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Appeal to Reason.

This is Number 476

LABEL YOUR TIME EXPIRES WITH THE NEXT ISSUE.

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., January 14, 1905.

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FOR THE OWNERSHIP OF EARTH AND THE
FULLNESS THEREOF BY ALL THE PEOPLES
AND NOT BY PART OF THE PEOPLE.
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SOCIALISM is the expression of the Feminine Element in Government. It is the Mother Love of Humanity manifesting itself in a desire for the equal well-being of all the Earth's Children.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

A Letter from Debs

EAR Comrade: Your favor of the 1st has been read with special interest. There is but one thing for the women to do, and that is for them to come to the front and take hold without waiting for an invitation. If they get what is due them they will have to take it. If they wait to be coaxed they still have a dreary, weary siege before them. Many benighted women, like chattel slaves, resist all attempts to achieve their freedom. Socialist women ought to realize that their place is in the ranks, and that where Socialist men are and have duties and responsibilities, there Socialist women should be also, and any attempt at discrimination, whatever its motive or character, should be resented by the united voice of women.

If Socialism does not mean equal rights, equal opportunities and equal freedom of the sexes, it is a meaningless thing, and if I had any such conception of it I would reject it as a scorned and hateful thing.

It is unfortunately true that some Socialists are still tainted with the barbaric doctrine that the brand of inferiority has been placed by the creative power upon the brow of womanhood. It is false and abhorrent to every sane and sensible being—entirely consonant with capitalist despotism, but totally at war with Socialist philosophy.

You are right, and you have only to stand your ground and win.

Believe me, with best wishes, yours fraternally,
E. V. DEBS.

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. From him who will not give her all she will have nothing. She knows that this pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart he will know no other exile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, by her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinitely witching charms, she lures these victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want, to a martyr's cruel death.—Clarence S. Darrow.

Socialism has quickened the intellect of the worker, and has first enabled him to think, however faintly, on political and economic topics. It has, by organizing thousands of social clubs, given these whilom dull and torpid masses a genuine taste for and appreciation of purely esthetic pleasure, such as music, singing, theatrical performances, concerts and above all, books. The Socialists in Germany have done what the government left undone, viz., founded thousands of working men's libraries. The Socialist press has, in this respect, done wonders.—Von Schierbrand.

The issue between Socialism and individualism is, I believe, the leading issue of this age-weary, modern world. The men to come will envy us, as sharers in a battle greater than the anti-slavery struggle; greater than any phase in the eternal battle of the race for liberty since the convulsion of the Protestant reformation set man free in the sphere of religion, as Socialism promises to set him free in the sphere of economics.—Professor Vida Scudder, Wellesley College.

Children are to be educated to understand the true principle of patriotism their mother must be a patriot; and the love of mankind from which an orderly train of virtues spring can only be produced by considering the moral and civil interest of mankind; but the education and situation of women at present shuts her out from such investigation.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

Recently an Indian woman, Princess Viroqua, remarked to an audience of Chicago women: "Mothers are to blame for all the crimes of their children. The Indian mother never brings into the world a deformed, birthmarked or idiotic child. Those beings were left for civilization. That's why I refuse to be civilized."—Union Leader.

To its devotees Socialism is a religion. It is a faith which brooks no doubt. It has enlisted a passionate ardor. . . . It is a living religion. The faith, the zeal, are to its disciples the deepest realities of life. Their confession is no perfunctory assent to a dead creed, no lip service, no ceremonial.—Independent.

FOUND—A MAN...

This is the Woman's Edition, which may lead the reader to infer that this paragraph is written by Miss Josephine Conger, editor-in-chief, for this week, but it is not. It is written by the editor of the Appeal. For four years he has been looking for a man. His diligent search has been rewarded. Next week I will tell you who he is and what he will do.

Peace is the virtue of civilization; war is its crime.—Victor Hugo.

There can be no wreck for some that is not wreck for all.—Victor Hugo.

Socialism alone, of the score of political parties and factions in the empire, has great ideals and aims, and it alone is a living and growing force, throbbing with power, with hope, and with faith in its own destiny.—Von Schierbrand.

I do not fear the free woman. I fear the enslaved woman. The man who fears to see his mate walk the earth a free and untrammelled being is himself at heart a slave, unworthy of his mother's agony.—Franklin H. Westworth.

Commercialism makes Christianity impossible; the attempts to reconcile them can lead to but a single result—hypocrisy. Socialism, on the contrary, makes Christianity possible; moreover, it is the only political system which does.—Edmond Kelly, M. A.

The following figures show the remarkable progress of Socialism in Italy. In 1895 the Socialists won ten seats and 40,000 votes; in 1897, fifteen seats and 154,500 votes; in 1900, 32 seats and 164,976 votes, and in 1904, 52 seats and 319,909 votes.

While the minds of our women are exercised only, or mainly, in impression and expression of a purely personal nature they and their stunted children and heavily handicapped men cannot properly receive and discharge the vivifying currents of social consciousness.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Here is a woman who does not know how to keep house, but can do something else very well. Let us organize a system of living that will enable those who have no taste for cooking, or no aptitude that way, to find occupation in other branches of industry.—Horace Greeley.

The Socialist party is the party of the whole working class—men and women. It proposes that woman shall have every right that man enjoys. At present woman is not merely economically enslaved, but she is politically mute and dumb. The Socialist party proposes that woman shall be economically free. In the present society she must be provided for—must be supported. What does this mean? It means that she is a dependent, in economic servitude. In a sane state of society, rationally organized, woman would be able to provide for herself. She would stand erect in the innate purity of her sex, and she would not be compelled, if she happened to be the daughter of poverty, to exchange her womanhood for shelter. In marriage love would be the only consideration, and then we would not have 65,000 divorces in a single year in the United States.—Eugene V. Debs.

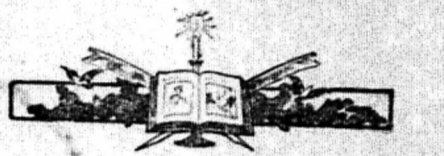
That society is not properly organized which does not compel man and woman to discharge their respective duties by making it the only way to acquire that countenance of their fellow creatures, which every human being wishes in some way to attain. The respect, consequently, which is paid to wealth and mere personal charms is a true north-east blast that blights the tender blossoms of affection and virtue. Nature has wisely attached affections to duties to sweeten toil and to give that vigor to the exertions of reason which only the heart can give. Destructive, however, as riches and inherited honors are to the human character, women are more debased and cramped, if possible, by them than men, because men may still, in some degree, unfold their faculties by becoming soldiers and statesmen.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

From birth a boy can hold property; at seven he is, if of normal capacity, answerable for a crime; at fourteen, if necessary, he could choose a guardian, and at the same age he is punishable for misdemeanor; at eighteen he is qualified for military service; at twenty-one he may declare himself independent of his father and is old enough to vote; at twenty-five he is eligible to congress; at thirty he is eligible to the United States senate; at forty-five he is exempt from military duty, and at fifty he usually chooses a new job.

When women no longer make their living out of their loving, the prostitute and the more successful specialist, the mercenary wife, will leave the world. The reduction of sex-attractions from its present fever heat to a normal level, and the perfect freedom for true marriage resultant upon right distribution of property will take away the crueler and more violent forms of sexual sin and give us pure monogamy at last.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

"Lay no flowers upon my coffin," said Homer, "but a sword, to show that I, too, have been a soldier in the war of the emancipation of humanity."

The Prayer of the Modern Woman,



UNBIND our hands. We do not ask for favor in this fight of human souls for human needs. We ask for naught but right, that we may throw the burdens from our backs, and from our brains the thrall of servitude. We are so weary of the pains that crush our hearts and cramp our wills, reducing all desire to childish whims, while our great hopes lie like smouldering fires within our brains, or burst distorted from some weak, unguarded point, leaving ruin and anguish in their track. Since women are not free the whole world's out of joint—for women are the mothers of the race. We cannot boast of natural rights, of liberty, while mothers of the host must know they're classed in common law with idiots and slaves, must stand aside with foreigners, with imbeciles and knaves. The sturdy sons nursed at their breasts cannot be wholly free, for what the mother is, the child will, in a measure, be. You are not granting favor when you give us equal power—the shame is you've withheld from us so long our dower of earth's inheritance. We do not beg for alms or charity. We do not want our rights doled out; we want full liberty—to grow, to be, to do our part, as Nature meant we should; we want a perfect sister as well as brotherhood.

It rests with you either to palter continually with your conscience and in the end to say one fine day, "Perish humanity, provided I can have plenty of pleasures and enjoy them to the full, so long as the people are foolish enough to let me," or, once more the inevitable alternative, to take part with the Socialists and work with them for the complete transformation of society. A vast and most enthralling task: a work in which your actions will be in complete harmony with the noblest and most exalted of human natures.—Appeal to the Young.

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MINDS

Workingmen of all countries, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain.—Karl Marx, 1848.

The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds.—Abraham Lincoln, 1864.

SOCIALIZATION OF HOME INDUSTRIES. By Josephine Conger

LOVE is the root and crown of all things. True love is goodness reaching its highest expression, and there is no truth in life but goodness. Whatever else we may have accumulated is sham and vain endeavor. When it exists between a man and woman of the highest type love reaches its supremest expression and largest possibilities. In its name have the greatest works of art, literature, music, song, poetry, sculpture and architecture been built. "It takes two to love anything into being." Elbert Hubbard tells the story of the birth of Rembrandt's "Christ at Emmaus," which goes like this: "Rembrandt sold his wife's wedding garments and spent the money for strong drink. The woman was dead. And then came to him days of anguish and nights of grim, grinding pain. He paced the echoing halls as did Robert Browning after the death of Elizabeth Barrett, when he cried aloud: 'I want her! I want her!' The cold, gray light of morning came creeping into the sky. Rembrandt was feverish, restless, sleepless. He sat by the window and watched the day unfold. And as he sat there looking out into the east the light of love gradually drove the darkness from his heart. He grew strangely calm—he listened; he thought he heard the rustle of a woman's garments; he caught the smell of her hair—he imagined Saskia was at his elbow. He took up the palette and the brushes that for weeks had lain idle, and he outlined the 'Christ at Emmaus'—the gentle, loving, sympathetic Christ—the worn, emaciated, thorn-crowned, bleeding Christ, whom the Pharisees misunderstood and the soldiers spat upon." This story was told in answer to the assertion that Rembrandt did not paint Rembrandt's best pictures—that he could never have given them the tender and spiritual significance they possess.

But high and passionate love is spiritualizing in its effect, and when combined with intelligence is capable of producing the noblest art.

One of the things that is a direct product of love is the home. Love is the root and crown of life, but the home is the corner-stone of every nation, every civilization. It is "the cause of all governments and all intellectual solitude, human and divine." It is the oldest institution of mankind,

dating from the babyhood of the race, when the cave, the wigwam, the tent, served where the marble palace serves today. And the initial purpose of the marble palace and of the wigwam is identical—their mission being to supply shelter, protection, rest and comfort for the mating pair and their offspring. It is little wonder, then, that the instinct of mankind for "home" is only second to his instinct for food.

The home flourished before the village and in its environs began all industry. For women, in their desire to protect and care for their young, were the first laborers. And industry was confined to them for many centuries, it being the male nature to roam the forests, hunting and fighting.

Gradually, through the evolution of intelligence and economic necessity, man took up every form of industry, improved it, specialized it, and built it into vast departments, from which society could be more easily and more economically served. We have seen the great, ugly loom, which served the private family, taken from our homes to serve society. We have seen other industrial machines, which were detrimental both to household happiness and to personal culture, carried out and placed in mill and factory. And with the departure of drudging labor our mothers have gone out more and more, and in contact with the social world have gathered a degree of knowledge and new life that is tending to reconstruct and vastly improve the old home, which was also the workshop. They are discovering that co-operation—the combining of ideas and efforts—is a long stride in civilization, and that in it lie infinite possibilities. They are learning that while the principle of home—its initial purpose—is sacred and beautiful, the home itself can never be ideal while it is also workshop.

"The foxes have holes," and all animals have breeding places. But we being human, must manifest our humanity by developing a degree of culture and expressing it in our every-day lives. We must have art and literature, which are the highest manifestations of the human being, and our civilization is in proportion to our excellence in these things. The home, for very lack of these car-marks of civilization, has never been a beautiful place in the past, and has ministered to the animal more frequently than to the mental and spiritual needs of its occupants. The place of beauty has been the public place—the great hotel, the theater, the club—and

this has been due to the fact that these grew out of the combined efforts of many specialists—artists, architects, master mechanics—who have traveled and studied widely, gathering materials here and there, and at last combining them in one splendid edifice. That is co-operation.

The home, on the contrary, has flourished under the direction, principally, of one individual—the housewife. And this housewife has been so overburdened with the many and varied petty industries that have for so long been a part of the home life, that she has had no opportunity to gather ideas about art, and her poverty has made it impossible for her to apply knowledge had she possessed it. But the industries, which so long have been regarded as purely "woman's work" are being absorbed in the industrial progress, and men are now specializing themselves in cooking, dressmaking, laundering, etc., and are carrying them on co-operatively in their own places of business. And they are doing it so successfully that few average housewives would care to compete with the chef of some high-priced hotel, nor could any individual "washer-woman" excel the work of the steam laundry.

Yet, in spite of this awakening and this excellent showing of industry carried on outside, leaving the home to the possibilities of a higher culture and its mistress to greater freedom for personal preservation and development, the age-old thought still clings to the minds of many men and women that home should be also workshop, in which women must eternally wear out their nerves and their strength, doing with questionable excellence the things that are done with such perfection through outside organizations. There would be as much reason in a busy man persisting in manufacturing his little private shoe shop and make his own shoes "on the side," while down the street was run, for his especial benefit—and others like him—the modern ideal shoe store. He does not do this. He rides himself of every possible encumbrance, every extra care, and gives himself strictly to the one line of work that he has chosen for his life-time. To this work he applies his energies six, eight or ten hours a day, as the case may be. And every faculty is trained and cultivated to the end that he may do this one thing well. Thus we have the wonderful, almost miraculous, development of modern invention and industry.

But he still believes, and the woman in the house

still believes, that she must divide her energies, her thought, her purpose, among forty-separate and distinct lines of work every day and every year that she lives. How can she ever succeed? How can she ever perfect herself in any one line while thirty-nine others call for equal attention? She can't do it—and she hasn't done it.

What is the initial purpose of the home? It is to supply rest, protection, shelter and comfort for the mating pair and their offspring. It is a place in which children should be born and raised for the world society. Why, then, do we persist in converting it into a workshop, where all our time is taken up and we have none to give to the children? Why do we insist in making of it a noisy hive of various and conflicting industries when it should be a place for recreation and rest? Surely, we have enough noise and friction in the outside world.

Why, in short, does the home wish to compete with the great factories, the department stores, the milliners, the dressmakers, in their various lines of work? It is very expensive, it is ruinous to normal growth, and is robbing society of its greatest and most sacred need—the opportunity for rest, for mental, moral and physical recuperation.

This silly notion, harking back to the time when men were savages, allowed—not to say compelled—women to do all the work, besides bearing and raising the children, is soon to be outgrown. It has already endured too long—long after vast strides have been made in every other department of society. But we are learning. The army, with its commissary, its trained cook, its great economy and cleanliness in serving, its swiftness, neatness and altogether business-like manner of handling the "cooking" for a "company," is a very good suggestion for the wise community that will first take upon itself the abolishing of the individual kitchen and dining room, with their smallness, their inconvenience, their dirt, their odors, their vast expense, and their greedy absorption of nerves, time and energy.

The socialization which is the inevitable result of evolution will eventually do for the home industries what it has done for the small shop, the crude farm tool, the privately owned highway. It will absorb them all; it will remove them from their narrow bounds, put them in control of specialized workmen and workwomen, and dispense their products from

the splendidly equipped community (or club) kitchen and dining room.

This most beneficent arrangement will rid the home of ugly obstructions, will conserve the physical strength of the mother, which today is so shockingly depleted, will give her opportunity for self-culture and mental development, and for that companionship with her husband which she rarely enjoys in this age of "a thousand things to do." And, perhaps, best of all, it will give her opportunity to delve a little into civic affairs, lending her aid to beautifying and improving the town and city and eradicating all influences which tend for evil. As women have built up and sustained the church in the past, so must they, in the near future, lend their assistance to the sustenance of all public improvements. But for this larger work they must have time and intelligence. These will be forthcoming only when the drudgery of home life is removed. To the husband and father such a home would be a veritable haven of rest after his day of social labor. And, above all, there would be an opportunity for the child. How many over-tired mothers force their young children into schools, on the street—anywhere—because they "haven't time to be annoyed by them?" Think of it! The very beings for whom the home was created are pushed out of it today because of the fret and grind occasioned by the little individual workshops we persist in maintaining there.

The wonder is not that humanity is so bad, but rather that it is as good as it is.

But we are growing in wisdom, and, in due time, love, which is the creator and instigator of all good things, will collaborate with our dawning intelligence, and in that day will the most exquisite production of modern civilization be born—a production which will rival in power and purpose the art of Rembrandt, the songs of Shelley, the symphonies of Beethoven—and we will call it home. A true haven of rest, a temple of beauty, of love and mutual development for the private family.

Of course, this cannot be accomplished until we have the socialization of industries—for the home must ever be protected by society—and if it is protected well society must own the means of production. This would put an end to individual ownership and individual appropriation of social necessities.

What Do Women Want?

Copyrighted by Kate Richards O'Hara.

NOW let us see, what do women want most in this life?

Mercy! The wants of women must be as many as the sands of the sea shore...

The tumult is stilled. Each woman heart feels these three have answered for us all.

HEALTH.

First and most of all we want health.

Some years ago yellow fever raged in Havana, but one day Col. Waring and Col. Wood swooped down on that old city...

Just a short time ago some man who either had too much brains or too little money...

I visited West Point some time ago and found a strange state of affairs. In the preparatory school there were a lot of grog, gangling, round-shouldered, hellow-voiced, pigeon-toed youths...

Happiness! And what is happiness? Where may it be found and how?

Every woman's memory travels back over her life and lingers in

just the same material we had seen in the preparatory school!

Soapsuds and carbolic acid routs yellow fever, sunlight and fresh air vanquishes consumption...

WEALTH. Wealth! What golden dreams that word brings to us; what visions of beautiful homes, of dainty clothing, of art and music and education...

Countless generations of men have expended brain and brawn to make machinery that will most speedily convert this raw material into the wealth so essential to our happiness.

Science and machinery have added to our capacity to produce wealth so much that we can hardly estimate it. A ten-year-old girl in a cotton mill weaves as much cloth today in one hour as her grandmother wove with her hand loom in two hundred hours...

There are more corn and potatoes in the soil than has ever been taken from it; more coal and iron, gold and silver in the bosom of Mother Earth than has ever been brought out to the sunlight...

Profits are made in counting-rooms, but wealth can only be made from the raw materials of nature being acted upon by labor and machinery. Raw material there is in boundless quantities.

HAPPINESS. Happiness! And what is happiness? Where may it be found and how?

Every woman's memory travels back over her life and lingers in

secret sweetness upon its happiest days. First the care free days of jenuous childhood—that time when we took no thought for the morrow, what we should eat or what we should wear...

Some day each shall know the happiness of childhood, the sweetness of love, the joy of wifehood, the glory of motherhood, for all of the wealth of the universe shall be within the reach of each human being.

They sat in the empty car that had brought the party through the mine, their absence unnoticed by the crowd around the machine.

"If you are going away tonight," he had said, "you shall at least give me these few minutes. You shall tell me why you are going."

Health, Wealth and Happiness. The sacred trinity of human life. How may we attain them?

Health, Wealth and Happiness. The sacred trinity of human life. How may we attain them? Today the world is full of disease because we have transgressed nature's laws.

The child is snatched from its mother's breast, is robbed of childhood and of happiness and thrust into the mill or the mine. The maiden knows not the sweetness of love's awakening, for her brain, body and soul must be sold to the profitmonger for bread to fill her mouth.

One day we will tear down the tenements, make the factories clean and wholesome, burn the smoke, dispense with vile smells, give each an opportunity to labor without overwork, care for our bodies rationally and health shall be within the grasp of all.

Some day this old earth will be given back to all of earth's children as the heritage of all, the machin-

ery that man has made shall go to its rightful owners, the nation; then will there be ample wealth at the command of all.

In the Bowels of the Earth.

It WAS the first time the new doctor's wife had been inside of a mine. Her staccato shrieks of laughter and somewhat effusive exclamations came back to them from the end of the passage...

"If you are going away tonight," he had said, "you shall at least give me these few minutes. You shall tell me why you are going."

Health, Wealth and Happiness. The sacred trinity of human life. How may we attain them?

"Don't," she said, "I will tell you. I meant to write after I left and tell you. It wouldn't be so hard."

"You know I love you," she began, half whispering. "I always loved you. When I was little and you taught me to play boys' games and thrashed those who said I was 'only a girl'..."

"You have promised to marry me." "Yes, but you wouldn't held me to that promise, Jack, now that I see we oughtn't to marry."

"You should that worry you so, little chum?" He moved closer to her. "I'll quit being a miner if you say so."

"That wouldn't make any difference," she said wearily. "You would still be poor."

would have thought there had never been any laughter in that little white face.

"Whenever a child is sick or ragged or hungry looking, she says to me: 'Poor people oughtn't to have children.' Whenever a man dies or is killed in the mines and leaves his wife with a little, helpless family that she can't possibly take good care of, my sister looks at me pitifully and says: 'What else can girls expect when they rush headlong into marriage without thinking of the future?'"

There was a moment's silence. The green flash came and went, showing to each the face of the other.

"That is why I am going away," she said. "Because I never can marry you, Jack."

He was crouching at her feet in the empty car, clinging to her hands as a drowning man might cling.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. "My God!"

IN the general dishing up of the bread and butter question "the weaker vessel" is compelled to serve at the table of capitalism.

As the mother of the race, she instinctively knows the value of life, and has, in all ages, with a few abnormal exceptions, been consistently opposed to the waste or destruction of human life—to war in any form.

The law of self-preservation drives her there; the bread and butter question will be answered for her on "honorable terms" nowhere else.

So we find some four million women of the United States in the role of bread winners, and a sorry role it is—under capitalism—though no worse than that of some of the ten or twelve million unfortunate home toilers whose "work is never done" and whose wages are never paid.

The home woman learns this fact, too, albeit she is "her own boss." A general "all-around-workman," any one of whose varied accomplishments many a trade union specialist might well envy, she slices the bread and spreads the butter with ambidextrous hands...

The green light from the end of the passage showed the girl's face now and then as she talked. You

A Dolla's Worth Free To Any Rheumatic Sufferer

I ask no deposit—no reference—no security. There is nothing to risk—nothing to promise—nothing to pay, either now or later.

Crystalized Poison! Your blood is always full of poison—the poison you eat and drink and breathe into your system...

Certain Relief. The secret lay in a wonderful chemical I found in Germany. When I found this chemical I knew that it would be practically certain.

Simply Write Me. This offer is open to everyone, everywhere, who has not tried my remedy.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

We Must Make It Seven Figures. It now takes six figures to express the total number of the Appeal's subscribers.

Table listing states and subscriber counts: Alabama 25, Arkansas 211, Arizona 27, California 40, Colorado 129, Connecticut 10, Delaware 10, Florida 2, Georgia 12, Idaho 1, Illinois 1, Indiana 1, Iowa 1, Kansas 1, Kentucky 1, Louisiana 1, Maine 1, Maryland 1, Massachusetts 1, Michigan 1, Minnesota 1, Missouri 1, Montana 1, Nebraska 1, Nevada 1, New Hampshire 1, New Jersey 1, New York 1, North Carolina 1, Ohio 1, Oklahoma 1, Oregon 1, Pennsylvania 1, Rhode Island 1, South Carolina 1, Tennessee 1, Texas 1, Utah 1, Vermont 1, Virginia 1, Washington 1, West Virginia 1, Wisconsin 1, Wyoming 1.

WOMAN AND THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER QUESTION.

By INEZ FORBES

Unlike old Omar Khayyam, however, she does not grow impatient over the question of the immortality of the soul, but over the bread and butter question!

And now comes the Socialist message to her: Cheer up, brave heart; the bitter struggle is almost over.

Cheer up, brave heart; the bitter struggle is almost over. The years of hardship have paved the way and now this very old question—unless the stars fall and the rivers run uphill—this question of bread and butter is about to be solved in the most up-to-date, scientific manner possible.

So we find some four million women of the United States in the role of bread winners, and a sorry role it is—under capitalism—though no worse than that of some of the ten or twelve million unfortunate home toilers whose "work is never done" and whose wages are never paid.

The home woman learns this fact, too, albeit she is "her own boss." A general "all-around-workman," any one of whose varied accomplishments many a trade union specialist might well envy, she slices the bread and spreads the butter with ambidextrous hands...

The green light from the end of the passage showed the girl's face now and then as she talked. You

How Some of Our Readers Can Make Money. Having read of the success of some of your readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success.

FREE GOLD WATCH. Do not deny it! Because through magic you have forgotten what you once learned about Arithmetic.

FREE GOLD WATCH. Do not deny it! Because through magic you have forgotten what you once learned about Arithmetic.

We Offer \$1,000

For a Disease Germ that Liquezone Can't Kill.

On every bottle of Liquezone we offer \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. We do this to assure you that Liquezone does kill germs.

And it is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs in a person, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Liquezone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain.

Acts Like Oxygen. Liquezone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time.

50c Bottle Free. If you need Liquezone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon.

Germ Diseases. These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain.

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Keep your eye on the Appeal next week. **Something Doin'.**

Next week a **Financial Statement of Receipts and Expenditures of the Appeal for 1904** will be printed.

COMMUNIST NATION

GENIUS AND SOCIALIST

ALL down the long history of the world we find geniuses alive with a foresight that is denied ordinary mortals, and arraying themselves militantly against the powers that be, even to the point of persecution and death. Socrates in Greece, Savonarola in Italy, Luther and Wagner in Germany, Shelley and Leigh Hunt in England, Tolstoy in Russia, and—in America?—well, they do say that Mr. Jack London is a genius, and Jack London is a noted Socialist.

And there is another new star that is burning clear, steady and bright in the world of letters—Mr. Upton Sinclair—and Mr. Sinclair is also a Socialist of the militant, class-conscious sort. In olden times and in other countries revolutionists were forced to drink hemlock, were burned at the stake, banished, denied the rites of the church, etc. None of these persecutions have come to Jack London or Upton Sinclair. But these men are young yet; neither of them is over twenty-six, and the Socialist movement, as an organized political power, is only in its incipiency in America. What the future holds for these young men and for the movement with which they have allied themselves we cannot say. We do predict, however, that they will "never give up the ship" whether its passage into port be storm-tossed or sunlit and peaceful.

Jack London wrote the "Call of the Wild," "The Faith of Man," "The Sea Wolf," and a number of magazine articles that have given him literary fame. But his "Children of the Abyss" is a story that every Socialist and every Socialist sympathizer should read, because it is a thrilling recital of the lives of the people in the poorest quarters of London. And what is true of the London poor is largely true of the poor of our American cities.

Mr. Sinclair is best known, probably, for his new book, "Manassas." This is not only a literary gem, clear, clean, without strain or effort, but it is also an intensely interesting tale of the opening of the civil war. "Prince Hagen," "Journal of Arthur Stirling" and "King Midas" are also brilliant literary productions, but the book that the young author is working on now, "The Jungle," is destined to be a masterpiece of Socialist literature.

Out in the New Jersey woods, in a little cabin he built with his own hands, far from the fads and fashions of the world, Sinclair writes. Here was born "The Journal of Arthur Stirling."

And if you would know the heaven and hell of a poet's soul you can never know it better than by reading this story. It is not a Mary MacLane production; it has not created a sensation among the sated consumers of latter-day novels; but it takes hold upon the minds of its readers, and, as Richard Le Gallienne says of it, "In the weary waste of clever imitation books it is an oasis of originality, indeed."

The opening chapters of "King Midas," says Rev. Minot Savage, "are to me a perfect delight; the first scene is simply superb, and the heroine is one of the sweetest, truest, most lovable characters I have met with for many years." The Boston Times, speaking of the same book, says: "Lovers of music will be especially interested by the skill with which music is made a language for the expression of emotion and the revelation of character."

If our author strives for anything it is for simplicity and clearness of expression. He is an artist and the sensational is abhorrent to him, as it is to all who see things in their true light. This doesn't mean that he is without feeling. He does feel. And he not only feels, but he makes his readers feel. He picks his words as a good duelist picks his swords, that they may cut deep and clean, leaving no insensible, jagged edges.

He created something of a furore among Socialists lately by contributing an article to Collier's Weekly in answer to Mrs. Atherton's attack upon American literature, in which she claimed that it was distinctly bourgeois. Mr. Sinclair retorts that it is bourgeois, and that it cannot well be otherwise since it springs from a people who are bourgeois in all their ideals. He says:

"The bourgeois civilization is, in one word, an organized system of repression. In the physical world it has the police and the militia, the bludgeon, the bullet and the jail; in the world of ideas it has the political platform, the school, the college and the press."

But the fact that such men as Sinclair are becoming militant Socialists promises much for the future of our literature as well as for our political institutions. May his tribe increase. J. C.



The present ideal of the "Lady" and the "Cook." Both positions, as held today are degrading. We must have dignity in work and morality in leisure. Socialism will bring both.

...Parry Tries to Crawfish...

The following letter addressed to Mr. Parry's "Industrial Independent," explains itself. Mr. Parry is trying the old dodge. He is now sorry that he ever intimated that he would meet a Socialist in joint debate. He must either do that or acknowledge the weakness of his cause. If he accepts, Mills will blister his intellectual cuticle in a highly interesting manner. Come on, Mr. Parry, the Socialists are ready for the affray, and you will be delighted with the interest which they will take in the affair. Next week the Appeal will contain an amusing cartoon by that prince of cartoonists—Ryan Walker—entitled the "Mills-Parry Debate."

In this connection I wish to call your attention to an article in the Appeal of December 18, 1903, in which we advised you that the Socialists were willing and anxious to meet Mr. Parry, and furthermore, offered to meet the expense of the meeting. Mr. Parry's secretary replied that Mr. Parry was very busy—in fact, the busy to take the matter up. In view of this correspondence, do you not think you are rather twisting the truth in stating to Mr. Parry that you are waiting on the Socialists? You "are not in a position to state whom you will ask," yet you say you are waiting for a reply from the Socialists. Rather a curious statement, to say the least. Now, that there may be no mistaking the position which the Socialist take in this matter, I wish to refer you to our letter to Mr. Parry, of December 16, and to repeat the position contained therein. Mr. Parry's "Industrial Independent," has intimated his desire to meet some representative Socialist, "in order that he might be warned of the opportunity which Socialism would bring into public notice, and that he might be able to give the results that must follow the adoption of its principles." Recognizing in Mr. Parry, as President of the National Manufacturers' Association and President of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance, a representative spokesman of the American capitalists, we decided on giving him the opportunity sought, the Appeal wired Mr. Walter Thomas Mills of Chicago, if he would meet Mr. Parry. Mr. Mills replied that he would be very glad to do so. No other Socialist is more widely read or has been more widely heard in this country. A debate between them would be of the greatest public interest, and would bring into public notice the comparative strength or weakness of the positions taken by the great contending interests involved in the current economic controversy. In the statement of the question, Mr. Mills will not be particular. All that he asks for is to have some statement of the question that will bring into the discussion the points of controversy between capitalists and Socialists. He suggests the following propositions, which he will be glad to defend: 1. The private ownership of the instruments of production, and the private management of the processes of production, together with the resulting monopoly of the opportunity to produce, necessarily involve great unearned benefits for the few and great poverty and depression for the many. 2. The collective ownership of the instruments of production so far as they are collectively used, and the collective management by the workers of the processes of production, with equal opportunity for all men and women to become workers, if they shall so choose, will insure industrial justice, social peace, and the highest possible welfare of all. 3. Those questions of controversy between capitalists and laborers are necessarily political, and must be settled at the ballot box, and can be peacefully settled nowhere else. As to the division of time, Mr. Mills will agree to any arrangement which will secure each speaker the opportunity to affirm his own position and to defend it again after it shall have been attacked. He suggests that the first speaker shall speak forty minutes, the second speaker one hour, the first speaker twenty minutes in rebuttal, and then each speaker shall have three ten minute addresses, speaking alternately. That you may not hesitate on the ground of lack of support on the part of the Socialists of the United States, the Appeal agrees to issue one million copies of its edition containing a full geographic report of Mr. Parry's remarks, giving the same publicity to them that we will to Mr. Mills' reply and defense of the principles of Socialism. Assuring you of the earnest desire on the part of the Socialists to bring about a meeting between these two representative men, we remain, yours respectfully, APPEAL TO REASON.

...Letting the Cat Out of the Bag...



ably all be called for within the next few days. Let us have your application for blanks at once; if any are on hand when it reaches us they will be sent to you immediately, but if none are on hand the application will be filed and the blanks sent just as soon as there is sufficient money in the League fund to release them. If you cannot use any of these special blanks you should help the comrades who can use them by joining the 1908 League. It is industrial freedom for yourself and child, and not worth ten cents a week to you! Think it over. Fill out one of the blanks below today.

Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.: I agree to contribute 10 cents a week to the "League" fund from now until 1908, if possible for me to do so. This money will be used to secure a million copies of the Appeal and thus hasten the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Name: Street: City: State: Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.: Please send me..... of the Special Subscription Blanks to use in sending in yearly subscriptions at the 15-cent special rate. It is understood that my order will be filled in the order that it is received whenever there is sufficient money in the 1908 League fund to make up the deficit which will be incurred when the blanks asked for have been returned filled. Name: Street: City: State: NOTE—No more than five of these Special Blanks will be sent to one person at one time. This gives everybody an opportunity to secure a few of them, and every section will receive its share of the benefit of this plan to boost the circulation to a million copies weekly.

Why Women Want to Vote

The day is fast approaching when the popular prejudice against politics for women will be folded in its winding sheet and laid to rest along with Salem witchcraft and free silver. Granting that women as a whole do not desire the ballot, they will be eventually driven to demand it whether they want it or not. And the reason is this: The average workingman is loud in his denunciation of women's competition with men in the different trades and professions. Let me ask you (with apologies to Mark Twain) why is it thus? In other words, why do women compete with men? Do you think the average woman enters the factories, the shops, the mills, or takes in washing because she likes to work eighteen hours a day? Say, Mr. Laboringman, is that your idea of the women who stand with you every morning waiting for the mill gate to open? Do you think the "lady book-keeper" or typewriter that you see hustling down town with her noon lunch, disguised in a music roll, keeps books or pounds a typewriter just because she wants to keep you out of a job? You know she does not. She does it for the same reason that you grab your dinner pail

and run when the whistle blows. Because she has to. And why does she have to? If she is a single woman, she has to because father and mother have too many helpless little ones at home to be able to do much for a girl that can work and take care of herself. And the young man who loves her, and whom she loves, dares not ask her to be his wife because his wages are so small that they will barely suffice for one. He sees no immediate prospect of earning enough for two. And so the girl that should be at home with her mother, or keeping house for herself and the man she loves, is compelled to compete with you for a chance to earn her own living. And she is not to blame, for she has never had a vote in making that which men call the laws that govern her. If she marries the man she loves under the impression that what is barely enough for one can be made to do for two, she soon finds out her mistake. But still for awhile she clings to the two poor rooms they call home and tries to squeeze along. But by and by a baby or two come along and, with sickness and added expense, the debts and duns begin to trouble them, and the married woman, whose feeble strength should be employed at home, and who ought to be sheltered by her husband's love and care, is found by your side in the mill working for six cents an hour.

And why? Is it because her husband is not willing, yes anxious, to work eight hours a day and six days in a week that she may stay at home where she ought to be, and take care of baby? No. It is because her husband, no matter how willing he may be, cannot earn enough to take care of them all, and so she must help him or see the babies starve at home. And she will work for small wages in order to help her one particular John, regardless of the fact that by so doing she throws some other woman's John out of a job altogether. And she is not to blame, either, because the ballot which is the only remedy for this great and growing evil is denied to her, and you will not use yours in her defense. Though she sees the evil, she is powerless to record a protest against it. Are you blind that you cannot see or a fool that you cannot understand why women want to vote?—Belle Davis. A number of comrades have asked when the Appeal Army Picture Gallery book will be ready. Don't be impatient, comrades. It's a big job to get out a book like that. We are pushing it along as fast as we can, and hope to have it ready to mail out by the first week in February. The Center-Shot Leader cannot miss the mark. Don't miss getting an assorted bunch of five hundred only 50c, postpaid. The Appeal ought to have 200,000 subs within the next 30 days. What do you think? Sing The Dawning Day; words and music by Tom G. Fudge. Ten cents per copy. LABOR LEAGUE: 1700 W. Superior St., Chicago. Union, general headquarters, room 3, Haymarket Theater building, Chicago. Ten cents will bring subscriptions and literature.

The man who looks deeply into Socialism will find it to be more than a political movement. The political side is a means to the end of securing a new social state. Socialism is a form of sociology—a study of society. It presents a philosophy of life. Society progresses according to certain laws. Men have attempted to discover the laws that govern social progress, but they have written from the standpoint of the interests of the dominant class. Socialism interprets society from the standpoint of the struggle of economic classes; it is written from the side of the producer. Any observing laborer must be convinced that Socialism is in accord with social progress, and stands for all that is best in life. While the cause of industrial development has aroused the working class to organize for the purpose of taking possession of the means of production, it has served to draw the lines definitely and has caused the capitalist to organize as well. This means the clearing of the ground for the final political and economic struggle. All middle ground is gone, and in 1908 men will stand on the side of capitalism or Socialism. The old democratic party has fallen into decay and is past reviving. No workingman of intelligence will be inclined to cast his vote with a so-called

Why a Socialist?

IN 1902 two hundred thousand votes were registered for Socialism in the United States. In 1904 the number has increased to four hundred thousand. A political organization that can double its vote in two years shows vital signs of life. There is a force that is compelling men toward the Socialist view of society. The economic development of modern industrial society leads inevitably to the separation of the workman from the means of production. He has become landless and without tools. He owns nothing but his labor power that possesses this peculiar quality that if he cannot sell it he cannot live. Through the last century there has been a tremendous growth in the productiveness of human labor. A revolution in methods of production has taken place, but the advantages of this revolution are monopolized by the capitalist. The laborer recognizes this fact and further, he sees that the uncertainty of existence is constantly increasing for him and his family. The army of the unemployed grows vaster. Men drop from the small middle class into the ranks of the laboring class. It is this constant phenomena of industrial conditions that is causing the men of the United States to think and vote as they think. The whole process of industrial concentration is the economic force that is preparing the way for Socialism. Already twenty-seven billion dollars have been drawn together in combinations. This is one-third of the wealth of the country. It is but a question of a short time before the entire wealth will be gathered in the hands of a few men. It is then that the social change will become inevitable and collective production will take the place of capitalist production for the profit of the few. It is evident to the thinking workman that the keystone of the present industrial organization is the wage system. Those unaccustomed to think in the terms of social progress may believe that the wage system has existed always and will continue to exist. It requires but a glance at industrial history to see that goods have been produced under a wage system but a comparatively short time. The present wage system, united with a perfected factory production, enables the owner of productive instruments to reap a vast harvest of surplus value—unpaid-for labor—from the work of his employees. The whole system tends to the accumulation of property in the hands of the few and the impoverishment of the mass of the people. The statement that a man who is industrious and saving will never want cannot now be made by any thinking man. A phenomena so wide spread as the condition of unemployment points to a cause wider than individual irresponsibility. Hence the demand of Socialism is not for a change within the present system, but for the abolition of the present form of wage production which enables one man to control the lives of thousands. The man who looks deeply into Socialism will find it to be more than a political movement. The political side is a means to the end of securing a new social state. Socialism is a form of sociology—a study of society. It presents a philosophy of life. Society progresses according to certain laws. Men have attempted to discover the laws that govern social progress, but they have written from the standpoint of the interests of the dominant class. Socialism interprets society from the standpoint of the struggle of economic classes; it is written from the side of the producer. Any observing laborer must be convinced that Socialism is in accord with social progress, and stands for all that is best in life.

radical democratic party organized by a Hearst or Bryan. Within itself the work of the Socialist party now consists in keeping the issue clear, definite and uncompromising, and through its education forcing into every industrial center and every country place, the principles of co-operative labor and co-operative utilization of the products of labor. If the working man is turning to the Socialist movement, far more reason has the working woman to look in this direction for the solution of her present conditions. Since woman has entered the industrial field in great numbers it has become apparent that the problem of gaining economic equality is for her the same as for the working man. For the first time in history a political party has appeared that has opened its ranks to woman, and that states definitely that it stands for the political and economic equality of men and women. To this the working woman are making a response. Wives of workingmen, girls in the shops and factories and teachers in the public schools are coming directly into the Socialist party. They are serving on committees, attending classes, participating in discussions, writing papers and making campaign speeches. In other words, they are working shoulder to shoulder with the men. The working class movement has been the first to recognize the tremendous latent power that lies in the women of the race. Recently a French traveler said, in speaking of a strike in France: "We should not have been able to win the strike had it not been for the brave support the women gave. They urged us to stand firmly." In the economic struggle that faces us it may be said of American working women and intelligent spirit. Weak they cannot be. Well may the working woman look to Socialism. It means to her the breaking of the age long fetters that have made her struggle under double burdens. She is the mother of the race. Few mothers can view the prospects of their children under present conditions with a contented spirit. Socialism will assure to children at least an equality of opportunity. Karl Marx, looking out over the struggle that extended through every country, said "Working men of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose, but your chains and you have a world to gain." Surely he would have said to the women, "Working women of the world, unite with the working men. You have a double chain to loose and a double world to gain."

DECEMBER DISTRIBUTION OF FREE. Presents for the December workers have been made as follows: A Sovereign gold watch to each of these comrades: Chas. N. Huddleston, Danville, Ill.....100 John Dixon, New Haven, Conn.....81 W. L. Wood, Arroyo Grande, Cal.....75 R. T. McCormick, Findlay, O.....67 Jno. W. Atcher, Belleville, Ill.....62 J. R. Williams, Springfield, Wis.....61 E. W. Sechman, St. Louis, Mo.....60 G. A. Stockdale, Allegheny, Pa.....60 Newton Huffins, Evansville, Ind.....59 Geo. L. Williams, Greenville, S. C.....58 These three comrades each captured a fine Webster's unabridged dictionary: Wm. Day, Kyles Corners, O.....53 John Dixon, New Haven, Conn.....51 C. H. Owen, 14001 Kentucky, Harvey, Ill.....51 While a copy of Mills' great book, "The Struggle for Existence," went to each of these 3 club leaders: R. B. Bell, Colo., Iowa.....50 Henry St. Clair, Indianapolis, Ind.....44 H. W. Douglas, New Castle, Pa.....43 Henry O'Neil, New Haven, Conn.....42 W. P. Burch, Ada, I. T.....41 Henry Herzberg, Peru, Ind.....38 J. W. Javins, Marret, W. Va.....35 J. C. Coleman, Montpelier, Ind.....34 Geo. Frank, Auburn, N. Y.....37 C. E. Hawley, Berkeley, Cal.....35 John W. Ridge, St. Louis, Mo.....34 Wm. LeVidre, Niles, O.....33 Geo. F. Parridge, Dent, Minn.....35 H. R. Ryan, Salem, Ore.....33 A. Eugene, Brindley, Cal.....32 A. G. Swanson, Tucson, Ariz.....31 A. M. Green, Avery, Iowa.....31 G. S. Carling, Phillipsburg, N. J.....31

MAKE THE HEATHEN DOG UP. St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 4, 1905. Comrade Wayland—Received 24 subs on the "pink" captured in two days. It is a very hard matter to get a ten cent piece out of the hard shells while they look at 25 and 50 cents like it was thousands. However, I think it will be just as easy to get 25 and 50 cents out of them after they have finished up this ten cent worth. I have two more pink sheets which I will soon have filled up. I do not see any use of the Socialists digging for all this literature to educate the heathen when it is such an easy matter to make the heathen dig up for their own literature to educate themselves. Fraternally, W. M. HOLMAN, Gen'l Sec. and Treas., Order of Railroad Telegraphers. The "Co-operative Commonwealth" are getting scarce. Do it now or never. Price cut to 50c. You'll have to hurry. TEXAS COMRADES—Don't forget to register this month. According to the law of your state you cannot vote at the next election unless you do.