

and the Furlong Detective Agency put an "operative" into the office of "Regeneration" in the role of an advertising solicitor, put "operatives" into the St. Louis postoffice to waylay the letters of the exiles, put "operatives" out to hunt somebody to bring libel proceedings against "Regeneration," put "operatives" at work to harass the editors of "Regeneration" in every possible way.

Postoffice Department Involved. Our postoffice department, called to aid in the suppression of "Regeneration," revoked the second class privileges which had properly been secured at San Antonio. This being insufficient to stop the paper, civil and criminal libel were charged against the editors and they were thrown in jail. Furlongs and his associates were turned over to the Mexican consul and from the letters was gleaned a list of names which resulted in the arrest of 300 Liberals beyond the line.

The editors got out of jail on bail, whereupon new charges were prepared to get them back again. But they fled from these charges. They paid their bail and scattered. Magon and Juan Sarabia going to Canada in the hope of finding there a government that would protect them from persecution instead of aiding in their persecution.

It was in Canada that Magon and Sarabia carried on their final correspondence preparatory to launching their first armed rebellion against Diaz. The first gun was to be fired October 30, 1906, and on the night of October 19th the Liberal leaders gathered at El Paso preparatory to crossing the line the following morning.

The story of the betrayal of the rebellion and the arrest of the majority of the leaders in Mexico before the appointed hour cannot be told in this article. It is sufficient to say that the rebellion was betrayed and was more or less of a fizzle. Of the refugee leaders only Juan Sarabia crossed the line. He was arrested as he crossed and with scores of others was soon afterward sent to the military prison of San Juan de Ula.

During the days following October 30th hundreds of Mexicans were arrested in this country and were either handed over to the Mexican authorities or were prosecuted in the American courts. Antonio J. Villarreal, secretary of the Junta, was among those arrested. He fought extradition for a long time and was finally turned over to the immigration authorities who were in the place of leading him to the boundary line when he bolted and succeeded in escaping by running through the streets of El Paso.

It was at this time that Librado Rivera, first speaker of the Junta, and Amador Manzana, were kidnaped and carried a part of the way to Mexico, but were rescued through the efforts of a St. Louis newspaperman, who had taken an interest in the refugee cases and who got wind of the plot in the nick of time.

As to Magon, for months the Furlong sleuths were hot on his trail and he was kept dodging about from city to city. He went to California, but was still kept dodging and once masqueraded as a woman in order to escape the hire hounds of Diaz. Finally, keeping always in hiding, he received his paper in Los Angeles under the name of "Revolution." Here in time he was joined by Villarreal and Rivera.

Early in August, 1907, the hiding place of the Liberal leaders in Los Angeles was located. The evidence seems to point to a plot to kidnap them such as Sarabia was kidnaped. First, the officers had plenty of time in which to procure a warrant, but they did not procure a warrant nor even attempt to do so. Second, they secured an automobile in the vicinity which they did not use after the arrest. Third, when Magon, Villarreal and Rivera, fearing a kidnaping plot, cried out at the top of their voices, the officers beat them with their pistols most brutally, Magon being beaten until he lay bleeding and insensible on the ground.

American Police Employed by Diaz. Everything seems to have been arranged. The descent of the sleuths was made August 23d, and Ambassador Creel came all the way from Washington to be on hand and see that things went off smoothly. On the night of August 22d Creel was given a \$10,000 banquet by Mexican concessionaires having headquarters in Los Angeles and the following day he sat in his hotel and waited for news that his thugs had gotten their victims as planned.

But the outcry of Magon and his friends collected a crowd and it became impossible to kidnap them. So unprepared were the officers for a mere arrest case that when they got their prisoners to jail they were at a loss to know what charge to place against them, so they put them down on the police books as "resisting an officer."

Ambassador Creel failed to pull off a kidnaping bee, but he put his visit to Los Angeles to use anyhow. He proceeded to hire the highest priced lawyers in southern California to devise ways and means for getting the prisoners down into Mexico. These lawyers were ex-Governor Henry T. Gage, Gray, Barker & Bowen, partners of U. S. Senator Flint; and Horace H. Appel. When the cases came into court their names were announced by the public prosecutor as special counsel and always during the hearings one or more of them was personally in attendance.

The "officers" who beat the refugees nearly to death and then charged them with resisting an officer—although they had not even procured a warrant—were Thomas H. Furlong, head of the Furlong Detective Agency of St. Louis, chief refugee-hunter for Diaz; an assistant Furlong detective, and two Los Angeles city detectives the notorious Talamantes and Rico.

For months previous to the arrest of Magon and his associates a card offering \$20,000 for their apprehension was circulated about the United States. That the city detectives received the share of this reward is evidenced by the testimony given in the Los Angeles courts by Federico Arizmendez, a Los Angeles printer. After the arrest of Magon the sleuths repaired to the office of Magon's newspaper, where they took into custody the nominal editor, Modesto Diaz. Here they met Arizmendez and

the following conversation ensued: "Talamantes—You'd better congratulate me; I just made a thousand dollars." Arizmendez—How's that? Talamantes—I've just caught Villarreal." At this writing Rico and Talamantes are still members of the Los Angeles police force!

The identity of the employer of Talamantes et al was confirmed beyond question and the astounding usurpation by that employer of American governmental powers was revealed when, upon being released the day following the conversation quoted above, Modesto Diaz was informed that he would have to wait a few days for the papers taken from him at the time of his arrest, as they had been placed in the hands of the Mexican consul!

Evidence in the Case. Previous to the arrest Lozano, Furlong, Talamantes and Rico had hunted Modesto Diaz and his family in their attempts to locate the headquarters of the Junta. Diaz, his wife and brother were taken to jail and Lozano was allowed to come there and threaten them. The city detectives went to the home of Diaz, and finding his aged mother alone in the house and sick in bed, brutally probed her with questions and insinuations, ending with a threat to kill her son unless they were led to the hiding place of Magon. These men even repaired to the neighboring school, intercepted the Diaz children, a boy of seven and a girl of nine, and tried to learn from them where they could find the Liberal chief.

If there is any doubt of who hired Furlong and his henchmen to hunt down Magon the doubt will be dispelled by the reading of an excerpt from Furlong's sworn testimony taken in the Los Angeles courts. Here it is: **Cross-Examination.** By Mr. Harriman: Q. What is your business? A. I am the president and manager of the Furlong Secret Service company, St. Louis, Mo.

Q. You helped to arrest these men? A. Yes, sir. Q. What right did you have? A. My law. Mr. Lawler—that is objected to as a conclusion of the witness. Q. Well, Mr. Harriman, did you have a warrant? A. No, sir. Q. The Commissioner—the other question is whether or not you saw him if he had a warrant? Mr. Harriman—Yes, sir. Q. Did you see him without a warrant? A. Yes, sir. Q. You took this property away from them without a warrant? A. Went through the house and searched it without a warrant? A. How is that? Q. Went through the house and searched it without a warrant? A. Yes. And took the papers from them? A. I didn't take any papers from them. I took them and locked them up and went back and got the papers.

Q. Took them from their house and kept them, did you? A. No, sir. I turned them over— Q. Well, you kept them, so far as they are concerned? A. Yes, sir. Q. Who paid you for doing this work? A. The Mexican government.

Nor was Furlong backward about confessing the purpose of the hunt. By a Los Angeles newspaper Furlong in bragging about the arrest was quoted as asserting that he had been "after" Magon and his friends for three years. During that period, he said, he had succeeded in "getting" 150 Mexican revolutionists and turning them over to the Diaz government, which "had made short work of them." According to an affidavit properly sworn to by W. F. Zwickey and on record in the Los Angeles courts, Furlong stated that he was "not so much interested in this case and the charges for which the defendants are being tried as in getting them over into Arizona; that all we (meaning by 'we' himself and the Mexican authorities) want is to get the defendants down into Arizona, and then we will see that they get across the line!"

Attorney General Bonaparte seems to have had the same purpose as Furlong and the Mexican authorities, even at a time when the case in hand did not involve extradition to Mexico or even to Arizona. During a hearing before Judge Ross in San Francisco Mr. Bonaparte had the temerity to wire his district attorney in that city—"Resist habeas corpus proceedings in case of Magon et al. on all grounds, as they are wanted in Mexico."

Farce of the Prosecution. Five separate and distinct charges were brought against Magon and his associates, one after another. First, it was "resisting an officer." Then it was the charge of "murder and robbery." Later it was criminal libel. Still later it was "murdering John Doe" in Mexico. Finally it was violation of the neutrality laws.

Undoubtedly the conspirators would have early succeeded in their purpose to railroad the men back to Mexico had not a number of Los Angeles organizations formed a defense committee, held mass meetings to arouse public sentiment, collected funds and hired two able attorneys, Job Harriman and A. R. Holston. These lawyers, after a long fight succeeded in driving the prosecution into a corner where they were compelled to proceed only under action involving imprisonment in this country.

During the early stages of the legal fight the Diaz agents were suppressing the paper "Revolution," in characteristic style. After the arrest of its three editors, the editorial emergency was met by L. Gutierrez De Lara, who had not previously been in any way identified with the Liberal party. Two weeks later De Lara was keeping company with Magon, Villarreal and Rivera. His extradition was sought on the ground that he had committed robbery "on the blank day of the blank month of 1906 in the blank state of Mexico!"

Despite the passing of De Lara "Revolution" continued to appear regularly. As soon as the agents of the prosecution could locate the new editor they promptly arrested him. He proved to be Manuel Sarabia and he was charged with the same offense which happened to stand against Magon, Villarreal and Rivera at the time.

Who was left to publish "Revolution"? There were the printers. They—Modesto Diaz, Federico Arizmendez and a boy named Uliarriz—went to the occasion. But in less than a month they, too, were led to jail.

Editorials by Appeal Readers

Reckless Insensibility. It is difficult to write with moderation of President Taft's delivery at Bar Harbor, making every allowance for one who has long enjoyed enormous official salaries, who ruled for years in a colonial palace, who has been provided with special trains, motors, yachts and a summer villa by the sea, and who was surrounded by the rich and luxurious and the representatives of those great "interests" with whom he is in close connection at all times, in view of his public recommendation of "two or three months' vacation" as necessary to relieve the nervous strain of the work of the autumn and spring, an utterance which exhibited surely nothing less than a reckless disregard of facts or a most cruel insensibility to them.

This president is not president of the rich and great but of the toiling millions to whom a vacation even of a week would mean starvation! Two months' vacation for the laborers in fields under summer sun! Two months' vacation for the workers in textile factories with their humid atmosphere and the deafening roar of machinery! Two months' vacation in the glass factories, in the coal mines, in the mechanical trades! What a cruel satire in the midst of a crisis! How provocative of Socialism is this utterance from the public servant who has left his official residence without warrant and who threw himself in good fellowship with the idlers about him, whose life is a life of pleasure and who take their "two or three months' vacation" only from one pleasure to another. Not to speak of these, the unappealing class, the truth is that the long vacations of certain groups of men have grown to be a scandal. Those of the educators have become unreasonable and are undoubtedly to be reduced. The Protestant clergy have greatly weakened their influence by the excessive and prolonged holidays which they have demanded.

Mr. Taft's utterance can not be passed over as immaterial. It is ominously significant of a changed official attitude. Fancy Abraham Lincoln recommending "two or three months' vacation" as a good practice for the American people! **Boston. IRVING WINSTLOW.**

You Have a Right to Know. When next you get hold of a bank note, look at it closely, you will find printed thereon: "This note is secured by United States bonds, or other securities." Now sit down and write to "your" congressman and to "your" senator; give them the number of the note, the denomination and name of the bank which issued it and ask them "what are these other securities" mentioned on the note? You have the note of the bank and you have a right to know what the securities are that are back of the note and also who is back of the "other securities."

Would this same bank take your note for a like amount and receive no interest thereon without you having to show your securities for issuing the note? More than that would you not have to place your securities with the bank before it would take your note? Would the bank not give you less than face value for the note and charge you interest besides? You clump! Look at that note again. Did it cost you less than face value? No! you say. Well how much more than face value did it cost you and what interest are you getting for allowing the bank the use of the value which it represents? What is the note security? Ask your grocer, your butcher, your clothier, do they know? Write your representative in congress for the information. A square deal! why not? **CONTRIBUTOR.**

Success. Success! how potent is the word in conjuring up the hopes and ambitions of the human race! It adds lustre to the eye of the school boy, and gives a spring to the step of the middle-aged. All the generations from barbarism up have contended, and struggled and fought for success, and held nothing else so dear. And who have won? How few indeed have won out of the millions who struggled, and their names are for the most part sunk in black oblivion. For they only are truly successful who learn kindness, unselfishness and leniency toward their fellowmen. Not they who climb to the ladder's top by the ruthless pushing of others back, but they who by their stand for truth, equity and justice help all the race to rise, are the really successful. They who win the gratitude of the lowly, but the trust of the wise, the love of little children. They in whose calloused hands is the power to produce the necessities of life, in whose home is peace, in whose soul is honor. The world's applause counts for nothing. It has ever been given to the selfish, the gaudy, the cruel; applause that is ill balm to heal a guilty conscience. But real worth and real success must be recognized at last, and all mankind will be the better, the happier, the nobler. **JULIA C. COON, Bartow, Fla.**

Pointed Questions. I notice in the Appeal a few pertinent questions by William English Walling. They were all right only he quit too soon. Why did he not ask the following? Who investigated the murder of Wm. McKinley? Who was directly and immediately benefited by it? Who had an overmastering desire to become president of these United States? What motive could that man, who was electrocuted for the crime, have had for removing McKinley? Did they electrocute the right person? Let some one please answer. **Stanton, Minn. J. M. CLOCK.**

Capitalist Crimes. The law says that a private soldier found sleeping on his post shall suffer death, yet he committed no crime. Yet a man can wreck a thousand homes, cause numerous suicides and then if caught gets a few years in confinement, then let out to enjoy the loot the remainder of his life. Oberlin Carter, after stealing enough from the government to make a hundred poor men wealthy, served three and one-half years. A poor man, if he steals a hundred dollars, sometimes gets five years, and so it goes. So it is a bad policy to steal less than the millions. I believe it was Burns that wrote:

There's naught but graft on every hand, In every hour that passes, oh, 'twill And it you want to join the band, Become a politician. **Ch. M. JORDAN, Minneapolis, Minn.**

Some Notable Books. Today's Problems is the title of a booklet of 48 pages, compiled and edited by Henry B. Allen and published by the Trade Union Book Concern, Chicago, Ill. It contains 150 messages of hope and cheer from representative Socialists of America and other countries, and is really a notable contribution to the cause. The price is 10 cents and it is worth more. Send to publishers for copy.

Crime and Criminals is the title of a timely book by Griffith J. Griffith. It tells of the old-fashioned criminals, in the sweating system, in convict camps, in many penitentiaries. No class of people are more mercilessly ground under capitalist society than the criminals. These are criminals, many men to think themselves at liberty to inflict on their every individual, and is really a notable contribution to the cause. The price is 10 cents and it is worth more. Send to publishers for copy. **Reform League Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.**

Letter From London

HERLELA TWINKING, Special to APPEAL TO REASON.

London, Eng., July 30.—The Adriatic is a good steamer, the sea was calm and our eight days' voyage from New York to England was a very favorable one. The sea is so beautiful and it is such a delight to sail on it that our trip would have been one of the greatest pleasures of my life, had it not been that every employe on board was so overworked that I was made perfectly miserable all the way over. The waiters are supposed to work ten hours one day and sixteen the next. The fact is that they work almost all night almost every night. They work day and night. They get up at five o'clock in the morning to prepare the dining room for breakfast; every thing must be in apple-pie order on board ship. There are two sittings each meal. This is done because sufficient waiters are not employed to serve all the people at the same time. They serve about three hours each meal. In addition to this they serve lunch at nine o'clock at night. Of course, they must clean the dining room after the meals. At night after the people have left they must scrub the dining room, taking up the carpet and laying it down. Then they proceed to the deck and wash it off good. By this time it is one or two o'clock in the morning. They sleep about thirty hours and get up again to the daily grind. The poor fellows look so tired and sleepy all the time it is painful to be near them. When the ship makes port the waiters work all night bringing the baggage up on the deck out of the hold. They swing them up with a pulley. It is a great sight. Isn't it scandalous that J. P. Morgan doesn't hire enough men to run the ship without compelling the waiters to handle the baggage? The stewards, too, are equally as overworked. They keep the state rooms in order and must be ready night and day to wait on the passengers. The stewardesses are not paid for the two or three days that the ship is in port. The sailors and stokers suffer, too. To work before the mast sounds well but is anything but a romantic occupation in reality. You know congress has been investigating the condition of the sailors. They are literally slaves. They cannot leave the ship when it is in port but must stay aboard it and work.

Every one is familiar with the conditions under which the stoker works, in that terrible heat, away down in the bottom of the ship. A sailor took me where I could look down and see them at work. It was like looking down into a mine, only I could see the fierce fire blazing as the stokers opened the mammoth door to shovel in coal. This they do constantly. Only the strongest men can be stokers and they do not live long. You can readily understand why it was that our voyage was an unpleasant one even though the sea was so fine and the sailing so smooth. Sea sickness is uncommon on those big liners.

We landed at Southampton. The custom house officers did not trouble our baggage when they heard we were travelers, and we took the queer English train to London. They are first, second and third class. Most every one travels third class. They are divided into compartments. The passenger selects the compartment he desires, enters and shuts the door himself. Passengers are left very much to themselves, the tickets being taken up when the destination is reached.

At last we reached London the most interesting city in the world. Though it is much larger than New York it is not nearly so dusty and dirty. The streets, though crowded, are not so terrifying as those of New York and Chicago, as the English move more slowly than the Americans. Traffic in the downtown thoroughfares is carried on by buses. The seats on the top give the people the appearance of taking a holiday ride. There are no street cars in the center of the city, but the underground trains penetrate all parts of the city. Yerkes, the American capitalist, built the underground system here. He attempted to introduce American speed, but the English wouldn't have it. They would not enthuse over the American slogan, "step lively, please."

I visited one of the work houses Thursday, Mrs. Julia Scurs, a Social Democrat, took me through "the poor" one of the "guardians of the poor" took me through. The Poplar work house is the best in the city, because of her activities. She insists that the complaints of the inmates be attended to. But at best a work house is dreadful. All who enter there leave all hope behind. Many little babes are there temporarily waiting to be taken out. If their parents are not able to take them away they are taken to the farms. Many women about to become mothers go to the work house, but the majority are old men and women. Mrs. Gresham, a genteel old lady, said to me: "I tell you, Ma'am, it is pretty hard after one has worked hard all one's life to end it in the work house. A person needs a good steak for the rest of the day. Here if one has a good son a person is all right. But just let him marry, Ma'am, and then the old parents have to go to the work house, and we have to bear it as best we may."

The old ladies were disheartening enough, but when we reached the insane department we saw true misery indeed. Some are insane while the minds of others are gradually going. They realized it and talked to Mrs. Scurs and myself about it. Laura Lee, a young woman, has been sick for some time. She has a husband and three children, including a young babe. Her husband is out of work and poverty is gradually driving her insane. She said to Mrs. Scurs, "Oh, Mrs. I am so dreadfully unhappy. I tried to speak to you the last time you were here but I just couldn't. I think this misery is driving me crazy. What do you think about it?" At that she began to weep bitterly. I rushed out into the air. The thought that there are thousands and thous-

ands in London just like her disheartened me so that I grew very sick. An old man rushed out with a chair and was very solicitous. In the mean time Mrs. Scurs was trying to console the sick woman.

English people are uniformly polite. The police are most civil and do not show a club. I am told they have one under their coats. They try to make as few arrests as possible. I saw a drunk man hit a policeman in the face. I was horror stricken for I thought the policeman would surely club him, but he didn't. He merely tried to pacify him. He finally succeeded in persuading him to lie down. He put the man's cap under his poor unfortunate's head to rest it.

Indeed, the capitalist class in England is the cleverest in the world. It deals with the working class in the most subtle manner. Its official here would say "To be with the constitution." Oh, no, the capitalist's thought apparently is to help the workers. Parliament is run for the benefit of the workers. The house of commons, the London county council, the army, the navy and all other public institutions exist solely for the working class. In the U. S. A. congress the speeches are all pleas for the railroads and the other trusts. Here the capitalist interests are kept in the back ground in debate. The king, the premier, the lord-mayor and the rest constantly defer to the interests of the common people in their speeches. Of course, the people are starving, but they are blest so cleverly they could not think of blaming such kind and considerate persons as their rulers for their condition. Living is cheaper here than in the states, but wages are lower. Conductors on the trams get five shillings a day (\$1.25 in our money). This is considered a munificent salary. The poverty here is terrible, much worse than in America. The people are all off the land. There is no possible chance for the workers in England to rise. They must end their days as public charges if their children do marry.

I attended an auction sale in Petticoat Lane. This is an historic sale and has been conducted every Sunday since the seventeenth century. It takes place on the street, some displaying their wares in push carts, while others carry their merchandise over their backs. Of all the old, shabby, worn-out clothing I ever saw this was the worst. Men and women bought it to cover their nakedness, but the diseases they get with it must be unmentionable. A man did a splendid business selling a cheap salve. He auctioned it off with a great display of wit, which is very attractive to those whose homes are so miserable. One push cart was covered with chicken heads, necks, gizzards and feet. This was considered quite a morsel. The people were not too much preoccupied to notice our party and called out: "Oh, I say, look at the yank. They seem to regard all Americans as Yankers."

Friday I visited the Stratford Farm for pauper children. It is a particularly fine one, for George Lansbury, a Social Democrat, is on the London county council and has this farm under his charge. He has made many important changes and improved it so much that it is a real delight to see the children so well cared for. The children played, sang, danced, skipped the rope, swam and went through other performances, too numerous to mention, for me, because I came such a long way to see them. Though they were in the slums but a few months ago and came to the farm, most of them with sore heads and bodies, and all in rags, they are as fine, clever and interesting children as one could see any where, which shows that the environment makes what we are. Human nature is a relative matter. In a vicious environment it is human nature to steal, while in good environment it is human nature to be honest.

At night I attended the committee meeting and saw the mothers of these children. They are neither attractive nor bright. Poor things, their environment has brought them very low. The women were called before the committee one after the other. Wages from four to ten shillings a week. Think of it; working all week for \$1.00 to \$1.50 per week! The average was \$1.75, not one receiving more than \$2.50. All over the city one meets these poverty stricken people who must be living on a dollar a week. What are the prospects for England? The boast is that the sun never sets on the queen's dominions. The sun has set already. In White Chapel the people are all in rags. It is known all over the world, but the rags are not confined to that miserable part of the city. One meets them every where.

I am sorry to have such a gruesome tale to tell, but I have not told the half. The story of England's suffering would fill volumes. Next week I shall have an interview with H. M. Hyndman, one of the foremost Socialists of the world. He is known in the world of letters and is considered the leading English Socialist. He will have an interesting message for you, I am sure. He has kindly consented to be interviewed for the Appeal to Reason.

Socialist Tables

Swatting the Fly. On the advice of boards of health and several state departments the housewife began swatting the fly on every possible occasion. The creatures were driven from the parlor, knocked about in the kitchen, deprived of the swill in the backyard on which they had thrived, and generally had a hard time of it. A number of them met to resolve.

"It is an injustice," said one of them, "we are doing nothing but trying to make a living, and we work as hard as any people on earth, and see what they do to us. The thing to do is to organize a 'Let-Us-Alone Club.' Whereupon they organized.

They have not answered the charges against their breeding disease and doing a great deal of damage to mankind, but they think they have told it all in their motto, "Let-Us-Alone."

A Morning Meditation

BY BEN F. WILSON.

If a man have taste, the sense of beauty, then civilization is ugly. If a man have sympathy, or a care for human welfare, then is civilization a rude, cruel, heartless monster. If a man have the sense of justice, then civilization is a thief and a robber, dispensing its victims and leaving them half-dead by the roadside, for priest and levite to pass by. If a man have the comrade spirit, the lover's heart, the friend and brother soul, then civilization is war, and strife, and separation.

If a man be a democrat, then civilization is a mass of imprisoned spirits—some pompous, proud, pretentious, imagining themselves superior; others, bowed, cowed, dispirited, imagining themselves inferior—the democrat soul shivers at this great damnation. The land is sweet and rich, yet people starve. The powers of nature are conquered, yet the people are slaves. We crowd to our temples of worship, we write ten thousand books of wisdom, and boast of law and order, of parliament and council, and yet multitudes of human beings stand in our city streets, or crawl through our dirty lanes in meaner estate than barbarians of long ago—meaner in body—having lost the early instincts, and destitute of the new intelligence—without the courage, daring, spirit, of the noble savage.

I am not cynical. I am not pessimistic. This is not a growl. It is a witness. Civilization is one of our great words. But we are not civilized. Christianity is our great religion. But we are more pagan than Christian, and we copy the worst rather than the best elements of paganism. Democracy we boast of. But Mammon rules, and gold is king. And a man is worth—what his bank account declares. And the eyes of many are opening to see the horror, the gruesomeness, the hypocrisy, the liar-heart of this civilization called capitalism.

Beneath dung-heaps there is rich fertilizer for golden harvests. And beneath the dung-heaps of capitalism there is the germ and juice and soul of a better world. And yet this better world will not be the best. Urge on, urge on, urge on. The hopes of the social revolutionist of this hour may never be realized in the form in which his imagination depicts. But capitalism is doomed. Its pillars are rotten. Its foundations slip. Its soul is being unmasked—and when the mask is torn off—all arriving humans shall hate it.

I proclaim a free humanity. I announce freedom. I would poltice out the soul to demand its full expression and realization. That may be delayed. But history has no other ultimate. I want a race with beautiful and powerful bodies. Even the body does not know how to move until the soul, the spirit of the man, is untrammelled. The spine can never be true, the step firm, the head poised, the chest expanded, the eye haunted—no outer or inner organ of the body can be beautiful, powerful, graceful, grand—if the spirit within is bound, hindered, cowed, dejected, subordinated, humbled, depressed, owed, hired, or breathing in any climate but the climate of freedom.

I want a race of intellectual athletes—not for show—not to write books, or to paint pictures, or to carve the stone, or clean the air, or smite the rock—for the plaudits of the people. But each for his own sake in intellectual sufficiency. To perceive truth, that is the luxury. I want for every child the culture of mind that will release his own original powers to original action and expression. As I want him not blind of eye, but perfect in vision, just for his own sake; so I want his mental eye free and penetrating and creative. I would have his education begin before he was born—at least in his own mother's womb. I would have the mother, while bearing her child, breathe intellectual atmospheres, atmosphere of daring truth, of self-franchisement, of beauty, of the perfect, not the artificial, but the real. Nine months of careful inspiring education before a child is born is greater than nine years afterwards.

I want a race of comrade-souls—not whining religionists, not cadaverous pietists, not the good whose virtues are a vice. But great brothers, courageous, frank ingenious, generous, hospitable, hearty, full of laughter, not afraid of danger or death, knowing that death introduces to still greater worlds for life and love. I would have them royal, princely, dignified, proud, and powerful—without aristocracy or emptiness of imagined greatness.

And I can't have this while capitalism lasts. Capitalism is not sacred. But these are sacred. Put away your rotten and stinking garment of capitalism, O men, and put on the new garment of the new order!

Asking About Socialism

Limitations of the System. Assuming that the charter of Milwaukee prohibits a city owning and controlling the street railway system, could that be done if Socialists were in charge?

No. It is impossible to organize complete Socialism so long as the system exists. The city or state cannot do it. They may greatly relieve the present situation, but they cannot bring Socialism itself until the entire nation is captured.

Taxes Under Socialism. How would the government get taxes to maintain itself under Socialism—Oregon. It might follow much the same methods that prevail today if they were necessary. But you must understand that all public enterprises would be self-sustaining and would not require taxes to run them. This is illustrated by the postal department today. The service is rendered, the sale of stamps, normally pays the expenses of the department. Under Socialism this would be true of practically everything. The cost of production would include the necessary cost of running the department. Yet what is understood as profit today would be entirely eliminated.

F-for Appeal Comrades S-catter

A good live fact will take root in any season. Hot weather, cool weather, dry spell or rainy season—all look alike to the Appeal to Reason. Plant a fact and grow a Socialist. Thousands of Appeal Comrades are doing this. With the Arsenal in your vest pocket you are prepared for an army of plate apologists. The Arsenal of Facts is a 100-page, vest-pocket size, morocco bound, fully indexed booklet, running over with thought-provoking facts to aid you in undermining the capitalist system. It comes free for a club of 12 subs. Send in at one time, an order for 12 subs. cards, a combination subscription card and order totaling \$5, or through joining the Bundie Brigade for a weekly bundle of 12 papers for a year at \$5. It can't be bought with money.

HUMPTY DUMPTY TAFT.

When president Taft announced that he had used his influence against having labor unions exempted from the Sherman anti-trust law on account of being opposed to class legislation he perpetrated one of his little jokes on the poor fools who elected him to office.

Think of Taft being opposed to class legislation! The very suggestion puts Taft in a humpty-dumpty class of his own. We can see him even now winking an eye at his plutocrat-master as he notifies Carter, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, that he was opposed to class legislation and on that account had to insist upon the prosecution of labor unions under the anti-trust law.

Such a kick in the face as Carter got, along with the seven hundred odd delegates in convention assembled, when they issued their exceedingly mild protest to Taft, ought to set their thinking machinery in operation at least a little bit. Most of them voted for Taft. And now they have him—and he has them.

The firemen and the railroad men generally who voted for Taft and prosperity are getting exactly what they voted for—a vigorous application of leather at the seat of their intelligence. They scorned to vote for a workingman, a candidate of their own class, who would have stood for them—they insisted on electing a corporation candidate, whose nomination was bought by the trusts, and now they have the fruit of their sinistry thick upon them and they may enjoy it at their leisure.

It is quite evident in this that Taft will be a candidate for re-election and that he knows exactly how to deal with workmen, especially the pure and simple union variety. He knows that by kicking them in the face he is certain to get their votes and that by making footpads of them he will secure their enthusiastic support for he knows they want a master and a king to exploit and lord it over them.

Humpty-dumpty Taft performed a great stunt for the benefit of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in convention assembled. Let us all laugh!

TAFT AND SEIDEL.

William H. Taft is president of the United States. Emil Seidel is mayor of Milwaukee. The one is a capitalist, the other a Socialist.

President Taft is surrounded by a bodyguard day and night to protect him against his chosen people. Whether he is shaking hands with Diaz or playing golf, the lackeys of the secret service are ever around him, while at his back, as his shadow, is the everlasting Archibald Butt, captain by rank, and well named for the function he has to perform.

If you wish to see President Taft when he happens to be in his office at Washington, which is not often, and you are one of the common people, you have to run the gauntlet of Butts, of high and low degree, be searched, and then you will be lucky, or otherwise, if you finally reach the throne.

When Mother Jones led the little child slaves of the silk mills to Washington the door of the white house was not shut in her face for the reason only that she was not permitted to reach it. Theodore Roosevelt, the then president, carried a six-shooter in his hip pocket during all the time he was president of the United States.

Just think of that, and of the presidency under a plutocracy!

Then turn to Milwaukee where the Socialists are in power and you will see the mayor, the chief executive of the city, as the chief servant of the people. The first order that Seidel gave after his inauguration was that the door of the mayor's office should at all times be open to all the people.

Emil Seidel as the Socialist mayor of Milwaukee does not carry a murderous weapon on his person. He is not afraid of the people. There is nothing in his conscience that fills him with the fear of assassination. He does not wall himself in and surround himself with a body-guard to protect his precious personage.

No Captain Butts are there about the city hall at Milwaukee under a Socialist administration.

Here we have an illuminating comparison between the men and methods of capitalism and Socialism.

HALE'S FINE CONTEMPT.

Senator Hale, senior senator of Maine, is a plutocrat. Few workmen—very few—are aware of this fact; the great mass are not. In Maine, just before an election, workingmen vie with one another to carry Hale banners; thousands of them would feel honored if the autocratic senator would deign to expropriate, in their ear, or wipe his feet on their best clothes—if only they were permitted to be inside the garments when the operation was performed. In their ignorance they would regard this as a legacy to be handed down to their children.

One wage-slave, a green hand in the elevator service at the capitol, had the temerity to address the autocratic senator as follows:

"Good morning, senator. It's a fine day, sir."

He will do so no more. After coldly, scornfully eyeing the elevator lackey from head to heels the senator cynically retorted:

"When I desire your advice on the weather I shall ask for it."

And it is in this loathsome contempt

that Senator Hale holds all the working class.

And why not?

Has not the working class, with its votes, continued the senatorial snob in office, term after term, for twenty-nine years? And has he not during all this period used the power of his high office to rob, kick and insult these same workmen?

And has he not quite as consistently supported every measure to further enrich the robbers of the people—the master class, the oppressors of the working slaves?

And why shouldn't he hold such fawning sycophants in scornful contempt?

If workmen want to be respected—even by their own children—they must lift their faces from the dust, stand erect and respect themselves; and when they do this, such fossilized dung forks as the Hales will no longer disgrace the senate as tools of the trust oligarchy, but instead, workmen, class-conscious, will take their places and fearlessly serve their own class—the people.

FORTY-FIVE AND OUT.

For some time negotiations have been pending between the Pennsylvania Railroad company and its employees. The railroad brotherhoods, after a canvass of the system, announced almost a unanimous vote in favor of a strike. Now come the officials with the announcement that the company will make no concessions and furthermore that if the men go on strike all those over forty-five years of age will forfeit their pension rights and be forever barred from re-employment under the rules of the company.

Forty-five and out! That's the limit. When a man reaches that he ought to commit suicide.

In wedding this club over its old employes the Pennsylvania company drives a blow at the solar plexus of the unions. Already there is talk, according to the press dispatches, that the employes have modified their demands and are in a more conciliatory mood.

Railroad employes who, as a rule, have kept aloof from the general labor movement, especially the Socialist movement, have some bitter lessons to learn before they realize what they are really up against, and if the significance of the caption of this article, forty-five and out, is not lost upon them they will lose no time in taking steps for industrial and political solidarity for the overthrow of the power that declares a workman at forty-five down and out and turns him over to a pauper asylum or drives him into a suicide's grave.

THOSE POLICIES.

We hear a good deal about the Roosevelt policies. No one seems to have a very clear or distinct idea as to just what those policies mean. It was at one time Mr. Roosevelt's policy to sign the bill which enabled Harriman to loot the Chicago and Alton of \$62,000,000, and while president he issued an official dispensation setting aside the anti-trust law and permitting the United States Steel corporation to absorb its lusty rival, the Tennessee Coal and Iron company. Mr. Roosevelt in his letter to the attorney general, wherein he instructed that gentleman to keep his hands off, said that the officers of the steel trust did not want the Tennessee concern and that it would not profit them anything. This statement was contradicted by the attorney general in a later communication who stated that by this transaction the United States Steel corporation acquired property to the value of one billion dollars. If this is the sort of policies progressive republicans are in favor of, I do not see wherein they differ from Mr. Taft's policies. The latter gentleman, however, is not quite so fussy as his predecessor. While handing out good things to his corporation friends, Taft is not boasting of what he is going to do to the predatory interests.

NOT A NEW IDEA.

Senator Cummins delivered an address at Council Grove, Kan., a few days ago in which he made use of this statement: "Cannon and Aldrich and that stripe of congressmen are driving the nation into Socialism."

The Kansas City Star, commenting on this statement, said: "This is a new idea in this section of the country."

The Star is wrong. The folks over in Council Grove and Morris county know a good deal about Socialism. The Appeal has more subscribers in that county than any local paper printed in Council Grove. It is no "new idea" to them. They have been aware for some time that Cannon, Aldrich and Taft were driving this country rapidly to Socialism. Taft, who isn't credited by his friends with knowing very much, in his address at Boston, December 30, 1907, made this prophecy: "If the abuses of monopoly and discrimination cannot be restrained; if the concentration of power made possible by such abuses continues and increases, and it is made manifest that under the system of individualism and private property the tyranny and oppression of an oligarchy of wealth can not be avoided then Socialism will triumph."

It will be seen from this that Taft was quite well aware of the drift towards Socialism. He placed the responsibility on the oligarchy of wealth which has been built up in the United States under the McKinley-Roosevelt-Taft administrations. Taft has been president two years and up to this time has made not a single move looking to the correction of the abuses which he pointed out. With failure staring him in the face and the oligarchy of wealth growing in power it is a safe bet that sooner or later Socialism, the hope of the nation, will triumph.

THEOREME ROOSEVELT has given another evidence of insanity. He went slumming among the miners, urging the wives of the poor victims of the underworld to have more children, and gloried when one of the women fell on her knees to John Mitchell who accompanied him.

STUBBS, THE SOCIALIST(?)

Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, who was renominated by the republicans, spoke in Girard a few days ago before the primary election. An excited comrade rushed into my sanctum and announced that Stubbs was making a Socialist speech; that he was stealing our thunder and that his audience of republicans was applauding his utterances enthusiastically. The good comrade seemed to think this would bring disaster to Socialism in this state. I calmed his fears and told him I would go to Pittsburg, where Stubbs was to speak in the evening, and hear what he had to say. That night I listened to Stubbs' two-hour address with considerable interest. Not once during the entire speech did he refer to the republican party. One could not tell from his remarks to what political party he belonged. He denounced the rich in the high places much after the manner of the old time populist; he advocated the election of federal judges and told his hearers that he would recommend in his next message the adoption of the recall to apply to all elected officials and he promised also to use his influence to place a law on the statute books providing that the profits made from the labor of convicts in the Kansas penitentiary should go to the families of the prisoners. But no where in his address did I find anything that smacked of Socialism. It is true Stubbs is advocating some of the immediate demands which the Socialists have incorporated in their platform and he denounced the trusts and their political allies in Washington, stoutly maintaining that it was because of the introduction of business methods into politics that had brought about the corrupt state of affairs. In the next breath he boasted proudly of the fact that he had introduced business methods into the governor's office at Topeka and that he was following exactly the same plans that he had when he was a railroad contractor employing five thousand men. What struck me was the interest manifested by his hearers—most of whom were republicans. Stubbs' insurgent platform will without doubt get many votes that might otherwise have come to the Socialist ticket, if a stand-patter candidate had been nominated by the republicans, but he will get no Socialist votes. Stubbs and his platform will be forgotten in a few years but the Socialist party and its propaganda will continue unabated. As a matter of fact the sentiment which has been aroused in Kansas by the wide distribution of Socialist literature is being coined into political thunder by Stubbs and his followers. But give yourself no uneasiness, for we know that the insurgents will be unable to satisfy the voters of this state and that eventually they will turn in large numbers to the Socialist party, to complete the job. When the time comes for the final break the voters will argue this way: "If we are to have Socialism, it were better to put in power men who believe in the principles of Socialism rather than men who are running on a Socialist platform merely to catch votes."

Every Socialist should take heart over the outlook. It could not be better. This division in the ranks of the republican party will help us later on.

MEN working together can produce more than the same number of men working separately. That is where the capitalists have the advantage. The workers have not been wise, and instead of owning the greater units of industry and sharing their products on some equitable basis, they permitted the capitalists to co-operate them and take the savings between the older and cruder methods and the modern and more systematic methods. Each worker cannot own and operate a great factory so to speak, and have permitted the capitalist to do it for them. They produce more and more wealth each year and thus make the capitalists richer and more powerful. As they cannot individually own the great modern methods, there is only one way in which they can—that is, for them to own it in common, using the government as the functioning power or means to this end. They have not only lost the ownership of their employment, but they have also neglected and permitted the political machinery to be owned and operated for the interests of the capitalists in the same way that they permitted the industries to fall into their hands. There is only one way out of the mess they must capture the government and use it to regain the ownership of the tools with which they make their living. It is either freedom or slavery. Socialists don't want the slavery, hence they favor the common ownership of industry.

If the millions who are employed at serving the rich with degenerating luxuries were employed to make more of the useful things in food, clothing, shelter and instruction there would be more of those things and there would be no cry about the high prices. The more people who are taken from useful and put to useless employment, the higher must be the price of the articles produced. Suppose that 1,000 people were engaged in producing the useful things and enjoying themselves all they produced; then 500 of them were taken from useful production and set to producing articles of vanity. With their total products, they could only have half as many useful products as formerly—for there would be only half as many produced—and how could they have more than was produced? The price of the useful articles would be doubled—that is, there would be two days' work represented for each amount of useful product formerly represented by one day's work. The half who produced useful products must either charge double the former price, or else they must live on one-half what they formerly did, or else the producers of useful articles must consume no useful products. The thing is done on such gigantic scale, and is covered up in the net work of exchanges and money, that the ordinary thoughtless person cannot see how he is squeezed by the process. He says prices are raised.

THE "rye" face of Mr. Bryan is due to an encounter with the bourbon democrats of Nebraska.

THE DEPRESSION IS ON.

From a confidential circular issued by Henry Overton, 470, Wall street bankers, July 16, 1910.

The general business situation is not satisfactory. Reactionary tendencies multiply, and the liquidation which has taken place on the Stock Exchange is now extending to the commodity markets. Economy is becoming the order of the day, having been rendered imperative by the extravagance which has permeated all classes of consumers for some years past. What, with automobiles and other inordinate indulgences, the buying power of many people has been, at least temporarily, impaired. A period of rest is needed for recuperation. A good many failures have taken place during the past six months, and more are to be anticipated.

POVERTY is the child of exploitation. An evil reformed is an evil strengthened. Discontent is the mother of faith and hope. It is organized greed against unorganized need.

THE paying of rent leads to clothes that are rent.

MASTERY means initiative for the few; Socialism initiative for all.

THE capitalist is a master. The man who is bossed is a slave.

SOCIALISM can live and do its work only as it thinks beyond itself.

EFFORTS at freedom in the past have ended in some form of slavery.

POVERTY is the evidence of insanity; the insanity being in the system.

THERE is only one problem worth considering—the ending of exploitation.

THE insurgents, after all, are merely trying to save the face of capitalism.

THE individual is the unit, but it cannot ignore other units under society.

WORKERS have always done the voting and seldom got the offices. Why?

DEMOCRATS and republicans agree that two parties is a company and three a crowd.

THE dream of the world has been to mend poverty. It may be ended just as easily.

THE poor are by design. The laziness of the masters, not of the poor themselves, is behind it.

THE capitalist system is full of contradictions and bickering; but it is always a unit on spoilation.

"UNCLE JOE" has blown up or blown out. But Cannon never did tower above the tip of a tad-pole's tail, or weigh more intellectually than the vacuum of a toy balloon.

It is announced with a great flourish that President Taft has signed orders to withdraw 25,073,164 acres of coal land from the public domain in the states of North and South Dakota, Washington, Utah, Colorado and the territory of Arizona. This is declared to be conservation. In reality it is merely turning the public domain over to individuals and corporations. It is a giving away of the people's property and is criminal in the extreme.

THE PUEBLO SUNDAY OPINION has been figuring on the alleged "necessity" of the red light district, and says it means that 3,000 innocent girls must be bought or betrayed into hopelessness every month of every year. Seventy-five per cent of locomotive ataxia, apoplexy, and female diseases are traceable directly to this traffic, says Opinion, and more than 500,000 blind people in the United States owe their affliction to the evil. Opinion is of the opinion that it is a "business proposition" pure and simple—which it is.

SENATOR DICK, author of the infamous military bill that bears his name, has joined the Ohio militia which has been sent to compel strikers to obedience. It is fitting that the man who framed the bill should appear first in a position that makes it clear what was intended for. The senator displayed his idea of discipline in his first order. He compelled a soldier to go four blocks for a horse in order to carry a message to the governor across the street. Don Quixote has been outdone.

From the Home of "Labor" Parties. From International Socialist, Sydney, Aus.

The corrupt Judge Grosscup, bought tool of the corporations, whom the Appeal to Reason has been subjected to such terrible exposures, declares that he is willing to take part in a movement to form an American "Labor" party. This is exactly as it should be.

Grosscup's Bumcombed. Editorial in Philadelphia Record.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup's remedy for the conditions produced by monopoly would be more monopoly. Efforts to check transportation monopolies by rate regulation or industrial monopolies by enforced competition would be equally vain. Judge Grosscup would put a valuation on corporate property "that takes into consideration everything through which they have gone as well as what they now possess." This being done, he would regulate not merely rates of transportation, but the prices of commodities as well, so that "a fair return should be obtained in such valuation and no more." He would concede the main point to the stock-waterers, on the one hand, and to the socialist extremists on the other. The social philosophy of Karl Marx tempered by the "business" principles of Mark Hanna would be a singular mix-up, assuming that water and oil in this instance could be made to mix. If there be no remedy but that proposed by Judge Grosscup it is to be feared that we shall have to continue climbing up a "spiral stairway" of high prices until we reach the top of the structure and "begin the return to solid ground"—i. e., until we tumble off.

PLUNKIES AND KEEPERS.

The person who raises the price of any article to you, cuts your wages and lengthens your hours of toil, just as surely as does the corporation that serves you with notice of a cut in wages. They both have the same effect on your life. A statement in a report from Washington says that the cost of living has been increased 56 per cent in the last six years. That means a cut in wages of the same amount. So long as industry is owned and operated for private profit this thing will continue. You would do it if you had the power. That being true, then the thing to do is to arrange conditions that would prevent any of us from doing it. In no other way than by the collective owning and operating the industries can it be accomplished. Five thousand years of private ownership have not given the workers justice. They have always had the burden of not only making their own living, but of supporting the rich and powerful with all their extravagance, servants, armies and navies.

Suppose that a thousand men are required to produce the things they need by working four hours a day. Now suppose that 100 of them are taken for personal servants by one who has succeeded in bamboozling the crowd into letting him make a profit off them, so he is able to pay the 100 the same as they were getting—then the 900 remaining at production must work 11 per cent longer, or 4 hours and 26 minutes, to produce the necessary things that each may have as much as they had before. When another hundred is taken from productive labor it would mean an addition of 30 minutes more for each worker. Now the raise in the price of goods means that a few are taking from all the workers enough time (represented by money) to enable them to quit useful work themselves, and also take others from productive labor and set them to doing personal service for the pleasure of the shirks in their idleness and extravagance. Thus we see men who own yachts that require 100 men all the year to care for and run the few weeks the owners desire them; they have ten to twenty autos with the necessary men to look after them; they have stables with a herd of fast horses with their complement of servants; they have two to ten palaces each with its scores of servants and then all the labor that is required to build these yachts, autos, stables, palaces, etc., are taken from productive work for the personal service of the few—not the good of the workers. But for these stealings from the workers the workers would have all the good things that this personal labor could make ADDED to what they now receive. Would it not be better to have these personal servants making goods to fill their own lives, rather than have prices raised on the whole working population to furnish the idlers with the means to pay them? Can you not see that the whole salary of all the unproductive labor of the world? Are they not eating, wearing, drinking and sheltered by the labor of the other workers left in the field of production? If an army of a million men is raised for war do not the other workers of that nation have to produce their food, clothing, equipment and get no return for it? Every raise in prices means that more men have been taken from labor ranks and put at the personal service of the masters. These servants labor, yes, but they produce nothing for themselves. They serve only the masters' pleasure, and their wages are the profits the masters make off the goods and jobs of the other workers in the useful fields of endeavor.

But perhaps you have been kept too stupidly ignorant of economics to get the understanding of this method of robbing you. Under Socialism all the workers, owning their own jobs, would get all they produced. None would be rich enough to hire a lot of personal servants and funkies, degraded to a point of accepting alms, in the way of tips, to eke out a miserable existence. And you claim to be Americans!

A LABOR LESSON.

Two score years ago, in Chicago, the tragedy of Haymarket and the execution of several agitators, marked a peculiar aspect of the labor war in the United States.

It was the beginning of labor's protest against the domination of the capitalist class. The Knights of Labor, though having at its inception to meet in secret because of the opposition of the masters, had rapidly acquired a membership of three million, the largest and most rapidly built labor union America has ever known, and it is doubtful if the entire world has furnished a parallel. There were strikes in various parts of the country, and the agitation for an eight-hour day was carried on in many cities. In Chicago this agitation was particularly strong, and was led by a group of Socialists. The movement was not then clearly defined here, and the leaders were generally called anarchists, but their demands were not more radical than are the demands of the Socialists today. There was a bomb thrown, and under the pressure of general denunciation a number of these agitators were executed, though thoughtful men are now generally agreed that it was not proven they had caused the bomb to be thrown.

That was the aspect of labor and Socialism in the United States twenty years ago and earlier. There has been a great advancement since then, both in the attitude and understanding of the people, and in the increased influence of the working class. This is illustrated by the fact that Socialism has become a national movement, and has just held a conference in the same city of Chicago where the older agitator was killed because of his message, and they were treated courteously by all. More than this, a Chicago judge has been unmercifully grilled by a Socialist editor and has not dared to reply.

Yet there is a reverse side to this picture. The thing that has grown until it wields a national influence and commands respect is the radical, revolutionary, movement. The

union movement of the former time, though greater than any labor movement in America today, has practically ceased to exist, while Powderly, formerly its head, is an office holder under republicanism and an apologist for capitalism. A more striking illustration of the relative power of class-conscious action as against mere trade unionism it would be difficult to adduce. If the three millions of the Knights of Labor were unable to save the day when acting merely as unionists, then the two million trade unionists of the present day, acting in the same manner, are not of special permanent significance. It is not numbers that count here, any more than it was with Gideon of old, but the quality and understanding of the protest.

It would be well if the working class of America would learn the lessons of its own history instead of repeating the failures of the past by a new effort at mere labor politics.

SOCIALISM AND WEATHER.

We have been devoting our energies to subduing each other. It is high time we stop this cruel nonsense and give ourselves to the conquest of nature.

What! Did you not know that man could conquer nature? The thing that has made his age remarkable is the production of machinery; the use of the great forces for the accomplishment of great works. Through the use of machinery we have made man a hundred-fold stronger than he was of himself; and capable of doing a hundred-fold as much work.

Nor is that all. We have learned that we can conquer the weather. The first work of civilization was to use fire in driving away the cold. We have improved on the crude methods of the past a little. Yet only a little. Our machine, the stove, will make comfortable a room in winter time. We have found out how we can conquer the cold in an entire building. Yet, because of lack of co-operation, this is done but in isolated cases. The masses of the people are still without adequate warmth or light. Sometimes they are but poorly sheltered. Many of them broil in the sun trying to get a little fresh air by sleeping on the roofs or fire escapes of city tenements. Many try to steal a little warmth from the gratings of sky scrapers. A majority of the people of the world are yet without shelter except as they pay others for a roof to cover them.

Yet with all this we have the electric light which is able to subdue the night; the electric fan and stretches of shady wood that will give comfort in summer time; and heating plants which will make comfortable entire buildings when the rigors of winter are upon us. We do not use the machinery which we have, much less develop more perfect machinery for conquest of the weather. We cannot use this machinery to advantage. We cannot develop it so as to give comfort to all people until we shall work co-operatively.

When we shall do this it will be possible for December to be pleasant as May. The world can escape the cold, the heat, the rain and be the healthier for it. It all depends on intelligent co-operation, on social organizations. On Socialism, if you please.

J. WESLEY, FAKIR.

The Appeal is hearing about J. Wesley Hill, who has constituted himself official liar of a new organization whose business it is to fight Socialism.

In the Spring of 1903 this reverend (?) gentleman was pastor of a Methodist church at Harrisburg, Pa. Rev. Silas G. Swallow, who was once candidate of the prohibitionists for president, was pastor of another Methodist church in the same town. J. Wesley did not like Swallow, because, it is reported, the latter had dared to criticize his bibulous habits. B. F. Spence, a parishoner of Hill's church, and an athlete, made the statement over his own signature that J. Wesley Hill had offered him (Spence) \$500 if he would waylay and thrash Dr. Swallow. The whole story was made public in a booklet signed by R. E. Porter, of Harrisburg, Pa., which a friend sends to the Appeal.

This is only a part of J. Wesley Hill's record. In common with most men who organize societies for the purpose of lying on Socialism, the evidence shows he will bear watching, especially if there are funds to handle. The laugh is on the plutes who are putting up for fakirs and getting bled.

Most of the prominent men of the nation spring from the working class. Which shows that the workers in all ages had the natural ability, but were kept down by the conditions of life under the rule of kings and nobles and martial rule. The mass of workers today are capable of great mental development, but they haven't a chance. There are only a few opportunities, and the most favored workers have killed these places, and with more just conditions millions of others would be valuable citizens to themselves and the nation. But what chance has the fellow who never gets told what books to read, who never gets good advice because it does not pay others to give it? Many young men I have talked to in this way told me they never knew which way to look for the information that would make something of themselves. If the workers would read some book on economics they would instantly see something that would astonish them. But those who profit from their ignorance and prejudice do not want them to have any more information. You can't cheat a man in a horse trade that understands horse flesh, nor can you cheat a man out of his vote if he understands the economics of society. Do you understand? Are you well read? Do you desire to be ignorant and the tool of others? Isn't it time that you woke up? If you were well read you could be deceived by any politician. If we Socialists wanted to deceive and use you, we would not be pleading with you to be well read. Can't you see the difference between our appeal and the appeal to vote as your daily did, and vote it straight, yellow dog and all?

JULY REPORT

Here's the subscription report by days for July, 1910. Where two dates appear on one line it signifies Sunday and Monday—no mail delivery—so it is included in the line "July 3d to 5th." As the 31st day of the month fell on Sunday it is not counted here but will appear in the August report:

July 1	1,129	July 18	2,643
July 2	1,171	July 19	1,056
July 3-5	2,817	July 20	1,091
July 6	904	July 21	1,771
July 7	1,506	July 22	1,430
July 8	1,481	July 23	1,153
July 9	1,407	July 24	2,510
July 10	2,268	July 25	863
July 11	840	July 26	1,470
July 12	1,430	July 27	1,740
July 13	1,430	July 28	1,740
July 14	1,430	July 29	1,740
July 15	1,232	July 30	1,414
July 16	1,203			

This is a total of 37,135 subs for the month (30 days) of July. For the last six years, July's record has been as follows:

Year	Subs.	Year	Subs.		
1900	25,000	1906	19,240
1908	18,922	1905	12,460
1907	20,947	1904	11,875

July, 1909, was the banner month in The Appeal's history. It was then that the Warren defenders came to the front with the greatest subscription report ever made. Except for the sadder month last year, this July is far better than any corresponding month since the Appeal started.

In the face of this, though, I want you to know that this month just past has brought fewer subs than any other of 1910. Had it not been for the "Up And At 'em" club there would have been a decrease in July. If some more of you comrades got your fighting blood up, if in spite of hot weather you keep pressing the fight, we'll go through August with colors proudly flying. Don't forget the "Up And At 'em" club. Four subs entitles you to membership. The Appeal's record for August depends upon your joining.

Twenty-eight states increase with this report. That's a few more than half there are plenty, though, that go back. The entire Army will be watching for those states in next report. Go to them, fellows. Everybody boost for at least 450,000 paid-in-advance subscriptions during August.

The subscription report follows:

More Than 30,000.

State	Off.	Total
1. Penn.	665 1,908 25,358
2. Ohio	660 1,750 38,174
3. Kansas	4,670 1,438 34,581

More Than 20,000.

4. Texas	733 569 25,520
5. Wisconsin	167 1,448 23,133
6. Calif.	625 601 20,880
7. New York	327 2,442 20,557

More Than 15,000.

8. Missouri	590 412 19,229
9. Illinois	576 399 17,463
10. Mich.	345 313 16,403
11. Ind.	445 429 16,170
12. Minn.	416 652 15,211

More Than 10,000.

13. Wash.	295 326 13,650
14. Ark.	290 251 12,348
15. Iowa	274 218 11,832

More Than 5,000.

16. Oregon	111 20
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