army of workers with workers at your hand...

Blanchford.

Exploitation.

Exploitation of one class by another being the basis of civilization, its whole development involves a continual contradiction. Every progress of production is at the same time a retrogression in the condition of the oppressed class...

nize this, but even becomes rebellious. It is simply the worst ingratitude to its benefactors, the exploiters.—Engels.

Co-operation Under Capitalism.

Co-operation, such as we find it in the dawn of human development, among races who lived by the chase, or, say, in the agriculture of Indian communities, is based on the one hand on ownership in common of the means of production...

The Present State.

The state did not exist from all

eternity. There have been societies without it, that had no idea of any state of public power. At a certain stage of economic development, which was of necessity accompanied by a division of society into classes, the state became the inevitable result of this division.

A Startling Proposition.

In 1843 Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, wrote: "Telegraphic communication on my plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic. Startling as this may seem now, the time will come when this project will be realized."

"Socialism and the Intellectuals," "The Real Religion of Today," "Woman and the Social Problem," "Imprudent Marriages," "Morals and Socialism" and "After Capitalism What." are all good books to read. Price each 5c. six for 25c.

The eastern tour of A. M. and May Wood Simons will extend for five weeks from March 24 to April 28.

KAVA-KAVA--A WONDERFUL SHRUB, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY,

Positively Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Bladder Troubles, Dropsical Swellings, Cystitis, Nephritis, Diabetes, Nervous Debility, Malaria, Gout, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Pain in Back, Lumbago, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Difficult or Too Frequent Passing of Water, Female Complaints and Irregularities, and all Blood Impurities Due to Defective Action of the Kidneys.

THOUSANDS OF WITNESSES

TESTIFY TO ALKAVIS, Nature's Wonderful Curative. A Positive Specific Cure is Found in a New Botanical Discovery, the Wonderful KAVA-KAVA SHRUB, called the Piper Methysticum from the Ganges River, East India. It Produces Marvellous Results as its Successful Use on Hopeless Cases in Hospitals when all other Remedies Known to Medical Science Fail is Positive Proof.

From the Mayor of Cincinnati.



DEAR SIR: Your letter inquiring about the Church Kidney Cure Company is received. I can say in reply that I have known the officers of this Company for many years...



The Church Kidney Cure Company. Gentlemen:--As a rule we are unwilling to endorse any preparation the formula of which is not made public to the medical profession...

HOSPITALS ENDORSE ALKAVIS

ALBERT C. SMITH, HON. CHARLES J. NOYES, F. H. WALLACE, Pres't and Treas. Vice-Pres't Secretary W. C. CLARKE, Superintendent.

The Suffolk Hospital and Dispensary

4 CHARTER STREET, BOSTON.

Number of Patients Registered January 1, 1900. - 52,798 Average Attendance Per Day. - 48

Boston, Sept. 18, 1901.

As a sample of my preparation the formula of which is not made public to the medical profession, but the use of your product has so fully convinced us of its remedial value that our objection has been overcome.

Let us say in a word, that we have tested it on some chronic cases of BLADDER and RHEUMATIC trouble, and it has cured WHEN OLD AND ESTABLISHED COMPOUNDS HAVE WHOLLY FAILED.

Yours most truly, D. C. Smith

Very truly yours, J. H. S.

CIVILIZATION AND OLD AGE.

"You are too old to work."

This was the message on New Year from his employers, for whom he had worked for years, that Ernest Burkhardt, Baltimore, Md., received. He was 67. Old, with nothing and no work, he stood it until January 1st...

Teddy The Terror. I notice that Teddy the Terror to the Plutes sent a check for \$100 the other day to a lady and gentleman who had named their twentieth brat after the Famous Advocate of More Animals to Tax.

SYSTEMATIC PROPAGANDA WORK.

Comrade Dr. Steward J. Spence, of Chattanooga, Tenn., submits the following excellent suggestions on a system of pamphlet distribution for Socialists...

New Democrats Love Liberty.

At the investigation of the oyster canning-trouble a few weeks since it developed that people had been arrested without warrant, forced to return to work at the point of a gun and in other ways had their rights invaded...

All Oregon readers of the Appeal are requested to send to Marcus W. Robbins, Grants Pass, Oregon, for a copy of the new Oregon State paper, "The Real Issue."

From the Governor of Iowa.

STATE OF IOWA. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 30. GEORGE KIDNEY CURE CO.

It gives me great satisfaction to be able to say that your "Alkavis" had the most gratifying and beneficial effects in the case of my friend, Mr. ...

From what I have seen of the great success of this new botanical remedy in this and other cases, I must congratulate you on having made by this discovery a most important and valuable addition to the means of relieving human suffering and prolonging human life.

Grand J. Jackson, Governor of Iowa.

A Free Trial to Every Reader

A great physician once declared that Nature has provided in the fields of Botany a sure Remedy for every disease if man had the ability to discover it. As disease is the disturbance of some natural function of the body, so Nature provides a remedy for such disturbance...

In the short time that ALKAVIS, the KAVA-KAVA SHRUB COMPOUND (one of the very few Reliable Remedies), has been before the American public, its cures have been numbered by the thousands.

The following testimonials recently received by us are only samples of what are sent us daily by influential people who have been cured by our Wonderful Specific.

Free Trial Treatment to Every Reader Great Discovery, "ALKAVIS," we will send, FREE, by Mail, One Large Case with...

Strong Endorsement

By Mr. J. T. DAVIS, President of the J. T. Davis & Co., Chicago, Ill. CHICAGO, October 21, 1902.

DEAR SIR: I wish to say a word for your "Alkavis" as a cure for Rheumatism. A lady, a very poor one, was suffering from an acute attack of Muscular Rheumatism; she applied to the Local Physicians who did all in their power for her, but she found no relief...

Alkavis Saved Her Life.

The most able Specialist of Harper's Hospital, Detroit, Mich., and six other Prominent Physicians pronounced her case hopeless.

DEAR SIR: I have no hesitation in recommending Alkavis, after what it did for me. For thirteen years I suffered with Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Secretary of the Board of Health,

Bourbon, Ind., writes: DEAR SIR:--Mr. Frank Burkey a prominent farmer of this vicinity, aged about 55, has been a terrible sufferer from Kidney and Bladder trouble for over a score of years...

At frequent intervals his Liver, Kidneys, Bladder and Bowels were so very badly affected that he was unable to do his work...

From his hypodermic injections of morphine at times failed to relieve his agony, and at times chloroform had to be resorted to, to relieve him of his terrible sufferings.

It stood and would not move. I grew weaker and lost 47 pounds in weight, six or eight times a night could not sleep, was very nervous, suffering with pain in legs and feet, in fact all over.

Free Trial Treatment to Every Reader Great Discovery, "ALKAVIS," we will send, FREE, by Mail, One Large Case with...

Physicians Endorse Alkavis.

Dr. Sterling Hays, of Rockville, Tenn., writes as follows: The Church Kidney Cure Co. GENTLEMEN:--I have been prescribing your product for Kidney and Bladder Disease for nearly four years with satisfaction to myself and patients...

Scientific Rheumatism Cured.

It is with pleasure that I testify to the worth of "Alkavis" I had been troubled for years with occasional attacks of Sciatica. Tried two physicians and neither one cured me.

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It is not the machine that is master of the machine tender— it is the private ownership of the machine that wields the lash. We are not the slaves of the machines, but the machine owners.

COMING NATION

As long as men consent to operate machines they do not own, they may expect to remain the slaves of the men who own the machines they do not operate.

HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY

It seems to me that the workingman who reads the papers and thinks, cannot fail to see the utter hopelessness of fighting capitalism anywhere except upon the political field. The development of machinery goes steadily on, the army of the unemployed grows larger and larger, and the fight for the jobs becomes more and more intense. Of what avail is a "pure and simple" trade unionism with the jobs becoming scarcer every day, through a glutted market and the introduction of machinery? Thomas A. Edison has just perfected his commercial phonograph and made it practicable for taking court testimony. The record is capable of taking several letters; it can be shaved 175 times, making it cheaper than letter paper. With one pair of machines, one typewriter can do the work of eight under the present system. It is the same old prosperity that the old time printers voted for and were displaced by the linotypes; it's the prosperity that the stenographers voted for and now they are getting it in great big gobs. And I was just reading of the new machine "lumberman," that neither eats or wears clothes or goes on strike. It was invented by T. W. Younger, an Oregon railroad man. It's a sort of pneumatic saw in the form of a pneumatic engine. One of these saws cuts through a pine tree five feet in diameter in five minutes, where formerly it took two men at least an hour. When the trees have been felled, two or more of these non-striking "lumbermen" are set to work cutting the trees into logs, and work that woodmen could not do in three hours is now done in fifteen minutes. Hundreds of wielders of the ax are being displaced by these machines. And so it goes. And there is but one remedy: The workers who make the machines, use the machines and must depend upon them for the means of life, must own them.

Any fool can make a bluff, but it takes a wise man to make good.

Every title deed stands as a record of a cog slipped by the wheel of justice.

Empty coal bins, empty stomachs and empty pockets, are the product of empty heads.

Prof. Andrews wants to kill off all those who are deficient in mind. The question is: Who will be the judge?

The hardest thing a working class movement has to contend with is the hide-bound prejudices of its own class.

Those people who are so fearful that Socialism will break up the home might study the divorce court records with profit.

As long as the capitalist system exists, Socialists have no choice but to use the machinery of that system to further the ends of Socialism.

Electricity always follows the line of least resistance, so does everything else. That's why society is headed for Socialism at express train speed.

Hanna says there are two jobs for every man. Mark is right, but the trouble is the capitalists have got most of these jobs locked up. Socialism is the key that fits the lock.

When the trade unions begin sending their representatives to Washington with certificates of election instead of petitions, there will be something doing worth while talking about.

The great mass never follow an unpopular movement. There is nothing to fear from "foggy" Socialism until the movement gets large enough and popular enough to attract the big crowd.

I read a statement the other day that no honest man need be afraid of the law. Strikes me that it makes quite a bit of difference as to who interprets the law. If it's the kind of interpretation they grind out in Colorado, honest men had better take to the woods.

A friend of mine, who is a physician, tells me that the skull of a millionaire and a tramp are so near alike that you can't tell one from the other. Who would ever have thought it? And yet it seems logical—neither do any work, and both live off the labor of their brothers.

The lock-out of the building trades of Pittsburg, Pa., brought on by a strike of the plumbers, has just ended. The employers won and the "open shop" policy will prevail. It was a bitter fight and cost \$1,000,000. The working class, as usual, pays the bill. Will the workers never learn to strike at the ballot box and win?

Trace a common custom back to its source and you find it springs from a common necessity. Today misrepresentation (rude people call it lying) in business transactions is a common custom which springs from a common necessity arising from the prevailing methods of business—the necessity of skinning or being skinned.

A split in the ranks of the ruling class is no indication that a class struggle does not exist. The ruling class may divide into factions and fight over a division of the spoils, wrung from the working class, but these factions solidify and become as one the instant the foundation of their existence—the capitalist mode of production—is threatened by the exploited class.

Speaking of the recent livery drivers' strike in Chicago, Father Sherman is quoted as saying: "When men have no respect for the dead, surely they have none for the living." Now, I should put it this way: "When men have no respect for the living, surely they have none for the dead." And that is exactly the condition that exists in our capitalist society today. When we have respect for the living workmen of this country, there will be no lack of respect for the dead.

And why should not a labor union go into politics as a union? What is a Union for, anyway, if it is not to better the condition of its members? They spend thousands of dollars sending lobbyists to congress and the legislatures to petition for legislation that they never get, or if they do get, the supreme court knocks it into a cocked hat the first time it gets troublesome to their masters, the capitalists. The way I look at it, the unions will either go into politics or out of business, one of the two, and right quick.

The Rev. W. M. Lawrence at an army banquet in Chicago the other day, said: "We are living in a day when a man needs to be told that this flag gives to every man the right to think, the right to believe, and the right to work." All very good, but they tell it differently in Colorado. In that land of bull pens and capitalistic bandits every man has the



Labor, through trade unionism, is making a strenuous fight to keep off the wolves of capitalism. If he would use the weapon that the Socialist party stands ready to hand him, there wouldn't be any wolves—at least there wouldn't be any live ones in the form of interest, rent or profits.

right to think, but must keep his thoughts to himself; every man has a right to believe what he pleases, provided the "Hessian" military officers don't find it out; every man has the right to work under the conditions laid down by the Colorado Fuel Co. Sweet land of liberty!

Socialism cannot exist under capitalism, nether can capitalism exist under Socialism.

The habit of the human race to eat, wear clothes and live in houses is what is bringing Socialism.

The capitalists are always willing to divide the losses with the workers, provided they are allowed to superintend the division.

Some men's brains seem not to be subject to the laws of evolution—in their minds they are still knocking coconuts off the trees.

If the poor knew how they were robbed as well as the rich know it, there wouldn't be any "step at a time" methods in changing the system.

I see the newspapers are again discussing the question: "Why do the farmer boys flock to the city?" That's easy: They follow that will-o'-the-wisp—a job.

The farmer is about the worst exploited man on earth, but only about one out of fifty of him knows it, and if he does know it he doesn't know why.

Every intelligent man knows that the greatest problem that faces the world today is that of the unemployed. Ask your republican friend if his party has any solution.

Even Mark Hanna is claiming to be a Socialist; he calls it "Higher Socialism," I believe. That's a new brand with which I am not familiar, and I have no idea what it is unless he means Socialism "beyond the clouds." I can give Mark

the tip right now that his "Higher Socialism" will never become popular with the empty dinner pail crowd; they are waking up and looking for Socialism this side of the moon.

The question that faces the workers today is not whether they will accept lower wages, but will many thousands of them get any wages at all.

Under Socialism we will have an industrial government, not a political one; directors of industry, not hirings of capitalism, to divide up the "graft."

In my judgment the empty stomach vote will always out-number the intelligent vote. The only thing necessary is to see that the intelligent vote is large enough to act as a sort of guide and keep the unthinking mass headed right.

A great many of the "Me and Morgan" fellows who some time ago bough U. S. Steel stock at \$80 and \$90 per share, and who would now be glad to unload at \$60 per share, have just been notified that they may return to work in THEIR mills at a reduction of 10 per cent in their already miserable pittance.

If it be true, as charged, that Samuel Gompers intends to use his power and influence as president of the American Federation of Labor to co-operate with Mr. Parry's Manufacturers' Association in fighting the Western Federation of Miners, Frank Curry, the notorious strike breaker, had better look to his laurels.

The cab and livery drivers of St. Louis are on strike. Gov. Dockery is out with a manifesto in which he declares he will protect the funerals from mobs. Wonder if I was in St. Louis, out of a job and hungry, if the governor would call out the militia to protect me from starvation? The slave without a master is too cheap to notice, but there is a profit to be made in burying a dead one, and he must be protected until that profit has been extracted.

Report of Receipts and Disbursements of the APPEAL TO REASON

For the Month of January, 1904.

Financial report table with columns for Expenditures for week ending Jan. 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th, and a Summary section. Includes sub-totals for Receipts and Expense.

THE FINNEGAN STORY

HERE was a new face among the gang the other night. Finnegan introduced him to the boys as the Country Editor. The country Editor smiled his acknowledgment of the introduction, and told Finnegan to pass the cheroots and charge it up to his account.

Finnegan didn't do a credit business, but as he had half-way promised to take the new paper, he passed the cigars and made the entry in his note book.

"I suppose," remarked the Blacksmith, "that you will go into politics?"

"Well, hardly," replied the C. E. "The mission of the Weekly Caroot will be to tell the news and the truth, and let politics alone. There's nothing in politics, unless you have a graft of this kind," and he picked up a copy of the Colorado special of the Appeal, which the Station Agent had passed around a few moments before the Country Editor made his debut.

"So?" remarked the Station Agent, as he feigned surprise.

"Sure, I know all about that concern—lived out in Kansas myself. Why, sir, that man Wayland is simply skinning you suckers out of your eye teeth. They tell me that he carts over the letters by the wagon load, from the postoffice, and every one of them contains money. These dupes work for nothing, and the Appeal and the fellows back of it reap a harvest. It's a blamed shame, and I think in the next issue of the Weekly Caroot I shall expose the whole rotten game."

"By a graft, you mean the working of a game to get something for nothing?" asked the Station Agent.

"That's what I mean," snapped the Country Editor, who was becoming irritated by the Station Agent's method of questioning.

"Then, you wish us to understand that the Appeal is getting something for nothing when it sends me a copy of a four to ten page paper each week, for 52 weeks, for 25 cents?" continued the S. A., without noticing the C. E.'s irritation.

"Well, that's about the size of it," replied that worthy, with less assurance in his voice.

"Let's see—you just asked Friend Finnegan to subscribe for your paper, and wanted a dollar for fifty-two copies," mused the Station Agent, with a far-away look on his bland countenance.

"Well—er—you see—it's different," stammered the country pusher of the pencil, beginning to dimly catch the drift of the S. A.'s remarks.

"Oh, it is," remarked the Station Agent, with just the faintest suspicion of a smile hovering about the corners of his mouth. "Pray tell us in what way Wayland works a graft on his readers at 25 cents per year, while you do a perfectly legitimate business at \$1 and furnish your readers with a less quantity of paper—laying aside all consideration of the quality of the matter?"

The Country Editor looked worried and cast a furtive glance at the door, but thought better of it, as the stalwart form of the Blacksmith intervened.

"The fact is," and the Station Agent shook his finger at the shrinking form of the New Editor, "that a lot of you fellows are unable to meet the sledge hammer blows in the Appeal week after week, and in order to discredit it in the eyes of the working class, you howl graft, because you have been reared in that atmosphere and can't get away from what you see about you every day. It may be true that the Appeal to Reason receives so many letters every day that it takes a dray to haul 'em from the postoffice—and I hope it is true—and that next month it will take two drays, and before the campaign is ended, I hope you will come around and tell me that it requires a half dozen wagons to haul the orders for subscriptions and papers to the Appeal office. I know but little about the paper business, but I have common sense enough to know that if the balance of you fellows are getting 50 cents and \$1 a year for your papers, that I am getting my full money's worth when I pay a quarter for a year's subscription to the Appeal. Here's a bundle of 100 Appeals which I just received, which cost me 50 cents."

The Station Agent slapped the bundle on the counter scales. It weighed twelve and one-half pounds, after the wrapper had been removed.

"What does paper cost?" he asked of the Country Editor.

"Why, I pay about three cents per pound, but the Appeal gets the car load rate, and I should say it was about two and three-quarters a pound, any way."

"All right," continued the agent, "what is the rate of postage?"

"One cent per pound."

"That makes a total of three and three-quarters of a cent per pound, and there are twelve and one-half pounds in the package."

The Station Agent pulled out his pencil and commenced to figure, while the gang awaited the result with breathless expectation. The Country Editor looked uncomfortable.

"That makes a fraction less than 47c in paper and postage for that package of papers, which cost me 50c, to say nothing of cost of labor, wrapping, etc."

A profound silence.

"Well, boys," announced the S. A., as he prepared to leave, "if that is what they call a graft, I wish the whole darn business of the country was conducted on the same basis. I would have bought this suit of clothes for \$6 instead of paying \$20 for it."

The independence of the average farmer has grown so small and feeble that he doesn't have to lock it up nights when he goes to bed.

THE MISSION OF THE APPEAL.

(Continued from first page.)

goal, than with that vast expanse of country neglected? Is it to our discredit that we have sent the gospel of Socialism to the exploited farmers of this vast Mississippi valley, and that we are ever reaching out for new eyes to see our literature?

Is it something to regret that a Socialist paper had the means to send a special correspondent to Colorado, to give capitalism such an exposure as it never had in this broad land?

In the last analysis, a tree must be judged by its fruit. To carry out the figure of speech, the Appeal is a propaganda tree, and its fruit should be Socialists.

Is it bearing the fruit?

The lines quoted at the beginning of this article, and the messages printed in the Army column each week, eloquently answer these questions. Aye, better yet, the \$180.00 which in one week was paid in on the League fund, for propaganda purposes, and the orders for 250,000 extra papers that were listed before a single copy of the paper was seen, speaks of confidence in this paper which no words can express. A. W. E.

S. A. Cramer of lawful age, being first duly sworn on his oath deposes and says, that he is bookkeeper and accountant for the Appeal Publishing Company. That he has had charge of said company's books since November 4th, 1903, and that the above statement contains a full account of all receipts and expenditures from January 2nd to January 29th, 1904.

S. A. CRAMER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this (Seal) T. J. KARR, Notary Public. My commission expires October 15, 1905. 23rd day of February, 1904.