

NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

Vol. V, No. 6.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUGUST, 1908.

WHOLE NO. 54.

POOR OLD BILL

Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!—Just to think of it!—Poor old Bill has about run out of pocket change.—We mean “Dutch Bill,” the emperor of Germany.—He only gets a salary of FOUR MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWO THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY DOLLARS A YEAR, and he is wanting the Reischtag, which is something like the Congress of the United States only worse, to raise his salary, so that he can buy lots of peanuts and taffy.—Goldarn it! It’s a howling shame that “Dutchy” can’t get his hands down deeper into the pockets of his subjects, and have all the schmeir-kase, limberger and beer that his little old belly craves.—Since the RIP-SAW has heard of “Bill’s” “hard-up-ness,” we haven’t had a single night’s rest, as we’re so afraid that he won’t enjoy himself.—Now, if I was “Bill” I’d have my salary raised or I’d “rise” hell, as there’s no sense in his subjects being paid the fabulous salary of SEVEN DOLLARS PER MONTH, and this Dutch human sausage only getting FOUR MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWO THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY DOLLARS A YEAR; and the German Reischtag ought to pass a law that none of

the subjects of “Billy’s” should be paid over ninety cents a month so long as “Bill” was needing anything.

In the estimation of the RIP-SAW, none of the European “royal warts” get enough for their services, as you know being an emperor, a czar or a king is darned hard work, and as soon as we can scrape together enough ducats to go across the pond, we’re going over and open up headquarters for the purpose of “hunching” the salaries of emperors, czars and kings, so that their sons and daughters won’t have to wait for their change when they get a thousand dollar bill “buted,” as it’s a right down shame to keep not only an emperor, czar or king, but their offspring waiting around to pick up change after buying a fifty cent cigar out of a thousand dollar bill.—Now, look at Poor Old “Nick.”—Now, we don’t mean the devil, but “Nicholas,” the czar of Russia; he only gets EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR, and how in the devil he lives on this skimpy amonut when eggs are fifteen cents a dozen no one but his wife can figure out.—Then there’s that old “stud” Emperor of Austria, who lives in the shadow of poverty all the time, as he only receives FOUR MILLION, SEVEN

HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR; why, I can’t see to save my suspenders how he can squeeze through on that, as we have a hard time in making ends meet on our salary, and how the emperor of Austria can keep buttons on his britches on FOUR MILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR is something that we can’t figure out; but we understand he hasn’t any boys or girls who call him “pap;” so this is the reason, we suppose, that he gets through without yelping like “Blubbering Bill” of Germany.

Now, we just have to lie right down on our little stomach and cry some real water when we think of the King of Italy being compelled to live on THREE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR; however, we suppose that why he manages to get through the year on this small salary is because he confines his diet to macaroni, as you know these petrified pipe-stems come cheap over in Italy.—But the saddest part of our story is to come; as King “Eddy” of England, the lad with the beautiful whiskers, only swipes from the pockets of his subjects the pitiful sum of TWO MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOL-

LARS PER YEAR, and how he survives from Christmas to Christmas on this beggarly stipend and drinks as much “rot-gut” as he does, and blinks at the girls as cutely as he blinks, and gambles on horse races the way he does, and then can survive the shock, is indeed astonishing, and the RIP-SAW thinks that from “Dutch Bill” right down the line to “Alfie,” King of Spain, European rulers ought to be granted a salary of FOUR MILLION DOLLARS A MONTH; and Spain will have to do it, or limit “Alfie’s” multiplying propensities, as this stripling, with all of his State duties, seems to be running neck and neck in the family business with the English Sparrow tribe; however, we are indeed glad to know that “Alfie” is good for something.—But let’s get back to the dire distress of the kings and queens of Europe, as we would not have the reader lose sight of the fact that there MUST be something done, and that something must be done quickly, or this “bunch” will be wearing patches upon the bosoms of their pants.

Yes, there will be something done ere long, and after it’s “did,” “Dutch Bill” of Germany, “Nick” of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, “Eddy” of England, “Alfie” of Spain, and all of the other blood-sucking vampires, not only of Europe but of all the nations of the earth, will then realize that SOCIALISM was the

Permit any man to build your CREED or patent your ORTHODOXY, and he will build a hell to punish you in if you question his ingenuity.

cause of tearing them loose from the throats of their ignorant subjects; as Socialism, not only in America but all over Europe, is plunging to the front by leaps and bounds, and when she lands completely in the midst of the king-cursed countries of Europe and the mammon fed domain of America; then, and not until then, will kings, czars and emperors learn that they will have to render some service beneficial to society or STARVE.

It has been ignorance all down the ages of the past that has paralyzed the manhood in the veins of European subjects and caused them to permit such heartless renegades as kings and queens to plunder the rights of the populace; and whenever you wipe from the brow of European manhood this dense and damnable ignorance, the grasp of kings and queens will be released from the throats of their subjects, and not until then.—O, bless the day when kings, queens, emperors, dukes, duchesses and lords will have their hellish clutch torn loose from the throats of their ignorant but awakening subjects, and MANHOOD takes the place of strutting pomp at the expense of the producer; and when those who produce the wealth of the land will be permitted to enjoy ALL they produce; and that time will never come until the bright faced maiden of Socialism impresses her beautiful story upon the minds of mankind; and this is why kings, queens, emperors, dukes, lords, and duchesses, along with the millionaire class of America, so royally hate and detest this sweet throated maiden of Socialism which bears PALMS OF VICTORY AND CROWNS OF GLORY IN HER HANDS.

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal one whole year for only twenty-five cents.

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O GOD! O GOD!

On the twenty-third day of May, last, a monument in memory of the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, of Cleveland, Ohio, was unveiled in that city; and Secretary of War, William H. Taft, with other politicians, participated in the unveiling exercises.—This statue of granite and stone, in memory of Marcus A. Hanna, was unveiled; but O, God! O, God! had the heartless commercial acts of this dead Marcus A. Hanna been unveiled, and the world permitted to gaze in upon the desolation laid at the doors of his work-a-day slaves, the nation would have been appalled at the miseries this once "CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY" had wrought.—His heartless commercial savagery was best known to the REPUBLICAN politicians of the nation, but more especially to those of the State of Ohio; however, William H. Taft, who is today courting your vote, Mr. Reader, loaned not only his influence but his presence at the unveiling of this Mark Hanna statue in order to get you to believe, Mr. Voter, that this Mark Hanna was a great and noble man.

It is not a pleasant task by any manner of means to stand over the ashes of any man and proclaim his lack of manhood; but since the RIP-SAW thinks more of the living than it does of the dead, and since American manhood should be dearer to the hearts of the American public than dead gluttons, we proclaim to you, Mr. Reader, the deeds of Marcus Aurelius Hanna, that you and your children may not

be fooled in believing that this man Hanna was deserving of any mark of respect or distinction from the producing class; as 'twas he who marched to DOLLAR FAME over the prostrate form of toil.

Before William C. Brann, late editor of "The Iconoclast," died, he penned, in our estimation, a truer glossary of Marcus Aurelius Hanna's deeds than we could possibly do; therefore, we propose to let the deceased William C. Brann tell what he knows of the late Marcus A. Hanna, whom the blood-sucking vampires of America and double-dealing politicians of the nation would have you believe was deserving of America's greatest respect; Brann's recital of horrible facts follows:

"If the bones of all the women and children he has starved to death, and those of all the workmen he has slain to increase his heaps of gold, were gathered together, a triumphal arch could be built. * * *

"If all the suffering and heartache, if all the crime born of Need and all the despair begotten of his Insatiable Greed were used to form another Hell, the Prince of Darkness would stand appalled. * * *

"Every dollar of Mark Hanna's millions has been coined from the life-blood of labor. Does any doubt it? Then let them turn to the hell-born horrors of Spring Valley and read there an epitome of Hanna's history. There he and his Republican associates builded cheap cottages, which were sold to their mine operatives on the installment plan at exorbitant prices. When these homes were more than paid for at an honest valuation, Hanna reduced wages to the starvation point, making complete payment impossible. The wretched dupes of the damnable plot appealed for simple justice, and were given the "horse-laugh" by Hanna. They went out on a strike, defaulted in their payments, and the state was appealed to by this modern shylock, hungry for his pound of flesh, to drive them from their homes. The grand old State of Illinois was compelled to do the dirty work of this brute-beast, because it was 'in the bond'—to evict the poor bilked home-buyers with the bayonet! In all the history of English landlordism in Ireland there is naught so hellish. A crime so damnable could have originated only with the Hellene Harpies, or Mark Hanna. * * *

"He next scoured all southern Europe for cheap labor, and soon congregated at Spring Valley the most grotesquely wretched aggregation of ignorant helots ever seen on American soil. The homes of evicted American miners were resold to these foreign mendicants—from whose competition the McKinley tariff was supposed to afford protection! Driven to despair, Hanna's ex-employees attacked his imported peons; troops were called out to protect them, and again Spring Valley's gutters were reddened with gore. Hanna triumphed, as a matter of course—then cut down the pauper wages of his new employees! But even the ignorant Huns and lousy Lazza-

roni could not stand the pitiless oppression of this 'Industrial Cannibal.' Another strike, more troops, bayonets and blood—and the twice paid for huts returned to the possession of Mark Hanna! Finding that white men howsoever debased, would not submit to his merciless exactions, he brought negroes from the South to supplant his wretched Huns, and again Spring Valley became a seething Hell—more workmen driven to desperation, left their bones upon its sanguinary battlefields. * * *

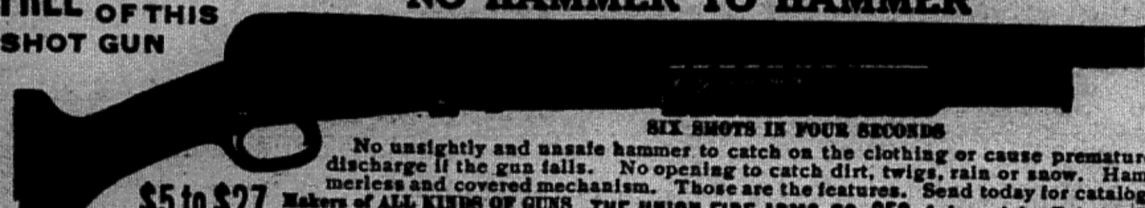
"What I have here written is but as the shadow of gossamer upon a summer sea to Gibraltar's massy rock, compared to that I am prepared to prove. 'Industrial Cannibal!' The term is tame. It were like calling Medusa dreadful, Caliban uncomely or the devil displeasing. It would require a Mirabeau to express in a single phrase the character of a man so graceless in his greed, so insensate to all the nobler promptings of the soul. I doubt if a taskmaster has been so abhorred by the toiling millions since Pharaoh oppressed God's chosen people—if in all the mighty tide of time the premeditated infamies of this human octopus can be paralleled. To understand the methods by which he has mounted; to look behind the gilded veil of this modern Mokanna and know what it really is that his dupes are following to their destruction were to crave the power to weave sentences with warp of flames and woof of aspic's fangs to lash the rascal naked thro' the world."

If what the late William C. Brann lays at the door of the dead Hanna is true, and it undoubtedly is, then this man should have had built over his ashes a statue of the devil with a thousand fangs and claws, and in each talon holding the half-starved and half-naked form of wives, mothers, and broken-down fathers.—Let future posterity, when they look upon this brazen-faced statue, built over the dead Mark Hanna, in Cleveland, Ohio, ever remember that he was a friend of no one but Mark Hanna, and an enemy to all that refused to permit him to grind them into yellow gold; and when you do this, you will then have a correct idea of his true worth.

If the deeds of Marcus A. Hanna entitled his ashes to rest beneath a statue built by the loyal sons and daughters of America, then let us seek out the last resting place of Benedict Arnold, who betrayed his country for a price, and erect over his ashes a statue that would penetrate the blue dome.—Can you, Mr. Voter, ever again think of Wm. H. Taft who is begging for your vote, without thinking of his "AMEN" to Mark Hanna's greedy, inhuman and Godless acts towards those whose lives and homes he wrecked for profit?

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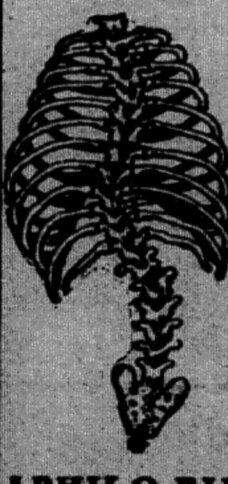


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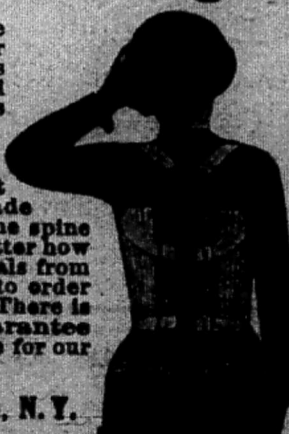
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BRYAN, BRYAN, KEEPS A-TRYIN'

**"SAID THE BLACKBIRD TO THE CROW,
IF YOU AIN'T THE BLACKEST, I DON'T KNOW."**

It's over; yes, it's all over, and the "two Bills" are out on the track for public inspection; however, these two lads are not new racers. —Now, I guess "racer" is not the proper word, as Bill Taft never made a race in his life, although he has held office almost continually since he was old enough to know that office holding was a mighty good tonic for the pocket-book. —But he never "RACED" for any office, that he has ever held, as he always had them handed to him on a gold platter, labeled "PULL," and the public had to swallow him down, paunch and all, whether they liked his flavor or not, as Bill Taft, you know, has always been one of these lads who was really afraid of his own record, and afraid to ask those who knew him for their ballots; but like a big hungry boy, he would peep around the corner when there was some "pie" to give out, and yell, "GIVE ME A MOUTHFUL."

Now, the other "Bill," Bill Bryan, he's a runner from "run-town," but never goes out of a

SLOW WALK.—The reason why we call him a "RUNNER" is because he's always running-off-at-the-mouth, and has run quite a fortune into his flank, and has nearly run the grand old Populist party crazy; and above all, has run the Democratic party smack into the ground.

Now, if I was a Democrat I would vote for Bill Taft in order to show the millionaire class of the Democratic party that I had nothing against them, and was in sympathy with what they wanted; and if I was a Republican I would vote for Bill Bryan so as to demonstrate to the millionaire class of the Republican party that I was in sympathy with everything that the leaders of the Republican party wanted, and thereby **STAND IN** with both classes, who are driving the "two Bills" tandem fashion; as there's no difference in the two parties with the exception that Guffey, Tom Ryan and Roger Sullivan want to drive the **GRAFT WAGON**, and Rockefeller, Harri-

man and Carnegie don't want to give up the reins, as they think they have had hold of the "leathers" so long that they can make more money for Guffey, Tom Ryan and Roger Sullivan than they could make for themselves.

We were about to forget to mention that James S. Sherman was Bill Taft's side partner; however, it wouldn't have **MADE MUCH** difference, as the "off hoss" don't cut much ice anyway. —But it would have been a dirty shame to have forgotten to mention "CHANGEABLE" Bill Bryan's bedfellow, John W. Kern, as this gentleman is the big man in the Democratic show, and was hooked up alongside of "CHANGEABLE" Bill, so as to hide "Willie's deformities; as you know, Mr. Bryan has "FLOPPED" and "CHANGED" and "BACKED UP," and "ROLLED OVER" and gone "SIDEWAYS" so much that his hair is rubbed off in splotches, and John W. Kern of Indiana, who is Tom Taggart's hired man, and Tom Taggart, you know is the "boss" of a gambling hell at French Lick, Indiana, was hooked up on the **HAIRLESS** side of Mr. Bryan,

so that sapheaded voters would see only the "CROWN OF THORNS AND CROSS OF GOLD" side of "Wobbly Willie," but methinks that "Willie" of the Platte has been examined and scrutinized by the American voters so much that they will make inquiries in regard to what has caused the scars on Bill's flanks, shoulders, hips and belly, and especially that halter burn that was left on his right hand hock when he made his grand "twirl" and laid down on his once loudly proclaimed belief in the "PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC UTILITIES."

Now, Bill Taft hasn't got any scars that he's got to hide, as he never had any opinions of his own, as he sucked his inspiration direct from the throne of Wall Street, which had its fountain head behind the mastodon teeth of "Teddy;" consequently, "Injunction" Bill Taft hasn't got anything to hide but his "bowels;" and when the Democratic and Republican parties get in motion later on in the campaign, and get to denouncing each other for their dark plumage, methinks that the voting public will often have that old ditty run through their minds:

"Said the black bird to the crow,
If you ain't the blackest, I don't know."

THE RAPE PERIL

Gradually, the North will realize what a ghastly mistake has been made by South-haters who, in lynching cases, have bewailed the fate of the negro ravisher, without having a word of pity for the black brute's victim. This perverse way of discussing lynchings has had the effect of elevating the rapist into a sort of hero-martyr among his people. The perils involved in this mistaken attitude of the North can only be comprehended by those who know how prone the negroes are to make a hero out of any black man who has suffered punishment at the hands of the whites.

The hog-thief, returning from the chain gang, is not ostracised by his people, but lionized. The negro

criminal, convicted by the whites for crimes against the whites never loses caste with his own race.

How dangerous, then, is it for the North to be forever denouncing the South for lynching rapists, and saying nothing against the awful crime!

The criminal is not held up to execration; the fate of the victim who has undergone that which is worse than death is not the subject of horrified comment; the vials of Northern wrath are emptied upon the avengers of the hellish deed!

No wonder that the ravishing of white women by black brutes is spreading all over the Union.

In Iowa's capital city the recent crimes of negro men against white

girls and women have become so common and bold that vigilante committees have been formed and the Mayor of Des Moines has been applied to by white women for permission to carry pistols.

Think of it! The white ladies of one of the finest cities of our civilized land dare not go upon the streets at night for fear that they will be seized by negro men and ravished!

The Hobsons and Roosevelts are clamoring for more battleships, because of a purely imaginary yellow peril. Yet the peril of the black-rapist has become a national, a permanent, and a horrible actuality.

How shall we deal with that?—**THE JEFFERSONIAN.**

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Under the present system, it's the IDLE SCHEMER who lives in LUXURY, and the TOILER who lives in WANT.—You built the system, Mr. Voter, with your ballot; so don't you think it's about time you were tearing it down with the same instrument?

"Consistency" is the hardest job to work at in the world.

The "pen" leads to success.—
The pig-"pen", we mean.

"Blind faith" is so BLIND that it swallows without chewing.

Men can build "houses", but it takes women to build "homes".

There's lots of asses riding in horseless carriages (automobiles).

"Pretense" always dresses in gaudy "duds."

An empty head always grows a "stuck-up" nose.

An empty head often "totes" a full pocket-book.

A power that exists upon "PULLS" is hell-born.

There has never been a REVOLUTION without POVERTY first preceded it.

Thieves, rogues and political Judases always wrap the flag about their schemes.

When a fellow tries to please everybody, everybody soon learns that he's a fool.

We all have brains, we guess, but you wouldn't think so after learning how "Rube" votes.

The man or woman that is "purse proud" generally hasn't any character to be proud of.

I wouldn't give "two-bits" for a religion that will let a fellow lie in a business transaction.

Yes, I believe everybody has a God; but I don't believe in EVERYBODY'S GOD.

Cuff a dog and he'll growl, and maybe snap your calf; but cuff a voter and he'll vote for you.

The fellow with "money to burn" is very apt to need coal or wood for the same purpose before he dies.

If PATRIOTISM means killing a man because he don't see things as I do, then WAR is righteous.

A "scab" is never seen only where a sore is trying to heal itself, and no sore can heal until the "scab" is kicked off.

If Bryan and Taft wanted to be RIGHT as badly as they want to be PRESIDENT, neither would be a Republican or Democrat.

Show me a man that is not ashamed of LITTLE THINGS, and I'll show you a man you can trust with BIG THINGS.

Don't worry, "Rube", about your "small ideas", as you must remember that "small ideas", like "small money" has the greatest circulation.

There's not a king or queen on earth but what shivers to think of the dawn of Socialism.—Learn why, Rube, learn why, and you'll be a Socialist.

The individual who is granted the privilege of making SLAVES of his brother for PROFIT, is always the most loud-mouthed against being deprived of such hellish rights.

Empty stomachs don't harmonize very harmoniously with the doctrines of "LOVE THY NEIGHBORS AS THYSELF", especially if "THY NEIGHBOR" caused the "emptiness".

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal one whole year for only twenty-five cents.

TAFT'S ADVANTAGES.

There's no use for us to overlook the fact that William H. Taft, the Republican candidate for President of the United States, has a number of advantages over every other political party's candidate; and the sooner we wake up to the source from which these advantages come, the better we will be prepared to meet and combat successfully these horrible advantages which William H. Taft has over others who aspire to the presidency.—The first great advantage that William H. Taft has is, that predatory wealth of ALL POLITICAL PARTIES IS SOLIDLY FOR HIM, as William H. Taft is a second edition of Theodore Roosevelt; and wealth never had a greater friend in any president than it has had in "Yelping Teddy."—Secondly, the balance of power is held in the states of Indiana, Kansas, Illinois, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and perhaps three or four other states by the NEGROES, and the negro vote is solidly for Taft.—Thirdly, the Roman Catholics of both the Republican and Democratic parties will go solidly, or nearly so, for William H. Taft, as Roosevelt has catered to the Roman Catholic vote for twenty years, and has bought, at a fabulous price, all the Roman Catholic Junk of the Philippine Islands, Cuba, and Porto Rico that the hierarchy wanted to unload upon this government, which the PEOPLE were compelled to pay for; and since Mr. Taft is a second edition of Mr. Roosevelt, and says "AMEN" to all of his policies, and has within the past four years made a stronger bid for the Roman Catholic vote than Roosevelt ever did, he will ABSOLUTELY control that vote; therefore the candidates of all other political parties start in the race heavily handicapped.

Now, there is no use of being blind partisans and throwing up our hats in idiotic glee over prospects that do not exist, unless we make up our minds that our future actions shall compare reasonably with our desires and with our beliefs, and with our longing and with our manhood; as political red-fire isn't worth a tinker's dam without votes.—It's going to take the combined ballots of the nation to beat Bill Taft, as the MASTER CLASS who have the money, will pour their millions at Taft's feet; the negro vote will be cast solidly for Taft, no matter what the negro may say before the election; and the Roman Catholic vote is already the same as polled for Taft, as they have learned that they could depend upon Roosevelt, in every emergency, and Taft has demonstrated that he is a greater friend of the Roman Catholic Church than Roosevelt.—Now, boys, these are FACTS, and you might as well look them squarely in the face first as last, and when you scrutinize these horrible facts, you will learn that there is but one way and one way only to defeat William H. Taft on the third day of next November; and that way is for those who do not propose for the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE MASTER CLASS and the NEGROES to run this government to march up to the polls and cast their combined ballots AS ONE MAN against this class; and when you do this you will then find yourself standing conquerors upon the battlefield of slavery emancipation.

There are three heartless masters; they are MONEY, RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE and IGNORANCE.—You know that MONEY is in the saddle, and is master of the situation in the Republican party, and you also know that the negro vote is cast by an ignorant and unpatriotic class, and further know, as history proclaims it upon every side, that the Roman Catholic vote, although it may be cast by men who believe they are right, is cast by and through the dictations of the priestcraft; and they get their orders from bishops and archbishops, and their orders come DIRECT from the Pope of Rome; and greater SLAVE MASTERS, both spiritual and temporal, never existed than have the Popes of Rome been.—Now, boys, you have FACTS without any tinsel or varnish attached to them, and we have no apology to offer for stating these truths, no matter if they do cause you to shudder by their awfulness, as we believe in giving the patient as powerful a cathartic as his chronic intellectual constipation demands, and God knows the intellectual constipation of the average voter needs a cathartic that would move the bowels of a mastodon.—Boys, you have got the remedy, as YOU'VE GOT THE VOTES.—Will you apply the remedy or will you march to the polls and scatter your votes for different candidates and permit the EARTH OWNERS, the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH and the NEGROES TO ELECT WILLIAM H. TAFT?—A righteous decision by YOU will make you free.—A wrong one will make your slavery more complete than it is now, as continual victories by the class who are ardent supporters of William H. Taft, makes them more arrogant, more heartless and more savage in their march of devastation.—MONEY has always controlled those at the head of the Roman Catholic Church, and money has always controlled the negro vote, and the men high up in the ranks of the Republican party HAVE THE MONEY.—Combine these three elements, and they spell BILL TAFT FOR THE NEXT PRESIDENT, unless the manhood of America can be aroused between now and the third day of next November.

Every step that LIBERTY has taken has been fought by MASTERS.

An intelligent man can trace the majority of his "sorrows" to his own ignorance.

Yes, the RIP-SAW has lots of enemies; but we'd feel dam bad if we had not been taken seriously.

This country may have more small thieves than big ones, but their plunder is not nearly so great.

THE WAGE LORD

By
Edwin J. Brady.

For you, my lord, the millions toil, for you the spinners spin;
For you the workers delve and sweat, for you their daughters sin.
For you, my lord, the mother leaves her own to waste and pine,
That yours may live to feast and fat and drink the mellow wine.
For you the sculptor hews the stone, for you the anvil rings;
For you the artificer shapes a thousand lovely things.
For you the fruitful earth is tilled, for you the seed is sown;
For you the fruit is ripened, and for you the grain is grown.
For you the herdsman tends the flock, for you the fleece is spun;
And from the heart of Mother Earth for you the ore is wrung.
Before your gold, both young and old bow down and bend the knee,
Whilst you alone, mid sigh and groan, stand fetterless and free.
For you, my lord, the toiler leaves his broken-hearted wife,
That yours may live, in careless ease, a wasted, useless life.
To you the poet brings his lays, for you the author strives,
To please your sickly vanity, or gratify your wives—
'Tis you the painter tries to please, at you the singer sings;
For you the harpist softly tunes the sweet, pathetic strings.
For you the specious lawyer pleads, for you the cables lie;
For you the millions toil and fight, for you the millions die.
At your request the helot's breast is bared to meet the steel,
And War and Fire, at your desire, go forth for woe or weal.
By you, my lord, the laws are made, by you the scales are strung;
By you is virtue sent to goal, by you the thief is hung.
By you, O lord, the acts are made, by you the acts repealed;
By you the deed is framed and writ, by you the deed is sealed.
For you, in fine, the earth was made, and yours are all the lands,
And sacrilege, indeed! it were for you to soil your hands;
And doubtless, too, for you alone, the suns and planets roll—
The Lord above, the Lord of love, no doubt will save your soul;
Or if you should by any chance depart from ways of grace
The king below will keep for you in hell a special place.
Oh, potent lord; oh, mighty lord; oh, lord of earth and sky!
When shall your power and presence fade, when shall your kingdom die?

* * *

When the earth is rent and shaken,
When the sons of men awaken,
When the souls of men are strong;
When the death of olden wrong
Ushers in the golden new.

GET ONE.

Have you ever seen that Eugene V. Debs watch fob?—It's a mighty pretty thing; imitation bronze, with a splendid likeness of Eugene V. Debs set in onyx effect, with a beautiful wreath surrounding it, and an eagle soaring above it.—It has a nice patent leather

strap, and all in all, it's both beautiful and serviceable.—Send twenty-five cents to "THE APPEAL TO REASON, GIRARD, KANSAS, and get one, as it can be worn by any gentleman or lady with propriety, and at the same time you can silently declare your belief in this matchless leader.

SOCIALISM

By
A. M. KINNEY.

What does Socialism mean?

It means the Saviour's loving dream,
Of that good time, when men will bear
Each other's burdens, and will care
For others' woes, at last will come,
It means that greed has nearly run
Its fiendish course; that war will cease;
That all mankind will live in peace.

When will Socialism come?

'Tis almost here. Its rising sun
Already sends its shining rays
Athwart the world. This gloomy haze
Of envy, hate and strife for power
Is lifting. Even now the hour
Is striking loud, tolling the knell
Of this exploiting, slaving Hell.

DEAD.

Ex-president Grover Cleveland is dead.—He was a great man SIMPLY because he was twice president of the United States.—He was a great man because his fellow citizens twice honored him with the highest office in the land.—He was a great man because the greatness of his office made him great, AND NOTHING ELSE.

We are sad, because the taking away of a father and husband is a sad, sad thing to contemplate.—Grover Cleveland is gone, and may the young and rising generation scan the pages of history that he has made in a manner that will be beneficial to posterity.—Grover Cleveland has gone the way of all the earth, but has traveled only the same path that kings, potentates and peasants must travel, and has reached the same port that all humanity must reach—death.—The same God that passes judgment upon the acts and deeds of kings,

potentates and peasants will pass a righteous and just decision upon the fleshly acts of Grover Cleveland.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returneth'
Was not spoken of the soul."

HE READS IT, AND RE-READS IT.

A letter recently received from Mr. Arden S. Rucker, of Mertens, Texas, R. R. No. 2, in part follows: "Dear Colonel:

"I have been a subscriber of your paper for the past six months or more, and I want to assure you that it is the best paper I have ever read, and it expresses my sentiments exactly. I cannot find words to express my appreciation of such a paper. I read every copy of the RIP-SAW carefully and then read and re-read it again." * * *

BASIS OF SUCCESS.

It takes a certain amount of sand to conduct business successfully, especially a sugar business.—Philadelphia Record.

AS WE GO UP, WE COME DOWN.

Five years ago, when the RIP-SAW was first launched, its subscription price was one dollar per year, and we received THOUSANDS of subscriptions at this price. As soon as we became strong enough to exist upon a lower subscription price, we did not hesitate to make a deep cut, and we continued to cut until we reduced the price of the RIP-SAW to sixty cents per year.—When we got the subscription price of this journal down to this EXTREMELY LOW FIGURE, our loyal friends sent us in subscriptions BY THE TENS OF THOUSANDS; and SINCE WE FOUND THAT AS OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST GREW THAT WE COULD COME DOWN, we have again cut the price to ONLY FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

We are the only journal on earth that has, during the reign of high prices, continually cut our subscription price until we have cut it down to ONLY ONE-HALF OF ITS ORIGINAL PRICE.—We want to say right here and now THAT THE CLOSER THE PUBLIC STICKS TO US THE CLOSER WE WILL STICK TO IT; and this is the reason that the RIP-SAW has, from time to time, reduced its subscription price until it is within the reach of every individual in America, no matter how poor they are.—READ OUR ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE TWELVE, AND LEARN HOW YOU CAN SECURE THE RIP-SAW ONE WHOLE YEAR FOR ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

PHILIP WAGNER, President.

'TIS STRANGE, BUT TRUE

If the Congress of the United States would enact a law that would compel every farmer, every mechanic, every day-laborer and everyone who toils with their hands to turn over a part of each day's labor to some individual or set of individuals who perform NO LABOR and therefore produce NOTHING which feeds, clothes and warms humanity, this entire nation, or at least those who belong to the WORKING CLASS, would rebel at such a law—yes, they would go further than rebel, as they would take up arms against not only the Congress of the United States, but those who reaped a part of their daily toil by the enactment of such a law; and the working class, or those who produce the wealth of the world, would rebel at the ballot box, and not a single Congressman nor United States Senator, who were instrumental in enacting such a law, would ever again be elected to any office within the gift of the people, and those who were instrumental in enacting such a law would be HATED AND DESPISED by every toiler of the land, and their posterity could never wash from their escutcheon the dark stain placed there by their forefathers.—Why? Simply because such a law would place the producing class or those who perform the labor of the world in PERPETUAL SLAVERY.

Now, Mr. Reader, don't you know that should the Congress of the United States enact such a law as herein described that you, at the first opportunity, if you still retained the privilege of casting your ballot, would cast that ballot in condemnation of such a system, and that you would never let up denouncing and damning such a law?—Undoubtedly, you know that such would be the case, and you could not refrain from exhibiting your indignation at such a law; as you could promise your unborn children nothing but slavery and perpetual hardships, as they would, and you would also, under such a law, become abject slaves, wouldn't you?—Well, can you see any difference in being a slave by your ignorance or being a slave by the will of a law-making body of men? If you can, then there are degrees

in slavery; but if there is no difference in me and mine being slaves by our ignorance, and being slaves by the enactment of laws enacted by the tools of those who benefit by my slavery, then why, oh men, do you not throw off the yoke of your slavery, placed upon your brow, by your ignorance, while you have an opportunity, at the ballot box?—You say that you are not a slave, under the present system; but I tell you that you are, and propose to prove it to you in this article; and if I fail to make out my case to the understanding of the least educated and intelligent; then I ask you to pay no attention to my logic and brush it aside; but if I do make out my case so that you can assimilate it, and digest it and find that our logic is well founded, then I ask you to cast YOUR ALL with the political party that holds out the FREEDOM and LIBERTY that the Socialist party offers YOU.

In the first place, there is not a man who labors but who desires to reap all that his labor produces, and enjoy all that his toil and sweat is entitled to, is there?—Undoubtedly there is not.—Well, does he get it under the present system?

The farmer who produces all of EVERYTHING that the human family eats, and without which ALL WOULD STARVE, after he has sweat and drudged, under burning skies, and he and his family have spent the season in hardships, and after his crops have become marketable does he reap for his labor ALL of the profit that his labors have earned him?—Not much, as under the present system, he must pass a line of "middlemen" WHO DO NO WORK, and dispose of his crops to the FIRST "middle-man" at a price low enough so that the FIRST "middle-man" can sell it to the NEXT "middle-man" at a profit; and so on down the line, until the corn and wheat reaches the mill, and is turned into breadstuff, or until his cattle, sheep and hogs reach the slaughter-house, and are butchered, or until his wool and cotton reach the factories and are turned into clothing; nor does this PROFIT TAKING from the producers stop when his products reach the

slaughter-house, the mills and factories, as those who own the mills, slaughter-houses, and factories, there lay a tax, and an exorbitant tax at that, on those who buy their manufactured products, sufficiently large for them and their soft-handed offspring to live in idle elegance, at the expense of the producers; nor does it stop here, for before the manufactured product reaches the farmer who originally produced it in its unfinished form, it again has to pass through another gang of PROFIT TAKERS, known as "merchants," and by the time it reaches the farmer who originally produced it, he is unable to buy back ONE-FOURTH of the VERY STUFF that he originally sold; consequently, the farmer who raised the wheat, the corn, the wool, the cotton, the hogs, and the cattle has lost THREE-FOURTHS of the VERY STUFF which he produced by his own labors.

Now, Mr. Reader, did those who WORK in the mills, the slaughter-houses, the factories and those who pumped the oil from the earth and those who dug the minerals from the ground and who formed and fashioned the raw materials into USABLE FORM, and who SHOULD have reaped the reward which these products yielded, reap that reward?—No, no, son, the men, women and children who spun and wove into cloth the wool and cotton which the farmer raised, and those who jeopardized their health in foul-smelling slaughter-houses and over foul-smelling rendering vats and in mills and factories, wind up their yearly grind in as deplorable a condition as does the farmers and the laboring men who produce all of these things which the finished product is made of.—Then who was it that reaped this bountiful harvest of profit?—Ah! it was the men who have been given the PRIVILEGE, under the present system, of making slaves of the producers of the land for their SPECIAL BENEFIT, and who do, from this profit, enjoy all of the good things of the land, and who live in the palatial homes of the earth and who wear the glittering jewels of the universe, and the fine raiment of the nation and

live upon the most delicate delicacies that their slaves produce; as this MASTER CLASS, have, BY HIRING POLITICAL TOOLS TO MAKE FOOLS OF YOU, Mr. Reader, been granted the same privilege to make slaves of you and yours, as would a law directly enacted by their political tools.—This same class of SLAVE MASTERS have laid their iron hand of PROFIT TAKING upon you by controlling and owning the railroad lines, the street car lines, the steamship lines, the telegraph lines, the telephone lines and every other transportation and public utility of the land, and it matters not how poverty stricken one of their SLAVES may be, if their mother or father or husband or wife or child dies, they stand at the BUSINESS END of the telephone and telegraph lines and demand that he pay them a PROFIT for notifying a distressed and distracted husband, father, mother, daughter or son of the death of some loved one, and as tyrannically stand guard over the transportation lines and demand that you pay them a PROFIT before they will permit you to look for the last time upon the cold and colorless lips of the mother who rocked you in your infancy or the father who worked his life away in drudgery for your sake, or the wife whom you love as dearly as you love your own soul, or the husband whom the wife would sacrifice her life for, or the child of your own loins, and then will turn around and use the profit that they sweat from the pores of you IGNORANT "YAPS", and hire Democratic and Republican speakers to tell you that SOCIALISM MEANS ANARCHY; when Socialism bends over you and whispers into your ears that TO THE PRODUCER BELONGS THE PRODUCT, AND TO HIM WHO REFUSES TO TOIL, STARVATION IS JUSTLY HIS.

Socialism declares to you, Mr. Farmer, to you, Mr. Mechanic, and to you, Mr. Daylaborer, who create ALL OF THE WEALTH OF THE LAND, THAT YOU AND YOU ALONE who produce all the good things which the human family must have or perish,

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal one whole year for only twenty-five cents.

are entitled to all of the emoluments accruing from such production; but both the Republican and Democratic parties tell you the exact reverse and have made you believe in this abnormal and accursed system, so strongly, that Y O U, YOURSELVES, have forged the chains of the present SLAVE system, and willingly have had them welded to your ankles so securely that you today stand unmurmuringly and permit the SLAVE MASTERS of the universe to rob you of a part of ALL you produce without any law but the law of greed and plunder.—Now, tell me, Mr. Reader, if you can see any difference in a law which COMPELS you to give up a part of that which you create to him who does not create anything, and an IGNORANCE so sublime that you do it without compulsion?—Socialism says to those who create the wealth of the land, that under the present system that there are hundreds of thousands of people all over the land who are hungry, half-clothed and homeless, simply because this PROFIT TAKING SYSTEM OF MASTERS has dealt so harshly with them that they are unable to enjoy the commonest necessities of life; and further declares to you that when she comes into power that SHE WILL erect public store-houses where the farmer or any other man who produces more than he and his family can use, may take it and have it sold for ALL that it is worth, and that no transportation charges and no warehouse charges but the ACTUAL COST shall be charged up against his account, and that HE AND HE ALONE, will reap ALL that his sweat and energies produce, and that NONE shall be permitted to lay a tax upon his energies so great that they will be permitted to live in splendor, while he who PRODUCES THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE live in want and misery; and when that day arrives every individual will become an INDIVIDUALIST, as they will realize that the system of MASTER AND SLAVE has created the most ravenous class of MASTERS known to civilization, and the most abject herd of SLAVES who apparently seem to enjoy their slavery; as they rebel at the thought of EQUALITY and curl their lips in scorn at the man who points them to the road that will lead to their ABSOLUTE EMANCIPATION—THE ROAD OF SOCIALISM.—Wake up! boys, in the name of God, wake up! before you have so completely been shackled by the chains of servitude forged by masters, that you will be unable to rebel at the ballot box with your sovereign manhood.

"From the abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh"

The man that was not politically blind had no difficulty in learning, during the Republican National Convention, recently pulled off at Chicago, just how these EARTH OWNERS felt in regard to permitting the American voter to govern himself.

When the Bob Lafolette element tried to get the Republican party to make a declaration in regard to electing United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, this august body of the tools of wealth refused to make that declaration in their platform.—When the Bob Lafolette element tried to get the Republican party to make a declaration in their platform that they would publish from whence came their campaign contributions, they absolutely refused to embody such a declaration in their platform.—

When the Bob Lafolette element tried to get the Republican party to make a declaration in their platform that a physical valuation of the railroads should be made, and that they should be taxed according to this physical valuation, they refused to do it.

Why the Republican party refused to make these declarations in

their platform relative to electing United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, was because the millionaires who composed that national convention, realized that it was much easier to buy the legislators of the different states than it was to buy the manhood of the entire state; and these earth owners wanted to be sure and control the majority of our law-makers.

The reason the Republican party did not make the declaration in their platform relative to publishing from whence the campaign contributions came was because they did not want "Rube" to know from whence these contributions do come.—The reason the Republican party refused to make a declaration in its platform in favor of taking a physical valuation of railroads, was because the railroad owners, or their agents, controlled that convention, and they wanted to slip out of their just taxation, and saddle it on to the thick pated voters whose property IS physically valued and a taxation laid according to its physical value.

The Republican party, during its

last convention by these refusals, proclaimed itself absolutely in favor of the FEW governing the MANY.—Can you, Mr. Laborer, afford to cast your ballot in favor of perpetuating this class of men in power, who boldly and above board, and without a tinge of shame make such declarations? If you can, then you deserve no better than you have, and haven't got sense enough to enjoy freedom.

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,
Business Manager.

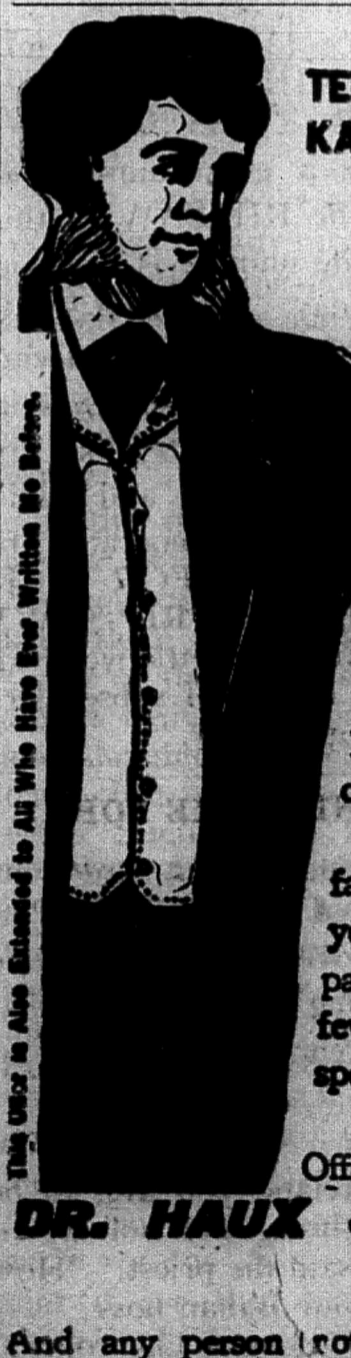
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Turn 'er Loose, Joe

A few days before Texas held her state convention to nominate delegates to the Democratic National Convention, at Denver, H. Clay Pierce's "borrowing friend", Joe Bailey, in an address, declared that unless he received at least, a majority of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOTES over his opponent for delegate to this national convention, that he would consider that his course in public life had been rebuked by the manhood of Texas; now, the above might not be the exact words that Joe Bailey uttered, but they carry with them the EXACT MEANING.—Well, the primaries over the State of Texas have come and gone, and passed into history, and according to the estimate that Joe Bailey placed upon his OWN WORTH, the manhood of the great State of Texas handed him a lemon that would weigh a ton, as Bailey received a majority of ONLY EIGHTEEN THOUSAND over his opponent; consequently he has been rebuked EIGHTY-TWO THOUSAND STRONG, according to his own figures; so we wonder if H. Clay Pierce's friend will resign his job in the United States Senate?—No. no. we don't mean to say we "WONDER", as we don't wonder a darned bit; for if Joe Bailey had received only a majority of one vote and that vote had been cast by a crooked spined billy-goat he would hang on to his "oily job" like a tick to a "nigger's" navel.

Come on, come on, "turn 'er loose, Joe", as you virtually promised that you would throw up the sponge, and go into the oil business without a mask, if you didn't come out of the fight with the "amen" of Texas manhood A HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG; and since you are EIGHTY-TWO THOUSAND TIMES MORE ONERY than you thought you were, why don't you step up lively, and get rid of your job, as there's no danger of you ever starving to death as long as H. Clay Pierce is willing to loan a man whom he never saw before, thousands of dollars without a grunt; and it ought to be E-A-S-I-E-R for you to work "Clay" now, since you ARE acquainted with him, and since you

have been weighed in the balances and found "IT", you ought to be able to borrow rolls of "mazuma" from "Clay" that would trip a Texas steer.—According to your own estimate, Joe, you are EIGHTY-TWO THOUSAND TIMES more unworthy than you thought you were; and lacked EIGHTY-TWO THOUSAND TIMES of working your "con" as strong as you thought you could; so the thing for you to do is to wire the Standard Oil Company, at Twenty-six Broadway, New York City, that you have resigned your job in the United States Senate, and will leave on the next train for your REAL HEADQUARTERS; and tell them that they needn't be AFRAID THIS TIME to meet you at the depot, and give you the glad hand.

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal one whole year for only twenty-five cents.

BULLY!

A letter recently received from Mr. W. F. Cunningham, a merchant of Lane, Tenn., in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"There are a good number of converts of the RIP-SAW in this section, and the number is growing larger every day. The RIP-SAW is pulling the Republican and Democratic beams out of their eyes in this section of the country like 'six bits.' The most rank and rabid Republicans and Democrats are hollering 'HURRAH FOR DICK MAPLE AND THE RIP-SAW!' You are the kind of mettle we need. I have a nice bundle of subscribers to send in right away."

CONCERNING THE POPE.

A gentleman, walking down one of the streets of Harlem on St. Patrick's Day, overheard a Catholic Priest chaffing an Irishman at work in a trench with a gang of Italians.

"Well, Pat! You here? A fine son of old Ireland you are, to be working on this grand holiday of St. Patrick," said the priest. "How do you like your Italian boss?"


"Faith, how do you like yours?" responded Pat.—Judge.

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ONE GOD, ONE FAMILY

Just so long as the political masters can keep those who create the wealth of the world divided and fighting among themselves, just that long the workers will be floundering about in an ocean of graft and servitude.

There is not a political trickster on earth, and we are sorry to say the majority of the empty pated voters, but what tells us that it is **ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY** to have two or more political parties.

You Christians tell us that we are all brothers and sisters, and the sons and daughters of one God, and none of you would dare tell us that we need more than one gospel for the salvation of our souls; for if there is but **ONE GOD**, and He is a **JUST GOD**, then He could but have one gospel if he gave us a gospel of **JUSTICE**.

Now, if the human family are all brothers and sisters and are the sons and daughters of one God, and if that God is a just God, and no one disputes it, then what would you think of any man who would claim that it would be best for the human family, which consists of brothers and sisters, and who are the sons and daughters of one God, to have two or three Gods and two or three gospels?—Now, you know as well as we do, that the man who would even make such a suggestion would be considered an idiot, a lunatic or a man with a scheme up his sleeve ready to foist a God of his own making upon those whom he could persuade to believe this fallacious and idiotic doctrine, in order that he might become benefited himself by persuading others to believe in his multiplicity of Gods and gospels, which is both unreasonable and inconsistent.

Now, if the human family, who are brothers and sisters, and the sons and daughters of one God, need no other gospel but the gospel of one God, then how can you figure it out, Mr. Reader, that this same human family, who are brothers and sisters and the sons and daughters of one God, can need more than one political party, if that party's platform is builded out of the planks of that old gospel platform of the one God whom you say is Just?

Now, if it doesn't take but one gospel to enable men to erect and furnish a mansion "IN THE SKY," then how in the dickens, Rube, do you figure it out that we must have two or more political parties in the United States of America to erect and furnish **ONE LOG CABIN ON EARTH**, and it owned by some dam rascal?—The modern Christians tell us that there is no comparison between the splendors of the magnificent mansion that they intend to inhabit "OVER YONDER," and the rented "shack" that we occupy here below; and they further tell us that they are going to get that **MANSION BEYOND THE SKIES** by following **ONE GOSPEL** given them by **ONE GOD**; but as soon as they wipe their weeping eyes and saliva stained chins, they will, parrot-like, tell us that it is **ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY** to have two or more political parties in order that one may keep the other from becoming so damnably mean that they will steal the other blind; and in the next breath they will tell you that they believe **THEIR PARTY** is builded upon the platform of justice, hewn out of that old biblical platform which takes for its foundation stone, "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU."

Now, how in the name of Booker Washington any man can work himself up to the point of aligning himself with a party that he is afraid of unless there is some other party to keep it from robbing him, is something beyond our comprehension.

If this doctrine, that there must be two or more political parties so that one can watch the other, and keep them from making serfs and slaves of their brothers and sisters, whom we are taught are the sons and daughters of **ONE GOD**, is true; then it is an evident fact that when Lucifer was kicked out of heaven and had a pair of horns and a tail screwed on him that he left that celestial domain with a darned sight more power than God Almighty has today; for if the devil can wield a greater influence for **BAD** than God Almighty can for **GOOD**, then heaven is a failure and hell is a roaring success.—Now, Socialism doesn't believe any such rot, as Socialism **KNOWS** that if we live according to the gospel of Jesus Christ that we will forever march under the

plumb-line of righteousness; and knowing this, she predicates her **ALL** on the sublime teachings of the Lowly Nazarene, and adopts his doctrines as hers, **KNOWING FULL WELL** that a gospel that will lead to **MANSIONS** after death will not lead to **CHEERLESS SHACKS** during life; therefore, she stands at the door of your intellectual heart, and knocks for admission, and points you to that sublime gospel, "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU;" and when you have done this, you have measured up full and complete to every requirement of the first Socialist that ever marked God's footstool—**JESUS CHRIST**.

It is an indisputable fact that if we are all brothers and sisters, and if we are all the sons and daughters of one God, that **JUSTICE** will work no hardship upon a single individual of that grand family; and if such is the case, and no one dares dispute it, then all that the human family needs is **ABSOLUTE JUSTICE**, which will give to the farmer **ALL** that he produces by his individual efforts; to the mechanic **ALL** that he produces by his individual efforts; to the day-laborer **ALL** that he produces by his individual efforts, and all that each and every one of these brothers and sisters, who are known as the human family, and who are the sons and daughters of one God produce by their individual efforts.—Now, we defy any living man, be he Christian or heathen, that will dispute a single fundamental fact laid down in this article; and since these facts are **INDISPUTABLE**, then we ask the Roosevelts, the Tafts, the Bryans, the philosophers of the earth, and the theologians of the universe to tell us how you can divide the principle of **JUSTICE** and get more than one **JUST** political party into existence; for if **JUSTICE** is indivisible, then when you attempt to divide it, it at once ceases to be a golden globular of justice; then how in the dickens, Rube, are you going to get more than one political party, and each of these parties be **JUST**?

LISTEN!—What you boys must do, before this government will ever be run for the benefit of those who create the wealth of the land, is to arrive at the only rational conclusion that you can arrive at: that **JUSTICE INJURES NO ONE**; and since it is as fair to the farmer as it is to the mechanic, the day laborer, the physician, the preacher, the bookkeeper, or any other individual who creates wealth by his individual efforts, then **JUSTICE** is what you must have; and

since there is but one road that you can travel to get it, and that road is **SELF GOVERNMENT**; then why will you, oh ye farmers, ye mechanics, ye day-laborers, and ye mighty throng of toiling serfs, continue to divide up your votes among different parties who have nothing in view but your perpetual slavery? Oh men! why not throw off your yoke of servitude at once, and give your political masters to understand that you have awoken and begun to realize that there can be but **ONE JUST POLITICAL PARTY**? And when you do this, the toiling hosts of every land on earth will sing the same songs, shout the same hallelujahs, and pray the same prayer; and the millennial dawn will at that moment appear above the political horizon of political deceit, scull-duggery, and trickery, and the Judas Iscariots of the old parties will slink away and hide their faces from those whom they have robbed for centuries.

Mr. Reader, the national candidates of both the Republican and Democratic parties are selected by the **MASTER CLASS**, and what the hired tools of wealth tell us upon the stump, during our political campaigns is inspired by the **MASTER CLASS** to fool and hoodwink you, and make you believe that there must be two or more political parties in order that the affairs of the government be administered justly.

There is not a man who is competent in America but what understands that the campaign donations to both the Republican and Democratic parties are furnished by the **MASTER CLASS**, and those who expect to be benefited by laws peculiarly adapted to their own interests; as this class would never donate a single penny to any political party that they did not believe would enact laws beneficial to them and their business; therefore,

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This \$20.00 Watch for \$5.45

These figures tell exactly what we are doing—selling a \$20.00 watch for \$5.45. We don't claim that this is a \$40.00 watch or a \$50.00 watch, but it is a \$20.00 watch. A leading watch manufacturer, being hard pressed for ready cash, recently sold us 100,000 watches—watches actually built to retail at \$20.00. There is no doubt that we could wholesale these to dealers for \$12.00 or \$13.00, but this would involve a great amount of labor, time and expense. In the end our profit would be little more than it is at selling the watch direct to the consumer at \$5.45. This **Evington Watch** which we offer at \$5.45, is a rubied jeweled, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement. It has specially selected jewels, dust band, patent regulator, enameled dial, jeweled compensation balance, double hunting case, genuine gold-laid and handsomely engraved. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated before leaving the factory and both the case and movement are guaranteed for 20 years.

Send us your name, post-office address, and nearest express office and name of this paper. Tell us whether you want a ladies' or gents' watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it satisfies you after a careful examination, pay the express agent \$5.45 and express charges and the watch is yours, but if it doesn't please you return it to us at our expense.

A 20-year guarantee will be placed in the front case of the watch we send you, and to the first 10,000 customers we will send a beautiful gold-laid watch chain, free.

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oh men! can you not see and can you not understand that a law or a ruling by a judge which will put thousands of dollars in the pockets of the MASTER CLASS must be a law or a ruling that will take money out of the pockets of the poor? As the man who DOES NO LABOR cannot come into possession of a single dollar until the man who DOES LABOR first earns that dollar; therefore, ye blind partisan fools, will you never analyze this cunning scheme of TWO PARTIES, and will you never learn that why your MASTERS desire you to believe this fallacious doctrine is in order that they may more easily rob you?

Just so long as the political bosses, who are hired by the MASTER CLASS, can keep the voters believing that there must be two or more political parties in existence, and thereby keep the votes of those who create the wealth of the world divided up, just that long you are going to go in your shirt-tails and wonder how in the dickens it comes that those who DO NO WORK, live upon the fat of the land, and those WHO DO WORK live in want, penury and misery.—Bear in mind, Mr. Voter, that if ONE GOD and ONE GOSPEL is sufficient to enable you to come into possession of silken robes, golden harps, a mansion, streets paved with eighteen karat gold and hunks of manna as big as barn doors, that ONE POLITICAL PARTY, if conducted along the line of the gospel given us by that ONE GOD, is sufficient to furnish you at least a comfortable pair of blue jeans "britches," a first-class French harp, a comfortable four-room cottage, granatoid walks, and plenty of mush and milk here below; and if one political party, when conducted by those who create the wealth of the world will not do this for us on earth, then I don't believe a dam word about the same principle giving us all these good things after we have sat around on this earth until we have got so durned thin that the striffin of our belly adheres so closely to our backbone that we are unable to tell whether we have got the belly-ache or back-ache.—Now, if there is but ONE GOD, and that ONE GOD would create the human family in a manner that it would require TWO POLITICAL PARTIES to keep a roof over its head, pants on its legs, a "lid" on its top-knot, and sow-belly in its stomach to keep the worms quiet, and then can save it high up in "Glory" with ONLY ONE GOSPEL; then the job of taking care of a man after he is dead is a durned sight easier than the one of looking after him while he's on earth.

We will now stand and sing: Ruben, Ruben, I've been thinking What a grand world this would be, If the "studs" of both old parties Were all shoved into the sea.

FRISKY OLD TOM

I guess you have heard of Tom Platt, Senator from New York.—'Course you have, as it would be mighty hard to find anyone in America that hasn't heard of this old "rake."—Well, "Tom" got mixed up with a Miss Mae Wood, of Omaha, Nebraska, who is a very "good looker", we understand, and as "Tom" found some spare moments in his senatorial career which he wasn't devoting to the express company of which he is president, the old "stud" got to winking and blinking at "Mae", and from what Miss Wood says, AND GOD KNOWS WE WOULD BELIEVE HER BEFORE WE WOULL THOMAS C. PLATT, HE MARRIED HER, ON NOVEMBER NINTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE; or at least he led this poor girl to believe that she was married, as she states, under oath, that they went through the regular marriage ceremony, and she was led to believe that the man who was performing the ceremony was a minister.—But "Frisky old Tom", we suppose, accomplished his hellish and diabolical end by making this girl believe that she was his lawful wife; and when he was tired of his new toy, he tossed her overboard to drift down, down the rapids of disgrace as has myriads of other girls drifted, who have been set afloat by such amorous, foul and treacherous "bricks" as old Tom Platt, Senator from the great empire State of New York.

Everybody that has followed the testimony of Miss Mae Wood is thoroughly convinced that she is telling the truth, as everyone who has tried to follow Tom Platt's crooked and meandering political life, knows that he would resort to anything, no matter how damnable, to gain his end.—This is one of the "KINDS" of United States Senators that we have in that sublime and august body of law-makers, at Washington, D. C.—Can you blame the average man for having no respect for either our law-makers or the laws which they enact, when such old reprobates as Thomas C. Platt is considered "ace high" in that body?—This old "sandy shoat" who holds the manhood of the State of

New York in the hollow of his polluted hands, and who is past seventy years of age, ought to be made a Eunuch of or tied in the back end of some sixty acre brier patch, where he would not come in contact with girls who are compelled to earn their bread by daily toil, as is Miss Mae Wood, of Omaha, Nebraska, and who fall easy prey to such scheming, black hearted rascals.—But you'll not hear a single senator from that supposedly august body demand that "Old Frisky Tom" resign his seat.—'Course you won't for if scull-duggery, deceit and being a traitor to their constituents had have been considered a grave offense, Thomas C. Platt, with a number of others that we could mention would have been asked to "shoot the chutes" long since, as it is a notorious fact that Thomas C. Platt is the father, the instigator and the perpetrator of more measley, dirty, misleading legislation than any other man that ever sat in the United States Senate; however, if all of the senators of the United States who have been guilty of peculiar "curves" in their political careers knew that they were going to be struck by lightning within six weeks, the United States Senate chamber would look like a cane-brake with the leaves off, as half of this bunch would have lightning-rods run up their spinal column to avoid the stroke.—And one of the first, we imagine, to thus protect himself would be H. Clay Pierce's great, good and "HANDY" friend, Oily Joe Bailey, of Texas, as he, we imagine, would want a "pair" of rods to ward off the flash.

LISTEN!—After Mae Wood SWORE UNDER OATH, and no one but old Tom Platt disputed her testimony, and everybody knows what his testimony is worth, and after this old "skunk" acknowledged, upon the witness stand, that the letters that Mae Wood produced as evidence of his love-making to her were written by him, and after he had acknowledged, under oath, that he had given his son TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS to buy these love letters so there would be no evidence left of his perfidy, Judge O'Gorman, whom the case was tried before, released

Tom Platt, and sent Mae Wood, the girl who according to her own evidence, Tom Platt deceived, to jail—yes, to jail; for as Judge O'Gorman declares, swearing a lie.—"HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG" will such men as Tom Platt, on account of their money and political pulls and the grasp they have upon the throat of the tribunals of this country, slip through the meshes of justice, no matter how black and heinous their crimes may be?—Now, had not old Tom Platt have known that he was liable to get into trouble over the promise he made Mae Wood, do you suppose that he would have given up TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in order to eradicate every vestige of evidence which he knew existed in the letters that he had written this poor, desolate, broken-hearted and forlorn girl?—Certainly he, knew that he was guilty and as guilty as hell of the crimes that Mae Wood accuses him of, or he would have been the last man under the shining sun to have given up TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS to destroy the only evidence which he knew existed.—When this old "rip" was asked why he instructed Miss Mae Wood to occupy a certain room in a Fifth Avenue Hotel, his only answer was "I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DID IT".—In our estimation, this amorous human Tomcat swore to a falsehood as black as hell, as he DID KNOW why he instructed Mae Wood to take a certain room in a Fifth Avenue Hotel, as in our estimation, he did it in order to glut his brutal lust upon her virtue, by the promise of marriage.—No, the RIP-SAW don't believe that he ever married Mae Wood, but we believe that Mae Wood thought he married her, and further believe that old Tom Platt found that he could not gratify his brutish lust only by making this girl believe that she had become his legal wife, and in order to accomplish her ruin, he resorted to trickery, and by the help

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal one whole year for only twenty-five cents.

of other scheming scoundrels, he did make Mae Wood believe that she was his legal wife and accomplished his diabolical and fiendish purpose—seduced this girl; and then tossed her overboard to drift, drift, drift out upon the bleak and desolate plains of despair, while this hoary headed old whelp holds on to one of the highest offices of the land, and is numbered among the HONORABLE MEN of America.—And a court of the great State of New York, presided over by Judge O'Gorman, placed its official seal of PURITY upon this old cuss's brow and sent poor Mae Wood to jail in default of a bond of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—GODS! it's enough to make the blood in any man or woman's veins curdle and congeal at the thought of such an extravaganza upon justice.

JAMES S. SHERMAN.

The candidate for the vice-presidency on the Republican ticket is James S. Sherman, of Utica, New York; and this same James S. Sherman is president of the ice trust of that city, which squeezed to death the smaller ice dealers, and raised the price of ice to a point where the poor of that Eastern City can scarcely afford the luxury.—James S. Sherman, we further understand is president of one or two banks; therefore, of course he stands ACE HIGH in the ranks of the Republican party and makes a fit and harmonious candidate for "Teddy's" little boy, "Willie" Taft.—"Rube," do you want to register your vote in a manner that will say AMEN to Jim Sherman? If so go ahead and cast your ballot for this ice magnate, as the widows, mothers and orphan children of New York ought not to have ice anyway unless they allow Jim Sherman to make a fabulous profit from every penny's worth they buy from him with their meager earnings.—O, men, will you march up to the polls next November and cast your ballots, like blind cattle, for a pair of men who are NOT in harmony with a thing that is to your benefit, and ARE in harmony with any and everythig that ROBS you?

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TROTTER THE SALESMAN, Dept. H Kansas City, Mo.

A Wail From a Cannibal of Commerce

President Roosevelt called a conference of governors to meet in Washington recently, and, as Uncle Remus would say, "mos o' de creatures went." One of the "creatures" who went, however, was not a governor, but a big railroad magnate named James J. Hill, who, in a speech before the conference, delivered himself of the following:

"Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million and another can not get a full meal. The day will come when the multitudes of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of legislature will be chosen?

There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. Either civilization or liberty will perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire in the fifth. We need not accept this gloomy picture too literally, but we have been already sufficiently warned to prevent us from dismissing the question as unworthy of attention."

What does he mean by "some Caesar or Napoleon?" Who are the "barbarians" by whom the republic will be "fearfully plundered?" Does Millionaire Magnate Hill tell us what is bringing on the distress that will make the laborers mutinous and discontented? Does

he suggest any means whereby our republic may be spared the awful scenes of spoliation and plunder which he presents in colors so somber? No; the program of him, and such as he is to despoil the "barbarians" until not half a breakfast or half a dinner is left to them, and when the "mutiny" is pulled off, hide behind an imperial army and navy commanded by "some Caesar or Napoleon." That's their scheme. That's what faces the sons and daughters of the fathers and mothers who crossed the tempestuous Atlantic in little sail boats seeking freedom from oppression. The oppressor has followed them, and he calls their children barbarians, and there are no more Atlantics to cross.—Abilene (Texas) Journal.

SHE KNEW A LITTLE ABOUT ETIQUETTE ALSO.

"Madam," said the book-agent as the door was opened by a very comely maid, "I am selling a new book on etiquette and deportment."

"Oh, you are," she responded. "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet."

"Yes'm," and he went. "As I was saying, ma'am," he continued as he again came to the door, "I am sell—"

"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm." And off went the hat. "Now, then, as I was saying—"

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm," and his hands clutched at his coat lapels. "Now, ma'am, this work on eti—"

"Throw out your cud. If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm," and the tobacco disappeared. "Now ma'am," as he wiped his brow, "in calling your attention to this valuable—"

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight. I don't want your book. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning and I think she needs something of the kind."—Ex.

Danderine

GROWS HAIR
and we can

PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes:
"As a result of using Danderine, my hair is close to five feet in length."

Beautiful Hair at Small Cost

HAIR troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It penetrates the pores quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes,
25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Cut
This
Out

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the
KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.,
with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.



Harry R. Fisher, Advertising Manager of this paper says, "I have never yet seen anything to equal the hair and scalp curing effect of Danderine. Every time I combed my hair a great deal came out owing to the roots being weakened on account of dandruff. This is now stopped and I am having no trouble whatever."

Only Two Cents a Month! The Rip-Saw One Whole Year For Only Twenty-Five Cents.

We Want to Add a Million New Readers to Our List Between Now and the Election.

IT'S NOT PROFIT, BUT READERS WE WANT.

LISTEN!

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

READ HOW TO GET IT: You will find two coupons below. Get three of your neighbors to subscribe with you, making FOUR subscribers, and cut out one of the coupons found below, and send it to us with ONLY ONE DOLLAR, and all four 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 twenty-five cents, as you must send in a club of FOUR 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 SEPTEMBER, 1908—next month.

RIP-SAW COUPON.

If this coupon is returned to us with a remittance of only One Dollar, on or before September 1st, 1908, we will mail this journal to four persons one whole year.

**THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW,
PHILIP WAGNER, MANAGER.**

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**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 twenty-five cents for a full year unless AS MANY OR MORE THAN FOUR names are sent in at one time, and ONE DOLLAR to pay for same. ACT NOW, as this GREAT OFFER will expire on the first day of next month—September. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

SAMPLE COPIES FURNISHED FREE. THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

CROSS-EYED VIRTUE.

In this article we want to talk to our readers about a deformed, or perhaps more properly speaking, a "CROSS-EYED VIRTUE," as in our estimation, the brute who murders virtue is a million times blacker than the poor victim that he murders.

We hear upon the right and the left the jabber of our "Pie-Faced" Christians talking about "fallen women," but we never hear one of these "gourd-headed" non-entities once refer to "fallen men."

Now a society which refuses to recognize a poor frail girl who has sinned by the intrigue of some cunning, hellish demon, but will throw the doors of their homes wide open to the libertine, who has caused her to sin, is a society that is besmirched with the contaminating grime of filth, which does not possess even the semblance of decent intelligence, and such a society belongs to the suburbs of Hell.

We hear frequently, yea, very frequently, of "fallen women," but we never hear of "fallen men;" when it is a notorious fact that for

every "fallen woman," there are at least ten "fallen men."

Is not this male hyena's offense against female honor, decency and virtue as great, at least, as hers? We would like to see the professed Christian who will raise his voice in defense of this male libertine. Ah! there is not one that would dare publicly defend him; then why should we always be prattling about "fallen women," and never denouncing the black-plumed devil who causes her to fall?

We have many honorable, virtuous young men in this country, but we are sorry to say that we have thousands of disreputable villains who make it a business to prey upon virtue, and who are a disgrace to their parents who brought them into this world, and these self-same vultures of virtue are known to the fathers and mothers of this land as libertines; but these old silly parents, who will shun the girl who sinned in her youth, will welcome these vagabonds to their homes and entrust their precious daughters to their keeping, when they know and

have absolute proof of the perfidy of their blackened characters.

We want to get right near the fireside of your homes and ask you some questions that will force you to have one healthy, righteous thought, and by so doing, we hope to arouse a justice within you which has slept a lethargical sleep all through the past generations which have glided into history.

Now, mothers and fathers, we want to ask you if the sin of the seducer is not as great, as black and damnable as the sin of the seduced, and is not the seduced the weaker of the two? Then why should not this black-robed knight of licentiousness be considered the greatest sinner of the two?

If such is the case, then why should the "fallen women" have every avenue closed against them and be left to be devoured by the licentious of God's green earth? and why should these male ingrates be pressed to the bosom of your family while the fallen girl has every door of hope closed against her?

Our modern preachers have not enough religion in their puny souls to step down out of their pulpits, and with tears in their eyes and an out-stretched hand of succor, bid the fallen girl arise, and proclaim to their congregations that they must extend a helping hand, as these pulpit orators are moral cow-

ards and are afraid to be fearless Christians for fear of modern devilish criticism.

When we ostracize the "fallen woman," and take the brute who caused her fall, to our bosoms, we publicly declare to the world-at-large that we are a set of hypocrites and do not deserve to be considered even just, much less righteous.

When our silly old parents learn that the human reptile who will take advantage of their neighbor's daughter and cause her to sacrifice her virtue to his lust, would do the same with THEIR daughters, then they will learn to treat "fallen men" as they do "fallen women."

Let a poor girl fall, and the world will ostracize her at once, and demand that she live the remainder of her days in humiliation, and will not associate with her, and will not allow their children to countenance her in public; but the next day they will permit her betrayer to come into the bosom of their family and be treated as only a gentleman deserves, when this black-hearted wretch is a thousand times worse than the girl whom he destroyed, as it was by his cunning, hypocrisy and perhaps his impassioned love story that he whispered into her simple ear, that caused her to fall.

The "unthinkable" and silly.
(Continued on Page 14.)

HAPPY, THANKFUL PEOPLE

My Illustrated Book tells of a method by which people from every State in the Union, Canada and other foreign countries were cured of chronic Eye and Ear troubles, Deafness and Catarrh in their homes by My Mild Medicine. Most of these cases had been pronounced incurable by other doctors but they wrote for my book, followed its advice and today are cured.



DR. F. G. COURTS,
The Great Eye and Ear Specialist.



FREE TO YOU

MY FREE OFFER

TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM

Catarrh, Deafness, Eye and Ear Troubles

I want to make you a straight, honorable proposition to send you three valuable gifts absolutely free, if you need them and promise to use them. I know they will greatly benefit you. I know they will do you good.

I want to place in your hands the instruments, the medicine and advice that will prove to you the really great value of my treatment, and I don't ask you to send me one cent for this trial treatment. I want to send you my Nasal Douche or my Aluminum Eye Cup, 5 days' treatment and my illustrated book, all as a generous free gift, so that you can put me to the test, so that you may see for yourself that I am a man of my word and so that you can prove that I always do exactly as I agree. No doctor has ever made it so easy for you to cure yourself of Catarrh, Deafness, Eye or Ear troubles right in your own home and it will pay you to accept my free offer today.

TEST MY TREATMENT AT MY EXPENSE

Hundreds Have Been Cured

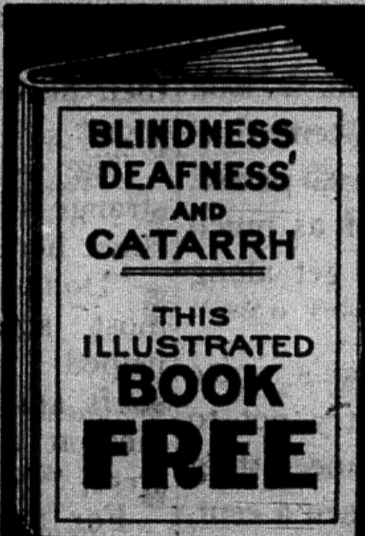
Every year I successfully treat thousands of cases in all parts of the United States. There is scarcely a town or hamlet where I cannot point to a cured, satisfied patient.

All my dealings will stand the closest investigation. I claim most emphatically that in all probability I have cured more cases of Eye and Ear trouble and Catarrh than any other doctor.

My Nasal Douche is a practical invention, constructed on scientific principles, easily cleaned, perfectly sanitary and so simple that any child can use it. I've proved its value in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Hawking or Spitting, Headaches, Discharging Ears, Head Noises, Ringing or Buzzing in the Ears, etc., etc., and I want to convince you that I can cure you. I can prove this statement to you in five days' time if you will only let me do so. I don't care how serious your case may be or how long you may have suffered, or what other doctors have told you. I want you to prove it for yourself at my expense. Simply send your name and address and I will send my 50c Nasal Douche, five days' treatment and my illustrated book—all free.

My Aluminum Eye Cup is the newest, most effective way of applying remedies to the Eye. It is made from beautiful white aluminum, from molds specially constructed at great expense for the purpose; is really worth \$60 to any sufferer; is lighter, more sanitary and in every way better than any style or material yet devised. I care not whether you are suffering with the most serious and complicated disease of the Eye, whether you have inflammation of the Eye Ball or Granulation of the Eye Lids, or whether your Eyes are tired out and ache, burn or smart, you should have one of my Eye cups in your house for prompt and immediate use. I will send you one without a cent of cost so that you may prove its value.

Send No Money Simply your name and address in a letter, or a Post Card will do, and you will receive by return mail my Nasal Douche or Aluminum Eye Cup (whichever you need), my five days' treatment and my new illustrated book.



My New Illustrated Book, acknowledged to be one of the greatest works of its kind ever published—full from cover to cover with information and advice you can't afford to be without. It took months to prepare and is the result of careful study, painstaking thought and investigation. It is my life work and I am proud to see my name appear as its author. It has made me famous, but, best of all, it has been the means of pointing out the way by which hundreds have been restored to sight and hearing.

It tells how to quickly relieve and cure Distressing Head Noises, Ringing and Buzzing in the Ears, Discharging Ears and Catarrh. It tells how deaf people, except those born deaf, may be restored to perfect hearing. It tells in plain, simple language how all diseases and defects of the Eye, such as Falling Eyesight, Cataract, Granulated Lids, Scums, Sore Eyes, etc., etc., may be successfully treated by my patients in their own homes. It tells all about my Mild Medicine Method which has cured so many Catarrh sufferers and has restored Hearing and Sight to scores of supposedly incurable patients.

Cross Eyes Straightened in one minute without pain or chloroform. No need of persons afflicted with this humiliating deformity to go through life in this condition. Write today.

DR. F. G. COURTS, 286 Gumbel - Courts Building, Kansas City, Mo.



"CROSS-EYED VIRTUE."

(Continued from page 12.)

prattling Christian demands "fallen women" to repent in sack-cloth and ashes, but never demands the brute who caused her to fall to even apologize, much less repent; and until the world learns that the BETRAYER is a thousand times worse than the BETRAYED, we will go on and on making slaves out of the BETRAYED, and heroes out of the BETRAYER.

SENATOR BOB LAFOLLETTE.

Had you, Mr. Reader, been in Chicago, during the recent National Republican Convention, you would then have had some idea of the growth of Socialism.—Senator Bob LaFollette, of Wisconsin, is a Socialist sailing under the nom-de-plume of a Republican; or at least he is a Socialist as far as he has journeyed along the road of Socialism, and he has journeyed a long ways; and he's a lad that's got the manhood in his soul to back up his convictions; and when his name was mentioned in the Chicago Convention he received an applause from the galleries that lasted continually for nearly half an hour, and the chairman of that Republican National Convention had to threaten to clear the galleries before he could quiet this tumultuous uproar in favor of "Little Bob;" as the chairman was afraid this spontaneous and heartfelt demonstration in honor of Senator Lafolette might mean the undoing of Bill Taft at the polls next November; of course the machine-made-delegates sat quietly by with clenched fists, and inwardly cursed the ten thousand in the galleries for so loudly proclaiming their belief in Socialism.

Now, Mr. Reader, what do you think of a demonstration in favor of Socialistic principles in a Republican National Convention, that the chairman of the convention had to threaten to remove the spectators by police force in order to quiet such demonstrations?—Ah! both the Republican and Democratic parties know full well that Socialism is inevitable, unless they can condemn its agitators to the gallows or prison, and stop the propaganda of this creed; and this is why at the last Congress a press censor was inaugurated and handed over to a ONE MAN POWER. Wake up, boys, and buckle on the full armor of your manhood, and stand by your guns, and from the clear sky of human thought will burst forth the effulgent rays of Socialism which will mean EQUALITY TO ALL.

MAMMON'S TRIBUTE

"Rock-a-bye-baby, up in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

It was a masculine voice that was singing the old familiar lullaby, and the power that rocked the cradle was a man's hand, at least all that was left of it.

One finger, the stumps of two more, and a bunch of gnarled and seared flesh and bones, that was all that was left. The other hand and arm—well they had buried them in a basket, together with a handful of flesh from the face of the arm's owner.

No, John Ohlstead was not a pleasant sight to look upon. Women meeting him on the street would shudder and sicken and shrink from him, perhaps that was why Ohlstead seldom went out.

But it was an old story now. Everybody in Pitt's Gulch knew of the time when forty men had been killed in Ransom's coal mine. Ohlstead alone had been rescued after two days, and had lived a useless wreck, a burden to himself and Jennie, his wife, who had been forced to take up the struggle for bread, and work ten hours a day in the cotton mill, which stood just beyond the abandoned Ransom's mine.

"If the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come rock-a-bye-baby and all."

The man with the shapeless hand and face stopped singing as his wife stood before him, with bonnet on and paper wrapped lunch in her hand.

"Is it time to go, Jennie," he asked wistfully.

"Yes, John, and I'll have to hurry or I'll be late, too. You know that means a ten-cent fine. Now, don't worry today, please, John, for I love you just as much as I ever did, and we'll get along some way."

"Oh, Jennie," the man's voice trembled and broke, "I try not to worry, but to think of me sitting here all day, not able to earn a cent, and you slaving away to keep me and the baby! I can hardly bear it."

"John, don't talk that way. There's the five-minute whistle,

and I'll have to run, and with a parting kiss on the disfigured face, the faithful little wife hurried away, tears blinding her eyes so she could hardly see the path.

For a long time the man was silent, thinking deeply, but finally a faint cry from the cradle roused him, and he arose and brought a milk filled bottle from the table, and, as best he could, administered to the wants of the infant. Then, when it was quieted, he commenced again the monotonous rocking and song:

"Rock-a-bye-baby up in the tree-top—"

Slowly the morning dragged away. At noon he ate his simple lunch, left prepared by the wife, then took the infant tenderly in his one arm and walked back and forth in the little bare yard so that passers might not have to see his face and shrink or offer sympathy.

No one ever came to see him. The men were all at work, and the women who were not working—they sympathized and pitied him, but did not they have relatives dead or maimed by the mines?—besides, that awful face!

The six-o'clock whistle blew. Jennie would be home soon and the cripple kindled the fire and filled the tea-kettle, often going to the door to glance down the path to see if she was coming.

Seven o'clock, and the night shift at the mill was on, but still no Jennie.—Eight o'clock and the man was wild with anxiety. He dared not leave the child, but why was Jennie so late?

Eight-thirty and from out of the gathering dusk came a solemn little procession and in their midst a litter, covered with a sheet with a form showing beneath.

A woman led the watcher to the kitchen and the bearers transferred their burden to the bed in the front room.

The woman was crying, but the strange silence of the husband terrified her.

"Don't look that way," she almost screamed. It couldn't be helped. Her dress caught on a shaft and crushed her skull. She died at eight and her last words were, "Poor John."

For answer the man threw off her restraining hand and hurried to the bedside. They had turned the sheet down from the poor victim's face, and for a long minute he stood gazing, then suddenly stretched his one arm, above him and

screamed in a hard, tearless voice, never forgotten by those who heard:

"Dead—dead—and I am left alone. Ah—there is no God—no God would allow such a thing. Gone—gone. Oh, Jennie, what will I ever do without you?"

"GOD KNOWS!"
—Lewis G. DeHart, in "Chicago Daily Socialist."

NOTE.—AND THIS DAMNABLE AND HELLISH "PROFIT SYSTEM" WHICH MAIMS AND MAKES CRIPPLES OF THE WORKERS, IS THE SYSTEM WHICH TAFT AND BRYAN ASKS YOU, MR. VOTER, TO CAST YOUR BALLOT TO PERPETUATE.—OH GOD! WILL YOU NEVER WAKE UP?—(EDITOR.)

EVERY woman knows very well the truth of the old adage about "A beautiful Head of Hair being a Woman's Glory. Nearly every woman can now be in possession of a luxurious head of hair. In this connection Harry Fisher, Adv. Mgr. of the RIP-SAW desires to tell his readers about "Danderine" and his personal experience with it. Some time ago he awoke to the realization that shortly he would be bald unless something was done. Someone recommended "Danderine" and he tried it with most favorable results. It stopped the falling out of his hair and fully restored its growth. Judging from his personal experience and those of his friends whom he has persuaded to try it, "Danderine" is unquestionably a great hair strengthener, grower and invigorator. The manufacturers have been persuaded to advertise their truly wonderful preparation in this journal, and on page 11 of this issue readers will find an advertising announcement. Inasmuch as this is the first time that "Danderine" has been advertised in the RIP-SAW, and in view of the Advertising Manager's personal experience and recommendation, he hopes that a large number of his readers will be interested in the matter, and those that are will read the advertisement referred to above, and at least give the preparation a trial.

BIG BROTHERS FREE

IT'S SO EASY to earn any thing you need under our liberal advanced profit sharing plan selling "Mother's Favorite" Extracts to your friends at 25 cents each (Large Size 2 oz.), giving each customer a beautiful Souvenir Post Card and a package of Best Imported Needles, FREE. Think of it! You can earn any Premium shown here and hundreds of others for selling only 1 dozen Extracts, except the Cream Goods and Big Monogram Dinner Set, which is given for selling only 2 dozen. Just send your name and address, mention your nearest Express Office, and we will send you at once one or two dozen Extracts, whichever you want, also enough Needles and Post Cards for your customers. Full instructions how to sell quickly and our latest Premium Book, showing all premiums, with full description and our Great Advanced Profit Sharing Plan. We trust you and take back unused goods. Write today to THE UNITED STATES EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. B62 1607-1609 17th St., Washington, D. C.

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Kidneys! Bladder!

Rheumatism!

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Now is Your Chance to Get Well?

If you are suffering today—still suffering—from kidney trouble, from a bladder complaint, from a racking, grinding rheumatism, if heat weakens you and cold chills you to the bone, it may be because you have failed to give Dr. Lynott a chance to show you what he can do for you. His skill and his remedies have done wonders for thousands of people—have cured many a torturing backache, many a bedwetting child, many a twisting, wrenching case of rheumatism, many a troublesome case of too frequent desire to urinate, many and many a case too numerous to mention of the ravages caused by Excessive Uric Acid Deposits in the system. This excessive uric acid is the Twentieth Century Germ of Trouble. In you it may get in the kidneys; in another in the bladder; still in another in the muscles, joints and nerves, causing peculiar forms of rheumatism. It may induce constipation and liver trouble; interfere with digestion and sleep; depress the heart and lungs; destroy the tone of the nervous system and reduce the bodily vigor.

Has it done any of these to you, or to anyone you hold near and dear? If so, consider it your greatest duty for this day to write Dr. Lynott. These are the diseases that are his specialty; these are the diseases that he is most successful in curing; these are the diseases he has cured by the hundred. He has done it; he can **PROVE** he has done it—not one case or several cases, but legions of them—from youth to extreme old age. And if for so many others why not for you? He will nurse you back to health. He will give your case the same time, attention and painstaking care that he has these others, and he will bring you out of your sickness and misery as he has them. It remains for you to give him the chance. The way to give him the chance is by writing him. Below are the symptoms he treats and a certificate which is easy and convenient to fill out, and which you are then to send him. If you wish, of course, you can explain your case in the form of a letter, but he will understand just as well if you fill out the certificate and send it. **DO IT TODAY.**



The above is a likeness of Mr. E. D. Merrick of New Brighton, Pa. He is 76 and suffered for over 20 years. He appeared before a Notary Public in his city and made an affidavit as to the benefits derived while being treated in his home by Dr. Lynott.

A Free Treatment for Everybody?

Dr. Lynott's Free Gifts to You

THE FREE TREATMENT

Fill out the certificate below, being sure to give the numbers of your symptoms, and Dr. Lynott will promptly send you a supply of Free Home Treatment. There is absolutely and positively no expense or charge. He will bear all the expenses himself. Put your faith in Dr. Lynott; try his grand, highly endorsed but free remedies; take the free home treatment, and then, but not until then, will you realize how easy it is to be cured when the right remedies are sent you.

FREE LETTER OF ADVICE

When your envelope comes giving the symptoms of your complaint, Dr. Lynott will study your case carefully and, besides sending you a free home treatment, he will also write you a letter of medical advice giving his opinion of your case and stating just how you can be cured. Many people have said that this letter of advice has been of more value to them than all the efforts and medicines of other doctors.

FREE LARGE MEDICAL BOOK

For years Dr. Lynott has published and distributed the largest free medical book on kidney, bladder and rheumatic diseases. The book is 66 pages of good size and nicely printed on a high-grade of paper, and beautiful illustrations of the different parts written about run through the book. Everybody writing Dr. Lynott will receive a complimentary copy of this grand book—entirely free.

Fill out and send the free certificate to Dr. Lynott at the address given and have your case studied free of charge by this Master Specialist, receive the Free Home Treatment, the Medical Letter of Advice, and the Illustrated Book—all prepaid without a cent of cost to you.

Is it worth writing Dr. Lynott? The many and many, now healthy and happy, say **IT IS.**



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT,
Specializing in Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic Diseases.
"I am at the service of any man or woman in this country without one cent of cost."—Dr. L.

Letters from Dr. Lynott's Patients

- "I am delighted to be able to walk once more without limping after only taking your free treatment."—Mrs. W. H. Cruttenden, Cazenovia, N. Y.
- "I took your free treatment and find it good for me. I take pleasure in recommending your remedies."—Rebecca Bowland, Killen, Tex.
- "Your free treatment cured me, so I will not need any more."—W. G. Gould, Coopers Mills, Mo.
- "Your free treatment did me more good than any medicine I ever took in my life."—Caille Hamilton, Jackson, Miss.
- "My too frequent desire to urinate has about stopped after only taking your free treatment. I will always be ready to say a good word for your wonderful cure."—J. A. Miller, Natchez, Miss.
- "Since I took your free treatment the stomach troubles me less and a sleep better."—Frank T. Lotz, Long Beach, Cal.
- "After finishing your free treatment I feel thoroughly cured. All pain and irritation have gone."—Francis Rust, Allegheny, Pa.
- "Much better in every way; am able to work now."—James Mitchell, Gibson City, Ill.
- "Yes, a heap better, I am proud to tell you."—Mrs. Harthena Gillis, Marion, Ky.
- "Lots better; I am glad I came across your medicine."—William Fagin, New Brunswick, Can.
- "Nerves more quiet; back better; taste what I eat; chills and cold spells gone."—Mrs. Angie Buelow, Swanville, Minn.
- "I feel better than I have for five years."—George Althouse, Mears, Mich.
- "Fifty per cent better."—J. Somers, Redkey, Ind.
- "I feel better; gained in strength and weight."—J. H. Thompson, Ball, La.
- "When I commenced your treatment, was in pain, but not now."—J. T. Kerns, Central City, Neb.
- "I feel very much improved since I began your treatment."—John P. Lee, Leicester, Mass.
- "Your medicine has done me more good than any five dollars worth from the doctors around here."—George Lewin, Williamsport, Md.
- "I feel fifty per cent better since beginning your treatment."—Ira Cannady, Iola, Wis.
- "I was unable to get around until I took your treatment."—Justin Pitts, Sandusky, O.
- "A great deal better; I am able to do my housework."—Mrs. T. Gordon, Waterville, Kans.



Mrs. Harriet A. Walker of Grafton, Ill., whose picture we give above, had been a sick woman for many years, but considers herself perfectly well after only a brief experience with Dr. Lynott's method of treatment. She also testifies to the facts in detail before a Notary of her town.

Can You Spare A Minute?

Time may be money, but if you can spare a little time it will be your only expense. Hence, today fill out the certificate below and mail to Dr. Lynott.

Which Symptoms Have You?

Study this Table Carefully, Then Answer.

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—Prostatic trouble.
- 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
- 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
- 8—Constipation or liver trouble.
- 9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
- 10—Swelling in any part of the body.
- 11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
- 12—Pain in the hip joint.
- 13—Pain in the neck or head.
- 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
- 17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
- 18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

This Certificate is Good for One FREE Treatment
Send No Money—Just the Certificate

What is Your Name?.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

What is Your Address?.....

What Symptoms Have You?.....
Give numbers from table—that is all.

What is Your Age?..... Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. The FREE treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. It will be up to you to say whether you want to recommend it, and you are under no obligations whatever. Cut out this certificate (or, write a letter describing your symptoms) and mail to

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 1982 Occidental Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU UP TO DATE?

Are you up to date? Well—let us see. What time have you? How many of our readers will have to hesitate! "I have no watch,"—or—"my watch has stopped." Or, perhaps your watch is running fast or slow. Nine chances in ten you cannot tell the correct time.

You know, I believe there is nothing that indicates more in any man or an lady an air of being somebody, of being up to date, of enjoying prosperity—than to carry a really first-class, fine-looking watch.

You can afford to save on many ordinary luxuries in order to possess such a time-piece. That is why the editor of this paper is particularly glad to call your attention to the great watch offer on this page—an offer that I personally recommend.

You May Buy on Time

For although it costs more than the ordinary "cheap" watches, it is sold on a direct offer at the positive rock-bottom price, and in addition those who prefer to buy on time can get easy payments at \$2.50 a month and yet at the rock-bottom price.

Such is the offer made direct to the public by the large and fearless concern, the Burlington Watch Company.

And this has been made necessary on account of the way manufacturers and dealers in this watch trade hang together in boosting other goods.

If you are posted on watches you have undoubtedly heard heretofore of the factory producing Burlington watches; and now you have the opportunity to own this absolutely superior time-piece, thanks to the special direct offer.

What if the watch does cost a little more than the "cheap," inferior watches—you can get it for \$2.50 a month at the very rock-bottom price, and with the Burlington direct guarantee. It is the most economical watch in the long run.

Beautiful Watch Pleases All

Yes, I am enthusiastic about this Burlington Special no-trust watch, for I heard of this latest superb product of the Burlington Company a short time ago, even before it was ready for sale. As soon as the watches were put on sale I bought one and showed it to my friends.

You ought to have heard how they were pleased and surprised. Pleased when I showed them the case, the double-sunk dial, the delicately fine movements and other features of the very, very finest watches.

Surprised when I told them the price—a direct to the consumer no-trust price—on this superb Burlington Special watch.

Well, after I had bought my watch a lady neighbor of ours bought one also—the ladies' Burlington watch—and surely if you had seen it—well, I know you would not think of buying any other kind of watch for your wife, daughter or lady friend.

Better Not Miss This Chance

Now, do not miss an opportunity like this. Just consider what a fine thing it is for a man—a young man or an older man—to own the superb and latest product of the honest, reliable Burlington factory—the greatest factory the world has ever known, not in quantity of product but in quality. No matter whether you are employed on a salary or are in business for yourself, or are running a farm, you ought to have this watch.

The Burlington watch book, which you can get free, quotes surprising rock bottom prices on all Burlington Special watches—one-half and less than one-half the price ordinarily charged for first-class watches.

And if you do not want to pay cash in full you can pay \$2.50 per month—\$2.50 a month for only part of a year and then the payments cease, but your fine Burlington Special watch goes on, year after year, faithfully ticking off the seconds and accurately recording the time from decade to decade.

The Editor advises you once more not to overlook this offer. Sign the coupon now and get a free book of watch facts and prices on the superb Burlington Special watch. Better attend to this at once.

Fighting the Trust

Get the Benefit

Of the most remarkable offer ever made on a high-grade watch.

Do Not Miss this opportunity to get the best watch made anywhere in the world—not the biggest seller, but acknowledged among experts as the best—the genuine **BURLINGTON** watch—sold by our no-trust plan—on a rock-bottom offer—at no-trust price—one price, direct to the public (and, if desired, on terms of \$2.50 a month).

Get Posted on watches—on the fine points of superior quality in watches—(on the secret trust price and the no-trust prices)—get posted before you buy a watch.

Write At Once for Our Free Book on Watches. This free book will tell you not only about the trust but especially about the superior quality of the superb Burlington. And to prove that quality to you we have issued our

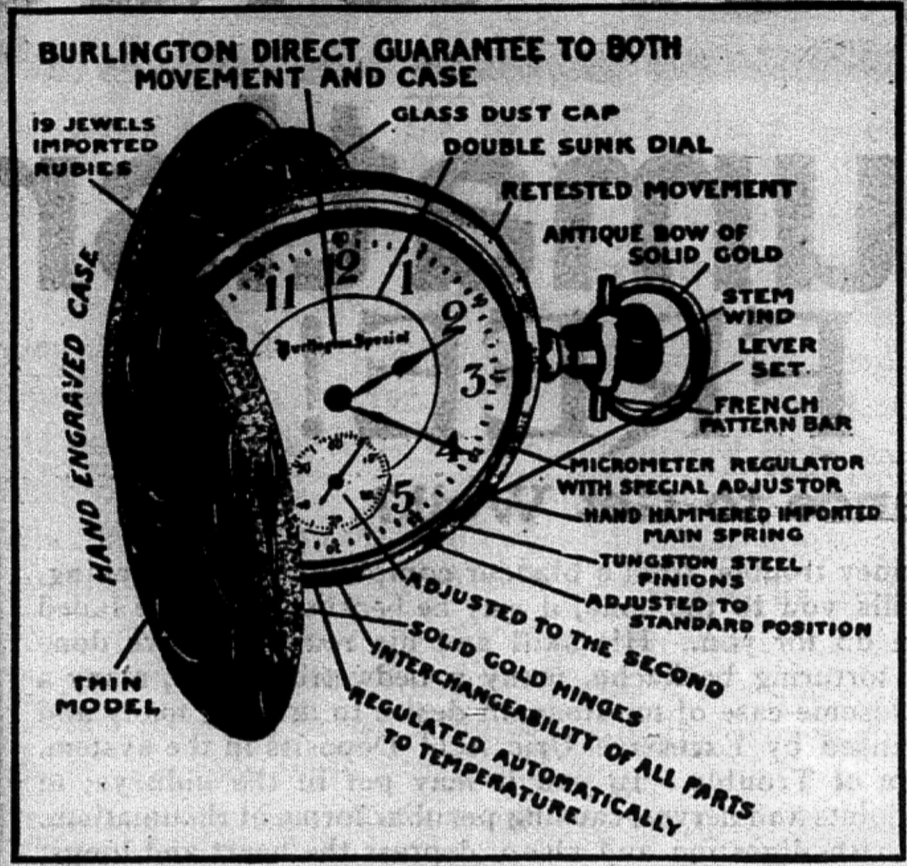
\$1,000.00 Challenge

How the Challenge Started: The Waltham Watch Company published a challenge to all foreign factories to put 50 foreign watches against 50 Waltham watches in a competitive test of time keeping, the whole 100 watches to become the property of the winner. For copy of this challenge read our free booklet.

Why Did the Waltham Company carefully confine its challenge to foreign competitors? Of course the Waltham can afford to challenge Swiss watches, for American-made watches are certainly better—but would the Waltham dare to face a test with the Burlington?

We Challenge the Waltham (also Elgin)

We have deposited in the Colonial T. & S. Bank of Chicago \$1,000.00 in cash to be forfeited to the winner. We absolutely and positively back any Burlington against any Waltham (or Elgin) of the same size and grade; and we make this challenge irrespective of price. **NO MATTER WHAT PRICE the Waltham or Elgin charge. The loser in this contest is to forfeit his \$1,000.00. The bank now holds the \$1,000.00.—Why do not the Waltham or Elgin accept this challenge?**



\$2.50 a Month

Buy the Burlington Special — (acknowledged the finest and best made watch in the world)—and at the **Rock-Bottom—NO-TRUST—direct price.**

No Money Down: We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of lady's or gentleman's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent—unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

Sign the coupon and get the free Burlington catalog.

Harry Fisher, Advertising Manager of the RIP SAW, has one of the Burlington Special Watches, and I want to assure you that it is an absolutely magnificent timepiece. Indeed, this is a rare opportunity to get the superbly beautiful Burlington at a **rock bottom direct** offer. I should like to see the readers of the RIP SAW posted on the inside facts of the watch business; so better write for the free Burlington watch book.

BE SURE to write for our booklet telling all about this challenge, and pointing out the superior quality of the Burlington (at its one direct price) and giving you other facts of importance about watches, especially trust watches.

WE CALL THE BIG FACTORIES A TRUST BECAUSE (with the prices on over twenty similar movements EXACTLY IDENTICAL) THEY HAVE A MUTUAL ARRANGEMENT OF NOTICE ON CHANGE OF PRICES.

And the **FACTS** in this booklet with reports from the Congressional Records, speeches in Congress, and briefs now before the Department of Justice in Washington, will quickly convince you that the American people are paying two prices for trust watches.

THIS BOOKLET will quickly convince you too that you **DON'T** want a no-trust watch—made in a smaller but better factory—the independent factory that is fighting the trust as best it can by giving better quality and superior workmanship throughout; we will quickly convince you that the Burlington watch, on which there is only one rock-bottom price (the same rock-bottom price everywhere) is **THE** watch for the discriminating buyer; that it is **THE** watch for the man or woman who wants, not the largest selling brand which everybody has, but the best watch, the watch bought by experts, **THE** watch that is absolutely perfect in its many points of superiority—the Burlington watch.

YOU WILL BE POSTED on inside facts and prices when you send for the Burlington Company's free book on watches.

WHEN YOU READ OUR FREE BOOK you will see also how the dealers and jobbers and trust factories hang together in this watch deal (you will have it all shown clearly by extracts from the U. S. Congressional Records and Briefs before the U. S. Department of Justice.) This explains why we offer the Burlington direct at a price that astounds the entire jewelry trade and besides on payments of \$2.50 a month.

Book on Watches FREE

Just your name and address—that is all

WRITE AT ONCE for the free book. It will tell you what you **OUGHT** to know before you even examine a watch. It will tell you the inside facts about watch prices and will explain the many superior points of the Burlington over the highest priced trust products. Just send your name and address right now, today.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
266 Millard Station
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., 2667 Millard Station, Chicago.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches and copy of your \$1,000.00 challenge to the Waltham or Elgin with full explanations of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name

Address

NO LETTER NECESSARY; COUPON WILL DO.