

NATIONAL RIP-SAW.



OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

Vol. V, No. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY, 1908.

WHOLE NO. 51.

COONS, COURTS AND CUSSEDNESS

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, has had many a nasty, filthy, abominable, rotten, rank, infernal, polluted mess stirred up by the millionaires of that grimy old city, as you will bear in mind, gentle Annie, that Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is the home of the Thaws, as Harry, the human pervert, first saw the light of day in that "burg;" and we could mention a number of abominations which were hatched out in that city by the "FOUR HUNDRED;" but it remains for Hartje, the multi-millionaire, to put the cap upon this festering, putrid mess of "big moneys."

Millionaire Hartje was considered one of the PROMINENT MEN of Pittsburg, but his PROMINENCE, when boiled down to a brown gravy and spread out so that the public can get a good "squint" and "sniff" of it, looks and smells just like the average MILLIONAIRE'S PROMINENCE looks and smells when trotted out for public inspection.

This man Hartje had a falling out with his wife, and we suppose that he had a feeling nestling around the place where any other man's heart is located (but of course this brute didn't have any heart), that he wanted to do like

millionaire Frick did sometime ago, throw the wife of his boyhood overboard and marry a younger and more bucksome lass, but didn't know how to work up a case sufficiently strong to get a divorce; so he bribed his "coon" coachman—yes, a darned, black, thick-lipped, kinky-headed "nigger" to make oath that he had been unduly intimate with Mrs. Hartje.

Now, any husband but a Pittsburg millionaire husband, would rather have been disembowled and had his carcass burnt into ashes and the ashes fed to a tropical hurricane than to have had such a tale come out about his wife, no matter if it was true, as the most awful accusation that could possibly be laid against any white woman, no matter how onery she was, would be to accuse her of being unduly intimate with a dam "nigger;" but this fiend Hartje, as this "nigger" coachman later swore, HIRED him to perjure himself and lay this awful accusation against his own wife.

The Prosecuting Attorney of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, feeling that did he let this orgy of nastiness, filth, bribery and crime go unnoticed that he would be a perjurer himself, instituted proceedings against both Hartje and his coachman, WHO IS AN HONOR TO

HARTJE, and brought them to trial for their criminalities and proved, without a shadow of doubt, that Hartje did bribe his "nigger" coachman to swear a lie in order to blacken the character of Mrs. Hartje, as this "nigger" tool CONFESSED THAT HE DID LIE; but a Pittsburg judge, by the name of McFarlan, stopped the trial, after all of these heinous, awful facts had been proven, and instructed the jury to acquit not only Hartje, but this "nigger" also.

The jury who was trying this case of nastiness, and filthiness, protested against following this judge's instructions and openly declared that "THIS FELLOW IS GUILTY—GUILTY AS HELL," and made further protest against following the instructions of Judge McFarlan by asking the following questions and making the following declarations: "WHY SHOULD WE, WHO HAVE SWORN TO TRY THIS CASE FAIRLY, DECLARE HIM INNOCENT? WE WILL NOT PERJURE OURSELVES."—But this Pittsburg judge demanded that these Pittsburg jurors bring in a verdict of acquittal and declare both Hartje and his "nigger" coachman INNOCENT, and gave them to understand that they MUST bring in this kind of a verdict under pain of contempt of his court; and he frightened this Pittsburg jury into following his instructions, and caused them to thereby PERJURE them-

selves by setting Hartje and his "nigger" tool at liberty.—No, we did not say that McFarlan, this Pittsburg judge, had been bought, nor we're not going to say it, as we would then be in contempt of McFarlan's court; but we'll be darned if we're going to fall out with our friends over what they think

The millionaires of Pittsburg invariably oppose SOCIALISM because they say it will DISRUPT THE HOME; but there has never been a SOCIALIST so black-hearted, so villainous and so damnably low down that he would hire a "nigger" to ruin the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children, and we do not believe that you could rake hell with a fine comb and find a lost soul so low, outside of the corner situated away down on the south side of hell, and occupied by millionaires, that would be guilty of such an awful crime.

Yes, Hartje is one of Pittsburg's PROMINENT MEN? and after this nasty, brutal, villainous attempt to blacken and destroy every hope of the woman he swore to love and protect, and who is the mother of the children of his own loins, this same Hartje, this same brute, who hired his "nigger" coachman to swear a lie, and that lie the blackest in the annals of crime, will be counseled by the politicians of Pennsylvania in regard to his preferences as to who shall and who shall not be elected to fill the offices of not only Pennsylvania, but of the na-

Belshazzar of biblical times ate grass like an ass, and the average laboring man of today votes like an ass's papa.

WATSON AND WILLIAMS

tion, and the selection that this class of men will make will be the men whom a large per cent of the THINKLESS TOILERS of not only Pennsylvania, but of the nation, will cast their ballots for.—Why, if the sovereign manhood of Pennsylvania, and more especially of Pittsburg, would do their full and complete duty, they would make it so hot for not only Hartje and his "nigger" tool, but for Judge McFarlan, that this trio would be in such a hurry to get away from the State of Pennsylvania, and especially from Pittsburg, that they would hire a flying machine to transport them.—But Judge McFarlan will retain his seat and continue to dish out JUSTICE (?) just as he darned pleases.

As stated before we do not say that Judge McFarlan was bribed by Hartje to render the decision that he did, and coerce the jury into swearing a lie in the manner that he did, but if I was in heaven where the laws of Christ ruled supreme and where Justice stood at the back of a man for expressing himself as he really felt, I would turn a celestial flour barrel upside down and crawl upon its top end, and declare that I'll be cussed if it didn't look that way to us.—SELAH.



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On the second day of last month, the National People's Party met in convention in St. Louis, Missouri.—The "Bryanites" came down from Nebraska and Minnesota loaded to the muzzle with FUSION, FUDGE and FLAP-DOODLE.—They tried to play the same old game that they played in favor of Bryan and his flip-flop tactics a few years ago; but there was a different class of men in this St. Louis convention to what there has generally been in the National People's Party Convention before, and when the name of Bryan was mentioned the average delegate took it upon himself to hoot, hiss and howl like a Comanche Indian full of "bug juice", and one of the delegates at the mention of Bryan's name expressed himself in a manner that we hope that Mr. Bryan will never be compelled to experience; as this gentleman, at the mention of "WILLIE'S" name, yelled: "TO HELL WITH BRYAN."

After the oratory was over and the red fire had been extinguished, the People's Party got down to business and nominated Thomas E. Watson of Georgia for president, and Samuel W. Williams of Indiana for Vice-President.

The RIP-SAW has taken Thomas E. Watson to task a number of times for "butting-into" the RIP-SAW'S business and villifying its policy, and for condemning the principles of Socialism; but we make the assertion right here and now, and we make it with pleasure, that THOMAS E. WATSON OF GEORGIA, IS A SON THAT NO PEOPLE'S PARTY MAN need be ashamed of; as, at heart, this man Watson is in sympathy with all of down-trodden humanity, and should he be elected he would make a president of the United States that every HONEST Democrat, Republican, Populist or Socialist could be proud of, so far as a man of brains, and man of character and a man of convictions is concerned.

We are not acquainted with Samuel E. Williams of Indiana; therefore, know nothing for nor against him, but we do not believe that the People's party would have nominated Samuel E. Williams for

their Vice-President had they not known him to be a man in all the word implies.

Tom Watson, God bless him, with all his faults, and with propensities that would entitle him to the Russian name of "BUTT-IN-SKY," has got a gold streak running clear through his make-up.—Tom has seen the light with only one eye; but as far as he has seen it he has had the manhood to follow it; but he has not followed it far enough for it to lead him to the refreshing oasis of Socialism; but so far as Tom has gone he has had the manhood in his soul to strip his shirt for battle, and it's a royal fight that Thomas E. Watson puts up; and there's but few that dare meet this sun-kissed son of Georgia in battle array, as when that auburn

top-knotted bunch of brains from Henry Grady's state gets in action the cuticle flies from the hypocritical flanks of political soothe-sayers.

We sympathize with Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, as the editor of this journal was at one time as blind a Republican as Watson was a Democrat, but when the scales after a long time, began to drop from our Republican eyes, as they did from Thomas E. Watson's Democratic eyes, and we learned that Populism was a rung higher up the ladder of evolution, then we denounced Republicanism as Thomas E. Watson did Democracy, and cast our lot and our all with Populism, as did Thomas E. Watson.

We followed the bright path of Populism until we learned that it stopped short of reaching the zenith of humanity's expectations; but we

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did not forsake her with the hatred that we did the Republican party, as we have always remembered her tear-stained face as a sister's, filled full of the love of humanity.—Populism, as stated before, is only an inner cycle in the wheel of evolution which leads to the outer circle of this wheel, and which is now known as SOCIALISM.

Ah, the time is not far distant when Thomas E. Watson will learn his mistake, and may the god of our destinies hasten that time, as then SOCIALISM will have a warrior whose clarion voice will ring around the world in defense of oppressed humanity.—Here's our hand, Tom, and the RIP-SAW will never throw a chunk in your march of evolution, but will be found forever standing upon the battlements of Socialism awaiting your coming and will be one of the first to reach down and help drag you upon our breastworks and say WELCOME, WELCOME, WELCOME, THRICE WELCOME ART THOU, YE SON OF GEORGIA.

In dear old London, "Hingland," and in one of London's most fashionable streets, there has recently been opened up a toilet club for dogs—yes, dog-gonned dogs.

Of course this "Toilet Club" is not used for the accommodation of just common everyday dogs who belong to those who perform the work of London, but it is for the benefit of the "purps" who belong to the big dogs who wear pants and pantaletts.—In this dog club, the "Smart Set," who are generally a set of robust damphools, can tote their gold-collared dogs, and have their hair dressed to immaculate perfection, and these poodles can be bathed, and can have their teeth extracted, if little Fido happens to have the tooth-ache, and have their claws trimmed and manicured; and after all of this is done, then they have their gold-braided wraps put about their dear little bodies and their goggles placed

THE HAG'S HELL

The time is not far distant when the ignorant working rabble of England will arouse from their sleep or imbecility, and demand that which is justly due them, and when such time arrives, "THE HAG'S HELL" will be a desolate old spot, and the children of the working men and women of London will then be treated as children, and not as inferiors to the mangy curs of the wealthy.

The wealthy of America are patterning after the royalty of Europe, as you can find dog and cat hospitals in our American cities which were organized for the sole purpose of looking after the poodles of the over-fed of this land, while hundreds of thousands of little boys and girls die yearly upon straw pallets in attic rooms, and are never taken to a hospital where they can have half the attention that the dogs of the rich have.—We wonder how long those who produce the

wealth of the world will tolerate such damnable and diabolical treatment.—We also wonder how long it will take the serfs of England and other king-cursed countries to learn that the kings and queens of such countries as England, number among their friends the exact class who patronize such clubs as "THE HAG'S HELL?"—The patrons of this "HAG'S HELL" and all other similar clubs, are the staunch friends of such men as King Edward of England and "Dutch Bill" of Germany, and the SLAVE MASTERS of America; but still you, Mr. Voter, you THINKLESS, ONE-GALLUSED IDIOT, persist in casting your votes for this very class of men, and their agents to make and execute your laws.—HOW LONG, OH LORD! HOW LONG," will such cussedness upon the part of the voters remain to curse them and their offspring?

REMEMBER THAT SHOULD YOU FAIL TO RECEIVE THE RIP-SAW PROMPTLY, THAT PERHAPS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED, AS YOU MUST BEAR IN MIND THAT ACCORDING TO THE LAST RULING OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT THAT NO MONTHLY JOURNAL IS ALLOWED TO CREDIT ANY SUBSCRIBER MORE THAN FOUR MONTHS WITHOUT LOSING THEIR POSTAL PRIVILEGES.

For TWO THOUSAND YEARS preachers and priests have been MISREPRESENTING the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and the thinkless rabble have paid them for the job, and your MASTERS have grown fat off of your ignorance.

over their eyes, and are then gently placed in the automobile of their mistresses and are taken for their morning's outing.

This "dog club" is, so far, strictly a ladies' club, but we would not want to call such biped petticoat wearers ladies, as no woman with a heart in her as big as a chigger's egg could lavishly spend money upon a worthless dog while the streets of all London are surging with a marching, half-clothed, and half-starved army of fathers, mothers and children.

This dog club has aroused the toiling masses of London to an almost uncurbed fury, and they have nicknamed that dog club "THE HAG'S HELL," and it is well and truly named, as no woman with a particle of womanly feeling in her bosom could spend fabulous amounts upon their dogs while an uncounted host of little thin-lipped, pale-faced children march up and down the streets crying for bread; and the name of "THE HAG'S HELL" is a very appropriate name for this club, as no one but a female HAG could possibly find it in her heart to take a "rake-off" from the sturdy arm of toil and spend it upon a frowzly cur.

This country has two great "RUNNERS."—Bryan has run about five hundred thousand dollars

into his flank, and "Teddy" has RUN the government in the ground.

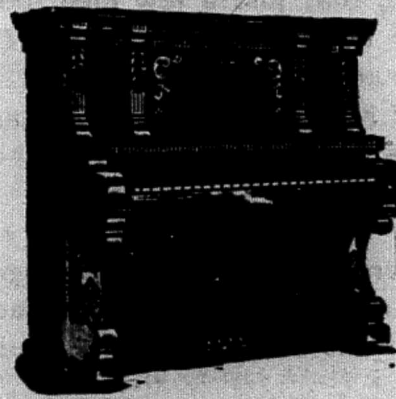
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We mean by this, in offering premiums or any other offers; therefore, in writing the "RIP-SAW" relative to anything, with the exception of reading matter, please address your communications direct to "THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW," which will save the Editor a lot of trouble, as we have no financial interests whatever in this publication, only as an Editor, as we do not own nor control a single cent's worth of interest in the paper, and only work on a salary. All communications pertaining to the subscription department, or advertising department, please address to "THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW."

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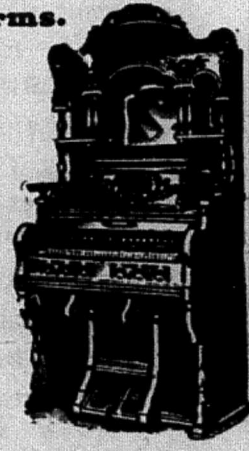


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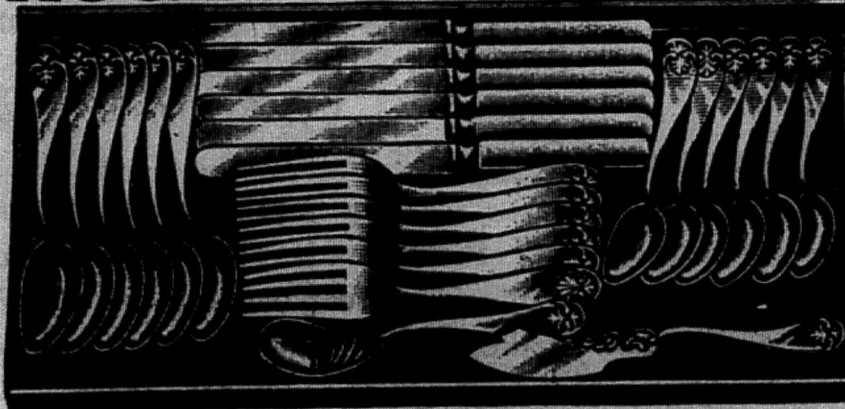
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"Soup houses" are now jointly the property of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

All that Socialism asks of any man is to THINK.—Will you do it?

The Supreme Court is a "SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM" for the rich rogues.—SHAME.

There's two things that Mr. Bryan's "COMMONER" is good for.—One is to keep him continually "RUNNIN'."

This is the year for Republican and Democratic "hot air;" however, "Rube" don't breathe it as sweetly as he used to.

I've got no pity for a tramp so long as he continues to cast his vote for those who live in affluence by him being kept a tramp.

The only perceptible difference between "Teddy's" and Bryan's tactics are, "Teddy" wants Taft and Bryan wants it himself.

A voter is the only animal other than the MULE that will eat the worst that he himself produces, and serve his MASTER the next day without a protest.

How do you like that kind of talk, Mr. Vot-er-straight-jackass?

As long as there are "MASTERS AND SLAVES" there'll be class hatred, and I thank God that the working mules have yet got sense enough to feel that hatred.

If we had no exceedingly rich men we would have but few exceedingly poor ones; but so long as millions are robbed of a part of what they earn, there'll be millionaires created by that robbery, and paupers created by the same process.

In a late edition of the "New York World" it exclaims, "SHALL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY DIE?"—Gee-whizz! Mr. World, what are you talking about? Didn't you know that "Willie" of the Platte killed that old thing a long time ago, by one of his many "FLOPS?"

Remember boy, that not many months ago W. H. Taft, who wants to be president, DRANK TO THE HEALTH OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—One of the damdest brutes that ever cumbered the earth.

vote either the Republican or Democratic ticket, and you'll not be disappointed.

I wouldn't give the puniest kind of a dam for a religion that removes the desire from me for a decent earthly home, warm clothes, and healthful "grub" for my wife and children.—Dog-gone your "mansions in the sky" while me and mine have to go in our shirt tails down here below.

The man who says that PROSPERITY can die in a day, as it did a few months ago, is a liar, as there's just as many "WANTS" today and as many willing arms to work now as when we were told prosperity was rampant.—There has never been any prosperity only for our MASTERS.

There's just as many pairs of feet to be shod, as many backs to be clothed, and as many stomachs to be filled now as before the panic, then why a panic? Ah! simply because it PAYS your MASTERS to have one, as it makes you VOTING, WORKING MULES tame,

SUBMIT OR STARVE

Mr. Voter, if you are a man who earns your bread in the sweat of your face, don't forget that J. Pierpont Morgan is the king, the giant and the High Priest of the SLAVE MASTERS OF AMERICA; and while you remember this, also remember what he said a short time ago in regard to the men who earn their bread by toil; here it is:—"THE WORKING MEN HAVE GOT NO JOBS NOW.—SO WHAT CAN THEY DO?—THEY WILL HAVE TO SUBMIT OR THEY WILL STARVE."

J. Pierpont Morgan, in this heartless little declaration, voiced the sentiment of every boss, of every SLAVE MASTER and every millionaire, of not only this country, but every other land, as he is acknowledged to be the ruling spirit of plutocracy and wealth, both in America and Europe; so get it into your mind, Mr. Reader, that this same J. Pierpont Morgan is the mouthpiece of those who employ labor.

If you are satisfied to have your MASTERS declare to you that you MUST SUBMIT to their inhuman tactics or STARVE, then what this man Morgan has said about the laborers of the world will not grate harshly upon your ears, but if you have the brains of an idiot and the manhood of a mangy cur dog, this expression of Morgan's will make your blood boil and seethe along every vein and artery in your physical person, and you will rebuke Morgan and his class at the ballot box next fall.

How do you like the idea of realizing that just a few men like J. Pierpont Morgan so completely own and control EIGHTY MILLION AMERICAN CITIZENS that they brazenly declare that this EIGHTY MILLION AMERICAN CITIZENS MUST SUBMIT to the damnable, fiendish and heartless tactics of the millionaire class, or STARVE?

This man Morgan, as well as those of his kind, was never better pleased than at the present time, as the miseries of those who toil is as a sweet morsel upon their ungodly tongues, as they have learned that SLAVES are the most profitable chattel that was ever owned by MASTERS.

Again we want to impress upon your mind, Mr. Reader, that J. Pierpont Morgan speaks OFFICIALLY for the millionaire class of America; therefore, let what he has said forever burn upon your memories, and if you will do this, your manhood will rebel against his rule at the ballot box, and he and his class will as surely go down to defeat next November as the sun rises on that morning.—Oh Toilers! be men once in your lives and give the Morgans to understand that your SLAVERY has not completely paralyzed your manhood.

"BIG STICKS" always fall the heaviest on unprotected heads.—Remember this, "Rube."

I would rather vote for what I wanted and not get it, than to vote for what I didn't want and get it.

The man who does things for "POLICY'S SAKE" is a rogue, and nothing else.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."—How's your heart, "Rube?" Haven't you got about enough of "HOPING" for something from the Republican and Democratic parties?

J. Pierpont Morgan says that the panic is a great blessing, as it will make laboring men glad to work for any wage offered them.—

—Do you want a well-wisher of the Czar of Russia to rule you, son?

Toil creates all things, but uses only the POOREST.—Who enjoys the BEST? Your MASTER, my son, who refuses to soil his hands by toil?—Are you satisfied with this state of affairs, Mr. Workman? If you are, then continue to

and you do their bidding without a protest.

"JUSTICE" never decreed that a MASTER should be permitted to confiscate a part of my daily toil to his own use.

There's no reason on earth why an HONEST MAN should be humble.—Humble men are generally the tools of rogues.

CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

By
A. M. KINNEY.

Captain of Industry, a title of greed,
Borne by a man who makes avarice his creed;
Worshipping Mammon from earliest youth;
Known for his hatred of justice and truth.

Captain of Industry, a Plutocrat proud,
A money stuffed swine-ocrat, spurning the crowd;
Flaunting his riches in poverty's face;
Never heeding the reckoning that's coming apace

Captain of Industry, Past Master of gain,
Boldly following in the footsteps of Cain;
Rudely crushing all who stand in his path;
Destroying all creatures who awaken his wrath.

Captain of Industry, a hypocrite bold,
Buying religion with blood-tainted gold;
Mouthing God's name in his blasphemous prayers,
Making of churches a foil for his snares.

Captain of Industry, a driver of slaves;
Owner of serfs from their birth to their graves;
Cracking his lash of starvation in glee
Over cowardly workers who claim to be free.

Captain of Industry, meaning a thief,
O'er all the great criminals he towers as chief;
Herding his victims into foul tenement hives;
Stealing their labor, their manhood and lives.

Captain of Industry, a disgrace to our soil;
Debauching our Congress with a share of his spoil;
Flying judges and courts as a tail to his kite;
A menace to Liberty, to Justice a blight.

Captain of Industry, High Priest of finance,
Leading humanity in a horrible dance;
Making of nations a plaything, a tool;
Binding mankind hard and fast to his rule.

Captain of Industry, one day you will stand
At the bar of a court your gold cannot damn!
At the bar of a people, aroused from their shame,
Who forever will banish your self and your name!

No one but a fool will continue to have faith in a set of men who have betrayed them time after time. —How about your FAITH in the Republican and Democratic parties, son?

"Rube," did it ever appear to you that YOU, yes YOU, YOU DAMPHOOL, pay all the railroad, bank and other dividends which your MASTERS enjoy? WON'T YOU THINK?

Parable of the Tobacco Seed

BY J. M. MARCEE

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed, which exceedingly small being cast into the ground grew, and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad so that huge and vile worms formed a habitation thereon. And it came to pass in the course of time, the sons of man looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hands and did chew thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass, that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly and said, "We are enslaved and cannot cease from chewing it." And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul; and they were seized with a violent spitting; and they did spit, even in the ladies' parlors, and in the house of the Lord. And the saints of the most high were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze insomuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And others cunningly wrought the leaves into rolls and did set fire to the other end thereof, and did suck vehemently at the other end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like; and the smoke of their torment did ascend up like a fog. And the cultivation

thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth; and the merchants waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the professed saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith; even the poor who could not buy shoes, nor bread nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith and said, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

"Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh." "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye excommunicated." "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing." So go to it, ye sons of iniquity and manufacture of long-cut, bull-durham, climax, horse-shoe, star and honey-boy. And more power to the cigarette fiend that he may become saturated to such an extent that he will transmit the habit to his offspring, and make weaning from the bottle a pleasure to the late-begettings by taking up the habit that his monkey-faced father instilled in him; for Mamma's bosom will be as flat and hairy as Papa's in those henceforth days of flying machines and aircastle dwellings.

MASTERS learned thousands of years ago, that if they expected to completely control their SLAVES that they must own the land. — Are you going to continue to vote for your MASTER or his agent, Mr. Renter, and Mr. Day-laborer?

"AWAY DOWN LOW IN DIXIE"

By the time you receive this issue of the RIP-SAW its editor will be a citizen of the State of Tennessee, as he has bought a little "patch" of ground just outside of the corporate limits of Nashville, Tenn., and will move there about the twenty-fifth of April; therefore at the time you are reading this notice I will be "AWAY DOWN LOW IN DIXIE" eating "yams," turnip greens, hog's jowl and hoe cake.

The business office of the RIP-SAW will, of course, still remain in St. Louis, Missouri, and all letters pertaining to SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISING OR ANY BUSINESS OF THE RIP-SAW must be addressed to our St. Louis office; but the letters intended for the editor PERSONALLY, either from friends or those desiring to give us the dickens, should be addressed to NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, as that will be our post-office. — Our home is not in the city; therefore, we have no street address; but should anyone stray into the city and have anything that they want to give us, excepting a black eye, if they will take the BELMONT AVENUE CAR AND TELL THE CONDUCTOR TO PUT THEM OFF AT THE TERMINUS OF THAT CAR LINE, AND THEN WILL TAKE A "HAW" PULL UP THE HILLSBORO PIKE AND INQUIRE OF THE FIRST "DARKEY" THEY MEET, THEY WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN LOCATING US, and if we don't give you a hearty welcome, it will be on account of our grub being short. — It may be that we have fooled some of our friends, in fact we are quite sure that we have, as we received a letter from one of our ADMIRING FRIENDS, the other day, stating that he knew we would go "SOUTH" after we died, but he didn't think that we would undertake such a "WARM" trip while alive; but if he had been called as many mean names as we have, and had been consigned to Hades as often as we have, he would have known that the WARMER the climate the better we liked it; so we've gone to NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, to make that our future home, or at least while in the flesh. — Come and see us, boys, whenever you are in that "burg," and we'll stew up the very best we've got in the pantry. — (EDITOR.)

A MODERN JUDAS

There is a REVEREND in Kendallville, Indiana, whose last name is Arrick, and whose first name is A. Judson, and combining this tripod combination, you have a name that sounds something like Rev. A. Judson Arrick.—This Reverend Arrick, we understand is a Presbyterian preacher, and the other day when he was commenting upon the panicky conditions of this country, he made the following declaration: "IF I WERE OUT OF WORK, AND HAD NOTHING TO DO, I WOULD GO OUT IN THE COUNTRY AND FIND A JOB. I AM SURE I COULD GET ENOUGH TO DO TO EARN AT LEAST ONE MEAL, AND PROBABLY I COULD GET ENOUGH TO DO TO EARN MY KEEP. THERE IS ALWAYS MUCH MORE WORK TO BE DONE IN THE COUNTRY THAN THERE ARE MEN AVAILABLE TO DO IT."—You have heard of Judas Iscariot, haven't you? Of course you have, as he was the "buck" that betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver; there has been many "Judas" since that time, but none, in our estimation, so damnably low as the Reverend A. Judson Arrick, as he unblushingly recommends to his congregation and the laboring world at large, that they betray their wives and their children when they get hard up, and out of work, and sneak off somewhere and hire out to some farmer, for their board, and let their wives and two, five or ten children starve and bedam; as he says that "IF I WERE OUT OF WORK AND HAD NOTHING TO DO, I WOULD GO OUT IN THE COUNTRY AND EARN AT LEAST ONE MEAL PER DAY; but he never said a

thing about what the laborer, who would be mean enough to do this, should do with his wife and babies.

The expression that the Reverend A. Judson Arrick uses, "IF I WERE OUT OF WORK" is enough to make an ossified Comanche Indian grin. Why, bless Brother Arrick's soul, he's enjoyed his holy graft so long that he has really come to the conclusion that it's work.

If Brother Arrick realized that he had to go to work, ten to one he would slip out in the country and commit suicide; for a man that would recommend to his fellow-man that when he got out of work that he leave home and work for his board while his wife and babies starve to death, is a man, in the estimation of the RIP-SAW, that would rather die as dead as Hec than work.

When Bill Taft was asked what a man should do in a panic like this and out of work and starving, his reply was "GOD KNOWS;" but the Rev. A. Judson Arrick, of Kendallville, Indiana, solves the puzzle, and virtually recommends to the members of his church who are out of work and starving that they let their wives and children go to hell and go out in the country and work for their board, like one farmer who has one horse more than he needs lets some other farmer have it for his fodder.—I'll bet that Bill Taft is tickled to death that the Reverend A. Judson Arrick has found a solution for this perplexing problem, and we imagine that from this time forward, Brother Taft will have no trouble in explaining to the great army of men out of work how they can keep from starving if they are willing to let their wives and babies starve to death while they get at least that one meal a day that the Reverend Arrick seems to think is sufficient for a laborer.

This man Arrick, is very swift to recommend to his congregation that they leave the cities and stroll out in the country and work for one meal a day; but we'll bet a coon-skin against a Barlow pocket-knife, that he couldn't put his ear to the ground and hear the Lord call him out in the country to preach for two hundred dollars a

year, no matter how loud the Lord yelled.—No, no, Brother Arrick would become as deaf as a gate post under these conditions.

The Reverend A. Judson Arrick exposes his ignorance on the labor question when he recommends that men go out in the country in the winter time to find work among the farmers; for if he knew anything about conditions in the country he would know that there is not one farmer out of ten that would even give a man his board and washing to work for him during the months of December, January and February, and it would be darned hard on a working man's constitution to hibernate for three months and suck his "paw," as the average working man's belly won't do much business on wind for three months at a stretch, and should he undertake to follow the advice of the Rev. A. Judson Arrick, methinks he would wake up in either Beulah Land or hell, before the daisies bloomed again.

It's awful easy for a preacher who is furnished a house free of

rent and whose members dig down in their pockets and cough up to the tune of seven hundred and fifty dollars to two thousand dollars a year, to support, to give advice to the poor devil in his shirt tail; but the romance soon rubs off when he gets up against the real thing, and works for a SLAVE MASTER for any old wage he pleases to give.—We will now sing:

"Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold"
and prepare to become "A MODERN JUDAS," and leave our wives and babies behind to starve to death while, we meander out in the country to work for our board, and leave behind us the noble-minded Rev. A. Judson Arrick, to live in affluence and ease off of his superstitious dupes.—Mighty, mighty, mighty is the powerful intellect of the Rev. A. Judson Arrick.—Long may he live to give the laborer advice and teach him how to live on one meal a day, while his wife and babies wend their way "Over the hills to the poor house."—Holy, holy, holy, thrice holy is thy great name, ye Arrick.—And this is the class of "sky scouts" that dam Socialism and preach absolute obedience to MASTERS.



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BRAIN AND THRIFT

Since time was a "kid," the RULING CLASS have been telling us and having their stump speakers tell us, that the only thing that brings success to an individual in this round old world is "brain and thrift."—They talk long and loud to us about this man and that man who are now millionaires starting out in life with naught but their hands.—They tell us that those who fail in the race for wealth are laggarts, drones and ambitionless mortals; and the average partisan voter throws up his hat in idiotic glee, and believes that the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the Morgans, the Goulds, the Harrimans and all of those who have become millionaires have wrung their success from their brothers simply because of their "brain and thrift."—These men and all others who are mil-

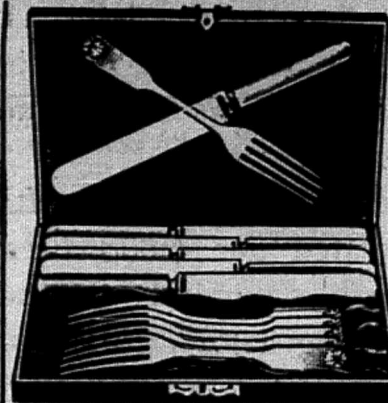
lionaire, or was it on the account of a roguish set of officials that made it possible for this iron master to rob his own countrymen of so much that he is able to give millions upon top of millions of dollars to erect libraries while those who fashion the iron and steel which the tariff enables him to sell at his own price, live like SLAVES all about his grimy mills?—Ah! it was by being permitted to hold up his fellow-man at the muzzle of a damnable tariff law and make them pay into his pockets these multiplied millions which he is today erecting libraries with while those who delve and slave in his iron mills famish for bread.

It was an easy task for old "Andy" Carnegie to become a multi-millionaire when the tariff laws of America made it possible for this old "skunk" to sell iron and steel at his own price to his own countrymen, when it is a demonstrated fact that he DOES SELL the same iron and the same steel in foreign lands,

compared with the multiplied millions of poverty-stricken men, and hold them up as examples to the voters, and tell them that these men started as poor boys, and by their keen foresight and great thrift they became millionaires; when such statements are LIES CUT FROM THE WHOLE CLOTH, as no man could possibly, in the short span of life, if he be honest, accumulate a million dollars without laying hold upon the energies of his weaker brothers to do so.

Was it "brain and thrift" that has made John D. Rockefeller the richest man in the world? Ah! no, it was the cunning of a thief that

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ONCE MORE

From every section of the country and more especially from the NORTH, the enemies of this journal, and the political grafters in particular, are making the statement that the editor of this journal is a "SOUTHERN REBEL," a dyed in the wool "DEMOCRAT," a "BUTTERNUT," and that his father was a "SLAVE OWNER."—We have, many times in the past, stated that we were born and raised in the State of Indiana, and that our father was a Republican from hell-to-breakfast, and that both sides of our house were, and are the strongest and rankest sort of Republicans; and hated a Democrat worse than the devil hates "holy water," and that I, myself, had never voted anything but the Republican ticket until I shed by old political snake-like hide; and I will give any man A THOUSAND DOLLARS that will prove that I ever voted the Democratic ticket; but I am just as SORRY that I ever voted the Republican ticket, as I am GLAD that I never voted a Democratic ticket.—Now, the only reason in the world that the politicians of the Northern States are telling their constituents that the editor of this journal is a "DEMOCRAT," a "REBEL," a "BUTTERNUT." and his father was a slave owner, is because this journal has gotten so "TARNATION" big that they are royally afraid of it, and they have come to the conclusion that the only way they can counteract its influence is by telling some darn lie on its editor.

lionaires and who did not inherit their millions, have ALWAYS come into possession of these millions not by "brain and thrift" by any manner of means, but by some under-handed piece of chicanery which gave them the advantage over other men; and this class of men being a class who are conscienceless took advantage of their fellow-man, and from his efforts which they correlated by either natural resources or by damnable laws enacted for their special benefit, have accumulated millions while their brothers who possessed as much brain power, and as great thrift as they, went down in the struggle.

Our millionaires and their political henchmen pick out a few men, AND VERY FEW AT THAT,

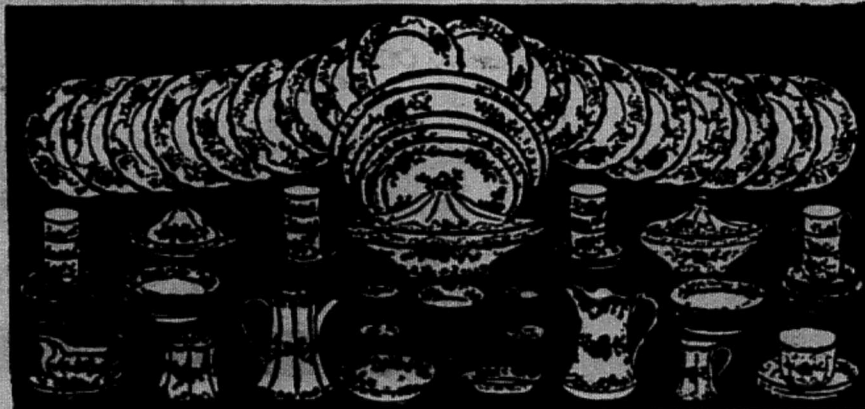
and pays the freight, at a MUCH LESS PRICE than he sells it to American customers right in the city where he manufactures it.—Then tell me was it old "Andy" Carnegie's "brain and thrift" that caused him to become a multi-mil-

placed in this human devil's coffers so much money that he is today measuring his strength with the government.—I say, it was by the IGNORANT ballots of American freemen permitting him to control that which God GAVE his children,

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and bribing legislators, congressmen and senators, and buying courts that has made John D. Rockefeller the wealthiest man in the world, and not his "brain and thrift."

If it was "brain and thrift" that has created our millionaires, why do these scoundrels depend upon buying legislators, congressmen, senators and courts? For if their brain is so weighty, and their thrift so great, why are they afraid to march out on a level and upon an equal basis with their fellow-man, and put up an honest fight? Ah! simply because they realize the fact that there is no brain so great and no thrift so thrifty that it will, within the short span of life, enable them to accumulate a million dollars; and this is why the RULING CLASS of America buy up our officials like cattle to do their bidding; as they have long since learned that EQUALITY means giving every man the same chance, and they do not want all other men to have the same chance that they have; therefore, they resort to cunning and cussedness; and this is why, Mr. Reader, that the FEW enjoy all of the good things of life and the MANY who create these good things are their SLAVES.

Have the bankers of America, during the present panic, demonstrated to the public that it was their "brain and thrift" that caused them to accumulate their millions? Not by any manner of means, for at the first signal of distress these vety men who will brazenly tell you that those who control the wealth of the land have accomplished this feat by their "brain and thrift" hastened to the coffers of the government and persuaded their TOOLS to open these coffers and pour into their laps the money that has been gathered in by taxing the people, and their entreaties met with success, as multiplied millions of the PEOPLE'S MONEY was handed over to them WITHOUT INTEREST, and they were permitted to

loan it to their fellow-man at as much interest as they could hold them up for; but still they tell us that the only reason why the powerful rich have accumulated their millions is because of their "brain and thrift," when the fact of the matter is that these millions were gathered in simply because they have been given the advantage over the masses, and permitted to PILLAGE their interests by laws enacted for this RULING CLASS' benefit.

Ah! there's not a millionaire on earth that is willing to step out in the broad glare of public scrutiny and take "pot luck" with his fellow-man and depend upon their INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS for their success, as they invariably demand an ADVANTAGE over their brother and resort to THEFT and BRIBERY in order to get it; and then after they have been permitted, by SPECIAL PRIVILEGES to rob their brothers, they and their hired tools brazenly tell the public that their success is traceable to their "brain and thrift."

You can set down in the midst of the laboring world, the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Carnegies, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, the Armours, the Swifts, or all of the multi-millionaires if you please, and take from them their GRAFT, and SPECIAL PRIVILEGES, and the advantages which they enjoy by political scull-duggery, and start them out in life today moneyless, and propertyless, as are the toilers of the land, and give all an EQUAL CHANCE, and remove from these PAMPERED DEVILS all of the advantages that they have so long enjoyed, and they will be the first to go down in the struggle; as they have depended so long upon the efforts of others, and have been permitted so long to have laws enacted for their OWN SPECIAL BENEFIT that they have become incapacitated to march out upon the broad plains of honest effort and wring success out of their individual labors.

Mr. Reader, when your political stump-speakers, who are in the majority of cases, and especially if they are of national repute, the INTIMATE FRIENDS, and often the HIRED TOOLS of those who have been granted every advantage over you, tell you that these MONSTER ROBBERS OF THE UNIVERSE have brought about success by their "brain and thrift,"

ever bear in mind that it's a LIE PLACED IN THEIR MOUTHS BY THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN ENJOYING THESE SPECIAL PRIVILEGES, and done for no other purpose under God's heavens than to make you believe that why the average man fails is because he is a lazy brainless lout; when the REAL REASON that NINETY-FIVE PER CENT fail is because FIVE PER CENT have, BY PILLAGE, been permitted by law to rob them.—Wake up! boys, wake up! for God's sake, wake up! and THINK for yourselves, and when you do this, you cannot help but recognize the fact that the toilers of this land are today, ONLY HUMAN CHATTLES GROPING THROUGH THIS WORLD TO BE USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO BY TREASONABLE METHODS HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO ENJOY THE LARGER PART OF THAT WHICH YOU BY YOUR OWN HANDS CREATED.—I say, wake up! to the realization that Republicanism and Democracy have been tried, and each year that they were on trial, they have sunk those who elected their henchmen to office by their ballots, lower into the dregs of poverty.—There is no relief for those who create the wealth of the world, other than by CONTROLLING THAT WHICH THEY CREATE, and no party except SOCIALISM believes in and advocates those beautiful, rational and Christ-like principles.—If you are a toiler, how, OH HOW, can you continue casting your vote for this FIVE PER CENT who have been robbing you of the largest part of your efforts for lo! these many years? And why are you not a Socialist?


REMEMBER!

That in writing the editor of this Journal PERSONAL letters, to always address them to Nashville, Tenn., as he lives on his little "patch" at that point. But all letters pertaining to either SUBSCRIPTIONS or ADVERTISING MUST be addressed to the ST. LOUIS OFFICE. However all letters of a PERSONAL nature should be forwarded to him at NASHVILLE, TENN., to insure prompt attention.

PHILIP WAGNER,
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THE RACYCLE MANUFACTORY, MIDDLETOWN, O.



This handsome Toilet Combination Box, at our special introductory price, is the most wonderful bargain ever offered and has proved beyond question a great big winner for agents. Anyone who will work 4 to 6 hours a day can easily make \$5 to \$10 daily. \$2.00 premium free with first order. Write for full particulars. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 483 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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High grade genuine American full seven ruby jeweled watch, quick trail lever escapement, a perfect beauty, guaranteed to keep correct time for 20 years. Fitted in richly engraved double hinged gold finished case. Positively the greatest bargain on the face of the earth. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch and a beautiful chain to you by express for examination. If as represented pay express agent \$3.75 and express charge and they are yours. Mention also wanted LADY'S or GENT'S. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

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and over 1500 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, baked pork and beans, rice, soap, pure foods extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for Catalog telling "How the Housewife Can Furnish Her Home Without Cost." "How to Save Money on Your Household Expenses."—H. & R. Co., Dept. 488, Chicago.

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"Our greatest danger now in this country is corporate wealth."
—Wendell Phillips.

WHO'S LIED?

There's not a Socialist paper in America, nor anywhere else for that matter, but what made the prediction that Harry Orchard, the self-confessed murderer, thief, wife deserter, child abandoner, and an all around rogue, criminal, cut-throat and everything else that is heinous, hideous and heartless, would NEVER hang; as the Socialist press believed that this human devil had been promised that his neck would never be broken if he

would help to break the necks of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone; and the Socialist press declared its opinion over and over again, and as often as we made this prediction just that often the Pinkerton detectives and mine owners of Colorado and Idaho called us anarchists and everything else that was mean and abominable; but when Harry Orchard plead guilty in Judge Freemont Wood's court in Idaho a short time ago, Judge Freemont Wood

tain itself on cross-examination. A man may be able to frame his story and testify to a brief statement of facts involving a short single transaction.

"But I can not conceive of a case where even the greatest intellect can conceive a story of crime covering years of duration, with constantly shifting scenes and changing characters, and maintain that story with circumstantial detail as to times, places, persons and particular circumstances, and under as merciless a cross-examination as was ever given a witness in an American court, unless the witness

jury A SET OF LIARS AND PERJURERS?—Ah! this was the only play that could be made to save the neck of this LYING, DAMNABLE, SCOUNDREL, and in our estimation, according to arrangements previously made with those in power, Harry Orchard knew as well, when he was testifying, that he would never hang for his perjury as he knows it today, as the RIP-SAW believes and always will believe, that what is coming to light at the present time is enough to make a FOOL believe it; and Harry Orchard, we believe, before he took the witness stand, was traded and bartered with, and given to understand that if he would swear to a lot of damnable lies and

NOTICE!

We desire to ask our exchanges to, in the future, please address their periodicals to NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, as we have left St. Jacob, Illinois; therefore, please make the change upon your subscription list AT ONCE, as we do not want to miss a single issue of one of our exchanges — Make the change RIGHT NOW, boys, as I have left St. Jacob, Illinois, and thank the Lord I didn't leave with a tin pan tied to my tail either, as I got out before they could find a can.

FREE

THIS SUIT AND FIELD GLASSES BOTH GIVEN AWAY



Send No Money WE TRUST YOU Both These Articles **FREE**

We give you absolutely **FREE** THIS HANDSOME BOYS SUIT any size



and this fine pair of specially made guaranteed lenses field glasses. Each pair of glasses warranted. Free for selling only 25 of our new fast selling novelties for ladies or gentlemen wear at 10c. each. These novelties sell at sight. No man or lady will refuse to buy immediately. They are the handsomest on the market; a guarantee is sent with the goods. You get both this elegant BOYS' SUIT made from a high class pattern, size guaranteed, and this elegant pair of

FIELD GLASSES with warranted lenses, for selling only 25 of these novelties. **NO MONEY REQUIRED. WE TRUST YOU WITH THE GOODS.** Write to-day and receive one of these handsome suits, and a pair of these elegant field glasses absolutely **FREE**. THE STANLEY MFG. CO., 134 Van Buren St., Dept. 303 CHICAGO, ILL.

stepped in, as the Socialist press had predicted, and recommended to the Pardon Board of Idaho that this murderer, Orchard, be sent to prison for life, BUT NOT HUNG UNTIL HE WAS DEAD, DEAD, DEAD.—The following is what Judge Freemont Wood had to say after rendering a decision which he was compelled to render.

"I am more than satisfied that the defendant now at the bar of this court awaiting final sentence not only acted in good faith in making the disclosures he did, but that he also testified fully and fairly to the whole truth, withholding nothing that was material, and declaring nothing which had not actually taken place.

"It was the particular province of the court to observe and follow this witness upon former trials, and I am of the opinion that no man living could conceive the stories of crime told by the witness and maintain himself under the merciless fire of the leading cross-examination attorneys of the country, unless upon the theory that he was testifying to facts and circumstances which had an actual existence within his own experience.

"A child can testify truly and main-

thus testifying was speaking truthfully and without any attempt either to misrepresent or conceal.

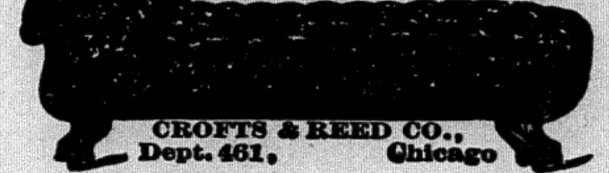
"Believing as I do that the defendant acted in good faith, and that when called as a witness for the state he told all and withheld nothing, I can the more readily fulfill the duty that I consider the law imposes upon me.

"The recommendation of the court to the Pardon Board is that the sentence of the court about to be imposed upon this defendant be commuted, and that the death penalty be remitted."

We wonder what the jury that tried William Haywood and George Pettibone thinks of this man Wood who declares that he believes that Orchard testified FULLY AND FAIRLY TO THE WHOLE TRUTH?—Yes, we would like to know what this jury of twelve men who tried both Haywood and Pettibone thinks of Freemont Wood, who has virtually called this

ASK US HOW WE GIVE A This Fine Couch

and 1200 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, baked pork and beans, rice, soaps, pure foods, extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for our catalog telling "How the Housewife Can Furnish Her Home Without Cost" and "How the Housewife Can Save \$10 every few weeks." A postal will do.



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\$5.00 DRESSES ANY MAN FREE TRIAL OFFER



I WILL give you my splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearers and save every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for \$5.00 and not one cent more. This is my stylish ten-piece outfit — 1 Stylishly tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair mendi-proof hose, 1 Chesterfield tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons. To be safe in securing this offer send at once for tape, order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price.

F. O. LINDQUIST, Manager CANADA MILLS CO., Do 220 GREENVILLE, MICH.

See page TWELVE.—This is the greatest subscription offer the RIP-SAW or any other newspaper ever made a reading public.—Read every word of this great offer, and act immediately.



\$300 TO \$500 A MONTH IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

I handle real estate on the co-operative plan, the most profitable way, and need you, no matter where you are located. \$10 capital will start you. Experience unnecessary, as I prepare you by mail and appoint you my Special Representative. A splendid chance for men without capital to become independent for life.

Cut out coupon and send to me for my entitled "The Real Estate Business FREE BOOK and Its Present Day Opportunities." It also explains my plan of co-operation for those holding steady positions to turn their spare time into dollars. Write name and address plainly

C. H. GRAY, Pres., 262 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Name..... P. O. State..... A 2

cause Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone to be hanged, that he would never hang for his crime, and we believe that that part of the bargain is being kept today.

We would like to ask Judge Wood how it comes that he can BELIEVE Harry Orchard, who is a confessed criminal in everything that pertains to crime, and DISBELIEVE hundreds of other witnesses who have never been proven guilty of a SINGLE CRIME?—Yes, we would like to know how it comes that Judge Freemont Wood can work himself up to the point of BELIEVING that all the other witnesses, which numbered scores, were liars and perjurers and that this infernal scoundrel, Harry Orchard, who brazenly and without a tear in his eyes declared that he had murdered a score of men, and forsook his wife, and abandoned his own flesh and blood, was telling the TRUTH, and that all of those who contradicted him SWORE A LIE?

Doesn't it look funny to you, Mr. Reader, that Judge Freemont Wood, if there had not been some arrangements made prior to Haywood and Pettibone's trial, would at the last moment step in to save Orchard's roguish neck, and virtually brand the twelve men who tried Haywood and Pettibone as PERJURERS AND LIARS AND EACH OF THE WITNESSES IN THEIR BEHALF AS PERJURERS AND LIARS, AND DECLARE THAT THEY HAD ALL SWORN FALSELY, AND HAD PERJURED THEMSELVES AND THAT THIS ONE LOW DOWN SCOUNDREL AND MURDERER HAD SWORN THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? When by Orchard's own confession, which he made under oath, he declared himself to be a man WHO NEVER KNEW THE TRUTH, and would, for the paltry sum of one hundred dollars, or less, kill a man who had never done him injury?—Ah! every man in the States of Idaho and Colorado, yea in the United States, could not convince the RIP-SAW after what Judge Wood has said, and after his recommendation that Harry Orchard be not hung, that there had

not been a trade made with this villainous brute before he swore to his infernal lies, that for his heartlessness in trying to fasten the crime of murder upon Haywood and Pettibone that he would never be hung; as this journal as firmly believes that Harry Orchard knew as well when he was, by lies as black as hell, undertaking to murder Haywood and Pettibone upon the gallows, that he would not have his neck stretched for his crimes as he knows it today, and if Judge Freemont Wood's recommendation doesn't warrant any man with a thimble full of brains in arriving at that conclusion, then it is impossible for actions and words to mean anything.—Mr. Reader, go back again and read what Judge Freemont Wood said after sentencing Harry Orchard to be hung, and if you are not so everlastingly prejudiced or so everlastingly ignorant that you can't see things in their true light, you can't help but believe that this trial of Haywood and Pettibone was a prearranged and concocted scheme to hang these poor boys upon the evidence of a scoundrel whose heart is blacker than the demons in hell; and if you will think from the bottom of your heart, you will surely arrive at the conclusion that those who were trying to railroad these boys to the gallows knew that such a trade and bargain had been made with this scoundrel, Harry Orchard.

Do you suppose for one moment that if the jury had found Haywood and Pettibone guilty that this same Judge Freemont Wood, when sentencing them to death, would have recommended to the Pardon Board of the State of Idaho, that they be not hung and that their lives be spared? Ah! no, this same Judge Freemont Wood would have passed the sentence of death upon these poor innocent boys with a twinkle in his eye, and never recommended to the Pardon Board that their necks be saved, as the scheme was to hang these boys upon the evidence of a murderer and perjurer such as has never been known in any civilized nation; and the RIP-SAW believes that the Pinkerton detectives who worked up the case wove the evidence inch by inch and taught it to this scoundrel Harry Orchard word by word, and that arrangements had been made before he swore his notorious lies that he would never be hung for the crime.

Whether Judge Wood is guilty or not guilty of carrying out any

part in such an agreement, men who are honest and who think intelligently will FOREVER believe that Judge Wood was paying a pledge to this scoundrel Harry Orchard, made before his trial, that he should never die for the damnable part he played in this infamous outrage of trying to railroad Haywood, Pettibone and Moyer to the gallows in order to get rid of men who were not afraid to beard the lion of greed in its loathsome den.

Again we want to repeat, isn't it strange, ah! very strange, that Judge Freemont Wood who presided at the trial of both Haywood and Pettibone, could be worked up to the point of believing that ALL WHO CONTRADICTED ORCHARD'S TESTIMONY WERE INFAMOUS LIARS, and that Orchard alone was the ONLY MAN THAT SWORE THE TRUTH?—I say isn't it queer that Judge Wood only could see GOOD, VIRTUE, TRUTH and SAINTLINESS in this fiend, Harry Orchard, when the twelve jurors who paid as close attention to the evidence as did Judge Wood, could not find enough evidence to convict either Haywood or Pettibone?—Ah! "YOU CAN FOOL ALL THE PEOPLE A PART OF THE TIME, AND A PART OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME," and if Judge Freemont Wood thinks that he has fooled anybody he's the only man that's fooled.

There never was a more heinous scheme ever hatched out by heartless devils than was hatched by the Mine Owners' Association in the Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone case, and it will go down into history as the crime of the Twentieth Century, and the older Judge Freemont Wood grows, the more hate will be heaped upon his head by the calloused-handed yeomanry of America; for as the years glide by it will become more and more apparent that Harry Orchard had been PROMISED, before he swore his infamous lies, THAT HE WOULD NEVER DIE FOR HIS CRIME.

Will the toilers of America let this great lesson slip by without being aroused to the danger of their liberties if they permit money controlled Judges to occupy the position that some now occupy?—Ah! had there been no resort to a jury, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone would all three have been mouldering today in martyr's

graves, as what Judge Freemont Wood has said is evidence enough to convince any sane man that he and his sympathizers are BITTERLY SORRY that these three persecuted boys had the privilege of calling upon their peers to sit in judgment at their trial; as any sane man can judge from what Judge Freemont Wood delivered himself of, that had he himself, been permitted to exercise his power, that Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone would today be DEAD, DEAD, DEAD.

WE WANT TO ASK YOU, MR. READER, WHO HAS LIED IN REGARD TO THE PREDICTIONS OF A TRADE BEING MADE WITH HARRY ORCHARD BY THE MINE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION THAT HE SHOULD NEVER DIE FOR THE CRIME WHICH HE WAS PAID TO COMMIT IN ORDER TO BREAK THE NECKS OF THREE AS GALLANT BOYS AS THE WORLD EVER KNEW? Was it those who were in sympathy with Judge Freemont Wood and his kind, or was it the Socialist press of America that lied, when it told the laboring world THAT HARRY ORCHARD WOULD NEVER HANG FOR HIS CONFESSED CRIMES?

If there never had been any other evidence laid before the eyes of the laboring world but this one infamous case, it ought to be enough to arouse those who have heretofore voted the Republican and Democratic ticket and make them declare that NEVER AGAIN would they cast their votes to perpetuate in power that gang which Judge Wood's recommendations plainly indicate that he sympathizes with.

Had it not been for the Socialist newspapers of America, Judge Wood and his sympathizers would have had their way, and Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone would today be rotting in a grave dug by as criminal a class as ever disgraced the fair name of Columbia.—Wake up, boys! and register your manhood at the ballot box, and give such men as the Mine Owners' Association to understand that their reign is over.—Boys, you belong to the Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone class and this is why such men as Judge Wood and his ilk hate and despise you, and weep when their schemes to destroy you are thwarted by American manhood.

GLORY! the government has reduced the tariff on champagne.—Oh! how kind the government is to the big rich; but not a cent's reduction on what the laborer must have or perish.—It's hell, isn't it, son?

See page TWELVE.—This is the greatest subscription offer the RIP-SAW or any other newspaper ever made a reading public.—Read every word of this great offer, and act immediately.

Kidney and Liver Troubles

STOMACH AND LUNG TROUBLES

OR A WEAK CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD
CAN BE CURED WITHOUT A DROP OF MEDICINE

We Prove It to You

We Prove every statement we make. We do not ask you to take our word as final evidence.

When we say that disease can be cured without the use of medicine we mean every word we say. Every word of it is true. We know it to be true because in the past quarter of a century we have proved it to our own satisfaction and to the joyful satisfaction of thousands of others.

We are constantly on the lookout for other diseases to prove it on. We prove it to anybody—in fact, we want to prove it to everybody. We do not care what the disease is, nor how severe it is, nor how many other diseases are complicated with it. We can show you parallel cases that have been cured by the famous Thacher Magnetic Shields, and these cases are sound and well today as living monuments to the grand revitalizing power of Magnetism.

These Magnetic Shields keep the body bathed in a constant stream of Magnetism, which floods the system with its life and energy.

Patients are often told that they have incurable diseases. We want to tell you right here that nearly all of these cases can be cured, and we can prove it to you. More than 75 per cent of all the patients that we have cured were first given up as beyond all hope of cure, and they have been made sound and well by applying Magnetism according to scientific instructions.

All we ask of you is to send us a full statement of your case so that we may give it a careful study, and we will advise you fully by letter just what can be done for you, and how it can be done.

We will agree to tell you all about it and prove to you, by evidence that cannot be denied, that all we say is true.

We will point you to cases of paralysis, consumption, diabetes, Bright's disease, locomotor ataxia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, tumors, nervous prostration, obesity and a hundred and one other diseases that are called incurable. We can show you the most incontestable proof that we have cured them.

We have cured these cases after they had been given up to die.

When you write, don't be afraid that we are going to try to sell you something. We know that if we can prove to your satisfaction all we say, you will want the Thacher Magnetic Shields without any urging from us, because we prove that they will do just what we say they will do. There is nothing else on earth to take their place, and do as much as they can do. Read the evidence in these letters from grateful patrons who have been cured.



This cut shows how the magnetic waves from the VEST, which is one of the most powerful shields we manufacture, envelop the entire trunk of the body and saturate the patient with powerful magnetic vibrations. The vest contains over 400 powerful magnetic storage batteries constantly radiating over 800 streams of magnetic energy into the vital organs and nerve centers, keeping the patient continually bathed in a stream of this revitalizing force. We make shields for every part of the body, all described in our new book, "A Plain Road to Health." Free to all who send descriptions of their cases.

READ THIS POSITIVE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE:

PARALYZED FOR OVER TWO YEARS.

Cured by Magnetic Shields After the Best Medical Aid Had Failed

Dear Doctor Thacher:—I cannot very well blame people for believing in medicine and trash, as they have been educated in this way, the same as I was. But thanks to God I got my eyes opened, and everyone else will if they use common sense and study Nature's laws, and if they can be made to believe in, and use Magnetism as described by Doctor Thacher, and wear his shields according to his directions, any disease can be cured that can be cured by any other method, and besides in my own experience, they will cure two-thirds of all diseases that other methods have failed to cure.

I was paralyzed about eighteen years ago; helpless for two years. The best medical aid that was in the state failed to benefit me. I could not walk, and had to be helped all the time. I did not believe in the Magnetic Shields when I first heard of them, but the more I studied the matter, the more I became convinced that they were what I needed because they would keep the blood circulating rapidly at all times. I sent to Doctor Thacher and got a suit of Magnetic Shields and put them on and began to feel a change in six hours' time. I continued to get better right along, and in two weeks I could walk half a mile without getting exhausted. My neighbors all wondered at my improvement and asked me what I was doing, and I told them that I was wearing Magnetic Shields. The Shields have made me feel young again. I am now fifty-four years of age and travel from two to five miles every day on foot in my canvassing business, during extreme hot weather in August.

I make this statement for the benefit of suffering humanity so that those afflicted with paralysis may see what can be accomplished by the use of Magnetism.

Thanking you for the many favors granted me, I am,
Yours truly,
AARON DEAN, Stuart, Iowa.

SERIOUS COMPLICATION OF LUNG, STOMACH AND KIDNEY TROUBLE A Marvelous Chicago Recovery.

Dr. Thacher.
Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to testify to the perfect cure I have gained by using your wonderful Shields. After suffering fifteen years with stomach troubles, although doctoring the greater part of the time, I kept getting worse, until I was the victim of a severe complication of stomach and kidney trouble, which a year and a half ago all seemed to go to my lungs. Had dreadful pains, lost my appetite, could not sleep, became so very weak I could hardly walk across the floor, and not

able to do my work. At times when my pains were not so severe I would try to read, but could not for more than five minutes at a time, as I was very nervous. My family and friends thought I could not last another month. I was getting tired of taking medicine. Nothing helped me. I happened to see your advertisement in the paper, which read, "Magnetism Cures Without Medicine." I thought "While there is life there is hope." So just one year ago today I put on your wonderful Magnetic Vest, Leggings and Insoles. The result was a miracle, for in two days I felt relieved; in a week very much better; in three weeks entirely cured.

Words cannot express how thankful I am to you for your kind advice; also for the treatment, to which I owe my life. May you live long for suffering humanity's sake. May your great and sure cure be known a great deal better than it is today.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. O. RAY, 993 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF CHRONIC STOMACH TROUBLE AND PILES Restored to Youthful Vigor at Age of Sixty-Four.

March 6, 1906.

Dear Dr. Thacher: It is now eleven years since I first made my acquaintance with the Magnetic Shields. I was then a physical wreck from indigestion and piles, which made life a burden to my existence. I had suffered with a weak stomach from my boyhood, and in the army I contracted the piles and other complicated conditions which disabled me from active work. One day I called at a house and for the first time learned of the Magnetic Shields. The book, "Plain Road to Health," had been sent to those people, and I got it and read it. I recognized and felt the truth of your statements in that valuable work and concluded that I would send for a Belt and Leggings. I soon felt a new impetus of life and general improvement. My piles left me in three days, and I never had them since. I recovered my health perfectly, and am now in my sixty-fourth year and I am as sound and active as I was at twenty. I wear the Shields every winter and I am always free from colds, grip, etc. I never have any "tired feeling," and "under the weather," as the majority of people tell about their feelings. I have no aches and pains, because the Magnetic vibration of the Shields has re-established perfect circulation of my blood to every fiber of my body; hence my perfect vigor of youth at the advanced age of sixty-four years.

I desire to have this statement published that it may go out for the benefit of humanity. I shall gladly answer anyone wishing to know more of my case, and the nature of this treatment. I am yours with love and gratitude.

N. AEBISCHER, Wausau, Wis.

We have thousands of just such letters. They come unsolicited in every mail every day in the year. People write us from Maine to California, stating they have been cured of diseases that had been considered incurable. Do not be discouraged. Do not give up hope—no matter if you have been told your trouble could not be cured. Investigate our claims. It is a duty you owe yourself. All we ask is for you to write us a full and complete description of your case and let us PROVE THAT WE CAN CURE YOU. We will send you free of charge our new book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," by C. I. Thacher, M. D., containing most valuable information on this subject, and we will advise you just what application of MAGNETISM will be required to cure your case. Write us fully today and we will take the same careful pains to advise you as if you could call at the office and see us in person.

The greatest comfort and luxury of modern days; magnetic fire under your feet, the greatest life protector known, your feet kept warm all the time, even if standing in water, snow and ice. A pair of Foot-Batteries, the smallest shields we make, worn in the shoes, will convince the most doubting skeptic of the curative value of Magnetism. \$1.00 per pair or three pairs for \$2.00 for single power. \$2.00 per pair or three pairs for \$4.00 for double power. Send size of shoe when ordering Foot-Batteries.

Warm Feet
THACHER MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,

**SUITE 125, 169 WABASH AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.**

OUR WONDERFUL OFFER!

One whole year
for only

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

LESS THAN 3 CENTS A MONTH
We want a **MILLION**
SUBSCRIBERS.

LISTEN!!

We propose to furnish this journal to our readers **ONE WHOLE YEAR** for only **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS**, if sent in clubs of **THREE** or more at a time.

READ HOW TO GET IT. You will find two coupons below. Get two of your neighbors to subscribe with you, making **THREE** subscribers, and cut out one of these coupons and send it to us with **ONLY ONE DOLLAR AND FIVE CENTS**, and all three of you will receive the **RIP-SAW ONE WHOLE YEAR**.

REMEMBER! That we will **NOT** send this paper to any **SINGLE** SUBSCRIBER one year for thirty-five cents, as you must send in a club of **THREE OR MORE** to get this great journal at this unheard-of low price.

BEAR IN MIND that you **MUST** send in one of the coupons to entitle you to this great reduction. Try to send us in two clubs before the end of the month.

DON'T FORGET that this great offer expires on the first day of June, 1908—next month.

RIP-SAW COUPON

If this coupon is returned to us with a remittance of only **One Dollar and Five Cents**, on or before **June 1st, 1908**, we will mail this journal to three persons one whole year.

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW,
PHILIP WAGNER, Manager.

RIP-SAW COUPON

If this coupon is returned to us with a remittance of only **One Dollar and Five Cents**, on or before **June 1st, 1908**, we will mail this journal to three persons one whole year.

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW,
PHILIP WAGNER, Manager.

READ CAREFULLY. We will not accept stamps **UNDER ANY CONDITIONS**, as we have thousands of them. Neither will we accept **PERSONAL CHECKS** unless fifteen cents extra is added to pay exchange. We hope our friends will each try to send us in at least twenty new subscribers.

A LAST WORD. Do not forget that we **WILL NOT** enter any subscriber at thirty-five cents for a full year unless **AS MANY OR MORE THAN THREE** names are sent in at one time and **ONE DOLLAR AND FIVE CENTS** to pay for same. **ACT NOW**, as this **GREAT OFFER** will expire on the first day of next month—June. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

Sample Copies
Furnished Free.

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

WE'RE AFTER YOU

In nearly every daily Democratic and Republican newspaper in this country there has recently appeared nearly a four-column article of solid matter written by C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., giving Socialism and the principles it advocates and union labor particular Hades. —This article, no doubt, many thousands of our readers have noticed, as it was entitled "THEY'RE AFTER YOU."

Perhaps you have drunk "POSTUM," and perhaps you have eaten "GRAPE NUTS" and other stuff put up at Battle Creek, Mich., by this man Post, and if you have, you have been adding to the already fabulous fortune of C. W. Post, the man who takes this dirty flog at the laboring world.—I have eaten some of his products; but so help me, "GRIPE-NUTS," there'll never another particle of his products enter my intestines to "GRIPE" them.

This man Post makes the declar-

ation in the article herein referred to, that the Socialist party's idea is to take that which the honest man earns and give it to the lazy cuss. —This is as dirty a falsehood as ever the manufacturer of "GRIPE-NUTS" told in his life.—Further on in his ramble, he states that Socialism is a contest between the unthrifty and the thrifty class and states that the unthrifty class are trying to wrest the property from the HOME OWNING CLASS. —This is another falsehood told either ignorantly or premeditatedly, as Socialism is an organization gotten up to create a HOME OWNING CLASS and permit the poverty-stricken masses to OWN THEIR OWN HOMES instead of permitting the MASTER CLASS to make vassal slaves of them and compel them to live in rented shacks.

Does C. W. Post, the manufacturer of "POSTUM," "GRIPE-NUTS" and other breakfast foods,

realize that today, **LESS THAN TWENTY PER CENT OF THOSE WHO LIVE IN OUR LARGE CITIES OWN THEIR OWN HOMES, AND THAT HIS CLASS, AND THE MILLIONAIRES IN GENERAL OWN THE OTHER EIGHTY PER CENT, IN WHICH THE SLAVES OF AMERICA EXIST?**

Ah! full well does he know these awful truths, but it is his object to blind the laboring world to the beauties of Socialism and thereby permit the millionaires to more heartlessly fasten their grasp upon the throat of toil.

The next time that you go to drink C. W. Post's "POSTUM," and eat some of his "GRIPE NUTS" and other products, remember that he has branded those who oppose the present system of **MASTER AND SLAVE** as "WILD-EYED DIRTY-FINGER-NAILED-CHAPS," and if his

Be an Actor or Actress. No profession so profitable. Send for beautiful book explaining our method of Home Study. Book and particulars free. Address
Majestic School of Acting,
206 Watrous Building, Dept. 56, Des Moines, Iowa

WOMEN make Big Money selling our Lady Toilet Specialties and Rubber Necessities. The work is pleasant and easy. Send for free catalogs and particulars. Norman Doris Co., 5901 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED
Sell our Big \$1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents—**200 Per Cent Profit.**
Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.
F. R. GREENE, Dept. 15, 25 Lake St., Chicago

25 HAND-SOME POST CARDS FOR 10 CTS.
55 BEAUTIFUL COLORED CARDS of Friendship, Greeting, Art, Scenery, Pretty Girls, Floral, Novelty and Comic no two alike; each worth 2 to 5c; with big catalog (500 illustrations) and list of 1000 card exchanges, all sent you for only 10 cts. **ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 143, 321 Leavell Ave., CINCINNATI.**

Robust, Vigorous Men
are made out of weak, sick and disease-tortured men by Vitae-Ore, the tonic and healer which has cured thousands of men in all parts of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. It is offered on trial, free for the asking. Read advertisement on last page and write for a package of Vitae-Ore today.

GREENBACKS \$1570 IN STAGE 10c MONEY FOR
Get a bunch of Singo Greenbacks (not counterfeit) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of \$1570 for 10 cts. **S. DRAKE, DEPT. 248, 1941 HARRISON ST., CHICAGO.**

\$21 A Week to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Home territory. **American Home Supply Co., Dept. A. H. 5, Chicago.**

AGENTS PORTRAITS 25c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 2c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-12 W. Adams St., Chicago.

COUPON 25c Beautiful Assorted Post Cards mailed to any 10c address for **No. 1215** Birthday, Holiday, U. S. Battleships, U. S. Capital, etc. Sold at some stores at 2 for 5 cents and others 5 cts. each. **DEFIANCE STUDIO, 65 W. Broadway, New York.**

products don't choke you, if you are a laboring man, then you can swallow anything and take any kind of an insult without becoming choked.

In this half-page of rot, written by C. W. Post, he makes the following declaration: "THE WORTHY WORKMEN ARE SELDOM UNEMPLOYED." Great God! is it possible that such men as C. W. Post really believe that the average workman is so densely ignorant that he cannot recognize in this statement as black and as two-faced a falsehood as was ever uttered? as a second-rate idiot knows full well that today hundreds of thousands of high-class mechanics are out of employment, and that they and their families are starving.

We are glad to know that with all of C. W. Post's cunning, he showed his cloven hoof and claws so plainly in this article that there is no laboring man of intelligence but what can discern that the article was written by one of the MASTER CLASS, or their agent, as he winds up his harrangue in this manner: "COMMUNICATIONS CAN BE ADDRESSED TO THE NATIONAL CITIZENS' INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES BUILDING, NEW YORK."—When C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Michigan, wrote this article, he wrote it presuming that the average reader did not understand who it was that constituted the NATIONAL CITIZENS' IN-

DUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION; but this organization is well known to the majority of men who toil, and more especially to those who live in the towns and cities of America, as in every large city there is a branch of this NATIONAL CITIZENS' INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, and its boss members are composed of MILLIONAIRES, IRON MASTERS, COAL BARONS, BANKERS and millionaires in general, and the only reason that it was called THE NATIONAL CITIZENS' INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION was in order to fool the thinkless rabble once more, as they imagined that the word "CITIZENS" would leave the impression that it was an organization of all classes and kinds of people; but this one error of C. W. Post's causes his entire logic to fall flat, and shows his cunning up in a manner that will have no effect upon the laboring world.

Go ahead, boys, and drink all the "POSTUM" and eat all the "GRIPE-NUTS" and all the other products that C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Michigan, manufactures, if you like, but as for me and my household, we will eat rye straw without bran, before we will permit any man who has grown rich off of our ignorance to grow any richer, as he has called us a "WILD-EYED DIRTY-FINGER-NAILED SET," simply because we rebel at permitting the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Fricks, the Harrimans, the Belmonts, the "Teddy Bears" and the Bill Tafts to make human asses of us.—Me and mine from this time forward will examine what we buy, and the name of C. W. Post will make us drop it like a hot tater, and the name BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, will make us wonder a darned lot whether or not C. W. Post, in some way is not reaping a "rake-off," and methinks that the product manufactured in some other town in Michigan will get our business.—You people can do as you darned please, but for me and mine, C. W. Post and his products can go to HALLELUJAH.—Yes, Brother Post, "THEY'RE AFTER YOU," as we're dead next to you, and your "GRIPE-NUTS," and we would permit ourselves to become so cussed thin that we would have to call in a physician to tell whether we had the back-ache or the belly-ache before we would ever eat another crumb manufactured by a man who would call the toilers of



Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM.** I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot ~~ceax~~ Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot ~~ceax~~ it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot ~~ceax~~ it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, and **cures them quickly.**

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU
If you will only let me do it. I will prove much **in One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read our offer below and write to us immediately.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!
We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each.** This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid.** There will be **nothing to pay on receipt or later.** Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a One Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send the 25 cents for charges.** Address **KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B.H. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO**

SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send for catalog. Agents wanted. **OCULIST OPTICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.**

Free Deafness Cure.
A remarkable offer made by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, Dr. Branaman offers to all applying at once two full months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure permanently Deafness, Head Noises, and Catarrh in every stage. Address: **Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1359 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.**

AGENTS \$25 A WEEK EASILY MADE selling our 14 new patented articles. No scheme. No risk. Sample Free. **A. M. YOUNG & CO., 164 Dearborn St., E 22, Chicago, Ill.**

BED-WETTING CURED A harmless home treatment. It is a DISEASE not a habit. Whipping only does harm. Don't neglect it, write today. **Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE**
DR. MAY CO., Box 8851, Bloomington, Ill.

22 STUNNING POST CARDS and magazine 1 year, 10c. **Burgess Pub. Co., 204 S. N., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

25 Flower Postcards, 10c—Roses, Pansies, Daisies, Apple Blossoms, Forget-Me-Not, Chrysanthemums, etc. **JAMES LEE, 72 E Canal St., Chicago, Ill.**

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 990 Detroit, Mich.**

22 beautiful post cards and magazine 6 months 10c. **THE BADGER, 417F Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

25 POST CARDS JUST OUT Each colored. Art, Novelty, etc. All prepaid with Free plan **J. X. HERMAN & CO., Carson Bldg., CHICAGO 10c**

Fix That Stomach!
Don't let it go any longer. Get a package of **Vita-Ore** on trial and test it for any Stomach Trouble at the risk of the Theo. Noel Company, Chicago. Read their liberal trial offer on last page.

America a "WILD-EYED DIRTY FINGER-NAILED SET," simply because they don't belong to the "FOUR HUNDRED," a majority of whom would disgrace a night-prowling Thomas-cat.

In this infamous article written by C. W. Post, he made a bid for the business of the MASTER CLASS, not realizing that the WORKING MULES of America would take umbrage at his cussedness; but, Mr. Post, you've reasoned without your host and you'll learn that "POSTUM," "GRIPE-NUTS" and many other brands of your truck will have a slump.—Ah! Brother Post, "WE'RE AFTER YOU."

This man C. W. Post is a MILLIONAIRE OVER AND OVER AGAIN and is at the head of one of one of the largest BREAKFAST FOOD concerns in all America.—Now, listen boys; this same C. W. Post is at the head of the NATIONAL CITIZENS' INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION and is a man who has fought organized labor for many years.—Listen again; Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, whom union labor came nearly putting out of business at the last election, has resigned his seat in Congress to become C. W. Post's HIRELING and take charge of the TRICKY END of the NATIONAL CITIZENS' INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION in New York City; thus you can see Mr. Reader why it is that these nasty, mean dirty articles of C. W. Post are appearing in the Republican and Democratic newspapers of America, as the majority of these newspapers are as bitterly opposed to those who labor as C. W. Post or his HIRELING, Charles E. Little-

Stop Being Sick!
Why suffer longer when there is help and health for you? **Vita-Ore** cures where others fail and you can try it without any risk for one whole month. Read the advertisement on last page and send for it.

EVERY WOMAN needs our Ladies Toilet Specialties and Rubber Necessities. Send 2c stamp for catalog. **Norman Doris Co., 5901 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

25 High Grade Postcards, 10c—No trash, no colored, all different. Worth 2c to 5c each. Satisfaction guaranteed. **H. W. LEE, 72 G. Canal St., Chicago.**

AGENTS Try our Daisy Duster; positively a new invention. 65¢ per day easily made. Sample for 25¢ stamps. Sells for \$1. Exclusive territory. **E. Hilker, Mfr., 371 Grand Av., Chicago**

Please let me prove that you don't need to

Stay Deaf

I have proved it already to 200,000 people. I have perfected a device which fits into the ear without the slightest discomfort. It is invisible when inserted. So tiny, so perfect fitting, that you forget you are wearing it. This device is so shaped that it magnifies sound. And it concentrates the sound on the central part of the ear drum. In effect it's the same as an ear trumpet. But nobody sees the device and you seldom think of it yourself.

I invented this device because I was deaf, and was desperate. People did not want to shout at me, so they avoided me. You know how it is.

For two years I tried to get doctors to help me, but they failed. The only relief anyone could suggest was an ear trumpet. So I was driven to help myself.

I made an artificial ear and experimented. I worked night and day in sheer desperation. It was years before I succeeded, and then simply by force of my will power.

But I was amply repaid. When my device was perfected I could hear—as I hear today—just as well as anybody.

What I did for myself I have done since then for 200,000 others. But the help which I got cost me years of close application. It costs anyone else just five dollars.

But don't send for it now. Write first for my free book. It tells all the facts, and gives letters from hundreds of users. Then you will know, as I know now, how much this help will mean to you.

I cannot conceive of any partially deaf person neglecting to send for this book. I am sorry for one who doesn't. When I was afflicted I would gladly have given ten years of my life to hear as I hear now. Yet all I've learned is open to you if you'll simply write me a postal. Write today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 431 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky., and simply say, "send Mr. Wilson's book." Those who purchased these drums in the early days, and who want the new ones which I have greatly perfected, will be offered a discount.

field, of Maine, who resigned his seat in Congress to become Post's lawyer.—Now, boys, you are fully acquainted with this man C. W. Post and from now on you will understand the "YELLOW STREAK" when it shows itself.

Remember, boys, that all millionaires, like C. W. Post hate you if you toil, and more especially if you rebel at being made slaves of.

Socialism is a pledge to the nations of the earth that there will always be peace.—Socialism means PEACE.

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery



"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished, and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 906 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND

"Slide, Kelley, Slide."—On the seventh of last month the State of Illinois held an election—Illinois, as everyone who is versed in the tactics of the saloon element knows, has until recently been absolutely controlled and domineered by the whiskey element, and this element, through and by the partisan blindness of the voters of both the Republican and Democratic parties has absolutely controlled that great commonwealth, and has elected PUPPETS to make and execute the laws of that great state; but recently the PURELY AMERICAN BORN ELEMENT of that state became disgusted at rearing their children under the influence of the whiskey element, and had enacted by the legislature of the State of Illinois, a law which gave the inhabitants of each township the privilege of saying whether or not the saloons should breed a pestilence in their midst which would counteract the prayers, the entreaties, the sighs and the tears of fathers and mothers; and this law was tried at the ballot box on the seventh of last month, and the result is that ONE THOUSAND

AND TWENTY-EIGHT TOWNSHIPS will, after the seventh day of this month, be as dry as a bone, and "GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND" has won the day against the disreputable, anarchistic, unamerican, uncivilized and ungodly whiskey element.

The lies, the deception, the false pretenses, and the snares set by the whiskey element of the great State of Illinois, went down to a righteous defeat; and the AMERICAN VOTER registered a vow at the ballot box in the great State of Illinois last month that the SALOONS MUST GO, and they are going out of business not only in the State of Illinois, but in every other state, and they are going with a rapidity that will make KELLY'S SLIDE look like a slow movement.

THIRTY-SIX entire counties in the State of Illinois declared by their sovereign manhood that they were tired of rum's rule, and these thirty-six counties will, after the seventh day of this month, have no saloons to destroy and damn the hopes of their inhabitants.

Out of all the counties in the

State of Illinois that voted on the Prohibition question at the recent election there were but THREE, Madison, St. Claire and Grundy but what went COMPLETELY DRY, or partially so, and these three were controlled by the votes of foreigners.

Wherever there is a foreign element, and especially a German element, Prohibition has a hard fight; but blessed be the name of AMERICAN MANHOOD, this foreign element is being pointed to a better way, and it won't be long until the foreigners will be civilized, and will realize that the rum traffic is not only a curse to them individually, but to their children, and they too will look upon the amber fluid as an enemy to them and their posterity.

All that you have got to do to make a sober man out of an individual is to educate and civilize him, and whenever that is done you can depend upon him casting his vote to destroy the damnable influence of "booze."—God bless the German, although he has been blind upon the subject of Prohibition for lo! these many years, he is arousing from his lethargical sleep or imbecility, and is lining up upon the side of "GOD, HOME AND NATIVE LAND," and when the German voter is convinced that the whiskey element is the greatest curse that blights the fair face of Columbia, he at once becomes a citizen who puts up a fight in defense of his home and against the onslaught of the whiskey element that is felt wherever he goes.—Mr. Saloon-keeper your days are numbered, not only in the State of Illinois but wherever you rear your brazen head, as the lesson that you learned in the great State of Illinois at the last election ought to be plain enough to indicate to you, unless you are blinded by your greed, that AMERICAN MANHOOD has rebelled at your march of devastation, and has declared that you are DOOMED TO EVERLASTING OBLIVION.

Shout! shout! we're gaining ground,
O, glory hallelujah!
The power of God is coming down, O
glory hallelujah!
Had America, and many other



TEN KARAT ROLLED GOLD BRIDGE Spectacles GIVEN AWAY.

DON'T SEND ME ONE PENNY.

Just write me your name and address and I will mail you at once my Free Home Eye Tester and full particulars how to obtain a pair of my handsome ten karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacles without one cent of cost. You see, I want to prove to every spectacle-wearer on earth that the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles are really and truly ever so much better than any you have ever worn before—and I am going to give away at least one hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision ten karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacles in the next few weeks, in order to introduce my wonderful glasses to the largest number of spectacle wearers in the shortest possible time.

Write today for my Free Home Eye Tester and ten karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacle Offer. Address:—

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Block 149, St. Louis, Mo.

I ALSO WANT A FEW AGENTS

And any person not earning at least \$50 weekly should ask for my Special Agents Terms at once.

NOTE—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and is Perfectly Reliable.

nations been organized upon the principles of SOCIALISM, and had our forefathers have been taught the lessons of UPRIGHT MANHOOD and been given to understand that they were the EQUALS of every other man, so long as their acts were founded upon EQUALITY, the saloon would never have become a factor in the history of any nation, as SOCIALISM points out vividly the slimy trail of this slimy serpent and wherever the principles of SOCIALISM are taught the hatred for the saloon and her abominable influence increases to a degree equaling socialist doctrines; as SOCIALISM will raise any man over and above the degrading influences of rum, as there are no TRUE SOCIALISTS but what are opposed to the deplorable conditions which the saloons lay across the path of progress and manhood.

The healthiest sign of the age is that the coal miners of the great State of Illinois did, at the last election, cast their votes against the abominable iniquities of the saloon, and thank God the average miner is a Socialist in all the word implies, which plainly proves that SOCIALISM raises a man above the smoke of ignorance, and when that elevation is reached he is invariably against the damnable whiskey traffic.

If it is possible for a Christian who votes the same ticket that the saloon-keeper does to get to Heaven, hell will be a lonesome, desolate old spot.

Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent \$125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

Some time ago we announced in the columns of this paper that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for a while longer, at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now without delay will receive by mail free of charge a 50 cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day, but write at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 663 Miller Building, Kokomo, Ind.

Buck Niggers and Politics

A "buck nigger" by the name of William Dulaney, who has been President Roosevelt's barber for quite a time, has been elevated over the head of a white man in the Navy Department and given a salary of sixteen hundred dollars per year.—Ralph W. Tyler is a "nigger" and also Auditor of the Navy Department, and the white man who held this SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLAR job was reduced to an EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLAR job, and "Theodore's" barber, Dulaney, was placed in this white clerk's shoes, at a salary of SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS per year.

This is about the season of the year, and about the proper time for the Republican party to muss around with the "coon" vote, as you know "buck niggers" who are old enough to vote are very valuable assets to the Republican party; and the darned fool white Republican voters, no matter if their brother has to take a back seat for a "nigger," will belly up to the polls, and vote the Republican ticket "spiter-nor-hell;" so the political axe in the hands of "Teddy" will be wielded with considerable vim from now on until the election, and many a white-skinned clerk will be decapitated to make room for foul-smelling "bucks" with ebony hides, as you know the "coon's" vote is a very valuable asset to the Republican party, for without him the Republican party would have no more show of success than a snow-ball would have of lasting twenty-four hours in Hades.

The editor of this journal was born and raised a Republican, and

Leaving the Bunch Behind

Along with marbles and baseball, renewed interest in wheeling manifests itself as a sure indication of Spring and the joys of out door exercise.

Nothing ever invented serves so admirably the triple purposes of utility, exercise and pleasure as does the bicycle. The best grade of wheels are now selling for less than one-third the prices of ten years ago, and at that the rider gets a better mount than was possible then. The Coaster Brake and Two Speed Gear features alone mark a big step forward in bicycle construction since the boom days.

Inquiry among jobbers and dealers discloses a demand for bicycles, not only from the small boy (who has always ridden) but also from his older brother and his father also. The lady cyclist is also venturing timidly forth from the mysterious retreat wherein she has hibernated for a decade and she's not in bloomers either; thank the Lord for that.

"Leaving the Bunch Behind" is the attractive picture adorning the gold embossed, 1908 catalogue cover of the "oldest exclusive bicycle house in America," a copy of which has just reached us. The catalogue is a work of art and is brimful of valuable and interesting matter for riders or those thinking of buying wheels. It is well worth getting and may be had by writing the Mead Cycle Co., Dept. DX 219, Chicago. They also send a wheel for 10 days' free trial and will engage live agents.

remained in that deplorable condition for a number of years, but blessed be the name of Booker Washington and "Teddy," we lost our appetite for "coons," and concluded that we would manage to get along without further mingling with these odoriferous bipeds.

There is a large number of white clerks under Ralph W. Tyler, of the Navy Department, and they sit quietly by and for fear of starving to death, they permit this kinky-headed "nigger" to lord it over them.—Why, consarn my buttons, I would rather do the Bellshazzar act, and eat grass like a jackass than to sink so low down in the scale of humanity that I would be satisfied to work under a "nigger" boss.

"THE BEST PAPER I EVER READ"

A letter recently received from Mr. E. M. Brown, of Troy, Tennessee, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"Sometime ago I got hold of a copy of the RIP-SAW, and I want to say that it is the best paper I ever read. Each copy is worth ten times the subscription price. Every working man ought to read it. But I would like to know where in the devil you get all of your information. I am sending you under separate cover, seven subscribers."

CLERGYMEN TAKE NOTICE.

A suburban minister during his discourse one Sabbath morning said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—The Standard.

WONDERFUL.

I wonder why, when in a car
The vacant seat by me
Is just the one the pretty girl
Should always fail to see;
And why, if it's a frowsled girl,
With wad of gum and squint,
She starts to reach that very seat
As fast as she can sprint.
Philadelphia Ledger.

When a man loses "FAITH" he generally begins to think, and it's those who THINK that move the world.

Stomach Troubles and Constipation Vanish Like Magic

FREE
to
Every
Man
or
Woman



Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to, when you want to, without a chance for trouble in your stomach?

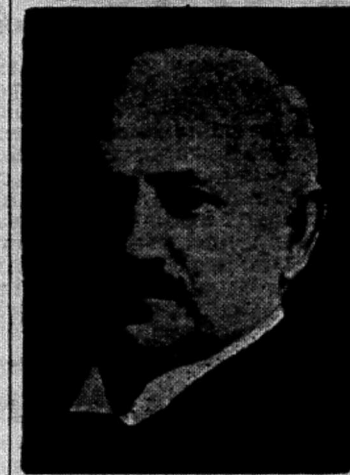
Would you like to say farewell for the rest of your life to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache, and Constipation?

Then send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing and I will mail you absolutely free one of these Stomach Drafts. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, strengthen every nerve and muscle of your stomach, relieve you at once and make you feel like a new man or woman. So write today enclosing 10 cents for the postage, etc., and get one of these Stomach Drafts that are celebrated because they cure where medicines fail. Write Dr. G. C. Young, 210 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.



If you have sores on your legs, if your limbs itch, are inflamed, swollen or ulcerated, Anti-Flamma poultice plaster will kill the disease germ, draws out the virus, make healthy flesh and restore your legs to natural condition. Any reader of this paper can obtain a free sample of Anti-Flamma and a booklet fully describing the diseases of the legs and telling how you can effect a cure by a mild, simple home treatment that will not interfere with your work, simply by sending their name and address to the Bayles Distributing Co., 400 Delaware Street, Kansas City, Mo.

MODERN METHOD TO CURE DO NOT SUFFER OXYDONOR WILL CURE YOU



Disease can no longer cause the misery of old. Science is progressing rapidly that it is only a question of "education," then all will be well. OXYDONOR cures every known disease and many unknown. OXYDONOR is daily restoring to health vast numbers of helpless and hopeless invalids. The nature of the disease makes no difference. OXYDONOR will quickly cure any sufferer from Stomach or Bowel Trouble, Rheumatism, Liver, Kidney of Bladder Disorders, Catarrh, Lung or Bronchial Troubles, Blood or Nervous Diseases, Scrofula, Appendicitis, Eczema, St. Vitus Dance, Dropsy, Gall Stones, Abscesses, Locomotor Ataxia, Tumors, Cancer, Diseases and Weaknesses Peculiar to Men and Women.

No medicine, no operation; you just supply oxygen in sufficient quantities to the body and disease cannot survive—it is routed.

THE OXYDONOR SYSTEM cures all diseases with oxygen from the air, which is life itself. No drugs, belt, battery or electricity. Banishes disease in a natural way. Fills you with new blood, new life and vigor, from head to foot. Our free booklet explains how and why, and proves it. Write at once for this valuable booklet. Send no money.

Room 102, DR. SANCHE OXYDONOR CO., 67 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It is getting so now that when a laborer says he's a Republican or Democrat, he feels like saying what the fellow from Arkansas said when he announced what state he was from.—"NOW, DAM YOU, LAUGH."

DO YOU KNOW

HOW do you know until you try it? You cannot judge it, cannot tell anything about it by its name, its appearance, taste or smell. You cannot say it will or it won't, it can or it cannot, **UNTIL YOU TRY IT**, for how do you know? It may be just the very thing you need, just the very thing you want, the thing you have wished for, longed for and prayed for all these months and have never found—**THE THING TO RESTORE YOU TO PERFECT HEALTH.**

YOU CANNOT KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY, and we ask you to try it on our thirty-day trial plan, so **YOU WILL KNOW**, so you can see for yourself what it is and what it does, so you can see that we have told the truth all these years we have stated in this paper that Vitae-Ore is a blessing to sick and ailing people. Vitae-Ore is offered on a plan different from other medicines, a plan others dare not follow or copy, for few medicines will stand such a test. Although its reputation is made and proven, although it has been curing the sick for twenty-five years, although thousands are recommending it and people are glad to go to the drug-stores and pay a dollar a package for it, it is still offered **ON TRIAL**, the user to judge it, to try it without risking a penny. It is a fair and honest way, that should appeal to every sufferer.

YOU CAN KNOW IT, can see it, feel it, taste it, and **USE IT FOR THIRTY DAYS** without sending us a penny. Read our thirty-day trial offer and then write us a few lines, telling us your health is not as good as it should be, giving us your full name and address, and we will send Vitae-Ore to you on trial, so you **WILL KNOW IT**, for how do you know until you try?

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemic, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what it will do for you.

A BLESSING TO Rheumatics.

Rheumatism is caused by absorption into the blood of refuse matter, which should be carried out of the system through the proper channels. The poison destroys the purity of the blood and as it circulates through the body the acid particles thrown off penetrate the joints, muscles, membranes and even the bones.

Vitae-Ore is well adapted for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, etc., and has many times been successful in chronic cases of such long standing as to be thought incurable. Alkalies and the remedies that are almost invariably prescribed, fail to cure because they weaken digestion, irritating the delicate lining of the stomach, thus impairing instead of building up the system. Vitae-Ore is a blood purifier and is absorbed into the blood, correcting poisonous products, and gradually eliminating them from the system. Under its use, thin blood is made pure and rich and as it is carried through the body nourishes and soothes the irritated tissues, and dissolves the poisonous deposits that have collected in the joints and passes them out of the system. Cures with it are lasting. In severe cases crutches are often thrown away, never to be used again.

Rheumatic sufferers should not lose hope, even though the case be chronic and of long standing. Vitae-Ore has cured many a chronic, obstinate, pronounced hopeless case. Thousands have testified to its efficacy in rheumatic troubles, many who had tried the best doctors and gone with no benefit, to noted mineral springs, whose waters are famed for their efficacy in rheumatic troubles.

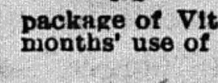
You Are To Be The Judge

and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning.

Husband and Wife Cured.

It is Stubborn Cases Like These Which Proves Its Power.

NEWPORT, R. I.—For forty years I suffered with Rheumatism and for sixteen years I was subject to Fainting Spells followed by Dizziness; for seven years I had Itching Piles. I also had a continued recurrence of a Stomach Disorder and could not retain my food. I was a weak, helpless wreck when I began using Vitae-Ore, but it needed only two weeks' use of a thirty-day trial treatment to cause a marked improvement in my case. I have now used five packages in all and my Rheumatism has been entirely cured. The Piles, Fainting Spells and Stomach Trouble disappeared months ago and have not returned. I spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and got no results until I used Vitae-Ore, therefore I cannot praise it enough. I also wish to mention the case of my wife who suffered with Rheumatism, Piles and Prolapsus. One package of Vitae-Ore relieved her greatly and after a few months' use of it she was well and still remains so.



REUBEN M. MORSE.

OWES HIS LIFE TO V.-O.

Suffered for Years with Kidney, Heart, Stomach and Rheumatic Troubles.

COVINA, CAL.—Though I have never written in regard to my experience with Vitae-Ore, yet to it I owe that I am alive today. For eight years I have suffered from Kidney Trouble, called by different names according to the whim of the doctor treating me, and I can honestly say that I never knew a well day. I became so bloated and fat that it was burdensome to me to make any exertion and a continual pain about my Heart never left me. It was impossible for me to lie down on my left side and sometimes I could not lie down at all. In addition to this I was tortured with Rheumatic pains, and even my Digestive Organs were diseased; acute attacks of cramps and neuralgic pains of the stomach were so severe that they threatened death. Four years ago I was attacked with typhoid fever and two doctors attended me. They broke the fever and treated me for other troubles, they thinking all the while to get me on my feet again, but I became weaker and weaker and everyone thought me past recovery. My wife and sister would not give up hope, but persuaded me to try Vitae-Ore. They said if I would swallow a few doses I might find myself improved; if I did not they would cease urging me. I began taking it, and the result which they predicted came about. I began to improve at once and became in the course of a few weeks a well man and have continued so ever since. I am able to do the hardest kind of manual labor. My heart never gives me any uneasiness, and my cramps, pains and fat are things of the past.



A. T. SIGSTAD.

What Vitae-Ore Is.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

READ THIS WOMAN'S STORY

WALLACE, NEB.—Vitae-Ore was the means of saving my life and rescued me from an existence that was almost unbearable. I had been suffering for a long time with Nervous Prostration, Palpitation of the Heart and Smothering Spells, Female Weakness, Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach, Kidney and Bladder Trouble. In fact, I do not believe I had a sound organ in my body. I was bedfast for seventeen weeks, when I was induced to give Vitae-Ore a trial. I think it was a God-send, as all my diseases began to yield immediately and I am now cured. I can do all my housework with pleasure and sleep like a child and have a very good appetite. I have taken Vitae-Ore for only two months and have gained 18 pounds. I hope every sufferer will try this remedy as I have done and be convinced of its healing power.



MRS. J. O. PURBAUGH.

If You Don't Feel Right

reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. **YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!** Send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments, and start the treatment immediately.

If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation.

Address, Theo. Noel Co., N. R. DEPT. Vitae-Ore Bldg. Chicago, Ill.