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Managing Editor.

Appeal to Reason
This is Number 602
Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., June 15, 1907

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No man is great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for a longer time than paid for. It is published as an advocate of International Socialism, the movement which favors the ownership of the earth by ALL the people—not by a PART of the people.

THE CONSPIRACY TO MEXICANIZE AMERICA

American Capitalists Brazenly Advertise the Advantages of the "Mexican System," and the American Mining Congress, in Alliance with the Mexican Bureau of Finance, Hopes that Mexican Mining Methods May be Introduced in America.

To Whom It May Concern
It will be well worth your time to give the FACTS herein your serious consideration.
Depository: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, DENVER, COLORADO.

THE above extracts are photographic reproductions from a mining company prospectus which bears all the earmarks of having been issued by the First National Bank of Denver.

The Moffat interests and those identified with the Colorado Fuel and Iron company control the railroad and mining industry of the west. The Colorado Fuel and Iron company is directed from the New York office of the Standard Oil company, and on its board of directors are the following named capitalists:

J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., George J. Gould, E. H. Harriman and James Hazen Hyde.

These men are the promoters, through their agents and attorneys, of the American Mining Congress, and it is this coterie of gentlemen who say—

"The congress hopes, by introducing Mexican ideas into this country gradually, to make the American system as effective as the Mexican."

WHAT is the difference between a judge appointed for life and a king who is ruler for life? The man from whom there is no appeal is your king, your emperor, your czar, no matter what he is called.

Is it any more foolish for the working class of Russia to sustain its brutal nobility than for you Americans to sustain your brutal aristocracy? What they have and what they spend comes out of your labor just as what the Russian nobility spends comes out of the labor of the working class there, doesn't it? Can't you get next to the game?

ASTOR draws \$10,000,000 a year in rents from New York City property and lives in England. If we had to pay the king of England a tribute of ten millions a year there would be an appeal to arms, and no cry about confiscation would be heard. But what is the difference? Astor does nothing for his income. It comes out of the trade and commerce of the country, and the workers pay it all.

A HEADLINE in the Chicago Record-Herald of June 5 says: "Two states are won with a single office. The president has captured Louisiana and South Carolina." Here you have it in plain words that the president is using his office to control politics—virtually bribing and corrupting. National patronage is used to further private political interests not for public good.

I will revise the Appeal Army roster on July 2d, and remove the names of all 1906 comrades who have not helped the Appeal since Jan. 1st. I must know on whom I can depend in the crisis approaching. Come, comrades, lend a hand.

PROTECTION

Investments are safer in Mexico than in the United States. The American Mining Congress have just formed an alliance with the International Bureau of Finance of Mexico.

The Mexican association guarantees safety to capital invested in its republic and transfer as possible the American Mining Congress will do the same. It is a fact, according to James P. Callaghan, Jr., secretary of the congress, that capital in Mexico is much more safe than in America.

The Mexican mining laws are much more liberal in treatment of mining capital, yet they protect the rights of capital much more effectively than America. The congress hopes by introducing Mexican ideas into mining into this country gradually to make the American system as effective as the Mexican.

Therefore the Western Federation of Miners must be gotten rid of.

Adjutant General Bell was employed by the mine owners of Colorado to wipe out this organization which stood as a bulwark against the Mexicanization of America.

Nowhere on the face of the globe is mining carried on as cheaply as in Mexico; labor is plentiful and competent; the miners in this district are equal to those of the States, and are paid one peso (50c) for the ordinary miner, to one and one-half pesos (75c) for the drillers, per day; when you consider that a Nevada miner is paid as much for one day's work as a Mexican is for one week, you can realize one of our principal advantages.

Mexican miners get from 50c to 75c per day and the Mexican government protects capital in forcing Mexican labor into slavery.

The American Mining Congress, composed of the eminent philanthropists named above and their business associates, propose to introduce the same methods and the same wages into this country.

The only obstacle to this capitalist ideal is the Western Federation of Miners.

THE Western Federation of Miners is in possession of the names of a score of men who are members of the W. F. M. who are known to be paid Pinkertons making reports daily and weekly to the western headquarters of the Pinkerton agency. These men, up to the time of their discovery, were presumed to be good union men and were given all the privileges of the organization.

It was the subservience of the courts of Russia to the nobility that did more than any other thing to make the people see the real character of the ruling class.

THE rich are opposed to Socialism because they under its operation could not live off the poor. I don't blame them, but want to wake you poor and oppressed up so you will see the game that is being played on you.

Wouldn't it jar the plutocrats if every one of the 15,000 Appeal comrades who sent us a bunch of subscribers in 1906 (but who have since not heard from) should wake up TODAY and go out on the street and carry a bunch of subscribers—any how at the least number—wouldn't that be a fine thing to do?

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

The jury that is to try Haywood for his life is composed of eight republicans, three democrats and one prohibitionist. Not a workman on the jury.

Orchard admits that he was in the employ of the railroad detective bureau before he met Haywood and Moyer.

Orchard admits that he reported to military headquarters.

Orchard admits that, while other Federation men were deported and their houses searched, he was unmolested.

Orchard admits that at all times he had free access in and out the military lines.

Orchard admits that during his imprisonment in the Boise penitentiary he was supplied with money by Governor Gooding.

Orchard admits that his testimony was written in the form of a narrative a year ago, and that it was read by McPartland.

Orchard admitted, after making a request to change his testimony, given the day previous, that he had been closeted with Detective McPartland.

Orchard admits that Haywood and Moyer repeatedly cautioned the men on strike to refrain from violence and overt acts.

Orchard admits that as a railroad detective, he planned and executed the wreck of the Florence and Cripple Creek railroad train, the blame for which was placed on the Federation officials.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means the life of Americans instead of rising is to descend to the level of the greater.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means a concentrated dose of "Peabody civilization" for the entire working class of the western world.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means bayonets and bullets for any workman who dare assert his right to the products of his labor.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means more bulld-pens, more blacklists, lower standards of living until all of liberty for labor is lost.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means war and hell and crime and misery and famine and pestilence to gorge the greed of bloated bizzarris.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means Mexicanized Mexico and then some—a capitalist-cursed land of ignorance, poverty and degradation.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means a nation of tenants, serfs and slaves ruled and ridden by plutocratic paunches and their military menials.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means a mighty nation reduced to pack-mules and camels driven by the brutal agents of a few thousand sensualists.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means more of what Gooding, McPartland and company have handed the American workmen in Colorado and Idaho.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means capitalist cussedness to the limit and the unlimited oppression of those whom capitalism has reduced to poverty.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means the permanent ascendancy of such monstrosities as Bulkeley Wells and his choice confederation of capitalistic kidnapers.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means the end of popular education and the beginning of a new feudalism that would out-feud the barons of the middle ages.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA would be the third degree of capitalism—the ideal state under which the wealthy could skin the poor without limit or interference.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means the setting of civilization back a thousand years all to delight and debauch a generation of degenerate profit-mongers.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means that every member of labor to resist the aggressions of the masters is to be taken away and an absolute capitalist aristocracy established.

ORCHARD SAYS GOODING GAVE HIM MONEY

Admits that in the Past Sixteen Months the Governor of Idaho Has Liberally Supplied Him with Cash and Clothing and an Abundance of Various Luxuries.

BY GEORGE H. SHOAF, Staff Correspondent Appeal to Reason.

BOISE, Idaho, June 8.—Attorney Richardson scored an important point today when he forced Orchard to admit that the direct testimony he had given was committed to writing more than a year ago, and that he had spent the last twelve months in revising it and making it ready for publication.

Orchard said that he had given McPartland a copy of the manuscript, but denied McPartland's assistance in its preparation.

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direct examination of Orchard, and leading him along the lines in which he wished him to testify, he would say: "Now go ahead and tell all you know about this." It was plain to everyone that Orchard was handing out the recitation that he had been drilled in for sixteen months.

At one time when Hawley had led the witness up to the proper place, he began: "Now, go ahead and recite—"

But, catching himself, he said: "Go ahead and tell it in narrative form." The spectators, who were near enough to hear him and note his embarrassment at thus giving the thing away, tittered and winked at each other knowingly, and someone up close to the railing remarked audibly, "Bury the next car."

Gooding Gave Him \$115. In today's examination Orchard admitted that Governor Gooding had given him \$115 in money in the last sixteen months, besides

clothing and luxuries. In response to many questions then searchingly put by Attorney Richardson, Orchard blurted out, "I forgot." This "forgetting" habit grew on Orchard during the day, and especially when the cross examination would lead him from the beaten track of the memorized story he had evidently prepared under the inspiration of McPartland and others.

Garbled Reports. Perhaps the most noticeable thing connected with the case since the taking of testimony began is the manner in which the local and Associated Press papers are handling the evidence.

Everything possible is being done to bolster up the Orchard story, but anything that the defense brings out to show the absurdity and impossibility of statements made is smothered or ignored by the capitalist press.

Orchard's Motive. The Rocky Mountain News of Denver, Colo., contains a statement in its issue of June 7th, in which Max Malich, a well-known Denver man said:

"Orchard told me he would kill Governor Steunenberg because the latter had prevented him (Orchard) from becoming a millionaire."

Malich said that Orchard told him this in the Windsor Turkish Bath parlors in 1905. According to Malich, Orchard at one time owned a sixteenth interest in the Hercules mine, probably the most valuable producer in Idaho.

When Governor Steunenberg called in the federal troops during the Coeur d'Alene trouble, Orchard sold his interest for \$500 and fled the country. The purchasers became millionaires while Orchard became a wanderer and, according to his confession, a murderer.

THE publishing society that has backed the New York Worker for a number of years, putting up a gallant fight to maintain it, announce that they are unable to longer carry the load.

The state committee has therefore decided to submit to a referendum vote of the party membership the proposition to take over and conduct the Worker.

The state committee has advertised for a business manager, and any comrade who reads this paragraph who wants the position should correspond with the State secretary, Socialist party, 39 East 84th street, New York.

If the Socialists generally understood the fierce struggle on the part of the editors and publishers of their papers to keep them alive, the burden in the office would be lightened.

Every time I get a letter from a well-meaning comrade roasting the APPEAL because it does not do things as he thinks they ought to be done, I feel like changing places with him, and letting him dance awhile in front of the machine.

I would enjoy his antics in trying to keep from getting run over, and I think I would know about what to do to help him out, too.

I'd get subscriptions—I'd not let a day go by but that I would do my level best to get at least one new subscription.

This is what the New York and other eastern states comrades should do for the New York Worker.

It would be a serious loss to the movement should it be allowed to suspend.

It really begins to look as though the prosecution had attempted to prove too much.

Few sensible people that I have talked with in the past week do not express a grave doubt as to the credibility of the Orchard confession.

LUKE GRANT, the labor editor of the Record-Herald, who is in Boise to give the Federation officials the worst end of the deal, admitted to the APPEAL correspondent, George H. Shoaf, that Orchard's confession was a deliberate lie.

Grant did not send this word to his paper, however. He's not in Boise for that purpose.

THE press dispatches announce that the woman whom Orchard deceived at Cripple Creek is on her way to Boise to testify to the fact that he assured her he was a Pinkerton detective.

A woman scorned is a pretty hard proposition to go up against.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means, as the Moffat bank circular states, one peso or fifty cents a day for the men who dig, and fabulous fortunes for the mine owners.

Orchard's Recital of Crime. The world may well pause amazed at the recital of crimes by Harry Orchard, the star witness for the prosecution in the Haywood trial.

Orchard says his right name is Horsley, and that he is a native of Canada, a fellow countryman of Governor Gooding of Idaho.

The sensational testimony which the persecutors of the officers of the Western Federation of Miners have boasted they will produce is now before the reading public with all the ghastly details.

The annuals of the western states have been searched and all the crimes committed during the past ten years have been carefully gathered together and made to form a connected series.

The ingenuity of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous detective agency in the world has been used to gather and manufacture evidence to fasten these crimes on the officers of a miners' union which has been putting up a valiant fight against the Mexicanization of the industries of the west.

The next few days will find, however, Orchard's story riddled to shreds, and already the press reports are teeming with denials and refutations.

These refutations, however, will carry but little weight in the minds of the prejudiced public.

Orchard admits, on the stand, that he was a detective in the employ of D. C. Scott before he met Haywood and Moyer.

He recounts numerous crimes committed on his own responsibility and at the instigation of the railroad detectives before his acquaintance with the Federation officials, and it will be difficult for the prosecution to convince the Great American Jury that Orchard was not a spy employed by the Mine Owners' association for the sole purpose of involving the miners' union in deeds of violence.

The ease with which Orchard committed the most dastardly crimes, his consciencelessness, his career before his arrest for the Steunenberg assassination, his actions since, his treatment by the state officials, his admission that he received money from Governor Gooding, all point plainly to the contention that Orchard was employed for the express purpose of pulling off a series of crimes to be fastened on the federation.

Orchard's career as described by himself, makes it impossible for any unprejudiced mind to accept any other conclusion.

MEXICANIZED AMERICA means the subjection of everything and everybody to the autocratic will of the wealthy.

15,000 Army workers who sent the Appeal subscribers in 1906 have not yet been heard from this year. I want to know why? I'm doing the best I can and the paper needs your support. Remember, we need subscribers—not money. Hustle a bunch before this day wanes into night.

CORRESPONDENCE

Are You a Sardine?

I am often met with the statement that "the workers will not stick together," and I answer it by saying that sardines will not stick together until they are in a box.

Today the workers, like sardines, are freely swimming in the ocean of competition, but the net of capitalism is constantly narrowing the field or scope of their activities until finally a panic will complete the "haul," and then the workers will find themselves in a box packed and tight, and unless they espouse the cause of Socialism they will be everlasting and eternally preserved in oil, and Standard Oil at that.—W. S. Boyd, Washington, D. C.

Can a Capitalist Be a Socialist?

At a late meeting of the Goldfield, Nev., local, a truth-seeking listener asked the above question.

The answers were various and interesting. One comrade said "No." But when he was asked if he should become an anti-Socialist, if his mining claims "made good," and he became a millionaire, he denied very strongly that he would.

After the various answers an old comrade gave his idea that "A Socialist is one who sees and appreciates the un wisdom and injustices of the system and desires to change to the Co-operative commonwealth." This seems to cover the ground.—A Goldfield Comrade.

From a Hobo.

I am a tramp and hobo, and in an item in your paper you classed us with the millionaires, which is an insult, and I ask you to retract it.

When hungry we might scare a woman into giving us a meal, or rob a farmer's garden, but you would have trouble in finding one of us who would be a girl to a bed-post and whip her or scald one in a bathtub, as Harry Thaw did.

We are pretty bad, but there are depths of infamy which poverty has not brought us to, and I am certain you wrong us when you infer that we are on a par with millionaires and United States senators.

We might give a man knockout drops, but when it comes to poisoning a whole nation with rotten meat and adulterated food, or creating a St. Bartholomew every year on the railroads for the sake of profits and the honor of entering a class whose shining lights are Rogers, Thaw, Dewey, Carnegie, etc., we draw the line.

I have always thought that you were fair, but in this instance I feel that you are doing us an injury without adding to respectability of the "upper" class. As to the truth of this: I don't believe that you will find a millionaire who will object to the classification, while on the other hand I have talked with several of my fellow tramps and they all consider it an insult.

Assuring you in the words of the man with a club flush up his sleeve that we want nothing but a square deal, I remain, respectfully—W. Daley, Spokane.

From a Military Officer.

I noticed in a recent issue of your paper that you entertain the impression that you Socialists and workers would be slaughtered like sheep, should you take to arms against existing conditions. If you know as I do, how weak are the United States army is at present you would quickly discard your present judgment. I am a high army official and know whereof I speak and must keep under cover for the present, but should an uprising take place, I should hoist the red flag, and join you with my entire forces, and there are many in my position who would do likewise. It is safe to say that you would have one fourth of the regular army with you at the start, while one half of the remainder would turn their attention to looting the rich.

The common soldier who has fought the battles of the past few wars has received a dirty deal at the hands of the government owing to graft and robbery in high official circles, and he is now awaiting an opportunity to retaliate.

Here in Alaska the soldiers are deserting in bunches of six at a time, and desertions are on the increase. It is now hard to get men to enlist and those who do enlist are not at all desirable or reliable men in case of war. The president fully realizes the tottering condition of the army, but is putting on a bold face and attributes the scarcity of recruits to the general prosperity of the country, which he knows is false.

Please don't understand me as advocating war for I don't believe in bloodshed, my opinion on warfare has changed of late years. My object in writing to you is to put you in possession of facts that may be of service to you—I am, yours for just conditions.—Y.

Anarchy in West Virginia.

One of the blackest crimes committed in West Virginia, was the mobbing of Rev. S. B. Bettes, the boy preacher from Crossville, Mich. The first thing they did was to warn Bettes, through Pat Writley, a superintendent and a mine owner, not to preach any more at Hallewell. He frankly told them that he would preach here the next night, which he did.

On the next day they trapped him by having a bank boss's wife, one Mrs. Cook, invite the preacher in for dinner. Just after dinner the women informed Bettes that a man wanted to see him at the kitchen door. Who should it be but Pat Writley and his mob, composed of the deputy sheriff, Pat Writley's son, two straggle men, and one of the store clerks. They beat him with knuckledusters, kicked him, and through the kitchen and dining room and out at the front door. They tried to close the door on him which if they had succeeded in doing, I guess they would have finished him. They cut four holes in his head that bled his clothing down to his waist, broke two of his ribs which kept him in bed three or four days, and all because of his Socialist leaning; because he had the nerve to stand in the pulpit and speak of the degradation of the rich and the bright future for the poor, as the Nazarene did. This has created the greatest stir of any thing that ever happened in this place. The leading business men and citizens almost

to a man are openly protesting and are urging an investigation by the authorities, saying "We can't put up with it. We must have protection. We don't want so black and dirty a crime on the record of our town unpunished."—X., Hallsville, W. Va.

A Rough Rider Socialist.

The following may be of interest to you in your work for Socialism: I was a member of troop E, 1st United States Volunteers (Rough Riders), and served under President Roosevelt in the Cuban campaign; was stricken by sun stroke on June 23rd, but was on the firing line the next day at the battle of Las Guasimas, also participated in the battle of San Juan Hill, and was in the trenches until July 9th, when I was sent to the field hospital suffering with dysentery and malarial fever. From that day to this, I have never seen a well day. Being a married man, I have had an extremely hard time to get enough to live on, as the dysentery bothers me so that I have not been able to work but a small portion of the time.

I used to live in New Mexico, and had to leave there on account of the bad water. I came to California and got a good position at my trade of carpenter, but it was in the Mojave desert, and I could not stand that heat, so moved here to Humboldt county, where it is cooler. Since coming here I have had the misfortune to lose a leg through an accident and am now destitute, for my leg has never healed enough to walk on and most likely never will. If it was not for my faithful wife I would starve to death. I have been trying to get a pension since 1899, for I was honorably discharged on September 15, 1898, while at home on sick furlough, and could not walk by myself then. I have spent in money at least \$60.00 in getting comrades' and surgeons' affidavits to support my claim for pension, and now after over seven years I do not seem to be any nearer to the pension than I was at the beginning.

Since the accident to my leg in 1904, I have had seven operations performed on it, and the surgeons say that the failure of the stump to heal is caused by my blood being full of malarial poison and the dysentery. I see lots of people drawing pensions who, as far as need goes, do not need it at all, and I was under the impression that pensions laws were made for the purpose of aiding those who were financially unable to help themselves, but I am beginning to see my mistake, and by the dilatory tactics of the pension bureau I am shown that this is only another graft under the cloak of helping poor soldiers who it does not help, and now I am convinced that the sooner Socialism comes, the better it will be for all except the grafters who then will have to do something for a living, but I pray God that not one of them will ever have to go through what I have suffered in the last seven years. Please do not use my name for that would most likely destroy what little chance I have of getting a pension. I am talking Socialism whenever I can get anybody to listen, but I am very sorry that this is all I can do to help.

More About the Rich.

Your letter at hand concerning statements made at a New York City banquet of the 400. This friend who made the statement to me, I expect is on the high seas, as he is a great traveler. When I could hear from him again I do not know as he is never long at one point. The banquet came off over two years ago in New York City, and the ex-president was Grover Cleveland. My comrade said he had often heard the matter of crushing the toilers discussed, and the means to be employed, but never in such a manner and so open as at that feast. He told me he had often been in the Wm. K. Vanderbilt home, and for months upon his yacht and in the homes of many others of the millionaires, and on their yachts.

He said he had many times seen the wives of the 400, and daughters of that clan, come to the yachts in closed carriages, heavily veiled, come aboard, meet the young bloods, all strip stark naked and pass the night in a drunken debauch that would shame any savage of any age. I urged him to write some of his experiences—veiled—and to give to the world the statements I sent in part to you. He looked at me hard for half a minute and asked, "Do you wish me to commit suicide?" "No," said I. "Well, that is just what it means to give that class away. I could never go among my people again, and more, I should never have an opportunity to do so. A Pinkerton thug would be put on my trail, and I would disappear. I tell you, I know that class and they will stop at nothing to hold onto their ill-gotten wealth. They will make every city a laughing pen, and their streams run with blood to hold their positions. If the toilers are so blind they cannot see the trend of events, and read their doom in every law enacted; in every struggle with the capitalists, the courts, the government and army arrayed against them, all—all blazing in levers of fire the purpose of the government and rulers, then no statement of mine would for one moment be heeded. I would give my life for no purpose."

If you could know him as I do, and as he told me this have seen his eyes blaze, you would understand how he felt and the awful danger he saw now closing like a cyclone of blackest hell around the proletariat of America. You can use me or my name in any way you may see fit, in it will aid you, for I do not stand on the brink trembling; I know the class we must overthrow is in ready with the little I can do to conquer.—Walt Dyer, Fort Jones, California.

It is all right for the rich to see every means to increase their incomes, but when the poor refuse to work unless they get more pay they are denounced as anarchists. The poor ought to be contented with their incomes, but the rich should always try to increase theirs! The poor are poor only because they are politically ignorant.

Don't overlook the "Defense Fund" Book Contribution. Prices reduced to one-half, and 1 per cent of the net price goes to the "Defense Fund" which the Appeal may need later on. You get the books, which can be instantly put in circulation, and you thus doubly strengthen the arm of the Appeal. Come, comrades, lend a hand.

Annual clearing-up sale of literature, 25 cents and read the 3d elsewhere in this Appeal.



Sketched from life
Court Room
BOISE
IDAHO

JUDGE WOOD PRESIDING AT THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

I am hearing from the 18,000 comrades who helped the Appeal in 1906, but who have not done anything for the paper since Jan. 1st. The number is now reduced to a few over 15,000. I want to hear from every one of these 15,000 who will stand by the Appeal before I revise the Army roster on July 2d.

RELIGIOUS EDITOR ON SOCIALISM.

From the Christian Work and Evangelist.
For many a man today the little cloud rising out of the sea, like a man's hand, is Socialism. There is the force, they fear, that through a storm of iron and blood, will destroy the existing order of things. Such tremblers would have seen in a sinister light the parade that on a recent Wednesday wound its way through Astor Place, under the windows of the old Bible House. At the head of the long, unimperial line marched a band playing the "Marseillaise." Behind the band was borne the red banner of anarchism, and the United States flag. Around the arm of most of the men was a bit of red cloth; some carried other bits of red about them; not a few, American flags. Division after division passed; there were more than a thousand paraders in all; and, at the head of each division was a band playing the "Marseillaise." On their red banners and standards were inscribed such words as "We are fighting for Meyer, Haywood and Pettibone; they fought for us," "Undesirable citizens, because they are true to their Class," "A square deal from the man who talks morality and accepts corruption funds from labor's dastardly foes," the parade was in protest against the president's stricture on the Western Federation officials. One great black banner, which was preceded by an American flag, was inscribed in letters of red, "Through Fight to Liberty, Federation of the Anarchist Groups." The paraders were almost wholly young people, three-quarters of them young men, the others mostly young women. Many of them were Jews. They were cigar makers, shirt makers, students. They came from the East Side, dressed respectably, but not well. As more or less irregularly they passed through the Square there was something pathetic about them. They belonged to that East Side which works hard during the day and sits up late at night to talk of great matters in the cafes and the club rooms. They called for respect as idealists. They were ready to do something for the hope that was in them; at least, walk through slopy streets and protest against things as they are. The material conditions of men should, indeed, be more nearly equal. No man can go through the tenements of lower New York and believe that conditions are the best possible in this "best possible of worlds." But after these paraders have lived longer in America they will learn to try to change conditions by way of the ballot box, not the black flag nor the red.

Dear Old Appeal:—When I saw that our staunch old friend was in trouble, and the action of the federal court of Kansas, I took up one more hole in my suspenders and went out this fine June morning and landed 15 subs to help on the million.—D. M. Haskins, of St. Louis, Mo.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

BY JOSEPHINE C. KANEKO.
The chief cause of this alarming spread of vice in Chicago is human selfishness. It is the profit made by certain people, some even so called respectable people—Judge Sadler, Municipal Court, Chicago.
I caught a glimpse of her the other day from a car window, as we passed 12th street on Wabash avenue. She wore high-heeled, narrow-toed slippers, her hair was bleached a pale yellow, her face was painted.
I saw her walking there, a woman, young, featured as other women, breathing the tainted air, and moving under the gray sky as multitudes do here in Chicago. But I knew from the style of dress she affected, and from the locality in which I saw her, that she was an object of barter and sale in the market of vice. I knew that she was one of the avenues through which great concerns, individual and municipal, gathered their profits of gold and silver.
I knew that back of her, deep down in the reeking depths of Chicago's notorious Levee district, were thousands of Avenues For Profit, just like her, and I knew that following her and her generation would come up other thousands of young women who would paint their faces and bleach their hair, and fill with gold the coffers of municipal and individual concerns, just as she and her kind are doing today.
And I knew that many a young mother who looks fondly into the face of her innocent girl child today will shed tears of agony and sweat drops of blood when in the years to come that girl child will have developed into young womanhood, and will have become a victim of the vice trust to make profits for concerns that grow rich through woman's slavery.
At the time I saw this "white slave" on the street, I held in my hand a daily paper. On the front page was half a column of matter telling of raids made by the police on disorderly houses, and giving instances of young women who had been kept in these places against their will, by brute force, and how they had been sold, against their will, to negroes, who had had free and unlimited disposal of them.
It is useless to repeat the story here. It is but one exposure to ten thousand cases that never see daylight, or reach the ears of "decent, self-respecting" people. It is the sort of thing that nobody likes to hear about, that nobody wants to discuss, or know about. Only on occasions of special seriousness on the part of the police force does this matter of enslaved women come to light. How much of it exists at all times we have no way of finding out.
At the time of the police raids came the revelation that Yale College, one of the most respectable institutions of learning in the land, drew no small portion of its revenues from "disorderly houses" in Chicago. Further investigation revealed the fact that not only Yale, but other colleges, some nearer home, had a like source of revenue from which they partly educated the youths of this land. The investigation was not allowed to go far on account of the high positions of some of the men who were directly responsible for the relationship of the schools with the houses of ill repute.
So the matter was shut up. But the houses are still wide open, and the vice trust, which makes a specialty of catching young women by the thousands of different means it has at its disposal,

is still operating, and the white slave traffic grows apace.
And who cares?
The subject is one that women blush to think upon. Good men are too busy with the struggle for existence to give their time to it. And evil men, and institutions both respectable and depraved, draw profits from the traffic, and the result is that it is growing at a rate that will one of these days bring the whole of humanity up with a jerk, unless some unforeseen force comes to the rescue of the whole of society.
Indeed, the growth of Socialism is the only hope for the victim of the white slave traffic of the future. For the white slave of today there is absolutely no hope. But the abolition of the profit system, which is the underlying cause of all vicious trades, will save the woman of the future just as surely as it will take the profits out of her slavery. When there is nothing in her fall for the "cadet," the middleman, the landlord, the keeper of the house, and the city, she will be as useless to these exploiters of her womanhood as a clod of dirt, and it will be impossible for her to exist as a white slave.
And when I think of the thousands of women who have hearts and souls and brains as I have, who have mothers as I have, and who knew a childhood of innocence as I knew it, and when I know the moral and mental and spiritual degradation to which they are reduced today for the sake of profit, I know that there is nothing under heaven that so needs my activity, my word of encouragement, my assistance in any way, be it ever so small, as the Socialist movement. I know that under the Socialist regime there will be no such thing as a "white slave."

THE GEESE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

London, May 28.—In an interview Lord Rothschild said he could see no immediate prospect of an improvement in the stock markets. He added: "The best that can be said is that the markets are no worse today. Perhaps they are slightly better. But with President Roosevelt attacking the railroads in one part of the world, the income tax question and other problems in France, and the Socialist movement in England, the people are killing the geese that laid the golden eggs and we can expect nothing more than that the market continues to wobble."
The foregoing dispatch from the world's financial center and expressing the opinion of the head of a great international banking house, affords interesting reading for Socialists. But his lordship takes himself too seriously. It is possible that he may be justified in calling himself a goose since if reports be true he and his kind have suffered recently from the foxy financiers on this side of the pond; but when it comes to the question of the bird that lays the eggs, those pesky Socialists of his own country could give him some pointers worth while.
Could he get a closer view of Roosevelt's attack on American railroads it would prove no more terrifying than the same gentleman's charge up San Juan hill which happened when he wasn't there. Roosevelt's savage onslaught upon the railroads looks almost as fierce on paper as his San Juan charge looks on canvas, but the real fight is not for the purpose of goose-objection to being longer robbed by Rothschilds and other financial foxes of the wealth it has brought into existence. Incidental to this real fight is the income tax question in France and the activity of the Socialists in Merrie England.

SOME SLIGHT DISCREPANCIES

While the public prints are filled with the story of the crimes reported by Orchard, it is well not to overlook the following slight discrepancies:

Where Orchard Got His Funds.

I saw in the papers there that we were suspected of blowing up the Independence depot, so I thought we had better get along. I asked Pat Moran in Cheyenne to take a letter to Pettibone asking him for \$500 more. Moran took the letter to Pettibone and brought back the money.—Harry Orchard's confession.

Moran's Statement.

Cheyenne, Wyo., June 6.—Patrick Moran, the Cheyenne saloon keeper mentioned in Harry Orchard's testimony at Boise yesterday, as having gone to Denver to get \$500 from Pettibone for Orchard and Neville, denied that he ever saw Orchard or ever went to Denver for him or anyone else on such an errand.

The Train Wreck.

Parker and Davis, Orchard said, told him they were going to wreck a Florence and Cripple Creek train near a curve in the mountain where the train would plunge into a gulch several feet below. Parker said something must be done to scare and kill off the scabs, who were taken to the mines and home again over this road. Orchard said Davis told him that if the train was wrecked he thought there would be some money forthcoming from Denver.

"I wanted money for what I had already done," continued Orchard. "Parker told me that several of the boys had been doing little things and they all wanted money, but it was hard to get because nothing big had been pulled off. I decided to tell the railroad people because I wanted my money."
"The next day I told D. C. Scott of the railroad company. I told him all I knew about the matter. Scott wanted me to come back again and I did see him again."—Orchard's confession.

The Denver Republican's Version.

In its issue of March 3d, 1906, the Denver Republican said: "In the very beginning of the Cripple Creek trouble evidence of a conspiracy to wreck a train that was loaded with non-union workmen was revealed. One who had been taken into the plot revealed it to an agent of the mine owners' defensive organization and was engaged by him to go on with the work, care being taken that no harm should result—and gather evidence against the real conspirators. He did so, told the witness stand a straight and truthful story of the whole murderous design, but because he had in the latter half of the affair been in the pay of the mine owners as a spy, the whole evil design was so twisted around in the mind of the public and the jury that in the end the zeal of the mine owners to unearth an unexpectably wicked plot against the lives of innocent men came to be looked upon by many honest people as having from the first been a mine owner's plot. It illustrated the insufficiency of detectives as witnesses."

The San Francisco Explosion.

Orchard's Statement.
"I finally located Bradley in San Francisco," said Orchard on the witness stand at Boise. "He had been manager of the Sullivan and Butler Hill mine in Idaho and we were after him. I went to his house one morning and just after the milk was delivered I opened one of the jars and put a lot of strychnine into it. Nothing came of the poison as far as I could learn, so I bought 10 pounds of powder—pelatine powder it was. When purchasing the explosive I had to give a name. I have forgotten what the name was. I said I lived outside the city and wanted to blow up some stumps. I put the powder into a lead pipe. This I put in my grip with some giant caps, a sawed-off shotgun and some other little things. I put the bomb at Bradley's door some time in November, 1904. The bomb was arranged with giant caps, chloride of potassium and sugar being spread over them. It was arranged that when Bradley opened the door a string attached to it would upset a bottle of sulphuric acid."
"What was the result of this?"
"When Mr. Bradley opened the door the next morning the explosion blew out the whole front of the house and blew him into the street."—Orchard's confession.

The Facts in the Case.

The following account is taken from the San Francisco Examiner of March 3d, 1906, reprinted by the Appeal on March 17th of that year: "Attorney Walter Linforth, the owner of the row of flats on Washington street which was wrecked by an explosion in November,

1904, says that the story presumably told by Harry Orchard, under arrest for the murder of Governor Steiensenberg, is absurd. According to the statement given out by the Citizens' Alliance Orchard confesses that the Linforth flats were blown up by a bomb placed by one of the "inner circle" of the miners' association, the object being to kill F. W. Bradley, a mining operator who was disliked by the union miners.

"The tale is foolish," said Mr. Linforth yesterday. "Bradley lived in one of my flats. There was an explosion of leaking gas and the flats were wrecked. The explosion was from the inside, not from the outside. I sued the gas company for \$10,000 and recovered judgment for the full amount. Samuel M. Shertridge was my attorney.

"There was never a question as to the cause of the explosion. The gas company held that I was at fault because one of the flat grates leaked, but there was no proof of this. Four days before the explosion one of my tenants complained of the leaking gas, and the gas company sent an inspector to discover the leak. The case is now on appeal to the supreme court.

"Mr. Bradley was knocked down by the explosion. He never questioned that the explosion was due to a gas leak. I will read you Mr. Bradley's deposition. Here is his own language describing what happened when he walked down stairs after dinner, intending to open the front door:

"I have a distinct recollection of placing my hand on the front doorknob and of starting to open the door; how far I opened it or whether I was inside or outside I do not know, but after having placed my hand on the knob I saw the end of my cigar flash up and my impression was that I had got hold of a trick cigar.

"Then the next thing was a deafening explosion and I was smashed to the floor. My next impression was that I had been shot in the head. I put my hand up to my head and thought that my whole ear was torn off. Then my next impression was that I was suffocating, and I felt that I was buried under an immense pile of stuff, and I began to smell gas and I had a strong sense of suffocation and I felt that if I did not get out of there in some way I was going to die.

"Every circumstance points to the truth of Orchard's alleged confession," said Mr. Linforth. "Why, one of the other tenants had just stepped onto a car in front of the house when the explosion occurred. The condition of the building showed conclusively that the explosion was inside and not outside the house, and when the meter was examined a hole was found from which the gas was leaking."

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FINANCIAL COLUMN

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR

NOT satisfied with turning over the national treasury to the Wall Street contingent, President Roosevelt began to boost for that outfit on Decoration Day, at Indianapolis. As this column has told you, the street is congested with securities which are held by the New York banks as security for the depositors' money which has been advanced upon them, and unless these securities can be sold, and the actual money be put in the banks to the credit of the accounts of the depositors there is "guine to be blood on de moon." So, the accommodating Theodore, that wonderful buster of the trusts and hero of the common people, who has busted no trusts and whose halo has faded for all of those except the ones chronically found upon cold trails, arranged for an impressive rescue of the besieged and disgruntled skinkers.

The president was very deliberate about it. He was going to show the Wall Street people that he could do what they couldn't. He would show them their dependence on him in a way that could not be misunderstood. Wall Street is in such straits that it doesn't care anything about where the glory or honor or applause goes, just so it gets the money. Therefore, it took thankfully the copy of his speech, which Mr. Roosevelt gave them long in advance so that the brokers and speculators would have time to begin pushing up the market the day after he spoke, and made the statements below:

It is a prime necessity to allow investments in railway securities to earn a liberal return. A return sufficiently liberal to cover all risks.

The great mass of our railroad securities rest upon a solid and profitable business.

This nation would no more finance securities which have become an important part of the national wealth than it would make a proposition to repudiate the public debt.

The huge volume of terminals, the immense expenditures in recent years in double tracking, improving grades, roadbeds and structures have brought the total investments to a point where the entire railway property of the country is worth as much as the securities representing it.

There has been much wild talk as to the extent of the over-capitalization of our railroads. The records tend to show that the whole of the railway property of the country is worth as much as the securities representing it.

There need be no fear on the part of investors that this movement for national supervision and control over railroads will be for their detriment.

We would be the first to oppose any unreasonable restrictions being placed upon the issuance of stocks and bonds, for such would be a detriment to the country. For a railroad must ultimately stand on its credit.

One great problem that we have before us is to preserve the rights of property.

Every honestly managed railway will gain, so long as the policy.

But an arbitrary and unthinking movement to cut rates down may be equivalent to putting a complete stop to the effort to provide better transportation.

The surest way to invite reaction is to follow the lead of either demagogues or visionaries in a sweeping assault upon property values.

National bank stocks are bought and sold largely on the certificate of character which the government as a result of its examinations and supervision gives.

We wish to make it the interest of the country to put its money into the honest development of the railroads.

We would be the first to protest against any form of confiscation.

But we have no intention of confounding the innocent many and the guilty few by an ill-judged and sweeping seizure of the same.

The rights of innocent investors should not be jeopardized by legislation or executive action.

Now, you will all agree that Roosevelt couldn't very well do more for the Standard Oil than that. The Standard Oil, as you have been told in these columns lately, is in a hard row of stumps. It has to have money, and while the government has put all of its available resources in the banks to help that benign corporation to the great extent possible extent, we still find it short.

Hence, the action of the president in making this speech, is simply one in effect, of assisting, or trying to assist, in stampeding the investors into Wall Street.

street where they have been sheared so much that they are tired of it. It is certainly a humiliating spectacle to see a president of the United States engaged in capping for a gambling game. But the result proved, beyond doubt, that the statements recently made in this column that the hour of Roosevelt was passed, were true. There was a brief rally of the market, making insignificant gains, no more than might happen and do happen ordinarily. And this was the total result of the president's speech, assisted by the full power of the great financial interests of New York! The fire works fizzled dimly, for the middle class of the nation takes no stock in Wall Street, and none in Theodore Roosevelt! Hence, his advice to "buy stocks" was calmly ignored and Theodore Roosevelt will find himself ignored in still more pointed ways in the near future by the middle class, which made him all that he is and whose interests he has betrayed into the hands of those whom the middle class employed him to fight.

Instead of taking the advice of Roosevelt to "buy stocks" the investing world is simply astonished at the gall of Roosevelt in making such an open and flagrant attempt to separate it from its money—to induce it to buy something it does not want. Now, let us examine the effect of the speech and the recommendation upon the investors, as told by the real criterion, the tapes of the stock exchange tickers. On Friday and Saturday, the entire strength of the "interests" was exerted to start the boom to booming, but on Monday the third market day after the speech, the boom had so definitely laid down in its tracks and died that the Associated Press put out the following special:

New York, June 3.—Securities on the stock exchange underwent another decline today, and in some instances the lowest prices in years were reached. The sagging movement which developed at the opening was accelerated by the sale of 40,000 shares of stock for foreign account and the news of an engagement of \$20,000,000 in gold for export.

The regular Associated Press market report reads as follows:

New York, June 3.—The tone of the stock market became very weak again today, and the heavy declines carried some of the most conspicuous stocks lower than they sold last Monday. The reasons for the weakness were not very apparent, beyond the obvious explanation that there was no demand for stocks. No effective demand developed at any time during the day. The price of the market was very large, but the entire concentration of the buying demand left prices easily vulnerable to moderate declines. The price of the market was very large, but the entire concentration of the buying demand left prices easily vulnerable to moderate declines.

In last week's issue I told you about the crusade of Mr. Rogers to London for the rescue of the speech of President Roosevelt. He was so timed that it would give Rogers the power to point out to the London bankers the attitude of the chief executive as being one of friendship towards the railroads. But the London bankers are even less to be influenced by anything outside of their own judgment than the American investor is—and hence, in spite of all that the able and versatile Mr. Rogers could do, assisted by that much less accomplished worthy, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the result comes to us in the shape of an Associated Press report which reads like this:

New York, June 3.—That negotiations for the placing of a \$20,000,000 loan in Europe under the Union Pacific railroad failed of success because of the attacks on railroad corporations in this country early in the year, was the statement made by E. H. Harriman today. Mr. Harriman said that the negotiations had been successful, the proceeds would have been brought to this country at a time when the American money markets were urgently in need of funds.

I desire just now, to call your attention to the accuracy of the statements made last week in the Appeal in regard to the real mission of Mr. Rogers to London, and also the forecast made at that time that it would fail. The Appeal is the only publication in the United States, financial or otherwise, that gave the true reason of the journey, and the only one that correctly foretold its outcome. Mr. Rogers stated before leaving that his object was to punish those who sold copper short in the panic of March 14th on the London exchange, and the Appeal stated that Mr. Rogers would find some people in London that he might not be able to inflict any injury upon. In the last lines of the Associated Press market report you find the words: "The weakness of the copper was sufficiently explained by the severe decline in the London price of the metal." That simply means that the blooming Britisher tossed the prods into Rogers in a humorous way, just to teach him not to toot his horn before the tallyho was in sight.

In conclusion, the resources of the Standard Oil to save itself are now narrowed down to one thing, unless the remarkable genius of that body of men is able to find some other way out. Great losses they may shoulder, if they choose, at the cost of loss of control in the railroads and many large industries of the nation. If this is done, then control may never be regained, for just back in the shadows is another great combination of capital and religion, ready and waiting to assume the direction of what it hopes the Standard Oil may be compelled to release.

This combined religion and capital, is more religious than capitalist—it wishes primarily to enter the field of industry in order to saddle itself upon the minds of the people through industrial servitude—and thus exercise over them a mental as well as a physical bondage. At the proper time, this combination will be placed before the public in its real light—at present it is viewed without any particular misgivings by the poor dupes upon which it is fattening and upon whose backs it hopes soon to be firmly entrenched to such an extent that it can not only hold the power over their existence here, but also claim to exercise it over the life beyond the grave. By the side of this combination the Standard Oil is a gentleman and a sport, and if you insist upon monopoly, I will tell you definitely and plainly, that the Standard Oil is your friend, as much as any monopoly can be. Later on you will find out why this is true.

But the Standard Oil today finds its last alternatives reduced to two propositions—loss of control of the railroads through financial inability, or government ownership of the railroads. By turning the railroads over to the government, who would issue bonds at a low rate of interest, the Standard Oil could and would have enough funds available for immediate use to clear all their debts, and to enable them to continue in security their present industrial monopolies. There would be great gainings, also, from the railroads owned by the government through the sale of material. Prosperity would run riot in this country as it never has before, and was of conquest would extend this nation, geographically and industrially, to Cape Horn, while New York would be the financial center of the world.

If Theodore Roosevelt had really cared to extend the life of the middle class, the way out was through the government purchase and absolute monopoly of every foot of railway lines, both steam and electric, in the United States, thus giving the Americans transportation at cost, and releasing the energies of capital and labor in the exploitation of the countries south of the Rio Grande.

As a Caesar, however, Mr. Roosevelt is a sad fizzle, because Caesar must have known a chance when he was knocked down by it, while Mr. Roosevelt seems to think that piking is empire building. But it isn't.

I would like to say in this boxed paragraph something that would induce the 15,000 derelict comrades who boosted in 1906 (but who haven't been heard from since Jan. 1st), to get to the front with a bunch of ten subscribers at 25 cents each. What would you say if you were pushing the circulation of the Appeal?

TWO VERY GOOD REASONS.

From the Duluth News-Tribune.

Mr. Henry Clews, the New York banker, has entered the lists of the writers against Socialism. There are two very good reasons why this is a mistake on Mr. Clews' part. The first is because he knows nothing of his subject; the second is because the more such as he write against Socialism the more Socialists they make.

"Holding property in common" is not Socialism. It is communism, and there is a vast difference between the two. Indeed, nothing is more abused to-day than the word Socialism. It is loaded with all the sins of all the "isms" and credited with none of its own virtues. It is a social condition and concerns itself much more with the rights of individuals and individual opportunity than with property rights.

Mr. Clews would have vastly more effect, as an opponent of what he calls Socialism if he would lecture to his own class to correct the conditions which provoke its growth. "Make money, honestly if you can, but make money," has been the rule so long in this country that any movement which antagonizes or questions it is branded as a crime against the sacred person of capital.

This crime is then dubbed Socialism and the Socialist defined as the man who "lacking frugality, thrift and self-reliance," would live on the industry of others by confiscating the results of their labors.

They are frugal from compulsion, if not from wish; they are thrifty to the extent at least of living for a day and supporting a family on less than would provide Mr. Clews with a meal, and they have to be self-reliant as they have no other prop. The extreme unrest among these poor people, causing them to flock under the flag of revolution, is the product of dishonest money-getting and the lack of thrift, frugality and self-reliance among the rich.

It is worse than useless for Mr. Clews to picture a society "reduced to utter shiftlessness and stagnation," and call that the Socialist ideal, for his making a man of straw does not make it a man. It is also useless for any set of men to undertake to turn back the tide of modern Socialism, as that would be but a return to the dark ages.

Fraternally yours,

Name _____ Address _____

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GREAT INVENTION IMPROVES HOME

Think of all the music of the world, all of the languages and all of the fun and entertainment as well in one little machine! Such is the Edison new 1907 Model Phonograph, the greatest invention that the world ever has known.

All readers should be glad of the opportunity to know of this wonderful offer whereby you may secure a genuine Edison 1907 model phonograph for a free trial in your own home—a free trial lasting at least several days—a week if necessary.

Music Moves the World.

When an offer so stupendously liberal as this is made I think it the duty of this paper to bring it to the notice of its readers. Music moves the world and music should be in every home. The offer made here is one which gives you an opportunity to bring all of the best music of the world, all of the highest class entertainment, comic opera, grand opera, all of the great piano selections, all of the wondrously beautiful songs, the great violin solos, monologues, recitations, and vaudeville skits right under your own roof for an absolutely free trial lasting a week if necessary.

I believe that every reader of this paper should take advantage of this offer. The Edison Phonograph Distributors of Chicago tell me that free trial means free trial and that they will stand back of every offer made here. Since this is a large business house of the highest financial standing I know that they will do everything they say. Think of it! They will loan you a phonograph and charge you not one penny for rental.

Send Only Small Payment.

If you want to keep the phonograph after you have given it a thorough trial and after you have invited all of your friends to hear its sweet tones you may send the Edison distributors a small payment, ranging from \$2 to \$3.50, and pay the remainder in easy monthly installments, no more than \$2 or \$3.50 a month.

And after you have tried the Genuine Edison 1907 Model Phonograph in your home and decide not to keep it you may return the instrument at their expense, and they will charge you absolutely nothing for the trial. I never heard of such liberality. Did you?

With the new model phonograph you get one dozen genuine Edison gold-moulded records, which you may keep with the machine for the same small monthly payments. They go with the instrument.

My advice to you is to accept this offer today. All you have to do is to sign the coupon at the bottom of this page, place it in an envelope and mail it. I sincerely hope that each one of the readers will sign the FREE COUPON at the bottom of this page at once and mail it today.

Better Than Piano or Organ.

The Phonograph is better than a piano or an organ, its cost is about one-tenth as much, and its power to entertain and please is a hundred times greater. The Phonograph is rapidly supplanting the piano in thousands of homes. Where these instruments previously furnished the music, whatever music there was, the Phonograph stands now.

Some of the greatest music writers of the day, the great composers of music, and even the most renowned critics of technique and execution have praised the perfect 1907 Edison Phonograph. Henry T. Finck, an eminent writer on music, says in a magazine article: "I would rather hear Sousa's band in one of these superior Phonographs than in the concert hall, because the record makes it less noisy, while at the same time preserving the peculiar quality of tone color of every instrument."

When such statements as these are made by a man as well known in the musical world as is Prof. Finck, it is easy to tell why the people, living on the farms and in the smaller towns, have such exceptionally fine entertainments and enjoy their homes so thoroughly. They have provided themselves with Edison Phonographs.

New Songs Always.

The country never is without its new songs, catchy, pretty and bubbling with the exultant feeling of a successful nation. These songs usually originate in New York and take months to travel westward. If you have a Phonograph, you may have these new songs all the time; you may keep pace with the world and you may learn these songs by heart simply by hearing them sung over and over again by the Phonograph. "Why, where did you hear that new song?" I have been just dying to hear it!" is an expression heard frequently when the owner of a Phonograph sings airily new tune his Phonograph has taught him weeks before it reaches his particular district.

You Cannot Imagine How Much Happiness you will get from this instrument until it is set up in your home and begins to play the pieces which stir your very soul. Turn your back and you will be almost willing to swear that a great actor or a sweet singer is standing behind you.



All hearts are light and joy reigns supreme in this home gathering. Every fleeting moment is a happy one. The Edison Phonograph entertains all. It pleases old and young. After each piece that it renders there is prolonged hand-clapping, just as if a real band were playing or a real singer were singing before the assembled guests. There is no finer way to entertain your friends than with the new 1907 Model Edison Phonograph, which will be sent to any responsible person for a free trial, lasting two days.

BIG AID TO SOCIALISM FOUND IN PHONOGRAPH

Another help has been found for Socialism.

Thomas A. Edison's wonderful machine, the new style 1907 model phonograph, is now being used by socialists to entertain crowds at meetings where Mr. Edison's more expensive moving picture machines would prove too costly. And the phonograph is giving satisfaction, too.

The Appeal to Reason has often urged socialistic leaders to use such modern entertainers for meetings, and the phonograph may be urged especially, not only for regular speakers, but for all Socialists. It is only a small investment—the new style 1907 model Edison, costing the Appeal readers only \$2 a month for a few months—and it is certainly the king of entertainers for the home besides being a wonderful instrument to use at meetings.

In fact, if you are so disposed you can convert your own home into a small meeting place, having your friends congregate for a phonograph concert, and then having a little talk by one or more speakers or a colloquy on Socialism. This ought to do much to help the cause.

Don't think that this is the only or necessary the primary use to which you can put your Edison Phonograph. Just get one in your home—(The Edison distributors will lend you one on free trial). Let your family, your wife and children, and friends hear it—and you will be only too glad to keep it. In fact, it is really marvelous that such a wonderful entertainer as the 1907 model Edison could be sold for just a few dollars. And remember, aside from the endless variety of fun your family will have, you can use it at public meetings or home meetings as suggested above.

These summer evenings especially are the time to appreciate an Edison phonograph. After the day's work is over and the supper is eaten there is nothing like sitting out on the porch and listening to the great musicians, bands, orchestras, singers, actors, speakers and all great entertainers.

The Edison drives away all of the cares that have piled up during the day. The Edison takes away the necessity of going to some place for entertainment. It saves street car fare, long walks, or tiresome trips in a buggy; it saves the price of admission to the show, and you can hear right in your own home entertainments every bit as good as you would pay from \$1 to \$2 to hear in the theater. There is no rousing or scratching or halting about the Edison. Judgment of this great new 1907 phonograph should not be based on the cheap metallic-sounding imitations you may have heard.

MR. EDISON SAYS:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American home."

HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY—If you are a reliable, responsible person living anywhere in the United States this great special offer on our new style special EDISON PHONOGRAPH OUTFIT No. 5 will be interesting to you and may mean much to your family.



TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison

The Edison Phonograph enters your parlor. And the very person who is singing for you there in your parlor may be 2,000 or even 10,000 miles away in a different climate and a different country.

You may take records of your own family which will last for years. Let grandpa speak into the Phonograph and in a few moments his own voice comes from the great horn and fills the room. Let baby talk and prattle into it and the same miracle is repeated. Then should they leave you their voices will remain. How wonderful a miracle is this!

Free Trial Offer! NO C. O. D. NO DEPOSIT

While this offer lasts every responsible, reliable person living anywhere in the United States can get on Free Trial, in his own home, a Genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit, including machine and twelve Genuine Edison Gold Moulded Records, direct from us to your home—positively not one cent in advance.

Try this wonderful instrument right in your own parlor. Let it laugh and talk and sing for you. Let it play the rousing melody of Sousa's marches, listen to its stirring orations by some of America's greatest men, its beautiful religious hymns and vocal solos and form your own opinion. If you want to get the opinions of others ask them to come into your home and hear it.

Then if you do not care to keep this great Edison Outfit send it back at our expense, and we will charge you absolutely nothing for the trial.

We mean what we say, Free Trial Means Free Trial. No matter where you live we will send this machine to any responsible person.

After the free trial you may decide whether to send cash in full or to pay on easy monthly payment terms.

\$2.00 a Month \$2.00 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph and one dozen Genuine Edison Gold Moulded Records. This is positively the greatest and most liberal offer you have ever seen. Less than \$1.00 a week for the finest outfit.

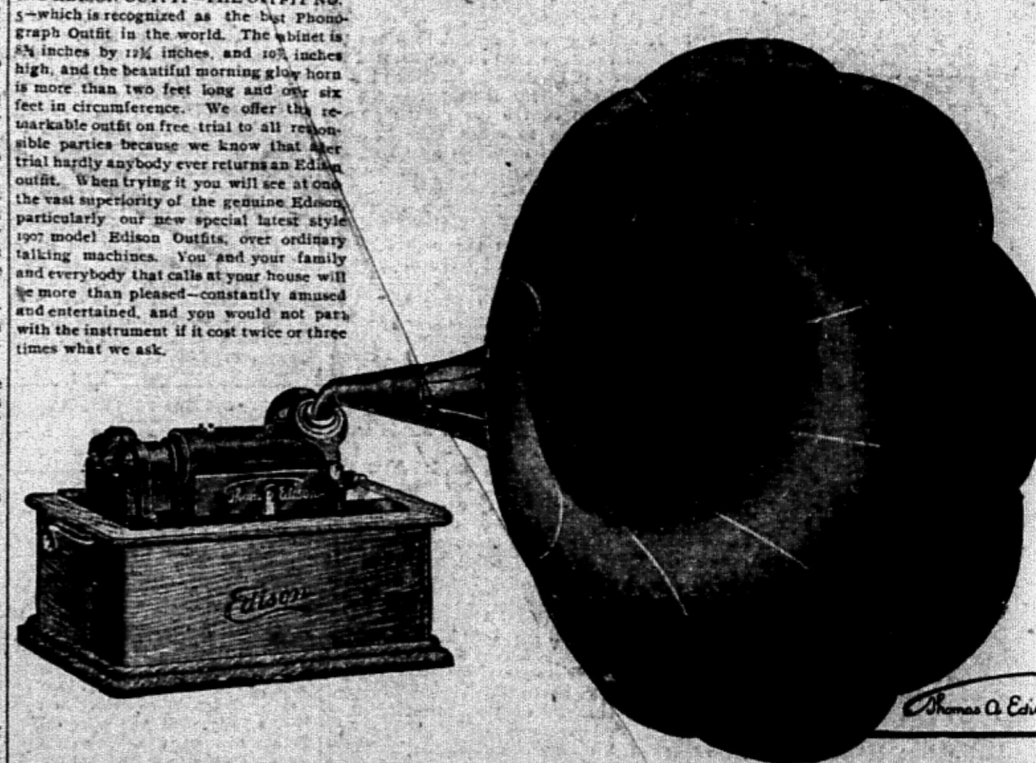
This free trial easy payment offer places a genuine Edison Phonograph, long known as the luxury of the rich, within the reach of every one, and because we charge only the lowest net cash prices, without even interest on monthly payments, the rich also are taking advantage of this modern method of saving and are buying Edison Outfits on the Easy Payment Plan.

There is no chance for you to lose or to be fooled in this great offer. We do exactly as we say and we back every word by our high-class business standing.

FOR CASH IN FULL SO MANY CASH PURCHASERS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE DIRECT THE BEST EDISON OUTFITS THAT WE ARE OFFERED ASKED WHAT DISCOUNT WE CAN ALLOW FOR CASH. WE ARE OBLIGED AGAIN TO SAY THAT WE CAN GIVE NO CASH DISCOUNT, AS WE HAVE ALLOWED THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE TO THOSE WHO BUY ON TIME AND WE MUST TREAT ALL THE EDISON CUSTOMERS ALIKE. CONSEQUENTLY YOU MAY USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT WHEN YOUR PERIOD OF FREE TRIAL IS AT AN END, AND EITHER SEND CASH OR MERELY THE PAYMENT FOR THE FIRST MONTH.

SIGN THE COUPON and get the great Edison Catalogue free today. This Catalogue tells you all about the wonderful Edison Phonographs, how they are made, how Mr. Edison invented the phonograph, and many other things of historic and scientific value to every one. You will receive also our beautiful colored poster of the great Outfit No. 5, and a catalogue of thousands of records. Remember, you pay us nothing for a trial lasting up to several days, and if you don't want the instrument after you have given it a trial in your own home, you may return it at our expense. Just get the Edison catalogue. Do not bother with a letter. Just sign the coupon and get the FREE Catalogue. Cut or tear out the Coupon and mail TODAY.

HERE IS THE GREAT EDISON OUTFIT No. 5.



What Owners of Edison Phonographs Say of This Wonderful Instrument.

Madison, N. Y., Jan. 17, '07. Dear Sir: The machine and records are fine—unsurpassed by any I have ever heard. It is faultless in every respect.—J. N. Cornell.

Alken, S. C., June 1, '07. Dear Sir: I never spent a cent in my life that gave me as much satisfaction as when I purchased an Edison Phonograph.—Mr. Randall Williams.

Montezuma, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1907. Gentlemen: I received the Phonograph all safe and in good condition, and found it to be just as you represented it to be. I am very highly pleased with it.—Nathan Fitch.

Sudburyville, N. J., Jan. 10, 1907. Dear Sir: We have given the Phonograph a good test and find it all right, and we are pleased with it. It is so plain, and of such a sweet tone.—Mrs. Geo. Holder.

Edwards, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1907. Dear Sir: I received your Outfit No. 5, and am well pleased with it. Every one that has heard it says it is a fine machine. You may submit this letter if you like.—Fred Hendrich.

Park City, Utah, May 27, '07. Dear Sir: I received the Edison Standard Phonograph Outfit No. 5, and will say that it is away past my expectations. It is the best and clearest I ever heard.—P. T. Ryan.

Jackson, Mo., May 22, '07. Dear Sir: You can tell ever one that wants a Phonograph that they need not be afraid of the Edison No. 5, for it is all it is said to be.—Mr. Fred E. Dornberger.

Durant, I. T., May 28, '07. Dear Sir: Your shipment of Phonograph received and is entirely satisfactory. I think this machine is the "missing link" necessary to make our home one continual round of pleasure.—Mr. R. P. Bowles.

Perter, Mich., May 29, '07. Dear Sir: I find the Edison Phonograph Outfit No. 5 to be better than you really recommended it to be. Not only myself, but everybody here says it's the best machine they ever heard.—Mr. Theo. F. Thornburg.

Karlsruhe, Penna., April 16, 1907. Dear Sir: I received the outfit you sent all right. Am well pleased and proud of the Phonograph. It gives better satisfaction than any other one here.—Wm. McKeusle.

West Union, Minn., 5-11-1907. Dear Sir: I received your Phonograph all right and like it all right. If anyone wants a Phonograph I advise them to buy nothing but an Edison, No. 5, for home use. It is a fine instrument.—W. S. Engel.

Hunt's Spur, Mich., May 31, '07. Dear Sir: I received the Edison Phonograph Outfit No. 5, and I am very well pleased with it. It is one of the sweetest sounding machines I ever heard, and your system of doing business is very convenient for any one buying on the installment plan.—Mr. C. C. Shilling.

Gary, W. Va., April 15, '07. Dear Sir: The Phonograph is all right. It is better than I expected. It has a clear ringing sound that I never heard in any other machine. It is also free from that scratching noise that is so often heard.—Mr. Henry Shewey.

Millertown, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1907. Dear Sir: I am in receipt of the Edison Phonograph Outfit No. 5. After an evening's trial I am fully convinced that it is an ideal machine, far above my expectations, and I take pleasure in adding my testimonial in its favor.—H. A. Burch.

Stedden, Va., May 26, '07. Dear Sir: I am well pleased with your gift. I know I could not get another one like this. I would not take a hundred dollars for this one. Even my dog likes it when he comes in the house he will go up to it and look at it till some one plays it.—Mr. Geo. Perry.

Albion, Wash., March 16, '07. Dear Sir: The Phonograph came all right, was all and more than claimed for. There have been many to hear it, and all say it is the finest in town, and I think it would be impossible to procure a machine that would give a clearer, purer tone. Thank you for past favors.—Mrs. Ernest Lawrence.

Argyle, Mo., Feb. 19, '07. Dear Sir: Phonograph Outfit received yesterday. It is a "beauty," and all O. K. in every respect. I have a fine disc machine, but it does not begin to compare with the Edison. Mr. Wife says she would not take \$50.00 for it. Everybody in town was down to hear it last night, and it made a decided "hit" with all of them.—Mr. Chas. E. Tyson.

Hogewary, Va., Mar. 26, '07. Dear Sir: I received the Edison Phonograph Outfit No. 5, and have given thorough trial. The Edison machine is without doubt the best in the world. It gives the clearest and finest tone of any machine I have ever heard. It is a great entertainer for both young and old. I have large crowds every night to hear the grand music it produces.—Mr. J. H. Doyle.

Wash., May 6, 1907. Dear Sir: Edison Phonograph arrived last night in good order. As to the quality of the machine, I think it is the best I have heard. There are several talking machines in this town, some that cost \$50.00. But I think them inferior to the Edison Standard No. 5 in clearness and sweetness of tone.—Ang. Nelson.

St. Hope, Mo., May 19, '07. Dear Sir: Your phonograph was received about a week ago. Way... it talks and sings as natural as the person themselves. You can hear every word of every sentence of a mile, and of a still evening you can talk many of the words for a half mile. I can certainly recommend your phonograph as it is so clear, distinct in words and sounds, and is not too loud for home use. I have heard machines that cost \$100.00, and this Edison costs them so much; there is hardly any comparison. I thank you for your treatment ever so much, and will try to make a sale for you.—Mr. Con. Fisher.

No letter necessary. Just sign and mail the COUPON.

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Without any obligation on me, please send to me your Edison Catalogue, FREE, prepaid, and full explanation of the FREE TRIAL EASY PAYMENT OFFER.

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