

Statement of the Appeal Publishing Co. Cash on hand July 25, 1904. Receipts 2 weeks ending Aug. 6, 2011.31 Expenses 2 weeks ending Aug. 6, 2011.11 Balance on hand Aug. 6, 2011.20 Obligations \$111.50



FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. Six Months 25 Cents. Clubs of four or more 25 cents. This is Number 455. Appeal to Reason. GIRARD, KANSAS, U. S. A., August 20, 1904.



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.

"If that damned Appeal to Reason could be squelched we could have things our own way in Colorado."—James Outeault, capitalist, Pueblo, Colo.

The Appeal positively refuses to be squelched. There's too much to be done. The joy of taking a swat at decaying capitalism is too great to give up the ship—even to accommodate Capitalist Outeault.

At present the Appeal Army is engaged in the work of giving wide publicity to Comrade Debs' reply to Cleveland's unjust attack. When McClure refused to give him space to talk back to the ex-president, these conceited capitalistic supporters thought the incident was closed.

It's just begun! Comrade Debs writes: "From the number of letters that are coming here the special Appeal is awaited with great interest, and will render a great service to the cause. Suppose you set the mark at 2,000,000 and see how near you can make it. You only have to have two thousand comrades order 1,000 each, or five thousand comrades order 400 each. It can be done! Suppose you make the call for some comrade to head the list with an order for 5,000 and sow his county with them. There should be a large number to take 5,000, and perhaps you will find some one to make it 10,000. I believe you can break all records, and if you set the mark at 2,000,000 you will make it and start a new era under full pressure and at full speed."

You can very readily understand why this is a personal matter with Comrade Debs. After years of silent forbearance, after countless jibes, after months of imprisonment, after patiently bearing the calumny heaped upon him by the lackeys of capitalism—and last, but by no means least, the personal attack by Cleveland in one of the most widely circulated magazines in the country—he feels that the time has come to speak, and he wants to have his message carried to the remotest corners of the earth.

Will you stand shoulder to shoulder with the man who licked the mighty Railroad Managers' Association in 1894, and who, today, is leading a victorious fight against capitalism?

Stand up and be counted. Hundreds of the comrades of the Appeal Army have already got to the front, and are arranging to open the campaign.

Comrade Elliott, of San Diego, telegraphs his order for 2,000. Who will be the next?

When the union brick-layers working on the soldiers' barracks, Washington City, demanded that the work be done under right conditions, the government officials laid them off and put negroes to finish the work. Of course the union brick-layers of the country will continue to elect the Teddys, the Rough-riders and the hoodlums to office, just the same. The administration has such a love for the working class that it would be in gratitude indeed not to have every member use his vote to help the capitalists control the nation. The meanest scab is the workingman who votes the capitalistic ticket.

J. S. Cowden, the comrade who helped the Appeal get a second-class entry for the Daily Appeal, is a government clerk in Washington. He was arrested for speaking on the streets there recently AND SENT TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM. This is another way of fighting Socialism and getting rid of Socialist agitators. Any man is crazy who wants to change the present capitalistic graft system—according to the capitalist courts. They stop at no crime.

I ask you candidly if you think this arrangement is right? It needs no argument on my part to convince you that this picture clearly portrays the present arrangement. Who is it rides in the automobile which workingmen make? Who is it rides in the palace cars which workingmen make? Who is it enjoys the music from the beautiful-toned piano which workingmen make? Who is it lives in the mansions which workingmen build? Who is it spends the summer at Newport and the seaside resorts—made possible by the labor of workingmen? Mr. Workingman, your wife and children would enjoy these things just as well as the boss' wife and children. They are yours for the asking. Vote for the wife and children just once this fall.



PANIC IN ENGLAND.

Dispatches from England tell of the most severe industrial depression that has visited that nation; workshops are closed or running half time; savings banks deposits are being consumed; cost of living rapidly increasing, and the army of enforced idleness mounting into the millions. The wise guys who write about it say that "money is scarce"—but there is just as much English money now as a year ago. The trouble is that it has all been gathered into fewer hands. No money has been destroyed, the crops are as good, the products of a day's labor as great. What an insane system people support and refuse to listen to those who wish to change it. There is plenty in England, but it is all in the hands of a few idlers and not in the hands of the people whose labor produced it. Same here. Great is capitalism! Do you know what that means?

"I say that you never advocated that a man's home or farm would be taken and owned in common; I take the position that only the things collectively used would be collectively owned. Again they say that if a man has a few thousand dollars he can't invest it; what good would it do him? Again I say that things privately used would be privately owned."—J. R. Snapp, Apache, Ok.

Socialism does not contemplate taking away the homes and farms, but of making it possible for all to have homes and farms who use them. Socialism demands that ALL the means of production and distribution shall be collectively or commonly owned, to the end that the workers shall have the full social product of their labor. If any were privately owned, the owner would demand something for that ownership. The home building might or might not be privately owned, just as a majority think best for themselves. Collectively owned and built and cared for by a department of the government, much better homes could be furnished for a given amount of labor than if each shall have to provide an individual building as is now done. Houses constructed by the millions certainly could be constructed for half the labor that single houses built by individuals could. And the object would be to get the best possible results with the least possible labor or exertion—not the most exertion. Privately owned homes would not interfere with the demand for Socialism. There could be both privately and publicly owned homes at the same time.

As for the farms (means of production), they would be public property. Nor would any one want private property in land when collective work on the land could and would produce two to ten times as much as would individual effort. That is the public farms would pay each member working many times as much as one could make working alone for himself with the necessarily crude machinery now used on such farms. You will understand this if you will read Simon's "American Farmer." If it cannot be proven BEST for the farmers, then collective ownership of the lands will not and should not be.

There would be no place in which to invest money to get pay for the use of it, under Socialism. The public would have all the wealth its citizens would need and they certainly would not give up part of their labor to any one when they had all they could use.

"The conception of Socialism is, in substance, that the prudent, industrious and sober shall share the results of their labor and self-denial with the reckless, lazy and dissolute."—San Francisco Chronicle, July 31.

Now, will the Chronicle please cite us just one reputable Socialist or Socialist worker advocating any such an insane demand? Never was such a condition advocated by any Socialist. The Chronicle simply makes a bald statement without any foundation of truth—does it feloniously, because it desires to mislead. Just such a condition, however, prevails today. The working class produce the wealth and the idle, lazy, dissolute class exploit it from the workers and use it in licentious and dissolute living. It is to stop just such theft that Socialism is coming on the stage of political action, and it is the fear that it will stop it that the Chronicle makes the effort to mislead the voters, so that they will continue to elect such men as the Chronicle supports and who support the Chronicle. All the wealth of the United States, no matter what its form, is the product of the working class, and it is possessed almost wholly by the men who did not even help to produce it. The Socialists demand that the products of labor shall go to the workers and NOT to the shirkers—just the opposite of what the Chronicle says they do. Such papers as the Chronicle have been misleading the working class for generations, and is in the possession of some of the stolen booty taken from them. Hence its fear that the rising intelligence of the workers will discover the swindle and change conditions so the theft and dividing up will cease. More people are waking up to the deception, and the nightmare of Socialism haunts the thieves and grafters.

"The issue is the establishment of the people's sovereignty. It is not only a labor question, nor simply a question of capitalism, but a question of monopoly. Shall the monopoly of the political power of the country be in all the people or continued in the ruling few? It is the people against the monopolists."—Samuel Gompers.

Suppose the people did take the political power into their own hands, what would they do with it? If they left the industrial power in the hands of the corporations, would not the corporations have the same power over the working class that they have today? The people now have all the political power that they can have. If every man were given two or three hundred votes the results would remain the same. If men like Gompers had properly taught the men who pay them big salaries to look after their interests, the workingmen would know that it is industrial power that they are organized to fight, and that industrial power can only be had by using their political power to control the industries. In other words, the industries must be owned and operated by the working class before the working class can control them and thus control their own lives. Gompers prefers to have little slices on the side from the capitalists, and hence keeps the working class ignorant of the proper action to take. To FORCE candidates to pledge themselves for laws in the interest of labor is sheer idiocy. When men have to be FORCED to do a thing it shows they are enemies of that thing, and will not carry out the wishes of those who have forced them, if it can be avoided—and it can always be avoided, as it has been. See?



There may be a slight difference in the ears, but that's all.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

- One year 50c
Six months 25c
In clubs of four and over, per year..... 25c

The 25 cent rate will continue in force until January 1st, after which it is likely the heavy advance in the price of white paper by the trust will necessitate a revision of the subscription rates.

In 1900 the price of printing paper, such as is used by the Appeal, was laid down in Girard for \$1.65 per 100 pounds. Today the same paper costs \$2.55. This increase of 90 cents per hundred pounds does not look large, but when you consider that it will require more than 1,000,000 pounds of white paper to print the Appeal for the year 1904, you can see that it makes a difference of nearly \$10,000 in the expense account of the paper. The paper trust—one of the most formidable in the United States—has each year added to the price of white paper, until it has reached a point where it seems possible for the Appeal to continue publication at the old subscription rates. I will, however, agree to accept all subscriptions sent in before the first of January at the regular club rate of 25 cents, when sent in clubs of four or over. No single subscriptions will be accepted for less than 50c per year, or 25c for six months.

Eighty thousand men have been laid off in the collieries of two counties in Pennsylvania, caused by "lack of business." The cotton mills of the east have closed the doors to some sixty thousand operatives. Hundreds of smaller shut-downs and strikes are in operation. The people would know nothing of these things except for the labor press. A whole state might fall out of existence, the country might be partially overrun by an invader, and the people elsewhere would not know of it, if it were to the interest of the ruling class to prevent their knowing and suppressing the news. That is the reason the rich have bought up the press of the country and use it to keep people in ignorance of the schemes to rob the people and hold them in subjection. And the people read what their rulers have prepared for them and imagine that they are posted on public affairs—while the real purposes of actions are kept in the dark.

Chicago druggists are being convicted of selling cocaine to boys. Whereupon the Record-Herald has an editorial on "Poisoning Boys for Profit," just as if any crime has any other motive—for instance the crime of the Record-Herald of poisoning the minds of the public with false teaching about public matters, or concealing the truth to cater to the profits derived from those who conduct business. The daily press has been miseducating the public for years—catering to the corporate interests for PROFIT, and that crime is the cause of the one concerning the poisoning of the boys, for which that and other capitalistic papers are just as guilty as the druggists who actually pour out the poison. Those who uphold the profit system are responsible for the acts done for profit. You, reader, are as guilty as those who bribe or perjure or shed blood, if you vote to uphold such an unholy, unchristian and murderous industrial system.

The bank at White Pigeon, Mich., has run up the white flag and surrendered to the general prosperity. It scooped the suckers' money who deposited.

CAUSE OF CORRUPTION.

Ben Hanford, Socialist Candidate for Vice-President. Socialism will remove the incentive to profit-making, and it is profit-making that is the main-spring of all corruption. It is this that corrupts legislatures and buys the government. People talk about the corruption in the postoffice, but who are the greatest corrupters of the postoffice department? It is the railroads with their fraudulent contracts. The corrupters are not the engineers, the firemen, the conductors and trainmen, nor the workingmen, but the profit-making capitalists behind the road. The postoffice does not corrupt the railroads; it is the railroads that corrupt the postoffice. If the railroads were owned by the people there would be no temptation of the railroads to corrupt the postoffice. Public ownership would do away with the largest source of corruption in the postal department.

MR. DAVENPORT IS RIGHT.

"We are at the door of the greatest danger to civilization ever known, compared to the struggle of 1776 and the secession were mere trifles. You may think I am exaggerating, but you do not realize that the very foundation of civilization is threatened. Civilization has been built up by a few competent men who command and the rest obey. This ROCK OF MASTER AND SERVANT IS THREATENED BY THE FORCES OF REVOLUTION."—McDaniel Davenport, of Bridgeport, Conn., at the Cincinnati Parry meeting.

Editor of Appeal to Reason—Dear Sir: Under the cooperative plan you advocate, would not the incentive to succeed in any line of work or business disappear? Is not the desire to possess property the direct cause of extraordinary effort in all branches of industry? If the inventor was permitted to just have sufficient for his immediate wants, and no more, would he not be content to do just sufficient to entitle him to this, and no effort on his part would be made to exercise his inventive abilities? If so, under your plan the country and humanity at large would be deprived of many benefits, which could be charged directly to your system.

Again, under any system, cooperative or otherwise, there must of necessity be different kinds of labor, manual, clerical, etc. Take, for instance, A and B, both have equal ability and there are two positions to fill: one mental or laborious, and the other what is considered of a higher grade of service: would not which ever one was assigned to the most disagreeable task be dissatisfied and demand that he was as much entitled to the favored job as the other, and would he not be?

It is not skilled and efficient service entitled to higher remuneration than unskilled and indifferent, and would not your plan act as a deterrent to the former? What would you do with the class known as the hobo, that would not work under any system, present or co-operative?

I have been reading the Appeal for six months, and your theories look good, but give me something practical. Saying a thing is so and dealing in generalities, and charging all the ills of the middle or working classes to the present system, without giving specific details how to remedy them, other than telling them how to vote, does not appeal to my reason. However, you have gotten me interested, and I am willing to be convinced. If you have space to spare, I would like to hear from you through your paper.—L. A. Bolin, Los Angeles, Calif.

One who would understand any science should read text books on that science. The Appeal is an agitator rather than a teacher in the advanced class of economics. The average man will not read books. I take pleasure in sending you a book list. If you will select some of the higher priced books and remit for them, I will refund your money when you shall have read and returned them.

I will, however, answer, in brief, your questions. The appropriation of one's fellows is the real incentive to all action after the necessities of life are supplied. I would prefer to be at the head of the Appeal than at the bottom, even if the pay was the same.

The desire to possess property has much to do with progress, but that alone does not account for it all. If it did, why was not the progress made centuries ago, for the desire then for property was as much an inherent part of human nature as it is today? Great properties are not wanted for property's sake, but for the power it gives, and power is HONORED and feared. Men make great exertion to get great properties, even when the possession brings an added burden and not a blessing—because it also brings honor or adulation.

Make it possible for all to develop the genius that lies dormant in the nation and you will have many times the improvements and progress we have today. Do you suppose, for instance, that there are not many hundreds of men who have as natural a genius for electricity as Edison or Tesla, whose environments have prevented them from even learning the simplest rudiments of the science? You remember Gray, in his elegy in a churchyard, points out this when he says:

But knowledge to their eyes had ample space. Rich with the spoils of time, their unroll'd: Chill penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial currents of the soul.

An Edison or a Tesla would invent, even in poverty, if they could, for they love their work. If they did not love it they would not work, for they are rich and could quit. As Ruskin says, "No great work was ever written nor great painting ever painted for money—but for the love of the work or the love of the master." The greatest part of the genius today is engaged in doing ill-work rather than good work; is engaged in scheming how to get wealth others create rather than create wealth. This because their genius is diverted or the right conditions are not present for them to develop that for which nature better intended them.

Whatever men desire that men will strive for along the lines of least resistance. If men desire no better methods, then men would not do anything to produce better methods.

Men have various natural aptitudes. Some have a genius for one thing and some another. Men do the best work at such things as they like—not because it is less physical work, but because it is in harmony with their thoughts or desires. Socialism would give each child the gamut of all occupations and the teacher would watch and be quick to let the child follow that which it best liked. Such as developed no peculiar aptitude would stand low in the scale of scholarship and would be at the foot of the class. Failing in the examinations, it would have to do such things as its grade would determine. If it was dissatisfied with this and had the ambition to rise in the scale or grade, it would have to devote itself to study and pass some of the lower ones, and it would take their place and they would have to accept the lower place. But any place would give each worker not only the necessities of life, but all the luxuries that any could enjoy. If he were dissatisfied he would have only himself to blame for not grading up. It would be to the interest of all to have him in the place where he would do the highest work. He would thus have nothing working against his rise.

The hobo did not appear on the earth until capitalism came, and will disappear with capitalism. Under Socialism the man who, being able, would not work, could be made to work or permitted to starve. Today thousands who will not work live like kings, while some tramp in preference to working for such a pittance that they would not have any more at the end of the year than those who work. For how much over his mean fare and living does the worker have at the end of the year? And hasn't the hobo that much without work?

Your questions are all sensible and fair. We have plenty of better writers than I who can give you better reasons. Hope I may have the pleasure of sending you some books on the above conditions.

Judge Cornell, of Long Island, N. Y., told a victim of a reckless automobilist that he was justified in shooting such men. The rich criminals who own autos have held a meeting and demanded the impeachment of Cornell. They demand the right to run over and kill whom they please, without any fear of being held responsible. Thus did rulers, ever. The common herd were of no more account in their eyes than a stray dog. The common people are very common and plenty, and when they are killed or wounded there are plenty more to take their place in the service of the rich. Commenting on the matter, the Chicago Record-Herald of Aug. 5 says:

"A few days after his utterance a deputy sheriff on Long Island, named Wicks, fired two bullets into the rear of a speeding automobile. Fortunately he did not wound anybody. But suppose he had taken human life thus wantonly. What would have been Magistrate Cornell's position before the law? Would he not have stood on a level with Parsons, the anarchist, who was hanged for the Haymarket crime because he had expressed his approval of such crime in advance, even though no one believed that he had in the slightest degree participated in the plot with the bombs?"

Yet the people of this country have been taught to believe that the so-called anarchists of Chicago threw the bombs and were hung for it. Now it is confessed that they did not throw the bombs and were not guilty—but were hung just the same. If they did not throw the bombs, then it must be true that the police did throw them in order to create the scare that was enabling them to blackmail money out of the timid rich on the pretense of aiding them to crush anarchists. Men with stolen wealth in their position are always willing to give up part of it for protection, and that is just what caused the Haymarket affair. And this statement of the Record-Herald admits it.

"Why is there any more need of hard times this year than last year or the year before?"—D. E. Crosby, Wheeler, Wash.

There are no hard times among the rich. Only with the working class are times hard. The people whose labor produces the wealth are in need of wealth, while those who produce no wealth are rolling in wealth. So when you speak of hard times you should specify whom you mean. For instance, if the total production of wealth last year was two billions, of which the working class consumed one billion, leaving the capitalists one billion accumulation, and this year, with the same production, the capitalists accumulated more than a billion, then the working class would have less than last year, or suffer "hard times," while the idle class would have good times. The capitalists are accumulating more each year, and hence each year will be harder on the working class. This will continue until the working class take over the political power and assume control of the industries and stop the flow of wealth to the rich.

The judges in St. Louis have sentenced ticket brokers to fines of \$300 each and three months imprisonment for buying and selling tickets which were unused by the original purchasers and which the railroads refuse to redeem. The corporations can get any law or decisions they want. They can rob the public and go scot free. And when a person has paid his money for a ticket, and for any reason does not use it, or all of it, he must lose it and it becomes a crime for a passenger to ride on what has been paid for! Under Socialism the public can use the roads at cost and the rates will be so low that all people may ride, and it will not be a crime to ask the roads to carry passengers on tickets that have been paid for. But the ticket brokers vote the old party tickets and deserve just this treatment. If they are too stupid to know what their vote can do, they are just about stupid enough to serve time in jail for expecting they have any rights which the railroads are bound to respect.

The mayor of Olympia, Wash., addressed the chamber of commerce of that city July 17, advocating the employment of Japanese and Chinese in the shingle mills of that state. He is a shingle manufacturer whom the white slaves elected to office. A number of mills are being manned by Japanese workmen. The white men should whoop 'em up for Roosevelt, Parker and Trusts! A workingman who votes either of the old tickets votes to be a slave and have Chinese and Japanese and pauper competition for a chance to earn a living, instead of voting to own the nation and all its industries and get all that labor produces.

Michigan fruit shippers are trying to get legal action against the railroads for giving the Armour packing trust a rate one-half lower than they get for shipping fruit, which is compelling them to sell their products to Armour or go out of business. They seem to ignore the fact that corporations own the courts and that they will get no relief. Nor do they deserve any relief. They believe in and vote for the system, and should be made to take their medicine like men, not like school boys. If you don't like the system, why have you not sense enough to vote against it? If you like your party better than getting justice, don't whine.

A little boy employed in a Baltimore (Md.) factory was caught in the machinery and one poor, emaciated little arm torn to shreds. He was eight years old. Does not your heart quicken with horror as you contemplate these terrible crimes committed by strong men in their mad rush for profits? The cry of these little children is being heard and Socialism comes in response to the call. It will liberate the children and set them free. The productive work of the nation will be performed by MEN—men who under capitalism are idle and whose families are in want! At the ballot box this fall vote for the freedom of the children!



AN OPEN LETTER TO WM. JENNINGS BRYAN And His Followers.

BY J. STITT WILSON.

My Dear Sir:

You have suffered many a bitter attack for your political opinions and actions.

Your relation to the recent St. Louis convention and to the democratic nominee for president has called forth still further attack.

This open letter to you and your followers is not an attack. It is an honest and serious setting forth of a glaring inconsistency in your position that seems unexplainable and unaccountable.

Mr. Bryan, you have been before this nation as the champion of the plain people for the past eight years. It was your appeal for the people against power and privilege in that Chicago convention in 1896 that gave you the nomination. You and your followers remember that "cross of gold" speech.

You call your paper the Commoner—that is, a paper devoted to the interest of the toiling and producing classes against the oppressive and parasitic capitalist classes, we suppose.

Thousands and tens of thousands of people have followed you for eight years, through two defeats, as the political Moses who would lead them out of this economic bondage, this tyranny of organized wealth, this curse of the power of Wall street and of modern capitalism. They have looked to you. They have stretched their hands to you. They have boasted of your sincerity, your wisdom and your eloquence. They have cast their votes with you and for you. They have gone forth in every precinct in this nation, persuading their fellow-laborers and neighbors to vote for you as the man who would surely lead them out of bondage.

MR. BRYAN BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

In the last few months it was rumored that the Wall street democrats were planning to control the democratic party, to write the democratic platform, and to nominate a Wall street choice for the presidency. These tens of thousands and millions of radical and progressive men still clinging to your skirts, after following you twice to defeat, looked to you to prevent this calamity to your party and to the country.

You seemed about to rise to that occasion. You fervently attacked the Wall street reorganizers as the betrayers of true democracy, and as traitors to the working classes, traitors who were going to play off the people into the hands of their economic masters.

As it became thoroughly known all over this country that Judge Parker was the choice of the Wall street element in your party, and that Judge Parker might possibly receive the nomination, then Mr. Bryan, as the oracle for your millions of hoping, trusting followers, you uttered the words that reassured them. What do you say? In unmistakable terms you declared that no self-respecting democrat could give his voice and vote to such a man nominated under such conditions and by the capitalistic Wall street element in your party. Your followers by the million agreed.

MR. BRYAN AFTER THE CONVENTION.

And now, Mr. Bryan, what happened? You and your cohorts went to St. Louis.

Wall street was in control from the first fall of the gavel. Labor was snubbed at the very start, when the Parryites secured for Employers' Associations and for Citizens' Alliance capitalists 2,000 seats in that convention, while labor and the working classes did not get so much as an empty box specially for their comfort.

You, yourself, were spat upon, Mr. Bryan. They sneered at your sentimental devotion to the "plain" people, the working classes.

With the roystering, hilarious sneers of the agents of industrial masters, they leered and laughed at "Labor."

THE LABOR PLANK SCOUTED.

Ex-Governor Thomas, one of your devoted followers, presented a plank for your party platform.

This plank recited the injustice and oppression which our fathers and brothers and sisters have suffered at the hands of plutocracy in the state of Colorado—such outrages as would make the Czar of Russia blush.

Ex-Governor Thomas had affidavits declaring that the troops of that state had been hired out like so many bands of thugs to the Mine Owners' Association, to shoot, beat, intimidate, deport and slaughter innocent trades unionists, whose only crime was membership in a trades union.

You know what happened to that plank, Mr. Bryan. It was not a plank that held any proposal to solve the labor problem. No man in your party is capable of writing such a plank. It was simply a plank protesting against these brutal outrages against the working class by Wall street hirelings, owners of mines in Colorado—Mr. Rockefeller, sponsor for Judge Parker, in the lead.

You know, Mr. Bryan, that that plank was hissed out of the sub-committee by the Wall street element.

Willis J. Abbot, another one of your devoted followers, revoicing the matter, said: "The Parkerites don't want this plank. They want a nice weasel platform which says nothing in particular except undisputed things, and says them solemnly." That's what the Parkerites wanted. That is what they got. That is what you got, Mr. Bryan—a weasel platform—for a man and a nation to stand on! Think of it.

MR. BRYAN AND MR. PARRY.

And why did your party, Mr. Bryan, so boasted of as the party of labor and of toil, why did your party not even get a plank of protest against the brutalities practiced by capitalists against our fellow-workers?

You know why, Mr. Bryan. Because the agents of combines, corporations, trusts and monopolies sat in the sub-committee and determined its action. You know the secretary of the Employers' Association, of which D. M. Parry is president, had bombarded that sub-committee with demands that nothing be said of the Colorado situation.

Ex-Governor Thomas threatened to take the matter before the convention. But he was silent. He was sneered out of mentioning such a trifling thing as the troubles of the laboring people.

The Parkerites—that is, the agents of capitalism, the secret service men of Wall street—controlled your party and wrote your platform and named your candidate.

MR. BRYAN SHOULD GO ALONE.

And now, Mr. Bryan, in the name of all that is sacred in this strug-

gle of the people at the ballot box, I ask you, how dare you have the shameless audacity to ask a man to vote for a Wall street party, a weasel platform and the chosen candidate of capitalism? How dare you?

Quietly and alone, if you must, go to the ballot box in Lincoln, Neb., on the 6th of November, and waste your own vote and pay your own allegiance to a prostituted party, in its last struggle for power and office. But, Mr. Bryan, don't, don't have the face to ask a toiler of America to vote that the chains of economic servitude shall be riveted still deeper upon himself.

You are defenseless, Mr. Bryan. I was not at the St. Louis convention. I am taking the words of your followers who went with you, and the words from your own pen and lips.

A few days after that prostitution of your party before the god of mammon and the Moloch of capitalism, you attempted to rise from the political grave into which Hill and Belmont and gold democrats and Parryites had lowered you in deep humiliation.

MR. BRYAN CONFESSES HIS PARTY'S DEGENERACY.

What did you say? I quote your own counts against your harlot democratic party. You said over your own signature, you spoke with your own lips as follows:

1. "The democratic party is under the control of the Wall street element."
2. "The triumph of the Wall street element of the party denies to the country any hope of relief on economic questions."
3. "The labor plank, as prepared by Judge Parker's friends on the sub-committee, was a straddling, meaningless plank."
4. "The nomination of Judge Parker virtually nullifies the anti-trust plank."
5. "The methods pursued to advance the candidacy of Judge Parker were a plain and deliberate attempt to deceive the party. His nomination was secured by crooked and indefensible methods."
6. "The fight on economic questions is postponed. So far as the labor question is concerned, we must await Judge Parker's letter before we shall know whether the laboring man has anything to expect from his election."

Your man is silent. Your weasel platform is silent or straddling and meaningless. And now labor, the victim and prey of Wall street, must wait to see what Wall street will condescend to hint later as to what mercy it will show its victim.

Mr. Bryan! Mr. Bryan! How are the mighty fallen. You make these frank confessions as to the baseness, the moral turpitude, the political prostitution of your party to our despots, masters and tyrants of labor, and then you say, "I shall vote for Judge Parker and stand with the party." Shades of Jefferson and Jackson! For shame!

But it is not to add shame to your folly and humiliation to your defeat that I write you and your followers. It is to call you from such stupendous political error and monstrous betrayal of the people who listen to your words.

You confess that you have a Wall street party, a Wall street platform and a Wall street candidate. We do not say it. You say it. Hearst says it. Darrow says it. Abbot says it. Williams says it. Delegate Spawm, of the state of Washington, disgusted and fierce over his party's shame and disgrace, summed it up when he got home. He said: "They gave us a gold brick at St. Louis. It was a cold-blooded proposition. The nomination of Parker was not the voice of the people. It was a jangle of dollars rolling out of Wall street that sent him to the head of the ticket."

THE WALL STREET TRIUMPH; ITS MEANING.

Mr. Bryan, you know what that means. The great mass of the people do not know what it means to say that your party is controlled by Wall street and that you have a Wall street dictated platform and a Wall street candidate. They have a vague idea that it means some terrible power of organized money against the liberties and rights of the people.

In order to shed light on your Wall street party, which you have asked the toiling masses to support at the coming election, I will quote the words of a man who has spent thirty-four years of his life as banker, broker and corporation man in Wall street, whence the controllers of the St. Louis convention came, and to which they have now returned to put up the money to delude the people.

The man I refer to is Thomas Lawson, a man who is also making confessions. But unlike you, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Lawson is making confessions of the awful curse of capitalism, with its very heart at Wall street, for the purpose of exposing it and overthrowing it before it destroys the republic.

Mr. Lawson says: "At short range, I have seen the giant machine (one at Wall street) put together; I have touched elbows with the men who made it, as they fitted this wheel and grooved that gear, while at the same time I broke bread and slept with the every-day people who, with the industry of the ant and the patience of the spider, toiled to pile in the pennies, the nickels and the dimes which have kept the system's hopper full."

This is Wall street. It is this that controls the democratic party. So you say, Mr. Bryan.

"Through its workings during the last 20 years," says Mr. Lawson, a republican, "there has grown up in this country a set of colossal corporations, in which unmeasured success and continued immunity from punishment have bred an insolent disregard of law, of common morality, and of public and private right, together with a grim determination to hold on to, at all hazards, the great possessions they have gulped or captured."

That is Wall street, Mr. Bryan. You say over your own signature that the agents of this are now in the saddle in your party. You say, "I shall support the ticket."

CAPITALISM IS WHOLESALE ROBBERY.

Mr. Lawson proceeds: "This system (of capitalism incarnate in Wall street) has taken from the millions of our people billions of dollars, and given them over to a score or two of men with power to use and enjoy them as absolutely as though these billions had been earned dollar by dollar by the labor of their bodies and minds."

This is Wall street. They nominated Judge Parker. So YOU tell us, Mr. Bryan. You vote for Parker and ask the sweating masses of America to do so also!

HEARTLESS, MERCILESS CAPITALISM.

Mr. Lawson, the republican, goes on to tell you, Mr. Bryan, that "in the harness of the system (of capitalism, whose throne is in Wall street) these men (some of whom helped write your platform) know no Sabbath, no God. They had no time to offer thanks, no care for earthly or celestial being. From their eyes no human power could squeeze a tear, no suffering wring a pang from their hearts. They were immune to every feeling known to God or man. They knew only dollars. Their

relatives (not the poor miners of Colorado or the toiling butchers of Chicago), their relatives of a moment since, their friends of yesterday and long, long ago, they regarded as only lumps of matter with which to feed the whirring, grinding, gnashing mill which poured forth into their big—dollars."

Mr. Bryan, we ask you, indeed, how can this kind of a combination in control of your party offer anything to labor but what they have given them—cruelty, robbery, murder—bullets instead of bread. You seem to need to wait to see what "mercy" shall leak through Judge Parker's letter of acceptance as a bait to the labor vote. We don't need to wait, Mr. Bryan. Lambs don't expect mercy from wolves. You vote for Judge Parker and support a platform dictated by this merciless crew of social pirates in Wall street.

CAPITALISM DESTROYING THE REPUBLIC.

Mr. Lawson, who is a republican, Mr. Bryan, writes on in his story for the purpose, as he says, of "bringing to the hearts and minds and souls of men and women today that all-consuming passion for revenge, that burning desire for justice, without which no movement to benefit the people can be made successful."

Have you lost your spirit of revenge against this capitalism, enthroned in Wall street, Mr. Bryan, that you should now vote for its weasel platform and its chosen candidate.

Mr. Lawson tells us the plain people, that you used to love, Mr. Bryan, that this system of capitalism, whose agents at St. Louis made your political grave, and then resurrected you sufficiently to speak for them and to vote for them, "this system has for years as boldly as coarsely, and as cruelly robbed the American people as the coolie slaves are robbed by their masters. He knows. He confesses himself particeps criminis. He tells us of his "long and intimate study of this cruel, tigerishly cruel, system."

Wall street is the one phrase on your tongue that describes it.

You tell us that the Wall street element triumphed in the counsels of your party and hence the people are denied, of course, any hope of relief on economic questions. We have no other questions, Mr. Bryan. And your party is not even as good as Balaam's ass. It spoke.

It was under republican administration this Wall street gang of plunderers and pirates has been fed to insolence, you tell us. But now, drunk with power, they went to St. Louis in the height of their success, and captured a whole party and its machinery, its press, its orators, and—oh, the shame of it—its oracle. They captured you, Mr. Bryan, for their service in this campaign.

"Wall street is now in control of the party," you declare. And what is Wall street? Let Mr. Lawson tell us further:

PICTURE OF WALL STREET NOW CONTROLLING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

"Wall street—realm of the royal American dollar—Wall street, its sidewalks inlaid with gold coin and paved from curb to curb with solid gold bricks—Wall street, lined with huge money mills, where hearts and souls are ground into gold dust, whose gutters run full to overflowing with strangled, mangled, sandbagged wrecks of human hopes, which, in a never-ending stream, it pours into the brimming waters of the river at its foot for deposit at the poor houses, insane asylums, states' prisons and suicides' graves, that the grim flood washes in its daily ebb and flow—the every-day people," says Mr. Lawson, "will not take in the blackness of this transaction at this stage of my story."

Yet agents of this Wall street thus portrayed wrote the democratic platform. No wonder, Mr. Bryan, that the labor plank is, as you say, "straddling and meaningless."

Yet you vote for it! You ask your faithful followers from the mines and shops and mills and firesides of America to vote for a Wall street candidate and a Wall street platform.

I can understand how Judge Parker, a corporation judge, a man who killed the eight hour law in New York last year, and who is D. B. Hill's candidate—I can understand how Judge Parker can ask the working classes for their votes. He thinks they know no better.

I can understand how H. G. Davis, your man for vice president, can ask the working classes to support him. He is a prince of exploiters of labor. He is the biggest magnate in coal, coke and railways in West Virginia. Labor agitators of any kind are scarcely permitted on his vast properties. He has been labor deluded and bound so long that he thinks, no doubt, they would vote for any Pharaoh of finance that could be put up.

But you, Mr. Bryan, how can you? How can you?

And you, too, also, Senator Patterson, and J. A. Edgerton, and Willis Abbot, and Tom Johnson, and Clarence Darrow, and all the rest, and you, tens of thousands of radical democrats all over this country—are you going to lie down like lickspittles before your political grave diggers? Are you, by your example and exhortation, going to delude the people that watch you and listen to you? Are you going to betray us into the hands of our enemies?

Our avowed enemies in the trusts, in Wall street, in the pulpit, in the press, we can watch and be warned of. But you, Mr. Bryan, our professed friend and spokesman, and your followers, our professed deliverers from on-coming slavery, you deal out to us a double damnation by thus deluding us into the camp of the enemy.

The enemy is under two flags—the democratic and the republican. It is one—capitalism.

YE TOILERS OF AMERICA.

As this is an open letter, Mr. Bryan, I now turn to those who have read it over your shoulder. Ye toilers of America, do not be deceived, even by Mr. Bryan. The economic issue is not postponed. The battle is on.

This system of capitalism which Mr. Lawson attacks, and which Mr. Bryan defends by his vote, is the supreme object of attack of the Socialist party of America.

For years we have pointed out the robbery, cruelty and injustice of this system. You could not hear us for the siren voices of capitalistic parties, and especially the harlot voice of the democratic party. Now, with Mr. Bryan's confession of the utter prostitution of that party to Wall street and capitalism, perhaps the very shock will break the hypnotism and let you vote for the party, and the only party, of the working class—the Socialist party of America.

We alone have sworn an uncompromising vengeance on the capitalist system.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

The Socialist party alone has a program that will overthrow this capitalistic system which Thomas Lawson declares "will in a short time, if allowed to continue, destroy the nation by precipitating fratricidal war."

The Socialist party alone has a program to establish the Co-opera-

tive Commonwealth and guarantee to every worker the opportunity to labor and the full product of his toil.

Capitalism and Wall street, now championed by both the republican party and the Bryan party, means that private corporations and huge monopolies shall own the means by which we make our living, and rob us of our earnings, leaving us not employed when they find us not profitable for exploitation. Roosevelt stands for that. Parker stands for that. And you, Mr. Bryan, now "stand pat" for that.

WHAT SOCIALISM STANDS FOR.

"Socialism means that all those things upon which the people in common depend shall by the people in common be owned and administered."

"Socialism means that the tools of employment shall belong to the creators and users."

"Socialism means that the making of goods for profit shall come to an end; that we shall all be workers together; and that all opportunities shall be open and equal to all men."

So reads one plank in the Socialist platform.

And we say further in our platform:

"The Socialist party pledges itself to watch and work in both the economic (trades union) struggle and the political struggle for each successive, immediate interest of the working class." This was not dictated by Wall street.

We declare:

1. For shortened days of labor and increase of wages.
2. For the insurance of the workers against accident, sickness and lack of employment.
3. For the public ownership of the means of transportation, communication and exchange.
4. For the graduated taxation of incomes, inheritances, franchises, and land values, the proceeds to be applied to the public employment and improvement of the conditions of the workers.
5. For the complete education of children and their freedom from the workshop.
6. For the prevention of the use of the military against labor in the settlement of strikes.
7. For the free administration of justice.
8. For popular government, including initiative and referendum and proportional representation.
9. For equal suffrage for men and women.
10. For municipal home rule.
11. For the recall of officers by their constituents.
12. Finally, for every gain or advantage for the workers that may be wrested from the capitalist system and that may relieve the suffering and strengthen the hands of labor.

Workingmen of America, here is a program that makes Wall street shiver. This is the program which Knight, in nominating Roosevelt, said, "We don't want any of it in America," and was cheered to the echo. Mr. Bryan is opposed to this platform. He votes for a Wall street platform.

Workingmen, hearken no longer to the voice of Mr. Bryan, who now, without a "paramount" issue for himself, imagines that there is no paramount issue, and bids you throw away your vote to the betrayers, not only of himself and his ideals, but of the toiling masses of America.

HOW TO VOTE.

When the sixth of November comes around, go as a free man, as a true member of the working class, to the ballot box, abjuring all allegiance forever to the capitalistic republican party and the Wall street-Belmont, trust-democratic party, cast your vote for Debs and Hanford, the champions of labor, at the head of the only working class party—the Socialist party of America.

Don't be a Wall street slave. Don't be a lickspittle of your industrial masters in Wall street, that control both parties.

Don't listen longer to the siren voice of the harlot democratic party.

Mr. Bryan, can you answer to this inconsistency? It is never too late to mend.

As I must now write to your comrade in defeat, William Randolph Hearst, I will close.

Yours for Socialism and Humanity,

J. STITT WILSON.
Berkeley, Cal., July 24, 1904.



The little boy who heads the above procession is Master John Nicholas Brown. He is worth in his own name \$10,000,000. The procession which you see following him is made up of the personal attendants necessary to look after his welfare.

for his welfare, comfort and education. But good, sound sense does enter a protest against the lavishness with which society loads him up with the things for which he has utterly no use, and which fit him only for the existence of a parasite.

WEALTH which Baby Brown wastes on himself. By reason of the ownership of the production machinery of the nation, Brown's pater familias is enabled to take the wealth produced by the parents of the string of hungry, ill-fed children you see below.

them useful members of society, is just? I do not, and I want to register my vow right here and now to put in the balance of my time working to change this condition of things.

"ALMOST AS BAD AS RUSSIA."

Under This Heading a Republican Paper Tells of the Outrages Being Perpetrated in Colorado by the Citizens' Alliance.

absolutely known to have been directly connected with the plans of deportation. The reign of terror in Cripple Creek is still being maintained by the Citizens' Alliance.

Chief Skirmishers for Past Week. Following are the names of the comrades who sent in the largest number of subs on the dates set opposite their names.

THE CALL FOR HELP.

The call for literature from the strike centers is becoming something fierce. The Appeal is doing all it can, through the agitation league, to keep the boys in ammunition.

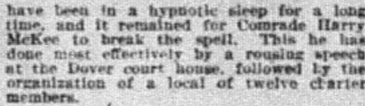
LABOR DAY BANNERS.

See that as many as possible of banners like these be carried in the procession: The Oil Wells Belong to the People. The Coal Mines Belong to the People.



WANTED—The address of some Socialist who understands the process of making good central coffee. Address 'X,' care of this office.

Comrade A. G. Swanson, born on the Isle of Orland, in the Baltic sea, was a sailor for twelve years, after which he came to this country, where he has since followed various occupations.



Comrade Cook, of Phillipsburg, Kan., again joins the marching forces and tramps into the line of battle with a sack of eleven, as we go marching 'On to Washington.'

Comrade J. R. Wilson, of Albuquerque, N. M., bats the bulldog with a 'On to Washington' club of 11, followed by Comrade T. F. Dye, of the same city, with a club of 7.



Debs' Dates. Sept. 1—Indianapolis, Ind. Sept. 2—Lenteville, Ky. Sept. 3—Joint Demonstration, Cincinnati, Ohio, Covington, Ky., and Newport, Ky.

Hanford's Dates. Aug. 15—Huntington, Ark. Aug. 16—Dallas, Tex. Aug. 18—Joplin, Mo. Aug. 20—Emporia, Kan. Aug. 21—Kansas City, Mo. Aug. 22—Chillicothe, Mo. Aug. 23—Muscatine, Iowa. Aug. 24—Davenport, Iowa.

New York: Mrs. Corinne Brown and William Johnson, of Chicago; Charles Klein, of New Jersey, and Nicholas Klein, of Illinois National. The Socialist party will present a report to the congress, a sufficient number of copies have been printed by the national headquarters for distribution among the delegates at the congress. The report is printed in English, German and French.

"On to Washington."

For Homesteads Under Co-operative Irrigation, Colorado. Co-operative Co., P.O. Box 100, Colorado. Co-operative Co., P.O. Box 100, Colorado.

SOCIALIST STICKERS—50 for the right kind. Sample with booklet explaining our co-operative plan of supplying books as well as mailed free if you mention the Appeal. CHARLES H. KIRKPATRICK, 111 Cooper Square, New York, N. Y.

A SOCIALIST REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The Appeal contains more serviceable reading matter than any other Socialist monthly. Fine group picture of delegates to Socialist National Convention—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

KEEP MONEY IN COMMON BENSE PURSES. The Appeal contains more serviceable reading matter than any other Socialist monthly. Fine group picture of delegates to Socialist National Convention—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

Passenger Traffic Department. SAINT LOUIS. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING FREE. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

CANCER CURED. WITH SOOTHING, SALINE OILS. Cancer, Tumors, Chancres, Piles, Fistulas, Ulcers, Erysipelas, and Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent Free. Address: DR. BYE, Cor. 9th & Kansas City, Mo.

\$3 a Day Sure. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

GINSENG. \$25.000 worth from one-acre farm. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

TAPE-WORM. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

\$45.00 to California and Return. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

Lowest rate in years! In effect daily, August 15 to September 10. Return limit, October 23. You have been waiting for just such an opportunity as this. Take advantage of it and join the army that will invade California this fall.

The Rook Island offers the most comprehensive system of thorough care of any first-class resort in the South. Go via Colorado return via El Paso. For \$1 additional you can enter back by way of Fort Worth and Seattle. Folding full information free on request.

Rook Island J. A. STEWART, General Agent, Kansas City.

World's Fair Visitors

should stop at Geo. Ormerod's, 5503 Chamberlain Ave. 15 minutes walk to Fair Grounds. Take the 2 blocks north; suburban line 2 blocks west. To come from Union Station, take any car on 15th street, going north transfer to Page car, riding west, at Washington street. Get off at Clara street, which is 5000. Walk two blocks south. Kluge phone, Delmar 353 L.

B. & O. S-W.

(Baltimore & Ohio South-western R. R.)

Excursion Rates FROM ST. LOUIS.

Asheville, N. C.—On sale all summer; return limit Oct. 31. \$20.50. Boston-Goring Aug. 12, 13 and 14. Return limit Oct. 30. \$24.00. (Extension limit to Sept. 30. Fee 50c.)

SAID BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The proprietors and conductors of the American newspapers are the agents of the banks and the agents of the slave holders.

WOMEN UNDER SOCIALISM.

Socialism will insure to women Good homes. Economic freedom. Personal freedom. Political freedom. Clean surroundings. Purer environments. Freedom from wage slavery. A higher standard of living. Equal rights as individuals. Opportunity for moral development. Opportunity for mental development. A closer intimacy with the fine arts. Opportunity for physical development. Protection of children from wage slavery. Protection of children from evil influences. A society free from saloons, houses of assignation and gambling halls.

He Joins the Million.

Shreveport, La., Aug. 7, 1904. Mr. S. S. McClure, New York: Dear Sir—I have been greatly interested in Miss Tarbell's write-up of the Standard Oil Co. and Mr. Steiwer's exposure of municipal and state corruption, and was hopeful that at last I had found a magazine that would give the public facts, let it hurt whom it might. But since you refused to publish Mr. Debs' article I am convinced that my hopes were ill-founded. Mr. Cleveland simply attempted to whitewash himself, and as he could not reach around his ponderous anatomy, he left his back exposed to the full view of those who have anything like a clear view of his high-handed assumption of autocratic power in the A. R. U. strike. Believing that the majority of the American people are capable of reading and judging for themselves, I shall take great pleasure in helping to circulate 1,000,000 of your Appeal to Reason containing Mr. Debs' article.

A good Book for a Postal Card.

As a good book for the Appeal ever printed is "The Conspiracy of Capital," by Clinton Bancroft. It has 128 pages, printed on good paper, good covers, and the price of it is 25 cents a copy. The Appeal has 5000 copies of this book every one of which should be put into circulation during this campaign. If you will agree to read this book, send your name and address on a postal card and a copy will be sent you. After you have read it, if you think it is worth 20 cents, you may send us that amount. If it isn't worth that to you, don't send anything, but pass the book along to someone else. No record will be kept of these transactions, so in case you remit 20 cents for a copy it will be necessary for you to mention what the remittance is for.

Debts stickers, \$1 per 1000.

Don't fail to order a supply of these Debts stickers: \$1 per 1000.

"Cartoons and Comments," by Fred D. Warren. \$1 per hundred copies.

Comrade G. W. Higgins, of Bellville, Ohio, rings the "On to Washington" bell six times.

Seven new ones, fresh from the griddle, come from Comrade Hughes, of Carlisle, N. Y.

Comrade Carl K. Stromer, Hanniford, N. D., adds seven scalps to the "On to Washington" string.

"On to Washington." Has your best girl read "What happened to Dea," by Kate Richards O'Hare? 25c.

Comrade C. A. Brown, of Oakland, Cal., sends \$6 for a supply of ammunition. As he says, "Time is precious now."

Things do move in British Columbia. Comrade J. W. Hammett, of Greenwood, gets to bat with \$15 for ammunition.

Comrade C. D. Varnum, of Baker City, Ore., gets to bat with seven scalps and says, "Let the bulldog smell of them."

The comrades who look after the rehearsals are doing an invaluable service to the Appeal and the cause of Socialism.

Please place the enclosed list of four subscribers on your "On to Washington" list, writes Comrade Fletcher, of Cusseta, Texas.

"On to Washington." C. C. McPesson, Anna, Tex.: "I know of no better way to spread the good tidings than to circulate the Appeal." He sends 3 subs.

Comrade C. H. McCarty, of New Castle, Pa., orders \$4 worth of ammunition. Corley had better watch his fences around New Castle.

Send your grand old paper to the following list of eight," writes Comrade Fritz, of Lexington, Miss., and the \$2 enclosed pays the bill.

From Des Moines, Iowa, Comrade Joe Pazer halls with a \$4 order, with instructions to register his name for the start "On to Washington."

"On to Washington." N. E. Fitch, a comrade of Council Bluffs, Iowa, strikes a blow for liberty by herding a stray bunch of nine, for fifty-two doses of brain candy.

"I will do all I can to further the interests of your paper and the cause of Socialism from now on," says Comrade Helfrich, of Logan, Ohio.

C. C. Stahl, Berlin, N. H.: "You don't hear much from this part of the country, but we are working away just the same and expect to pull a good vote."

Comrade G. W. Miller, of Graystone, Mo., sends a club of ten. And Toddy yells: "Attention, all. Let us sing that good old song—'On to Washington!'"

Twenty subscription cards have been hurried to the front as per an order from Comrade Jaeger, of Newark, N. J., in which was enclosed \$5 to pay for them.

Comrade W. J. Stanley, of Kingston, N. Y., orders \$10 worth of literature sent to Comrade May Beale, of Tennessee. A mighty good investment for Socialism.

"I hope the time will soon come when we will have Socialism," writes Comrade Chas. A. Fairchild, of Evansville, Ind., and he sends a club of six to help it along.

"Handed out eight copies of the Appeal and got eight subscribers as a consequence," writes the encouraging words from Comrade Middaugh, of Williamsport, Pa.

Comrade J. H. Giles, of Dover, Tenn., writes a most enthusiastic letter of the movement in that country (Stewart). I should like to print his letter in full, but space forbids. The people in this county

Debts stickers, \$1 per 1000.

Don't fail to order a supply of these Debts stickers: \$1 per 1000.

"Cartoons and Comments," by Fred D. Warren. \$1 per hundred copies.

Comrade G. W. Higgins, of Bellville, Ohio, rings the "On to Washington" bell six times.

Seven new ones, fresh from the griddle, come from Comrade Hughes, of Carlisle, N. Y.

Comrade Carl K. Stromer, Hanniford, N. D., adds seven scalps to the "On to Washington" string.

"On to Washington." Has your best girl read "What happened to Dea," by Kate Richards O'Hare? 25c.

Comrade C. A. Brown, of Oakland, Cal., sends \$6 for a supply of ammunition. As he says, "Time is precious now."

Things do move in British Columbia. Comrade J. W. Hammett, of Greenwood, gets to bat with \$15 for ammunition.

Comrade C. D. Varnum, of Baker City, Ore., gets to bat with seven scalps and says, "Let the bulldog smell of them."

The comrades who look after the rehearsals are doing an invaluable service to the Appeal and the cause of Socialism.

Please place the enclosed list of four subscribers on your "On to Washington" list, writes Comrade Fletcher, of Cusseta, Texas.

"On to Washington." C. C. McPesson, Anna, Tex.: "I know of no better way to spread the good tidings than to circulate the Appeal." He sends 3 subs.

Comrade C. H. McCarty, of New Castle, Pa., orders \$4 worth of ammunition. Corley had better watch his fences around New Castle.

Send your grand old paper to the following list of eight," writes Comrade Fritz, of Lexington, Miss., and the \$2 enclosed pays the bill.

From Des Moines, Iowa, Comrade Joe Pazer halls with a \$4 order, with instructions to register his name for the start "On to Washington."

"On to Washington." N. E. Fitch, a comrade of Council Bluffs, Iowa, strikes a blow for liberty by herding a stray bunch of nine, for fifty-two doses of brain candy.

"I will do all I can to further the interests of your paper and the cause of Socialism from now on," says Comrade Helfrich, of Logan, Ohio.

C. C. Stahl, Berlin, N. H.: "You don't hear much from this part of the country, but we are working away just the same and expect to pull a good vote."

Comrade G. W. Miller, of Graystone, Mo., sends a club of ten. And Toddy yells: "Attention, all. Let us sing that good old song—'On to Washington!'"

Twenty subscription cards have been hurried to the front as per an order from Comrade Jaeger, of Newark, N. J., in which was enclosed \$5 to pay for them.

Comrade W. J. Stanley, of Kingston, N. Y., orders \$10 worth of literature sent to Comrade May Beale, of Tennessee. A mighty good investment for Socialism.

"I hope the time will soon come when we will have Socialism," writes Comrade Chas. A. Fairchild, of Evansville, Ind., and he sends a club of six to help it along.

"Handed out eight copies of the Appeal and got eight subscribers as a consequence," writes the encouraging words from Comrade Middaugh, of Williamsport, Pa.

Comrade J. H. Giles, of Dover, Tenn., writes a most enthusiastic letter of the movement in that country (Stewart). I should like to print his letter in full, but space forbids. The people in this county

Debts stickers, \$1 per 1000.

Don't fail to order a supply of these Debts stickers: \$1 per 1000.

"Cartoons and Comments," by Fred D. Warren. \$1 per hundred copies.

Comrade G. W. Higgins, of Bellville, Ohio, rings the "On to Washington" bell six times.

Seven new ones, fresh from the griddle, come from Comrade Hughes, of Carlisle, N. Y.

Comrade Carl K. Stromer, Hanniford, N. D., adds seven scalps to the "On to Washington" string.

"On to Washington." Has your best girl read "What happened to Dea," by Kate Richards O'Hare? 25c.

Comrade C. A. Brown, of Oakland, Cal., sends \$6 for a supply of ammunition. As he says, "Time is precious now."

Things do move in British Columbia. Comrade J. W. Hammett, of Greenwood, gets to bat with \$15 for ammunition.

Comrade C. D. Varnum, of Baker City, Ore., gets to bat with seven scalps and says, "Let the bulldog smell of them."

The comrades who look after the rehearsals are doing an invaluable service to the Appeal and the cause of Socialism.

Please place the enclosed list of four subscribers on your "On to Washington" list, writes Comrade Fletcher, of Cusseta, Texas.

"On to Washington." C. C. McPesson, Anna, Tex.: "I know of no better way to spread the good tidings than to circulate the Appeal." He sends 3 subs.

Comrade C. H. McCarty, of New Castle, Pa., orders \$4 worth of ammunition. Corley had better watch his fences around New Castle.

Send your grand old paper to the following list of eight," writes Comrade Fritz, of Lexington, Miss., and the \$2 enclosed pays the bill.

From Des Moines, Iowa, Comrade Joe Pazer halls with a \$4 order, with instructions to register his name for the start "On to Washington."

"On to Washington." N. E. Fitch, a comrade of Council Bluffs, Iowa, strikes a blow for liberty by herding a stray bunch of nine, for fifty-two doses of brain candy.

"I will do all I can to further the interests of your paper and the cause of Socialism from now on," says Comrade Helfrich, of Logan, Ohio.

C. C. Stahl, Berlin, N. H.: "You don't hear much from this part of the country, but we are working away just the same and expect to pull a good vote."

Comrade G. W. Miller, of Graystone, Mo., sends a club of ten. And Toddy yells: "Attention, all. Let us sing that good old song—'On to Washington!'"

Twenty subscription cards have been hurried to the front as per an order from Comrade Jaeger, of Newark, N. J., in which was enclosed \$5 to pay for them.

Comrade W. J. Stanley, of Kingston, N. Y., orders \$10 worth of literature sent to Comrade May Beale, of Tennessee. A mighty good investment for Socialism.

"I hope the time will soon come when we will have Socialism," writes Comrade Chas. A. Fairchild, of Evansville, Ind., and he sends a club of six to help it along.

"Handed out eight copies of the Appeal and got eight subscribers as a consequence," writes the encouraging words from Comrade Middaugh, of Williamsport, Pa.

Comrade J. H. Giles, of Dover, Tenn., writes a most enthusiastic letter of the movement in that country (Stewart). I should like to print his letter in full, but space forbids. The people in this county

Debts stickers, \$1 per 1000.

Don't fail to order a supply of these Debts stickers: \$1 per 1000.

"Cartoons and Comments," by Fred D. Warren. \$1 per hundred copies.

Comrade G. W. Higgins, of Bellville, Ohio, rings the "On to Washington" bell six times.

Seven new ones, fresh from the griddle, come from Comrade Hughes, of Carlisle, N. Y.

Comrade Carl K. Stromer, Hanniford, N. D., adds seven scalps to the "On to Washington" string.

"On to Washington." Has your best girl read "What happened to Dea," by Kate Richards O'Hare? 25c.

Comrade C. A. Brown, of Oakland, Cal., sends \$6 for a supply of ammunition. As he says, "Time is precious now."

Things do move in British Columbia. Comrade J. W. Hammett, of Greenwood, gets to bat with \$15 for ammunition.

Comrade C. D. Varnum, of Baker City, Ore., gets to bat with seven scalps and says, "Let the bulldog smell of them."

The comrades who look after the rehearsals are doing an invaluable service to the Appeal and the cause of Socialism.

Please place the enclosed list of four subscribers on your "On to Washington" list, writes Comrade Fletcher, of Cusseta, Texas.

"On to Washington." C. C. McPesson, Anna, Tex.: "I know of no better way to spread the good tidings than to circulate the Appeal." He sends 3 subs.

Comrade C. H. McCarty, of New Castle, Pa., orders \$4 worth of ammunition. Corley had better watch his fences around New Castle.

Send your grand old paper to the following list of eight," writes Comrade Fritz, of Lexington, Miss., and the \$2 enclosed pays the bill.

From Des Moines, Iowa, Comrade Joe Pazer halls with a \$4 order, with instructions to register his name for the start "On to Washington."

"On to Washington." N. E. Fitch, a comrade of Council Bluffs, Iowa, strikes a blow for liberty by herding a stray bunch of nine, for fifty-two doses of brain candy.

"I will do all I can to further the interests of your paper and the cause of Socialism from now on," says Comrade Helfrich, of Logan, Ohio.

C. C. Stahl, Berlin, N. H.: "You don't hear much from this part of the country, but we are working away just the same and expect to pull a good vote."

Comrade G. W. Miller, of Graystone, Mo., sends a club of ten. And Toddy yells: "Attention, all. Let us sing that good old song—'On to Washington!'"

Twenty subscription cards have been hurried to the front as per an order from Comrade Jaeger, of Newark, N. J., in which was enclosed \$5 to pay for them.

Comrade W. J. Stanley, of Kingston, N. Y., orders \$10 worth of literature sent to Comrade May Beale, of Tennessee. A mighty good investment for Socialism.

"I hope the time will soon come when we will have Socialism," writes Comrade Chas. A. Fairchild, of Evansville, Ind., and he sends a club of six to help it along.

"Handed out eight copies of the Appeal and got eight subscribers as a consequence," writes the encouraging words from Comrade Middaugh, of Williamsport, Pa.

Comrade J. H. Giles, of Dover, Tenn., writes a most enthusiastic letter of the movement in that country (Stewart). I should like to print his letter in full, but space forbids. The people in this county

New York: Mrs. Corinne Brown and William Johnson, of Chicago; Charles Klein, of New Jersey, and Nicholas Klein, of Illinois National. The Socialist party will present a report to the congress, a sufficient number of copies have been printed by the national headquarters for distribution among the delegates at the congress. The report is printed in English, German and French.

"On to Washington."

For Homesteads Under Co-operative Irrigation, Colorado. Co-operative Co., P.O. Box 100, Colorado. Co-operative Co., P.O. Box 100, Colorado.

SOCIALIST STICKERS—50 for the right kind. Sample with booklet explaining our co-operative plan of supplying books as well as mailed free if you mention the Appeal. CHARLES H. KIRKPATRICK, 111 Cooper Square, New York, N. Y.

A SOCIALIST REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The Appeal contains more serviceable reading matter than any other Socialist monthly. Fine group picture of delegates to Socialist National Convention—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

KEEP MONEY IN COMMON BENSE PURSES. The Appeal contains more serviceable reading matter than any other Socialist monthly. Fine group picture of delegates to Socialist National Convention—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

Passenger Traffic Department. SAINT LOUIS. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING FREE. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

CANCER CURED. WITH SOOTHING, SALINE OILS. Cancer, Tumors, Chancres, Piles, Fistulas, Ulcers, Erysipelas, and Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent Free. Address: DR. BYE, Cor. 9th & Kansas City, Mo.

\$3 a Day Sure. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

GINSENG. \$25.000 worth from one-acre farm. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

TAPE-WORM. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

\$45.00 to California and Return. The Frisco tourist will issue during the summer months. Tourist round-trip tickets to various resorts and localities—The Mountains, Lakes and Seashore, at greatly reduced rates, with ample return limit.

Lowest rate in years! In effect daily, August 15 to September 10. Return limit, October 23. You have been waiting for just such an opportunity as this. Take advantage of it and join the army that will invade California this fall.

The Rook Island offers the most comprehensive system of thorough care of any first-class resort in the South. Go via Colorado return via El Paso. For \$1 additional you can enter back by way of Fort Worth and Seattle. Folding full information free on request.

Rook Island J. A. STEWART, General Agent, Kansas City.

TO THE FACTORY.

TO THE MINES.

TO IGNORANCE DISEASE POVERTY DEARTH



WHAT A HALF DAY WILL DO:

The Appeal has made arrangements to send a trained newspaper correspondent to Washington when the list reaches 300,000. The time has come when it is necessary for the Appeal Army to have a representative at this seat of corruption.

In the printed list of comrades who have registered for a copy of the "History of the Appeal to Reason and Coming Nation," you will notice a number at the beginning of each name. This is the number of the book that comrade will get. Each book will be numbered. You can refer to last week's list in 454, that comrade H. B. Nixon, of Sour Lake, Tex., captured book No. 1, Nos. 2 and 3 went to Iowa comrades, No. 4 to Oklahoma, No. 5 to Arkansas, No. 6 to Colorado and No. 7 to Indian Territory. But lucky No. 13 went to George Manke, Sioux City, Iowa.

- Alabama. 283—Pounds L. B. Thorby. Arizona. 92—Broadbeck Jno. A. Tempe. 170—Barrette J. R., Globe. Arkansas. 49—Chilcote H., Mammoth Springs. 40—Case J. E., Calmer. 71—Hearn A. J., Fordyce. 76—Fraser A. W., Fordyce. 93—Munson George, Hubbard. 94—Conna R. G., Wagoner. 180—Mills W. R. H., Pine Bluff. 181—Scott D. M., Pippin. 182—Compton J. W., Hazleton. 238—Beaton W. E., Marianna. California. 51—Simmons S. B., Palms. 65—Carter Jefferson, Pico. 101—Overacker S. I., Santa Ana. 131—Montgomery R. E., Emigrant Gap. 123—Hogst F. G., Exeter. 133—Southwell John S., Lathrop. 183—Fox Lee, Moorepark. 184—Stolle Frederick, San Francisco. 185—Jefferson G. C., Woodland. 237—Jannet E., San Francisco. 238—Jones Mrs. R. P., Sacramento. 239—Wheeler O., Hillville. 240—Boothe A. A., Lodi. Colorado. 52—Handy Vernon, Ordway. 124—Wheeler Andrew, Aspen. 182—Hansberger J. R., Parker. 186—Hahnemann F. D., Manzanola. 187—Wheaton N. E., Ordway. 241—Boughton E. A., Hill Grove. 242—Sears Don E., Cheyenne Wells. Florida. 174—Barnes F. E., Weehatchia. 161—Britt W. W., Cottondale. 61—Wiggins D. M., Sopchoppy. 110—Onweg George, Bloomfield. 113—Farrott Jos. D., Orange Park. Georgia. 234—Griffin C. F., Elm. Illinois. 120—Loehr N., Hinsdale. 261—Rogers Ernest, Sandwich. 262—Heugan Wm., Quincy. 71—Sanders J. H., O'Fallon. 112—Stark Isaac, Noble. 113—Richardson Chas. H., Hillsboro. 114—Wood Jas. C., Secor. 115—Lery M. C., Chicago. 116—Hardenberg J. DeWitt, Chicago. 117—Craft L. A., Quincy. 123—Edberg George, Mazonia. 178—Boyer Jas. M., Lancaster. 176—McDuffee J. G., Mattoon. 177—Andersen A. J., Elgin. 178—Dewey A. M., Carroll. Indiana. 290—Lewis S. M., Carrollton. 324—Wirt Thos., Odon. 291—Wirt Thos., Odon. 263—Eversole J. L., Mitchell. 264—Monroe Dan, Mitchell. 265—Craig E. B., Westborough. 266—Baller J. H., Bedford. 118—Lewis E. R., Indianapolis. 267—Tomlinson J. M., Richmond. 185—Wilson O. A., Indianapolis. Indiana Territory. 243—Daniel J. A., McGee. 244—Brown E. C., Purcell. Iowa. 53—Hay Peter, Dubuque. 77—Whitcomb W. S., Grove. 97—Donald Jno. J., Des Moines. 98—Hansen F. S., Troy Mills. 99—Adams W., Laurens. 100—Coy John N., Ellettsburg. 101—Ferris E. C., McGregor. 102—Day J. A., Villisca. 180—Bechtel G. B., Chas. 180—Beebe Irene Millary, Burlington. 180—Moore S. E., Fairbank. 181—McCarty Geo. W., Okonkoka. 192—Wellans W. M., Clarkson. 246—Allen Leslie E., Osage. 248—Gregg John, Malvern. Kansas. 247—Kerk E. B., Tonopole. 248—Still W. B., Lenora. 249—Mackey George, Lury. 253—Bettman C. H., Altamont. 54—Hankins Owen, Whiting. 85—Mitchell C. R., Genoa Springs. 86—Brayfield A. O., Cedar Vale. 78—Brown J. N., Arlington. 103—Grissold F. S., Rosedale. 104—Wells H. C., New Springs. 105—Bilas H. H., La Crosse. 135—Simmons W. N., Allen. 136—Beauchamp G. W., Wichita. 137—Loveland S. M., Lawrence. 192—Culver Henry, Yates Center. 194—Johnson E., Geneva. 195—Grissold F. S., Rosedale. 196—Houghton A. B., Chase. 197—Smeltzer H. P., Canton. 198—Anders Fred, Argonia. 199—Taylor J. E., Neodesha. 199—Trekbury Anna Wichita. Kentucky. 252—Rigge J. C., Harrodsburg. Louisiana. 120—Hatchung H. A., Clinton. 203—Bunch R. P., Litcher. 204—Rozz N. A., New Orleans. 208—Engles Willie, Winfield. 209—Rudolph Herman F., Jennings. Maine. 211—Hannaford D. M., S. Brewer. Massachusetts. 194—Lincer A. C., Brockton. 194—Dumas F., Charlton City. 204—Houch E. B., Boston. 270—Lynde Philip C., W. Lynn. Michigan. 120—Ruthven Edwin, Grand Rapids. 122—Dutton W. J. M., Battle Creek. 123—Hazen F. G., Battle Creek. 124—Berkshire Ed, Port Huron. 125—Smith Three Rivers. 205—Futman Ernest, Williamstown. 271—Ornkne Fred M., Detroit. 272—Van Camp-Henry, Bangor. Minnesota. 64—Malmstrom A., Minneapolis. 204—Heaman W. L., Minneapolis. 214—Barrett A. C., Holdingford. Missouri. 250—Welsh W. J., St. Louis. 250—Lewis Geo. W., Reeds. 251—Turner H., Rochester. 57—Littell Geo. W., Fairfax. 58—Bockenkamp H. F., Kinsey. 78—Shelton W. H., Webb City. 79—Allyn E. C., Junction. 108—Stuart Allen W., Independence. 138—Fritts J., Liberal. 138—Santner G. D., St. Louis. 140—Burler J. C., Conneaut. 141—Cammack Geo. A. M., Vernon. 142—McFarlin Hiram, Larissa. 143—York A. J., Warren. 198—Bullmaster J. F., Joseph. 209—Allen Rhea, Centaur. 210—Allen Rhea, Centaur. 107—Kelly W. G., Pittsburg. 212—Kirk W. E., Willimathville. 213—Wagner H., Independence. 222—Hardiman F. S., Joplin. 223—Ingram J. C., Joplin. 224—York Ed, Dexter. 224—Morris C. A., Mincy. Montana. 107—Smith F. P., Helena. Nebraska. 59—Batten J. P., Endicott. 250—Pell F. M., Ellis. New Hampshire. 126—Cote Ones, Tilton. New Jersey. 190—Dusenack G., Hoboken. New York. 216—Henderson Cuthbert, Buffalo. 67—Laird C. Leonard, Rochester. 77—Bausher C. H., New York. 127—Wooden Emily B., Rochester. 167—Hutchins E. S., Moriah Center. 168—Babcock W. A., Smyrna. North Carolina. 128—Hanser S. A., Winston Salem. 129—Kelly W. S., Newbern. North Dakota. 143—Lund Ole H., Westhope. 144—Shuk J. M., Conway. 145—Chamberlain J., New Rockford. Ohio. 66—Fox H. E., Conneaut. 151—Rehm J., Springfield. 67—Laird C. Leonard, Rochester. 169—Green D. A. F., Cleveland. 215—Bogardus L. H., Lima. 215—Pikerton Jas., Calcitta. 218—Moore L. B., Conneaut. 219—Bogardus L. H., Lima. Oklahoma. 220—Ketchum J. T., Mangum. 275—Lamater Miss Nellie, Woodward. 276—McCoy Jas. E., Slaton. 277—Long Richard, Conneaut. 169—Green D. A. F., Cleveland. 215—Bogardus L. H., Lima. 215—Pikerton Jas., Calcitta. 218—Moore L. B., Conneaut. 219—Bogardus L. H., Lima. Oregon. 221—Goodwater Geo., University Park, Portland. 278—McCarty L. L., The Dalles. Pennsylvania. 220—Keast Wm., Newcastle. 67—Nolder Geo. V., Belle Vernon. 68—Carstater J. H., Mill Hall. 78—Laughner L. M., Braddock. 79—Rowan E. R., Hooversville. 80—Baker B., Reading. 81—Brewer C. N., Smethport. 149—Olson C. W., Philadelphia. 154—Alexander J. D., Blairsville. 154—Delaney M. F., Shenandoah. 155—Mullhal Jno. J., Hazleton. 156—Foster Ira B., W. Belgrade. 157—Pope W. G., Pittsburg. 158—Pitts G., Pittsburg. 170—Wilson Jas. A., Pittsburg. 171—Kennedy Wm., Tarentum. 172—Hartell C. Z., Harrisburg. South Dakota. 232—Clark A. E., Hecla. 274—Sturom Loren E., Berton. Tennessee. 65—Crows T. P., McMinnville. 82—Teters Ellen, Roop. 150—Bates J. W., Nunnally. Texas. 247—Butler M. B., Blevins. 248—Campbell C. H., Roston. 74—Todd W. R., Farmersville. 75—Baley Art V., Finlay. 80—Vincent C. L., Mart. 85—Choate F. G., Cooper. 86—Gay Mrs. Bettie, Columbus. 87—Smith Joshua N., Corpus Christi. 88—Gibson Allen, Thornton. 89—Harris G. B., Bruceville. 90—Candady H., Payne Springs. 91—Albin A. O., Abilene. 270—Green J. C., W. Adams. 280—Boyer R. G., Grand Saline. 281—Fordard G. A., Houston. 282—Lock Edward, San Antonio. Utah. 147—Madsen Peter, Ephraim. 148—Lawrence O. E., Salt Lake City. Vermont. 83—Farnum C. D., So. Londonderry. 150—Keyes W. A., Brattleboro. Wisconsin. 76—Gallagher T. F., Walla Walla. 91—Angus A. V., Mahton. 147—Tamblyn E. J., Spokane. West Virginia. 180—Garnier W. Scott, Tunnetton. 221—Wills N. B., Dry Branch. 70—Stitt Henry, Cochrane. Ontario. 148—Quirnbach Emil, Berlin.

HEAR IT BOOMING DOWN THE LINE.

That 2,000,000 Votes is on the Way—Capitalism Itself Forcing the Issue.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—Michael Donnelly, president of the striking butchers, announced today that he is a Socialist. He said this strike is turning all union labor men from other political faiths to Socialism of the active sort. President Donnelly said today:

"The packing house strike is the greatest educator of Socialism the West has ever experienced. From being unconscious Socialists, the workers are realizing that they are in reality a part of the Socialist movement. The harsh treatment meted out to the strikers by the packers, and the inhuman conditions under which they are willing to have men and women live and work in their

slaughter houses, has brought organized labor to the conclusion that the proletariat class has no hesitation in consigning the masses to a fate worse than that of slaves.

"Edward Tilden's advocacy of child labor in the yards has also added fuel to the flames of Socialism. From this class distinction and recognition will arise the great Socialist party, to achieve victory by the ballot, instead of the strike. Such a man as Tilden, with his view of the good of enslaving children, has no business on the board of education."

Mr. Tilden is a member of the Chicago public school board, a director of the firm of Libby, McNeill & Libby, and vice-president of the Drovers' deposit national bank.

GET A PICTURE OF THE BABIES.

The "History of Appeal to Reason and Coming Nation" is being put in type. The photographer has tired out the whole office force making us sit around in all kinds of poses and scolding us for not looking pleasant; that is, the men folks. The girls can't help but look pretty—all good Socialist girls look that way. It's a way they have—they were born so. But, thank goodness, the job is done and the pictures are now in the hands of the engravers.

I tell you, boys and girls, it's going to be a great book.

The foreman has selected a fine grade of paper for it and the pictures are going to show up immense, especially the half-headed man (that's me). I forgot to tell you last week about one of the pictures that is going to particularly interest you. It's a picture of 13 babies—ranging from six months to seven years of age—belonging to different members of the Appeal force. This picture will be labeled, "The Coming Nation." Rather appropriate, eh?

You can't afford to miss this book. Ten three-months subs at ten cents each in this month secures it—keep that in mind.

And while you are at it better get two or three copies, so all the family can have one.

And I want to firmly impress upon your minds that I'm not joking when I say this is the only chance you will ever have to get this book.

Comrade Wayland insists he will never write another one, and the plates of this one will be destroyed just as soon as enough have been printed to fill the orders of those entitled to them by virtue of having complied with the requirements, that is, sent in ten three-months subs during August.

Don't depend on this offer being extended beyond the date set, August 31. It closes on that date for all time. And don't send in a dollar with no names and ask for the book—that would look too much like selling it and it positively will not be sold to anyone. One dollar and ten three-months subscribers will get the book, and that is the only way you can get it.

There will be no free copies. You may ride on the railroad "D. H." but you can't get this book "D. H." You must work your passage. Work for Socialism, that is what is wanted.

SOCIETY'S CONSTANT CHANGE.

Probably the most frequent objection which the unthinking bring forward against Socialism is that, "You'll have to change human nature, and human nature can never be changed, you know."

After delivering this broad-side, the "know-it-all" smiles derisively and passes on.

The objectors of this class are men who have studied the progress of the human race but little. He looks about him today, notes the general characteristics of the human race and assumes that things have always been just as they are today and that they will always remain so. Had he lived a few centuries ago he would still be plowing with a crooked stick, and vigorously opposing the introduction of the steel plow—because dad had always used the stick, and, by gum, he proposed to use it, too.

Said Prof. Marshall, in 1885, in his inaugural address at Cambridge University: "The change that has been made in the point of view of economies by the present generation is due to the discovery that man himself is in a great measure a creature of circumstances, and changes with them; and the importance of this discovery has been accentuated by the fact that the growth of knowledge and earnestness has recently made and is making deep and rapid changes in human nature."

Note particularly the last clause of the last sentence: "is making deep and rapid changes in human nature."

Fiske, in "Destiny of Man," adds his conclusion, as the result of exhaustive research into the past and present history of the race: "The creation of man was by no means the creation of a perfect being. The most essential feature of man is his improvable, and since his first appearance on earth the changes that have gone on in him have been so great that in many respects the interval between the highest and the lowest man far surpasses quantitatively the interval between the lowest men and the highest apes. If we take into account the creasing of the cerebral surface, the brain of a Shakespeare and that of an Australian savage would doubtless be fifty times greater than the difference between the Australian's brain and that of an orang outang. In mathematical capacity the Australian's brain, who cannot tell the number of fingers on his two hands, is much nearer to a lion or a wolf than he is to Sir Rowan Hamilton, who invented the method of quaternions. In moral development this same Australian, whose language contains no word for justice and benevolence, is less remote from dogs and baboons than the ape, but his mind is nevertheless very quickly reached. All the distinctive attributes of man, in short, have been developed to an enormous extent through the long ages of social evolution. The physical development of man is destined to go on in the future as it has gone on in the past. The creative energy which has been at work through this bygone

eternity is not going to become quiescent tomorrow.

From what has already gone on during this historic period of man's existence we can safely predict a change that will be by and distinguish him from all creatures even more widely and more fundamentally than he is distinguished today."

It is easy for us to understand these changes in human nature when we take into consideration the well established facts of the progress of the race. We know that this progress is to continue and we may expect as great changes in the character of men and society in the future as we know has occurred in the past.

Your "never-change-human-nature" friend must come to recognize this fact, or he will get lost in the shuffle.

Debs Article to See the Light

"Appeal to Reason" to Publish What Was Rejected by McClure.

(From the Tribune-Gazette, Terre Haute, Indiana.)

Eugene V. Debs' letter to the McClure Magazine in reply to a letter declining to publish his answer to ex-President Cleveland's magazine article on the A. R. U. strike on the ground that it "was not a sober statement of facts" was given in yesterday's Tribune and Gazette.

Today the Tribune and Gazette is able to give the full letter of S. S. McClure to Mr. Debs that drew out Mr. Debs' caustic response.

Mr. Debs' article which was refused publication in McClure's Magazine will find its way to the world in the "Appeal to Reason," a well-known Socialist weekly paper of Girard, Kans., in its issue of August 27. It is stated by the editor that he expects to print a million copies of that issue of the paper.

L. Henderson, a farmer near Meridian, Miss., killed the attorney who was prosecuting him for peonage. Slavery was abolished, you know! Yes, all crimes spring from the struggle to get the result of other people's work for nothing. You bet, Henderson is in favor of the Parker-Roosevelt combination. All believers in wage slavery, peonage and profits are.

Frank Smalley, 11 years old, committed suicide at Sibley, Iowa, August 2nd, because his father made him work sixteen hours a day and the boy was hopeless. I'll get the father votes for the Roosevelt-Parker combination and yell that the country is prosperous. Great country when parents have to make slaves of their children in their mad, insane scramble for money.

Probably no booklet printed has had the sale that Debs' "Unionism and Socialism" has had since it made its appearance. One comrade sold 1300 copies in one week. It is a book that sells on sight. A little effort will enable anyone to sell 100 copies per day. It retails at 10 cents. It costs a lot of 100 a working copy. You can easily make \$5 to \$8 per day, and at the same time put in the average working-man straight on political action and the trade union movement than anything else in print.

What some of the comrades think of it: Seymour Steadman—"The clearest and most forceful statement of the purpose and object of the trade union movement, its achievements and possibilities in emancipating the wage worker, and its relationship to the political party of the working class."

"The vigorous, strong and beautiful style in which it is written grasps the attention of the reader to release it only at the last word of the last paragraph."

"It is adapted to campaign purposes and general propaganda, defining the tactics of the Socialist in the trade union and the duty of the trade union politically."

"This work will ever remain a classic in the revolutionary literature of the class."

A. S. Edwards—"A most timely pamphlet, magnificently done. It is clear, eloquent and unanswerable."

Reviewers Journal—"The union man who reads it will end up by becoming a Socialist. Invaluable for propaganda."

Buffalo Progress—"It is a clear-cut and strong plea for the emancipation of the workingman from the wage system by way of the Socialist movement, and is well worthy of careful consideration. We are, after reading it, that we are 'almost persuaded,' and advise every one to procure a copy."

Marion (Ind.) Photos—"One of the best expositions of this question we have ever seen."

Gaylord White—"Bully for Unionism and Socialism."

Leodor Loeb—"A proletarian masterpiece; should be read by every worker."

Social Democratic Herald—"Written in the author's matchless popular style, full of the best words of the language that cannot be misunderstood. It sustains its interest throughout and closes with the most beautiful and sympathetic appeal we have ever read."

Mother Jones—"The very book for the wage slave. It goes straight to the mark, and all hands should join in spreading it among the billions of the land."

Communist Workers Magazine—"Clear and interesting. Reflects the author's characteristic sincerity."

Max G. Hays, Editor Cleveland Citizen—"An admirable work for propaganda. Clear and vigorous. Helpful and inspiring. A real eye-opener for the proletariat."

Order 100 copies today and start the ball rolling. Prices: 10c per copy; 5 for 45c; 12, \$1; 100, \$4.

HOT CINDERS.

The rich man is not his brother's keeper—only the keeper of the product of his brother's labor.

The Illinois Central has offered a large reward for the train robbers who held up its "Diamond Special" recently. But how about those "train robbers" who held up the democratic party at St. Louis? Nobody seems to have offered any reward for them.

From the east, the west, the north, and the south comes the cry: "I want one of those books." And the way the office girls are working to care for those lists of ten three-month subs is a most pleasing sight. You'll be surprised when you see the circulation figures next week—we are gaining on that 300,000 at express train speed.

The other day I met one of those "independent" farmers that the republican office chasers are always telling us about. He was complaining of poor crops, low prices on what he had to sell, and high prices on what he had to buy, but vehemently insisted that he was a "free" American citizen and strenuously objected to my calling him a slave of the trusts. "When you come to town with a load of wheat, I suppose you sell it at your own price?" I innocently asked him. He admitted that the other fellow set the price. Then I handed him this remark: "I suppose when you get a new plow or a new wagon you buy it at your own figure?" He looked suspicious and shook his head. "No," he replied, "I have to buy and sell at the market prices, of course." He snapped out the last and the look in his eyes seemed to say he pitted my dense ignorance.

Of course you control the market!" I asked him mildly. A democratic candidate for congress then came to his rescue and led him towards the cigar counter.

The man with an empty stomach looking for a job isn't interested in any "unifying and harmonizing philosophy." What he wants is a job with a full meal attachment.

When Gene Debs was accused of interfering with the mails the government promptly slapped him into jail. When a republican postmaster down in West Virginia during the anthracite coal strike opened all letters addressed to the miners and reported their contents to the mine owners, what happened? Nothing. When Mr. Joseph Leiter, the grain gambler, has a quarrel with his workmen and builds a stockade around the village where they work, and puts guards on duty with revolvers and gives orders that no one must interfere with his business and no one allowed to go to the postoffice inside the stockade, without a pass from Mr. Leiter, what happened? Nothing. When the matter is brought to the attention of the post office department this is what it brings forth: Acting Postmaster General Wynne says:

"Leiter, of course, has a legal right to build a stockade about his property, and as the postoffice building is located on his land we cannot help that. If, however, persons are prevented from reaching the postoffice the only thing the department can do is to discontinue the office."

There are severe laws against interfering with the U. S. mails. These laws do not apply to the rich. And the working jack-asses vote to have it so. They get what they deserve but not enough of it.

AT FINNEGANS.

"I hear you've moved over on the west side," said Finnegan to the Blacksmith as he tossed a package of Lucky Strike on the counter and made change.

"Yes," replied the Blacksmith as he proceeded to fill his pipe, "I have been living in one of old Skinner's houses for the last five years, but the old devil tried to stick the harpoon into me the other day, so I moved out."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, you see, when I took the place, there were no shade trees, or trees of any kind in the yard or in front of the place. I tried to get Skinner to plant some but he wouldn't do it, so, finally, four years ago, I planted some myself; must have cost me nearly \$20, I guess. They are all now fine large trees. Well, what do you suppose that meanly old cuss wanted to do to me when I went around the other day to pay my rent?"

"Oh, I don't know, laughed Finnegan, "it's hard to tell what old Skinner would do, if he got a chance."

"Well, I should say yes. Why, the old cuss wanted to raise my rent. When I asked him what for, he said the place was worth more now than that it had so many fine shade trees around it."

"What! after you had planted and paid for the trees yourself?"

"That's what he did."

"Well, I'll be hornswoiggled!" exclaimed Finnegan.

"I guess that's what he did to me—I didn't know just what to call it, but 'hornswoggled' is a good name for it, I guess."

And the Blacksmith picked up the evening paper and retired to his usual corner with a look on his face something like Willie Hearst wore after the St. Louis convention.

E. N. R.

"The Socialist Voice" is a new paper at Oakland, Cal. "The Florida Socialist," Jacksonville, Fla., is another. May their number increase as the leaves of the forest.



IV. It bought and paid for—not a Gila Monster, but a Colorado Monster—whose poisonous venom was guaranteed to strike dead liberty and human rights; whose sting had defiled all the laws and already bought, Holy John, with conscience of the White House and War Department, set upon this Monster's head a crown, which gave him authority to strike at all law and all order. Then this bought and paid Monster called as an able aide Gen. Sherman Bell. And, as we said before, here commences another chapter.

UNDER SOCIALISM there will be no time for idleness, but plenty for leisure, and plenty of entertainment for that leisure.

UNDER SOCIALISM armies will be raised, equipped and drilled to produce wealth, instead of destroying wealth and men.

UNDER SOCIALISM life will have enough physical work to keep in good health, and enough pleasure to make life a delight.

UNDER SOCIALISM navies will be constructed to carry people and exchange products, instead of destroying people and destroying products.

UNDER SOCIALISM every person will be full of patriotism, for that means a love of a country's institutions, and they will be good and just and lovable.

UNDER SOCIALISM everybody will love the flag, without any question, for it will mean the nation that loves and protects the weakest, and gives them the pleasures of life.

UNDER SOCIALISM a man who works at any vocation will be just as high socially, being fitted for such society, as any other worker in any other vocation. All will be useful workers.

UNDER SOCIALISM there will be no incorporations to bribe and corrupt public service, but the people's corporation will be to perfect the public service and give pleasure to the whole people.

UNDER SOCIALISM machinery and organization will take from the housewife nine-tenths of her labor. She will cease to be a drudge, and the servant girl question will be a thing of the past.

UNDER SOCIALISM there could be no cornering and speculation on the necessities or pleasures of the people. The things produced would belong to the whole people until they were purchased by the individuals for consumption. The price would be the same to all—the time cost of the average production.

UNDER SOCIALISM if the people work an eight-hour day, they will have three or four months every year as vacation, during which they will have the means to travel or otherwise enjoy themselves as they desire. Eight months' work of eight hours will produce all the wealth the nation can consume.

UNDER SOCIALISM improvement will be adopted in every department whenever it is discovered. Old appliances will be thrown aside and new ones substituted when the new is worth the change. No one will be permitted to waste their time working with crude tools. It would be a national loss to have them do so.

UNDER SOCIALISM every house will be supplied with hot

and cold water, gas, electric light, bath, sewer and telephone. The people want these things, and the people can have everything they want, if they do their share of labor.

UNDER SOCIALISM every great trait of men can be developed. Individuality can find expression. None need die undeveloped for lack of opportunity to unfold their genius. A thousand great men will develop where one develops now.

UNDER SOCIALISM the waters of the great streams would be made into irrigating uses and no drought could prevent the national harvest. All the central states could afford to be placed under irrigation, and the saving of a single harvest would pay the costs.

UNDER SOCIALISM men and women will not be driven to distraction by mental worry over business, property or disappointment. Every effort will produce for them its certain and proper reward. There will be no element of chance in any of the affairs of life.

UNDER SOCIALISM there could be neither borrowing nor lending between individuals. There could be neither usury nor deception. There would be no debtors nor creditors, except as the nation would hold in trust for the individuals all things until they needed them.

UNDER SOCIALISM all the people engaged in useless or non-productive occupations will be put to productive employment, and the earth will have that much more wealth to consume. This will add immensely to the wealth each year over the present planless system.

UNDER SOCIALISM the nation will build cities of beauty and cleanliness, such as the earth has never seen, and the people will leave the old dirty, unsanitary hothouses on the earth and occupy homes fit for the sons of God. The old nightmares, with their fifth and crime and sorrow will pass away.

UNDER SOCIALISM if the people work an eight-hour day, they will have three or four months every year as vacation, during which they will have the means to travel or otherwise enjoy themselves as they desire. Eight months' work of eight hours will produce all the wealth the nation can consume.

UNDER SOCIALISM improvement will be adopted in every department whenever it is discovered. Old appliances will be thrown aside and new ones substituted when the new is worth the change. No one will be permitted to waste their time working with crude tools. It would be a national loss to have them do so.

UNDER SOCIALISM every house will be supplied with hot

A LITTLE BOOST FOR SOCIALISM.

It is very easy to talk; it is only hard to do things. Often as I sit at my desk the thought has come to me: "You sit here day after day, urging the comrades to work for Socialism, to circulate books, get subs for the Appeal, etc. What are you doing? Why not do something yourself?" This thought has bothered me a good deal. "You are right, and I know of nothing better for me to do than to give away one hundred copies of Mills' book, 'The Struggle for Existence.'"

All were agreed, but how should it be done? One hundred books would not do it. It was finally decided to do it in this way:

Understand, we do not consider these books as premiums—not at all. But a hundred copies is all the Appeal can afford to give away just at this time; these must be some way to select the 100 comrades who are to get them. We might pick out 100 comrades, get subs for the Appeal, and send each one such a proceeding; but what would that do? It would not do a thing. The way proposed gets the books out of those valuable books. Can you think of a fairer proposition? E. N. R.

"To the Veterans of the A. R. U." is the title of a poem which every A. R. U. man will cherish as a treasure of the years gone by. It is written by Ellis B. Harris, and will appear in the "Gene Debs" number of the Appeal—No. 456.

"How you getting along, Mr. Brown?" "Good; doing a fine business," replied Brown, rubbing his hands. Brown was accumulating the products of his neighbors, who were too foolish to see that the more he got the more they lost.