

"I hope the time will come when the lead that is now used for making bullets will be used for making type to educate the masses"---Mother Jones

Total number of subscribers for week ending Aug. 14 351,498
Number of new subs for week ending Aug. 14 13,721
Number of expiring subs for week ending Aug. 14 7,655
Gain for week 6,066
Total Number of Subs for Week Ending August 21 358,161
Total Edition Printed Last Week 422,840

Established Aug. 31, 1895
FIFTY CENTS A YEAR
Six Months \$2.50
Clubs of Four or More 40 Weeks 25 Cents
This is Number 718
Entered at Girard, Kansas, postoffice as second class mail matter.
FRED D. WARREN, MANAGING EDITOR
Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., September 4, 1909

LOOK at the yellow address label, and note the number following name. If it is your subscription expires with the next number. You should renew at least three weeks before your subscription expires so that you will not miss any numbers.
THE APPEAL EDITORIAL STAFF
J. A. WAYLAND
EUGENE V. DEBS
FRED D. WARREN
CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

The Army's Answer
No. subs in Kansas, 13,152
No. subs in U. S., 290,870
No paper in the United States can show a gain like that! It is a record of which the Appeal is proud. Every one of our friends who took hand in this game of rebuking the federal court is likewise proud of what you have done. There is no reason why we cannot continue this work. It's the only protection for the Appeal and the only guarantee that the plutocratic pimps will keep their hands off the right of free press.

SPeAKING of a jest, the ocean seems to cover the ground.
If the capitalist was given his full product, wouldn't he catch h—?
THE job is a capitalistic jest which the worker often has to give up.
ONE half the world doesn't know how it lives. It is a problem to figure it out.
UNDER Socialism you would get your full product. Under capitalism you get hades.

A Government Employee's Plea
Comrades: When I read the result of that infamous farce pulled off at Fort Scott on May 5, 1909, the first thought that flashed through my mind was—there is only one way to answer such a contemptible decision. To roll the subscription list of the Appeal to Reason to half a million—I have not changed my mind.
Our Kansas comrades have been the first to answer; they have doubled their list in one week. Comrade Wright asks what have you done? What are you going to do? Let this be our answer; surely this would be such an answer that no 2x4 judge would fail to recognize the contempt we hold for such Russian methods as were put in practice to convict one who is giving his time and talents—ah, and imperiling his life and liberty that mankind may be enlightened to the fact that in every age—and more so than today—the masses have toiled in abject misery, that a few could revel in idleness and luxury.
When I receive the Appeal to Reason the first thing I look for is the subscription list. No matter what glaring headlines greet my vision; of course I read them, all the whole paper interests me, but this subscription list, we must fully realize here is the life, the bread and butter problem of this publication which I verily predict will, at no distant day reach over a million bonafide subscribers. Wouldn't it send a chill of horror through the plutocrats; to enter the presidential campaign of 1912 with 1,000,000 subs?
Well it can be done; Kansas has set the pace, we owe it to Warren, they have told you they could print a million copies a week. Let us give them the opportunity.

PEONAGE is the finished product of capitalism, the one thing which the capitalist makes.
The total number of copies of No. 710 printed and circulated, containing Warren's address to the court at Fort Scott is 1,240,000. In addition to this the speech has been printed entire in twenty-five papers. Through the American Press Association, 45 Park Place, New York, the speech in plate form for use by daily and weekly newspapers, will reach 5,000,000 readers. It is safe to say that before the end of September this remarkable address will have reached a circulation of 10,000,000 copies. No document in recent times has attracted the wide spread attention.
It is a great faith to believe that poverty and oppression can be wholly banished from earth. That is the faith of Socialism.
SOCIALISM is worth fighting for, not because it is a new party, but because it means freedom for the working people of the whole world.
THE NEW YORK WORLD asks: "What is a democrat?" It would be almost as good a conundrum if it was worded, Where is a democrat? Or Why is a democrat?
SOCIALISM is worthy every true man's effort, not because he might get an office, but because it means opportunity and security for him and his—something he has never known to this day.

Table with columns: STATE, OFF, ON, TOTAL. Lists subscription statistics for various states including Kansas, Pennsylvania, Texas, California, Ohio, Oklahoma, Michigan, Arkansas, Iowa, Oregon, Colorado, Nebraska, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Florida, North Dakota, Kentucky, Montana, South Dakota, New Jersey, Alabama, Tennessee, Illinois, Canada, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Idaho, Pennsylvania, Maine, Arizona, Connecticut, Nevada, Maryland, Mississippi, Wyoming, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Vermont, Alaska, Rhode Island, Delaware, District of Columbia.

COMMITTED TO PLUNDER.
Frank Putnam, writing in the Houston Chronicle, says:
Meantime, with both the old parties committed to the service of the plundering trusts, and with the cost of living revised upward in a new tariff law framed by consent of the leaders of both parties, the Socialist have a situation made to order for their benefit. And be sure the brilliant, tireless, unselfish preachers of the socialist doctrine will not lose the opportunity. The old party organizations work for a few months once in four years. The Socialist national and local organizations work every day of every year.
This is a correct statement. Yet, after declaring that both of the old parties are committed to the service of the plundering trusts, the writer and the paper which publishes the article commit themselves to the service of one of the parties that is committed to plunder! The strength of Socialism is that it does not occupy such a position. It is not supporting a policy or party of plunder. It is honest. It is a party of the masses because it is honest. It is reviled and misrepresented by papers and speakers who are committed to parties that are committed to plunder, but its sole aim is to overthrow a system of plunder and establish in its stead an honest system that shall make the people masters of their own lives.

WORST WRONG TO THE INDIAN.
"To Supply Immoral Resorts with Girls from Haskell—Systematic Dealing in Indian Girls, Only Recently Extended to School, Alleged to Have Been Discovered," is a heading in a recent number of the Wichita (Kan.) Eagle. It is merely an incident of the many reports which show that white slavery is growing. Why should it not grow? The profit system is in vogue, and this traffic is only a phase of that. It lacks elements of passion, such as belong to seduction, being a cold-blooded business proposition, and its prey is the young and unsophisticated. Moreover, the competition in the traffic—competition being the "life of trade"—is so great that the price of a girl has fallen to something like ten dollars. Think of such a situation! It is barbaric beyond anything that the American Indian would have tolerated. Yet it is capitalism, and is developing into a regular business in this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

CONQUERING THE SOUTH.
Just after the civil war capitalists made a desperate effort to secure a foothold in the south, even going to the desperate means of establishing a military rule in order to force itself there, and the riot of graft wrought by carpet baggers in those early days is still remembered in Dixie. But the south did not take kindly to capitalism, and cleaned it out, even restoring the Ku Klux Klan in the accomplishment of its purpose. Defeated in its effort to get a foothold in the south, capitalism, with headquarters in New York, then turned its attention to the west, and the immense land grants to railroads and other enterprises were its first work of loot. At present New York City boasts that it contains more wealth than all the twenty-two states west of the Mississippi river. This is what capitalism has done for the west. Now the south, after having been shunned by capital for forty years until it is left practically undeveloped, is beginning to woo capital. It will mean a conquest of the south and a looting of that territory beyond what it suffered in the sixties. Already the power of graft is getting in its work. The News and Courier of Columbia, S. C., reports that in the past five years twenty-four county officers in the state of South Carolina have defaulted for an amount aggregating over \$105,000,000. That reads almost like carpet bagger history. Then the stories of child labor in southern cotton mills, owned by New Easterners, and of peonage as practiced in the south, are proofs

PLAYING WITH FIRE.
The United States army has been playing with fire. It spent millions of dollars, stolen from the working people, in a mock effort to capture Boston, while another detachment of the army defended the city. War is a game of the rich in which the workingmen are murdered in order that the masters may have a little fun and make money at their expense. It is bad enough when it comes and is made to appear as a stern necessity, but when it is openly a game, then the people who are starving while the money that should be used is spent in the most cruel and barbaric of games begin to think. They wonder why they, the workers, should ever take part in war. It means nothing for them. If they "save the country, the country is not theirs, and they are exploited by the very fellows who provoked the war. They wonder why they should shoot workers of another country and whether it is Japanese, Germans or Mexicans that the ministers of the prince of peace will soon teach them to hate and murder. War is hell. The capitalists turned mimic hell loose on the country last week. They wanted to see if the people would stand for the real thing later on. The average American will stand for anything. There is not a more abject slave on earth than the American devotee of capitalism.

THIEF RULE AND MOB RULE.
Frank H. Gliddins is professor of sociology and history of civilization at Columbia university. In a recent address he said:
When you have studied history and sociology as long as I have, you will come to the conclusion that I have been coming to—that there have been only two kinds of government in the world, namely, thief rule and mob rule. We have never had any such thing as scientific rule. We have never had any such thing as a rule by persons of intellect and good moral character who played a part in government, but men of the other kind played the other part; and the collective result of the work of the different governments of any generation in any country has been one of the two things—thief rule or mob rule.
After making such a fearful arraignment of conditions, which is the more noteworthy because it comes from a profound student instead of an anarchist, Prof. Gliddins continues:
I believe in mob rule as against thief rule. The United States, as a matter of fact, today stand for thief rule, and that by a gang of thieves worse than those Christ drove out of the temple. We want, if necessary, mob rule to clean that sort of thing out, for they are thieves, and everybody knows it and they know it themselves.
Were this the expression of one man alone, and he an ignoramus, it would be unworthy consideration, but it is evident that the idea is gaining force among many. It presages dangerous things for the country, unless good people will very soon unite on scientific rule and on honest rule. This student of affairs says there never has been such a rule, and he is right. But Socialism is that and just that. It is the one hope of the world; the plan which alone can deliver it from thief rule while at the same time protecting it from mob rule.

THE SPEECH IN PLATE FORM.
Scores of newspapers are using the plates of Warren's address to the federal court, and others will do likewise if you will encourage your local editor to do so. These plates may be secured from the American Press Association, 45 Park Place, New York, express prepaid for \$1.25 to any part in the United States. Comrades should urge their local editors to print Warren's address. If your local editor does not feel that he can bear this expense, take up a collection among the comrades and make him a present of this service. You can not do better propaganda work. Orders may be addressed to the Appeal or to the New York office of the American Press Association.
The following papers have either printed the speech or have ordered the plates:
Hopkinsville, Ky., Independent.
Local paper, Bristol, Ohio.
Torch of Liberty, Mound City, Kan.
Press Democracy, Santa Rosa, Calif.
San Antonio Light Pub. Co., San Antonio, Tex.
Union Leader, Steubenville, Ohio.
The Register, Olathe, Kan.
Herald, Collinsville, Ill.
Fremont News Co., St. Anthony, Idaho.
Trackman, Fort Scott, Kan.
Columbia News, Davis, Okla.
Blade, Red Cliff, Colo.
Daily Union, Salina, Kan.
Daily Tribune-Monitor, Fort Scott, Kan.
The Western Star, Topeka, Kan.
Daily Socialist, Chicago, Ill.
The Daily Call, New York, N. Y.
The Laborer, Detroit, Mich.
The Labor World, Spokane Wash.
The Miners Magazine, Denver, Colo.
The following named comrades have ordered the plates for their local newspapers:
F. D. Blossom, Pawnee, Okla.
H. L. Cassin, Ellsworth, Okla.
Frederick G. White, Florence, Ala.
H. N. Williams, Charleston, Mich.
John W. Biles, Evansville, Ind.

SHAM FIGHTING.
The sham battles continue in the neighborhood of Boston. General Bliss is at the head of the invading army, consisting of troops from all the New England states. The dispatches say: "While today's fighting forced General Pew to retreat and move his division headquarters from Robin's Pond back to South Hanson, the engagement was regarded as merely a preliminary to a greater battle which will be fought probably tomorrow."
Thus the mimic warfare proceeds. Soldiers are trained in the gentle art of killing, while hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of powder is blown into the atmosphere. It is a great game. The cost is enormous, but the people have the money and the capitalists must have a perfect fighting machine.
No telling how soon the capitalists may declare war and want a lot of killing done to extend their markets and increase their profits. In the capitalist scheme the workers are fit only to be fleeced and killed. We repeat, it is a great game, but where do the workers come in? We leave them to guess.
Millions of poor wretches are starving at the same time that millions are being burned up in mimic warfare. Great is capitalism!

NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.
A few days ago Mrs. Ada Tilt Otis, daughter of Joseph E. Tilt, Chicago millionaire shoe manufacturer, committed suicide at Los Angeles. On account of her extreme wealth and social standing the truth was suppressed and has but just come to light. It is another tragic story of the misery of the rich and of the utter joylessness of parasitism. Mrs. Otis had walked the dizzy heights of social life, had been in the maze and whirl of fashion, was divorced from her husband, and finally wearied of it all and ended her miserable life. In the note left by the unfortunate woman she simply said, "The game is not worth the candle." She knew. She had drained the cup to its dregs and found it poison to the very last drop.
Thus ends another life to bear testimony to the fact that capitalism murders even its devotees. In no true sense of the term has capitalism any beneficiary. It impoverishes the masses to enrich the few and finally slays them all.
The rich society dame who has just ended her frivolous career at Los Angeles is the social antithesis of the poor, worn-out street walker who winds up in the bowery with a dose of laudanum.
Both are the products of capitalism and the unhappy fates of both cry out against capitalism.

PAID FOR IN ADVANCE
Every copy of the Appeal to Reason is paid for in advance. This office receives the Appeal your subscription has been paid for by some friend who wishes you to investigate the doctrine. If you do not wish to take the paper, please return it to the office. If you do wish to take it, please send your subscription money to the office. If you do not wish to take it, please return it to the office. If you do wish to take it, please send your subscription money to the office.

THE EAST IS AFLAME
Comrade Debs Finds It Afire on Socialism and the Warren Case.
Eugene V. Debs has been speaking in the east for the past ten days, receiving ovations greater than he did when on the red special. At Boston his audience was estimated by capitalist papers at from 4,000 to 6,000. At Newark he was greeted by a crowd fully as large. At Pittsburg thousands crowded to hear him and the enthusiasm was intense. Everywhere he was cheered to the echo, and when he was through hundreds crowded around to shake hands, while newspaper men begged for a pose so they might catch him with their cameras. The press treated him with fine consideration, making it evident that "Our Gene" is becoming a favorite with the newspaper boys. In every speech Comrade Debs alluded to the Warren trial and the effort of the federal government to put the Appeal out of business, and everywhere the feeling of the audience was clearly and strongly one of indignation. At Boston Debs appeared just after the military maneuvers in a mock effort to capture Boston, and at Pittsburg the people were ripe for his message because of the strike and class war at McKee's Rocks, and the great champion of Socialism fired verbal shots that struck to the heart of plutocracy. The United States army failed to capture Boston, but Debs took it single handed. The brief tour of Comrade Debs has demonstrated that the cause of Socialism is more alive than ever before.
Some of Debs' Sayings.
The workers ought to own their tools, ought to own the things they produce.
I would far rather go to jail for principle than to the White House for capitalists.
You may produce more and more, but your condition remains the same, because you do not produce for yourself.
At the present time the rich regard the poor simply as necessary commodities, to be used on election day for their votes.
The only way for a human being to develop all theretofore in him is to consecrate himself to the service of his fellow men.
We never know how soon our job may vanish. We never know how soon we may lose that upon which our lives depend.
I care nothing about the office of president of the United States, but I would gladly lay down my life to emancipate my class.
There is nothing that you cannot do for yourself if you will join hands with your fellow workers on the economic and political fields.
The man who has to beg for a job, who has to ask some one for work, is at best a wanderer upon the face of the earth. He doesn't belong to himself.
The Socialist party is the only party that recognizes woman as a human being, the only party that places her by the side of man as a comrade.
Twenty-five years from now Judge Pollock will be as infamous as Fred Warren will be glorious. Fred Warren will go to jail just as cheerfully as you ever went to work. He will go to jail, he will go to the gallows, he will go anywhere to serve you.
The worker is only a hand—a farm hand, a shop hand, a mill hand, a factory hand; and every time he looks his two hands in the face, he blushes.
You produce everything but you own nothing. The boss produces nothing but he owns everything.
I am touched and thrilled by the spirit of the social revolution. I am keeping step with the workers toward international emancipation. They may be defeated a thousand times, but every defeat only makes them stronger; their eyes are set upon the sunrise; they are never discouraged; they know that they stand for the great cause, and they are sure of victory.

TERRITORIES NOT ADMITTED.
We favor the immediate admission of the territories of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states in the union.—Republican platform, 1908.
Are these territories admitted? Did the republican party mean it? Was it not done to get the votes of men who knew these territories had a right to be states? Was it not a case of stealing your votes? And men who will steal your votes will steal your money or your liberties. The reason these territories were not admitted is because the railroads and other corporations did not want it done—for then the people would have some power to rule themselves, while as it is they are ruled and robbed easier than the people in adjoining states where they have some state rights. Congress, being composed of corrupt men, can be handled easily, for they are not dependent on the citizens of territories for their election. Congress is composed of corporation owners and attorneys and serve only them where they dare. But what do you think about such a flagrant violation of platform pledge? Ask your republican neighbors about it. Make them see the real character of the men they support. The people have been skillfully diverted by a blind play about tariff, which no one can tell whether it made any change or not, and these pledges about vital matters have been lost sight of. Not one republican in a hundred read the platform and not one in the hundred that did read it has read it since the election to see how it has been carried out. Push it under their noses. Get a copy of it and show the deluded where they are.

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.
Despite the fact that the McKee's Rock strikers were forbidden by the constabulary to hold meetings, and though it had been said that he would not be allowed to speak, Eugene V. Debs addressed the strikers at the famed Indian mounds, being greeted by a large crowd. The constabulary were camped around with guns at rest, being instructed to "shoot to kill" in case of a disturbance, but the eloquent tongue of Debs closed the mouths of the guns and he was not disturbed. He pleaded for patience and order in the conduct of the strike, but threw some verbal bombs into the ranks of capitalism now gathered for its war on labor around the Rocks. It was a very dramatic situation, and Comrade Debs is highly praised for his skill in telling truth and still keeping the wronged miners orderly under the injustice heaped upon them.
WHEN were troops ever called out to aid the workers? If they never aid the workers, why should workers join the army or the state guards?











**Score Another for the Appeal.**  
**My Dear Warren:**—It is always of interest to me to notice how that after the Appeal has taken up some particular cause, and has spread the facts before its readers for a few months, the light begins to break through and some one of our popular magazines takes up the subject. I have just opened a copy of the September number of the American Magazine, and I notice that they announce for their next issue the beginning of a series entitled, "Barbarous Mexico," and giving an outline of the fearful revelations as to slavery and cruelty. This is one more triumph for the Appeal. More power to your elbow!

By the way, when writing I should like to call the attention of your readers to another exceedingly interesting series of articles which is just announced to begin in the October number of Everybody's Magazine. Last October I was passing through Denver and met Judge Lindsay of the children's court; at that time he was in the midst of an independent campaign, both political parties having turned him down. I spent the evening with him and was tremendously stirred by the story of the persecutions he has made against both the political machines, backed by the law-defying corporations of Colorado. It was a harrowing story, and it set my blood on fire. I sent telegrams about Lindsay's eye. I telegraphed Everybody's Magazine about it, and was much pleased to learn that they agreed with me, and had grabbed the story. I believe that we Socialists ought to give every encouragement to the editors and publishers of magazines who publish material of this sort. So I take pleasure in calling the attention of the readers of the Appeal to this particular story.

Sincerely,  
 UPTON SINGLACK.

**Newspaper Comments Favorable and Otherwise**

**Christian Eagle, Hutchinson, Kan.**  
 The conviction of Fred D. Warren, managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, is bringing forth a storm of protest from many papers and well it might, for it is infringing on that section of our constitution wherein it says: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press." When once the American people awake to the realization of what this injustice means they will be swift in their vengeance.

**Mail and Breeze (rep.), Topeka, Kan.**  
 As a legal proposition it seems to us that Warren's position is strong. We believe in his offer he used the word kidnaped which grates on the ear of course, but we fail to see what difference it would have made if he had used the word capture, or apprehend, or deliver to the authorities of Kentucky. The meaning would have been the same. It seems to us that he had a right to offer the reward for the capture of Taylor if he wanted to no matter how foolish it might be for him to make the offer.

**Cotton's Weekly, Cowansville, Canada.**  
 The American government started out to put the Appeal to Reason out of business. It engineered a trumped-up action against the editor and had him sentenced to six months in jail. The result has been an enormous boost for the Appeal to Reason. Before the sentence the Appeal was averaging 5,000 subscriptions a week. Since the sentence, it has averaged 25,000 subs a week. The Appeal is realizing the truth of the maxim: "Every kick is a boost when you're on your way up."

**Food & Oreille Review, Sandpoint, Idaho.**  
 The Appeal to Reason, the flamboyant Socialist organ which has placed Girard, Kan., on the map in red letters and which paper has done more to spread a revolutionary spirit abroad in the land among the ignorant than all the other papers in existence in the United States is dwindling in its former great circulation, among the "masses." It is to be hoped that the crisis spells total failure for the Appeal to Reason. It is not even socialistic in its techniques, but has masqueraded as a socialistic organ, teaching hatred and sowing the seeds of discord and calling its propaganda by the name of Socialism. Socialists themselves have denied its teachings and rantings and it does not stand in good odor with the party it pretends to represent. At one time the Appeal had some followers in this locality but little is heard lately of its influence in this section. Even the most popish could not stand for its teachings and institutions. Its passing will cause no regret. Its editor has made a good thing out of fooling a deluded following into believing he was teaching them something when in fact he was but playing upon the passions of the ignorant and credulous.

**Chronotype, Neche, N. D.**  
 The editor of a Socialist paper has been sentenced six months in jail for offering a reward for the abduction of former Governor Taylor, of Kentucky. We do not know whether or not he was guilty as charged, but he had it coming anyway, not for being a Socialist, but for being a pernicious agitator and a blatant and abusive demagogue.

The foregoing from the Grand

Forks Herald in reference to one of the most unjust outrages ever perpetrated on an American citizen speaks but little for the intelligence and fair-mindedness of Editor Davis of that paper. That Warren is an agitator is well known. That to agitators must go the credit for many reforms is also an established fact. But to say that Warren is a pernicious agitator and a blatant and abusive demagogue is radically departing from the truth. Warren is a martyr. In his fight for economic reforms, he has met the most strenuous opposition. He has been persecuted. The supreme court decided that it was legal to kidnap workmen. Warren was sentenced six months in jail for sending a card through the mails offering a reward for the return of a man who was wanted by the Kentucky authorities, but who had pulled and money to keep out of their clutches. Now if it was lawful in one case, why not in another? It looks very much as if justice is being prostituted in this case and The Chronotype wishes to emphatically register its protest against the persecution of Fred Warren.

**Milwaukee Daily News.**  
 The San Francisco Bulletin which has led in the fight on graft in the earthquake city, denounces the trial and conviction of Fred Warren, one of the editors of the Appeal to Reason, as a misuse of judicial power in an effort to cripple the Socialist press. The offense of Warren consisted in circulating through the mails an open offer for the apprehension and return to Kentucky—the kidnapping—of ex-Governor Taylor, then a fugitive from justice. It was a trumped-up charge, inspired by Roosevelt, who never forgave the Appeal for giving publicity to the fact that, as governor of New York, he signed an act making Alton railway bonds eligible for investment by savings banks, the one act needed to consummate Harriman's high financing of the Alton.

Warren's purpose was to establish that it makes a difference whose ox is gored—the Western mine leaders having been kidnaped with judicial approval. It wasn't a very brilliant idea and it might easily have been an incitement to some shallow-pated person to do violence to Taylor in effort to obtain the reward offered, but that feature of the affair did not enter into the case, it having been charged that the postal law was violated—a "violation" of daily occurrence by sheriffs, bank officials, state executives and all persons that circulate openly through the mails offers of rewards for the detection of criminals or persons suspected or accused of crime. Yet he was convicted by a jury and sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,500 and to imprisonment in the county jail for six months, in face of the fact that when the prosecution was first brought, the judge gave it as his opinion that no offense had been committed.

The Bulletin finds in the conviction of Warren an assault upon the freedom of the press. It urges that—"Suppose that Warren had been an eminent financier and leader in society; would he have been convicted and sentenced to jail in so doubtful a case? Cases now pending at both sides of the country show how difficult it is to convict a capitalist, even when the case is not doubtful in this aspect the Warren case concerns every American citizen. It is not a question of sympathizing with Socialism. It is a question of maintaining the equality of all men before the law.

It is idle of course, to expect absolute justice. The most that we may hope for is to approximate the highest degree of justice possible in the face of the prejudices, the likes and dislikes that possess the majority of our fellow citizens. Theoretically all citizens are equal before the law, but, in fact, they are very unequal before the administrations of the law. For all men, be they judges or jurors, are to a greater or lesser degree subject to the influence of their environment. There are few men to emulate the Spartan judge that condemned his own son to death rather than swerve from the highest ideal of justice.

Men who run counter to the established usages of society, that flout its conventionalities, or seek to overthrow its institutions must expect to find themselves judged harshly and arraigned under the slightest pretext. It is not peculiar to capitalism. It is ingrained in the human race itself. Yet we doubt if Warren is so much a martyr to Socialism as he is a victim of Rooseveltian spleen. For Joseph Pulitzer and Delavan Smith, both millionaires and stout supporters of capitalism, were arraigned at the bar of justice under slighter pretext of just greater provocation.

The king can do no wrong.  
 The earth was here before Man. The earth is the source of all wealth. The hand of labor, applied to the earth has brought forth, and is still bringing forth all the wealth of the world. You tell me it is "brains" that creates wealth! All right. Just sit down, close your eyes and use your brains to dream that you are a millionaire; then open them and ram your hand into your pocket and pull out—your meal ticket! It is an inconceivable thing to me, this disassociation of the hand and brain. Who ever heard of hands without brains?

This paragraph is reprinted from one of the clearest booklets that has come to my desk in many days, "The Calloused Palm," by Frederick Forrest Berry. It is published by the author, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. Box 502.

"The Harpoon," a magazine devoted to the interests of postal employees, is now published in Denver, Colorado. Every reader of the Appeal interested in better conditions among postal employees and a strict observe of postal laws on the part of officials should subscribe for and boost the "Harpoon." Its a warm number from start to finish and officialdom is beginning to smart under its scathing exposures.

**Study Before Talking.**  
 You are full of enthusiasm for Socialism, and you want to make converts. Good. But first study the questions that are being asked when you begin to talk. Charles H. Kerr & Company, 155 Kinzie Street, Chicago, to whom you have sold the Appeal, has a booklet, "What to Read on Socialism" and a sample copy of the International Socialist Review, for the price of four cents in stamps to cover the postage.

**Federal Court Practice**

A Story of the Sixth Century—With a Modern Application

Federal court practice of today roots back to the time when feudal lords sat in judgment by right of the mailed fist. The victim today stands no more show of a fair trial in the federal courts than did the prisoner in the court of the Frankish nobles who had subjected ancient Gaul. From a novel written by Eugene Sue we take the following chapter, describing as only Sue's master-mind could describe a court scene of the sixth century. It is reprinted that our readers may see that similarity between procedure in Count Neroweg's court and Judge Pollock's court at Fort Scott ten centuries later. Throughout the Fort Scott farce, I was constantly reminded of Sue's great story because of the striking similarity in the methods used to secure a conviction. Those of you who have followed the case during the past two years will without further explanation be able to draw the parallel. I would suggest to our readers that you call together a number of your neighbors and friends and read the story which follows, after prefacing with a brief account the trial at Fort Scott. Lawn parties, street corner meetings, Socialist locals, picnics, etc., may be enlivened by reading the following chapter from Sue's great story, "The Pontard's Hill." In this way we can get this picture to five million men and women.

At the period of the story, Gaul (now called France) had been overrun by Franks, and the former free people of the Gauls made abject slaves. The priests were native Gauls, but when the country was subjugated by the Franks they turned their allegiance to the rich oppressors and against the oppressed, whose property had been confiscated until they were abjectly poor. At the same period there was a revolutionary body of Gauls, known as Magres, who lived in the woods and caves, and the Gaulish slaves were ever under suspicion of aiding these revolutionists. For this reason they were terrorized by terrible indignities and tortures. The private court, held by the Frankish nobles, was called the *Mahl*.

**THE TRIBUNAL ASSEMBLES.**

The count presides over the *mahl* on his seat; seven leudes, ranked on benches on either side, assist him. The torch-bearing slaves stand behind the judges. The judgment seat is well lighted, while the rear of the hall, where the other leudes and warriors of the burg are grouped, remains in semi-obscurity, brightened, however, from time to time by the reflexion of the fire in the large stove which the blacksmith of the stables has lighted and blows into flame. The nine plowshares are being heated red in the stove. Before the stove, and even with the ground, is the wide and deep tank filled with water. The slave charged with larceny stands at the foot of the tribunal with his arms tied behind his back. He is a young man and looks frightened at the judges. The accuser, a man of ripe age, contemplates the tribunal confidently. Agreeable to the usage in such instances, six other slaves surround the two men. They are chosen by the accuser and the accused to affirm under oath what they believe to be the truth. They are called *conjurators*.

"To the trial! To the trial!" cries the count. "Mayor, inform the slave anew of the charge against him."  
 "Justin, a cook-slave of our seigneur, the count, happened to be alone in the kitchen; on the kitchen table lay a small silver dish used by dame Godegisele, the noble spouse of our master. Peter, this other slave, entered the kitchen bringing in some kindling wood. Immediately after his departure, Justin noticed that the silver dish had disappeared. He immediately announced the theft and accused Peter of having committed it. I told Justin that one of his ears would be cut off if the dish was not found. He answered me that he swore by the salvation of his soul that he told the truth and that the thief was this other slave."  
 "And I repeat it again, seigneur count. If the dish was stolen it could have been stolen only by Peter. I swear it upon my share of paradise. I am innocent. My *conjurators* are all ready to swear like myself upon the salvation of their souls."

"Yes, yes," answered the six slaves in chorus; "we swear that Justin is innocent of the theft—we swear upon the salvation of our souls, we swear upon our share of paradise."  
 "Do you hear, dog?" said Neroweg turning towards Peter. "What have you to say? What became of the silver dish, a precious article that I brought from the pillage of the town of Issorie? Will you answer, dog?"  
 "Seigneur, I did not steal the dish, I did not even see it on the table—my *conjurators* are ready to swear to it, like myself, upon my salvation—upon my share of paradise."

"The Pontard's Hill." A History of a Proletarian Family Across the Ages by August Sorel, translated by Daniel DeLeon. Published by Labor News Co., New York.

"Yes, yes," put in the six in their turn, the *conjurators* of the accused slave. "Peter is innocent; we swear upon our salvation."  
 "My dear brother in Christ," said the clerk to the accused slave, "think of it. It is a grave sin, theft is, and falsehood is another grave sin. Take care—the Almighty sees and hears you—His hand lies heavy upon thieves and liars."  
 "My good father, I stand in great fear of the Almighty; I follow His commandments as you teach them to us; I support my trials with resignation; I obey my master, the seigneur count, with the submission that you order us to the end that we may gain paradise; but I swear I did not steal the dish."  
 "Seigneur count," said Justin, "I swear by the eternal flames that I did not steal the dish, and only Peter can be the thief—I am innocent."  
 "Justin affirms and Peter denies; now I, Neroweg, order that, in order to ascertain the truth, they be both put to the trial—one to the trial of cold water, the other to the trial of burning irons—"

"Seigneur count," broke in the clerk, "you order that both the accuser and the accused be subjected to trial. But should the judgment of the Almighty prove that the accused is guilty, is not the accuser thereby declared innocent? Why should both be put to the trial at the same time?"  
 "If the accused and the accuser agree between themselves to steal my dish," replied the count, "and if, in order to remove our suspicions, they mutually accuse each other, the trial will establish whether they are both guilty or innocent, or whether one is guilty and the other innocent."  
 "Yes, yes," cried the leudes enjoying by anticipation the spectacle of human suffering; "the double trial!"  
 "I am not afraid of the trial!" exclaimed Justin in a firm voice. "God will bear witness to my innocence."  
 "And I am quite certain that I did not steal the dish," said Peter trembling, "and yet I am afraid of the trial!"  
 "Your companion, my dear son in Christ, sets you the example of a pious reliance upon divine justice, knowing the eternal only condemns the guilty."  
 "Alas, good father!" said Peter to the clerk, "think of it, if the trial should turn out against me!"  
 "My son, it will be proof that you did steal the dish."  
 "But no—I did not commit the theft."  
 "In that case, my son, you need have no fear of the judgment of God. His justice is infallible."  
 "Oh, good father, I hope you are right!"  
 "Speak not thus, my dear son. This law is holy, it is the Salic law, the law of the Salian Franks, our conquerors. It is placed under protection by our Lord Jesus Christ. I shall read to you the preamble of the law in the name of which you are to be subjected to trial:

"The illustrious nation of the Franks, founded by God, strong in war, wise in council, of noble stature, of singular whiteness and beauty, bold, agile and mighty in battle, has recently been converted to the catholic faith, which it practices pure and free from the defilement of any heresy; the said illustrious nation has prepared and dictated the Salic law through the medium of the oldest members who then governed the nation: The *gast* of Wiso, the *gast* of Bodo, the *gast* of Salo, the *gast* of Wido, who inhabit the places called Salo-Heim, Bodo-Heim, Wiso-Heim and Wido-Heim met during three *malis*, carefully discussed and adopted this law.

"Long live he who loves the Franks! May Christ uphold their empire! May heaven enlighten their chiefs and fill them with grace! May He protect the army, may He fortify the faith, may He grant peace and happiness to those who govern them under the auspices of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!"  
 "Clerk, we have had words enough" put in the count. "The accused shall be put to the trial of the cold water—let his right hand be bound to his left foot, and let him be thrown into the tank head foremost. If he floats the judgment of God condemns him; he will then be pronounced guilty and shall tomorrow suffer punishment. If he sinks to the bottom, the judgment of God will have absolved him."  
 At a sign of Neroweg several of his men seized the Gallic slave,

and despite the resistance that he offered and his supplications, they tied his right hand to his left foot.  
 "Alas," moaned the wretched man, "what a terrible law that law is, mine! If I remain at the bottom of the tank I shall drown, however innocent I may be! And if I float, I shall be sentenced and executed as a thief!"  
 "The judgment of the eternal, my dear son, can never go wrong."  
 Already the Franks were raising the slave in their arms and were about to cast him into the tank when the clerk cried out:  
 "And the consecration of the water!"  
 And stepping towards the slave who moaned aloud, the clerk placed upon the Gaul's lips a silver cross that he carried around his neck and said:  
 "Kiss this cross, my dear son."  
 The young slave devoutly kissed the symbol of the death of the friend of the sorrowful, while the clerk pronounced aloud the formula adopted by the church:  
 "Oh, thou who are about to undergo the trial of cold water, I adjure thee, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, in the name of the indivisible Trinity, in the name of all the angels, arch-angels, principalities, powers and dominions, virtues, thrones, cherubim and seraphim, if thou art guilty, that this water may reject thee, without any sorcery preventing it from so doing; and Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, give us such a sign of Thy majesty that if this man has committed the crime, he be rejected by this water to the praise and the glory of Thy holy name, and to the end that all may recognize that Thou art God. And you, water! Water created by the omnipotent Father for the needs of man, I adjure you, in the name of the indivisible Trinity which allowed the people of Israel to cross the Red Sea, dry-footed, I adjure you, water, to refuse to accept this body if he has eased his shoulders of the burden of good works. I so order you, water, confident in the virtue of God alone in whose name I demand obedience from you. Amen."

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 The conjuration being done, the stable blacksmiths drew forth from the stove, with the aid of long tongs, the nine red-hot plow-shares that they held in readiness, and laid them down in a row flat upon the stone floor at a distance of two or three inches from one another. Ranged in that order, they presented a strange aspect—an enormous red-hot gridiron.  
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ears of both shall be cropped tomorrow, and they shall be both put on the rack until they reveal the place where they hid the dish—"  
 "Hold your tongue, count!" cried Justin roaring with pain and rage. "The only thieves and plunderers around are yourself and your men. Had I stolen the dish, I would only have robbed a thief—but I did not take it—as truly as I here renounce the infamous religion that wrongly finds me guilty!"  
 "Wretch! Blasphemer of our holy religion! I order in the name of God—"  
 "Hold your tongue, too, priest—you shall no longer dupe me. Your alleged religion is but a lie and a fraud; it bears false witness against the innocent. Oh, how I suffer—how I suffer!"  
 "Your sufferings are but foretastes of the tortures that you will undergo in hell, where you will burn everlastingly, you sacrilegious thief! Oh, seigneur count, if this impious and audacious wretch continues to blaspheme, we shall not be able to conjure away the misfortunes that he will draw upon your house."  
 "Terrified at the sacrilegious utterances of Gallic slave; pale, trembling and shuddering at the thought that, attracted by the dreadful blasphemies of the condemned man, the devil might suddenly appear in person, take possession of the malefactor and carry him straight to hell, Neroweg thundered to the blacksmith at the stove:  
 "Are the tongs still in the brasier and red-hot?"  
 "Yes, seigneur, to command."  
 "The accursed fellow shall no longer blaspheme and place my burg in danger of being visited by the devil. Let the sacrilegious criminal be seized, and his tongue be burned out with the red-hot tongs. Tell me, clerk, do you believe the Lord will be pacified if I inflict that punishment upon the slave?"  
 "I believe, seigneur count, that there is no punishment too terrible for this accursed man who has renounced his religion, and called its holy priests impostors."  
 "Clerk, shall I have him quartered in order to be all the surer that the devils will be conjured away from my burg?"  
 "The first punishment that you mentioned will suffice—the accursed man will have been punished in the member that sinned—his criminal and blasphemous tongue; it will thereafter utter no more blasphemies."  
 "The tongue of the Gallic slave was burned and pulled out with red-hot tongs. The count went back to the banquet hall with his leudes, and there proceeded to drink himself drunk before retiring to his wife in the women's apartment.

**THE GREAT STEEL STRIKE IN PENNSYLVANIA**  
 Louis Duches, a revolutionary Socialist and unionist, who has been working night and day among the strikers at McKees Rocks, tells the story of the strike in the September INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. Snapshots of the strikers' meetings, the Pennsylvania Coal and Iron children of the strikers are beautifully reproduced.  
 Oden tells the story of what the new REVOLUTIONARY UNION movement has done to unite the workers in France and Italy. His article is prefaced by a letter from George H. Brown, Michigan, member of the party. He says: "The syndicalist revolutionary unions are COMPELLING THINGS FROM GOVERNMENTS, and are inspiring results for the masses beyond anything that Socialist members of parliament have ever ventured to demand."  
 William E. Bolton, Michigan, member of the National Committee of the Socialist party of America, contributes a clear, logical article entitled REFORMER AND REVOLUTIONIST, which will be an important help toward clarifying the ideas of new members who do not understand the two distinct tendencies in the party.  
 Tom Mann, of Australia, sends his picture and fraternal greeting, which we reproduce along with his open letter to trade unionists, entitled THE WAY TO WIN, showing how effective a weapon the new revolutionaries have in their hands.  
 THE FLOOD is the title of this month's installment in Mary E. Marcy's STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE, which started in April. The new installment, which is a story entitled THE REFORMER, tells how a zealous preacher tried to suppress a street carnival, and how quiet he became after "the flood" of the churches had interviewed the preacher.  
 A SPANISH EXILE, formerly secretary of Barcelona's central labor body, whose name can not be printed, sends a chapter of inside facts throwing a flood of light on the situation in Spain.  
 I. M. Robbins puts a surprising amount of life into dry figures in telling of THE NEGRO'S PROGRESS DURING HALF A CENTURY. It is, of course, in the light of historical material.  
 Charles H. Kerr writes in the editorial department of THE NEW PROSPERITY and REVOLUTIONARY UNIONIST.  
 The department of "International Notes" is crowded with news of the big things happening in Europe, where revolution is more menacing from day to day.  
 All this and more for ten cents a copy, \$1.00 a year. For one month only we are making the price of 2,500 copies, postpaid for one dollar. This combination gives you the STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE, complete; also, JACK LONDON'S REVOLUTIONARY STRAY OF CHILD LABOR and the DREAM OF DEBS.  
 Fill out the blank below and send it in.

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 "Oh, my noble seigneur, I am in no fear!" cried the cook, his face beaming with celestial confidence. "I bless the name of God for His having reserved to me the opportunity to bear witness to my profound faith in our holy Roman catholic and Apostolic religion, and to triumph a second time over the accusations of the wicked. I know, O Lord, that, faithful to your commandments, I shall triumph with humility."  
 With the believer impatiently waiting the new triumph of his innocence, the clerk proceeded, agreeable to the usage, to consecrate and adjure the red-hot irons in the brasier, just as he had conjured the water in the tank. He ordered the red-hot irons with the same solemn invocations that they respect the soles of the slave's feet if he was innocent, and to burn him to the bone if he was guilty of having robbed his seigneur.  
 The conjuration being done, the stable blacksmiths drew forth from the stove, with the aid of long tongs, the nine red-hot plow-shares that they held in readiness, and laid them down in a row flat upon the stone floor at a distance of two or three inches from one another. Ranged in that order, they presented a strange aspect—an enormous red-hot gridiron.  
 "Such was the curiosity of the Franks that their cruel wish to see the slave dance upon the red-hot irons struggled strongly against the wish to witness a wonderful miracle. Hardly was the last plow-share ranged in its place upon the floor than Neroweg, fearing to have them cool off, called out impatiently to Justin:  
 "Quick! Quick! Walk over them!"  
 "Go, my dear son! fear naught!" added the clerk.  
 "Oh, I am not afraid, good father," answered the cook in a voice of inspired exaltation; and crossing his arms over his breast, he cried out fervently: "Lord God, Thou redest in the hearts of men; Thou hast already borne witness to my innocence—give in favor of Thy servant a new proof of Thy infallible justice—order the burning irons to be as soft under my feet as if I trod