

# THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO  
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

Vol. V, No. 7.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1908.

WHOLE NO. 55.

## GONE DONE IT AGAIN

Yes, sir, she's gone done it again. —Madame Anna De-Gould De-Boni De-Castellane is now De-Princess De-Helie De-Sagan, and de-country am devilish well delighted, and hopes never to hear of the "de-am" pair again.

De-Anna has sure traded de-devil off for a witch, as De-Boni De-Castellane was an onery de-"purp"; but De-Helie De-Sagan, what De-Anna am now got, is a durned sight worse, as De-Prince De-Sagan is a run-down, wopper-jawed, petered-out, pusiallanimous, aristocratic French "puke" with the "p" punched out; and only married De-Anna for de-"dough" that her old "de-dad" left her; and had De-Anna not possessed de-"dough," De-Prince De-Sagan would have seen De-Anna in de-devil de-crossways before he would have married her; as De-Anna is as homely as a stack of brindle de-Tom-cats, to say nothing of being de-second-hand-wife of De-Boni, which in the estimation of a liver colored "coon," would entitle her to linger on a matrimonial bargain counter forever; and she would have gone begging had she not had de-"spondulicks."

De-Anna being a de-voiced woman, and De-Helie being a De-Roman Catholic, 'caused some

"flopping" in De-Helie's religion; but Prince De-Sagan wasn't going to let a little thing like his "religion" stand between him and De-Anna's de-"dough"; so De-Helie proceeded to "flop" from De-Roman Catholic Church to the De-Protestant Church; and they were married in a Protestant Church in London, and at the present moment, we suppose, De-Helie has got his de-"hooks" away down in De-Anna's de-"dough" bags, and if De-Anna's "de-daddy" wasn't as dead as the de-dickens, methinks that old De-"Jay" would do some of de-darnedest, tallest kicking he ever did, to know that one of his de-fool daughters was permitting some little, immoral, bandy-shanked, French fice to scatter his de-"dough" in such a miscellaneous and de-structive manner.

The RIP-SAW truly hopes that De-Anna will find some De-Prince or De-Count that will suit her to a De-"T," if she has to go up and down the line of royalty and buy them all; but we hope that she will stop making any more noise about it, and do her de-"shopping" quietly; as we'll be de-durned if it isn't a disgrace to have all the space in our American newspapers devoted to quotations on French de-counts

and de-princes, as what in the "de-devil" does America care whether the price of De-Princes and De-Counts goes up or down; as in the estimation of the average American, two-for-a-quarter would be fifteen cents above their market value, unless they were fatter than those De-Anna selects, so they could be used for soap grease.

The RIP-SAW truly hopes that the Rev. L. De Gremont of the French Protestant Church, hidden away in the corner of Soho Square in London, tied De-Anna and De-Helie so de-am tight this time that the knot will never slip; and we further hope that De-Helie will give De-Anna's de-"dough" de-hell from this time forward, so that by the time this poor, sap-headed American female de-gump is tired of De-Helie that she won't have enough de-"dough" left to buy another biped French pants-wearer.

If I had been de-"pap" of De-Anna, and had not been in the fix of De-Anna's "pap," I would have caught De-Helie by de-seat of his de-britches, and would have made his French legs break his "de-am" "de-neck"; and would have stood De-Anna upon the end which she has always thought was her head, and wore a clap-board out upon

that part of De-Anna's anatomy about half-way between where De-Anna touched the ground and where her dainty slippers fanned the air; then committed suicide and gone to the de-devil and left this country like a loving father should. —AMEN.

### NO WONDER SHE BLUSHED.

An elderly Bishop, a bachelor, who was very fastidious about his toilet, was especially fond of his bath, and requested particular care of his tub from the maid.

When about to leave town one day he gave strict orders to the housemaid about his "bawthtub" and said that no one was to be allowed the use of it.

Alas! the temperature grew on the girl and she took a plunge.

The Bishop returned unexpectedly, and finding traces of the recent stolen bath, questioned the maid so closely that she had to confess she was the culprit, and was very sorry.

"I hope you do not think it is a sin, Bishop?" asked Mary in tears.

Eying her sternly, he said: "Mary, your using my tub is not a sin, but what distresses me most is that you would do anything behind my back that you would not do before my face."—Ex.

If hell was a fashionable summer resort there would be mighty little difference in the crowd that would attend, and the one that's there now.

# GOODNESS ITS OWN REWARD

If there's anything in goodness, and if goodness is rewarded, and no one will dare deny it, then goodness must undoubtedly be its own reward.

This thing of being good for God's sake or good for Christ's sake, is something that we never could understand, as God nor Jesus Christ don't need some puny mortal like you or me to perform some good act for their sake; therefore, the good deeds performed by the individual should be performed for the sake of GOODNESS, and the reward it brings on earth.

A good deed that will reward the individual that performed that deed and will not harm a neighbor, will necessarily do that neighbor good also; therefore, when we are good for the sole sake of a heavenly reward, and not for the sake of GOODNESS ITSELF, we then reduce the system of goodness down to a sordid commercial basis, or a barter; and when we do this, we lose sight of what the good deed will do for others; as we have only our selfish interests in view when we propose to exchange our good deeds here in the flesh for a reward beyond the grave.

Now, hell may be a good invention to frighten those who would naturally be as mean as the devil if they were not afraid of the devil's headquarters, but to the man or woman who has a righteous conception of goodness and right, hell has no terrors, regardless of whether they have their names recorded in purple ink upon some church book or not, and whether or not they pay a certain amount to the preacher at regular intervals.

The man or woman who serves God because they are afraid of the devil, is a man or woman who would be as mean as hell if it wasn't for that bugaboo of darkness which we are taught is run with brimstone.

By indicating to an intelligent man or woman that they should be good in order to escape hell after death, removes every principle of right for right's sake from a good deed, as the man who will give a famishing traveler a drink of water,

or notify his neighbor that his house is on fire, or lend a helping hand to an old father or mother who is decrepit with age, and who cannot help themselves, or who will find a home for a starving, wandering urchin, simply because he believes that he will be rewarded in "Glory" and paid for such a deed, is an individual who has no conception of right for right's sake.—I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for a religion which could not do business without a devil in order to frighten me into being good; nor would I give any other kind of a dam for a religion that didn't get busy until the foothills of the other shore came in sight.—I want a religion that does business every wakeful hour in the day; I want a religion that's as fair on Monday as it is on Sunday; I want a religion that's as perpendicular when trading horses with a child as when trading with a jockey; I want a religion that has never taught conquest; I want a religion that has never painted the ground over which it has traveled with blood; I want a religion that has never sanctioned the ravishing of mothers and daughters; I want a religion whose yard-stick is as long when measuring cloth for the ignorant, as when measuring cloth for the educated; I want a religion that will not permit idle parasites TO WEAR CROWNS, and worthy producers RAGS; I want a religion that does not teach that the fear of the devil is equal to the love of God; I want a religion that will reward goodness on earth and denounce badness, although committed by a king; I want a religion that will fill my soul with fairness and cause me to scorn an offer of bribery; I want a religion that will not permit any man to reap where he does not sow; I want a religion that has no pass-word but righteousness; I want a religion that will not preach for gain; I want a religion that will not reserve the best seats for the best payers; and ABOVE ALL, I want a religion that teaches that each good deed carries with it an electric battery that IMMEDIATELY thrills the soul with gladness at the performance of a good deed, and that the individual does not have to wait to

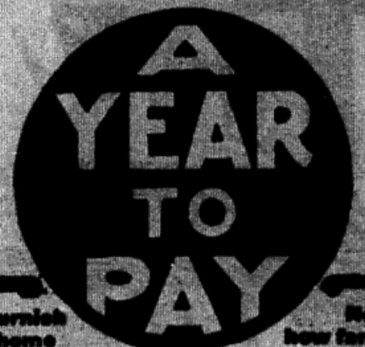
cross the River Styx before he gathers in his reward.

A religion that must be backed up by scare-crows in the form of hissing devils, is a religion conceived in the mind of ignorance and propagated by superstition; a religion that will at one and the same time give God the praise and the devil the power is a religion out of harmony with righteous manhood.

I want a religion that will make me so good that I will KNOW that I am good by the satisfied feelings that goodness always brings; I want a religion that will not require me to make some deathbed demonstration in order that those who know me may be assured that I was good; as deathbed demonstrations are unreliable in the extreme, as no man or woman, when their mind and body is racked with pain so excruciating that death follows, is competent to erect a sign-board that is unerring.

I want a religion that will leave a path through life so fragrant with good deeds that those who come after me may know that that path has been traveled by one whose deeds proclaimed his goodness; I want a religion born of the womb of brotherly love and nurtured at the breast of good deeds, seeking no reward but the reward which goodness brings, and giving the devil no credit for these deeds; I want a religion born of the spirit of fairness, fearing neither the devil nor man, and asking no reward only the reward which is sure to follow in the wake of him whose every deed throws off a fragrance of BROTHERLY LOVE.—

Then if there is a resting place beyond the grave, undoubtedly I will be permitted to visit that celestial port, knowing that that port was reached by a direct route that did not come in contact with a mythical hell, which was erected away back yonder in the dark ages, by men whose ideas of righteousness upon one side was measured entirely by fear upon the other.—And if there be no reward beyond the grave, I will have enjoyed a HEAVEN while sojourning here below.—SOCIALISM believes so thoroughly in the doctrines of that lowly Nazarine that its everlasting hope is founded upon the beautiful doctrines he taught, and is striving to make these doctrines



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# TRUTH MIGHTIER THAN FICTION

No matter how hard the subsidized press of America fights the principles of Socialism, nor how vehemently they denounce its righteousness, in some way or other, when these old party editors take a deep and long breath from the ozone of COMMON MANHOOD, their minds and hands forget their cunning, and from every pore of their subsidized hides oozes forth the righteous doctrines of Socialism, which they have been taught by their plutocratic masters to condemn, denounce and ridicule. The Nashville Banner, a daily publication published in Nashville, Tennessee, never misses an opportunity to villify and belittle the doctrines of Socialism, and denounce those who are hugging that pale-faced infant close to their breasts, endeavoring to get color in its pale lips and strength in its voice to defend the cause of the white skinned slaves of America.—There is an unalterable law that proclaims that "TRUTH IS MIGHTIER THAN FICTION," and that law is as unmovable as the mighty stones of Gibraltar, and these truths will, no matter how energetically they are villified, come forth spasmodically to condemn those who try to crush them.

Socialism has always declared that wars were fought by the ignorant for the benefit of the cunningly wrought few, and has always declared that the multiplied millions of dollars, yea the billions of dollars invested in the implements of war, should be invested for the common cause of humanity, and has never tired of proclaiming to the benighted inhabitants of every land that as soon as Socialism shines full and complete into the face of the manhood of all, that those who fight the battles and man the warships will disband, and will fight the common enemy who has confiscated their wealth to erect monster warships and support standing armies, and will declare to those scheming warriors WHO DO NOT FIGHT, BUT WHO PLUNDER THOSE WHO DO FIGHT THEIR BATTLES OF GREED, that the PRODUCER never had any cause to slay a BROTHER PRODUCER.

There is an old maxim that is as

old as righteousness itself, which proclaims that "TRUTH IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD;" and this maxim, though hoary with age, does as powerful execution today, as it did at its birth, and will go on and on, with its same mighty execution, and no matter how truth is mistreated, nor how lowly she's crushed, it will, Phoenix-like, arise from its own ashes, and be as enchanting to the minds of men as it was before the hosts of greed humbled it in the dust; and this is why the columns of the "Nashville Banner," a few evenings ago, scintillated with the following sparks, every one of which were pilfered DIRECTLY from the doctrines of Socialism; it follows:

"The ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS invested in the warships now in San Francisco harbor would irrigate SIX MILLION ACRES of arid land, and provide homes for ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND FAMILIES, giving to each family fifty acres of land. That amount of money would build a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and such a road owned by the people and run for the benefit of the people, would squeeze every drop of water out of the railroads of the country.

"That amount of money would build and equip a national telegraph and telephone system, which, conducted for the people, would squeeze every drop of water out of the privately owned telegraph and telephone systems.

"That amount of money, properly spent, would go far toward relieving the people of the tremendous monopoly burden now resting on their backs.

"That amount of money would build from sixty to one hundred great electric power plants for the people, and free them from a monopoly that is now skinning them.

"Instead of building more warships, isn't it time to call a halt? With tens of thousands of our citizens begging for an opportunity to earn a living, isn't it time to call a halt on this wicked waste of money and energy? If we are going more and more into the warship business, let us be honest, and pull down our churches. If we are to glorify war, let us quit glorifying the Prince of Peace. Let us quit being hypocrites."

Now, whether the editor of the "Nashville Banner" knew that this article was to appear or not, we are unable to say; but if we had a

thousand guesses to make each guess, would echo NO; but truth is mightier than the sword and WILL SURVIVE, and believing that right will conquer, and that God directs the destinies of man, we believe that somewhere upon the staff of "The Nashville Banner" is some man that has caught the holy fire of Socialism, and regardless of his training, and regardless of his orders, and regardless of the commands, given him by the gluttons of commerce, he clipped this article, which first appeared in "The San Francisco Star," and slipped it into the columns of "The Nashville Banner," so that awakened manhood would know that somewhere behind the throne of greed there was a SLAVE proclaiming to its readers that MAMMON had not entirely conquered the entire staff.

## APPRECIATED.

We are just in receipt of a communication from the editor of the "New Era", published at Marfa, Texas, and edited by A. G. French, and in his letter he uses the following language:

"Dear Colonel:

"I beg to say that the RIP-SAW is the most original journal published.—May you live long to puncture evil."

## REMEMBER!

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

**PHILIP WAGNER,**  
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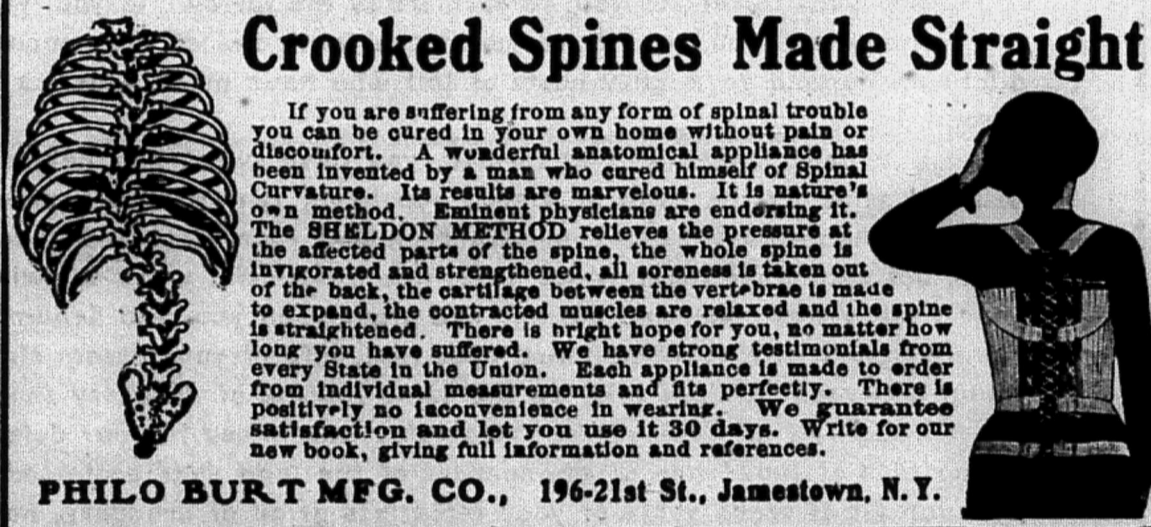
## ANOTHER HALLELUJAH.

We have recently received a letter from Mr. M. G. DeGruchy, of Fullerton, Baltimore County, Maryland, which in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"I wish I could write you what I feel, but I can't. I have just finished reading the April issue of the RIP-SAW, and if I did not receive another issue, and could not hear again from you, I would feel rewarded, and would always remember you with kindest regards. Oh! if everybody could be a Socialist I think it would be a heaven on earth to go to heaven in."

## Crooked Spines Made Straight

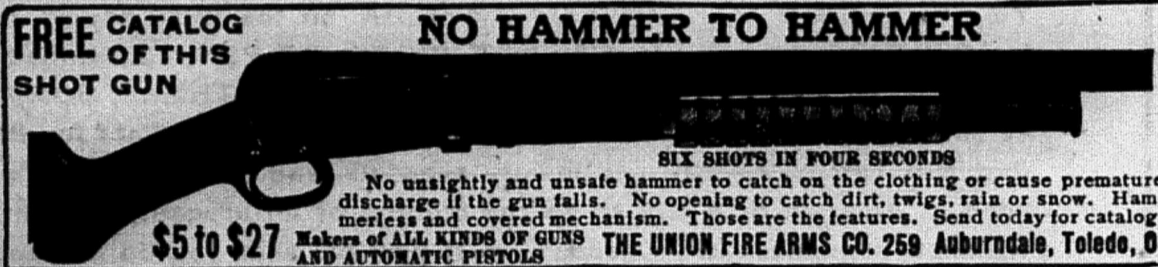


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**PHILIP WAGNER** .....President

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A "PIETY" that looks like it had the belly-ache needs watching.

A good THOUGHT is the father of a GOOD DEED.

The average man only wants knowledge that he can turn into a dollar.

As soon as the DEVIL vacates the PULPIT, the HYPOCRITE will quit the PEW.

There's many different kinds of religion, but there's only ONE BRAND of justice.

If we all knew what we think we know, we'd know a durned sight more than we do know.

That old theory about the "good dying young" is a "fake."—Look at our United States Senate.

A CANNIBAL lives off the FLESH of his brother.—A MILLIONAIRE his brother's LABOR.

A SELF-MADE man may be all right; but a SELF-MADE woman looks like an animated stack of pads.

Our officials are the only SERVANTS ever heard of that are more powerful than those who employ them.

To learn what Mr. Bryan thinks, one must travel right along with him and WATCH THE CHANGES.

The man or woman who will get the "big-head" over fine clothes, always was just a common, everyday damphool.

Deny any nation FREE SPEECH and a FREE PRESS, and the most corrupt element of that nation will control it.

There's one thing about our modern churches that I like; their bells have a TRUE RING, whether their members do or not.

Labor is a failure when it takes eight or ten hours of it every day during a man's life to keep him in bread.—When we get ALL we create it won't.

Did you ever notice that the fellow who is always telling the toilers HOW NOBLE TOIL IS, always manages to get out of doing any of it himself?

The HEATHEN worships a stone god, or any other kind of an old god that comes handy.—The

The licensed SALOON is different from the "BLIND TIGER" in just one respect; our claimed-to-be CHRISTIANS license the saloon.—Ain't that hell, "Rube?"

To believe that kings and queens have DIVINE RIGHTS, and are born into power by the sanction of God, is to believe God a partial God.—Do you believe it, "Rube?"

Why, if wealth loves the toiler so well, is it that it always wants those who labor to live A-W-A-Y on the other side of the city from them.—I'm glad that I'm not altogether a damphool.

I never think of the gold-paved streets, the jasper walls, the surplus of manna, the golden harps and fluffy wings in "Glory," but what I think of the muddy roads, the unpapered walls, the lack of bread, the inharmonious French-harps and tired hands and arms of those who live down on this old "clod" which the same God made that made Heaven.

"Rube," how long are you going to continue to be caught by Republican and Democratic PLATFORM PROMISES?—Haven't they

**TO THE BOYS WHO SWEAT**

We want to talk to you, ye farmers in the furrow; to you, ye fathers, mothers, husbands, sons and daughters in the stuffy, death-dealing factories; to you, ye mechanics at the forge and at the bench; and to you, ye day-laborers on the street, on the railroad and in the ditch.—To you, ye mighty hosts of toil who have made America blossom like the rose, but have been permitted to breathe none of its aroma.

You have fashioned and formed, you have sweat and delved, you have hoped and despaired, you have built air castles and had them brushed aside by the hand of greed; you have, year in and year out, hoped for better things; but as often as you have hoped you have seen that hope blasted.—You have promised yourselves and your loved ones better homes, better food, better clothes and better educations, but each year these hopes have, like a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp, stood off in the distance and mocked you, and led you on and on until your vitality was gone, and old age had crept upon you, and benumbed your muscles and laid her heavy hand upon your energies, and you have watched with tear-bedimmed eyes that wife of your bosom sink into the relentless arms of old age, a worn out, decrepit, and hopeless thing, and your children take up the same routine of drudgery that was forced upon you by an unequal warfare of MASTER AND SLAVE.—Through all of these years, not a voice was raised in your defense but the voice of Socialism.—Through all of these years none out of the tens of thousands of newspapers of the land ever protested against your inhuman treatment BUT THE SOCIALIST PRESS.—Through all of these years of your relentless grind of drudgery, no body of men ever suffered the taunts of the rabble nor permitted themselves to be flung into jail for your defense BUT THE INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.—Then how, O how, can you, YE SOVEREIGN MANHOOD OF AMERICA, on the third day of next November, march to the polls, like dumb cattle, and cast your ballots for Bill Taft, who has never by ACT, WORD, OR PEN, condemned the system that has heaped all of these hardships upon your poor backs?—How, O, how can you, YE SORE-MUSCLED FATHERS, SONS, AND HUSBANDS of this once mecca of the down-trodden of the universe, work yourselves up to the point of casting your ballots for Bill Bryan, who has never lifted his voice, pen or hand against the system that Bill Taft so royally and loyally supports, and has never condemned that system which makes NINETY-FIVE PER CENT of the manhood of America SLAVES to do the bidding of an arrogant, insolent, and inhuman FIVE PER CENT.—Is it possible that you do not, nor will not, recognize your friends? Is it possible that you do not appreciate a friend who is loyal enough to you and your interests to suffer the hardships of persecution, and will, rather than surrender to your enemies, languish in jails, reeking with pestilence and vermin?—O, men, learn what Socialism means to you and your loved ones, and then cast your all upon her altar, and go to defeat, like FREEMEN, or to victory like SOLDIERS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—The scowls, the taunts, the curses and the ridicule that is being heaped upon the individual heads of the Socialist party, is the last writhings of official TASK MASTERS in behalf of their tyrannical over-bearing and soulless-purse-proud masters.—IT'S YOUR IGNORANCE THAT YOUR MASTERS DEPEND UPON TO KEEP YOU IN THEIR CLUTCHES.

I never became a Socialist until I learned why MASTERS disliked it.

The more CUNNING men are, the more they should be dreaded by honest men.

FATE is the God that intelligence KILLED.

There are three different kinds of women; the single, the married, and those who wish they had a divorce.

American is more particular; his must be GOLD.

There's no use to look for fruit where there's been no blossoms.—Remember this, "Rube," the next time you go to vote for a BLOOMLESS old politician.

ALWAYS promised you what you asked?—Have they ever kept their promises?—You know they haven't; then what are their promises worth?—They know that YOU'VE BEEN A FOOL, and they think you still are.—Fool 'em this time, "RUBE," won't you?

**THE CHAINS**

By

D. Royce McManima.

Extract from Washington Press dispatch, dated May 22, 1908:  
 "The Senate passed the bill providing that the militia shall consist of every able bodied male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five."

The chains they are tightening, my brothers—  
 Chains that ye seem not to see,—  
 To bind the free sons of your mothers  
 In the ancient slavery.

The cohorts of Gold have united;  
 In secret they're plotting your fall;  
 And the measures of ages benighted  
 Have waked from the past at their call.

They have turned back the wheels of progression;  
 The lies of the old kings they teach;  
 And they've dared thro your courts the suppression  
 Of Liberty's father—Free Speech.

You gave them your toil and they took it—  
 And purchased your courts with its gold,—  
 And they've drafted you—Men—can you brook it?  
 In their army like kings of old.

Ah, yes—they have drafted you, brothers,—  
 Betwixt them and justice to stand,  
 To murder the mutinous others,  
 When they and their Gold command.

When they call you in murderous rancor,  
 Say not that you wish not to go:  
 'Tis not for a soldier to answer:  
 'Tis his but to hear and to do.

Tho his sword pierce the heart of a brother  
 And his bullet the brain of a friend,  
 He must do that he's ordered—naught other—  
 And die like a slave in the end.

When the factories close, and the people  
 Go mad with the hunger and cold—  
 Then the bell in the armony steeple  
 Will ring and ye soldiers so bold,

Harsh torn from your wives and your mothers,  
 Forth into the night will be led  
 To stifle the wails of your brothers  
 In rivers of blood that are red.

And the nights will be bright with red terror,  
 And the days will be darkened by crime;  
 And the caverns of Hell will be fairer  
 Than the face of God's earth in that time.

The chains they are tightening, my Brother—  
 The last word is written and said:  
 They've arrayed ye against one another—  
 And the freedom of old is dead.

**DIVIDED THEY VOTE**

By

Ellis O. Jones.

The whistle has blown and each man takes his place  
 To toil for the world at a death-dealing pace.  
 Each movement is skillful, each brain is alert,  
 While they patiently work in the factory dirt.  
 Just look at that picture and then make a note,  
 That united they sweat, but divided they vote.

The machines and the belts and the shafting are still,  
 And not a wheel turns—there's a strike at the mill.  
 A strike! Every workman has solemnly vowed  
 To stand by his mates till their claims are allowed.  
 'Tis a brave thing to do, but don't fail to note  
 That united they strike, but divided they vote.

The sun brightly shines as there passes along,  
 In holiday raiment, the Labor Day throng.  
 Each man is decked out in his Labor Day best—  
 "Labor amina vincint," the banners attest.  
 Yes, labor must conquer, but never, please note  
 While united they march, divided they vote.

**DID YOU EXPECT ANYTHING ELSE?**

Mr. Reader, are you surprised at the Court of Appeals of the United States knocking out the Standard Oil fine of TWENTY-NINE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS? If you are, you are a bigger fool than we thought you were, as any man who has watched the antics of "Teddy," and especially of the Republican party, for lo! these many years, knew full well that the Republican party would never permit those who donated their campaign funds to be thus punished, as it is only one of "Teddy's" grandstand plays, of which he is so versatile.—This Standard Oil case will be sent back for trial, and it may be that the Standard Oil Company will get another fine, but after the election is over, then it will be retried again, and a small fine assessed against the Standard Oil Company, and the whole thing will pass into history as one of the greatest farces that was ever pulled off in the courts of the United States.—But mind you, "Rube," that the final act in this "con game" will not come until after the November election, as the big club will continue to wave over the head of the Standard Oil Company until your vote is secured, and then the curtain will be rung down over this "farce," and you expected to forget the "bull con" before the next election.—And you'll forget it, too, as the Republican and Democratic politicians know you mighty well, as they have soft-soaped you so long that they are acquainted with your imbecility and realize that they can fool you over and over, and at the proper time you will walk up and feed out of their hands.

The higher up in the courts we get the greater friends are they to the MASTER CLASS, and if you think that the Standard Oil Company will ever be compelled to pay that fine of TWENTY-NINE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, you are really and truly to be pitied for your ignorance.—Upon the heels of the decision of the judges of the Appeal Court of the United States, one of the judges who were so kind to the Standard Oil Company, Judge Grosscup of Chicago, announced that he was going to quit the bench and take up the practice of CORPORATION LAW, and within the next day or two, we understand, he left Chicago for New York City, in company with Attorney Miller, the leading attorney for the Standard Oil Company.—Think, "Rube," think, and you undoubtedly will have some idea of what branch of corporation law Judge Grosscup will take up.—Judge Grosscup has his fingers in quite a number of corporations; therefore, is it not natural to suppose that he has a warm feeling for corporations?—It is said that Abraham LINCOLN once said that "YOU CAN FOOL A PART OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME, AND ALL OF THE PEOPLE A PART OF THE TIME, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME."—We think that "Abraham" was a little balled up in his deductions, as from the way the Republican and Democratic parties have fooled the people of the North and South for the past fifty years, one would imagine that Uncle Abe should have said, "YOU CAN FOOL A LOT OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME, BUT NOT ALL OF THEM ALL OF THE TIME; BUT ENOUGH OF THEM ALL THE TIME TO MAKE AN ASS OF ALL THE PEOPLE MOST OF THE TIME."

# THE BLEACHED BONES OF CHILDHOOD

The other morning, in scanning the columns of THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN, an out and out, spiter-nor-hell Democratic paper, published in Nashville, Tennessee, we found in the most conspicuous part of that journal a poem which breathes in every verse, every line and every word, the breath of Socialism.—The editor of this NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN must have been touched by this poem, as above it he made favorable comment, which is very unusual indeed; he said, in part, "IT STRIKES US AS AN EFFORT VERY MUCH WORTH WHILE IN EVERY WAY." The poem follows:

"How long will you smother the cry of the children, O land of the spindle and loom?  
 How long will you feed the machines of your commerce with souls which your engines consume?  
 How long will the smoke of your child-eating factories shut out the sunshine from their eyes?  
 How long will the roar of the wheels drown their wailings that echo reproach from the skies?  
 Ye law-givers whose feet tread the summits of Sinai, reach up for the tablets of stone;  
 Give God's statutes a place in your journals and codes; give the Infinite charge of His own.  
 How long will you silence dishonor the maxim that holds evermore to be true  
 That your souls are the brothers to all other souls, and all others are brothers to you?  
 The ages will not hold you guiltless, O statesmen; there is might in a little child's prayer;  
 And the plea of the children shall find in the future a broader humanity there.  
 Ye masters of money, ye princes of power, you rule in the kingdom of greed;  
 Who made you the gods of the pygmies whose worship is toil to support your base creed?  
 They tread the wine press, but drink not the wine; thresh your harvest—you give them the straw;  
 You preach to your spinners; the voice is of Jacob; you rob with the hand of Esau.  
 They know little of love, or of faith, or of God; feel no hope of the bright afterwhile;  
 There's no rapture of song in the throats made for singing, no laughter on lips made to smile.  
 They know not the fragrance of roses or jasmines or any wild flower that blooms;  
 They are parts of your engines and spindles and wheels—living shuttles at work in your looms.  
 Better sink them beneath the cold tide of the Ganges, with a heathen's dim faith as your guide;  
 Better bind to the crags of Taygotus, whose vultures will hasten your infanticide.  
 You have made their sun rise through the fogs of your avarice, and set ere the glory of noon;  
 And the chill of their winter to come in the May-time, with frost on the flowers of June.  
 Take off your fine robes; their rich crimson is blood from the veins of your wee little slaves;  
 Take them off—they're the cerecloth of white baby faces, whose labor you paid for in graves.  
 Take your gifts back and straighten the shapes you deformed; lift the souls you have doomed from their hell;  
 You are but patron saints of the dead undertaker, with no law but your money-mad spell.  
 O how will it be when God's judgment shall reckon of crimes you have wrought in your greed?  
 When the eyes you have dimmed and the foreheads you have sloped back shall witness the woe of your deed?  
 Justice will not forever be cheated, ye lords; you must answer somewhere in your line  
 For these waifs of the spirit, these dwarfs of the human, these travesties on the divine.  
 O Christ of the children, how long will these Herods send forth their inhuman decrees?  
 The slaughter goes on while the heavens are still; there's no flight into Egypt for these.  
 Lord of Hosts, is the earth not Thy Temple? Money-changers have held it so long!  
 Scourge them, Lord! Drive them out! Let the voices of children make glad the wide world with their song!"

Now, how the NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN, which three hundred and sixty-five days in the year puts up a fight for the MASTER CLASS of the South, who are Democrats and Republicans, and who are the ones who are "SMOTHERING THE CRY OF CHILDHOOD," and who are "FEEDING THEIR SOULS INTO THEIR MACHINES OF COMMERCE," and are "SHUTTING OUT THE SUNSHINE FROM BABY EYES," and "WHOSE WHEELS ARE DROWNING THE WAILS OF BABIES," and who "TURN A DEAF EAR TO THE PRAYER OF CHILDREN," and who are "HUSHING THE SONGS OF CHILDISH PRATTLE" and who are instrumental in "SNATCHING ROSES AND JASMINES FROM THE HUNGRY NOSTRILS OF FAMISHING BABES OF THE SOUTHLAND," and who are causing "THE SUN OF SOUTHERN CHILDHOOD TO RISE THROUGH THE FOG OF AVARICE," and causing "THEIR WINTERS TO COME IN THE MAY-TIME," and who are wearing "FINE ROBES CRIMSONED WITH BLOOD FROM THE VEINS OF THE WEE LITTLE SLAVES," and are causing "THE DEFORMITY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTH," and are "THE PATRON SAINTS OF DREAD UNDERTAKERS, WITH NO LAW BUT THE LAW OF GREED," could possibly give this poem which is PURELY SOCIALISTIC, AND WHICH PULSATES AND TREMBLES IN EVERY SENTENCE WITH THE DOCTRINES OF SOCIALISM, AND WHICH DECLARES IN TONES AS VEHEMENT AND THUNDEROUS AS ANY SOCIALIST ON EARTH COULD PROCLAIM, THE AWFUL CREED OF THIS MASTER CLASS, is beyond the comprehension of anyone, unless the editor of THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN permitted his soul, for one short moment, to flit away and dwell among the bright and gorgeous promises of Socialism.

Who is it, Mr. Reader, not only in the Sunny Southland, but all over the earth, who are doing what this poem condemns, and which poem the editor of THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN declares is "AN EFFORT VERY MUCH WORTH WHILE IN EVERY WAY?"—Ah, it's the Democratic and Republican SLAVE MASTERS, who own and control the looms, the mills, the factories, the mines and the shops, WHICH CRUSH OUT THE LIGHT OF CHILDHOOD AND HUSHES THEIR HAPPY SONGS AND DEFORMS THEIR BABY BODIES AND MAKES OF THE CHILDHOOD OF AMERICA THE DEFORMED AND IMBECILLIC SLAVES OF GLUTTONOUS TASK MASTERS.—No wonder that the editor of THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN, for one short moment, was made glad by the lines of this SOCIALISTIC POEM; and no wonder that his manhood rejoiced at such doctrines, as methinks that the task of holding up the hands of GREEDY COMMERCIAL GLUTTONS would be the most awful and damnable task known to man.

If the clouds are lifting from the benighted and distorted mind of the editor of THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN, God be praised! and may the day hastily come when other editors, seeing his good works, may march up to the altar of repentance and say, "HERE LORD, TAKE ME."—The torch of Socialism is setting the souls of men on fire, all over the land, and we can already hear once partisanly blind editors from every quarter of the globe crying for forgiveness for their past sins, as the "SMOTHERED CRY OF CHILDREN BEING FED INTO THE MACHINES OF COMMERCE, WITH THE SUNSHINE SHUT OUT FROM THIR BABY EYES, AND THEIR WAILS BEING DROWNED BY THE WHEELS OF FACTORIES AND MILLS OF COMMERCIAL GLUTTONS WHO TURN A DEAF EAR TO THE PRAYER OF CHILDREN, AND HUSH THE SONGS OF BABYISH PRATTLE, AND SNATCH ROSES AND JASMINES FROM THE HUNGRY NOSTRILS OF FAMISHING INFANTS OF THE SOUTHLAND, AND CAUSE THE SUN OF SOUTHERN CHILDHOOD TO RISE THROUGH THE FOG OF AVARICE, AND THEIR WINTERS TO COME IN MAY-TIME, WHILE THESE HEARTLESS MASTERS WEAR FINE ROBES CRIMSONED WITH BLOOD FROM THE VEINS OF THE WEE LITTLE SLAVES, AND DEFORM THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTH, AND ARE PATRON SAINTS OF DREAD UNDERTAKERS, AND WITH NO LAW BUT THE LAW OF GREED" methinks is reaching the once deaf ears of editors and arousing their better natures; as the minds of men are on fire, and their hearts have been touched by the mighty army of children marching on, and on, and on to their premature and slave-like graves.—May the mighty poets of the earth continue to clang their heart-beats into the ears of humanity until all the editors of the land may say as did the editor of THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN, that the principles of Socialism "STRIKES US AS AN EFFORT VERY MUCH WORTH WHILE IN EVERY WAY."

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WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE

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

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CLARENCE D. SMITH, R. F. D. No. 6, Rome, N. Y.

### A CASE OF DIABETES GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

NEW BUFFALO, Mich., Aug. 17, 1906.

Dr. Thacher, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Dr. Thacher: It is with great pleasure and a heart full of gratitude that I write you telling you of the good your Shields have done for me. When I visited you and purchased the Wide Belt and Lower Leggins I was "all in" with that awful disease, Diabetes. Medical doctors had all failed to do me any good, and I was fast going to that everlasting resting place, the grave, but the hour I put on your Shields a great change

came to me, and it caused me to right-about-face. I began to feel better at once, and began to put on flesh, and today am rapidly recovering from that awful disease, and have set the mark to live to be 75 years old. I feel like shouting the good news from the housetops, and am doing all I can to show people the way to the one great cure for all diseases man is heir to. May the great Creator, who helps us all in time of need, aid you in carrying the great cure, Magnetism, to all the world, is the best wish of your friend.

P. S.—Refer all sick and suffering to me, and I will gladly tell them of the great cure for all diseases—Magnetism.

N. C. BERRY.

### SERIOUS COMPLICATION OF LUNG, STOMACH AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. A MARVELOUS CHICAGO RECOVERY.

Dr. Thacher.

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to testify to the perfect cure I have gained by using your wonderful Shields. After suffering fifteen years with stomach troubles, although doctoring the greater part of the time, I kept getting worse, until I was the victim of a severe complication of stomach and kidney trouble, which a year and a half ago all seemed to go to my lungs. Had dreadful pains, lost my appetite, could not sleep, became so very weak I could hardly walk across the floor, and not able to do my work. At times when my pains were not so severe I would try to read, but could not for more than five minutes at a time, as I was very nervous. My family and friends thought I could not last another month. I was getting tired of taking medicine. Nothing helped me. I happened to see your advertisement in the paper, which read, "Magnetism Cures Without Medicine." I thought "While there is life there is hope." So just one year ago today I put on your wonderful Magnetic Vest, Leggins and Insoles. The result was a miracle, for in two days I felt relieved; in a week very much better; in three weeks entirely cured.

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

MRS. O. RAY, 654 Hirsch St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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# Got Their Pants Scared Off

Rube, the politicians of this country know that you have been a fool all your life, and they are still of the same opinion, as they believe that all that is necessary to get you to come when they call, and sneak off when they say "scat" is to fill your paunch up good and full with common grub, and permit you to have enough clothes on your back to cover your nakedness.

For the past year the mills have been idle and your bellies have been empty, and your backs thinly clad, and there is nothing in the world that will get a move on the head quicker than to empty the belly; and since your little bowels have been running on half rations, your heads have begun to do business, and this activity of your heads has led you up mighty close to the doctrines of Socialism; and this proximity to Socialism by the work-a-day slaves of America, has frightened the MASTER CLASS very badly, and they are making a very strenuous effort to again fill up your paunches, and put some shoddy harness on your backs in order to fool you again at the ballot box this fall; therefore, they are starting up the mills, and factories in various sections, in order to cause you to forget your miseries, and thereby keep you in line at the ballot box.

Now, Rube, are you going to let your masters again control your ballot by giving you a few full meals just before the election? If you permit the SLAVE MASTERS of America to again control your ballots by permitting you to fill your little dinner-pails from the great store-house of good things which YOU, YOURSELVES CREATED, while they and their worthless, soft-handed offspring take the lion's share of that which they DID NOT CREATE, then you deserve nothing better than you get, and are unworthy to be called American citizens.

This is one of the campaigns in which the politicians have their pants scared off, as everywhere they go, they behold the giant form of Socialism marching up and down through the land, and this mighty giant of righteousness has begotten within their devilish minds a fear which they cannot shake off, and in their desperation, and in

order to coax the toilers back into their folds, they have concluded to start their factories, mills and shops before the election rolls round, in order to again control your votes.

It is an indisputable fact, Mr. Reader, that the average work-a-day slave has been a tool in the hands of political schemers for the past half century, and has been used as so much putty to be moulded into any shape that the scheming, conscienceless, soulless politicians saw fit to mould him, and the politicians still believe that he is the same damphool today as yesterday, and can be bought with a few shoddy rags and an extra slice of bread and meat in his dinner pail; therefore, the railroads are taking on more men, and the shops, factories, mines and mills are taking back a few of their employes in order to control them on the third day of next November.—Will you permit your masters to again control you, Mr. Reader, and thereby fasten their ravenous fangs deeper in your necks for the next four years to come? Or will you march to the ballot box like a NOBLEMAN, and cast your ballot to destroy and annihilate a system which makes SLAVES OF THE PRODUCERS AND MASTERS OF THOSE WHO CONSIDER TOIL A DISGRACE?

Undoubtedly, Mr. Reader, you will not again permit yourself to be made a tool and an ass of on the eve of the election, by a promise of an extra slice of bread and meat from the cupboards YOU HAVE FILLED WITH YOUR OWN HANDS.

The railroads, the mills, the mines and factories are not ready to put you SLAVES back to work, but the specter of Socialism which is spreading like a prairie fire, North, South, East and West, has your MASTERS stampeded, and this sudden change of tactics upon their part, was brought about by a fear that their SLAVES were slipping silently but surely from under their tyrannical thumbs.—Will you, O, men! again be hypnotized into perpetual servitude by promises held out to you by as conscienceless a set of SLAVE MASTERS as ever cast a blighting and desolate shadow of greed across the fair name of Columbia?—I say, will you let this promise of an extra slice of meat and bread, which YOU, YOURSELVES CREATED, turn you away from the path of Socialism, which will eventually lead you out of bondage, and again enlist under the piratical flag of MASTERS, which has brought you and your loved ones down to the level of European serfs and peasants? **GOD FORBID!**



# BE A SALESMAN

We will teach you to be an **Expert Traveling Salesman** by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position with a reliable firm. We have hundreds of calls for Salesmen from leading firms all over the United States. Salesmanship is the easiest, most pleasant and well paid profession in the world; besides a good salesman is never affected by strikes or hard times, and is always sure of a good position because he produces the business that keeps the wheels of commerce turning. Why not be a producer? The man they cannot get along without, and instead of being contented with poorly paid, hard or dirty work, earn a big salary. If you want to enter this highly honorable and lucrative profession, write for our free catalogue, "A Knight of the Grip," and testimonials from scores of men whom we have recently placed in good positions. Address Dept. 126 **National Salesman's Training Association** Chicago, Ill., Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn. Write nearest office.

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I will give you a splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearer and give every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for \$4.00 and not one cent more. This is my stylish ten-piece outfit — 1 Stylish tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair mending-proof hose, 1 Obenfelder tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons. To be safe in securing this offer send at once for your order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price. **F. O. LINDQUIST, Manager** **CANADA MILLS CO.**, Dc 331 GREENVILLE, MICH.

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**STUART'S PLASTER-PAD** are self-adhesive, and hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a medicine which is kept constantly in contact and is gradually absorbed, thereby quickly curing the most obstinate cases. Hundreds have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Guaranteed under National Pure Food & Drug Law. Write for and "Trial of Treatment" with interesting book, will be sent **FREE**. Address **STUART PLASTER-PAD CO.**, Block 72, St. Louis, Mo.



# ENGLAND AND SOCIALISM

Not until Socialism proclaimed her doctrines of Godliness did England put the brakes upon her march of militarism, of power, pillage and plunder; but as soon as Socialism entered the arena in numbers great enough to make herself felt from center to circumference in the domain of that English-speaking empire, she declared that the WORKERS, instead of UNCIVILIZED WARRIORS, should be pensioned, when old age froze up the vitality of their veins; and beginning with the first day of next January, the TOILERS of old England, who have been honorable through life, and who have worn out their vitality in field, shop, mine and factory, and who have reached the age where they are unable to toil longer, will begin receiving a weekly pension.—Socialism believes in pensioning SOLDIERS OF THRIFT instead of SOLDIERS OF PLUNDER, which will make old age a GOLDEN AGE, and will smooth the dying couch of those who made life worth living.

## IT'S A LIE.

Both the Republican and Democratic parties have villified and falsified the Socialist party so long, and have had so little effect upon this party of the masses, that they are becoming desperate, and are now trying, in their last extremity, to make the public believe that the Socialist party does not believe in marriage; therefore, does not believe in families.—Now, this is as dirty a lie as was ever uttered BY DIRTY LYING SLAVE MASTERS, as the Socialist party believes in the holiness of wedlock, as it realizes that without pure, undefiled fathers and mothers that there can be no pure, undefiled children; and since the children of today must make the men and women of tomorrow, Socialism, ABOVE ALL OTHER PARTIES, throws her protecting arm around the home, which is presided over by mothers and fathers, and says unto them, that YOUR CHILDREN of today must step into your shoes tomorrow, to run the government, and unless your children of today are pure boys and girls, that the men and women of tomorrow will NOT be pure men and women.

The leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties thoroughly realize that the sanctity of home is the most sacred thing known to our America institutions; and knowing this, and realizing the fact that Socialism is, by leaps and bounds, outstripping them in their race, they have reached out, in their infamy, and in their desperation, to throttle this GREED OF THE MASSES, by undertaking to make the manhood and womanhood of America believe that Socialism stands for the ethics of the bawdy-house, and teaches the rising generation that amorousness should be gratified at the expense of the marriage vow.

Socialism does not fear this doctrine where the true tenets of Socialism is understood, but she fears this INFAMOUS LIE when it is taught to those who are not acquainted with the perpendicular manhood and womanhood which Socialism is trying to erect in the midst of this mammon controlled nation.

It is true that Socialism would destroy thousands, yea tens of thousands of homes in this country—no, no, NOT HOMES, as there can be no home where there is no home ties, and where MASTERS own that home, and where poverty

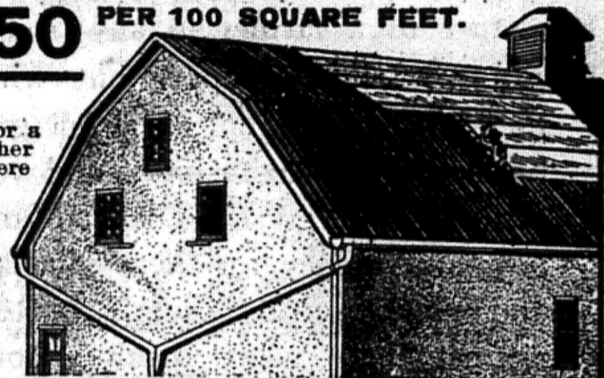
inhabits it; and this is the kind of homes that Socialism would level to the ground, and erect REAL HOMES where masters, at the first of the month, are not permitted to dispossess the occupants and throw over-worked mothers and pale-lipped children out upon the cold charity of the world, simply because they have been deprived of all that which they and theirs created, and thereby have become paupers and slaves for the benefit of a heartless RULING CLASS.—This cry of FREE LOVE, IMMORALITY, AND AMOROUSNESS upon the part of the leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties, relative to Socialism, will, like the myriads of other lies they have promulgated

about Socialism, in order to keep within a short time, perish, as all the masses serving their masters, lies must perish.

## STEEL ROOFING \$1.50 PER 100 SQUARE FEET.

Most economical and durable roofing known.

Easy to put on, requires no tools but a hatchet or a hammer. With ordinary care will outlast any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere have proven its virtues. Suitable for covering any building. Also best for Ceiling and Siding. Fire-proof and Lightning-proof. Cheaper and more lasting than shingles. Will not taint rain water. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Absolutely perfect. Brand New. \$1.50 is our price for our No. 15 Grade of Flat Semi-Hardened Steel Roofing and Siding, each sheet 24 in. wide and 24 in. long. Our price on the Corrugated, like illustration, sheets 22 in. wide by 24 in. long, \$1.75. For 25c per square additional we will furnish sheets 6 and 8 feet long. Steel Pressed Brick Siding per sq. \$2.00. Fine Steel Beaded Ceiling per sq. \$2.00. Also furnish Standing Seam and "V" Crimped Roofing. At these prices to all points east of Colorado except Okla., Tex. and Ind. Ter. Quotations to other points, on application. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We ship this roofing to any one answering this Ad., C. O. D., with privilege of examination if you send us 25 percent of the amount of your order in cash; balance to be paid after material reaches your station. If not found as represented, we will cheerfully refund your deposit. Ask for Catalog No. C. G. 746. Lowest prices on Roofing, Eave Troughs, Wire, Pipe, Fencing, Plumbing, Doors, Household Goods and everything needed on the Farm or in the Home.

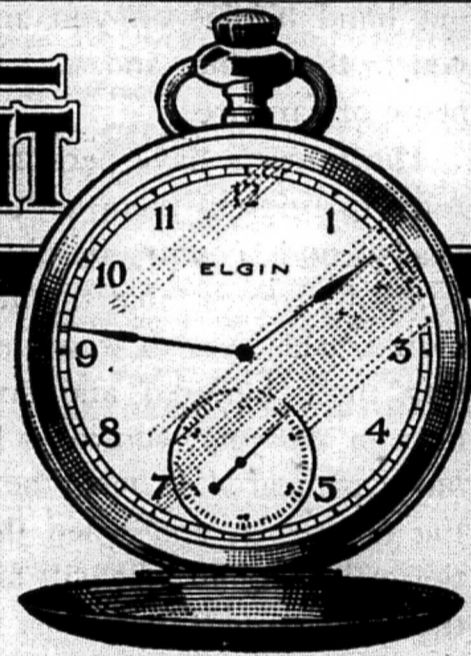


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It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send the Elgin 19, 21 and 23 Jewel Railroad Watches everywhere on FREE TRIAL, WITHOUT SECURITY OR A CENT OF DEPOSIT.

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**A High Grade 17 Jewel Watch** in hand engraved case. This watch has 17 genuine ruby jewels, micrometric regulator, patent Breguet hair spring, and is factory tested and regulated to the second.

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can own a High Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful 25-year Gold Case, and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money.

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You assume no risk whatever in buying of us because every Elgin Watch is made strong for accuracy and hard usage. This is the reason we can send them on approval and Guarantee Safe Delivery. If we were handling a flimsy, off-brand watch we could not make this guarantee, and could not take chances of selling them to you on CREDIT.

**OUR \$1,000 CASH OFFER!**  
**Beware of Fake Watches.**

Recently, a number of pretended watch manufacturers, knowing the world-wide reputation of the Elgin, have been trying to attract attention to themselves, by falsely representing that they were watch manufacturers and making a \$1,000 challenge. For the same purpose, Tom Thumb at one time, made a similar challenge to John L. Sullivan.

The concerns most active in making these false representations have been the North Bend Special, Railroad Special and the Burlington Special.

Permit us to say that said concerns are not manufacturers of watches and never have been and add that we will forfeit to any educational institution requested the sum of \$1,000 if any of the said concerns ever made a watch of any kind.

HARRIS-GOAR CO.

You cannot afford to buy an unknown, off-brand Fake Watch or a watch of any kind, until you have our Catalogue and Prices, for we are the LARGEST WATCH HOUSE IN AMERICA. We Sell only Genuine Elgin Watches Our Catalogue contains the True Factory Description of every High Grade Elgin Watch made. We send it FREE.

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on a Postal or the Coupon will bring you our and a photograph and history of the Elgin Factory, the LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

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 HARRIS-GOAR CO., 1312 GRAND AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO.  
 Please send me your Free Catalogue of Elgin Watches and Inside Photo on Fake Watches. Also your Easy Credit Plan of Selling Elgin Watches No Money Down, \$2.00 a month.  
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# "OH, HE'S JUST A FARMER"

How often do we hear the expression, "O! HE'S JUST A FARMER," when some mutton-headed, bottle-seated, city biped speaks of farmers or rural individuals.—Now, you, Mr. Reader, scarcely ever see a cartoon or a picture of a farmer in any of the city or country papers but what they are gotten up in a one-gal-lused, shirt-tailed fashion; and you farmers will go right ahead and pay your money for these journals and never raise a single protest against these nasty insults; now, how the devil can you expect anyone to have any respect for you when you have none for yourselves, and will permit, without a murmur, yourselves to be referred to as "hayseeds," "squashes," "hill-billies," "red-necks" and the like?—Why! confound your slobber chin-need hides, your politicians ought to put blind bridles on you and ride you to their office and save the expense of car fare.

The farmers have permitted city folks to refer to them as "mutton-heads," and "country-ikes" so long, without a protest, that the little city urchin, who lives in want and poverty three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, considers himself lucky compared to what he thinks the farmer is; and when the election rolls around you will find that the farmers and their sons, who do the voting, regularly march up to the ballot box and cast their votes ALMOST INVARIABLY for city and town men who have made their living all their life off of the set that they call "hay-seeds," "mutton-heads," "hill-billies" and "red-necks."

You farmers send city and town men to your State legislatures and the National Congress to make your laws for you when you know that they consider you "mutton-heads," and "hill-billies;" consequently, you cannot expect a class of men who consider the farmer an inferior animal to enact laws for his benefit, as he does not consider such deserving of any great consideration; therefore, you farmers get it where the hen got the axe, as regularly as the year rolls around; and you cannot blame the city folks for looking down upon you so long as you do not assert yourselves, and give

these stall-fed, patent-leather chaps to understand that the laboring world has men who possess brains enough to enact and execute the laws that govern you.

No man has any right to expect others to respect him unless he respects himself; and no man or set of men can have respect for any other man or set of men who will not assert themselves, and give the public to understand that their profession, or their calling, produces men with as hefty brains as any other class or profession.—Why! God bless the farmer, he's the bowels and stomach of creation, and without him the universe would starve to death; but still this very class who clothe and feed the world go right along, year after year, permitting those who create NO CLOTHES and who DO NOT produce A SINGLE POUND OF FOOD, to make and execute their laws, and make them in favor of those WHO DO NOT create, by their OWN HANDS, a thing beneficial to the human family; consequently, the farming class cannot expect the laws which this WORK-LESS CLASS enact to be beneficial to the class WHO DO WORK; for a law that is beneficial to the class of men who PERFORM THE LABOR OF THE WORLD, must necessarily be detrimental to the class of men who REFUSE TO WORK.

The thing that's the matter with the workman, no matter whether he is a farmer, blacksmith, carpenter, a clerk in a dry goods store, a clerk in a bank, a chamber maid in a livery stable, or what not, is that they have all come to the conclusion that it's a disgrace to work at anything that perhaps necessitates wearing rougher clothes than his particular job permits him to wear; and the bank clerks, form a little circle of their own, and look down upon the grocery clerk like he smelt like he had something on him; and the grocery and dry goods clerks look down upon the bricklayer, the carpenter, the blacksmith, and the plumber like they smelt worse than they do; and the blacksmith, plumber, carpenter, and wagon maker look down upon the teamster and the livery stable chambermaid like they were absolutely certain that

they had a much fouler smell than they; and the teamster and the male maid at the livery stable, look down upon the farmer, as if they knew that he stunk like hell; thus you will see that the sap-headed laborers form cliques and bunches, and they do this in order to imitate those who employ them; and those who employ these clerks form rings, cliques and bunches, according to the size of their pocket-books; and it doesn't seem as though those who labor have ever woke up to the realization that ALL LABOR is honorable if the man who performs that labor IS HONORABLE; but under the present system, these little idiotic cliques and rings among the batter brained workmen of the country, is a natural product of the system; as the present system teaches our children that the man who is cunning enough to make his living without ANY LABOR is the HONORABLE MAN; therefore, our children grow up to believe that the man who sweats the most, and whose shirt sticks the closest to his back on the account of his toil, must necessarily be a mighty onery "puke"; therefore, he avoids him; and since the farmer's undershirt does the closest sticking, he, under the present system, is naturally considered the last rung in the human ladder.

Now, you take the woman side of creation, and they have cliques and rings, and the woman who has money enough to hire the greatest number of the sons and daughters of the toilers of this land, and call them her "SERVANTS," is the one that is considered the most lucky, and this class flock in a little ring to themselves; and this "flocking" business goes on and on down the line until it reaches the "servant" girl ring; and when you reach her ring, you are to the bottomest pit; no matter if these servant girls are as white as the alabaster throat of the daughters of the millionaires, they are considered only fit for drudgery, no matter what their education may be nor their moral standing is, they are ostracised, and looked down upon simply because THEY WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.—And the VERY fathers, and the VERY brothers of that hard-working, OS-

tracised and scorned girl, will march up to the ballot box and vote for the husband of the fat-jawed wife who won't permit her half-witted kids to associate with that hard-working daughter or sister, to make and execute their laws.—Now, if I was in the habit of "cussing" I would say "dammit;" but since I am a Methodist, we will sing: "Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold."

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands and children; ye who have come up through great tribulation, and who are compelled to earn your bread in the sweat of your face; ye realize that every statement made in this article is absolutely true; and ye further realize that the politicians who are in power today are in absolute harmony with the conditions herein recited; then why, O, why will you, ye fathers, ye brothers, and ye husbands continue to cast your votes to perpetuate those in office who are in harmony with this hideous system, and why will you not cast your ballots for that bright-faced daughter of EQUALITY known as SOCIALISM, which is knocking at the door of every man's intellect and begging him to swing open the door of his manhood and let her enter? as she promises that she will erect her banner of equality upon the hearthstone of every honest workman; and will make any HONORABLE L A B O R an HONORABLE passport to any society known among men.

The way for a SLAVE to serve his MASTER best, is to let his MASTER do his thinking.—SLAVES that THINK are durned provoking to MASTERS.

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

One of the most unique propositions made to the readers of this publication in recent years is the generous offer of the Hartman Furniture & Carpet Company, of Chicago, to furnish homes for the people, no matter how far distant they live, on terms of easy payment. This concern is the oldest firm in its line in existence, having been started fifty-three years ago. They now have twenty-two stores throughout the United States and are well and favorably known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are thoroughly reliable. They fully describe their very liberal method of selling goods on credit, in a big catalogue which they have just issued and which they send free on request. Their address is 223-225-227-229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

CAN YOU use three dollars a day? Of course you can. Every person can. See inside back page of this paper.

# 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?

**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 DO 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.

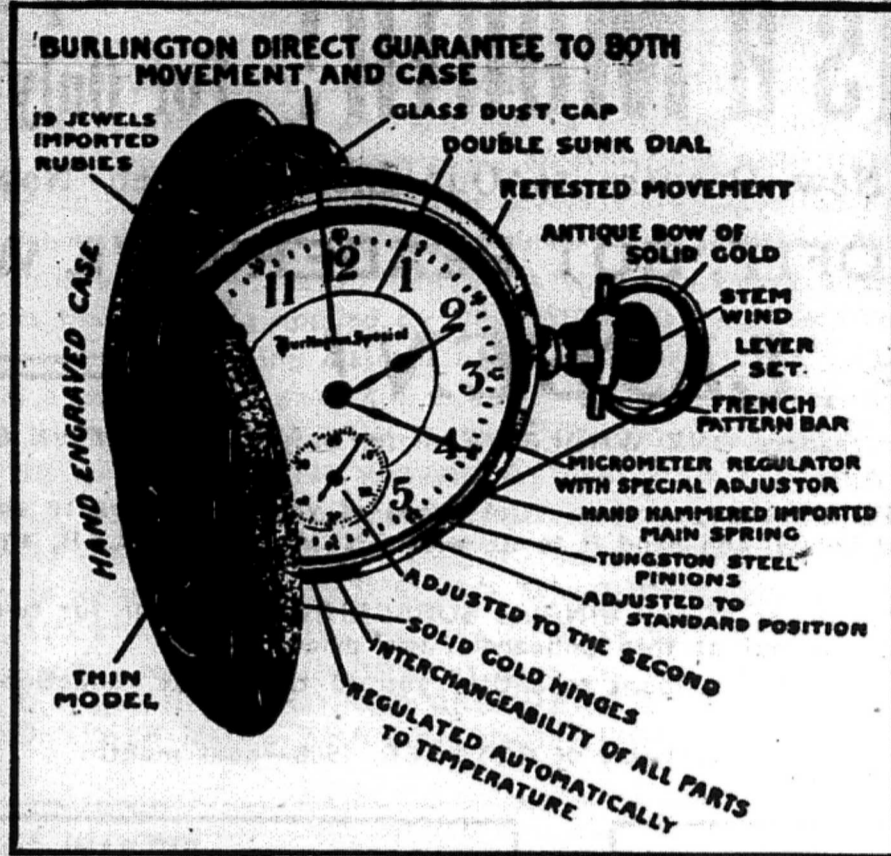
## Book on Watches

# 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.**  
2666 Millard Station  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.



## \$2.50 a Month

Buys 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.

## BURLINGTON WATCH CO., 2666 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 .....

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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.

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**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 **OCTOBER, 1908**—next month.

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If this coupon is returned to us with a remittance of only One Dollar, on or before October 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—October. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

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

## 'Twas Born Yelping

The doctor arrived on Monday, and the travail continued until Tuesday night; then the brat was born yelping, and "Willie" Hearst acted as its Godfather, and it was christened "THE INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE," and at its death, which will occur on the third day of next November, it will be laid away in the archives of oblivion, and labeled "Willie's Darling."

On Monday, July the 27th, William Randolph Hearst brought together those who loved him and his pocketbook best, and who did not kick at "Willie" being the whole show, in Chicago, Illinois, and there proceeded to nominate a candidate for president of the United States, and also one for vice-president, and the honor, which has a vacuum that is entirely vacant, fell to the lot of Thomas L. Hisgen, of Massachusetts, and the vice-presidency was toted over to John Temple Graves, of Georgia, and pitched

into his little lap, and "Tempie" said, "Thank you, Willie," and smiled one of his happy grins.

Thomas L. Hisgen, of Massachusetts, can very appropriately sign his name, after the third of next November, Thomas L. "Has-been;" but John Temple Graves will not have to change his name at all, as his last name will represent his political resting place on the evening of the November election.

John "Tempie" (I'll swan that's a pretty name) you'll remember, is the lad who met William Jennings Bryan at a banquet in Chattanooga a few months ago, and suggested to Mr. Bryan that he withdraw from the presidential race and permit Theodore Roosevelt to be elected without a protest; therefore, Mr. Graves must have been at that time, and that time is not far back in the past, a great admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and if he was a great admirer of Mr. Roosevelt only a

few months ago, then how in the devil can he run for vice-president on the Independence League ticket, which villifies, condemns, damns, and redamns both Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan? —O! Tempie, Tempie, Tempie, do tell us please how you are hooked up anyway?

Now, the RIP-SAW believes in being fair to the Independence League, as we believe in fairness in all things; therefore, we desire to say right now and here that the Independence League platform is a thousand times better, fairer, more just, more righteous, and more patriotic than either the Republican or Democratic platforms.—But John Temple Graves for vice-president! tut, tut, ain't it awful? After "Tempie" had declared that he loved Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt so well that he could squeeze the wax out of them, but was willing to set aside his love for Mr. Bryan in order to give his undivided adoration to "Teddy," shows him up as an ass to accept the vice-presidency on a ticket that villifies Mr. Roosevelt.—It really makes our bowels hurt.

We call the Independence League

"Willie Hearst's party;" but away back behind "Willie" we see a mastodon of intellect whose name is ARTHUR BRISBAIN, guiding "Willie's" destinies, as the speech Mr. Hearst delivered at the opening of the Independence League's National Convention showed the ear-marks of Brisbain, and the platform which was adopted shows the ear-marks of the same intellectual giant.—ARTHUR BRISBAIN IS A SOCIALIST.

God knows that the drubbing Mr. Hearst gave the Democratic and Republican candidates and their platforms was righteous and just, but why should the Independence League promulgate a **PURELY SOCIALISTIC PLATFORM** and then not be sincere enough, frank enough and honest enough to come out boldly and above board for Socialism?

There's a man in the State of Georgia, from whence John Temple Graves comes, and he lives in Thomson, Georgia, and his name is Thomas E. Watson, that can poll more votes in fifteen minutes in that state than "Tempie" can poll in fifteen centuries, and this same Thomas E. Watson has got more gray matter under his scalp than John Temple Graves has entrails under his vest.

The Socialist party has a platform that should meet with the ap-

## BEHOLD THE SIMILARITY

In the northern states where **REPUBLICAN TASK MASTERS** have tread upon every foot of that soil, and conquered, by **TYRANNY**, those who produce the wealth of the world, and made perpetual slaves of their children, the wails, the groans, and the sighs of the impoverished have become a familiar sound, and their tears have made clammy that soil.—The Sunny Southland has, until recently, been free from shop and factory **TYRANTS**, as her tyranny was confined to field and valley, where the luckless white-skinned slave was compelled to labor shoulder to shoulder with the negro; however, these **NORTHERN REPUBLICAN COMMERCIAL VAMPIRES**, after conquering the spirit of freedom and liberty, in that section, looked with covetous eyes upon the South's valleys of coal and mountains of iron, and reached out into this semi-tropical region of God's domain, and bartered and traded with the progeny of the **MASTERS OF THE BLACKS**, and formed a co-partnership with this class, and today "**DIXIE LAND**" is writhing under the same inhuman lash that has scarred the backs of Northern manhood, and the lash is being applied by **DEMOCRATIC TASK MASTERS**.—Behold the similarity in the coal mining districts of Birmingham, Alabama, and the mining districts of the Northern States, and if Southern manhood don't rebel at these damnable acts, then Southern chivalry is a thing of the past, and Southern manhood has been blotted out from the pages of her once fair name, as the **WHITE SLAVES** of factory and mine "**DOWN WHERE THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS GROW**" are as dwarfed today where **DEMOCRATIC TYRANTS RULE AS IT IS IN THE NORTH WHERE REPUBLICAN COMMERCIAL VULTURES REIGN SUPREME**.

The South is only a **VALUABLE ASSET** to the cunning politicians of both the Republican and Democratic parties, and their **IGNORANT BALLOTS** are depended upon to keep Southern **DEMOCRATIC SLAVE MASTERS** in power the same as is the **IGNORANT BALLOTS** of the North depended upon to keep **REPUBLICAN SLAVE MASTERS** in power; and there's no difference in the tyranny of either class, as the rule of each means **SLAVERY** and perpetual bondage to those who produce the wealth of the world.—"**HOW LONG, O, LORD, HOW LONG,**" will that once magic name "**DEMOCRACY**" continue to keep the **WHITE SLAVES** of the Southland in as abject slavery as the negro ever was?—**O, YE WHITE SKINNED BROTHERS OF "DIXIE," WILL YOU NEVER LEARN THAT SOCIALISM MEANS TO YOU TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE THAN EMANCIPATION MEANT TO THE NEGRO?**

proval of every individual man or woman that toils.—The Populist party's platform is good so far as it goes, but it don't go far enough.—The Independence League's platform is Socialistic in language, but too cowardly to proclaim its principles.—The Republican party's platform is arrogant, insulting and even barbarous in its treatment of the laboring world, and deserves the righteous hatred of all who labor.—The Democratic platform is Socialistic in its leanings but hypocritical in its meaning, and also deserves the hatred that hypocrisy, wherever found, so richly deserves.—Good-bye, "Tempie," swell up and feel good for the next three months, as you're due to explode on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and when the explosion takes place, then William Randolph Hearst will send you back to Georgia, as he won't need you any longer on his editorial staff.—Thomas L. Hisgen is a good man gone wrong, but we hope his experience with the Independence League will make him both a wiser and a better man.—But "Tempie," O, MY! it's a shame how he loves William Jennings Bryan and "Teddy," and especially the Bear Hunter.

### FLORIDA, FLORIDA, DEAR OLD FLORIDA.

A short time ago, the editor of the RIP-SAW spent one of the most enjoyable days of his life in the State of Florida attending the Farmers' State Convention of that commonwealth, which met at Lake City.

Everyone who was acquainted with the Populist vote of a few years ago, knows full well that had not the Populists of that state permitted the Democratic party, by and through the cunning of William Jennings Bryan, to swallow and digest it, for its own selfish

purposes, that it would have controlled that state entirely; but through the cunning of the present Democratic candidate for President, W. J. Bryan, the Populist party went to pieces, and was assassinated by his hypocritical friends.

When the editor of this journal received an invitation to address the State Farmers' Convention of Florida, we gave the committee to understand that we did not want to impose upon them, and that should we accept their invitation that we must be permitted to deliver an address untrammelled, and gave that committee to further understand that we were a Socialist, **FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME;** and you may imagine our surprise when we were given to understand, not in words, but in a quiet, unspoken and unwritten language that the farmers of Florida were wanting just such an address.—We went, and the farmers were there by the multiplied thousands, from every nook and corner of Florida, and when we looked down into the sturdy faces of the manhood of that old state and heard their screams of applause at the recital of what Socialism proposes to do, we knew full well that the bud of Populism had unfolded into a fragrant blossom of Socialism; and there is no Bryan strong enough to smother and strangle that new-born hope in Florida.—God bless the manhood of that old state, and we'll always remember her for her magnanimous treatment of us, as her boys treated us like a father, her young men like a brother, and her old men like a son; and when we close our eyes in death, we want to die repeating the name of "Florida, Florida, dear old Florida."

If we were as careful with our **POLITICAL HEALTH** as we are with our **PHYSICAL HEALTH**, we'd change doctors at Washington durned quick, and employ no more

who have graduated from the schools of Republicanism and Democracy and who have no remedy for **FINANCIAL SICKNESS** but "**GOD KNOWS.**"

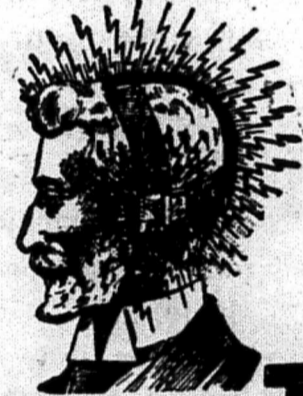
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Are you deaf? Have you sharp buzzing noises in the head? Do your ears tingle when you blow your nose? Do your eyes frequently "water"? Does your nose and head feel stuffed up? Have you Catarrh? If you have any or all the above diseases, I ask you as a successful Specialist and friend to write to me at once describing your case.

For 16 years I have devoted my entire energies and studies to the cure of these diseases and I have effected cures in people who have been pronounced incurable by their family physicians and good specialists. My methods are new and original; Electro-Magnetism removes the cause, therefore cures.



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### I Am Your Friend Write To Me Today

I send you Two Months Medicine **FREE** to convince you

I have proof that will astonish you. Without price or promise—without anything but an earnest desire of being cured I ask you in all frankness to lay your troubles before me. I know of nothing more sad—nothing that calls for our deepest sympathy—than the sight of a deaf man, woman or child. And here I am ready and willing as an ardent, conscientious Specialist to uplift and relieve suffering humanity. Write me at once—today—describing your case, and I will send you positive proofs and my **Valuable Book FREE**. Grasp this opportunity now—you have everything to gain—you can't lose a cent. No incurable cases accepted, no experimenting.

**Dr. G. M. Branaman, Deaf Specialist, 1142 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.**

# WHERE'S THE DIFFERENCE?

I hate a lazy cuss that's too darned trifling to even try to have clothes, a home and "grub," no matter if he does have to divide his labor with a MASTER.—Mr. Reader, you have some one in your mind's eye right now that this applies to, and you and your neighbors have more than once said, "I wonder how in the dickens old Bill Johnson makes a living? As he never works, and can always be found sitting around the store whittling?"—You scorn Bill Johnson, and you're always knocking him for NOT WORKING, and you won't associate with him nor you won't yet your children associate with him, and you always point Bill Johnson out to your children as a worthless, onery cuss, and when you pass him on the road, if you are by yourself, you may say, "Mornin', Bill," but if you're with a neighbor, ten to one you'll look in the opposite direction and never see lazy Bill; but further on, down the road, you meet MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST, WHO DON'T WORK ANY MORE, THAN OLD BILL JOHNSON, in his automobile, and off comes your "Merry Widower," and should MISTER GOLDDUST'S automobile be out of fix, you will lie flat on your back, under his machine, with the thermometer a hundred and ten in the shade, and sweat like a buck "nigger" for four hours trying to fix it for him, while MISTER GOLDDUST leans up against a sapling in the shade, and all that you ask of MISTER GOLDDUST, when you have fixed his machine, is for him to say, "thank you," and give you one of his smiles which he always keeps in stock.

Now, poor Bill Johnson, whom you have always known, while it is true that HE NEVER DID A DAY'S WORK IN HIS LIFE, it is also true that HE NEVER STOLE ANYTHING, nor never bought your hogs, your hay, your corn, your horses, nor your cattle at a price SO LOW, that he was enabled to rob you of enough to enable him to live like a king WITHOUT WORK, off of the work that you and your family performed; and dress himself and his family, WHO REFUSE TO

WORK, a thousand times better than you and your family WHO DO WORK can dress.—Poor Bill, you haven't got a thing against him only HE WON'T WORK; but if you or anyone of your family is sick, old Bill will come over and sit up night after night, and you can't ask anything too hard for the poor old cuss to do.—But HE WON'T WORK.

If Bill Johnson would come over and want to borrow a bushel of wheat, three pounds of bacon, or forty cents in money, you would want him to give you seven different kinds of security.—But still, you say that you believe Bill's honest, and would pay you if he had the money; but you say you know he will never have it, as HE'S TOO LAZY TO WORK; but if MISTER GOLDDUST would want to borrow every penny you had, you'd let him have it WITHOUT SECURITY, when you know that he is as crooked as a ram's horn, and does NO MORE WORK than lazy Bill Johnson.

If your children were to go to Sunday school, and invite Bill Johnson's children home with them to dinner, you might not run the "kids" off, but you would give your children the dickens after they left, for having that "poor white trash tagging after them."—But you say Bill Johnson is honest, and the only thing you have against him is that HE WON'T WORK.

Now, Rube, you have known MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST all your life, and you know as well as you know that you are living, that Bill Johnson has done JUST AS MUCH WORK AS MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST ever did; then why is it, Rube, that you do not dish out the same treatment to MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST, WHO WON'T WORK, BUT WHO DOES WORK YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS, that you do to poor old Bill Johnson WHO WON'T WORK, but WHO WON'T WORK HIS NEIGHBORS.

If Bill Johnson was to announce himself as candidate for road supervisor, he wouldn't get a single neighbor's vote, and the reason that his neighbors would give for not

voting for poor old Bill, would be that HE WON'T WORK, although they know he is honest.—But if MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST, WHO ALSO WON'T WORK, AND WHOM YOU WHISPER A M O N G YOURSELVES IS NOT HONEST, announces his candidacy for State Legislator, Governor, Congressman, United States Senator, or even for the Presidency of the United States, every mother's son of you will cast your votes for him, when you, within yourselves, know that he will turn any scurvy trick that will not land him in the penitentiary in order to make a living WITHOUT WORK.

Let's go over to Bill Johnson's and see how he lives; well, the inside of his house shows that he won't work; however, his furniture is fashioned considerably like that of the farmer, the mechanic and the day-laborer, WHO DO WORK, only perhaps, it is not quite as good; but you can't get away from poor old Bill to save your soul if it's near dinner time, without eating with him; as lazy old Bill is white clean to the core, and will divide his last morsel with you; and when you sit down to the table, you will find that he and his have about the same kind of food as the farmer, the mechanic and the day-laborer, only perhaps there is not quite so much of it.—After dinner, you look over Bill's place, and you find that he hasn't much, but you wonder how he's got as much as he has, and don't work any more than he does, as you, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Mechanic, and Mr. Daylaborer, work three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and you don't have so darned much; but nowhere can you find a thing about Bill's shack or his outbuildings that you could work yourselves up to believe that he had stolen or come into possession of in a dishonest manner; and as far as HONESTY is concerned, you leave Bill's shack believing that he is just as honest as you are.—The next day you go over to MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST'S mansion, and it's right at dinner time, but if you stay ten minutes, or three hours, MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST don't have dinner until you leave.

—While at MISTER GOLDDUST'S residence, you notice that he has carpets soft to the tread, his walls are hung with costly paintings, silken portiers are everywhere, a Baby Grand Piano adorns his parlor, and MISTER GOLDDUST himself wears a suit of clothes the price of which would clothe your entire family a year; and had he treated you with half the respect that lazy old Bill Johnson treated you when you were at his house, you would have found his table groaning with the best that you and those who DO WORK produce, served upon Haviland china and cut glass, which you and your family WHO DO WORK never dreamed of possessing.—You go to his stable, and you find the most fleet-footed horses that you and your neighbors, WHO DO WORK, raise, and carriages that represent more money than you will ever possess.—From his barn you go to his garage, and there you will find one, two or three automobiles, that represent more dollars than you and your whole family, WHO DO WORK, ever dreamed of possessing; and you leave there feeling as though you would insult MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST did you invite him, his wife and babies to pay you a visit, as you know,

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We are the largest concern of our kind in the world. Combined capital \$7,000,000. We have 450,000 customers. Don't buy a stove without knowing how much we can save you. Write a postal today for catalog No. 20. Spiegel, May, Stern Co., 1122 35th Street, Chicago

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WRITE TODAY For Our Big Free Catalog It tells all about our Easy Credit Plan and how we send Elgin 19, 21 and 23 Jewel Railroad Watches everywhere prepaid on without interest, security or any deposit. **FREE TRIAL**

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## HELP! BOYS, HELP!

Boys, this is one of the times that we yell for help; not because we need it individually, but because we **MUST HAVE IT** in order to do the most good possible.—As you know, we have cut the price of the RIP-SAW from time to time, from one dollar per year, down to only fifty cents a year, and we were only able to do this by the loyal support of our **HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF READERS**; and no other newspaper, during the reign of high prices, ever did what we have done; but we love Socialism, and we want as many to read about it as possible.—Now, Boys, appoint each of yourselves a committee of **ONE** to send us in at least four subscribers within ten days after you read this notice, and if you will do it, we will add at least **ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOTES** to the Socialist party on the third day of next November.—Go at it now, Boys, and let's have a spontaneous response from every reader.—**READ OUR ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE TWELVE, AND YOU WILL SEE HOW YOU CAN FURNISH FOUR DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS THE RIP-SAW FOR ONE WHOLE YEAR FOR ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.**—Boys, this is the first time the RIP-SAW ever begged in its life, and we are not beginning now for our individual sake, as the RIP-SAW couldn't exist at a subscription price of **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** per year, did we not take advertisements.—**BUT WE BEG FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.**

within yourself, that you and your calico frocked children **WHO WORK**, would not be welcome at his mansion.

When you were over at old lazy Bill's house, you found that his children were educated about as well as yours, as they attend the same school that yours do; but when you got to **MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST'S** home, **WHERE NO ONE WORKS**, you found that his children were highly educated, and could sing and paint to perfection, while your children and those of your neighbors, **WHO DO WORK**, never had the time nor the money to possess these blessings, which **MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST'S** children, **WHO WON'T WORK**, possess.

Now, Mr. Voter, who is the most honorable man, poor old lazy Bill Johnson, **WHO WON'T WORK**, **BUT IS HONEST**, or **MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST**, **WHO DON'T WORK AND IS DISHONEST**? And which has done the most harm to those who live among them? And who would you rather trust to make and execute your laws, old lazy Bill Johnson, who is acquainted with your sore muscles, and who is so thor-

oughly acquainted with them that he refuses to stiffen his own muscles with labor, **BUT IS TOO HONEST TO STEAL**, or **MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST**, who is **NOT** acquainted with your sore muscles, and the pain labor brings, but is so **DISHONEST**, that he prefers robbing you and your neighbors of enough to enable him and his to live **WITHOUT WORK**, while you and yours, **WHO DO WORK**, are compelled to live like paupers?—Which, I ask, would you rather have make and execute your laws, old lazy Bill Johnson, who is one of you and who lives as near like you as his energy will enable him to, or **MISTER THEODORE GOLDDUST**, who preys upon you and your neighbors year in and year out, and robs you each year of enough to enable him and his, **WHO REFUSE TO WORK**, to drive the best horses that you, **WHO DO WORK**, raise; to eat the best that you and your family produce, and glide about in the finest automobiles that you and your sons, **WHO DO WORK**, manufacture, and have for their **SERVANTS**—yes, their **SERVANTS**, their **SLAVES**, their **DRUDGES**, the sons and daughters of your own loins, and treat them with absolute contempt, because of their poverty, which this same **MISTER GOLDDUST** wrought, by his thievery. Dammit! will you voting mules never learn that if there is any partiality to be shown between the man who is too **LAZY** to work, and the man that is too **CUNNING** to work, that the **LAZY MAN** deserves the partiality? As the **LAZY MAN** endures poverty on the account of his laziness, and harms no one but himself; while the **CUNNING MAN** robs you to avoid the toil that produces what he robs you of.—Then how, oh, how, ye sovereign men of America, who love your wives and babies as dearly as you love your souls, can you persist in electing men to make

and execute your laws who have grown rich and arrogant off of your hardships, your sweat, and your ignorance?—Socialism says, **TO THE PRODUCER BELONGS THE PRODUCT**, and declares that no **MASTER**, no matter whether he be **CUNNING OR LAZY**, shall be permitted to stand guard over your energies and lay a tax upon your sweat so severe that he and his may live in idle elegance while you and yours, **WHO DO THE WORK**, live in penury and want.—Socialism declares there is no difference between the man that's **TOO LAZY TO WORK**, and the man that's **SO CUNNING THAT HE IS ENABLED TO LIVE OFF OF THE WORK OF**

**OTHERS; AND DECLARES THAT BOTH SHOULD STARVE.**—And under Socialism **BOTH WILL STARVE.**—Now, Mr. Voter, in the future, remember that the **LAZY, INDOLENT, HONEST MAN** is a **GENTLEMAN** compared to the **CUNNING THIEF**; and also remember that **SOCIALISM** brands both of these **PARASITES** with the same brand of disapproval, and under Socialism, each will be measured by the same standard.

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

## NOTICE!

The Editor of the "RIP-SAW" begs to say, that he has no voice in the Business Management of this paper, neither have we any voice in the mode in which it secures its subscribers.

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

# Danderine

Grows Hair  
and we can

## PROVE IT!



**D**ANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

A lady from St. Paul writes in substance, as follows:

"When I began using Danderine my hair would not come to my shoulders and now it is away below my hips."

Another from Newark, N. J.

"I have been using Danderine regularly. When I first started to use it I had very little hair, now I have the most beautiful long and thick hair anyone would want to have."

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

Danderine enjoys a greater sale than any other one preparation regardless of kind or brand, and it has a much greater sale than all of the other hair preparations in the world combined

**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.

Cut This Out

# HONORABLE MEN

What class of men does Society call our "Honorable men?"

Is it those who water the waste places with the sweat of their brow? Is it those who go out into the forest and cause her to blossom like the Garden of Eden? Is it those who tickle the valleys with the plow-share and make them burst forth in abundance and plenty? Is it the true Christian who by the sunshine in his life, heals the broken hearts of orphans and widows?

Ah, no, as Society, blind fool that she is, only grants the rich the title of "Honorable Men."

Our country is now standing upon the verge of political, moral and financial ruin, simply because a gaping public has granted only the rich the privilege of being "Honorable."

Is the possession of money wrung from the brow of labor and sweat from the pores of childish toil the only passport which entitles those who have been instrumental in gathering yellow gold from the misfortunes of others to become "Honorable Men?"

I would rather have it said of me that I was a notorious outlaw made so by my outlawry, if the accusation only related to robbing those who had robbed others, than to have it said that I was an "Honorable Man" because I possessed gold and silver wrung from the thinly clad Artisan, who is compelled to do my bidding simply because I possess the only means whereby he and his family can keep soul and body together.

A thief is a thief, no matter whom he may steal from, and the man who will force honest toil to work for a profit only sufficient for the day's necessities, without giving labor a chance to lay by a competency for the evening of old age, is as much a thief as though he broke into your corn crib and robbed you while you slept.

Who is to blame for this state of affairs, and who is to blame for the "Moneyed Aristocracy" of this country being given the title of "Honorable Men?"

Ah! listen and I will tell you; it is that old blubbery thinpated, sap-headed fool father and mother who teaches their children from their infancy that the possession of

money means the equivalent of greatness.

It is that old scheming mother who teaches her daughter that her only aim in life is to marry some man who possesses money, no matter how he came in possession of it.

That old thievish father is to blame who teaches his sons that a trade without an unreasonable profit is the sign of ignorance.

When mothers teach their daughters that "manliness" only comes through the possession of wealth, she teaches them, it may be unconsciously however, she nevertheless teaches them that virtue serves best when sold for a fancy price; and when a girl is taught such abominations, she holds her virtue as a commercial commodity to be bartered to the highest bidder, and necessarily the highest bidder is the son of one of those whom society has termed "Honorable Men."

Should I knock at your door and inform you that I was a pirate, seeking recruits from your household, and ask of you to loan me your sons to enlist under the black banner of piracy, you would drive me from your door, and brand me as a villain, deserving of death; but the fathers of this land consciously or unconsciously, teach their sons from their infancy the black art of piracy, as you teach them to trade and scheme with friend and foe, with the end in view of the largest profit possible, no matter what you have to resort to, to obtain that profit.

You teach your boys that the greater the profit, the more respect will be shown them for their cunning, and by thus teaching you make of them "commercial pirates," which is just as damnable a calling as the pirate who plys his nefarious calling under the black flag of piracy, and is hunted by the laws of justice.

Piracy is thievery, no matter if it is legalized by the laws of our country, and when you try to legalize thievery, you insult God and debauch manhood; you seduce virtue and sell your family into commercial bondage, and there is no more unmerciful master than the siren chant of the dollar.

Ah, little it takes to make man happy when that inclination to be

happy is born of the spirit of equality and fairness, but how great the price we must pay if we buy our happiness from Hell's Auctioneer.

When mothers teach their daughters that money is essential to happiness, and when fathers teach their sons that money is the acme of earthly greatness, they are instrumental in selling virtue to the highest bidder and trading manhood into dollar bondage.

**BEFORE GOD, I WOULD RATHER SEE MY SON GO OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE" IN OLD AGE, AND GO THERE AN HONEST PAUPER THAN TO SEE HIM DIE BENEATH FRESCOED CEILINGS, A COMMERCIAL PIRATE.**

**I WOULD RATHER SEE MY DAUGHTERS THE HONORABLE WIVES OF HONORABLE FARMERS WHO EKE OUT THEIR LIVING FROM YELLOW SOIL, THAN TO HAVE THEM MARRIED TO PERFUMED AND PETTED DEVILS WHO PREY UPON UNPROTECTED LABOR WITH THE TALONS OF THE VULTURE AND THE CUNNING OF THE FOX.**

Just so long as money remains the passport that entitles men to the ranks of "Honorable Men" just so long the devil will be our leader and hell our eternal home, which will be a just reward for a prattling public who will permit the scum of the earth and the future inhabitants of hell to lead them and elect such to enact and execute their laws.

## A DIRTY SHAME.

A few evenings ago, in the great city of Nashville, Tennessee, which boasts of being the "Athens of the South," Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, Populist candidate for President of the United States, delivered an address in Ryman's auditorium, which has a capacity to accommodate multiplied thousands.

Tom Watson is a speaker and writer of note, and once drew audiences which taxed the seating capacity of any building in this country; but on the evening that he was in Nashville, but five or six hundred souls greeted him in that great Ryman auditorium.—It's a dirty shame that a man as brilliant as Thomas E. Watson was not given a larger audience, no matter if Populism has outgrown its creed, and has clambered up and above and beyond what it once taught, and is today standing upon the threshold of Socialism, Tom Watson should have been greeted by an audience that would have packed that auditorium to suffocation, as he's a great man, and his mission on earth is to do good.

Thomas E. Watson now stands high upon the ladder of progress and evolution, and as far out as his vision goes, he, like the giant that he is, is ever ready to proclaim a gospel of good to the benighted political hosts of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Some few days before Thomas E. Watson was in Nashville, Tennessee, the local Socialist party of this same city gave a picnic which had a gathering that many times outnumbered that which heard Mr. Watson, and the Socialist picnic in Nashville, was strictly a local affair; and Mr. Watson's address was supposed to be delivered to the Populists of the entire state of Tennessee.

The editor of this journal, at the time Mr. Watson delivered his address in Nashville, was unable to attend, as he was in Florida attending the Farmers' State Convention of that commonwealth; but we were heart-sick to learn of the shoddy reception given Mr. Watson, as he has but few equals in any party in America as a thinker, a writer and an orator.

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New Scientific Appliance, Always a Perfect Fit—Adjustable to Any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable—Never Slips, No Obnoxious Springs or Pads, Costs Less Than Many Common Trusses, Made for Men, Women or Children.

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and yet is light, cool, comfortable, conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting and costs less than many ordinary trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I have put the price so low that any person, rich or poor, can buy, and I absolutely guarantee it.

I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it, and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to me and I will refund your money.

That is the fairest proposition ever made by a rupture specialist. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—absolutely on the square.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Write me to-day and I will send you my book on Rupture and its Cure showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of people who have tried it and been cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies. Just a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

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No two alike. In 12 colors and gold. These cards are positively worth 5c each or money refunded.  
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# IS HE AFRAID OF LOSING HIS JOB?

A preacher down in Little Rock, Arkansas, whose "John Hancock" is C. R. Powell, and who is editor and manager of the "Arkansas Baptist," a supposedly religious paper, holding up the Baptist denomination's end of the log, in his issue of July 8th, last, editorially "yelps" thusly:

"Socialism claims that it would destroy the saloon, by quietly cutting its tap-root; give the world a new face; make men love one another like brothers; make honest men out of liars; kill the spirit of greed and graft; establish the religion of Jesus Christ, and usher in the millennium."

And winds up this editorial by saying:

"If there was anything else to be done, Socialism would claim the ability to do that, too."

—Im powerful glad that Brother Powell didn't state that Socialism claimed to make BROAD-MINDED MEN OUT OF RELIGIOUS BIGOTS; for if he had set up that claim for Socialism we would have been compelled to have wired him immediately that he'd never get the full benefit of Socialism.—Now, we like Mr. Powell, "bully," as we imagine that he's a right nice fellow, and we are sorry to have to take issue with the gentleman, as he often publishes some bright things in his publication—his advertisements for instance; and we hope that he won't take offense at what we are about to say regarding his "puns" at Socialism; as we have no desire to offend a man over something that he HASN'T GOT; and undoubtedly he hasn't any religion nor doesn't believe in it, or else he wouldn't poke fun at a creed which proposes to do in TEN YEARS what his creed has completely failed to do in TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

Yes, Socialism declares to intelligent manhood that it will destroy the saloon when it comes into power, by lifting men up to their full stature, and making MANHOOD the password to greatness; as TRUE GREATNESS, GOODNESS and RIGHTEOUSNESS lead DIRECTLY AWAY from the saloon, and if all individuals turn their backs upon the saloon, the saloon will die of its own accord.—Yes, Socialism proposes to give the world a new face, by re-

moving the mask of deceit from the face of the present old world.

—Socialism proposes to make men love one another like brothers; as Socialism proposes to treat all men AS BROTHERS by giving to each ALL that is justly due them, and not permit a FEW MASTERS, as is the case today, to lay tribute upon the efforts of the MANY, and rob them, for personal gain.—Socialism also proposes to make honest men out of liars, which we hope is not distasteful to Brother Powell; as Socialism proposes to kill the desire in men to lie by making it more profitable to be TRUTHFUL, as Socialism proposes to make HONESTY AND FAIRNESS more profitable than lying.—Yes, Socialism proposes to kill the spirit of greed and graft, by removing those things which prompt greed and graft, and by giving rewards only to those who are deserving and are entitled to rewards earned by some useful service.—Yes, Socialism further proposes to establish the religion of Jesus Christ, and usher in the millennium, which we truly trust will not interfere with Brother Powell's business; for whenever you do away with the saloon, WHICH SOCIALISM PROPOSES TO DO, and whenever you give the world a clean face, WHICH SOCIALISM PROPOSES TO DO, and whenever you make men love one another like brothers, WHICH SOCIALISM PROPOSES TO DO, and whenever you kill the spirit of greed and graft, WHICH SOCIALISM PROPOSES TO DO, and whenever you establish the doctrines of JESUS CHRIST, WHICH SOCIALISM PROPOSES TO DO, then, AND NOT UNTIL THEN, will the millennium be ushered in; and we hope that Brother Powell won't dodge when he sees it coming.

Now, Brother Powell, if you are a preacher, you ABSOLUTELY believe in the doctrines taught by Jesus Christ, IF YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU PREACH, and if you are a believer in Christ's doctrines, then you MUST believe that his doctrines, if carried out, to the letter, WOULD DESTROY THE SALOONS, WOULD GIVE THE WORLD A NEW FACE, WOULD MAKE MEN LOVE ONE ANOTHER LIKE BROTHERS, WOULD MAKE HONEST MEN OUT OF LIARS, and

WOULD KILL THE SPIRIT OF GREED AND GRAFT; ESTABLISH THE RELIGION OF JESUS CHRIST AND USHER IN THE MILLENNIUM.—

Now, you DO, or you DO NOT believe Christ's doctrines, Brother Powell, and if you DO, then what have you got against a creed that wants to do in TEN YEARS what you preachers and priests have absolutely failed to do in TWO THOUSAND YEARS?—Is it because you want the Baptist Church to have all the praise, or is it because you went off half-cocked?—Which is it Brother Powell?

Socialism doesn't blame the doctrines of Jesus Christ for you preachers and priests failing to even put the brakes on the cussedness of mammon in the past TWO THOUSAND YEARS, but it blames your bunglesome methods.—The church teaches capitalistic principles to a class who have no assets but labor, and permits and countenances, upholds and applauds the IDLE FEW, when they climb over the backs of the toiling MANY to idle affluence.—Now, you know, Brother Powell, as well as I know, that you know nothing about the fundamental principles of Socialism, that we are telling you TRUTHS that you can't deny, without feeling away down in your

heart that you are a traitor to the cause that you pretend to champion, and are such either ignorantly or premeditatedly, which in either case, renders you incompetent to lead.

Why the preachers and priests of this country, and why the editors of our supposedly religious journals fight the principles of Socialism, is because these preachers and priests and editors do business EXACTLY upon the same principle as do the MASTER CLASS of America.—LIVE OFF OF THOSE WHO TOIL, and reserve the right to place their own valuation upon their services, and deny the class whom they live off of the same privilege.

Now, Brother Powell, if we have made you mad, we are glad of it; not because we have a desire to be

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

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High grade genuine American full seven ruby jeweled watch, quick train lever movement, a perfect beauty, guaranteed to keep correct time for 20 years. Fitted in richly engraved double hinged gold finished case. Positively the greatest bargain on the face of the earth. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch and a beautiful chain to you by express for examination. If as represented pay express agent \$3.75 and express charge and they are yours. Mention also wanted LADY'S or GENT'S. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 320 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

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Whatever you want for use in your home will be sold to you on credit. Your choice of 3,000 articles will be shipped on approval. Use our goods 30 days before you decide to keep them. Then, if satisfactory, pay a little each month. We mean that exactly. When a person wants to make his home more attractive, his credit is good with us.

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approval, if you don't find a saving of 15 to 50 per cent, under the lowest prices, cash or credit, anywhere.

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As you can't come to our store, we send the goods to you on approval. Use them a month, and decide how you like them. Compare our prices with others. If not satisfactory, return the goods at our expense. The month's use will not cost you a penny.

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Catalog No. 10 shows a new and wonderful line of Furniture, Housefurnishings, Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths and Portieres, illustrated in actual colors. Also Lace Curtains, Clocks, Silverware, Crockery, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages and Go-Carts.

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Catalog No. 20 shows the whole Empire line

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### Columbia Graphophones

Catalog No. 30 is devoted to the greatest of all talking machines. We send a complete Graphophone outfit, freight prepaid. You don't pay a penny until you have tried it ten days. Then send us small monthly payments.

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abrupt or insulting; but because "WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD"; but you being a minister of the gospel, we know you can't get mad, as Christians do not get mad, nor do not want to harm a hair of any one's head, and only show their temper by asking the good Lord to "REMOVE THEIR ENEMIES," which may be very wholesome for the man that offers the prayer, but durned hard on the fellow who is "removed."

Now, Brother Powell, "I AM NOT MAD, I AM NOT MAD," but would like to squeeze you up so tight to my bosom that the free lunches which the "sisters" set out for you would vacate and give your head a chance to do some business.

—Say, Brother Powell, are you afraid of competition, is why you want the Socialists to keep out of the game of helping to rush in the millennium?—Are you, Brother Powell, to be the Judge of your Brother's sincerity? And have you been appointed to OVERSEE the job and get the millennium "shooed" around properly? If you do hold down that job, don't you think you had better resign the position, collect your back wages and give some other Brother a "whack" at the job? As you and your predecessors have been "fumbling" around with the job for TWO THOUSAND YEARS and haven't as yet even got the devil dodging.

Now, Mr. Powell, what would you think of a neighbor who had been trying to build himself a home all his life, and his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and all his male relatives before him had been working on the same home, but had failed, and then get mad as the dickens when some other man suggested that he knew the carpenter's trade better than they? — Now, Mr. Preacher, wouldn't you think that the other fellow had a right to criticise their work, and their methods? And would you hire either of them to build you a home?—Be honest, Powell, WOULD YOU?—Then are you surprised that the world has grown tired of standing around on ONE FOOT FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS waiting for you PREACHERS and PRIESTS to back up to its door and unload the millennium?—Powell, don't be so afraid of losing your job, but off with your coat and help the Socialists do what you fellows have been trying to do.

I have watched you, Brother Powell, ever since you started the "Arkansas Baptist," and you're away above your brother religious editors in intellect, and you dish up some good, wholesome stuff, once in a while, but you musn't believe that no one has a right to help fix the machinery of this country but you and your brother preachers, or you'll get stuck on yourself, and get the "sisters" to hating you.

# "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

This journal is a Socialist journal, ever wakeful, thoughtful and intelligent moment of its existence.

—This journal believes in the principles of Socialism because her principles means JUSTICE.—

This journal's patriotism is set to the music of "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER," "MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE," and "HOME, SWEET HOME."—

The RIP-SAW wants to march to a Socialist victory under the same flag that our forefathers marched to victory when fighting European autocrats, plutocrats, and monarchs during revolutionary times, as Socialism is fighting today, the very same class of despots, ONLY HOME BRED, that the hosts of George Washington, Patrick Henry and General Putnam fought when America was in her pinafores and swaddling clothes.

Every star and every stripe of that old banner of freedom is as dear to the RIP-SAW today as it ever was; and our every patriotic impulse regrets to know of the Socialist party, WHICH WE LOVE SO WELL, hoisting a red flag over her ramparts; as the American flag, which is and which always has been, AN EMBLEM OF FREEDOM AND EMANCIPATED SLAVES, is as pure today as she ever was, and her fluttering signals mean as much to oppressed humanity today as they ever meant, provided the MANHOOD of America bears her aloft; but she's a lifeless and defenseless thing, and will float over a CARRION CARCASS as gaily as she will float over emancipated slaves; then why blame this emblem of freedom, and villify it, and substitute in its stead a RED FLAG which has always meant, IN THE MINDS OF MEN, ANARCHY; WHEN THERE'S NOT A SINGLE DOCTRINE OF SOCIALISM THAT MEANS WHAT THE RED FLAG SUPPOSEDLY MEANS?

Don't blame that old "Star Spangled Banner" for being compelled to float over a gang of COMMERCIAL THIEVES AND CUT-THROATS, but place the blame where it belongs; and when you do this you will saddle that blame and that condemnation upon the CITIZENSHIP OF AMERICA, of which YOU ARE A PART, for

casting her ballot in favor of permitting SLAVE MASTERS AND COMMERCIAL VAMPIRES to control that flag.

The RIP-SAW is going to remain a Socialist journal, and preach Socialist doctrines; but BY THE ETERNALS she never will float a red flag from her ramparts; and unless Socialism tears down that red flag from her mast, which to the minds of men means anarchy, treason and everything treasonable, and in its stead nails back the American flag, and makes it mean what it once meant, we will lose thousands of votes.—The RIP-SAW will never float a red flag, and we'll BEDAM if we won't die fighting that emblem, which to the minds of the multitude means anarchy.

The RIP-SAW is an American product, FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME, and no flag but the flag that SET OUR FOREFATHERS FREE will ever fill our soul with gladness.

I defy any man to lay claim to a greater love for Socialism than the editor of this journal, and if the comrades want to lay treason at my door for rebelling at the red flag, I grant them that privilege, knowing full well that within their bosoms their hearts beat no truer to the doctrines of Socialism than mine.

Comrades, Socialism has and is making a great mistake by insisting upon laying away in the archives of oblivion, that old "Star Spangled Banner," and installing in its stead a red flag, which really means nothing, but which to the minds of the average American means anarchy.

—As you march down past the ramparts of Socialism, which are battered and smoke-burnt in battle array, when you reach the RIP-SAW'S ramparts you will find THE AMERICAN FLAG FLOATING FROM OUR TURRET, as we love every fluttering fold of that old flag, and BY THE ETERNALS we'll never lower her so long as the guns of this journal are controlled by its present editor.

America has a flag that once represented the MANHOOD OF AMERICA, but which now represents the GREATEST NATION OF CRINGING COWARDS THE WORLD HAS EVER

KNOWN, and the mission of this journal is to awake these cowardly, cringing, graft-subdued sons of mighty fathers, and cause them to wrench that ONCE EMBLEM OF FREEDOM from the despoilers of today, and make it as powerful in the future as it has been in the past.

Let European slaves who never had a flag that stood for anything but SERFDOM, SLAVERY, and SERVITUDE, float to the breeze any flag that they may choose, but the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" shall be the RIP-SAW'S emblem of freedom until freedom comes, or until manhood lies prostrate under the tyrannical heel of tyrants.—No, no, don't trail the emblem of FREEMEN in the grime and dust of your own ignorance, but rally 'round that old emblem, and again hoist her to the pinnacle where she once represented TRUE AMERICAN MANHOOD; and when we have done that, we have then brought order out of chaos, goodness out of badness, righteousness out of unrighteousness, and above all, purified and sanctified that old banner with the blessing that Socialism will bring to all.

Mr. Laborer, if you prefer seeing your boss' wife and babies wearing better clothes, eating better food and living in better homes than you OWN wife and babies, you have a right to vote the Republican or Democratic ticket.—But if you're not built that way, HOW CAN YOU WHEN YOU KNOW THAT BOSSES LIVE OFF OF THOSE WHO WORK FOR THEM?

When Bill Taft was Federal Judge he took care of the millionaires and ENJOINED labor when labor wanted wealth to treat her fairly.—Bill's never been converted, and he trots with the same class of swine he did then.—Then how, "Rube," can you trust him with MORE POWER now?—THINK, "RUBE," THINK.

THREE DOLLARS a day sure. Without a doubt a great opportunity. For particulars see inside back page of this paper.

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

# Sick People's Page



Devoted to Restoring All Sick and Suffering Readers to PERFECT HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

This department is more than a message of Hope to those of our readers who are despondent or afflicted with bodily ills. The voice of ASSURANCE points to immediate relief, and speedy and permanent cure.

The greatest boon of mankind, is perfect health. Without health we cannot enjoy Life. We cannot do justice to our work, nor can we influence others with sunshine and happiness if we are sickly or ailing.

In the majority of cases disease is a crime, because it can so easily be eliminated by observing the simplest Natural Laws, and by using proper remedies and precautions.

It is your imperative duty to possess and conserve a vigorous and radiant health—that greatest of all blessings—and the first symptoms of disease should be promptly combated before gaining hold on the system.

The prevailing practice of those in need of medical advice and treatment is to consult a physician, who will diagnose—or guess—at your condition, when he will give you a prescription for a mixture of drugs which he hopes or THINKS will relieve you. But, does the doctor GUARANTEE to cure you with the drugs which he prescribes himself, or in the mixing of which he divides the responsibility with the druggist? And does he refuse to take your money for his services until you declare yourself free from your ailment? Far be it from the doctor to practice such philanthropy—or honesty of purpose—not quite! The doctor expects his fee whether you are cured or not. Such a course does not imply that all doctors are mercenary, for the majority of doctors are well meaning and high minded men, but they must follow a general custom which is manifestly UNFAIR AND UNJUST.



THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE JOKE.

Doctor.—“My fee will be \$2.00, Madam, you get this prescription filled by the druggist for \$1.25. Be sure and call again next week—(aside) so I can get another \$2.00.”

In marked contrast to this unrighteous condition is the straightforward, open, and above-board methods of the Theo. Noel Co., of Chicago, the proprietors of Vitæ-Ore, a therapeutic remedy endorsed by thousands of well and happy people in every state of the Union. The Theo. Noel Company do not ask, nor do they want any money until the patient has tried it and proven that

Vitæ-Ore is really the great healing remedy it is claimed to be. The decision rests with the sufferer, after he or she IS SATISFIED they are relieved or cured. Vitæ-Ore is valuable for all uric acid diseases, manifested in rheumatism kidney and bladder troubles, and for stomach disorders, female ailments, catarrh of any part, anæmia, sores, ulcers, and worn-out, debilitated conditions.

The trial offer of the Noel Company should be clearly appreciated by all our readers. It is broad, and based on the fundamental principles of common honesty.

If you are now suffering, take advantage at once of their offer, printed below. It is not necessary to send any money—just your name and address. They will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for thirty days' use, and if at the end of that period you find you are not benefited, you pay nothing, not one cent. The Theo. Noel Company takes all the risk, and it is your word that decides. Mrs. Hannah Werley, of Harrisburg, Pa., suffered for years with the terrible torture of Rheumatism and she cannot find words to express her gratitude for the cure effected by Vitæ-Ore. “Pay in advance” doctors told Frank Hemb, of Brownsville, Minn., who was a victim of cancer of the stomach, that his days were numbered; and that he could not live. Vitæ-Ore cured him, and though sixty-one years old, he states he never felt better.

This whole paper could be filled with the testimony of those who owe their good health to Vitæ-Ore, but the greatest merit of the offer made is that the trial is not at your expense. You don't pay for the promise or assurance that Vitæ-Ore will cure you. You must make the test, and you are the one to decide. Doctors and druggists don't approve of this method of proving the virtue of Vitæ-Ore before it is paid for, but it's the only fair method—the Theo. Noel Company want to do business, and if they can't help you they don't want your money. Read every word of the advertisement below, and write them today.



You alone MUST decide

## YOU ARE THE JUDGE

This most successful remedy, with an international reputation, is offered to you with a positive binding, unequivocal assurance that it MUST relieve your bodily ills before you pay one single cent. If Vitæ-Ore will not help you, and you are not glad and grateful for its work in restoring you to health, WE WANT NO PAY. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and what it is for, and if you are a sufferer from any of these diseases or their symptoms, do not delay one moment to avail yourself of our trial offer—ALL AT OUR RISK.

### WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

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

### What Vitæ-Ore is For.

Thousands of grateful people in every State of the Union and Canada have voluntarily testified to miraculous cures and benefits derived from Vitæ-Ore for Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Troubles, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and Worn-Out, debilitated Conditions. Vitæ-Ore strikes at the root of disease, eradicating deep-seated lesions and cures where many other remedies failed to benefit.

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THEO. NOEL COMPANY, N. R. Dept. CHICAGO, ILL. Vitæ-Ore Bldg.

# WHY HATE ONE AND LOVE THE OTHER?

There's not a true born American citizen but that away down in his soul, there lingers a bitter, unrelenting hatred of kings and queens.—Every true American citizen has a right to loyally despise this parasitic class; for had it not been for American manhood, we, today, would be directly, instead of indirectly, owned and controlled by the very class who slew thousands of revolutionary American citizens when they were marching over frozen ground with bare and bleeding feet for the cause of human liberty.

The kings and queens of all Europe are the same today as they were when Washington led the hosts of American manhood to conquer them; these kings and queens hate and despise the name of FREEDOM as loyally today as they did in the days of Patrick Henry.

The millionaires of America today, and all of those who control the earth and the fullness thereof, are on the friendliest terms with the monarchs of Europe; and this love and respect is returned by these European vampires, as the power of kings and queens is predicated upon the prostrate form of slaves, and the blood tinted pyramids of gold that have been erected by the ruling aristocracy of America, rests upon the same foundation, and has for their base the same blasted hopes and the same blasted ambitions of the same class of slaves that all monarchies are predicated upon.

The American citizens' loyal hatred of kings and queens is a righteous hatred, born of the spirit of righteousness; then why do we despise one and love the other? And undoubtedly we must, as we cast our votes for the millionaire class to make and execute our laws, and would march into the very jaws of death rather than submit to being ruled by a king or queen; but when it comes to the heartless, merciless, conscienceless rule of the dollar, which is the most tyrannical king that ever ruled any nation, we, slave-like, march to the polls, and cast our ballots for those who control that dollar, to both make and execute our laws.—O, men! will your mental vision never grow strong enough for you to discern that the king and queen who is born into power is no more tyrannical than the CROWNED DOLLAR KING; who purchases his throne from the hardships, miseries, and servitude of you and your loved ones?—Will your mental vision, O, men, never grow strong enough for you to discern the awful truth as it really exists, and will your mental vision never expand and become powerful enough for you to behold the relationship which the king who is born into power, bears toward the dollar-crowned king of America?

## Will the Populists Be Caught Again?

Will the honest, sincere, candid and liberty-loving Populists of today, whose beards have grown hoary in its battles, permit William Jennings Bryan, who was first instrumental in stabbing that creed to death with a dagger, poisoned by plutocracy, be caught again by this chameleon-like "fakir" of the Platte?—I say, will Populism or a single individual who believes in the principles of Populism, ever again trust William Jennings Bryan who assaulted their party for personal aggrandizement, be caught again by his blandishments?—God perish the thought!

It was Bryan who ripped out the vitals of the Populist party years ago; and it is THE SAME BRYAN who is today trying to make the individual members of that noble old party believe that he still sympathizes with their belief; but is it possible that this human chameleon of the Platte, can possibly again fool a single Populist who must know that he is the executioner of their party which at one time was gaily marching up the mount of victory, with banners of EQUALITY flying and bands playing, "MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE, SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY?"—Undoubtedly no Populist will permit this seething eruption of deceit to ever again fool them.

Both the Republican and Democratic parties worked hand in hand

to kill the Populist party, as these two old parties quickly recognized the fact that the principles of the Populist party were the principles of FREEMEN; therefore, they set about to destroy these principles, as both of the old parties knew quite well that should the principles of Populism ever come into existence that a large per cent of their political "GRAFT" would be eliminated; consequently, both of the old parties sent stump speakers broadcast through the land to yell, "ANARCHY."

You will remember, Mr. Reader, that when Populism was at its height, that a gentleman who now occupies the presidential chair, and whose first initials are Theodore Roosevelt, declared that ALL SUCH MEN AS BELIEVED IN, AND ADVOCATED THE PRINCIPLES OF POPULISM SHOULD BE STOOD UP AGAINST A STONE WALL AND SHOT TO DEATH; or used language that carried with it this meaning; however, the seeds of Populism had been planted in the soil of American patriotism, and although the Republican and Democratic politicians had ransacked the soil to obliterate and destroy every seed of Populism, if possible, they failed to accomplish their task, and after W. J. Bryan, as he thought, had caused the Populist party to be swallowed up by Democracy, a few seed which had lain dormant in the

soil of thought, again took root, and from the red clay hills of want and misery, down even into the fertile valleys of plenty, those neglected seeds burst forth and shot heavenward; but instead of coming up and spreading the same old Populist aroma, which was once sweet to the nostrils of men, who dared to do right for right's sake, these seeds, like the fragrant pomegranate, shot their branches higher than they ever did before, and the blossoms that unfolded from these seemingly dormant seeds were richer and more fragrant than the old Populist blossoms that bloomed years ago; and the fruit which these new plants bore was larger than the fruit of Populism, and the new fruit is now known as SOCIALISM, and its twining, clambering vines can now be found in every county in the United States; and there is no Bryan strong enough, SLICK ENOUGH, NOR KNAVE ENOUGH to coax it from its original stem and graft it on the rotten old vine of Democracy or Republicanism, whose every branch is a hissing serpent in the ears of the man who toils.

Every true Socialist of today uncovers his head in the presence of ancient Populism, as Populism is the mother stem from which Socialism has clambered.—Populism recognized the wrongs done to humanity, and was so eager to undo these wrongs and plant the banner of right in the vineyards of the

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masses, that she was willing to trust those who pretended to be her friends; and by the protestations of love of some of the leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties, SUCH AS BRYAN, the Populist party was robbed, sold, betrayed and doomed to everlasting defeat; but from her grave today, we see the waving banner of Socialism, which not only adheres tenaciously to EVERYTHING that Populism taught, but has dragged from its grave new ideas, new thoughts, new ambitions, and above all, a new manhood, and has linked all of the good of the Populist party with all of the good and advanced ideas of the Socialist party.

The Republican and Democratic parties are no more savage in their denunciations of Socialism today than they were of Populism yesterday, and the Populist of yesterday, if he was a TRUE Populist, for the good he found within the party, is today as TRUE a Socialist; as the Socialist party of today, while it adheres to all of the good things taught by the Populist party, of a few years ago, has learned that Populism was only the first step of the infant, and has stood by that infant and balanced it upon its feet, and fed it patriotic food and it is today marching up and down through the length and breadth of this land preaching and advocating a creed that Jesus Christ died for.

The man whom the Republican and Democratic parties called an "ANARCHIST" yesterday was a POPULIST.—The man whom the Republican and Democratic parties call an "ANARCHIST" today is a SOCIALIST.—The very identical reason why the Republican and Democratic parties called the Populists of yesterday "ANARCHISTS" is the very identical reason why they call Socialists of today "ANARCHISTS"; then why, O why, ye white-bearded Populists of yesterday, are ye not Socialists today?—Can you not recognize in this stalwart, sun-browned man of today, whose name is SOCIALISM, the youth of yesterday known as POPULISM?—Your creed of yesterday, Mr. Populist, is the Socialist's creed of today, only the Socialist of today folds to its bosom not only your creed, but the creed of all the nations of the earth whose backs are calloused with the burdens placed

there by the PLUTOCRACY of the world.—The wail of you Populists of yesterday was for any kind of money that the sovereign sons of America declared should be their LEGAL money.—The wail of Socialism today is set to the same music.

The wail of you Populists of yesterday was for the government ownership of all public utilities.—The wail of the Socialists of today rings out clearer than even yours, and declares not only for the public ownership of all public utilities, but for the public ownership of EVERYTHING that is publicly used.

Is it possible that a single EARNEST, INTELLIGENT Populist of yesterday is anything else but an EARNEST, INTELLIGENT Socialist today?—God perish the thought; as undoubtedly no man who REALLY and TRULY believed in the principles of Populism at the time when William Jennings Bryan dug its grave and permitted the commercial pirates of the Democratic party to cold-bloodedly MURDER that party, can do aught today but believe in the principles of SOCIALISM.

There is no difference in the principles of the Populist party of fifteen years ago, and the principles of Socialism today; and the only difference that any TRUE POPULIST can discern in the two parties, is that the Populist of yesterday has grown from a child in swaddling clothes to a giant in chained armor.

The very men who were foremost in slaughtering the Populist party a few years ago, are the very men who are foremost in the bloody carnage against Socialism today.—The man who earns his bread in the sweat of his face and condemns the principles of either Populism or Socialism, is a man who does not understand what is best for himself and family, or else is an irreparable fool.—The man or set of men who have learned that the back of toil is the surest and easiest road to financial success, are the men who are always ready to scream "ANARCHY" whenever they discover a slave slipping from under their tyrannical thumbs; and this is why the Republican and Democratic parties of today are hiring oily-tongued soothesayers to plow up and down the length and breadth of the land trying to make the ignorant populace believe that the principles of Socialism are the principles of anarchists.—Anarchists do not believe in any law;

but Socialism believes in one fundamental law; and that law is founded upon the eternal principles or JUSTICE, as taught and practiced by the Man of Gallilee, who under the weight of a yoke placed upon his shoulders by an inhuman set of tyrants, trudged up the hill of Golgotha to demonstrate to you and me Mr. Reader, that the man who believes he is right and is not willing to die for the cause he espouses, is not worthy to ever see the flag of victory float over the battle grounds which he painted red with his heart's blood.—If POPULISM was right when William Jennings Bryan betrayed it, then Socialism is right today; as at the time Bryan and his clique led the leaders of POPULISM up the rugged hill of Golgotha to crucify it, it was only an infant in its pinafores compared to the giant of Socialism today.—Socialism does not ask you, Mr. Reader, to take the word of any man for its righteous principles; but it does implore you, upon bended knees, to study its principles and learn for yourself whether or not it is not the party of patriots; and if you find that it is, then we have enough confidence in your manhood to believe that you will cast your votes in harmony with what you find contained in its doctrines.—Wake up! oh ye horny-handed slaves, and digest for yourselves the principles of Socialism, and learn if you can longer afford to march under the piratical flag of either Republicanism or Democracy, which compels honest toilers to submit to being ravished of their earnings to support a parasitic and worthless tribe known as MASTERS.

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# "THE SWEET BYE AND BYE"

(The following article, which we herewith repeat by request, appeared in this journal some time ago).

I tell you it's durned hard for a father to sit around in his shirt-tail in a hut as cold as the north end of the North Pole, and which he rents at two prices from his MASTER or BOSS, with a pair of twins yelping like singed devils on the account of a short milk crop, with only enough provisions in his cupboard to keep him out of the poorhouse ten days, and sing that old hymn, "IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE" with much vim.

The RIP-SAW is a good deal like Sam Jones was a few years ago, when in speaking of "The Sweet Bye and Bye," he exclaimed, "LET'S QUIT SINGING SO MUCH ABOUT 'THE SWEET BYE AND BYE', AND THINK MORE ABOUT THE DIRTY NOW;" as the NOW holds more in store for the human race than all "The Sweet Bye and Bye's;" and if we'll make the NOW what it should be, "The Sweet Bye and Bye" will take care of itself.

You can go to church and you will find dear good old mothers and fathers.—Yes, fathers and mothers that I would trust with my life, singing, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," and giving testimony and dreaming about wearing white robes, glittering crowns and golden slippers in the New Jerusalem, when the crotch of their pants is patched with flour sacks, and they are wearing the same old hats they have been wearing for ten years, and their bull-skin shoes have whiskers on them from age.—But still they never give the BLESSED NOW a single thought, but are everlastingly whining about the time that they will be permitted to finger the golden harps in "Beulah Land," when they can't even afford a Jew's-harps on this earth.

The RIP-SAW believes as much in a future state as you do, Mr. Reader, but we believe MORE in the NOW, than you do, and if we could only get YOU to pay less attention to "The Sweet Bye and Bye" and think more of "The Sweet Here and Here," we'd turn this old NOW into a paradise so grand that we doubt like the dickens whether "The Sweet Bye and Bye" would have an ace big

enough to trump a "duce" of the NOW.

I tell you, brethren and "sistern," we will never be able to get our children to believe very strongly in the gold paved streets, walls studded with diamonds, glittering diadems, golden slippers, silken gowns, crowns studded with diamonds as big as horse-apples, and a holiday that will stretch out forever and ever, with nothing to do but eat angel cake and swing on the golden gate of paradise, until we demonstrate to them that the God of the NOW is just as good to them as the God of "The Sweet Bye and Bye;" as it's a physical impossibility to coax intelligent boys and girls through a NOW where want, privations and miseries of every kind stares them in the face, at every turn of the road, and make them believe that the God of "The Sweet Bye and Bye," whom we know is the God of the NOW, will treat them better in the next world than he treats them on this earth, which they realize he created.

Our preachers tell us that life is only a probationary state, set apart for the human family to get their wings greased up for a flight beyond the skies into a land where milk and honey flows, and where measles and chicken-pox are not known, and where the tax collector cometh not, and where we never have to change clothes, and where there is no laundry bills to pay, and where everything will be just as it ought to be or better; but while our preachers paint those pretty word pictures at so much "per," our children, if they have got a lick of sense at all, wonder why it is that if the God of "The Sweet Bye and Bye" will ACTUALLY do for them, after they are DEAD, what the preachers tell them he will, why it is that he compels mamma to stand bent over the wash-tub and over the ironing-board six days in the week, whether sick or well, and wash and iron the dirty duds of the family that poor papa slaves for, and is paid barely enough, with mamma's wages, to keep the wolf from breaking into their hovel?

Little Willie and Nellie are bright little things, and they have been blessed with reason, and that blessing called REASON, will not

keep quiet, and as they trudge along at early morn to the factory, where they only receive a pittance for their babyish toil, and after they return home at night, to their miserable shack, and their miserable supper, this thing called REASON keeps asking why it is that the God of "The Sweet Bye and Bye," who has promised them so many beautiful things after death has laid her cold, clammy hand upon their little brows, 'could not transform the AWFUL NOW and permit them, the little pinched-faced slaves of commercial gluttons, to have a bright, beautiful home like their bosse's children?—Day in and day out, these little slaves trudge backward and forward from the factory to their huts called home, with reason still demanding a reply to these sane and reasonable questions; but no answer comes, and the everlasting grind of these childish energies goes on and on and on, and they wake up with a start and realize that they are being fed into a furnace of greed in order that the FEW may live in regal elegance while the MANY are washed out with the tide of avarice never to return again; and the older these children grow, the more insistent reason becomes, and demands, Why, oh, why? is the God of "The Sweet Bye and Bye" more merciful to that old broken-down mother at the wash-tub, and that old father in the field and in the shop, and that little sunken-eyed child at the loom, after they are DEAD than he is while they are ALIVE, and a part of this beautiful and grand NOW?—I, for one, believe in "The Sweet Bye and Bye;" but the damned NOW is all wrong, and until it is righted, the preachers of this country are going to have one hell of a time getting intelligent men and women to believe that the God of the universe thinks more of a man, woman or child after they are DEAD than he does while they are ALIVE; so let's stop gazing skyward, and singing about "The Sweet Bye and Bye" until we scrub up this old dirty NOW, and make it fit to live in; and when we have done that, we will have it fit to die in, and fit to go to heaven in.—I say, I am durned tired of hearing about "The Sweet Bye and Bye," and realizing that those who are

telling us about "A Land That Is Fairer Than This," at so much "per," don't give a continental hallelujah about the NOW, so long as they get a stipulated amount of "mazuma" for telling us about "The Sweet Bye and Bye," which it's mighty hard to make a man of brains believe in until the old NOW is shaped up to look like it was actually created for the benefit of a human race that's worth saving after death.

## THEY FIGHT FOR LIFE.

At Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, three hundred men who were driven to desperation by hunger, and want, fought like mad demons to get a job at the American Steel and Wire Company.—It was given out that a few men would be taken on at the Cuyahoga plant in Cleveland, which is a branch of the American Steel and Iron Company, and hundreds of men who were famishing from hunger and whose families were starving, gathered at the gates of this steel plant, and tore at each other's persons like ferocious boars in order to be first to secure the job.

The police of Cleveland had been notified that there would be a great demand for employment, and the "blue coats," who are ALWAYS the agents of wealth, were on hand to humiliate those laborers, and they unmercifully clubbed this crowd of stalwart, starving laborers to keep them in line.

How do you like the conditions that we are living under, Mr. Voter-straight-damphool? Don't you think that it's about time that you boys who create all the wealth of the land were casting your ballots for a different class of men, and removing the visage of starvation that stares you and your loved ones in the face?—I say, don't you feel that it is time to say to both of the old political parties who have brought about this sad state of affairs "THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING?"—Oh, men! will you never wake up to the realization that you are no better off today under the present rule and reign of MASTERS than were the black men and women of the South under the rule of slavery a few years ago?

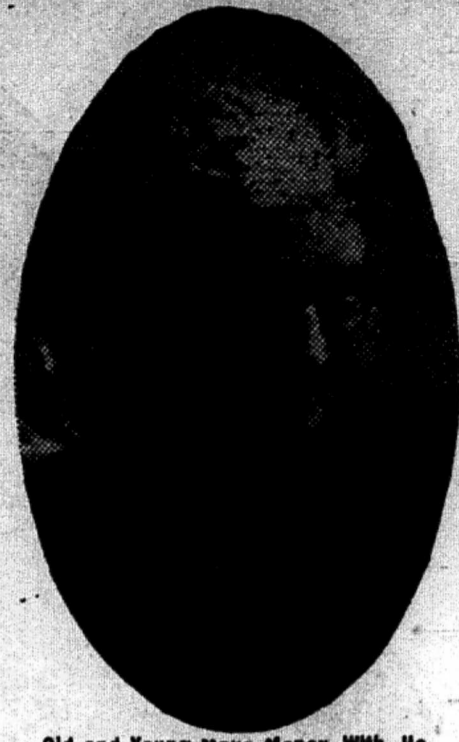
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"I was left a widow with house mortgaged. For three years I worked for you. I have paid off the mortgage, have \$1,100.00 in the bank, and have paid all the expenses of one child at a boarding school, and cared for the others at home."

A man who lost his position writes us: "It was a god-send to me when I took up your work. I was almost down to my last dollar and my family was suffering. Since taking up your work, I have far more money than I ever had before, and my family has known some of the comforts of life. I have found you in every way honorable and your word as good as a bond." We have hundreds of letters like these.

#### DON'T BE FOOLED BY BIG TALK.

We do not say you can make 25 or 50 dollars a day, as some do. You know that is foolish talk, and those who promise such things insult your intelligence, and talk nonsense, but, we do say that any man or woman can make a good salary if they will take up our work. Some of those with us have been doing this for 5, 10, 15 and more years. You can do the same, be you man or woman. The work we offer is easy and agreeable and can be done from your own home. Thousands of women who have worked for us during the past twenty years have earned as much as their husbands. A few days ago, a woman wrote: "My husband has been earning only a small salary, and four years ago I took up your work to help him—during those four years I have averaged over \$1,200.00 salary each year and now my husband is giving up his position, and he also will work for you."

It would be easy for us to say you can make from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a day, but it would not be true. And we believe it is always better to stick to the truth, both because it is right, and also because only fools are caught by such foolish talk.

We will assure you a good comfortable income in our work, and if you work steadily, even more than that.

**IF YOU WANT A GOOD CHANCE TO WORK AND GET GOOD PAY FOR IT, YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR INTEREST TO READ THIS PAGE THROUGH CAREFULLY.**

The articles we have for you to sell are a big line of Forks, Spoons, Knives, &c., made of a new metal called Brazil Silver.

We will describe these, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

#### BRAZIL SILVER WARRANTED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable; in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through; there being no plating to wear off, they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of table ware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. It is as lustrous and pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact, it is absolutely impossible to wear it out. It will wear forever. As there is no plating to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm, with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guarantee as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest of confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter, for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you want to make money fast, now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

#### ALL MARKED WITH INITIAL LETTERS, WITHOUT ANY EXTRA COST.

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial

letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargain ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains that have ever been offered to the public through agents or in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain ever offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visits—it is easy to get orders when you can offer great bargains that the people really want and can afford.

#### SOLID SILVER KNIVES THAT LAST A LIFETIME.

For fifteen years we experimented to make knives that would last a lifetime, and about seven years ago we succeeded. Everyone knows that Silver plated Knives cause trouble by the plating wearing off. How to make a solid Silver Knife that had spring like a Steel Knife, the beauty of a silver one, and yet be solid silver with no plating to wear off and that would last a lifetime, took years of experimenting and thousands of dollars, to solve. But a few years ago, we finally succeeded in making this knife. This is the greatest discovery made in fifty years, in cutlery. Today we are using these Knives by the car-load. For those selling our goods, these Knives have proved a gold mine, and those who use them will never use any others. Think of it—Solid Silver Knives that never wear out, at no higher price than ordinary knives.

For those who are attached to plated Knives, we can furnish the finest tempered cutlery steel Knives plated with 12dwt of pure silver, hand burnished. Not cheap, shoddy, plated Knives, but the best that can be made—warranted for ten years.

But the solid Brazil Silver Knives that last a lifetime at price of ordinary Knives are the thing. When people see them, they will have no others.

We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but also guarantee every article just as represented, and give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser or MONEY REFUNDED.

#### THE FIRST THING TO DO.

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything that has ever been sent to agents before. It contains the very best and most salable articles in the world. There is nothing in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything is arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to go to work and make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make a good income as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

#### THE MAGNIFICENT CASE OF SAMPLES WHICH WE FURNISH TO AGENTS.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:		
One Sample Table Knife, retail price \$2.10, per set of six.....	35	cents each
One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price \$1.95, per set of six.....	32½	cents each
One Sample Table Fork, retail price \$1.95, per set of six.....	32½	cents each
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price, \$1.05, per set of six.....	32½	cents each
One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price \$1.80, per set of six.....	30	cents each
One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price \$1.80, per set of six.....	30	cents each
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price 95c, per set of six.....	15	5-6 cents each
One Sugar Shell .....	25	cents each
One Butter Knife .....	25	cents each
One Salt or Pepper Shaker.....	25	cents each

Total retail value of Samples.....\$2.83 1-3 cents each  
We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickle Cruets, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc., etc.

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices, they amount to \$2.83 1-3. We furnish them to agents nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only \$1.00, which is \$1.83 1-3 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is less than one-half of the retail value of the samples, and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in, costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

#### WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

We also furnish a fine line of Watches and Jewelry of all kinds. First-class goods at low prices—great sellers. We send Jewelry Catalogue with outfit.

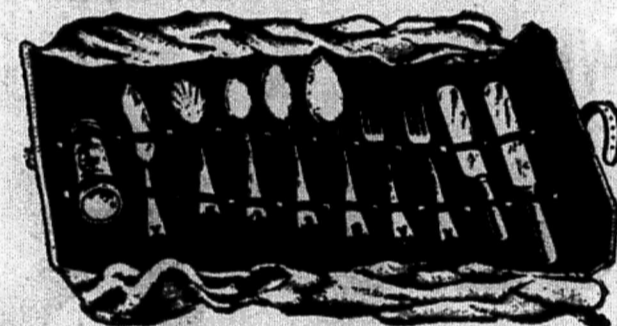
#### WHOLESALE PRICES.

Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information

for carrying on the business will be furnished with the outfit. Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the outfit.

#### VERY IMPORTANT.

The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed, and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even one dollar, and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefits they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so, C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the sample case before you pay the one dollar, cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us, and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit; then, if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent one dollar and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it, and the agent will return it to us.



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof canvas, and lined with soft flannel goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up, the case is compact and easy to carry. When opened, the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance. It is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance, as it secures attention and interest at the start. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost, is the greatest popular hit of the times, and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

#### ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1900, Detroit, Mich

Form to be cut out and Signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.  
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH., BOX 1900.  
GENTLEMEN—Send the Outfit by Express, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say, I will pay the one dollar required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommended it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied, I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied, I shall not take it and shall not pay the one dollar. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Name .....

Postoffice.....

County..... State.....

Express Station.....

HON. HAZEN S. PINGREE, Michigan's Famous Governor, says we are worthy of your Confidence.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to all inquiries I have received concerning the standing of the Royal Manufacturing Co. of Detroit, Mich., I have invariably replied that the Company is in every way worthy of the confidence of all. In regard to its financial standing and the trustworthiness of the gentlemen connected with it, the reading public may rely upon them implicitly.  
HAZEN S. PINGREE.



Why Don't YOU Get This Phonograph

# On FREE TRIAL?

For almost three years I have been making the most liberal phonograph offer ever known! I have given hosts of people the opportunity of hearing the genuine Edison Phonograph right in their own homes without a cent of cost to them. Think of it! Thousands and thousands and thousands of people have been given the opportunity to hear in their own parlors concerts and entertainments by world famous musicians, just such entertainments as the greatest metropolitan theatres are producing. So far you have missed all this. Why? Possibly you don't quite understand my offer yet. Listen—

## MY OFFER:

I will send you this Genuine Edison Standard Outfit (the newest model) complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded Records, for an absolutely free trial. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will stop and think just a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

### Why I Want to Lend You this Phonograph:

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. Nearly everyone is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now, there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior, and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. That is why I am making this offer. I can't tell you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison. Nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand, full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine new style Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the new style Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. Neither will I try to tell you how, when you're tired, nervous and blue, the Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.

### All You Need Do:

All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful new style Edison. You will want to do that anyway, because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact we appoint no such agents and at the rock-bottom price on this wonderful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

### If You Want to Keep The Phonograph—that is if you wish to make

the Phonograph your own, you may do so, but it is not compulsory. This is a free trial. You may send it back at our expense if you wish. I won't be surprised, however, if you wish to keep the machine after having it in your own home. If you do wish to keep it, either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

### Our Easy Payment Plan

There are so many people who really want a phonograph but who do not have the ready cash to pay for it all at once that I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. \$2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, no guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, in fact, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small, and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

### GET THE LATEST EDISON CATALOGS

Just sign your name and address on this coupon now, and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded Records (over 1,500 of them) and our Free Trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this coupon or send postal or letter now. No obligations, just get the catalogs.



F. K. BABSON, Edison Phon. Distrib'rs, Edison Block, Dept. 2666, CHICAGO

**F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,**  
 Edison Block, Suite 2666, Chicago, Ill.  
 Please send me without any obligations your 1908 Edison Phonograph Catalog, list of Edison Gold Moulded Records and Free Trial Certificate entitling me to your grand offer, all free.

Name.....  
 Address.....

Sign and mail this coupon today