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Appeal to Reason. This is Number 477. Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., January 21, 1905.

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

TOLD you in last week's paper that the Appeal had found the man, and promised that in this issue you would be told who he was and what he would do.

Upton Sinclair is the man. Most of the Appeal readers are acquainted with Comrade Sinclair through the work he has been doing. But many of you, doubtless, are not familiar with the work he has done in the literary field that has given him a permanent place among the world's greatest literati.

You have been too busy to read the so-called popular books, and you scarcely get time to read book reviews. Sinclair's latest published book is 'Manassas' and the critics who write earnestly about other people's books are all agreed that it is certainly the greatest romance of the civil war yet published.

'It would seem,' says the Literary World, 'that we have at last in America a great character.' 'Mr. Sinclair,' says the Denver News, 'has written of "Manassas" as Tolstoy wrote of "Sevastopol," with realistic power. He has described war with its ghastly malignity, although he has the idealistic vision of enthusiasm of the rally when the country calls her sons.'

'Its scenes are burned in with as vivid realism as was ever employed by Stephen Crane, and this not merely in its war episodes, but in such thrilling incidents as the chase of the fugitive slave,' remarks the Albany Law Journal. 'Le Gallienne likens him to Zola and Tolstoy's "Manassas" will rank with Tolstoy's "Peace and War."

There must be something remarkable about a young man who can arouse such enthusiastic encomiums from the literary critics. 'There is something in Mr. Sinclair,' says the Book News, of Philadelphia, 'that makes one think of him as character, as a personality, in fact. Whether it is his over-exuberant enthusiasm, or the reckless extravagance of his ideas and expressions, or the nimble wit, that seems to laugh at the world and at himself at the same time, or whether it is all three of these put into one, we scarcely know, but, at any rate, the rollicking spirit, tempered, as it were, by high ideals that are really high, does of itself place his work upon a distinct shelf alone.'

The critics agree, and that ought to settle it, that Sinclair is certainly the rising star in the literary firmament. I don't know. I only know that when I read the story of the day one night of very long ago and read the pages of 'Manassas' it gripped me as no book had ever done before. I couldn't let go until I had finished the last page. And why? Ask London forcibly, if profanely, expresses it thus: 'It's masterly! The object's never been handled that way before. And, by God, it took a Socialist to do it. A Socialist is the only man who understands the country in which he lives.'

And Jack is right. But slavery—chattel slavery—is dead. The war is over. The men who made history during that period are rapidly passing away. But it is dead as a new slavery. And other men and women are coming on the scene, and their parts in a world drama of portentous proportions. I thought, as probably every Socialist in America who read "Manassas" thought, that could today be painted as thoughtfully as the time of Lincoln it would stir the American people to revolt against a slavery more debasing, more malignant, than that which enchained the black man.

The editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, enraptured as he is by capitalism, expressed it thus: 'For its art and glowing realism, "Manassas" stands the best of the romances of the Civil War. . . . But there is a slavery still among us—the slavery of the "Gilded Age" which calls for its "Gilded Age" and still will give it the same glowing realism. It is an artist seeking the right outlet. He has tried to find it in music, in Tannhauser, in the orchestra, in love, but it is not there. The outlet is in the flesh misery of the half starved of this city.'

PAUL LE CARRIERE, Paris, has left two million dollars to the Socialist party funds of France.

SOME capitalist papers mourn the lack of respect for the courts. If the courts were respectable they would be respected.

DON'T it strike you as being singular that with the great republican victory there have been no ratification meetings? Do you not wonder why? Can you not guess?

THE bankers have a lobby at Washington for more favors. They now want authority to do international banking! The president doesn't cancel their charters like he did the letter and rural mail carriers! Not on your life.

COMRADE TITUS is to revise the Seattle Socialist in February. The subscription price will be \$1 a year. A good Socialist paper is worth a dollar a year, with the prevailing high prices of white paper. If there is another advance, which seems likely, the Appeal will either have to raise its subscription price or go out of business.

WHAT is the difference to me whether I own you and furnish you with food, clothing, a house, medicine, and the actual needs of life, or whether I give you enough money to get these things and call it wages? And how many of you do not get these things in quantity to keep you comfortable. Wages is only another form of slavery.

You think it is the fault of society or government that poverty and ignorance prevail in Russia, Turkey, Italy and Egypt. Then why, when poverty and ignorance prevail here, isn't it the fault of government? Over there the people think their governments are all right—which is one of the evidences of their ignorance. Why not here?

THE San Francisco Examiner, of December 19th, has a photo of one of the rich parasitic class whose portrait shows her nude figure half way to the waist—a bride-to-be. Nice for the rich, but a poor girl would be arrested if seen thus. But I suppose these are criticisms for the protection of the family from the ruthless hand of Socialism! The rich can do no wrong!

THE politicians of Seattle, Wash., were surprised in the recent school election because the Socialists carried the precinct in which the University of Washington is located. The local daily says that the members of the election board were able to recognize the ballots of the professors and students, nearly all of whom voted the Socialist ticket. Of course, only the illiterate and ignorant and the dupes vote the old party tickets. It is the same in Germany. Nine-tenths of the literary men in Germany support the Socialist ticket. Real literary men here are Socialists. Illiteracy and old party ballots are always allied.

LOS ANGELES furniture and carpet houses have formed an agreement whereby they purchase in train lots, have a common warehouse and deliver by a common system of wagons, thus making an enormous saving. The retail trade must be concentrated for the sake of economy, and in the doing of the capitalist, the members of the election board, and why is it that a father is such a hated thing that it is to be feared and shunned? Honor thy father and thy mother! don't seem to be one of the virtues recommended nowadays.

WHEN you take a load of farm products to town you take the buyer's price, not yours; when you take the load of supplies back home you pay the seller's price, not yours. This has always been true and always will remain true under the industrial system that prevails and for which the farmers vote. The farmers can't see the cheat and the skinner don't want them to see it. So long as the farmers support the capitalist system the farmers will get poorer and poorer, and the speculators will get richer and richer. Under Socialism the farmer would have a large income for an equal number of hours of labor as any other citizen of the nation.

A MASSACHUSETTS judge has given a workman a fifty-dollar judgment against a neighbor because the neighbor was the cause of his losing a \$15 a week job. The court has thus recognized that a man has an equity in a job. Which being the case, why would it not logically follow that every person employed has a right to his place whether the employer desires him or not? What becomes of his equity if an employer can discharge him? In this age of property there are thousands of men who would give \$500 in installments for a permanent job that would pay them \$15 a week. Yes, we have property with a vengeance, and then some.

A SAGINAW coal dealer says that coal should never go above \$3 a ton, yet it sells for \$4.50. He says if he had it the mines he could sell it at that, but the manipulation of the coal market is responsible for the high price. Just what Socialists have been telling the people for years. When the public owns and operates the coal mines and railroads coal will cost only a few cents a ton more than the miners receive for their work. It seems that the people prefer to pay high prices for the sweet privilege of voting the capitalist ticket—so whoop up the price. Prejudice for old customs and superstition make the difference between poverty and plenty for the common people.

GOVERNOR DOUGLASS, of Massachusetts, is out for public ownership of franchises—but not of shoe factories. That's just the trouble. Shoes are even more important than street cars, gas or electric lights. Socialists are in favor of public ownership of all lands, factories and machines. The Appeal believes that all printing offices should belong to the whole people and not to a few. That is the difference between the place seeker and the real thing.

THE republican county commissioners, county auditors and bridge agents at Coudersport, Pa., have been indicted for burglarizing the public funds by false vouchers, perjury and forgery. This is the kind of men whom the republican working class of Pennsylvania has been educated to vote for during the last forty years. The state has been governed by thieves, thugs and burglars of the republican type for more than a generation. Great is republican loyalty!

PRESIDENT TUTTLE, of the Boston and Maine railroad, one of the most corrupt corporations in the nation, addressed the assembled conductors the other day and urged them to use every influence against the public control of the railroads, as their pay depended on it! What the railroads want is just what the slaves who wear the livery of such railroads should not want. Not satisfied with having the labor, they also want to control the political power of the employees and use that power for the glory and graft of the corporate interests.

TALK about adulteration of food and other products! Under Socialism, where the public would own the factories, produce the merchandise, and sell it at the labor cost, which everybody would know, no one would profit by such frauds, and, therefore, no one would want the public to make false goods. No false goods would be made and no profits would be added to the cost of goods. We will have adulteration just as long as goods are made for profit by individuals or corporations. Why whine about what you vote for and believe in.

THE action of the cotton raisers in burning cotton to keep the price up has a parallel in the destroying of many ship loads of fruit and fish in the great cities to keep up the prices, and many trainloads of stuff from the interior to keep up the prices, while all the time the people in the cities haven't enough food to eat! Ye gods, what a civilization! And to think that the workers, who produce the wealth and then see it burned before their suffering faces, will continue to be deceived by the capitalist papers and speakers and vote to have this earthly hell continue! Can it be that the race is becoming idiotic?

THE monopolists tell the people it would be paternalism for the people to employ themselves. They tell their victims that they would lose all their individuality if they had to look to the government for employment. But it is not paternalism when the people have to look to the trusts for employment. Oh, no! Just why a trust father is, is not paternalism and an elective father is, is one of those queer freaks of logic which the parasitic quibblers alone can explain. Anyway, paternalism means fatherly and why is it that a father is such a hated thing that it is to be feared and shunned? Honor thy father and thy mother! don't seem to be one of the virtues recommended nowadays.

Summary of Appeal Receipts and Expenses for 1904.

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenditures. Receipts total \$167,572.46. Expenditures total \$167,572.46.

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subscription receipts had ever succeeded in maintaining a circulation at this rate. It was a bold stroke, but it carried the Appeal's circulation from 25,000 to a quarter of a million, and found its echo in half a million Socialist votes at the ballot box last fall!

WHY NOT? Catholic Priest's Startling Statement.

If I were a working man and if I could bring up my children only to poverty and starvation and wretchedness, do you think I would not be tempted to any kind of Socialism? I would! I would! —Wm. O. Ryan, St. Leo's church, Denver.

J. J. HILL, the railroad monopolist, says that the supreme court will protect the railroads against expropriation—referring to the proposed rate law. Of course, Hill knows. He and his kind have put the supreme court members on the bench.

CHICAGO has twice voted twelve to one in favor of owning the street railways, but those who voted for it also cast their votes for the old party candidates, who have proceeded promptly to grant the private lines longer leases of life. Had the voters elected Socialists they would now be enjoying the benefits of public service without profit to a set of hoodlums and bribers. Funny how people will vote for a thing and then elect men who are opposed to that thing.

PHILADELPHIA recently granted to a company a charter to lay conduits under the streets for telephone wires. The company then sold the franchise for \$3,000,000 and \$100,000 a year, which had not cost it a cent! I have heard fellows say that you could not legislate people rich—but then you can teach parrots to say most anything. And the telephone rates have not been reduced in Philadelphia. Every alderman who voted for that ordinance is either a thief or a fool.

THE San Francisco Star says 'Socialism is a glamour of rosy word pictures.' There is no rosy word picture or facts about capitalism. It is ugly, vile, murderous, corrupt—it is everything that goes to make earth a living hell of torture. Take up a daily paper—the Star, for instance—and see what it says of capitalism's operation. Every item in its sixteen daily pages is a chronicle of crime. Yes, Socialism is a glamour of rosy word pictures. And it will make earth a heaven when it gets control.



Little Sammy—DeBure! Do not only slide down on my sled, but you make me pull you up again.

CONGRESS, composed of railroad stockholders, bondholders, attorneys, speculators, will make the law concerning the government control of rates. Of course, they will hurt the railroad graft!

WHEN a consumer in Baltimore wanted to know of the meter reader how much the gas bill amounted to, he told the customer, whose meter had just been read, that he was not allowed to tell. This explains why the bills are more than even the most expert meter can account for. But then the capitalists are such eminently respectable, moral, honest, law-abiding fellows!

THE report of Secretary Taft shows that the government transport service saved the nation \$2,000 a day over the lowest private bid. But this service is to be abandoned, the transports laid away to rust, that the private ship owners may gouge the public treasury. It is perfectly plain that no public official would consent to such a change unless such official were bribed in some way. And thus we see how private ownership corrupts the public service, and will until private service is entirely done away with.

ARE you not a little unreasonable when you expect all the virtues in the working class, when the upper class are openly grafting and flouting their stolen luxuries in the face of the people? When United States senators, congressmen, governors and legislators, state and county officers are stealing, and the papers are full of their crimes daily, should we expect the poor and needy to have all the virtues of a god? The rich have no need of wrong doing, but the necessities of the poor drive them to petty infractions of the law—and the law deals with them harshly, and deals with the rich with a soft and tender care.

THE Seattle (Wash.) Post says that anarchists, Socialists, nihilists, and those who do not like the constitution of this country should be denied citizenship. Wonder how such republicans as United States Senators Mitchell and Burton would do for citizens? They are the kind of men whom the republicans elect to protect the constitution! And it appears to me as rather funny that twenty states have demanded a convention to change the constitution. They don't seem to think the thing is so sacred that it must be defiled. Such howls from the Post are only to cover up the long line of hoodlums, bribers and thieves it has helped to elect to office. How about the "good, moral character" of such men?

THE Chicago Chronicle exults in the statement of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson that there is a tendency to stop the exodus from the farm to the city. It wonders why the farmers ever left the farm and built up the cities. 'They will be no stoppage in the deserting of the farm, for it is in accordance with a natural law. Machinery has enabled the farmer to produce the needs of the nation with a far less number of workers, and the surplus workers have had to go to the city to find employment upon which to live. Farmers have always worked harder and longer hours than any other set of workers. They live meager lives and have less enjoyment than any other set of workers. The average mechanic's family in the city lives better than the average farmer with a quarter section of land all paid for. There are even now too many people on the farm. They are only the tools used by the city chap to coin ostentatious wealth.'

HE IS TOO BUSY.



When Mr. Parry saw the vote... He said he "This item is, indeed, but voluminous to read. I must proceed to stamp out both. And stop this filthy, vicious growth. And so it happened in this wise. He started a new enterprise. That kept him busy." With confidence that tempted fate, he boldly challenged to debate. Whoever gave the Socialist side, and fought the challenge far and wide. But Walter Thomas called his bluff. For, called upon to show his stuff, HE WAS TOO BUSY!

PARRY SIDE-STEPS AGAIN.

In reply to the Appeal's last letter, Mr. Parry, under date of January 7th, instructs his private secretary to write to the Appeal as follows:

Dear Sirs—Mr. D. M. Parry wishes me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of January 30, and to say that you have received an enormous impression in regard to his entering into a public debate with any one. What had been contemplated was a debate through the columns of the Industrial Independent and not of the Appeal. He has always declined to enter into joint debates with any one—Respectfully yours, Edward H. Davis.

Mr. Parry is certainly an amusing cuss. A few short weeks ago he was wading up and down the country with a chip on his shoulder, anxiously seeking some one into whose ear he could pour his anti-Socialist arguments. It is generally understood that a debate is a debate, and that it takes place before an audience in a public place. A discussion occurs usually in the columns of a periodical. Mr. Parry is perfectly at liberty to put his own construction on the meaning of the two words, and thus crawl out of a very unenviable position. As it seems impossible to drag the gentleman before the public in order to give him a chance to expose the fallacies of Socialism and tell the dear people what will happen when it is inaugurated, the Appeal has asked Walter Thomas Mills to hand Mr. Parry a few hot ones via the columns of the Appeal. Comrade Mills, though just recovering from a severe sickness, feels equal to the occasion, and has promised the forthcoming article in a short time. It will appear in No. 482, dated February 25th, and it will show up this Parry aggregation of misdoctors and capitalist exploiters in a highly entertaining manner. If you wish to help hang the carcasses of these parasites on the fumes, you had better arrange to distribute a few thousand copies of No. 482 among your shopmates and neighbors.

CATTLE are cheaper and meat is higher. WHY do poor people always vote the rich man's ticket?

TEN years ago there were not twenty books on Socialism in the United States. Today there are many hundreds of books, some having editions into the tens of thousands. It grows faster every day.

THE Boston Herald says that Gompers can be depended on to resist the encroachments of Socialism on the premises of the A. F. of L. And he will have the help of Baer, Parry and all the other skimmers of labor. Their salvation depends on it.

HANNA's sons are to build a \$100,000 monument to their father. The wealth to do it came out of the hide and tallow of the working class, whose members are mostly buried in the papers' plot. Really great men need no monuments. Their monuments are in the hearts of their countrymen.

THE Chicago Daily News says that from early morning till close of day a long line of supplicants for food, clothing and fuel stand in line in the county agent's relief office. Yes, we have become a nation of beggars, like Italy—and for the same reason—because those in authority are grafters.

THE democrats elected one Phillips, of Fresno, Calif., justice of the peace, and he is also deputy tax collector. The Fresno Evening Democrat, of December 27th, recounts his arrest for a nameless crime against his own niece, six years old! Yes, the democratic party is decidedly in favor of protecting the home against Socialism! Great, isn't it?

Two hundred thousand people in London, according to dispatches, are starving. But they would throw up their hats and yell for the King if he were to pass on the street. They are as stupid as the Americans, who starve and vote for a system that enables the Rockefeller to own the whole American cheese, and declare we have the greatest nation on earth.

Capital pre-supposes wage-labor, and wage-labor pre-supposes capital. One is necessary to the existence of the other; they call each other into existence. Does an operative in a cotton factory produce nothing but cotton goods? No, he produces capital. He produces value that goes on to be made over his labor, and he by means of his own consumption of fresh value.

"A HETEROGENEOUS AGGREGATION OF TOM CATS WALKING ON ICE."

That's Franklin H. Wentworth's Opinion of the Present Congress.

Worry Goes To The Stomach

Special Staff Correspondence Appeal to Reason.

Washington, D. C., January 11.—If one were to cast about for a figure to aptly describe the gentlemen who go to make up the present session of congress, he would find it in a heterogeneous aggregation of tom-cats walking on ice.

It is a cautious company. The present congress is practically doing business on the basis of the next congress, with its overwhelming majority of the republicans in the house and the more than sustained majority of this party in the senate.

It is their strength that is their weakness. Why, now that the mannikins of capitalism have everything absolutely their own way; why, when they could raise their own salaries to a hundred thousand a year and vote each other sixteen million-dollar battle ships for the ponds in their back yards; why, when the treasury is at their mercy and the fiction of "prosperity" still hypnotizing their shabby, but capitalist-minded constituency, why should they pry and try and tread so gingerly?

It is because they don't know what to do; and if they did they wouldn't dare do it. They are afraid of the Socialist movement. They are like a big, lumbering coach without a brake.

NO DEMOCRACY IN CONGRESS.

Up to now the democratic party has been looked for for this useful function. But only real democracy can criticize and temper plutocracy, and there isn't enough real democracy left in congress to wave a white flag at a railroad crossing.

History shows that it is at the moment when a man's political power is absolute that he makes it a fool of himself. It is so with political parties.

There is no critic inside congress today, BUT OUTSIDE THERE IS THE MOST MERCILESS AND RELENTLESS BODY OF CRITICS THAT ANY SOCIAL EPOCH HAS EVER SEEN—A BODY WIELDING AS A WEAPON OF CRITICISM A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE OF A WHOLLY REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTER, WHICH CANNOT BE DODGED NOR EVADED BY THE SHALLOW TRICKS OF POLITICAL HUCKSTERS.

This is why these amiable gentlemen at Washington have put on their rubbers in the fearful hope that no one will hear them coming.

Every member of the house of representatives is looking back over his shoulder at the annoying, but very vigorously growing, body of Socialists in his home district. He knows his days are numbered, but he wants to put off his political death as long as possible. SOME OF THEM KNOW THAT EVEN TWO YEARS HENCE THEIR CHANCES OF COMING BACK WILL BE VERY SLIM INDEED.

PALMY DAYS OF PARTY POLITICS ENDED.

This is a very disagreeable fact for the representatives themselves to face; but it is equally distasteful to the whole machinery of the party in power. The leaders of the party of plutocracy know that with the coming of the first Socialist to congress there will develop a disquiet which will make the days of Jerry Simpson seem peaceful. They know that the palmy days of the plucking of the feathers of the people without any squawking are almost over in the American republic, and they fear that as soon as the Socialists force public recognition by representation in congress the party may grow as rapidly as it has in Germany.

Hence, under every possible legislative move this winter will lurk this fear of Socialism. Expressed or unexpressed, it is a burden of concern in every mind from the president down to the man making his maiden speech in the house. It is the spectre at the feast; the unwelcome guest whose horse's hoof-beats already echo on the turnpike.

AMAZED AT THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.

Plutocracy itself, amazed at the growth of a revolutionary movement it has deemed distinctly foreign, and dismayed at the breaking loose, in its own ranks, of such ruthless defamers of capitalism as Lawson, will be inclined to be very modest in its demands for special legislation at the present session. Outside of the subsidy bill, which it is understood is now sufficiently greased to go through, and the quiet and persistent thefts of the Pennsylvania railroad, it is likely that Wall Street will be content if congress simply sees that all its present grafts remain unchallenged.

When your ship is loaded to the rail and there is something like a cyclone coming it is the part of good seamanship not to attempt to take on any more cargo; it is better to make sure of what you have. Hence, if the present congress simply does nothing but obstruct any real measures of relief, Wall Street will not complain. Its queezing machinery is now operating very satisfactorily, and the recent republican majority shows that the people like it. Let things alone and everyone will be happy.

But the fellows whose seats are menaced by the growing Socialist vote will not be happy. They want to see something done that will quiet their constituents, and they have been led by the president's bold front to believe that he was to relieve them of all responsibility. They ought not to have been so trusting. If they want anything done they will have to do it themselves.

The president's bold bluff dwindles into a shriek from a penny whistle.

Like Buster Brown and his interesting dog, Tige, Mr. Roosevelt pats Mr. Garfield on the back and says, "Sic 'em!"

MR. GARFIELD AND THE TRUSTS.

Mr. Garfield comes out with his scheme to curb the trusts (which everyone knows has the sanction of the president or it would never have seen the light) and the corporation writers and talkers and presidents proceed to shoot it full of holes.

The following week it is given out by "persons high in authority" that the president never thought of concocting any measure. "It is not the function of the executive to prepare legislative measures." "Any measure originating with the administration would be doomed to defeat." "Congress would consider it an affront to its dignity," etc.

So the house retires, throwing bouquets at the capitol.

Confident that congress, in its wisdom and never-failing zeal in the cause of the public welfare, will come to the rescue of the people with measures that will make the wicked trusts fairly writhe in agony, the president turns his attention to imploring his official family to remain in the cabinet. The loss of Mr. Root's valuable counsel is a serious matter in an advisory circle made up of such small men as Taft and Shaw. Since Mr. Hay broke his habitual dignified silence and made a very silly speech in the recent campaign, he is not looked upon with the same awe and reverence. And now Mr. Moody is squirming to get out. He is the biggest man left and he feels lonesome. He wants to go back to Massachusetts where Lawson lives, and there is something doing.

PAUL MORTON WANTS TO QUIT.

But why should the Hon. Paul Morton, traffic manager of the navy, want to quit? Does he not realize what a splendid service he may render in showing up the breakers of the inter-state commerce law? He is one of these breakers himself, and could turn state's evidence after the manner of the gentleman who is writing "Frenzied Finance," thus winning merited public approbation. By doing this he could check-mate Mr. Baker, of New York.

Mr. Baker is the single-taxer who was recently defeated for re-election to the house, and as this is his last session he intends to be "just as mean as he can be." He is the member who refuses to travel upon railroad passes and is, therefore, considered a bit unbalanced by most people at the capitol. Those who do not understand the single tax call him a Socialist, because he is suspected of having principles.

Immediately upon the reassembling of congress Mr. Baker introduced a resolution to the effect that nothing would so surely restore public confidence in the administration of law as the arrest and prosecution of the secretary of the navy for granting secret rebates to the Colorado Fuel and Iron company while he was at the head of the traffic department of the Santa Fe railroad.

It is unnecessary to state that the house will never act upon this resolution, and that Mr. Morton will never be prosecuted. Mr. Mitchell, of the senate, and Mr. Herman, of the house, are visiting the state of Oregon on invitation of the grand jury, charged with conspiracy to defraud the government. This unwarranted interference with the liberty of men in high public station must be irritating to all good citizens who realize that we must have laws, and, therefore, men at the capitol during the sessions to make them.

If such prosecutions as this suggested by Mr. Baker's resolution were once to get under way, and spread, there might not be members enough left in the District of Columbia to look after the smoke nuisance. Unless there is a quorum in each house for the legal transaction of business the trust promoters cannot expect to get any new laws passed to enable them to evade the old ones. Legislation would thus come to a standstill.

THE SMALL THIEF ALONE GOES TO PRISON.

But a more potent deterrent is the fact that in the prosecution of all big criminals the attack is always half-hearted. The prosecutors know that the only difference between themselves and the prosecuted is that the latter have been found out. Even the friends of the capitalist system admit that all business is based upon lying and theft. What noble and warm-hearted thief will, therefore, follow with any spite a pal who has not injured him, but has simply stolen his share of the product of the workers along with all others of the craft. Is one to be hated because his graft has been a bit irregular?

It is always the intention of capitalist lawmakers that only the vulgar criminal—one who steals bread or shoes—shall ever suffer the indignity of incarceration in a dirty prison. Prisons are for the poor. But sometimes, quite by accident as it were, a law will be found to work indignity to those who were not at all in the minds of the capitalist lawmakers at its framing.

One can easily believe that Secretary Hitchcock was very much embarrassed when he found that the net he had spread to catch the land thieves in Oregon dragged into light such honorable persons as the senator and representative of that state. But it seems unamiable in Senator Mitchell to leave Washington as he did, muttering imprecations against Secretary Hitchcock as an "assassin of character." How was Mr. Hitchcock to know?

The senator should have taken the precaution to have the law changed before entering upon his little ventures in land as the others, his esteemed competitors, do. He may reasonably be accused of lacking the astuteness of his craft. No one takes the fact of theft seriously—unless the technicalities are ignored. The capitalist class and all its lieutenants are silently assumed to be superior to the law, but when every possible avenue of evasion is provided for the knowing, and yet an individual blunders up against it, there remains but to make an example of him. He has to be sacrificed for the good of his class. If it were otherwise the exploited classes would lose respect for the law, which would be fatal to the whole capitalist system.

THE ETHICS OF THE BIG GRABBER.

The light and jaunty manner in which Secretary Morton treats his own case of law-breaking is strikingly characteristic of his class, and yet, considered individually with reference to his conspicuous position, may prove impolitic and embarrassing to his chief.

Commenting on the conviction of his road for granting illegal rebates, Mr. Morton says: "What Mr. Biddle did was exactly right, in my judgment. Everybody did just as we did, and had to, or go out of business." Mr. Biddle is the freight traffic manager of the Santa Fe.

Here is a man in the cabinet of a president who never fails to enunciate respect for law, who coolly says it is right to break the law when the law gets in the way of "business." And he says it, not with the defiance of a criminal, but with the high and free indifference of one to whom laws—which are meant for the vulgar—do not apply.

What kind of a person is this to entrust with the United States navy? Must he not inspire respect in the minds of the statesmen of foreign countries? Is he as finely and serenely above international law as he appears to be above the laws of his own nation?

Such a revelation of moral impenetrability in the chief council of the nation should shake the country from end to end. It should be as sensational an event as a declaration of war. But it is not sensational. Senators and congressmen are grinning slyly about it and wondering what the president will do.

WHEN WILL THE PEOPLE WAKE UP?

The astonishing dishonesty of the entire commercial and industrial fabric of the nation is such as to poison every avenue of official and social life, and under its polluting touch things which should be sensational have become mere commonplaces.

Why do Rockefeller and Rogers and Whitney and others not call Lawson to account for defamation of character? Could either tongue or pen paint them as any blacker scoundrels than his has done? Liars, thieves, poisoners of courts of justice and bribers of servants of the people, are they waiting to be accused of house-breaking and the panel game?

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE LOOK UPON ALL SUCH REVELATIONS AS THESE AS IF THEY WERE AT A PLAY; AS IF THEY HAD NO VITAL CONNECTION WITH THE COMMON LIFE, AND HAD NOT, EVERY ONE OF THEM, ANOTHER SIDE OF POVERTY AND SUFFERING AND WRETCHEDNESS UNSPEAKABLE IN ITS INFAMY.

The other side of Mr. Morton's secret rebate, which he upholds in the holy name of business, is the wrecked bank, the depopulated towns, the sufferings and agonies of failure and bankruptcy by those who are trying to obey the laws of their country, for which Mr. Morton and his class have so playful a contempt. Every public wrong has its burden and result of private suffering, however obscure the pathway may be which leads from the one down to the other, and under a capitalistic organization of society this suffering invariably falls to the lot of the working class. It is shifted from one to the other until it sinks upon the shoulders of the man who is carrying the world on his back.

THE BRIGHT STAR OF PROMISE—SOCIALISM!

And it is the worker and the working class political movement alone which now holds anything of promise for the American republic. The whole system of capitalism is too infamously rotten to be perpetuated even by reaction. It cannot be mended. It can only be ended. To cry out for more law with which to bolster a system in which the plunderers are insolently above the law is to whirl in a circle of destruction.

The producing classes of the nation must consciously and deliberately make common property of every resource of production and distribution, the private ownership of which has debauched American public life until crime in high places is respectable; there is no other alternative.

The president may discharge Mr. Morton or allow him to resign or whitewash his offenses; it is but a pebble in the sea. The system which the president stands for is steadily and constantly at work producing thousands of Mortons under other names.

A dishonest social system must bear its fruit of infamy. It will not be until the sun of Socialism shall rise upon the capitol that men who have the welfare of the people in their hearts shall sit around the council table of the chief executive.

SOCIALISM MUST COME.

No, the Socialist philosophy is not a new thing, introduced by some individualistic person with a scheming mind and an ambition for notoriety. No Socialist has ever bobbed up out of the prevailing chaos of things saying, "Dovick-like, I am the Prophet; follow me." To attach such motives to Socialists and to Socialism is absurd. And it shows a degree of ignorance that it would be well to keep hidden. Don't do it.

The history of social development shows that a perfectly organized society is inevitable sooner or later. The individual man is, in his perfect state, only a part of a great whole. Society is the whole. And the pain and friction that we feel in society today is caused by the fact that men and women have not found

their true places in life and are out of harmony with their surroundings. So sensitive and so finely constructed are we that we are constantly feeling the pain and the depression of those about us. If a man is hungry and we know it we cannot eat in peace. If a woman is sick or a child is dying we cannot be happy, even though we are in health and have personal comforts. If there is an insane man, an idiot, a criminal or imbecile brought to our notice we are at once unfavorably affected by the fact.

And today, when our lives are brought so close together by the newspaper, the telegraph, the telephone, steam and electricity, we are constantly under the influence of unfortunate men, women and children, and we cannot possibly become perfect beings ourselves as long as such influence lasts. It gets on our nerves, it

irritates us, it makes us lose faith in humanity, it affects our health and our morals. Certain religious factions think they have discovered a way of escape from this baneful influence, and they tell us to "go into the silence," "get in tune with the infinite," "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think upon these." And such advice is good; in fact, we would go much if we allowed ourselves to dwell too much upon the conditions of unfortunates. And yet, even with these admonitions, can we get entirely away from them? And would it be Christlike for us to try? The ostrich buries his head in the sand, but the danger exists for him just the same. We may occupy our minds with beautiful thoughts, but children in the next block are starving, and upon us is a

responsibility that beautiful thoughts will not meet. It is not enough that we be happy and bliss. Being a part of the whole we must see that our neighbor is also happy and bliss. If he is not, then we may rest assured that some time, somewhere, his pain will reach out and affect us also.

Men in business are learning the power and necessity of co-operation. Socialization, more quickly than it is being learned anywhere else. "Combines" are late factors in the business world, but they are necessary ones and are in the line of natural evolution. In large factories, packing houses, stores, and other institutions of production, hundreds of men, women and children combine in producing what was formerly produced by individuals in isolated places throughout the country. "And why? Because there isn't any other way to do business successfully. Society has been working to this end for centuries, and mankind—individuals—must fall in line with the demands of society, willy nilly.

And so it will be in other lines of life. Men and women will find that they must co-operate, that they must work together for the good of all, if the individual would reach any degree of perfection. They will find that as co-operation in production is fast reaching perfection, so co-operation in ownership will come next in the line of progress. It must. And to delay it means only the heaping of unnecessary misery upon the heads of all of us. There must be co-operation in government, too, and, in fact, Socialism. The question in the writer's mind is not "How can we make Socialism come?" but "How could we avoid it even if we tried?" The only method of avoiding it would be by the utter annihilation of the human race.

But Socialism will not come without its accompanying birth-pangs. And these will be hard or light, according to the intelligence and spirit of those who assist in the birth of the new order. So, our admonition to all workers would be to "buckle on the whole armor" and put your mind to your work, for a child is soon to be born among you, which is to be a savior of the world.

JOSEPHINE CONGR.

The genius of liberty has not been destroyed even by competition, trusts, class legislation, Newport aristocracy, or our house of lords, the United States senate, nor yet by supreme judges fresh from the offices of railroads, and some day, suddenly, out of the lair of slaves, it will leap forth, trample on the rage that now severs it and smite Shylock with the two-edged sword of Truth and Justice.—Dr. Geo. W. Carney.

The BEST THOUGHTS of MASTER MINDS

CAN'T HEAD OFF SOCIALISM.

Has the public ownership of the railways by the German government brought relief to the workers or prevented the Socialist agitation and the marvelous growth of the Socialist party? You may give us public ownership of the railways, and if you will give to private control the steel plants, the coal mines and the oil wells the railways will remain the instrument of exploitation in the hands of these private owners of these industrial plants upon which the railways in turn must depend for raw materials and supplies. The public may own street railways, but with private ownership of the tenements

and the shops, what beef would be saved in fares would be appropriated by the shops through a cut in wages and by the landlords through a raise in rents. Public ownership of any industry or of any public utility in order to relieve the workers must carry with it the public ownership of all related industries essential to its successful operation. That again involves Socialism. Democratic and populist public ownership can be made effective only by becoming Socialist. Public ownership and extending the circle of public enterprise until it achieves its independence of private monopoly.—Walter Thomas Mills.

SOCIALISM WILL ABOLISH CLASSES.

If we announce that we will remove the present class state, then, in order to meet the objections of our opponents, we must also say that the social democracy, while it contends against the class state through the removal of the present form of production, will destroy the class struggle itself. Let the means of production become the possession of the community; then the proletariat is no longer a class—as little as the bourgeoisie; then classes will cease; there will remain only society, a society of equals—true human society, mankind and humanity.

For that reason it has been stated in the plainest manner that we should not substitute one class rule for another. Only malice and thoughtlessness could incidentally put such a wrong construction on our meaning, for, in order to rule, in order to be able to exercise rule, I must have possession in the means of production. My private property in the means of production is the preliminary condition for rule, and Socialism removes personal private property in the means of production. Rule and exploitation in every form must be done away with, man become free and equal, not master and servant, but comrades, brothers and sisters.—Liebknecht.

CAPITALIST CO-OPERATION VS. SOCIALISM.

The spread of productive co-operation would not be, it is true, in principle a Socialist organization; for associations of this type would still be only competitive business, the latest development of the capitalist principle. The Socialist state will not be realized till there remains only collective property in the instruments of social production. This must be borne in mind in order to understand the like-warmness of the clearest heads among the Socialists toward petty co-operative associations of a Schuler, and toward the question of profit-sharing among workmen toward the labor bureau of the liberal state and toward the equally anarchical system of independent productive groups (such as are suggested by the anarchist), with their associated capital held together by no bond of union, but meeting on the bare footing of contract. Such enterprises are based on the competition of separate capitals; they have

a disjointed system of production; they presuppose always an anarchical struggle of private interests (between employers and employed, between earnest and idle workers, between co-operators and non-co-operators, between shrewdly managed social productive societies successful in their speculations and unsuccessful competing associations). The clear-sighted Socialist, as is well known, approves these only in so far as they draw closer the connection of the worker with the means of production, and advance the growth of a consciousness of collective interests; for the rest, he regards his shoulders at them. Marx was indifferent or even averse to these "reformers." Socialism demands that there shall be collective ownership in the means of production; then, and then only, will it be possible to effect, in due proportion to labor, the assignment of income and private property in the means of enjoyment.—Schaeflin: The Quintessence of Socialism.

Nine Nations

Now Use Ligozone. Won't You Try It—Free?

Millions of people, of nine different nations, are constant users of Ligozone. Some are using it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. No medicine was ever so widely employed. These users are everywhere; your neighbors and friends are among them. And half the people you meet—wherever you are—know someone whom Ligozone has cured.

If you need help, please ask some of these users what Ligozone does. Don't blindly take medicine for what medicine cannot do. Drugs never kill germs. For your own sake, ask about Ligozone; then let us buy you a full-size bottle to try.

effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Ligozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Ligozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissue, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison and cannot be taken internally. Every physician knows that medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

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. Ligozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

- Asplama, Anemia, Bronchitis, Cholera, Diphtheria, Erysipelas, Glandular Diseases, Hay Fever, Indigestion, Influenza, Kidney Diseases, Liver Diseases, Malaria, Measles, Rheumatism, Scurvy, Typhoid, Venereal Diseases, Whooping Cough, Yellow Fever, Zoster, Tuberculosis, etc.

50c Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Ligozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

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Form for requesting a 50c bottle of Ligozone free. Includes fields for name, address, and a checkbox for 'I have never used Ligozone before'.

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I will gladly give any Stomach Sufferer a Full Dollar's Worth of my Remedy Free to Try.

I ask no deposit—no reference—no security. There is nothing to risk—noting to pay, either now or later. Any stomach sufferer who does not know my remedy may have a full dollar's worth free if he merely writes and asks.

What kills the stomach nerves? Worry, probably. Mental anguish destroys their tiny fibers and tears down the telegraph lines without which the stomach has no means of self-control. Overwork will do it. Irregular habits will do it. Overeating will do it. Disruption will do it. But the effect is the same—stomach failure.

For a free order for Book 1 on Dyspepsia, a full dollar bottle you must address: Dr. Shoop, Box 104, Girard, Wis. State which book you want.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative.



Hungry Irish and Hungry British—We are starving! Landed British—Impossible! He had no root beef today, Dutchman.

WE PAY \$1 A WEEK. And expenses to men with Composed International and Composed Foreign.

SOCIALIST HEADQUARTERS—Rooms and meals. Reasonable prices. Locations of all kinds. Choice at 1022 S. 10th St. St. Joseph, Mo. Fritz Mower, Prop.

NEW YORK address: 215 Broadway and 215 Broadway. For particulars, address J. E. Hoover, 215 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

THE CHICAGO contains a monthly digest of the Socialist press. American and English. Review of current events by F. H. Wentworth. Numerous cartoons, life size portraits and beautiful illustrations. \$1 a year, 10c a copy.

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The Question Box

Militarism vs. Socialism.

1. If the Socialists were to get in power and abolish the army and navy, what protection would we have against foreign countries?
2. If the workers of factory, farm, mine, etc., receive the entire product of their toil, where will the money come from with which to run the government?

Will Not Benefit the Workers.

Does the cheapening of production benefit the laboring class under the present system? If so, why; and, if not, why not?—H. L. Springer, Seattle, Pa.

The Old Man and His Fate.

I am an old soldier of 78 years. I helped to free the white race from the yoke of Socialism. Do you know what you get out of it?—Q. H. Godwin, Edwardsport, Ind.

The Negro Problem.

Do Socialists believe in miscegenation? Do they believe in social equality with the negro? Do you know that the negroes are fast crowding the white men out of employment and that a race war is imminent?—A. W. Davis, Phoenix, Ariz.

The Question of Pay.

I have just read in a paper of a mine in Colorado, Nevada, which was paying \$23,000 per month. The men who worked in the mine receive the full value of their products, or get the same as men working at other employments?

CONRAD'S

CONRAD'S... THE VERDICT!... During the past month several hundred sample packages of "Nutrite" the New Cereal Coffee, have been sent to readers of the Appeal.

more and more labor out of employment, thus continually curtailing the market. Cheapening production and decreasing the hours while still paying the same wages would be the only possible benefit to the laboring class.

Co-Operation.

I believe Comrade Bearup should have the space sold him to explain his proposals for co-operating the Rio Grande Wooden Mills, at Albuquerque, N. M., providing the proposition is carried through in strictly Socialist co-operation and no watered stock sold.

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Give to the man who picked up the gold that which he picked up, and to the men who had blasted away the rocks and dirt the rocks and dirt they had blasted away! You see that would not work, because the men who had done the prospecting work were necessary before the body of ore could be got at; and then the men who made the tools with which these men worked are a part of the mining of those chunks of gold.

THE SITUATION IN COLORADO.

By A. H. FLOATEN. Late Candidate for Governor, Socialist Party. Many trades union Socialists, who a year ago scouted the idea that the time would come when the immediate interests of the trades unions would come in conflict with the political movement of the Socialists, have already had an excellent example brought home to them in the last election in Colorado.

NOTES FROM THE ARMY.

Comrade K. E. Hollowell, of St. Louis, adds ten to the list. Comrade J. A. Nordell, of Kiron, Iowa, sends 20 pink scraps. Comrade H. A. Warren, of Ottumwa, Iowa, who says nothing and says wood, sends four scraps.

Clear the Track for the Million Special.

Comrade Osterhout, of Bloomfield, Iowa, warns the bald-headed circulation man that he will have to chain the office bull dog and quit making goo-goo eyes at the red-headed girl or stop those "explosions," such as Wentworth is touching off in Washington for the edification of the Appeal readers.

FROM THE MAIL BAG.

"The Appeal in my hand and letter and with some Socialist coffee I ought to get along."—A. L. Sauerbrey, Knoxville, Tenn. "Received sample of Nutrite and used it and am well pleased with result. Have been using Postum for over a year but like Nutrite the best and will do so from now on."—J. A. Garwood, Berryville, Ark.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE MILLION.



All Aboard for the Million Special!

In No. 474 was printed a table showing in the Socialist vote by states for 1902 and 1904; also the number of subscribers the Appeal had in these states in 1902 and 1904.

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rade on the skirmish line! What is your duty? What, but to put your shoulder to the wheel and help boost the Appeal's list? If you want to double the Socialist vote in your county, get to work and double the Appeal's list in your county.

We have printed several thousand special sub blanks to be used to send in yearly subs at 15 cents each, but as these blanks can only be sent out as there is money in the league treasury to make up the difference.

PROSPERITY IN OKLAHOMA.

Here is what the farmer is up against: Cotton in seed sells for \$1.40 to \$1.75; lint cotton brings \$4 to \$6; cotton makes from 200 to 400 pounds to the acre; broom corn brings only \$25 to \$40 per acre.

THE INVESTIGATOR'S COMBINATION.

- 1 Introduction to Socialism... \$.05
2 Methods of Acquiring Posses... .05
3 Union... .05
4 Pinnacled's Cigar Store... .10
5 Pa and Young America... .10
6 Unionism and Socialism, Debs... .10
7 Six Schoolmasters in Social... .50
8 Sch. Worth... .50
9 Investigator's... .25
10 Cent's for the lot. Order the Issues... .25

PARTY NOTES.

J. Mahon Barnes, Winfield, Mo., Gaylord, Edm. B. Holliman, etc. have accepted the nomination for National Secretary. The election by the National Committee of an Executive Committee and a National Secretary were held on January 22, 1906.

BOOK TALK.

The Struggle for Existence, by Walter Thomas Mills. The continued demand for, and steady sale of this great sociological work of Socialism, has led to the issue of a new edition, which we wish to go thoroughly into the subject and become well grounded in the Socialist philosophy.

"Rebels of the New South."

A Socialist novel by Walter Morris Raymond. Comrade C. J. Lamb, state organizer of the Socialist party of Michigan, writes: "Every Socialist ought to get a copy of 'Rebels of the New South' and keep it lying around where the unscrupulous can get their hands on it. It gets better and better every day."

1908 COMBINATION.

- 10 Parishes of the Water Tank and Civil... \$.20
10 Ways of Socialism... \$.20
10 Why Washington Should Be Socialist... \$.20
10 How to Get Socialism... \$.20
10 Socialism: A New World Movement and... \$.20
10 The American Movement by E... \$.20
10 Methods of Acquiring Posses... \$.20
10 Socialist Party Platform... \$.20

What's the use of killing time reading such papers? After a short talk about the times he took the paper and promised to read it. He brought me the names of five new subs and on last New Year's day he handed me five more.

GRATING THE TREASURY.

The lovers of wood and haulers of water pay the prices, but are too stupid to know it, so let 'em go Gallagher. A recent item says: "A trip to Panama at the United States' expense has been arranged for members of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce for the purpose of acquiring information as a basis for legislation. The members will be accompanied by their wives and friends."

WHITE SLAVERY IN SOUTHLAND.

The war is on between the cheap labor of the north and the indolent cheaper labor of the south. It is a death struggle in which the white man is to be victorious or the negro a disgraced and cowardly defeat if our present competitive system continues.

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10 Socialist Party Platform... \$.20

AWFUL RESULTS OF EPILEPSY OR FITS

Remarkable Discovery Made Whereby Those Afflicted With Epilepsy or Fits Are Permanently Cured. FREE. A FULL 15-CENT BOTTLE. In the spring of 1886, John Choteau was on his pony near Vista, I. T., on the spring morning. Of a sudden he started on his rearing pony and fell from his pony, his feet still in the stirrups. Started, the pony reared and backed a minute, and then started to run. Quick as a flash, Bill Nordway, Choteau's son, making a great lasso throw, caught the pony and Choteau's life was saved. Choteau had been subject to terrible attacks of epileptic fits for many years, the attacks coming sometimes three or four times a week, and he has been unable to do any work since.

Life Size Doll FREE



2 1/2 FEET HIGH. NATIONAL MEDICINE CO. 35 White Street, New York, N. Y. Most Popular Doll Made.

BEST OF ALL

PRairie State... CYPHERS... THIS IS IT... OLD TRUSTY... AND MORE...

CANCER CURE

WITH BOOTHING, BALEY... DR. BYE... WE PAY BIG MONEY... TAPE-WORK...

WANTED

WANTED... WE PAY BIG MONEY... TAPE-WORK...

WE PAY BIG MONEY

WE PAY BIG MONEY... TAPE-WORK...

SOMETHING NEW

This is something new in hand-drawn pictures... SPECIAL PRICE—\$99 for...

Do you want the \$500.00 Check the Appeal is going to give away? Read next week's paper.

A Simple Life Story

By Fred D. Warren

His telegram flashed over the wires the other night: "The young woman who turned on the lights and killed herself at the Williamsburg hotel, New York, Monday night, was today identified as Jessie Voit, who before death, said she came from Iowa. It is believed that, starting and destitute, she chose death rather than live a life of shame, death having driven from her presence the man with whom she went to the hotel. "She had been seeking work in Brooklyn factories, which led to her identification."

That's all. The body was laid away at the expense of the city.

You have a daughter. She is ambitious to make her way in the world. Has studied hard at school. Bright, intelligent, virtuous. Father and mother no longer able to look after the flax-haired darling, now grown to young womanhood.

The little town, which has been her home, furnishes no means of employment. Plenty of dressmakers. Plenty of school teachers. She decides to seek employment in the "city"—that mysterious whirlpool which demands its victims by the million each year, and is never satisfied.

She kisses the trembling lips of father and clasps the gray-haired mother in a warm good-bye embrace.

From the scanty savings of years of relentless toil money is given to pay fare to the city and expenses while she looks for work.

She smiles back a cheery greeting as she passes through the gate which cracks on its rusty hinges.

"Be brave, little thing. I'll send for you and father in a few weeks, and then we will be happy. See my willing hands? They will find something to do. Good-bye."

The train whisks her swiftly away. Familiar scenes flash in the distance. What high hopes! What plans for the future!

You can see it all, can't you, reader? Your imagination tells you the story. Frightened by the bustle and noise of this civilized hell—yet bravely she goes from factory to factory.



"WE ARE FULL NOW."

"Sorry, but we are full up now. No place. Call again."

Numbered, cold, fainting! Thus her fine hopes blasted.

"Is there no place where a girl can earn bread?" she moans.

"Sure, my little darling."

It is the first kindly voice she has heard in this city of brick and whirring iron.

But the look on the man's face! Her woman's instinct tells her what is in his mind, as with critical eye he surveys the gringing form of the girl before him. Ill-fitting are the country-made garments, they cannot hide the graceful lines of her body.

She shrinks from him with loathing. But nature is a hard task-master. Cold, hungry, dazed, the thunder of innumerable noises—all combine to produce that condition of mind which makes the mind susceptible to suggestions—good or evil.

A warm fire? How strange it all seems! And something to eat! The body thrills under the warmth and glow.

Ah, it all comes back to her now. The cold street, the cruel pavement, the indifference of the passers-by, and then the warmth—the welcome food.

Across the room the smiling face of the stranger; he approaches; she shrinks from him.

"Do not touch me!"

It is Purty touched against Lust.

"Purity wins. The man leaves the room—a leer on his face."

A knock, followed by a gruff voice: "You must pay your bill or get out."

"The bill? Oh, yes, she had forgotten."

"In a moment," she replied.

"The bill?" "Pay or get out!"

And then she seemed to understand! "Mother's head!" A slight movement of the delicate body—a weary toss of the golden head!

"She couldn't pay—so she 'got out.'"

Why moralize! The time has come to act!

An exhibition of the Lowry cotton picker at Shreveport, La., December 19th, proved conclusively its success. Using four negro boys, it picked 3,000 pounds of cotton per day. This will reduce the cost of cotton picking one-half—to those able to buy the machine. They will help the rich planter and knock the little planter out of business. The power of private capital.

Learn how to make the only money-making machine that has ever been invented. It will give you \$100 per month. Printed by the Appeal printer and a copy sent postpaid today for only 5 cents in stamps.

COMING IN NOVATION

Watch for Mills' Reply to the Parry Aggregation in an Early Issue.

THERE ARE NO TRUSTS.

I notice many references to investigating the paper trust, the oil trust, the railroad trust, and many others. How wonderful! Anybody who has kept track of public affairs knows there are no trusts. There are laws against trusts, and there are well-paid officers to catch the violators of the laws—and don't you suppose that if there were any trusts that the officers would get them? Now, don't smile, else some one will tell you that you are an anarchist—and you wouldn't be that. Lor-o-massy, no! There are no wicked trusts in this country. The rich men are all so upright and law-abiding! You would not be guilty of thinking that any of them would violate the law. They are the ones who are always preaching about upholding the law—only the poor class of animals are law-breakers! Glorify the rich. What would we do if we did not have them to support?

NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

The billion dollar steel trust, which is robbing the American public of hundreds of millions a year in the iron industry, has announced a fine present for its slaves as a New Year's greeting. It abolished the eight-hour day and instituted the twelve-hour day, giving notice to many that their services would no longer be needed, as less men will be required with a twelve-hour than with an eight-hour day; it also reduced the wage for the twelve-hour day about 25 per cent below the pay for the late eight-hour day; and, as a final greeting, told the unions to go hence as fast as possible. And Schaffer, head of the Iron Workers' Union, voted the old party ticket to support the corporations in control of the government so this could be done. Will the working class always be the dupes of designing leaders working in the interest of the master class?

THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.

According to a report of the M. K. & T. telegraphers' strike one of the un-written rules among the trainmen on that line now is: "Never mind the train orders; look out for the headlight ahead."



AN ABSURD PROPOSAL.

Bryan wants the democrats to reorganize under his banner of having the states own and operate the railroads! Think of having forty-five separate railroads, with that many different rates and transfers! And think further, that the democrats have absolute control of twelve states and could do this if they wanted to—but they don't want to. The extortion of railroads in the south is even worse than in the north—but democracy is owned and controlled by the leading railroad owners. This is a game to deceive the people and put off the day of judgment against the crimes committed against the people. Bryan is simply a decoy duck for the benefit of the corporations. The democracy has several times had complete control of the government and never did a thing for the people—and never will.

EFFECTS OF OLD PARTY CONTROL.

McClure's Magazine has an article on the fearful increase of crime. It shows that there has been 450 per cent increase in crime since 1881! Here is what McClure concludes, yet he supports the old parties and the system that produces these awful conditions:

"These men, believe me, voters, voters who are bribed, members of assembly and legislators, and members of legislatures who are bribed, men who secure control of law-making and are law passed while the courts steal from their neighbors, men who have laws non-enforced and break laws regularly—gambling houses, and in short, all the lawlessness and the sources of lawlessness, these men we have called 'Enemies of the Republic.'"

"They are worse—they are enemies of the human race. They are destroyers of a people. They are murderers of a civilization."

"They constitute a class of criminals who break laws; these men destroy law."

THEY VOTED FOR ROOSEVELT.

The orange raisers in California are employing Japs and the "poor white trash" are out of work and starving. They would starve anyway if they tried to live on what the Japs and Chinese do. At Glendora last month six boys, "sons of well-known and highly respected citizens," says the *Gleaner*, of that place, were thrown out of work, and, becoming desperate, cut down a single orange tree on the Beckwith place. They were fined a total of six dollars and 450 days in jail! A rich man can swindle a farmer out of his whole orange crop, and even the farm itself, and never be molested—probably be sent to the legislature or some other criminal body to make laws governing the victims. And they voted for Roosevelt and got the very treatment they voted for.

Up to date the Russian side of the war has cost \$288,000,000. If this sum were taxed to the property owners of the nation—if those who are able had it to pay—there would be a stop to the war in short order; but so long as it can be laid on the shoulders of the poor by means of profits and interest the rich will still hold their fetes and balls and banquets. 'Twas ever thus. The rich make war to make money, and tax it all to the poor, who cannot possibly receive any benefit from war. And this is modern statesmanship!

WONDER how the good and wise republicans of Iowa like the banking system that has swamped forty-one of their banks and which swiped millions of their savings in the last year. They must like it, for they voted just as usual. Some people have queer tastes, anyhow.

HOT CINDERS

By E. N. RICHARDSON

It is better to score a failure than score nothing.

The people always have as good laws as they deserve.

Never mind what others think of you. What do you think of yourself?

It costs the people of this country a lot of money for laws they don't want.

Political bosses rule—not so much by the grace of the people as by the indifference of the people.

Kill off all the grafters in the world and before they are all buried there would be a new crop sprouted.

The capitalist mode of production can only exist by having a great army of the unemployed. And they call it sane!

George Eliot said: "No man can be wise on an empty stomach." She might have added that no man can be good on an empty stomach.

Judge Gray calls it "Lawson rubbish," but just the same, as Montague, the poet, says: "They're reading Lawson from Mexico to Dawson."

Whenever I pay \$10 for an article for which the producer received only \$2, it is plain that somebody has been cheated, either the producer or myself.

If figuring and planning how to appropriate to one's self the product of others' labor is work, why, then, it must be conceded that the capitalists are the hardest worked individuals on earth.

According to a report of the M. K. & T. telegraphers' strike one of the un-written rules among the trainmen on that line now is: "Never mind the train orders; look out for the headlight ahead."

It's only a hop, skip and a jump from the cradle to the grave, and whether we take short jumps or long jumps we all generally get there on schedule time. Moral: Don't worry; do the best you can and let it go at that.

Monkeys swing in the trees chattering and tossing coconuts at one another and we call them brutes. Men make swords and guns and then use them to cut and shoot one another and we call them heroes. Bah!

I may be short on brains, but really I can't see why working men who go out and shoot down other working men should be called heroes, while, if I should go out on the street and shoot down a laborer I'd be called a murderer.

A reader asks me what's the difference between German Socialism and American Socialism. Exactly the same difference that there is between the multiplication table printed in German and the multiplication table printed in English.

Of what use is "all the learning of the ages, all the wisdom of the sages" when all around us we see a rapidly growing pack of hungry human animals fighting to the death for the jobs, like a pack of wolves fighting over a hunk of meat?

According to the Kansas City Star the republicans of Missouri have no intentions of fulfilling their platform pledge to abolish the convict contract system. Now let the working mules of Missouri gnash their teeth and swear; maybe they'll learn some time to vote for the party of their class.

When the capitalist papers grow hysterical and plead for the rights of the people don't flatter yourself, Mr. Workman, that they are referring to you. The "people" that these capitalist-minded editors are talking about are the men who own the tools which you use when they see fit to let you.

Why is it a privately owned railroad charges me about ten times more to carry me 1,000 miles than it does to carry me 100 miles, when a letter, carried on the same train by a publicly owned postal system, costs me no more if it goes 1,000 miles than it does if it goes but ten miles? Ever think about it?

I've noticed that the average working man does not seem to understand that his wage is not the amount of money he receives, but what his money will buy. And it is right here where the trade unions hit their limitations with a dull thud; they might possibly push wages up, but they can't push prices down. The men who own our tools are not over particular about which hole they get their profits from.

The record of the Chicago and Alton railway for the past year shows that not a single passenger was killed or injured in a wreck. One lesson to be learned from this is that railroads can be run without furnishing employment for a horde of undertakers and an army of doctors. Under Socialism all railroads will be safe to travel on, and they will be run for the material comfort and benefit of all of the people, who will collectively own and manage them.

"Many Kansas farms are changing hands," says a local exchange. You bet they are, and do you know why? I'll tell you, and if you don't believe my statement, send for a set of the latest census reports and see for yourself. Kansas farms are changing hands because the capitalists must have a new crop of mortgages. The old mortgages are being foreclosed and the farms are changing hands, and the men who have money to loan on good Kansas farm land are rolling in prosperity.

ONLY 31,305 manufacturers in the United States in the last three years. Capitalist society is such a lovely thing! Socialism would destroy the incentive for such acts. Therefore, Socialism is a mean thing and should not be tolerated. See!

IS INTEREST JUST?

Is interest (increase) from one or more persons to another for the use of capital just? If we answer in the affirmative we must, then, be able to demonstrate how much increase is just. If 1 per cent is just, why not 2 per cent? And if 2 per cent is just, why not 10 per cent? And if 10 per cent is just, why not 20 per cent? And so on. There is no rule to determine this matter. You may assume that the necessity of the borrower is the only rule—that he is willing to pay. But if that is true, then if I were to cut an artery and was bleeding to death, and a companion had a bandage—the only one near enough to save me—he could demand all my earthly possessions for the use of the bandage—but none of you would say that was just. But if you deny that you deny that any bargain made between the borrower or hirer of capital and the owner is unjust. Necessity, then, is not a rule that can be used. Well, what is? Who would pay me for the use of a thing if he had the thing without paying for it? There is a difference between the interest on a thing and the labor attached to doing something for another. For that labor one should pay an equal amount of labor in return—but for the use of capital there should not be paid anything except the return of the capital intact. A merchant charges a profit (increase) on goods. So far as he does this for pay of the actual time he is employed it is right, but when he charges more than that he extorts. When money is loaned and an interest taken the borrower is giving up more than he received—is cheated—even if he does agree to it. His necessity in some form made him agree, for he would not have agreed to pay more if he had possessed the thing without borrowing. The debtor is slave to the lender—and slavery is universally acknowledged as wrong. Under Socialism we will have neither borrowing nor lending. All the capital each citizen will need will be supplied by our organized society, and hence will be used for society. And society could not pay itself for the use of its own property. There will be no need of borrowing. Then the discussion and the laws concerning interest, rent and profit will cease, for there will be no such things practiced.



Ma told us kids 'fore Christmas that unless we were good we wouldn't get any presents, but I noticed when Christmas came that we Pinnegan chaps didn't get half as many things as the banker's boys, and everybody says they are meaner than pison. I guess this "good" biz doesn't have much to do with it."

My teacher asked me the other day what made men patriotic, and when I told her that ignorance made some of 'em so and dollars finished up the rest of them, she looked at me kinder sour like.

Last Saturday I wanted to go with the other kids and play ball, but pa said I had to stay and clean up the yard. I told him I'd do it Sunday, but he said it was wicked to work on the Sabbath. I've noticed that the interest on the mortgage on dad's house works on Sunday same as any other day. Dad has queer notions.

Dad says that the station agent at the depot is a pretty decent fellow, even if he is a Socialist. I asked dad if he was a Socialist. He said: "Not on yer life; catch me dividing up with anybody." Blamed if I can see why dad should be so particular about not dividing up. I heard him telling ma of business didn't get better soon we'd all have to go to the poor house. Wonder if dad divided up with Rockefeller if dad would get the worst of it?

A feller was at our house one day last week asking for work. Said he was hungry and would do anything for something to eat. Ma she gave him a bite, and after he had eaten everything ma had given him he got real sociable like with us kids. He asked me if I went to Sunday school and what I learned there. I told him my teacher said if we were all good we'd go to heaven some day. The feller he kinder smiled and said: "'Twas easy to be good on a full stomach." I've been thinking it over and 'pears like he was right.

I asked that Socialist feller what comes here sparking our sister Kate what made the stars twinkle so and he said they were laughing at us idiots on earth fighting over the division of the good things when all the time there was enough for everybody. He says under Socialism that every day 'll be Christmas for kids like us. I believe I'll ask dad about it.

I was telling dad the other day that I wished I was that toy-maker's little boy that lives over in the next block. Dad laughed and asked why? "Because I'd get so many toys for Christmas," I said. Dad laughed again and said: "Bless your heart, kid, that feller's so poor he couldn't afford to buy his boy a tin rattle for Christmas." I wonder what he does with all those pretty toys he makes? He must be a funny man to give them all away and let his own little boy go without. 'Pears to me a feller ought to have a right to keep the things he makes himself.

ONE DAY IN CAPITALISTIC HELL

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, 10 Rochester street, South End, Boston, found starving.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

W. F. Hoell, 1 William street, Boston, with five children, found almost starved.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Chas. Skinner, weak and exhausted from lack of food, sank helpless on the streets of Butte, Mont.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

John Fleming and wife, 25 Bolton street, Boston, old and sick, found in one room without coal or food and life almost extinct.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Wm. Wallace, aged 83, San Francisco, jailed for asking for a nickel to keep from starving.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Miss Bertie Reister, 108 E. 17th street, New York, shot herself to get out of this competitive hell.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Iowa insane asylum has increased its population 278 during the past year. Other states are as bad. Monticello (Iowa) Express says "fierce competition and lack of opportunity does it."

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

John Murphy, Boston, sentenced to three months imprisonment for stealing a basket of coal, said: "Yes, your honor, my wife and three children are freezing and starving. I did it to keep them from dying." Same place: H. H. Duxbaum, councilman, stole \$12,000 from his employer; confessed, but was let off by the judge on his good behavior.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Mrs. Cary, with baby five weeks old and one four years old toddling after her, walked the streets in New York until exhausted from hunger, and dropped lifeless on the sidewalk. Hanna's sons are to build a \$100,000 monument to the late skinner of labor.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Judge Mathias, Des Moines, Iowa, sentenced Frank Heffer to one and a half days in jail for stealing a single lump

OUR MORAL LAW-MAKERS.

When you read in your papers that the United States senator and congressman, both republicans, of Oregon, are indicted for bribery in connection with stealing public lands from the government, they have sworn to protect what do you think of it. And then there is the same sort of hoodlum in the case of the Kansas senator, who is not now permitted to hold his seat. And then, if the lid could be lifted off, you would be able to see that nearly every member of congress has been doing the same thing in some department of the government service. Do you not think it time to make some radical change that will stop such things? Don't you know that just such corruption has destroyed every nation that has existed? But perhaps you have never read any history of the world nations. It would pay you to read some of them. Under Socialism there would be no avenue by which such acts would profit anyone, and you know that corruption is caused by the desire for profit. There would be no land sales, and hence there would be no bribery to get possession of land that was prohibited; there would be no speculation; hence no speculators to bribe; there would be no applicants at the hands of officials, hence no applicants to bribe. If no one offered a bribe to an official the officials would have only one object in office—to serve the whole people to the best of their ability—for in that kind of service they could only profit themselves by the greater amount of public wealth in which they would have their future dependence. Bribery and corruption is logical to the surroundings in which all public officials are placed today, and you may uncover a few, but the greatest frauds will always remain hidden, for they are most often done under the very direction of laws the hoodlums make for the very purpose of hoodlum. Under Socialism these hoodlums would be as good citizens as any of us. We are to blame for such things by putting men under the influence of bribes.

STARVING AMID PLENTY.

A writer in the plutocratic publication, *Success*, says: "The most terrible sight was at midnight in New York on a Christmas Eve, when six hundred men out of work—too honest to steal and too proud to beg—were huddled together in a shanty for two hours in the snow and freezing sleet around the dark, dimly lighted pile of Grace church, waiting for

of coal, worth one cent, according to testimony. Heffer stated that he had to have it to keep from freezing. The railroad from which it was stolen steals thousands annually from the government in mail contracts—but then that is respectable.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Cohen, rich manufacturer in New York, cut the wages of the children from \$3.00 to \$2.50 a week and they struck. He had them arrested for urging other children not to work.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan, 4085 Fifth avenue, Chicago, sick, with three children, were found in a shanty, without fire or food, by Policeman Burke.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Wm. Chase, aged fifty, died of starvation in the barn of Grocer McLean, 382 Beacon street, Boston.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Unknown girl found on bench in Riverside park, New York, heavily covered with snow. Coroner found that she had starved to death.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Jeannette McCoy, E 102d street, New York, aged nine, died of hunger and overwork trying to keep a sick father and three little sisters from starving.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

Mrs. Schneider evicted from house and sick, died of hunger and exposure on 45th street, New York.

And at Mrs. Astor's ball there were twenty million dollars' worth of gems displayed on the more or less nude bodies of the females!

When you consider that these items are just one day's record, printed in just two papers, and that in the same paper there were more than a hundred crimes recorded, you can have some idea—just a faint idea—of one day's horrors in this competitive hell. A paper fifty times as large as the Appeal could not print a brief description of the cases of starvation, murder, hoodlum, theft and other crimes that are committed each day under this beautiful capitalistic system. There is an average of 85,000 criminals in the prisons of this country; there are 75,000 paupers in the poor houses of the country; there are estimated to be 5,000,000 paupers outside of the poor houses who receive alms to keep them at least a part of the time; there are 9,000 murders committed each year; there are more than a million suicides each year; there are more than a million crimes of a minor character. This is the system and its effects that capitalists ask you to support with your votes. Under Socialism we will have no want, no poverty, no hunger, no theft, no murder for property, no embezzlement, no forgery, no robbery, no evictions, no sweat shops, no injustice. Crime will disappear because there will be no profit possible to any one because of any wrong act or wrong teaching. Choose which is the sensible one to support.

Now Watch Us Grow.

"I will open my batteries upon the Socialists before long, and may the Lord smash their anarchistic organization! Amen!"—Elijah, the Third.

THE constantly increasing circulation of the Appeal has necessitated, during the past year, the renting of an additional store room and press room. This press room is located about two blocks from the present plant and has been expensive and annoying. The present building occupies every inch of available ground, which has necessitated the purchase of building lots near the depot on which will be erected a new building of sufficient size to care for the business. Where the money is to come from with which to build this structure is as yet an unsolved problem. But it will come.

LET US PRINT YOUR BOOK We print books of all descriptions—no matter how large or how small, how cheap or expensive, how fine or how common. We want to do your work and will make it pay you to let us figure with you. Write us about it and get OUR prices—they are not like other prices.

Appeal to Reason
Gleason, Kansas