

SOCIALISM and the Appeal are inseparable. Its cause, comrades, is our cause! From its ramparts, the deadliest hail of grape and canister is constantly pouring into the rotten breastworks of capitalism. As its scope widens and its range increases, so the battle goes for us! The battle of Socialism—the battle for the emancipation of the human race!—From England's "Story of the Appeal."—See page 3.

OH wondrous Epic! Who shall ever fully sing it? Who shall paint its outlines in their vast extent? Dramatic, vital, tense, the story of the Appeal needs a more powerful hand than mine for the telling. Yet even I can understand how many a man walks the earth today in freedom, who without aid of the Appeal had long ere now been immured in a foul cell, or swung from hemp and flung into a box of pine to moulder under six black feet of earth.—From England's "Story of the Appeal."—See page 3.

Parasites Wax Fat and Roll in Luxury While Cotton Growers Starve and Sorrow

Author of "Barbarous Mexico" Discovers Revolting Conditions Among Farmers in Oklahoma—Mothers and Babies Toil and Sweat in Sunny South—Cities Contain Magnificent Palaces and Clubs for the Exploiters of Wealth Producers.

BY JOHN KENNETH TURNER, Field Correspondent Appeal to Reason.
CARTER COUNTY, OKLA.—I have been here ten days, driving out over the country north, south and west of Ardmore, the county seat, observing the life of the American farmer who "makes" cotton. In this period I have talked with more than one hundred working farmers, have seen their inside as well as the outside of their places of abode, have partaken of their hospitality, and in many cases have listened to the story of their lives down to the smallest detail. For some years past I have been reading occasionally articles in American periodicals and newspapers telling of the improved existence of the farmers of this country. The impression given by these articles was that, now the pioneering days are behind us, the farmer is not so much a farmer as a country gentleman. The delights of twentieth century farming, under the most modern and convenient circumstances, were set forth in glowing paragraphs. The farmer's automobile has furnished the basis for many a congratulatory editorial paragraph. There have been parades before our wondering vision comfortable homes, painted with real paint, equipped with bath-tubs and telephones, lighted with electricity, bustling barns, busy windmills, trim fences, skirting smooth roads, pigs waddling fat, cat's and poultry, milking machines at work in the cow pen; Mr. Farmer himself tarrying at breakfast over his newspaper, delivered daily by rural carrier; warmly dressed children tripping to up-to-date schools; farmers' wives with faces uncrinkled by care, with time for books and energy for lectures; and, finally, savings bank books—in a word, civilization brought to the American farmer.

God's Chosen People.
Such is typical rural life according to editors who live in the city. One of these, if I remember correctly, even had the twentieth century agriculturist shaving every day, instead of every week, as of yore. And no exception was made of the cotton farmer. At this very moment a printed letter is being circulated widely in the south in which the writer (not a farmer) singles out the class which raises cotton as "GOD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE." Possibly I am unfortunate in my choice of a starting point; but I have to confess that I am still looking for those automobiles, those modern homes, those other appurtenances of civilization mentioned, also for the bank books—ah! especially for the bank books!

There are automobiles in Carter county—yes. But in all the miles I have traveled I doubt if I saw as many as twenty on the country roads. And not one of these was driven by a working farmer. There may be a farmer who farms land in these parts who rides to church in an automobile, but I am yet to hear of him. There are automobiles, plenty of them, and of the finest kind; but their home is in town. They belong to the persons whom the farmer calls upon when he comes to town—the landlord, the banker, the money lender, the merchant, the cotton buyer, and the retainers of these, the lawyer and the politician.

Homes of the Exploiters.
Comfortable homes?—yes; expensive homes, homes with from fifteen to thirty rooms, equipped with bath-tubs and hot and cold water, telephones, electric lights, soft carpets, upholstered furniture. But they are all in town. For its size Ardmore has an astonishingly large number of these homes. They, also, belong to the persons whom the farmer calls upon when he comes to town—and their retainers. There are good roads, too, paved with asphalt—town roads. The only good road that I have seen outside of town leads to the Country Club, where you will find golf links, shooting traps, a club house with card and billiard tables, a lake to which wild ducks come. But no working farmer disports himself here. The Country Club and the road that leads to it are for the persons whom the farmer calls upon when he comes to town. I am told that enough money has been set aside for the roads of this

Only One!
There are a million books, but only one "Story of the Appeal." There are thousands of writers, but only one George Allan England, and he wrote this story. There are a hundred things you might select as a Christmas present for some Socialist friend, but just one that he will appreciate more than anything else—The Story of the Appeal. It will cost you a dollar. Send us the name and the dollar and we will mail the book, postpaid.

everything—they'll take my team. My God! what's a man going to do?" Picking in these parts begins in September and runs on for a number of months, according to weather conditions. A long hot spell in mid-summer causes the bolls to burst early, and picking begins early. An early frost stunts the growth and sometimes prevents the bolls from opening at all. Rain on the bloom debases the quality. This year the cream of the crop was picked by the middle of November, but the farmers' children will be dragging the sacks down the rows for many weeks yet.

The Trail of the Farmer.
But of the town of Ardmore—to which civilization has been brought, or at least the material accessories of civilization—and of the persons upon whom the farmer calls, more anon. First let us follow the trail of the Carter county farmer to the woods. Afterwards we can come back. For the trail of the farmer hereabout leads back to the town—always back to the town—where wait for him, sometimes smiling, sometimes frowning, those fine gentlemen whom a certain Oklahoma Socialist has irreverently dubbed "The Interlocked Parasites."

Oklahoma is a farming state, and primarily a cotton farming state. In 1910 there were 190,192 farms, 104,137 of which were operated by tenants. Of the farms operated by owners, 35.5 per cent were reported as mortgaged. Eighty-five per cent of Oklahoma's farmers are native whites. The southern half of the state produces most of its 900,000 bales of cotton. In the cotton sections the percentage of tenantry is very much higher than elsewhere. Nearly all Carter county farms raise cotton. The September, 1911, report of the Oklahoma state board of agriculture showed that Carter county has 2,237 farms, only 474 of which are operated by owners, mortgaged or unmortgaged, and that the remainder, 1,763, or 83 per cent, are operated by renters.

The Land of Cotton.
The country about Ardmore is rolling, and much of the uncultivated land is covered with forests of jack-oak. You ride out over a bumpy road, between ill-kept barbed wire fences, and find, at irregular intervals, patches of low, dry, weed-like growth decorated with tufts of white. This is cotton.

Somewhere in the field you may see a team and wagon, the wagon half filled with the day's harvest. Down the rows you will observe a number of figures, the farmer and his family, sometimes two families. If there happens to be an infant in the family, you will find it lying somewhere about, or perhaps in the arms of its mother, who is trying to hush its cries and pick cotton at the same time.

A Family of Serfs.
The whole family is there, each pair of shoulders humped forward, one hand and then the other snatching out for a tuft of white, which is put behind and into the long sack that hangs from the shoulders. Of clothing there is not much to speak of. The children are barefooted, and the mother, too, sometimes. The father's grimy feet are visible at heel, toe and side; you catch a glimpse of a rag of a sock. A patch of hair shows through a gaping hole in the greasy hat.

You slip between the sagging wires and stroll curiously toward the pickers. The farmer straightens up and says "Howdy?" You ask him: "Getting rich this year?" He answers: "Not much. Can't get nuthin' fur' cotton." Then you learn that he figures on getting eight bales out of his crop, that two of these go to the landlord for the rent, that he may get \$23 a bale for the other six, two of which he has already sold and delivered, making \$198, the total selling price of his year's crop. Out of this he must pay \$120 to the banker for that \$100 loan he was forced to ask for at planting time, and \$57.50 for the \$50 loan he negotiated in mid-summer; besides, \$103, which he owes to a merchant for his season's groceries, \$10 to the doctor who officiated at the birth of his youngest, and \$4 for a hog which he bought, fed a while, then butchered and salted down.

"They'll Take Everything."
"If I could get the price they gave last year," he says, "I might peter out even." I began the year even, and that's better than some others did. But as 'tis I ain't goin' to come out. They shut down on the credit the first of September—and already they're threatenin' to close me out. Six bales at \$65 would 'a' made me \$390, and I could 'a' gone on and made another crop next year. But—they'll take

A FAVORITE pastime of tenant farmers who are unenlightened by Socialism is to get together and swap boasts as to how well their banker treats them—in comparison with their neighbors.

If Oklahoma voters had elected the Socialist party to power in that state the Socialists could give some relief to the distressed cotton farmer NOW.

Schools Are Shut Down.
Planting is done in April or May. Before that the farmer has to prepare the land, and afterwards he has to keep preparing the land—cultivating it a number of times before the harvest. At a certain stage in its growth the cotton has to be thinned, or "chopped out." In this operation, as well as in picking, the whole family is employed. So it has been found necessary to adjust the school terms to the periods of busy labor.

For a couple of months after the chopping out, there is school, then vacation for the heaviest of the picking, and school again late in the winter. The Oklahoma law prescribes a minimum of three months' school attendance each year, but the law is violated extensively, and the persons who are delegated to enforce the law, realizing that the renter could not continue his struggle under present conditions and dispense with an atom of the labor power of his children, whenever it is possible to use that labor power, make no attempt at enforcement. So, among a people nearly illiterate, it is extremely common. "There ought to be a law," declared one tenant with whom I caught a ride on the road, "fining a man \$25 a bale for every bale of cotton he raises beyond two for each member of his family. Two bales a year is enough for any child to pick. They ought to be in school."

Women Are Skeletons.
I replied that there ought to be a law, too—or something—that would put flesh on the bodies of the renters' women. For I am yet to see a renter's wife who, by any stretch of the imagination, might be called fleshy. As a class they are thin, angular, misshapen, near-skeletons. Their faces are gaunt, wrinkled and yellow, their eyes hollow, their hands knotted and calloused.

Schooners and "Nexters."
In an hour's ride I counted five "schooners" on the road—farm wagons covered with thin canvas, each drawn by a pair of undersized, underfed animals, and filled with ancient furniture and children.

Welcomed Interest Rate.
Although six per cent was not as good as two—the interest the government charges the banks—it was an unheard of rate for the cotton grower. But as he was told that the government loan was impossible, and as President Wilson championed the bankers' scheme and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo personally promoted it, the man who was to be benefited became more or less content to wait for further details.

That there is to be no loan whatever of six cents a pound at six per cent.
That the bankers themselves who partake of the loan are going to have to pay in the neighborhood of eight per cent for it.

That before a farmer can apply for a share of the loan his cotton must be clear of all indebtedness, stored in a warehouse and duly insured. This

A "SIDELINER" is a landlord farmer, retired, who resides in a country town, lives off his rents, and violently resists every reform or movement that promises to pry him away from a nickel. While Socialism will not dispossess the working farmer of his land—but will help him get to the land—it will certainly chase the sideliner to the tall and uncut.

THE SYSTEM IS GOING TO REMAIN THE SAME AS BEFORE.
That, I believe, is the purpose of the bankers' pool—cold-blooded, calculating, murderous. Developments reveal the vaunted "cotton loan fund" as another gigantic fraud of The Interlocks, conceived and put into execution primarily and secondarily to side-track the movement for government aid—to smother the cry of the hungry—to pretend that relief is being given when it is not—to protect the graft of the grafters—to continue the system.

THE high cost of living is kept afloat by inflated prices generated by the desire for profits.
THE press says London is freer of crime than ever before. Shows where the criminals have gone.

THE capitalist class doesn't need a change of heart so much as the working class needs a change of head.
THE worker throws away the greater part of what he produces in order not to "throw away his vote."

WHY is it that the goody-goody is always ready to admit race antagonism and deny class antagonism?
To tens of thousands of cotton farmers the cry of "Hold your cotton," simply spells "Hold your appetite."

LET us be thankful that, under capitalism, there are only ten million men out of work in America. There might be twenty million.
OKLAHOMA tenant farmers speak frequently of their banker. That does not mean they have money in the bank. They have deposits, all right—of paper showing indebtedness!

ON account of the war, glass eyes are becoming scarce, according to The Crockery and Glass Journal. The large number of old party votes in the recent election, however, show that ivory heads are still holding their own.

A SAYING of cotton farmer tenants: "When you see them in town you think they've spent all their income in furniture—because they haven't any clothes; when you see them at home you think they've spent it all in clothes—because they haven't any furniture."

Read the letter to you on page 3.
"Poor people ought not to be allowed to have children," declares a rich and benevolent woman. Don't you know, Madam, that it costs money to keep from having children, as well as to have them? Besides, if we ceased having children, where would you lavish your charities—and where procure the cash for same? Socialists go you one better, dear lady. We say that poor people ought not to be allowed to live. We would kill their poverty.

War and Peace

BY ELLIS O. JONES.
WILL you explain to me as succinctly as possible just why you think it is necessary to have a large army and navy?—replies of the Civilian.
"Why, certainly," replied the Military Man. "The purpose of a large army and navy is to prepare for peace."
"But to have a large army and navy is to prepare for war, is it not?"
"Exactly," answered the Military Man.
"But aren't war and peace absolutely opposite and mutually exclusive states of affairs?"
"Of course," admitted the Military Man wearily.
"Well, then, how is it possible with one given set to prepare for two diametrically opposite things?" queried the Civilian with a puzzled look.
"It is very simple. The object being, as all agree, not to fight, the thing to do is to get ready to fight so that when the time comes to fight, everybody will be able to fight so much better than anybody else, that no time will be lost in starting to fight and then everybody will be able to fight so well and kill off everybody else so quickly that nobody will be left to fight and consequently peace is bound to come. Is that clear?"
"Perfectly," replied the Civilian, "but wouldn't the same result be accomplished with much less loss if we prepared directly for peace instead of indirectly?"
"Not at all. If we were not ready to fight, then of course we would be ready not to fight and so, being constantly in the state of not fighting, when the time came to fight, nobody could fight and that would make everybody so mad that they would all just naturally start to fight and they would fight so poorly that nobody could whip anybody else and so they would kill off each other so slowly that the fighting would continue on forever and we would never have peace again. That's clear, is it not?"
"It may be clear," admitted the Civilian doubtfully, "but you don't really think it is logical, do you?"
"My dear fellow," replied the Military Man, "it isn't necessary for me to be logical when speaking on behalf of my own profession."

ZAPATA, THE "TERRIBLE."
For three whole years the vernal Associated Press, and newspapers paid by Big Business to agitate for intervention in Mexico, have held "Bandit" Zapata up as a frightful bogey. For three years it has been shrieked at us that Zapata was just frothing at the mouth in his eagerness to loot Mexico City and murder the inhabitants, including, of course, some of our own precious fellow countrymen.

And now, at last, that Zapata's men have actually entered Mexico City, what dire thing has happened? Here we have it, in a brief dispatch of that same Associated Press, from Washington: "The forces of General Zapata occupied Mexico City last night AND ARE MAINTAINING ORDER, according to official (that is, U. S.) telegrams."
And the liars knew all the time that that is what would happen!

WHEN Abraham Lincoln faced the question of chattel slavery in the south he decided for humanity, and his name is written high among the few world figures of greatness. When Woodrow Wilson faced the question of wage slavery in Colorado he decided in the exactly opposite way. Where will his name be written?

At the very time when millions of dollars were being sent to the Belgians, it was officially reported that in New York City alone 37,776 children were going to school improperly nourished. It would be well to make the new motto "See America first" apply to want here.

RUSSIAN buyers want American business men to quote prices in rubles instead of dollars, blissfully unaware of the fact that the American business man is unable to understand anything but dollars.

AN IMPORTANT MOVE
"The APPEAL to REASON announces its determination from now on to take up the cudgel for the American farmer. It has its best investigator, John Kenneth Turner, in the field in Oklahoma right now, and plans to have him cover practically the entire United States before he finishes. Commencing with their next issue his first article upon the farm situation will appear. Their slogan is to be WE WILL BRING SOCIALISM TO THE FARMERS AND THE FARMERS TO SOCIALISM. Whatever the APPEAL undertakes it generally finishes. If the people of this state do their share this will mean a big turnover for North Dakota in 1916."—Iconoclast, Minot, N. D.

For Farmers' Fighting Fund
APPEAL TO REASON, Girard, Kansas.
I want to help bring Socialism to the Farmers and the Farmers to Socialism. Enclosed is \$_____ to pay for _____ forty-week subscriptions at 25 cents each to be sent to farmers of Oklahoma by the Appeal's Agitation League. I want to help carry Oklahoma for Socialism in 1916.

RATES:	Name
4 copies 40 weeks...\$1.00	Address
8 copies 40 weeks...2.00	City
10 copies 40 weeks...2.50	State
25 copies 40 weeks...6.25	
50 copies 40 weeks...12.50	
100 copies 40 weeks...25.00	

War is a brain-spattering, wind-pipe splitting art.—Lord Bacon.



Bugs eat crops—birds eat bugs—the Farm Journal is the best friend the birds have.

Crop losses from insects run into millions every year. If it were not for the birds that eat the insects...

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Learn the details of this new offer of Kalamazoo Direct-to-You. Write today. A splendid Kalamazoo Direct-to-You stove...

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Trapping Pays Big! Free Book Tells How Trapping is profitable, pleasant, profitable work. For bearing animals are plentiful on most farms...

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MAKE BIG MONEY SHIPPING FURS. Riggs at K. C. pays highest prices and makes money by return mail. Nothing deducted for commission...

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Car Van (Old Duesen) steel body, 75 in. x 100 in. x 60 in. Photo-graphic Studio. Write for 35¢ book...

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Try This. F. E. Jamison of Oregon finds the circulation of Benson's great book, "The Truth About Socialism," a good way to make Socialists. He writes: "I have kept Benson's 'Truth About Socialism' working steadily for the last three months and I know nine who voted a straight Socialist ticket for the first time."

The Book Reviewed

HAVE you ever met a former schoolmate, a pal, warmed to the smile on his face, tingled as you clasped his hand and choked down a lump as he slapped your back, calling the boyhood nickname? You remember how it was: Together you went over the old days, the games played, the trials you had, the joys and the troubles you share, particularly that time when you two, shoulder to shoulder, stood off a whole gang—"and licked 'em." Incidents, precious to both of you, had slipped out of mind, but with that meeting they returned, clear and distinct, and both your eyes glowed as the past blent into the present.

That's the way "The Story of the APPEAL" affects a war horse of the social revolution. If you, Mr. Reader, have had any part in the struggle for social justice during the past 30 years this book contains memories that will thrill every atom of your being. The APPEAL has been in the forefront of every great industrial and political struggle in the last two decades. You had a part in some or all of them—and your part is recorded. All of the past, the almost forgotten past for some of us, comes in review. This book will play on the heartstrings of thousands of men and women as no other volume has ever done.

George Allan England tells the story from the very beginning down to the present. Nothing is omitted. The 21 chapters and the appendix cover every incident, great and small, in the history of the most remarkable newspaper in existence. Wayland's early struggles are told, his conversion to Socialism and the launching of his first Socialist paper. The choicest of his pithy writings are reproduced. The history of the Tennessee colony, Warren's entrance into APPEAL destinies, the Moye-Haywood fight, the victory, The Governor Taylor case, Warren's indictment, court intrigue, "frame ups" to "get" the APPEAL—all of it is related with such directness that when reading you seem to be back in the thick of it. Taft's unsolicited pardon, how it was returned, etc., make a record that will thrill generations when the army and editors of today have assed on.

The great postoffice fights. Do you remember them? Every part of them, the underhanded methods employed, the soul-inspiring rallies of the Army and the final victories seem, in the reading, like yesterday. You remember the Roosevelt edition and how it was suppressed. Yes, but you've forgotten many things connected with it that one of the chapters will bring to mind.

And then the judicial fight, the Grosscup, Phillips and Pollock cases, not forgetting our old friend, Harry Bone. That was one of the dark times when you and the APPEAL stood shoulder to shoulder, stood off a gang—"and licked 'em."

The Leavenworth case—you remember that. All the forces of depravity lined up to crush the paper that exposed conditions in the federal prison. No effort was spared to make it fully describe them. The APPEAL was maligned from one end of the nation to the other, remember, but its charges were proved and the warden resigned.

The vilest of General Otis' attacks are given full publicity, together with those of other saints of plutocracy who have, from time to time, singed their feathers trying to suppress the APPEAL.

Wayland's martyrdom and all that led up to it form one sad chapter. The work of the Army, the most spectacular of its campaigns and its repeated victories are enough to fire the blood of a stone image.

The scope of the APPEAL—the greatest of its editions; hitherto unknown incidents connected with them; how the paper is printed, addressed and mailed; the office machinery for taking care of subscriptions, etc., etc., form an interesting chapter, entitled "At Home with the APPEAL." Photos of the editorial staff, men and women, are reproduced as is a picture of the greatest press and its veteran pressman, "Old Chap," the man who printed that particular copy you're reading now and every other individual copy since the APPEAL started. He has a record of having printed more newspapers than any other man in history.

The foregoing is a very brief outline of the 307-page book, bound in library red cloth, which sells for \$1, postpaid. It's an excellent Christmas present for Socialists.

SOCIETY women of Chicago are going to establish a set of rules prescribing the conduct of working girls at the municipal dance hall. The interest these society women take in working girls is exceeded only by the interest they take out of working girls.

The People's College. There is no greater need among the working class than the ability to correctly read, write and speak the English language. There is nothing more humiliating for one who has an important message to convey to his fellow workers than to be utterly unable to couch the message in plain, simple, correct language. Our educational staff has just completed a course in English that is intended to meet the great need of the workers for a better use of language. The course is plain, simple and is furnished to the students at its absolute cost. If you want to learn how to use good English, spell correctly, be a good penman, converse fluently, prepare a good speech, write a good letter and enlarge your stock of words, write for the literature of this great combination course of study.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, Fort Scott, Kan.

Founded 1865 by J. A. Wayland

Published by W. H. Wayland

Appeal to Reason

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A. The Greatest Socialist Newspaper in the World

Dear Appeal Reader:--

Consider this letter as personal to you. It would cost at least two thousand dollars to have this letter sent to you and the other friends of the Appeal, under first class postage. Furthermore, I want this letter to reach you in quick time, because you must act on this suggestion before Christmas.

A few days ago we received from the printer 2,000 copies of "THE STORY OF THE APPEAL," which George Allan England has spent more than a year in writing. These books are bound in library red cloth and contain 307 pages of the most interesting story ever put between two covers, and six pages of illustrations and photographs. The original price set for this book was \$1.25. But in order to give it as wide circulation as is possible we have reduced it to a dollar, which also pays for the postage.

I am writing you this letter in order that you will make use of this book as a Christmas gift to some Socialist friend whose heart will undoubtedly be cheered by it. Every Socialist would rather have this book as a Christmas gift than anything else we know of. The book is ready to be delivered by Uncle Sam to any address you choose. The time is short, so sit down and write us the name and address of the one you want the book sent to and enclose a dollar bill and we will do the rest. On this page you will find more about "THE STORY OF THE APPEAL"—but I presume if you are a reader of the Appeal you know exactly what is in this book and don't have to be urged to secure a copy either for yourself or some good Socialist friend.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas, I am,

Yours for Socialism,

W. H. Wayland

The Appeal's Historian

FOR the reason that most people when they read a book like to know something of the person who wrote it, we are giving a brief sketch of George Allan England, author of "The Story of the APPEAL," a book that sooner or later every American Socialist will read. Comrade England was born 37 years ago in Nebraska, and is the son of an army officer. His childhood was spent in the army with the result that he detests militarism. His father's death left the family in poverty. Years of struggle followed, but by many shifts and labors England succeeded in making his way through school and college (Harvard), where he won the degrees of A. B. and A. M. In explanation of these degrees, Comrade England says: "These mean Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, not a blamed actor has been reprinted in England, New Zealand and Australia. England has all the instincts of a proletarian and has worked at many kinds of manual labor, taught school and on one occasion, he says: "I fell so low as to be in business." He now devotes his entire time to writing. It would have indeed been hard to find a man more fitted to write the "Story of the APPEAL" than George Allan England.

Divorces constitute seven-eighths of the legal business of Iowa courts. "News Item." So there's quite a few homes that Socialism won't break up. STRANGE that a patriot who loves his country should consider it his sacred duty to turn the country over to the money grubbers every four years. If charity begins at home, what do you, call John D.'s act of sending \$300,000 worth of food to the Belgian sufferers, and starving the Colorado sufferers?

THE love between the capitalist and the worker is a touching thing. The workers support the capitalists and the capitalists hold up the workers.

THE difference between the reformer and the Socialist is that the reformer wants to abolish graft and the Socialist wants to abolish the necessity for graft.

STRANGE that a man who is willing to fight half of his life for the welfare of his country can't be persuaded to think 15 minutes a day for the welfare of his country.

ONE form of foot and mouth disease the government doesn't take much interest in is where a jobless patriot has hiked 40 miles since morning with nothing to eat.

THE New York poultry trust, alleged by the police to have hired the assassination of Bernard Raff, an independent, objects to Socialism on the ground that it preaches violence.

ELEVEN men are to be hanged in the Florence, Ariz., penitentiary this month "to protect society." Looks like rather a stiff price to pay for the kind of society we're boarding and lodging now.

THE workers fill the pork barrel, but the bosses get the grease; The workers skin each other while the bosses take the fleece.

FOR sweet charity's sake, American society women are knitting socks and things for the Belgian refugees—out of yarn made by half-clothed and half-starved child textile workers.

A RADICAL says "the Colorado situation offered Woodrow Wilson a chance to make good with the American people." But the people Wilson wants to make good with are the people who ladie out the campaign slush fund.

A LECTURER complains because Dr. Wilson's history of the United States says nothing about women's activities in building the nation, "thus holding to the ideas of 100 years ago." But how could he be a leader of the democratic party if he were to hold to ideas differing from those of 100 years ago?



GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND, Author of "The Story of the Appeal."

muckraker, as many might think, although I claim the latter title." Writing to a friend, Comrade England says of himself: "After leaving college I went into the insurance business, and there, writing insurance literature, I learned the art of writing fiction, thereafter graduating completely into the writing game."

Socialism "got" him about ten years ago and he has been digging away at it ever since, always active as a writer and speaker in the movement.

He was Socialist candidate for congress in Maine in 1908, and for governor in 1912. Comrade England is on the contributing editorial staff of the APPEAL, member board of directors The People's College, Fort Scott, Kan., and on the editorial board of the New Review. He has written hundreds of Socialist matter and many essays on economics, politics, etc., and is the author of hundreds of short stories and novels. He is author of the following novels: "East and West," "The House of Transmutation," "The Get-Aways," "Beyond White Seas," "The Steeled Conscience," "Darkness and Dawn," "The Afterglow," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," also the "Air Trust," the "Empire in the Air," and many others. He has also produced innumerable poems and has issued one volume of poetry, "Underneath the Bough." Some of his work has been translated into several foreign languages and

Come on, Folks. The Appeal's battle cry, "Fight for Farmers," and the letters from farmers in this week's issue is the nail to hit Comrade Turner's question, "What can the Socialist party do that will bring relief to the farmer now?" It is hitting that nail right on the head. It brings the Socialist philosophy down out of the clouds and makes it a here and now proposition. Come on, folks, and get busy. Every little helps.—Jos. B. Allen, Pennsylvania.

How the "Story of the Appeal" Was Written

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

THE "Story of the APPEAL" is a proletarian book, written by a proletarian under proletarian conditions. Don't imagine for a moment it was penned in a luxurious study, among high-brow conditions far removed from knowledge of hardship. On the contrary, the large majority of it was knocked out on a typewriter in a shack in the Maine woods, with the weather ranging from zero to 40 below. It represents hardships difficult to realize now that the weather has grown warm again.

Every morning for many months I got up at about five, cooked my breakfast and then bundled up for the long hike to my workshop in the forest, near Bryant's Pond, Maine. The amount of clothes I had to wear, to get there without losing fingers and toes, was astonishing. Mostly I also wore lumbermen's calked boots, on account of the ice. Part of the way led across a frozen lake and a great deal of the time I had to wade in deep snow, over unbroken tracks. Often I fell in the snow; and on some few occasions the frightful storms nearly turned me back. But with the exception of one day, I worked all winter on the book, in that shack of mine.

Many a time the ink froze on my pen, there, as I was correcting my manuscript. The wind blew right through the shingle-boarded shack, and even with the stove red-hot, ice on the floor would often not melt all day. To keep my feet from freezing I sometimes used to light a lantern and set it in a box under my worktable. I put my feet in the box, and this managed to "get by."

My writing was interspersed with wood-chopping and sawing, to feed the stove. This literature and labor went hand in hand. Conditions were awful, at times, but I kept on. After all, millions of workers toil all their lives in greater discomfort. And my five-mile walk every day over that frozen plain of the lake certainly helped keep my head clear and make me think straight in writing the history of the labor movement and the APPEAL for the past 18 years.

Those were strenuous days, comrades, those days, weeks and months of labor in the Maine woods shack. Yet, after all, they had their pleasant side. When the old stove got good and cherry-red and the cob pipe was drawing right, I used to let the wind howl and the snow demons swirl as much as they durm pleased. Inspiration and eagerness to serve the cause helped keep me warm. "Blow you devils!" I used to defy the storm. "You can't stop this book being written any more than the plutes' war on Socialism can stop our eventual triumph!"

Thus was the book finished, the child of storm, cold and hardship. I trust it may prove sturdy.

Circulate the Platform.

One of the most important pieces of literature to put into the hands of the man who really wants to know about Socialism is the National Socialist Platform. Firmly believing this we have just printed a large edition of the platform in large, clear type and on good paper. This leaflet is \$1.50 per 1,000 copies, postpaid.

Justice Under Capitalism. Telegram in Washington Post.

Wilmington, Del.—Two months' imprisonment for stealing two cents' worth of milk was the sentence imposed upon John Peters, 21 years old, in the Newcastle county court here. He was indicted for the theft of a half-pint of milk worth two cents and a bottle worth four cents.

Peters, who had been in jail since August 21, in default of bail, pleaded guilty. He asked for mercy and said he had picked up the bottle of milk from a sidewalk, a statement corroborated by the milkman who lost it. The fact that he pleaded guilty probably saved him from the whipping post.

Farmers vs. Hogs. During the last session of congress a bill was introduced asking the government for hospitals in southwestern states for the care of migratory cases of tuberculosis. The bill was killed in committee, but another bill providing \$500,000 for a fight against hog cholera became a law. Now State Health Commissioner Mahr of Oklahoma declares that the farmers of his state are more in need of medical care than the hogs. In a bulletin just issued he prints a sample letter received from one of the southern counties as follows:

"Dear Dr. Mahr: I thought I would write you some few lines in regard to my health. I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

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"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

"I have tuberculosis and am a poor girl.

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ELIZABETH KING, 36 B Station F, New York City.

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THE APPEAL'S EDITORIAL PAGE

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ing money is by postal money order.

IN BUFFALO, according to the *Evening News* of that city, there is an army of 15,000 men and boys who are willing to work, but who can find no work to do. Over sixty of these unfortunates, states Judge Keeler of the city court, applied in one week and asked to be sent to jail where they might at least be out of the cold and have a place to sleep and eat. Many of them were boys 18 and 19 years old. The judge says they are not panhandlers or bums, but worthy workmen. "The only practical way of solving this matter," says Judge Keeler, "is to establish soup kitchens."

Is It Soup or Justice You Vote For?
Soup kitchens! Capitalism's favorite and only remedy for the problem of unemployment! Great, isn't it? And yet we are told that Socialists are dreamers, want to break up the family and the home, and destroy civilization (?) generally, because we propose to put these men and every other unemployed man at work producing things that millions are in sore need of. There are at this very moment thousands of miles of railroads that are not safe to travel over and should be rebuilt at once; the railroad magnates themselves admit this. This much-needed work is not being done simply because railroads under the present system are run to make profits for their private owners and not to give the best possible service to all the people. Thousands are this very day in need of shoes, clothes and other necessities of life. There is plenty of work for all, but the private owners of the raw material and the machinery necessary to make into things we all need refuse to allow these idle men to do this work because there is no profit in it for them.

As long as things are made for profit instead of use soup kitchens will remain the only solution for the problem of unemployment. Whenever you vote an old party ticket you vote for soup kitchens.

MOST OBSERVERS of passing events are free to admit that there will be quite a bit of the Socialist program in effect in this country long before Socialists are in full control of the government. The agitation for government owned railroads and government owned banks is not confined exclusively to Socialists—many who are Socialists at heart, but don't know it yet, are advocating these things. In order to prolong their graft and continue their exploitation of the producers of wealth, the beneficiaries of the system will be forced from time to time to adopt a part of the Socialist program. Just how fast they will do this depends upon how vigorously and persistently Socialists push their propaganda. As Socialist sentiment grows and the Socialist party vote increases, so will the benefits of applied Socialism be realized.

Socialism Is Advancing Every Day
A KANSAS FARMER who has become interested in Socialism wants to know if he owned two 160-acre farms if, under Socialism, he could work one of them himself and rent the other one. Hardly. In the first place, under Socialism in full operation, there would be no one to rent it to. Who would want to rent a farm when he could easily acquire ownership of one of his own? No one would care to rent a farm when he might either have one of his own or else secure a job in some government owned industry that would give him as much or more than he could make on a farm.

Rent is a form of exploitation that will not and cannot exist under Socialism in full operation. Socialism does not mean the end of private ownership of land, but it does mean the end of any form of exploitation through the private ownership of land, or, for that matter, the private ownership of anything.

A PENNSYLVANIA farmer comrade writes: "I think you are pursuing the right course in bringing the gospel of Socialism to the farmers, especially at this season of the year. Through these long winter nights he will read anything, even last year's almanac. While the soulless corporations can and do discharge the active Socialists in their employ they cannot at least take the last bite of bread from the farmer."

We Can All Help Spread the Gospel
That is exactly what the capitalists of America are doing to the cotton farmers of the south—taking the last bite of bread out of his mouth. And this is why the southern cotton farmer is ready for the message of Socialism. But while he is ready he hasn't a cent to pay for his own needed education. Who will still retain "our last bite of bread" must bring Socialism to the southern farmer—he can't bring it to himself. This is what the FARMERS' FIGHTING FUND is for, and the result depends largely upon what you do about it. Don't hold back because you are not able to give \$10 or \$1. Give what you can. Make it \$1 or even 50 cents, but do it now.

A NEWS DISPATCH states that President Wilson's attention will for the next few months be taken up with matters having to do with our relations to foreign countries. Read the following and decide for yourself if it might not be a good thing if the president gave a part of his attention to the farmers of the south. "I know a dozen or more families in my own community," writes E. W. Williams of Milton, Okla., "who have not ten cents to their names, not a bite to eat and no credit. These people mortgaged their live stock and corn to get money at 18 per cent to put in a cotton crop. Forced to sell their cotton for six and seven cents it leaves them still in debt to the banker and the store-keeper. The money sharks have taken all they had and they are left to starve. Already the stores and meat

shops are being nightly robbed and the worst is yet to come."

The above letter is just one of hundreds of similar letters coming to the APPEAL office daily from all over the south.

Perhaps someone would like to ask what difference it would have made if Socialists had been in power in Oklahoma. That's easy. Socialists in control of the Oklahoma state government would take over the cotton oil mills, the cotton gins, the cotton warehouses. Oklahoma has several millions of school money—a Socialist administration would lend this to Oklahoma farmers, if necessary, and at a reasonable rate of interest. In other words, Socialists in control of the state would have met the situation from the standpoint that Oklahoma belonged to all the people of Oklahoma and not a few Oklahoma capitalists. And it would not be necessary to change or amend the constitution of Oklahoma to do these things. Oklahoma already has a state constitution under which all this and more may be done for the people whenever the people of Oklahoma wake up and decide to run the state by and for themselves.

"IF I OWN a farm under Socialism, could I employ a man to help me?" asks a farmer reader of the APPEAL. You would not employ a man unless you expected to make a profit from his labor and there would be no one under Socialism that you could employ under those terms. As a Socialist government would guarantee employment to every man, giving him the full social value of the product of his labor, of course no one would be foolish enough to work for some individual for less. During harvest and threshing, or for some operation where several men are required to perform the necessary labor economically, you would exchange work with your neighbors, just as you do now. In fact, farmers would co-operate in this way more than they do today. For instance, how much better it would be for the farmers of some given section to collectively own a steam gang plow which would do the plowing for all. Much of the seeding and planting might be done in the same day. The people of a county, through its county government, would very likely own its own central heating and electric plant and every farm would thus be supplied with heat and power and light at actual cost of production. Farm work would become a pleasure instead of a nightmare as it is today.

Soil Tillers Would Help Each Other
SOMEBODY has overlooked a good thing. If the public schools were abolished, it would leave values to the amount of one billion dollars that might be available for investment. This billion dollar opportunity would give place at once for employment of the billion dollars of asset currency which the government has freely given the trusts, and might be bonded and capitalized for ten billion dollars. The people must have education. With the public schools out of the way, they could be charged tuition that would bring in a prodigious revenue. Of course, there would be millions who could not afford to pay the tuition and hence would grow up in illiteracy; but these would make all the better servants for the class that could afford an education. The capitalistic correspondence schools have already shown the possibilities of a monopoly of education. That eminent financier, John D. Rockefeller, sensing the same possibilities, has already bought and bribed numerous educational institutions. Leave him alone and he may find a means of taking over the entire educational interests of the country, just as he has absorbed so many industries. And education may be made to pay—the fellows who get a monopoly of doing the instructing for large tuition fees, and see that only the "right" things are taught.

Wall Street Might Bond the Schools
THE Weyerhaeuser interests own a million acres of land in Wisconsin alone. Another million acres are owned by five railroad lines. Practically all these big estates came from land grants. One-eleventh of all the land in Wisconsin is owned by a few men, in big bodies.

AMERICA has territory nearly as great as all Europe. It has less than half the population of Europe. Yet there are sections of the United States that are more crowded than any portion of Europe, except Belgium. German population is more restricted than any in Europe, except Belgium, with 310 to the square mile; but Massachusetts has 418 to the square mile, New Jersey 337, and Connecticut 331. France has 191 persons to the square mile, and New York state the same. The density of population in England is less than 120 to the square mile. The average density of population in all America is only 31. All this proves congestion in the United States in a more marked degree even than in any section of the world, and congestion is as dangerous with a nation as with an individual. It is folly to declaim against the condition, unless we also get at the cause and remove that.

Country Is Dominated by the Cities
The cause, in brief, is the concentration of wealth in one section of the country, through land grants, tariffs, franchises and charters permitting it to exploit the rest of the country, coupled with a complete control of the money system. So long as New York City can boast of containing more wealth than all the territory lying west of the Mississippi river, so long as the owners of the industrial and transportation stocks and bonds are given the privilege of receiving government notes in exchange for them, while other owners of property cannot do so, we shall have an increase in tenantry, an increase in congestion, in spite of all "back to the farm" movements and all preaching against things as they are. Evils are not cured by preaching against disease, but only through removing the cause of the disease.

MAKE HISTORY NOW
J. A. Wayland in *Appeal*, 1899.
Really, this is the most interesting period of the world's history. The man who is alive to that fact can help to make history now and get the privilege, without cost, of seeing the greatest endeavor the human race has ever made to move forward. Right now the race is fighting against the influences which have killed every previous civilization and which will kill this one unless the common people are equal to the occasion. No common people have been equal to it in the past and because of their ignorance and cowardice we are putting them in ten-cent museums as mummies. So if you don't want to be a mummy in some future age you would do well to strike a blow early and often for Socialism.

JUDGE CATLIN has ruled that the minimum wage law adopted by the Minnesota legislature is unconstitutional and void. The district court of California has annulled the law of that state making the withholding of wages a misdemeanor. On the basis of these decisions much of the progressive legislation in other states of the past few years is likely to be rendered null, on the *ipso facto* of a few irresponsible judges. The usurped power of the courts over legislation will be curbed when the working class definitely assumes power and not before.

Towns Can Issue Money for Own Use
THE APPEAL is asked to show how a town that has voted bonds would be able to issue negotiable paper in small denominations that would circulate as money. Inasmuch as a thing has never been attempted except in isolated communities, the masters have left the fences down; there is no law which specifies that the bonds must be in certain denominations and sold to moneyed men alone. Whether they would be

EVERY year 89,000 eviction warrants are sworn out against tenants in New York City. Yet supporters of the capitalist system, under which these evictions occur, tell you Socialism will break up the home.

How can this be a season of peace on earth with more than half the people of the world subject to the call of war? How can there be good will among men, when more than four million people are unable to find employment in America alone, because capitalism has assumed control of employment and has defaulted on its job?

DURING the year 1914, according to reports just issued by the government, 3,651 men were killed and more than 100,000 were injured in the mines of America. The report estimates that with proper appliances more than half of these might have been saved. So killing outside of war must be laid at the door of private business for profit.

W. B. TYLER calls attention to the fact that while the farmer gets only 10 cents per pound for cotton after he has planted, hoed and ginned it, when the same cotton is made into thread it requires 120 spools to weigh a pound, if the weight of the wooden spools themselves is deducted. Therefore, the cotton the farmer sold for 10 cents is sold back to him in the form of thread for \$6. Manufacture and merchandising are taking the hog's share of things.

A NEW YORK paper estimates that ten million dollars have been contributed by citizens of the metropolis for the relief of Belgian refugees. At the same time, this paper insists, ten thousand families are being evicted in the city for inability to pay rent, one hundred thousand school children are going to school every day hungry, and forty thousand men wishing work are unable to obtain it. Charity is such a perfect remedy for destitution created by the capitalist system!

THE farmers' institute for educating the farmer as to better methods by departments of agriculture is growing in power. In 1912 nearly three millions attended these institutes. Within themselves they are good. They represent the public school as touching the farmer. But after all, the problem with the farmer is not one of production, but of getting the value of what is produced. It is not so important to get rid of insect-pests, though that is important, as to get rid of human parasites that rob the working farmer of the result of his work.

THE steel trust is filling orders for equipment for various European belligerents. In view of this fact, it is interesting to note that 17 per cent of the stock of the corporation is held abroad. French capitalists own 94,000 shares in the American steel trust; and German capitalists 239,000 shares. In other words, the sale of American armor to any nation is aiding the capitalists of both France and Germany. These capitalists are, therefore, profiting in the death of their own countrymen.

A READER who has a few dollars saved, up wants to know what would become of the money now in circulation when Socialism takes effect. In considering this or any other question as to how things may be under Socialism the first thing the investigator should get clear in his mind is the fact that society is not going to sleep some night under capitalism and wake up the next morning under Socialism. Socialism is not coming that way. It is not reasonable to expect it to come that way. Socialism is a growth and nothing attains its full growth overnight. There may be some changes, and probably will be, in our money, or medium of exchange, in the years to come, just as there have been changes in the past, but it will be a slow process. There is nothing wrong with the money we now have except in the private ownership in its manufacture and private control of its circulation.

You need have no fear about the money you have saved and laid away. Socialists don't want to take it away from you; on the other hand, they want to go arrange things that nobody else can take it away from you.

AMERICA is not efficient. But this is not the fault of Americans, but of the system they tolerate. They cannot be efficient while this system continues. There are millions of acres of land lying idle in the United States; and millions of people who are unable to get to the land to cultivate it. There are great plants and factories that are not running; and thousands of men tramping the streets because they can find nothing to do. If those who wish to cultivate the soil could get to the land, the crops of America might be doubled within a year. If those who wish to work had full access to the factories, they could make all the clothing, build all the houses, manufacture all the conveniences that all the people want. It is not lack of resources, either in land or machinery; it is not lack of labor and skill that has made the people of this rich land poor. The cause lies entirely in the control of the land and machinery by a class of exploiters, who demand tribute as the price of permitting the use of the things that are necessary to life. Capitalism is crushing every nation, but in no other land in the world are the people possessed of such abounding resources and ability and so kept from the exercise of their normal powers as in the United States. It is criminal on the part of the exploiters that such a condition should prevail. It will be criminal on our part if we permit it to continue.

taken up in small denominations, like five or ten dollars, and whether they would pass as money, would, under present bank denomination of credits, depend on the public spirit of the people of the town. First, they would have to subscribe the amount voted for. Second, they would have to be willing to accept the bonds in payment of debts. The banks would probably refuse to receive them, until they were taught a lesson that their patrons wanted them. Once established as legal tender locally, not by law, but by common consent, it would mean the use of a big circulatory medium locally, and consequently improved times. They would have to be so worded as not to assume to be money, but only public notes, redeemable at the city office on certain dates, with interest to bearer at specified time and rate. This interest proposition would incline citizens to pass them on. It is possible the banks might receive them and pay out the federal notes against them. Even if they did, it would mean just that much larger circulatory medium locally.

THERE are enough builders out of work to put up a house for every homeless family in America within a year. Why are they not permitted to work? There are enough mills that are now idle to supply every man, woman and child in America with comfortable clothing within a year. Why are they not at work? There was enough raised in America in 1914 to feed every mouth in the United States for a year to come. Why is it being shipped to other lands? There are enough idle miners in America to provide coal sufficient to meet the requirements of every family and every mill in the land. Why are families cold, and why are mills and miners idle? There are enough steam and electric roads in America to carry all the goods to where they are needed, and to take everybody away for a Christmas visit. Why are the goods not distributed to all, and why must anyone who would like to make a holiday trip be deprived of the pleasure?

WOW! Your Uncle has hit back. While the president is begging the Colorado czars to please be good, while the interstate commerce committee is pleading with the railroad owners of America to not take quite all, the postmaster general has struck out and landed square on capitalism's snout. And congress told him he might do it—think of that, will you? It is this way: They are collecting a war revenue off of every shipment of goods by express. That hits the express companies, doesn't it? The funny thing is, there is no war tax on shipments by parcel post. Uncle Sam is showing Socialists how, when they induce him to go further into business, he may compete his competitors out. Of course, the express companies may get back at the people by making them pay the war tax. But your Uncle calmly says, in effect, "You don't have to pay that tax—ship by the parcel post I have provided for you and thus avoid being skinned." For once, Bully. Give your Uncle half a chance and you would find him the best friend you ever had.

Uncle Sam Hits Hard His Competitors
A READER who has a few dollars saved, up wants to know what would become of the money now in circulation when Socialism takes effect. In considering this or any other question as to how things may be under Socialism the first thing the investigator should get clear in his mind is the fact that society is not going to sleep some night under capitalism and wake up the next morning under Socialism. Socialism is not coming that way. It is not reasonable to expect it to come that way. Socialism is a growth and nothing attains its full growth overnight. There may be some changes, and probably will be, in our money, or medium of exchange, in the years to come, just as there have been changes in the past, but it will be a slow process. There is nothing wrong with the money we now have except in the private ownership in its manufacture and private control of its circulation.

Your Money Will Not Be Taken Away
You need have no fear about the money you have saved and laid away. Socialists don't want to take it away from you; on the other hand, they want to go arrange things that nobody else can take it away from you.

AMERICA is not efficient. But this is not the fault of Americans, but of the system they tolerate. They cannot be efficient while this system continues. There are millions of acres of land lying idle in the United States; and millions of people who are unable to get to the land to cultivate it. There are great plants and factories that are not running; and thousands of men tramping the streets because they can find nothing to do. If those who wish to cultivate the soil could get to the land, the crops of America might be doubled within a year. If those who wish to work had full access to the factories, they could make all the clothing, build all the houses, manufacture all the conveniences that all the people want. It is not lack of resources, either in land or machinery; it is not lack of labor and skill that has made the people of this rich land poor. The cause lies entirely in the control of the land and machinery by a class of exploiters, who demand tribute as the price of permitting the use of the things that are necessary to life. Capitalism is crushing every nation, but in no other land in the world are the people possessed of such abounding resources and ability and so kept from the exercise of their normal powers as in the United States. It is criminal on the part of the exploiters that such a condition should prevail. It will be criminal on our part if we permit it to continue.

It's Criminal for Us to Be Submissive
ONE OF THE big old line companies is advertising "a world's insurance democracy." Under the guise of "mutualization" and fake popular rule it is seeking to sell stock of the par value of \$50 at \$455 per share to the "little fellows" who are ambitious to get in on big things. In other words, the stockholders wish to cash out at nine times their investment, and throw the future burden on the policy holders, with the management still in the same old hands. Perhaps the tendency to actual "mutualization," under which the whole people will bear the losses of the individual through socialization of insurance, is influencing toward the attempted unloading of the "investment." The fact that nine times as much as was actually paid in is asked for the property is proof of the tremendous graft that there has been in life insurance. All such insurance is in itself an arraignment of present unsafe conditions, therefore an argument against the capitalist system under which it is possible. It must be obvious to the thinker that if conditions of life and livelihood were safe, if society did what its social organization is supposed to do, safeguarded all the people instead of providing exploiters for the destruction of the many, there would be absolutely no need of life insurance.

They Seek to Unload Their Stocks
THE MASTERS have been seeking to lay the blame for the cotton situation on the European war. But the latest farmers' bulletin, issued by the department of agriculture, fully disproves the claim, and by inference places the blame on the manufacturers of cotton in the United States. In other words, the cotton crisis is due to a conspiracy for the purpose of ruining the south for the benefit of a clique in the northeastern states. Let us quote expressions from the bulletin in which reference was made above. "With the exception of 1911 the cotton crop of 1914 is the largest on record. The 1914 crop is expected to be about 15,360,000 bales of 500 pounds each." That much for the size of the crop. Now as to what is needed by American mills alone: "From the crop of 1913 over 5,500,000 bales (out of a crop of 14,000,000 bales) were kept for mills in this country. . . . The quantity shipped to these mills from August 1 to October 16, 1914, amounted only to 262,000 bales, compared with 538,000 in 1913, 506,000 in 1912, and 550,000 in 1911." Yet with Europe unable to manufacture and demanding clothing in quantities, the demand for American manufactured cotton goods is clearly more than ever before. The farmers were anxious to sell. But "while the quantity of cotton ginned up to November 1, 1914, was larger than for that period for any previous year for which the record exists, the quantity marketed this year is unusually low. . . . for the past three years the amount ginned but not marketed up to October 16 has been from 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 running bales. . . . This year the total quantity entering into the commercial movement during the same period was 1,443,000 bales." In other words, the eastern mills had orders for cotton goods; they were, through the bankers controlling all industry, given government notes with which to do business; but, in spite of all this, refused to buy cotton as they had done hitherto. In the meantime, the cotton farmer was starving and the cotton mill operator was idle and hopeless. But the looters hoped to buy cotton cheap and thus gain large loot at the expense of others of his countrymen. Listen: "The average price to producers on November 1, 1914, was 6.3 cents per pound; on the same date in 1913 the average price was 13 cents; in 1912, 10.5 cents; in 1910, 14 cents." See what profit this means to the looters that Uncle Sam has placed in full charge of the money and industry of the land! As for the farmer: "The results of the investigation of 1910 show the cost of producing cotton to be 8.24 cents per pound." The farmer, through conspiracy on the part of the manufacturers of cotton, of the capitalists to whom has been turned all the industries of America, all the credit of the country, all the responsibility of employing the people, is given two cents per pound less than it actually costs him to raise cotton. No wonder the Night Riders and Possum Hunters are abroad! But they should learn to use a more effective weapon, namely, the ballot.

THE APPEAL is asked how a tie maker would fare under Socialism. The tie maker, now, is a peculiar character. Usually he lives in the back woods, makes and hauls ties to town, a long distance, and sells to a sub-contractor to a contractor. The result is, he receives about a fourth what the railroad pays for the tie. It is no wonder he often "fudges" on unoccupied land in order to make even \$2 a day. Should Socialism come while timber was yet used for ties, there are two probable changes: 1st, the contract system would be abolished, and the "tie whacker" would receive about double for his work that he does now. Or, second, the ties would be made off government land for government railroads, with the best of machinery, paying the worker more and getting the ties cheaper than the railroads now pay. In that case, they who now make ties would find new avenues opening to them that would make their income much greater than it is now, and the isolation would be made less marked by through trolley lines and other means. But the probability is that the railroad tie—even though Socialism should not come—will soon be a thing of the past. Concrete foundation will take the place of the wooden sleeper called the tie. In that case, the tie whacker will pass, along with the old cradler, and new and better methods will supersede the old. If capitalism prevails those methods will still involve the exploitation of the worker; if Socialism is in force the exploitation will be ended.