

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

Vol. VI., No. 4.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE, 1909.

WHOLE NO. 64.

"LAMBS OF DIVINITY"

It's a dirty shame that the "LAMBS OF DIVINITY," such as Rev. W. E. Barton declares that the preachers of this country are, should be compelled to sit around with their eyes skinned back like peeled onions in order to keep the female members of their churches from pulling them off of their high pedestals of virtue.

Rev. W. E. Barton, a Congregational minister of the gospel, of Chicago, a few days ago, warned the divinity students of the University of Chicago to "BEWARE OF THE WILES OF WOMEN."

"I, MYSELF," says the Rev. Barton, "HAVE KNOWN A NUMBER OF MOST DIABOLICAL PLOTS TO ENTRAP AND RUIN MEN OF GOD, WHO WERE DOING, IN ENTIRE INNOCENCE, WHAT THEY DEEMED TO BE THEIR DUTY. THESE PLOTS ARE BY NO MEANS UNCOMMON IN OUR CITY CHURCHES."

Ain't it a shame that these "Lambs of God" are compelled to walk the streets of our cities with clubs in their hands in order to beat off the women who are making goo-goo eyes at them?

—Why, it's awful, and the Congress of the United States ought to pass a law that no handsome man like the Rev. Barton, should be permitted to preach the gospel, and entice their female members to assassinate their virtue.

The Rev. Barton must have had some experience in this line of

business, as he says, "I, MYSELF, KNOW OF A NUMBER OF MOST DIABOLICAL PLOTS TO ENTRAP AND RUIN MEN OF GOD."—Gee! what an experience for a minister of the gospel to have to wade through; and doesn't it speak well for his power to impress the female members of his congregation WITH VIRTUE?—The female members of Rev. Barton's church must believe that he is only "coddling" about virtue, for undoubtedly if they knew that he was in earnest, they would not lie awake nights to hatch up some scheme to seduce the poor thing.

Listen at Brother Barton again; "THESE PLOTS ARE BY NO MEANS UNCOMMON IN OUR CITY CHURCHES."—Now, if this is true, it's a wonder to the RIP-SAW how it comes that the "Sky Pilots" of the Rev. W. E. Barton Calibre are always fishing around to get their clutches on a nice, fat city job. And how does it come that they don't log-roll and scheme about to get out in the country, where they won't have to hide out in the brush to keep the dear "sistern" from ensnaring them, and dragging them into their lairs of immorality.

Brother Barton declares that "THE AVERAGE MINISTER IS A LAMB OF PURITY, AND A CHILD, SO FAR AS THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IS CONCERNED."

Ain't it a shame about the ministers of the gospel being so lamb-

like? And ain't it an outrage about them having no knowledge of the world?—It appears to us that the Rev. W. B. Barton has shoved himself outside the pale of the AVERAGE MINISTER that he speaks of, for had he been so all-fired "INNOCENT" and so darned "CHILD-LIKE" he would never have known about "A NUMBER OF MOST DIABOLICAL PLOTS TO ENTRAP AND RUIN MEN OF GOD," as this dear "HE DOVE" would never have thought of accusing the female members of our city churches of wanting to muss around with the "LAMBS OF DIVINITY" in an ungodly manner.—It may be possible that the Rev. W. E. Barton would come under the head of "RAMS OF DIVINITY," as it seems he is a wise old "BUCK."

It appears as though the Rev. W. E. Barton hasn't a very good opinion of the efficiency of the gospel of Jesus Christ to Christianize the female members of our city churches, as he made use of the following language: "COUNTLESS WOMEN WERE LYING-IN-WAIT READY AS INSTRUMENTS OF THE EVIL ONE TO SHEAR THE PREACHERS OF THEIR ROBES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Mark you, Brethren, and "Sistern," that he said "COUNTLESS WOMEN," which by gum, means a bunch of 'em, if you please, as when there are so many of a thing that you can't count them, you really don't know

where in the devil to stop; and if a Socialist had made use of this diabolical statement, WHICH IS A LIE PURE AND SIMPLE, he would have been cussed and recussed by every preacher, the Rev. Barton included, from Maine to California. — Gods! from this statement no one would suspect this old he sheep, of being a "LAMB OF PURITY" and "A CHILD, SO FAR AS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD WAS CONCERNED," as apparently, he must know a few bad women in this world, as he says there are "COUNTLESS WOMEN" who are after the dear, darling lammy-lambs of our pulpits.—I would like to have a photograph of Brother Barton, as I'll bet you he's a peacharinus, and a heart smasher.

Another minister who heard the Rev. Barton's lecture said, "I INVARIABLY HAVE MY WIFE ANSWER THE TELEPHONE BECAUSE A WOMAN CAN SPY OUT EVIL MOTIVES IN ANOTHER WOMAN MORE RAPIDLY THAN A MAN."—Say, Rube, how would you like to be in a business and have to associate with a set of women that were so darned immoral that you were afraid to answer the telephone yourself, and would have to have your poor, innocent wife to answer the telephone for you for fear that some "DEAR SISTER" would toll you up the wrong lane?—I'll be ling-busted if I wouldn't quit the darn business before you could blow your nose.

It's a darn queer system that insures the MASTER'S DOG a better living than the children of the MASTER'S SLAVES.

We have had lots of queer ideas about the ministers of the gospel of this country for a good, long time, but we never thought that they were in such a deplorable condition as seemingly they are; and it never once entered our cocoanut to believe that there were "COUNTLESS SHE MEMBERS" of their churches that wanted to eat 'em up, pants and all.—I would very much dislike to be a teacher that made a specialty of teaching VIRTUE and then be afraid to answer the telephone calls of those whom I was teaching for fear they were wanting me to commit some immoral act.—AIN'T IT HELL, IKE?

IT REVIVED HIM.

A letter recently received from Dr. J. J. Ely, of Ironton, Texas, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

* * * "I have been out riding horseback, night and day, and came home sick and tired Saturday night, and found the good old RIPSAW lying on my table, so I picked it up and read it aloud to my wife and daughter, and before I got through with it, I felt ready for another trip."



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Rheumatism Grips the Heart.
If you have Rheumatism, read on page 7 how this disease affects the heart. Rheumatism is a very dangerous disease, and those who have it should try to be cured without delay.

A Great Friend of Labor.

During the last campaign, the Republican stump speakers, as well as William Howard Taft himself, screamed long and loud about his being a great friend of labor, and the average laboring man, AS HE ALWAYS HAS DONE, sat around with his "EAT MACHINE" wide open and swallowed down this bald faced fable, and marched straightway to the polls and registered his ballot for the said "William Howard."

For his ignorance, the steel trust cut his wages, and the promised prosperity, instead of putting another slice of bread and meat in his dinner bucket, reached down and took almost the last slice out.

Things are as they should be, as no man with as much brains as a common "Yaller Dog," had any reason to expect the Taft administration to help the working man, as Mr. Taft has always been CLASS CONSCIOUS, and has always stood with his shoulder hard up against the wheel of MASTERS. And we are not blaming Mr. Taft for this, as he knows where his bread and butter comes from, as he was brought up with this class of men, and he would be an ingrate to betray them, and he is not going to betray them, no matter if every man on earth goes to the poor house; and we admire him for sticking to his kind.—But what bothers us is why the laboring world does not become CLASS CONSCIOUS, as is Bill Taft, as they'll never get anybody to stand up and defend their interest as does Taft, the MASTER CLASS'S interest, until they learn to vote for men who are robustly in sympathy with their miseries, their hardships, and their slavery.—But, apparently, you can't teach the laboring men that those who live off of their efforts are not their friends, and until they learn this perpendicular truth, and become CLASS CONSCIOUS, and understand what class they belong to, and cast their votes FOR THAT CLASS they will always be BURDEN BEARERS for a workless, predatory RULING CLASS.

Let's examine Mr. Taft's cabinet, and then if we have not lost all power of thought, we can readily see just HOW LITTLE HOPE the laboring man has of getting anything from the Taft administration that will be beneficial to him and his babies.

Secretary of State Mr. Knox, of Pennsylvania, is an ex-attorney of the steel trust, and once consulted with the steel trust magnate, Frick, and advised the killing of the only anti-trust bill, passed by Congress in recent years.—Now, do you

"yaps" think that a man of this kind gives a dam when Frick, HIS RECENT BOSS, stands with his foot upon the neck of toil, and cuts their wages down to a starvation point? If you believe that he will oppose Frick in his march of despotism, there's no hope for you, as you are too big a fool to ever learn to vote the Socialist ticket, and for your own interests.

Who is Dickinson, of Tennessee, the Secretary of War? Well, he has been, for years, attorney for the Illinois Central Railway, and has been claiming that he was a Democrat, and still claims that he is. But you know that since there is no difference between Democracy and Republicanism, that the Taft administration would as soon have a Democrat in his Cabinet as a Republican, so long as the individual is CLASS CONSCIOUS, and this Dickinson is.

Now, do you suppose that Dickinson would give a dam how rough shod the railroads of America ride over the prostrate form of those who have to support the railroads by their labor, and by their farm products, and by their sore muscles? Certainly he would not, as Dickinson is CLASS CONSCIOUS to the last degree, and realizes what class feeds him; and further realizes that he will be well taken care of, so long as the railroad bosses, who have been his BEST FRIENDS, control the government, as Dickinson is well aware of the fact that he is one of THEIR KIND, and they have made it

PROFITABLE to him to serve them.

Who is Nagel of Missouri, Secretary of Commerce and Labor?—Well, he was, up to his appointment, attorney for the Standard Oil trust.—Now, do you believe that Charles Nagel, of Missouri, the hired tool of the Standard Oil Company, cares a "whistle" for the interest of labor, and gives a pewter dam about how deep the Standard Oil Company lays her burdens upon its back, when up to the moment that he became Secretary of Commerce and Labor, he was the hired tool of this Standard Oil Trust? If you do, you are too cussed ignorant to be permitted to graze with decrepit jackasses.—The idea of Charles Nagel, the hired tool of the Standard Oil Trust, being Secretary of COMMERCE AND LABOR, is so ridiculous, that it is actually "funny," but Nagel is class conscious, and knows who feeds him.

Now, when you boys, who do the work, and who create the wealth of the world, and who bear the burdens, have an inclination to believe that "Bill" Taft has your interest at heart, just sneak off behind the barn, and hold up three fingers and repeat the names KNOX, DICKINSON and NAGEL, and keep repeating them until you feel a sour-picklelike grin start up your spinal column, and if you don't commence to have queer feelings in your head, then rush off for some "cow doctor," and get him to bore you, not for the hollow horn, but for the HOLLOW HEAD.

In this article, we have just named the worst of Taft's cabinet, but the best have long since become class conscious, and march hand in glove with the RULING CLASS.—LET'S PRAY.



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Public Ownership

Within the past year the RIP-SAW has received several hundred letters from all over the United States, asking us whether we believed in "Public Ownership" or not. Gee whiz! what would you think of a man asking another whether he liked "peach cobbler" or not, when that fellow had done nothing but "slobber" at the sight of that kind of "grub" for the past fifteen years?

Yes, we believe in Public Ownership, and we believe in it because it is right and righteous, and because the masses will never get a "square deal" until we have the public ownership of public utilities. How would you "suckers" who haven't got sense enough to vote for public ownership, like the idea of turning the post office department over to J. Pierpont Morgan, or John D. Rockefeller, or J. J. Hill, or William Kackle Vanderbilt or August Belmont or any other crowd of political thieves? Do you suppose that you could send a letter from Maine to California for two cents? Well, if you do, you just might as well have sawdust in your heads as brains. Why, bless your souls, if some one of our millionaires owned and controlled the post-office department of the United States, it would cost you at least two cents to even think about writing a postal card, and it would cost you ten dollars and eighty cents to write a two-page love letter to a hired girl; but still we have a lot of "pudding headed" voters who couldn't cross a free bridge in a walk, that would die the death of forty mad dogs, before they would vote for public ownership? Why? Simply, "because," and "because" is all the reason they can give.

A thing which is used by the public should be controlled by the public; therefore, the railroads of this country should as properly belong to the public as the public highways.

Do you suppose if the beef trust or the tobacco trust, or any other "trust" owned the public road that passes your house, that they would not erect toll-gates upon that public road, and do you suppose that they would only charge just enough toll to keep that road in repair? Ah! you know they would charge enough toll to make those who owned that road a good, healthy profit. Well, if such is the case, then if the public owned that road, there would only be enough toll charged to keep the road in running order, and the difference between what the road actually cost to keep it in order, and the profit that would be made if private individuals owned it, would go into the public's pocket. Now, isn't this

right, and if it is, then how can you keep from being a believer in the public ownership of public utilities, and also a SOCIALIST?

Do you suppose that if the Government of the United States owned, controlled and operated the railroads of this country, that you would be charged three cents per mile for riding upon these roads? Ah! not by any manner of means, as the railroads of this country are piling up millions and millions of dollars in the private coffers of their private owners. Then why not the government of the United States operate these roads for the benefit of those who use them? Do you suppose that if the telegraph and telephone lines of this country were owned and operated by the Government of the United States, that you would have to pay twenty-five cents to telegraph or telephone ten words twenty-five miles? Ah! not by any manner of means, as these lines would be operated for the benefit of the public, and the public would get the benefit of governmental ownership, and the profit which is adding millions upon top of millions to the colossal fortunes of our millionaires would go into the pockets of the "taxpayers," and not into the pockets of the "tax-dodgers."

Do you suppose that the millionaires and trust magnates of this country would be fighting the Socialist party if they were not afraid of their principles? Now, if they are afraid of these principles, they must realize that the principles of public ownership would be detrimental to their private interests; and if such principles, when put into execution, are detrimental to the millionaire class of this country, they must be beneficial to the laboring classes. Then why should any man who has to toil for his daily bread, be opposed to a set of principles that will help to make his burdens lighter?

Suppose, Mr. Farmer, that you and a few of your neighbors lived a mile off of a public highway, and the only access that you had of getting to town was by passing over a strip of ground running through one of your neighbor's farms, and that neighbor was charging you every time you passed over that strip of ground, would you not be in favor of making that strip of ground a public thoroughfare, and would you not sign a petition to buy that strip of ground from that neighbor, provided that all of the other neighbors who were interested in that locality would go in with you? Most assuredly you would. Why? Simply because it would be a business proposition, and one which would be to your benefit and the benefit of your

neighbors. Then why do you oppose the public ownership of public utilities, and why do you oppose the government of the United States owning and controlling these utilities? For "what is sass for the goose is sass for the gander."

The RIP-SAW does not believe in the Government confiscating the railroads, the telegraph and telephone wires. No, not by any manner of means, as we do not believe in anarchy, but we believe in right and righteousness, therefore we believe that the Government of the United States should appraise these public utilities, at a fair valuation, and by peaceable means, if possible, take charge of these public utilities, BUT BY FORCIBLE MEANS IF NECESSARY, as the RIP-SAW believes in doing the best thing for the masses without one thought of the classes, as this is a government supposed to be ruled by majorities; and if the public ownership of public utilities is most beneficial to the "classes," it undoubtedly would be beneficial to the "masses;" therefore, we believe in taking charge of these public utilities by peaceable means first, BUT BY FORCE IF IT BECOMES NECESSARY.

There is not a millionaire nor a trust magnate in this land, but what will call the RIP-SAW an anarchistic sheet for permitting such an article to be printed in its columns, but if believing in the public ownership of public utilities makes us an anarchist, then we thank God that we are such.

Do you suppose if a hog had the reasoning power of J. Pierpont Morgan, J. J. Hill or old John D. Rockefeller, that that hog would be in favor of its owner distributing a bushel of corn, between itself and another "porker?" Ah, no, not by a darn sight, as Mr. Hog would get both his feet in the trough and raise one devil of a racket before he would consent to divide his feed

with a hungry brother; and this is exactly the reason that our millionaires fight public ownership principles with so much vigor and vim, as they do not propose, if possible, to have their feed divided up; but this country is getting dam tired of just a few human hogs getting all the feed; therefore, the principles of the public ownership of public utilities are growing in favor day by day, and it will not be long until we will have a "square deal" in the distribution of "feed."

What are the fundamental principles of this government? It is to do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. Now, if such is the case, would not the public ownership of public utilities benefit a sight more people than the private ownership of public utilities?

Suppose that a railroad run two hundred miles through your section of country! There would not be over eight or ten men who owned or controlled any interest in that railroad, and they would make millions by the "private ownership" of this railroad, consequently there would only be eight or ten individuals who would derive any benefit from the "private ownership" of this railroad, and the probabilities are that there would be at least five hundred thousand people along this two hundred miles of railroad, who would be compelled to pay the price asked for transportation of both people and freight along this line, and these five hundred thousand people would each, individually, be compelled to contribute an exorbitant price for the special benefit of these eight or ten men, who owned and controlled this railroad.

Now, if the fundamental and cardinal principles of this government is to do good, and to help the greatest number of people possible, then can you give any reasonable or plausible excuse for opposing the public ownership of public utilities?

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Not Because Your Hair is Curly Everybody Works but Father Walks Me Around Again, Willie My Irish Molly O He's Me Pal Nothin' from Nothin' Leaves You My Name is Morgan but it Ain't J. P. Mary's a Grand Old Name Bright Eyes Good Bye Can't You See I'm Lonely Dreaming Love of You In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You Won't You Fiddle Me? Give My Regards to Broadway Come Take a Trip in My Airship Every Little Bit Helps He's Me Pal Easy Street Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by Bedelia Laughing Water In the Good Old Summertime In the Valley of Kentucky I've Been Faithful to You On a Moonlight Winter's Night Under the Bamboo Tree Dat's de Way to Spell Chicken I Can't Tell Why I Love you but I Do Back, Back, Back to Baltimore When the Coons Have a Dreamland For Sale a Baby Any Race? Away Down East Among the Shady Maple Trees Anona Go Way Back and Sit Down The Holy City Navajo Bip Van Winkle was a Lucky Man Sing Me a Song of the South Just Because She Made dem Goo Goo Eyes Just You and I I Ain't Been No Messenger Boy Hannah, Woe No Messenger Boy On a Sunday You Open That Door? When the Day Afternoon In the Frost is on the Pumpkin Hills of Old Carolina	What you Goin' to Do When de Rent Comes 'Round Nobody Keep a Little Cozy Corner in your Heart for Me Cheyenne I'm Lonesome for You Would You Care? When the Mocking Birds are Singing In the Wildwood Where the Whip-Poor-Will SingaMar- guerite So Long, Mary	Have you Seen My Henry Brown? Farewell Sweetheart May I May be Crazy but I Ain't No Fool The Sweetest Girl in Dixie Come Along, Little Girl, Come Along Won't you Be My Girl? I'll be Waiting in the Gloom Sweet Genevieve Like a Rose You're the Fairest Flow- er The Poor Old Man The Man with the Dough The Man Behind Blue Bell Hello Central, Give Me Heaven I've Got a Feelin' for You Down on the Farm Coax Me My Own United States Bill Bailey Please Come Home When Kate and I Were Comin' Thro' the Bye Teasing I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You Good-by Dolly Gray Coon, Coon, Coon Hiawatha Your Dad Gave His Life for His Country Sem-hole I'll be There, Mary Dear Up in the Coconut Tree Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis The Gondolier The Game of Eyes My Lonely Little Lonesome Maid Where the Southern Roses Grow I'm Longing for My Old Kentucky Home Always in the Way Where the Mocking Birds Were Sing- ing In the Sweet By and By Under the Anbeuser Bush My Heart's to-night in Texas When We Were Two Little Boys Good-by My Lady Love I Must Have Been a Dreaming I Could Love You in a Steam-heat Flat Taint No Disgrace to Run When You're Skered
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The National Rip-Saw

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If the voter's INTELLECT
equalled his WANTS, he'd get
what he wanted.

Show me a man or woman with a
stuck up nose, and we'll show you
an empty head behind it.

Yes, the "EARLY BIRD"
catches the worm; but the
"EARLY WORM" catches hell.

You never heard of a RIGHT-
EOUS CAUSE but what those
whom it interfered with CURSED
IT.

The army officer who clamors
for the return of the "army can-
teen" is a queer ass to be fed from
the public crib.

Bear in mind, Mr. Voter, that
you can't destroy the poison in the
young serpents by pulling the teeth
of the old ones.

Until those who toil become
MASTERS OF THEIR JOBS,
their jobs will continue to be
THEIR MASTERS.

When RIGHT becomes as fash-
ionable as WRONG IS TO-DAY,
we'll all be a darned sight more par-
ticular of our acts.

Don't complain of your SLAV-
ERY so long as you vote for
SLAVE MASTERS to make and
execute your laws.

You'll never get men to quit
drinking "booze" until you get them
to thinking upon a plane higher than
the present system teaches.

When the time comes that ACTS

and not words BUILD MEN'S
CHARACTERS, cunning and de-
ceit will have run its race.

It looks devilish queer to us to
see some old rogue giving back a
part of that which he has stolen,
and calling it CHARITY.

If ALL shows had to pay a tax
to do business, our FASHIONA-
BLE CHURCHES would be com-
pelled to pay a "CIRCUS TAX."

There could be no poverty for
those who are WILLING TO
WORK if they were not compelled
to support those WHO REFUSE
TO WORK.

The average preacher can't hear
a "CALL" unless there's a RAISE
OF SALARY attached to the
"CALL." — Then he yells,
"HERE, LORD, TAKE ME."

So long as the voters permit those
WHO WON'T WORK to make
and execute their laws, just that
long the IDLERS WON'T HAVE
TO WORK.—Dog-gone it, Ike,
why don't you wake up?

It makes us sick at heart to see
those who create ALL WEALTH
begging for a CHANCE, when they
could get what they wanted if they
had sense enough to vote for their
OWN INTERESTS instead of
their MASTER'S INTEREST.

You've got to turn down your
OWN LIGHT before GOD'S will
shine squarely into your face.

Boys, you built the system of
MASTER AND SLAVE with your
ballots, and what you built you can
tear down with the same tools.

A great man once said, "NO
TRUE, MANLY MAN WILL
FLATTER A FULL BELLY
NOR INSULT AN EMPTY
ONE"—Oh, for that day of manli-
ness.

When Socialism comes, labor will
be worth as much TO-MORROW
as TO-DAY, and the product of
labor will sell for as much TO-
MORROW as TO-DAY, and those
who perform labor will know what
their efforts are worth, as they will
then CONTROL THAT LABOR
as does their MASTERS of to-day.

What would you think of a fel-
low with a MILLION OVER-
COATS trying to get possession of
all the other overcoats that his
poor, shivering brothers had? Ah,
you'd think him both a hog and a
thief.—Well, what do you think
of a fellow with TEN MILLION
DOLLARS trying to get hold of
ALL THE DOLLARS that the
POOR, MISERABLE WORK-
ING MEN AND THEIR FAMI-
LIES EARN BY HARD TOIL?
—WHAT?

RULERS AND COMMANDERS.

The master class is getting so they are not afraid to tell you the truth.—Listen at what the WINNFELD PARISH BANK, of Winnfield, Louisiana, says in its advertisement: "WILL YOU ALWAYS BE ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT ARMY OF EMPLOYED OR WILL YOU BE ONE OF THE COMMANDERS? * * * WITHOUT MONEY YOU ARE COMPELLED TO SELL YOUR TIME AND EFFORTS TO OTHERS IN ORDER TO EARN A LIVING."—Now, you have it, Rube, just exactly what Socialism has been trying to teach you, and trying to hammer through your darned thick mullet.—Listen again, "WITH A GROWING BANK ACCOUNT YOU WILL SOON BE ABLE TO COMMAND NOT ONLY YOUR OWN TIME, BUT THAT OF OTHERS ALSO."—This Winnfield Parish Bank boldly tells you that money will "GIVE YOU A PLACE OF HONOR AMONG YOUR FELLOWS, AND WILL ENABLE YOU TO BECOME ONE OF THE RULERS."—Think of it, Mr. Reader, "WITHOUT MONEY YOU ARE COMPELLED TO SELL YOUR TIME AND EFFORTS TO OTHERS IN ORDER TO EARN A LIVING."—No matter if the God of the universe did give the human family a world to live upon, the CHOSEN FEW now brazenly tell you that since all of the free gifts of God have been confiscated that you, yes, darn you, YOU; you ain't pated Republican or Democrat, MUST, if you haven't got money, become the SLAVE of some one that has, and so, as the Winnfield Parish Bank says, "COMPELLED TO SELL YOUR EFFORTS TO OTHERS IN ORDER TO EARN A LIVING;" and further tells you that without money, "YOU WILL HAVE NO PLACE AMONG YOUR FELLOWS," and will never be enabled to become one of the rulers.—Bear in mind, Mr. Reader, that this Winnfield Parish Bank has told you the truth, as the present system places no premium upon MANHOOD NOR UPON GODLINESS, as the crown is reserved for him that possesses money.—How do you like such as this flung into your face, Ike?—Of course this Winnfield Parish Bank is advertising for deposits, and telling you that they will allow you four per cent on your deposits. But suppose, Mr. Reader, that you deposit every penny that you have for supporting your family, and suppose that you live to be one hundred years old, you could not expect to have more than a little "dab" by your daily drudgery; then, according to this Winnfield Parish Bank, you are, UNDER THE PRESENT SYSTEM, destined to go through life and be compelled to sell your time and efforts to the MASTER CLASS in order to earn a living.—Dick Maple didn't say this to you, nor no other Socialist, but it was the Winnfield Parish Bank, of Winnfield, Louisiana, that thundered these truths into your ears.—Are you satisfied to continue to vote with either the Republican or Democratic parties when you know that both are in absolute harmony with the present system, and when you know that the MASTER CLASS of the North and the MASTER CLASS of the South dance to the same tune, no matter whether the fiddlers call themselves Democrats or Republicans?—Men, have you lost your manhood, that you will persist in casting your ballots to make COMMANDERS and RULERS of the FEW who the MANY are COMPELLED TO SELL THEIR TIME AND EFFORTS TO THESE RULERS AND THESE COMMANDERS, when you realize that you belong to the SLAVE CLASS, and can never aspire to become naught but the drudges of these RULERS AND COMMANDERS?

"WOULD LIKE TO STEP INTO YOUR DEN A MINUTE."

A letter recently received from Mr. S. H. Godwin, Manager of the Elkins Granite Works, of Elkins, West Virginia, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"I am engaged in the tombstone business, and I have to carve a great many words of love and endearment on cold marble that ought to be poured into the warm ears of the living.

"Don't get shaky, Colonel, I am not after an order for your monument, but I thought I would just like to step into your den this morning and shake hands with the 'liveliest' man in America. God bless you, Dick, you are all O. K.

"Do you know that you are making the RIP-SAW one of the greatest powers for God and humanity that the world has ever seen? Its Christianity applied to politics, and the spirit it breathes will go thundering down through the ages until the citadel of capitalism will totter from its foundation, and Master and Slave will be a thing of the past.

"I am fifty years old, and have been a Democrat all my life until the RIP-SAW knocked it out of me."

REMEMBER!

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

PHILIP WAGNER,
Business Mgr.

A WORD FROM OLD "DADDY" McCORMICK.

In a letter recently received from William P. McCormick, of 726 Twenty-seventh Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota, he had the following to say:

"Dear Dick—My March number of the RIP-SAW did not come until the 6th, and I was almost sick. I was afraid that something had happened to it, but when it came, I was so glad that I went right out and got five new subscribers for the grand old paper, and I am going to get some more.

"I am an old man, seventy-nine years old, and my wife is seventy-three."

To the Capitalist Class

We have fed you for a thousand years,
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the worker's dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest,
And you lie on a crimson wool,
For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God, we have paid it in full!

There's never a mine blown skyward now,
But we're buried alive for you.
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now,
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the price of your accursed wealth,
Good God, we have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know;
From the days when you claimed us in your fields,
To the strife of a week ago.
You have eaten our lives and our babes and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share.
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God, we have bought it fair!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Two Sinners

There was a man, it was said, one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms
abloom,
Crying, "God bless lady, and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden who went astray,
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond love led.
And Love, unchecked, is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in Heaven.
For this is the law of the earth we know.

A brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said, frowning, "WE SHALL NOT
CALL."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ADMITTED AT LAST.

Brief though it was, President Taft's message to Congress at the opening of the special session called by him to revise the tariff was long enough to contain a most astounding admission.

Read it: "The present tariff act, with the other sources of government revenue, does not furnish income enough to pay the authorized expenditures."

Isn't that enough to make Nelson Dingley turn over in his grave, after all these years of "abounding prosperity," and "unexampled prosperity," and "unparalleled prosperity," and "unprecedented prosperity," we have been told about in every presidential message since 1897?

So this is the outcome of that "sacred tariff," that "scientific tariff," that "sound and business-like tariff," that "prosperity producing tariff," which only the "experienced" statesmen of "the grand old party" in their superior wisdom know how to make.

Evidently somebody has been fooling the people during the past twelve years.

Whether Lincoln said it or not, there is no denying that you can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time. We know this saying is true, because the G. O. P. has been able to fool all of the G. O. P. voters some of the time, and some of the G. O. P. voters all the time.—Ex.

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."

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

Big Man Afraid of His Shadow

The majority of the readers of the RIP-SAW are acquainted with the fact that the Rev. C. R. Powell, editor of the Arkansas Baptist, published at Little Rock, Arkansas, in an editorial about nine months ago, stated that "SOCIALISM IS THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT;" and our readers further know that the editor of this journal challenged him to a debate upon this subject; and they further know that it took this "BIG MAN AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW" between six and seven months to be whipped from under cover; and this would never have been accomplished had not the RIP-SAW published all the letters that passed between us upon the subject, which compelled Powell to an open fight or acknowledge that his statement relative to Socialism was a pure fabrication, cut from the whole cloth; and this, of course, he could not afford to do, he being a preacher, and the editor of a supposedly religious newspaper.

From the time that the editor of the RIP-SAW compelled the Rev. Powell to agree to meet him in debate, UP TO THIS VERY MOMENT, he has been screwing around and trying his darnedest to get out of it on trumped-up technicalities and contortions, known only to the said Powell.

That our readers may understand exactly the challenge that the editor of this journal made Mr. Powell, and which he accepted without offering a single alteration to that challenge, we herewith reproduce the challenge, word for word, and we defy him to deny it.

"You can have all the time that you desire in your talk, and I will take all the time I desire to prove that you don't know a thing about the subject upon which you are so loudly bleating."

"You to open the debate and I to close it.—Now, come on, Powell, and put up your talk, or shut up that hole under your nose."

Now, we have reproduced this challenge so that our readers will thoroughly understand what the Reverend Powell accepted when he accepted this challenge, and to show you that he did accept it without even a suggestion of an alteration, we herewith reproduce his acceptance:

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 15, 1909.
Col. Dick Maple, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dear Sir—No, I am by no means converted to Socialism, and I don't think a debate with you on the subject would convert me, unless you believe in a Socialism not at all like the sort I am acquainted with.

I name the time and place as: June 15th, at Argenta, Arkansas. I name Argenta, as there are more Socialists there than in any other town of its size I know. The time is the first vacant period I have. I will affirm my

editorial of August 12, '08. We will arrange details when you arrive. I will furnish auditorium. Truly,
C. R. POWELL.

The following letter will show our readers how eager we were to have him accept our challenge:

Nashville, Tennessee, Feb. 16, 1909.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Mr. Powell—Your very welcome letter of the 15th inst. came duly to hand, and I assure you that I am glad to know that you have at last named the SPOT and the DATE for our debate, and I hasten to accept your date of June 15th next, and I will be at Argenta, Arkansas, on that date if the world is still revolving and that town is still in existence; and if you can prove that "SOCIALISM IS THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT," then I propose to throw overboard my Socialism, join the Baptist Church, take a dive in some near-by puddle of "aqua" and swallow your entire creed, whiskers and all.

Again thanking you for your delayed acceptance of my proposition, and trusting to be able to convert you, and thereby make a lasting friend of you, I am, sincerely yours,

DICK MAPLE.

Now, Mr. Reader, to show you that we have been hammering at Powell to accept our challenge since the 12th day of August, 1908, and to show you that it took him till the 15th day of February, 1909, to make up his mind to appear in public and undertake to prove that "SOCIALISM IS THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT," we have reproduced his acceptance of our challenge. — We supposed that the Reverend Gentleman meant what he said when he accepted our challenge, but on the twenty-third of February last, we received the following letter:

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 21, 1909.

Dear Col.—As the challenged party, I have the right, under all rules of honorable controversy, to arrange the order of speeches in our debate; but as I want us to have truly a mutual and fair investigation of Socialism, I suggest that we arrange such minutia by agreement. I suggest that we have two sessions of the debate, both at night, as working men cannot very well attend in day time; and that we speak one hour at each session—me in the lead. And then if you think fair, I might have, say ten minutes rejoinder the last night. Now, if this don't strike you as fair, please write me your ideas.

Hoping that we may have a mutually profitable affair, I am,

Faternally yours,

C. R. POWELL.

Immediately upon receipt of this letter, the editor of the RIP-SAW wrote him in the following manner:

Nashville, Tennessee, Feb. 23, 1909.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Mr. Powell—Your favor of the 21st inst. came duly to hand, and I am glad to note that you have the spirit of fairness about you, but I never doubted that in the least, as because

a man is WRONG is no reason to me to believe that he is a rascal, as it is indeed very easy to get WRONG and sometimes very hard to get RIGHT.

I want the debate to be conducted in a manner that will convince our hearers that one or the other of us is wrong, as I know that we cannot both be right, and my idea is to let our hearers judge who is the one that is mistaken.

If you will read the letters that I wrote you when I challenged you to debate, you will find that in my first letter, of August 14th, 1908, in next to the last paragraph, I used the following language: "YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE TIME THAT YOU DESIRE IN YOUR TALK, AND I WILL TAKE ALL THE TIME I DESIRE TO PROVE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE SUBJECT ON WHICH YOU ARE SO LOUDLY BLEATING."

I desire the debate carried on EXACTLY along the lines on which I challenged you; you to open the debate and I to PERMANENTLY close it, as my object is to give each a fair show, and let him say what he pleases, as my only object in this debate is to demonstrate to our audience who is RIGHT and who is WRONG, and I can see no reason why we should be hedged about with time, as I know that I cannot get through in one hour, and I do not believe that you can get through in one hour; therefore, I TENACIOUSLY hold to my challenge and propose for you to open the debate and say what you please and I will close the debate and say what I please upon the subject, and take as long as I please.

I would much prefer to have the affair over in one day, and let me suggest that you open the debate in the afternoon, and I close it at night; however, I do not propose to be picayunish upon this point, and if you prefer a two-night's tilt, I will not be stubborn, and will let you have your way; but I would much prefer to have it over in one day, then you can go home to your business, and I can return home to my business; but your will in this matter will be perfectly satisfactory to me.

With kindest regards and assuring you that I will await the 15th of June with a great deal of interest from two standpoints; first, I know that I will be able to not only demonstrate to our audience that you are wrong, but I believe that you are an honest man, and therefore believe that I will be able to convert you to Socialism; second, I am anxious to meet you, as man to man, as I feel that I will love you, and I hope that our meeting may be a pleasant affair from a social standpoint. Yours very truly,

DICK MAPLE.

We suppose that our letter of the twenty-third must have heated up his "inners," and on the 28th of February, he penned us the following:

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 28, 1909.

Dear Col. Maple—Replying to yours of the 23rd inst. I beg to say: I accepted your challenge for a debate, but I did not accept all of your conditions, as I thought you were well enough acquainted with the accepted rules of debates to know that the challenged party always has the right to name the order of the speeches. As a compromise, I am willing to have two nights of the debate, and I will speak in the lead one hour each night, and you can follow each night in a one-hour speech. We will ask the mayor to preside at the meeting. Your last hour shall permanently close the discussion; I ask for no rejoinder. Fraternally,

C. R. POWELL.

Immediately upon receipt of the

above letter, we wrote him as follows:

Nashville, Tennessee, March 3, 1909.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Brother Powell—Your favor of the 28th ult. came duly to hand. I have a copy of your acceptance of my challenge, and there was nothing said against any terms or conditions that I mentioned in my challenge, and I accepted your acceptance of my challenge in good faith, realizing the fact that you had had six or seven months to digest and dissect my challenge, and supposed, of course, that in that length of time you were able to know what you wanted and how you wanted it served.

In my very first letter to you, of August 14, 1908, which was only two days after you had uttered the editorial in question, I wrote you my challenge, and just six months and one day after that date, I received a letter from you accepting my challenge, and you did not mention a single objection when you accepted that challenge.

Now, Brother Powell, I want to quote the last two paragraphs of my challenge to you, which gives you no room on earth to squirm, twist or wiggle out of it, as you accepted that challenge without a wiggle or a squirm, and I expect you to belly up to the proposition like a man and swallow your medicine without a single wry face. These two paragraphs follow:

"YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE TIME THAT YOU DESIRE IN YOUR TALK, AND I WILL TAKE ALL THE TIME I DESIRE TO PROVE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE SUBJECT UPON WHICH YOU ARE SO LOUDLY BLEATING."

"YOU TO OPEN THE DEBATE AND I TO CLOSE IT.—NOW, COME ON, POWELL, AND PUT UP YOUR TALK OR SHUT UP THAT HOLE UNDER YOUR NOSE."

Now, Powell, I don't care who you select to preside at the meeting, and the mayor of Argenta, although I do not know him, will be perfectly satisfactory to me, but you can just whisper to your grandmother that you are going to stick to the challenge that I made, AND WHICH YOU ACCEPTED, and you will run your gas tank empty, and then subside while I kick the underpinning from under your frame, and when I make the last kick, the show will be over—and you will be wiser.

Yours very truly,

DICK MAPLE.

On the morning of March 12th. we received from the Reverend Gentleman the epistle which follows:

Little Rock, Ark., March 11, '09.

Col. Dick Maple—Sickness has prevented my answering yours of the 3d inst. sooner. Alright, then, if you desire to hold me to the letter of your original charge, here goes. The time I "want" will be one hour to open, and one hour to close. Now, you can take all the time you "want" between.

Very truly,

C. R. POWELL.

As quickly as possible after receiving his letter, we forwarded Mr. Powell the following communication:

Nashville, Tennessee, March 12, '09.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Mr. Powell—Your eel-like favor of the 11th inst. is at hand. I feel like I ought to apologize to the eel for comparing you to him, as for sickness, wiggle and squirm, you have got the eel skinned a block.

You know my challenge as well as I do, Powell, and you know that you accepted that challenge without mentioning a single proviso or offering a single "if" or "and," and that's the preposi-

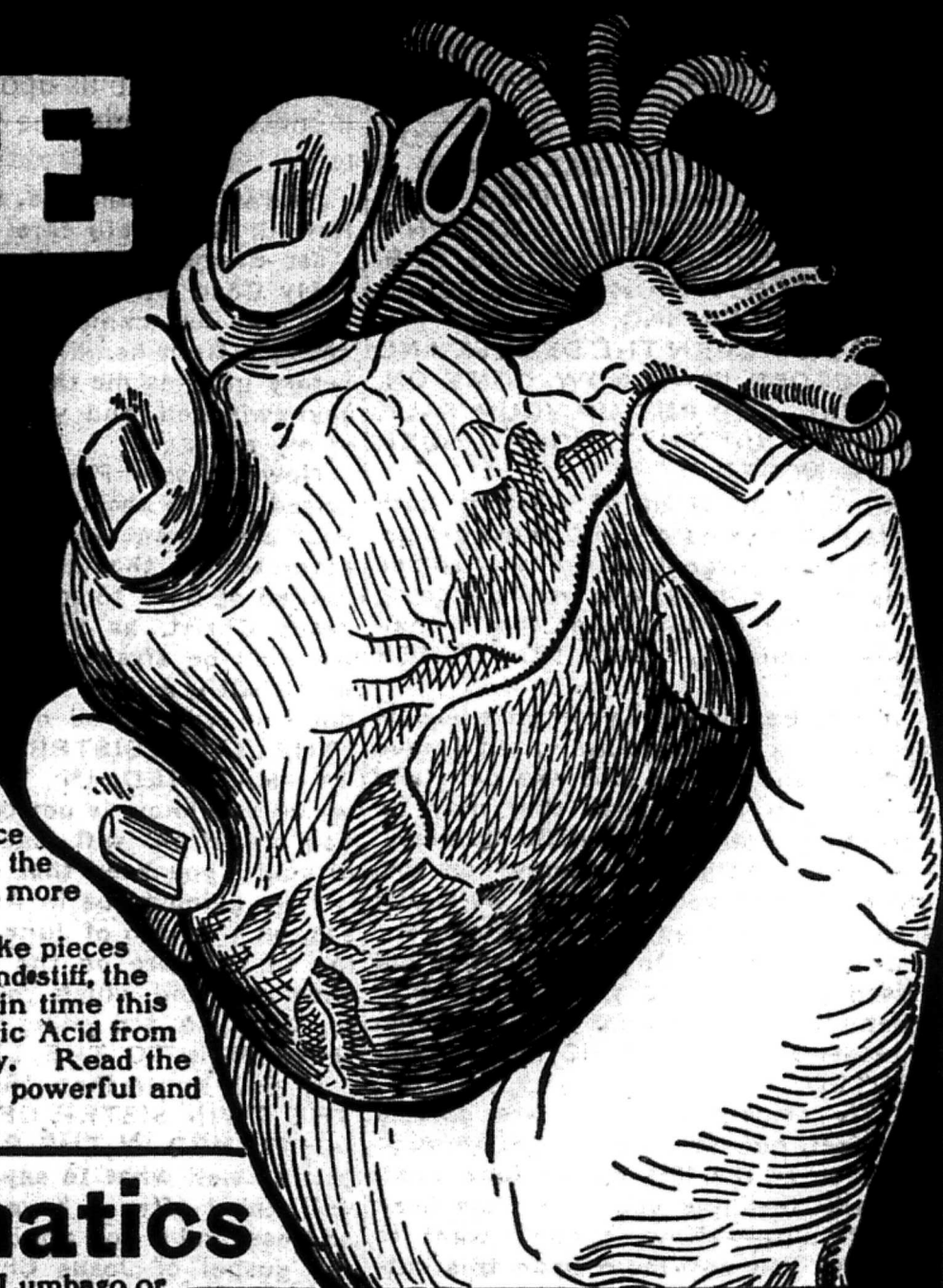
(Continued on page 8.)

RHEUMATISM GRIPS THE HEART

Drive Rheumatism Out

of your blood at once and do not give it a chance to injure your heart. A prolonged Rheumatic condition of the blood interferes with the Heart's functions and is the principal cause of Organic Heart Troubles. The history of cases of sudden deaths from Heart Failure proves that ninety per cent of the persons stricken had been afflicted with Rheumatism. All the blood in your body must pass through the Heart, over and over again, hundreds of times during every twenty-four hours. Rheumatism is caused by the presence of Uric Acid Crystals in the blood and such a condition of the blood irritates the valves of the Heart, upon which life depends. If the Rheumatic condition lasts, the injury gradually grows more extensive year after year, until the entire structure of the valves is changed.

It is the same as the hands of workers become hard and calloused, the skin in places like pieces of horn, from continual contact with irritating substances. The Heart Valves become hard and stiff, the same as Rheumatic joints, instead of soft and pliable, are unable to work properly, and in time this inability causes sudden death. If you are afflicted with Rheumatism, you must drive the Uric Acid from your blood, for your very life's sake as well as your comfort and peace of mind and body. Read the following personal offer to Rheumatics, which offers you a full-sized one dollar bottle of a powerful and valuable Rheumatic Remedy, one that drives Uric Acid from the blood, FREE TO TRY.



Personal Offer To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free a One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense, that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**Actually Cures Rheumatism**. I know it does. I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit.



You cannot **COAX** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **TEASE** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **IMAGINE** it out with mental science. **YOU MUST DRIVE IT OUT.** It is in the blood and you must **GO AFTER IT AND GET IT.**

This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, **and cures them quickly.**

Man and Wife Both Cured Five Years Ago.

Such Difficult Cases Prove the Power This Remedy Has in Curing Rheumatic Troubles.

"After suffering with Rheumatism in my knee and hip for more than twenty years and scarcely a month passing without trying some remedy or preventive, I finally had Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy brought to my notice by a friend who had used it. I took it and was and am cured. My wife also used it and was cured of Rheumatism in her arms and shoulders. After five years we are both still as enthusiastic in its praise as on the second night after beginning its use, when we were permitted for the first time in years, to enjoy an entire night's rest free from the nerve-racking pains of Rheumatism. I heartily recommend Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy as a permanent cure for Rheumatism and Lumbago to all sufferers. It deserves every good word that may be said of it."



DAVID COVENTRY, Harvard, Ill.

God-Send to Rheumatic Sufferers

Was a Constant Sufferer For Years and Spent Much Money Seeking a Cure.

"I feel it my duty as well as a privilege to inform the public of the wonderful benefit which I have derived from Kuhn's Rheumatic Cure. For several years past I had been a constant sufferer from Rheumatism, spending hundreds of dollars in seeking a permanent cure, but without success. Since beginning the use of this remedy about six months ago I have improved in health to such an extent that it seems to me almost miraculous. The Rheumatism is gone and I cannot say too much for the remedy which drove it away. I consider Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy a God-send to all who suffer from Rheumatism and hope that everyone may learn of it and use it."



MRS. EDNA WILLIAMS,
11 S. Temple Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Don't Wait

until your Heart-Valves are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a One Dollar Bottle Free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who send the 25c for charges. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

I Can Prove It All To You

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

W. Kuhn

Regular \$1.00 Bottle FREE TO TRY.

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, **prepaid**.

Cut This out and Send To Us.

NAME _____
TOWN _____
ST. or R. F. D. _____
STATE _____

KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. H. CHICAGO
Hoyne and North Aves.

tion that I am going to meet you on, and you are going to open the debate and I am going to permanently close it, as agreed between us.

If your legs are getting weak and your doubts getting strong, why the dickens don't you "fess up" like a man, and not wiggle and squirm like a gut in a bed of coals?

I want to again quote to you, verbatim, my challenge that I made you on the 14th of August, 1908—"YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE TIME THAT YOU DESIRE IN YOUR TALK, AND I WILL TAKE ALL THE TIME I DESIRE TO PROVE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE SUBJECT UPON WHICH YOU ARE SO LOUDLY BLEATING.

"YOU TO OPEN THE DEBATE AND I TO CLOSE IT.—NOW, COME ON, POWELL, AND PUT UP YOUR TALK OR SHUT UP THAT HOLE UNDER YOUR NOSE."

Now, I am tired of wasting both postage and wind on you, and I am going to be in Argenta, Arkansas, on the 15th of June, next, and you are going to meet me on the terms that I challenged you on, AND NO OTHER TERMS.

It may be true that your little bowels are paining you wonderfully, but I have got the antidote to stop the pain and relieve you of the gas that may be cavorting about in your little "tummy."—You can't run a "sandy" on me, old man, and you might as well stop trying, as you're going to meet me fairly and squarely upon the issue that you raised yourself, and you are going to meet me squarely upon the challenge I made you AND WHICH YOU ACCEPTED.

It is evident that you are getting cold feet, but, son, when I get through with you on the 15th day of June, next, you will feel like your liver has been frost-bitten.—Now, I don't want to write to you any more upon this subject, as you understood my challenge perfectly, and you accepted it without a request of me to make a single change, and I don't care if you take twenty minutes or three weeks to produce your argument, I'll sit through it all and give you the best attention you ever received, but when you get through with your "spiel" you are ABSOLUTELY THROUGH, as I will wind that thing up PERMANENTLY, and then if you are not satisfied, it will be because you haven't got sense enough to know when you have got enough.

Yours very truly,

DICK MAPLE.

We suppose, from the date of the next letter that we received from Mr. Powell, that he must have answered us immediately upon receipt of our letter, and if you will observe closely, you will find that the Reverend editor was not only getting sore in spots, but his whole carcass was touchy indeed. His letter follows:

Little Rock, Ark., March 13, '09.

My Dear Col.—I am certainly sorry to note the fact that you misunderstand me. If I know my heart, I want to be fair with you. I only want an opportunity to show up the sophistry of Socialism, as taught by Dick Maple. You seem to be afraid of me, as you will neither declare yourself beforehand nor allow me a whack at you after you do declare yourself. How brave! Just give me one hour after you make your first speech and you can then have all the time you want to PERMANENTLY CLOSE the debate. Suppose you should misrepresent me, you see I would have absolutely no chance to show up your sophistry. Would that be fair? Now, I lay down this proposition finally. I am going to have a whack at what you say in your first speech if I have to camp in Argenta all summer. You can settle on this for good. Of course, you

may be able to take your little crowd off, but I will speak to the others after you are through, unless you accept my proposition to have one hour after your first speech. Truly,

C. R. POWELL.

The above letter was received during my absence from home on a lecture tour, and my secretary so notified him; but upon my return home I wrote him the following letter:

Nashville, Tennessee, March 23, '09.

Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Mr. Powell—Your favor of the 13th inst. came to hand during my absence from home; however, my secretary informs me that your letter was acknowledged, and you were informed of my absence.

Now, Brother Powell, I am not surprised at you absolutely going back on your agreement with me, but it does seem to me that if I claimed to be "called of God" to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ, as you claim to be, I wouldn't be afraid to keep an engagement with a man who represents a doctrine which you openly declare is "THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT," but which you know is not true, and which you are afraid will make an holy ass of you if you keep that engagement.

I am going to be in Argenta, Arkansas, on the 15th of June, and I am going to be there on the terms I made with you, and which you have agreed to, and you are going to live up to these terms TO THE LETTER.

If you know that "SOCIALISM IS THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT," you know just as well what to say NOW, as you will know after I have delivered my address, and if you are called to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, BY GOD ALMIGHTY, then undoubtedly the good Lord will stand at your back and see that you skin me alive, as certainly He will not forsake you if He has called you to preach His gospel, as I know I would not be afraid of the Good Lord permitting a fellow who represents "THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT," winning over me, if I claimed, AS YOU DO, that I was "CALLED OF GOD" to oppose what the other fellow represents.

Now, Powell, I want you to answer me immediately, and state whether you will or will not meet me on the terms that I proposed to you in my letter of August 14th, 1908, and which you accepted in your letter of February 15th, 1909, and which you accepted WITHOUT ANY RESERVATIONS, QUALIFICATIONS, OR ANY "IFS" OR "ANDS."

Now, Powell, I kindly ask you to let me hear from you immediately upon this proposition, as I want to learn whether or not there is a drop of manhood left in your veins, and whether or not you have any regard whatever for your agreements and promises.

Yours very truly,

DICK MAPLE.

P. S.—I herewith hand you stamp for immediate reply.

On the morning of March 27th, we received a communication which follows, and which will explain itself, and will prove to any honest man, as do the majority of his letters since he accepted our challenge, that he is trying to divest himself of the load that he heaped upon himself by uttering that malicious editorial. His letter follows:

Little Rock, Ark., March 25, '09.

Col. Dick Maple—In answer to your letter of the 23rd inst. will say: I expect to open up on Socialism in Argen-

ta, Ark., June the 15th, next, and I am going to camp right there until you get through your speeches, and then if I can get the crowd to stay I aim to show the sophistry of Socialism as taught by Dick Maple. After I get through with what you have to say at the first, you can then have all the time you want to reply to that, and I will ask no rejoinder. You can readily see why it is necessary for me to have a speech after you make your speech or speeches, since I could not get you to define yourself before going into the debate. You need not bother about who will stand by me in the debate. I will be there on time, and open promptly, and stick to the subject, and then, if you ever quit speaking in reply, I am going to appeal to the crowd for a rejoinder. You can depend upon this.

Very truly,

G. R. POWELL.

On the morning of the 27th of March, in answer to the above communication, we wrote him the following:

Nashville, Tennessee, March 27, '09.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Powell—Your favor of the 25th inst. came duly to hand. You have tried your darnedest, by every scheme known to your cunning make-up, to keep out of meeting me on the 15th of June, next, and I see that if I am going to have the opportunity of meeting you that I will be compelled to let you not only go back on your agreement, and not only squirm in every direction of the compass, but do divers other things which your squirming nature may suggest, in order to evade our meeting; but Brother Powell, I am going to be there on the 15th of June, regardless of your squirms, of your wriggles, or your writhings and of YOUR ABSOLUTELY GOING BACK ON YOUR WORD, AND NULLIFYING YOUR AGREEMENT.

I shall expect you to address the audience in the afternoon and me at night, or else you to deliver your address on the night of June 15th and me to deliver mine on the night of June 16th. Which suits you the best?

Now, brother Powell, I ask you to kindly answer this letter by return mail, and let me know whether you prefer to speak in the afternoon and me at night, or do you want to speak at night on June 15th and me at night on June 16th?

Your twaddle about not getting me to define myself, is a base nonsensical squirm of yours, and you know it, as you know as well as you know that you are living that I stand for the Socialism the standard authorities of definitions say Socialism means, but you have been trying in every conceivable manner to get me disgusted with your squirmings so that I would quit; but old man, I am not going to quit, as I am going to be there, if I do have to put up with your contortions relative to your contract and agreement.

It is not what any individual claims that Socialism is, BUT IT'S WHAT IT REALLY IS, and you know it, but you had nothing whatever to pin your annulment of your contract and agreement with me to, but a good big FRIGHT and a healthy, well-developed SCARE, so you proceeded, in order to make yourself look reasonable, to propose to debate "DICK MAPLE, SOCIALISM," when you know as well as you know that you have gone squarely back upon your agreement and contract with me, that you did not mention "DICK MAPLE SOCIALISM" or any other brand of Socialism when you made the declaration that "SOCIALISM IS THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT;" but you soon learned that you could not prove it by any evidence that anyone would believe, so you switched like a common ward politician to "DICK

MAPLE SOCIALISM," but before you get through with the job you will find that you are talking about JUST SOCIALISM, and you will also find that you have got a load on your shoulders that will make you both look and feel like a hunchback, before you are through. Yours truly,

DICK MAPLE.

P. S.—Now, Powell, please write me IMMEDIATELY whether you prefer to speak on the afternoon of June 15th and me at night, or you on the night of June 15th and me on the night of June 16th?

In order that the Rev. Powell might understand that he could get a debate with me on any of the kinds of Socialism that he thought existed, no matter if he thought it was "DICK MAPLE SOCIALISM," we wrote him the following letter, so that he would be aware of the fact that we were dealing in all-wool-and-a-yard-wide goods, and not afraid to meet him on any subject, real or imaginary. The letter follows:

Nashville, Tennessee, March 30, '09.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Powell—I see from your last letter that you are dying, or at least pretending that you are about to expire, for a debate with me on "DICK MAPLE SOCIALISM."—Now, son, if you would like to have a little "mess" of that, I would be glad to meet you some time during next September or October on that particular brand of Socialism, if you think there is more than one kind of Socialism.—You can use all my beliefs or disbeliefs relative to ancient "myths" that you like in your arguments, if you please.—What do you say, brother?

Yours truly,

DICK MAPLE.

Upon the second day of April, we received the following letter from the Rev. Powell:

Little Rock, Ark., March 31, '09.
Col. Dick Maple, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir—Answering your two last letters together, will say: I will speak at night at Argenta on JUNE 15th and you can then have your say on JUNE 16th AT NIGHT. And I will then speak again on the night of June 17th, and if you care to, you can have all the rest of the summer to answer my second speech. In my second speech I will look after Socialism as taught in your June 16th speech. It occurs to me that I might be able to give you enough then on "Dick Maple Socialism" without putting the matter off till September or October. If I don't satisfy you then I will agree to accommodate you later. Truly,

C. R. POWELL.

As soon after receiving the above letter as we could get our writing machinery in order, which only took about thirty seconds, we mailed him the following communication:

Nashville, Tennessee, April 2, '09.
Rev. C. R. Powell, care of The Arkansas Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.

My Dear Powell—Your favor of the 31st ult. came duly to hand, and I will announce in the columns of the June RIP-SAW, which will be mailed out before our debate, that you will speak on the night of JUNE 15th, AT ARGENTA, ARKANSAS, and I will follow on the NIGHT OF JUNE 16th.

You say that you propose to follow me on the night of June 17th, the night after I deliver my answer to your address.—Why, son, are you really scared at this early date, and have you commenced to feel that you are going to get such a load of poles dumped into your back yard that you will feel compelled to answer my argument after I am gone from Argenta?

Why, bless your soul, I had no idea that your "tootsie-wootsies" would be getting so cold as early as March 31st, over this little "scrap" that we are going to have, and you had better watch your liver or you will be taken down with a severe case of "shivers."

You can speak at Argenta on the night of June 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and up until the year two thousand if you like, as I have no control over your "gab," but I am under the impression that you'll watch over that hole in your face more carefully after the night of June 16th than you have done in the past.

I have no engagement with you only on the night of JUNE 15th AND 16th, and had I been you, I really would have had too much diplomacy about me to have acknowledged this far in advance that I PREDICTED MY OWN DEFEAT, AS YOU HAVE DONE, BY MAKING THE STATEMENT THAT YOU HAD ALREADY MADE UP YOUR MIND TO DELIVER AN ADDRESS IN ANSWER TO MINE AFTER I HAD LEFT ARGENTA.—I deliver an address on the night of the 17th of June at Wynne, Arkansas, but you will have my prayers in your PROTRACTED EFFORT AT ARGENTA on that night. I also am of the opinion that after the night of June 16th that you will have no appetite for opposing ANY KIND of Socialism, and from the way you have already acknowledged your defeat, it occurs to me that you ought to take a drink and cheer up. Yours sincerely,

DICK MAPLE.

Now, Mr. Reader, you will see what a tussle and what a time I have had with the Rev. Powell to get him to agree to meet me in debate and undertake to prove what he so flippantly and willfully stated in the columns of his journal WAS TRUE, and if the readers of the RIP-SAW care to have a bit of fun at Brother Powell's expense, and will show up at Argenta, Arkansas, for the debate on the nights of the 15TH AND 16TH OF JUNE, I do not believe that you will ever regret it, as the Rev. Powell is billed to make himself look like six-bits with the "six" rubbed off.—Remember that the Rev. Powell will open the debate at EIGHT P. M. on the evening of JUNE 15TH NEXT, and the editor of this journal will open with his reply at EIGHT P. M. on the evening of JUNE 16TH.—Now, boys, be there for both evenings, and I want you to give the Rev. Powell as respectful attention as you do me, as I believe him to be a gentleman, BUT SADLY MISTAKEN IN THE CALIBRE OF HIS GUN.

Don't forget the date and place, as the place is ARGENTA, ARKANSAS, and the debate will be pulled off at the COLISEUM IN THAT CITY, and Mr. Powell will open the debate AT EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE EVENING OF THE 15TH OF JUNE, and the editor of this journal will close the debate beginning at EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 16TH.—ALL ABOARD FOR ARGENTA.

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We want to talk to you, Mr. Reader, who has been taught that LIBERTY is an ingredient WHICH IS GIVEN TO YOU by some philanthropic spirit, and which once must have had the power to withhold that liberty from you; as undoubtedly a thing that was GIVEN TO YOU must have once belonged to some other individual or individuals, as no man could give you a thing unless he possessed it, and if someone at some time, possessed your liberty and refused to give it to you, they must have considered it a valuable asset to have retained it one single moment when they knew that it was INVALUABLE to you, and without it you lacked the elements necessary to become a perfect man.

There can be no perfection in man unless he possesses EVERY ELEMENT that it takes to make that man PERFECT, and since LIBERTY is the greatest element known to mankind whereby he can reach a PERFECT STATE, then to withhold that liberty from him is a crime, which the laws of both God and righteous man condemn.

In this article, we want to demonstrate to you, Mr. Reader, that no man nor set of men ever GAVE you liberty, as the history of the world, as far back as we can trace it, either written or spoken, shows a MASTER CLASS upon one hand, fighting to deprive the SLAVE CLASS of liberty, and upon the other hand we find SLAVES fighting to obtain that liberty; and when the question is asked, why it is that the MASTER CLASS wants to deprive the SLAVE CLASS of liberty, the answer is invariably one and the same—FOR PROFIT.

If it were not to the advantage of the MASTER CLASS to deprive the SLAVE CLASS of liberty, and if there was no PROFIT in this deprivation, do you suppose that, beginning away back yonder, in the jungle, that the STRONGEST and MOST POWERFUL of the human family, up to the present time, would have been able to live WITHOUT WORK off of the efforts of those who MUST WORK OR STARVE? Undoubtedly they would not; but it is by depriving the WORKING CLASS of LIBERTY that keeps them in ignorance, and as long as those who REFUSE TO WORK can keep the WORKING CLASS in ignorance, and prevent them from reaching a point where THOUGHT IS SET FREE, just that long the WORKLESS CLASS will be able to live off of the efforts of the WORKING CLASS, and compel them to, while building mansions for those who DO NO WORK, to live in

the most miserable shacks of their MASTERS; and while weaving the finest fabrics that the skill of man can fashion, for the backs of those who DO NO WORK, those who MUST WORK OR STARVE, are compelled to wear the shoddiest that they weave with THEIR OWN HANDS, or else wear the off-cast garments of their MASTER and his offspring; and while producing the choicest fruits and edibles of the soil for their MASTERS, they who DO THE WORK, are compelled to eat the coarsest and most unhealthful food that their OWN LABORS coax from the soil.

Now, Mr. Reader, I want you to get this word, LIBERTY, indelibly fixed upon your mind, and become cognizant of the fact that a PERFECT LIBERTY is the one essential need of humanity, before the human family can ever expect absolute freedom; for unless we can get that word LIBERTY chisled upon your mentality, there is no hope of rescue for you and your offspring, as without a mentality that is strong enough and powerful enough to realize that you are SLAVES, there will be no prospect of you ever obtaining liberty.

We make the assertion, and no man can successfully dispute it, that LIBERTY WAS NEVER GIVEN TO ANY MAN OR NATION OF MEN, as every measure of liberty which you or any other man enjoys today has been fought for, and the blood of the SLAVE CLASS has always been spilled for that LIBERTY.

Do you suppose that the manhood of America would be as free today as it is, had not our forefathers who belonged to the SLAVE CLASS, painted the Eastern slope of the United States with their hearts' blood, AND TOOK BY FORCE, from King George III of England, that measure of liberty that we now enjoy?—NEVER! then I want to ask you, was it King George III or any other MASTER that GAVE us the measure of liberty that we have in America today? No, no, our partial liberty was not a GIFT, it was a bloody reprisal, wrung from the grip of a tyrant, who knew that every measure of liberty our forefathers gained would lessen his PROFIT in exact proportion to the liberty we gained; and this is why the MASTERS of all Europe were in harmony with England's brutality, as what is beneficial to the MASTER CLASS OF ONE NATION is beneficial to the MASTER CLASS of ALL NATIONS, as the MASTER CLASS fight with the same degree of savagery, all SLAVES who ask for

liberty, and if that liberty is ever obtained it must be bought by righteous power and not whining prayers.

For two thousand years the world has been expecting, has been praying, and has been longing for liberty to come by and through the efforts of the churches; but today we find that sweet-faced angel as far in the distance as she was two thousand years ago—not that the churches could not have been instrumental, in bringing about the liberty which the SLAVES of the world so ardently crave, but those who preach and teach the SLAVES of the world, suck their inspiration from the MASTER CLASS, whose milk develops preachers and priests who are in absolute harmony with human SLAVERY; then can you expect, after having been betrayed for two thousand years, to gain that which you MUST HAVE if you would be FREE, by continuing to depend upon those whose orthodoxy is interpreted by the hand of tyrants, who live in ease and affluence off of your ignorance? Undoubtedly you cannot, as you have seen the preachers and priests of America—yes of the world, teaching and preaching a doctrine that is in exact harmony with the monarchs of Europe, and the MASTER CLASS of America.

The preachers and priests tell us to rebel against the cunning of the devil, and break away from his thralldom, and they must know that if their doctrines are true, that the devil is as much a part of God's work as any other being that he ever created, as the devil can trace his existence back to the same God, according to the interpretation placed upon the Bible, by theologians, that you or I can, but they never once advise us to break away from the thralldom of MASTERS who give us misery on earth; and I don't think it fair for the MASTER CLASS to give us sorrow all through life, and the devil to give us hell through a never-ending eternity, as I am not in harmony with a hades that stretches out from my mother's womb to a period when brimstone is all consumed in punishing those whose ignorance is to blame for their sins; and I, for one, want to change that system, and I know that I can never eradicate the hell which my MASTER heaps upon my poor back for PROFIT, so long as I cast my vote for the candidates he tells me to, as I have long since learned that the MASTER CLASS is CLASS CONSCIOUS, and know what they want, and they would not ask me to cast my vote for a candidate of their own selection did they not know that he would do their bidding, as our MASTERS select candidates whom they know will do what they tell them to, if elected, and will hug the liberty of his SLAVES up close in his embrace, and thereby deprive them of LIBERTY, and keep them in ignor-

ance; and since ignorance is the pass-word to servitude, I rebel at the MASTER CLASS longer controlling me, and this is why, after being a Republican for years and years, that I have rebelled at its hellish doctrines; and the Democratic party is in exact harmony with the principles of the Republican party. —I too, have become CLASS CONSCIOUS, and realize that I do not belong to the RULING CLASS, but belong to that class which has been RULED FOR CENTURIES by a class who treats me and mine as only chattels for PROFIT, and I now rebel and demand LIBERTY, which will forever put an end to my ignorance, as I know that no man nor set of men will GIVE ME THAT LIBERTY; therefore, I propose, if I CAN AROUSE MY SLEEPY BROTHERS, to TAKE THAT LIBERTY BY THE POWER OF THE BALLOT, as I have learned that my prayers, my tears and my poverty will not move my MASTER to compassion. —“AROUSE, YE SLAVES!”

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Different in Name but Same in Kind

In an editorial upon the tariff discussion at Washington, which is occupying the soothe-sayers in Congress, the old Globe-Democrat, published in St. Louis, Missouri, and a Republican spell-binder for who tied the pup, used the following language:

*** "Some of the Southern Democrats are more vociferous in favor of protection now than the average Pennsylvania or Massachusetts Republican. This is seen every day since the Payne bill was reported. One of the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee, Broussard, of Louisiana, joined Mr. Payne and his Republican associates in telling the House to pass the Payne bill in the exact shape in which it was presented to that chamber. A delegation of cotton manufacturers from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida is in Washington now, in response to a request from the convention held last week at Atlanta, to protest against any reduction of the Dingley duties on any cotton fabrics. These Southern cotton men, most of whom call themselves Democrats, are working with Republican and Democratic members of the House in favor of the maintenance of the present duties on cotton goods. They say if the duties are changed at all most of them ought to be advanced. The delegation intends to remain on guard in Washington until after the Senate finishes with the bill, so as to avert, if possible, any threatened cut in the present imposts on cotton manufactures." ***

The Globe-Democrat and other Republican sheets, as well as Democratic newspapers, has long since learned that their readers are the most gullible set of galoots that ever galooted; and these journals do not hesitate to ram their ignorant hides full of a variegated lot of political rot, as they have learned that the average man will not think for himself, and they know that when a man reaches the point where he considers that his "noggin" was only created in order to hang a mouth and a nose on, and attach a pair of jacksonian ears to, that they can say anything to him and he will gulp it down.

In the first place, the Globe-Democrat wants to impress its readers with the fact that there is a difference in the Republican and Democratic parties, when it knows as well as it knows its readers, that there is not a particle of difference in the leaders of these two old reprobate parties, as the Globe-Democrat knows that what the MASTER CLASS of the North stands for the MASTER CLASS of the South stands for, as MASTERS, all over the world, work along the same lines, and conduct their business upon the same plane, and accomplish their ends. BY THE SAME IGNORANT SET OF SLAVES.

The Globe-Democrat wants its readers, and particularly the Democratic contingency, to believe that

the South has begun to look upon the blessings of high tariff in the same manner that the North looks upon it, when it is a notorious fact that those who do the voting of BOTH THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH, or a large per cent of them, at least, have no more idea of what a high tariff means than a drab colored billy-goat knows about the Twenty-third Psalm.—It's not because the voters of either the North or South do not possess brains, but it's because they permit the MASTER CLASS of both the North and South to harness up their brains and drive them tandem in the direction of the MASTER CLASS' INTERESTS.

Now, the Globe-Democrat knows as well as it knows that it's a "con sheet," that that delegation of Southern men, who are at Washington, log-rolling for a high tariff, are of exactly the SAME CLASS as is the MASTER CLASS of the North; and why they are at Washington is because they are there in their OWN INTERESTS, and not in the interest of humanity.

"THAT SOUTHERN DELEGATION OF DEMOCRATS" which the Globe-Democrat tells us is at Washington fighting with the Republican party, are the COTTON MASTERS, THE LUMBER MASTERS, THE COAL MASTERS AND THE IRON MASTERS of the South, and they are there for their private pocket-books without a single thought of the SLAVES that serve them.

This "DELEGATION OF SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS" that the Globe-Democrat boasts of being at Washington fighting hand in hand with the Republican party, are of the same class, as Dickinson, A SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT, that "Bill" Taft augmented to Secretary of War, because he was a tried and true friend of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Why the Republican party is so anxious to lay its clutches upon a few of the Southern states at the next election, is because a number of the Northern states are rebelling at the high tariff, and the Republican party has figured it out that if they can get the MASTER CLASS of the South to persuade the voters of Dixie's Land to believe that a high tariff is beneficial to their interests, that they can control North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Tennessee, at the next presidential election.—And this they will do unless the manhood in the Southern voter can be aroused between now and that time, and persuaded to see that such men as Senator Broussard, of Louisiana, and other Southern senators and congressmen, that we could men-

He Bought Her A 1900 Washer

One of Our Readers Tells How Her Husband Learned What Washday Means to a Woman

DEAR EDITOR:—Most men have no realization of what "wash-day" means to a woman. My husband is one of the best men that ever lived, but he laughed when I asked him one day to get me a 1900 Gravity Washer. I told him it would wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes. "Why wife," said he, "a washing machine is a luxury. And besides, there's no better exercise than rubbing clothes on a washboard. It's good for the back. I think we had better wait 'til we get the farm paid for before fooling away money on such new-fangled things as washing machines."



John's "Busy Day"

I am not very strong, and the washing, with all my other work, finally got the better of me. I had quite a sick spell and after things had gone at sixes and sevens for nearly two weeks, I suggested to John that he had better do the washing. We couldn't hire a girl for love or money and the situation was desperate.

So one morning he started in. My, what a commotion there was in the kitchen! From my bedroom I occasionally caught glimpses of poor John struggling with that mountain of dirty clothes. If ever a man had all the "exercise" he wanted, my husband was that man! Couldn't help feeling sorry for him and yet it made me laugh, for I remembered how he made fun of me when I hinted so strongly for a 1900 Gravity Washer. When he finally got the clothes done and on the line, he was just about "all in."

That evening, John came to my room and said kind of sheepishly—"What's the name of the firm that makes those Washers you were telling me about?" I looked up their advertisement and found the following address:

The 1900 Washer Co., 260 Henry St.,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian address: The Canadian
1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St.,
Toronto, Canada.

That's all he said, but he lost no time in sending for their Free Washer Book. The book came in due time and with it an offer to send the 1900 Gravity Washer on thirty days' free trial. My husband jumped at the chance to try the Washer without having to spend a cent. "We'll have four weeks' use of the Washer anyway, even if we don't decide to keep it," he said. So he told the Company to send on the Washer.

It was sent promptly, all charges paid, and the 1900 Washer Company offered to let us pay for it in little easy payments. The next week I felt well enough to use it. It is the nicest Washer I ever saw, and it almost runs itself. Takes only six minutes to wash a tubful, and the garments come out spotlessly clean.

We were all delighted with the Washer, and wrote to the Company that we would keep it and accept their easy payment terms of 50 cents a week. We paid for it without ever missing the money and wouldn't part with the Washer for five times its cost if we couldn't get another just like it.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctors' bills. Takes away all the dread of wash-day. I feel like a different woman since I have quit the use of the washboard. And if any woman's husband objects to buying one of these labor-saving machines, take a hint from my experience. Let the man do just one big washing by hand, rubbing on the old-fashioned washboard, and he will be only too glad to get you a 1900 Gravity Washer.

Anybody can get one on free trial, by first writing for the Washer Book.

Excuse me for writing such a long letter, but I hope, Mr. Editor, you will print it for the benefit of the women readers of your valuable paper.

Sincerely yours, MRS. J. H. SMITH.

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Are you silly enough to believe, Mr. Reader, that why your MASTERS want a high tariff is because they believe that it will BLESS YOU? Ah, no, as a thing that will bless the SLAVE CLASS, is a detriment to the MASTER CLASS. —Open your eyes, Mr. Voter, to the perfidy of those whom you have been serving for the past century, and behold their mountains of gold, their mansions, their ease and their leisure, and compare all of these blessings which YOU CREATE, with your OWN hardships, with your OWN bank account, with your OWN cabins, and with your OWN

ignorant, half-starved and uneducated children, and then, and NOT UNTIL THEN, will you be able to behold their glaring perfidy in all of its awfulness; and you will then be ready to march to the ballot-box with a ballot for SOCIALISM which promises you freedom from your SLAVERY.—The only difference between the Southern white labor voter and the black voter is that sweat makes one stink and the other it don't.—The only difference between the Democratic political leaders of the South and the Republican political leaders of the North is only the difference in the name of the political party, as they are EXACTLY OF THE SAME KIND.

CERTAINLY, OLD MAN.

Collier's Weekly, published in the City of New York, which fights Socialism seven days in the week, and cusses it at night, by some hook or crook, coughed up a little "mess" about the water-works of Los Angeles, California, that we suppose it is sorry for now, as it must know that its "damns" for Socialism and its "amens" for what Socialism teaches will make an ass of the little old thing; listen to what it says about THE PEOPLE owning the things that they use:

"Los Angeles originally owned its own water system, which years ago, was leased to private interests. In February, 1902, the city resumed control of its water system under the terms of the lease. Since 1902, in addition to paying out of its water rents the accruing principal and interest of the bonds issued for the repurchase of the water works, the city has rebuilt the entire water system, has purchased additional sources of water supply and has extended its water mains to meet the demands of a 200 per cent growth in population. While it was accomplishing these results it reduced the water rates to consumers one-half and placed the cost of water to its inhabitants at a figure only a little more than one-third of what the residents of San Francisco pay—and it still has left a profit of over \$700,000, which it is applying to the cost of the New Owens River water supply. It has expended since 1902, nearly \$4,000,000 out of its legitimate profits, reinvesting these profits for the benefit of the people. Such figures give some idea of the profits in water. They explain the inner consciousness of the organized campaign against municipal ownership in several cities. The results in Los Angeles have been achieved largely by guarding the administration against the intrusion of the political spoilsman."

Why certainly, old man, it pays to own the things you use, and that's why YOU and the MASTER CLASS in general fight Socialism; for you know, and so does the MASTER CLASS all over the world, that as soon as Socialism comes into power that those who CREATE THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD WILL OWN IT, and that the MASTER CLASS will have to go away back and sit down, or else get up and hustle the same as do the SLAVE CLASS of today.

"THANK YOU."

A letter recently received from Mr. C. Hamilton, of 1502 West Maryland street, Evansville, Indiana, in part follows:

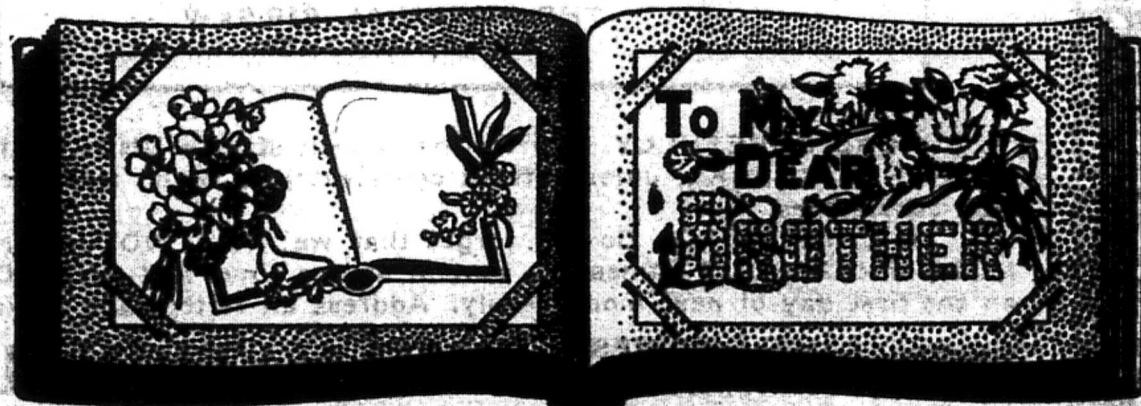
"My Dear Colonel:—

"I am a subscriber to the RIPSAW, and I thank you for that privilege, as it is the best Socialist paper I ever read; give it to 'em, Colonel. I have just sent in a list of nine subscribers.

"You say just what I want to say, but I don't know how to say it."

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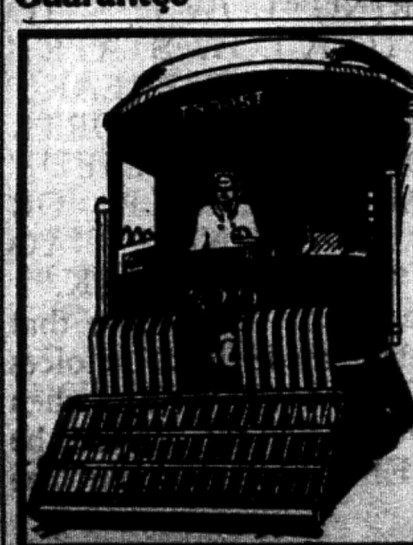
I will send you my perfect Trusight Eye Tester with which you can test your own eyes as well as the most skilled optician. When you return the tester with your test I will send you a pair of Genuine Trusight Spectacles that will surely fit you on 6 days' free trial. I won't ask for

a cent of money—no deposit—not even a reference. You wear the glasses in your own home for six days and if perfectly satisfactory in every way—if they are the best glasses you ever saw at any price—send me only \$1 and the glasses are yours. If the glasses for any reason do not suit you—if you don't believe them to be the best bargain you ever had—return them and you are out nothing. It is because I am so positive that you can see better with Trusight Spectacles than with common glasses that I want to send a pair especially fitted to your eyes on 6 days' free trial. Send your tester today. **TRUSIGHT SPECTACLE CO., 4413 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**



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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—**July**. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

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

HUMBLeness

If you want to handle a man or woman and make them your servants, and make them do just exactly as you want them to do, you must teach them to be "humble." If you want to dwarf the conception of man and make him your tool, and make him your servant and compel him to do your drudgery without a protest, you must teach him to be "humble."—The foundation of every monarchical country that now is, has been or ever will be, is laid upon the foundation of "humbleness."

If you want to ravish the brow of labor, or if you want to rob the arm of industry, or if you want to paralyze the ambition of others for your special benefit, you must inculcate the principles of "humbleness," and the more completely you have funneled those principles into the minds of the masses, the easier it will be for you to rob and ravish their rights.

The **RIP-SAW** does not believe in "humbleness" in any shape, form or manner; neither does the **RIP-SAW** believe that an all-wise and

most powerful God, expects the human family to grovel at his feet in "humbleness," for a God such as our God is would not, nor could not be a just God, and expect his children to sink their individuality and intellectuality into the vats of oblivion to worship him, as he expects his children to demonstrate their approval of his great kindness to them by obeying his laws and commands, and not by becoming slaves and serfs, such as we have been taught by the clergy of this country we should be.

What is the meaning of the word "humble?" Webster says it is:

"TO BRING DOWN;" "TO REDUCE TO A LOW STATE;" "TO CRUSH;" "TO BREAK;" "TO SUBDUE;" "TO MORTIFY;" "TO MAKE ASHAMED;" "TO MAKE HUMBLE OR LOWLY IN MIND;" "TO ABASE;" "TO MAKE MEEK."

Now, reader, do you believe that the God that made you, rejoices when he **CRUSHES YOU**, when he **SUBDUES YOU**, when he **MORTIFIES YOU**, when he

MAKES YOU ASHAMED? If you believe this, then you must be worshipping a God that is a tyrant, and one who rejoices at the mortification of those whom we are taught he so loved that he gave his only son to die for. Now, if you or I loved a man or woman so dearly that we would make the sacrifice of one of our children for them, do you think that we would rejoice in seeing that individual **HUMBLED, BROKEN IN SPIRIT, CRUSHED, MORTIFIED, OR MADE ASHAMED?** Ah, no! we ourselves, would be mortified, would be broken in spirit, would be humiliated, and would be sad to know that that friend which we so dearly loved, had been brought to such a degree of "humbleness."

Reader, if you had a man working for you and you wanted him to remain in your clutches, in order that you might make him a financial asset, regardless of benefiting him individually, what would be the first thing you would do in order to retain this poor devil? Ah, you would endeavor to make him "humble." Now, how would you go about keeping him "humble?" Why, you would pay him just as little money as possible, and not permit him to lay away any surplus, or at least as little as possible, so that he could not be independent enough to either make you do the right thing by him

or pull out and leave you. Now, is not this theory correct? Most assuredly it is, for if you were so damnably mean and such an infernal human hog that you had no thought of this man who was working for you, only a selfish thought, is it not natural that you would want to keep him as "humble" as possible? For it is a notorious fact that the more humble a man is the more readily he bows to the will of the fiend who preys upon his rights; and it is this doctrine of "humbleness" that has permitted the scheming villains of this country to throttle the spirit of independence, as the spirit of independence is an intelligent spirit, and it will not, nor cannot thrive and exist where the doctrine of "humbleness" is eternally preached by those whom we and our children are expected to believe and look to as our teachers and leaders.

No, sir, the **RIP-SAW** does not believe in a God that teaches his children to be "humble," and such a doctrine was never taught by God Almighty, and we defy the world to produce the evidence. But the doctrine of independent manhood and womanhood has been so twisted and contorted by a scheming clergy that we have a nation of men and women who believe that God Almighty taught and teaches a doctrine of "humbleness."

None but a "bully" and none but a tyrant, would expect men and women to be "humble." Can you not lay your finger upon some man of your acquaintance who is considered a "bully" in the section in which he lives? If you can, doesn't that individual try to terrify, rule and conquer his acquaintances by fear, and doesn't "fear" produce "humbleness?" Most assuredly it does, as fear and humbleness are symbolic, and if we must have "fear" before we have "humbleness," then humbleness is the offspring of "fear," and a God who would promulgate a doctrine of "fear" is not a God of love, and the RIP-SAW wants nothing to do with a God that is not a God of Love.

What would you think of a great big, overgrown, robust, healthy, strong, powerful, intellectual man, who held the power within his hands to crush and annihilate, destroy and obliterate those who were about him, if he should demand that they become "humble" before he would believe that they loved him? You would call him a tyrant; you would call him a monarch; you would call him a "beast," in fact you would denounce him with all the vehemence of your physical nature. But still you permit and countenance, and go down in your pockets and support a set of men who will teach your children that God does not love those who will not "humble" themselves in sackcloth and ashes, in order to demonstrate to him that they love him.

This doctrine of "humbleness" is the identical doctrine that has brought this country so near the borders of European serfdom, and it is exactly this doctrine of "humbleness" that established the monarchical thrones of Europe, and which permits them to flourish today; and such a doctrine is an abomination to God Almighty, and to the lowly Nazarene who died in order to redeem and uplift the victims of this doctrine of "humbleness," which made slaves of the human family.

The RIP-SAW believes in a God; the RIP-SAW believes in a heaven; but the RIP-SAW believes in a Just God, and in a glorious heaven; but a God who would be instigator and promulgator of a doctrine of "humbleness" would be a tyrannical God, and a tyrannical God would not be a God capable of planning a heaven where the "humble slave" could enjoy him or herself when the cause of their earthly humbleness could be traced back to that God.

The doctrine of "humbleness" is the doctrine which has created such human fiends as the Czar of Russia; the doctrine of humbleness is the doctrine which has erected the thrones of Europe; the doctrine of "humbleness" is the doctrine which has turned our legislative halls into dens of thieves; the doctrine of "humbleness" has made our public officials public pirates, to prey upon an "humble" public. The doctrine

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of "humbleness" is "man-made" and not God-made.

So long as we have the doctrine of "humbleness" taught us and our children, just so long we will have a herd of "Humble Idiots."

We would like very much for one of our priests or preachers who continually preach the gospel of "humbleness" to tell us why any Christian man or woman who does right because it is right to do right, should appear humiliated or cast down or "humble;" as the man or woman who does right for the sake of right, can, without a blush, face both God and man without any humiliation or without "humbleness."

We make the declaration without any fear of a successful contradiction, that "humbleness" and humiliation and a state of broken spirits is an indication of guilt.

The man or woman who obeys God and his commands, has no reason to be "humble" or downcast, as they have done exactly as God Almighty commanded them to do. Then why should they not look both God and man squarely in the face and shout their hallelujahs?

Again, we want to state that it is the doctrine of "humbleness" that populates our European countries with serfs and slaves; it is the doctrine of "humbleness" that has spread on the statute books of this country laws made and executed for the special benefit of the "classes," and these laws were made possible by the masses believing and practicing a doctrine of "humbleness" and taking for granted that their political leaders were above reproach, and being afraid to make the declaration that they were devils incarnate; and just as long as our children are taught the doctrine of "humbleness" and humiliation by the clergy of this country, just that long our children and their posterity will have every right guaranteed to

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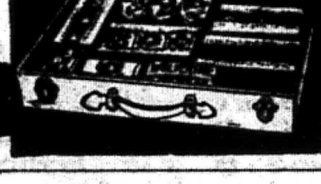
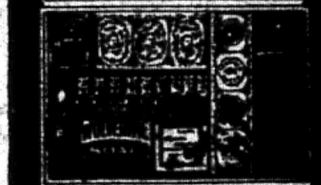
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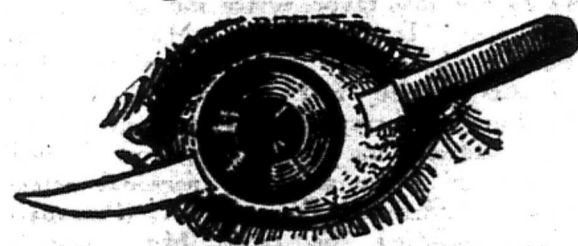
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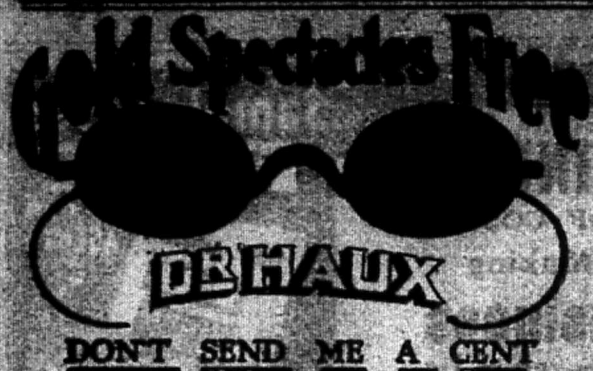
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For Christ's Sake—We Guess

Apparently, the way they serve the Lord in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, if you happen to be a shapely, good looking girl, is to do the job up in "tights."

The other night, in Pittsburg, the home of **POVERTY** and **MILLIONAIRES**, the prettiest, the shapeliest and the wealthiest girls in Pittsburg, clad in **T-I-G-H-T-S**, tripped the light fantastic before a hall full of blase men, with eyes standing out so far from their sockets that you could have knocked them off with a clapboard.

How did it come that the daughters of the millionaires of Pittsburg donned "**T-I-G-H-T-S**" and short skirts? And what was the occasion for this wanton exhibition of shapely legs? Well, they were doing it to raise funds for the "**YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION**."—Yes, sir, for the "**YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION**," and of course they had to follow the scriptures to a dot, as in the "twenty-leventh chapter of "Peteronomy" and the leventy-leventh verse, we think, it says, "when good looking, shapely girls shall endeavor to get money for Christ's sake, they should go at it in **T-I-G-H-T-S**."

Now, what do you suppose prompted these daughters of millionaires to haul on **T-I-G-H-T-S**, short skirts, and appear in a public hall and dance? Well, they wanted **MONEY, MONEY, MONEY**, and they knew that if it was advertised in Pittsburg that the daughters of millionaires were to appear in Carnegie Music Hall in tights and short skirts, that every "**HE**" in that smoky old city that could crowd in, would cough up "two-bits" if they had to sell their grandmother's night-shirt to get hold of the coin.

The dancing girls were Helen Frick, Virginia Frew, Electa and Florence Harper and the Misses Erwin, Painter, Jennings, McClellan and Mrs. Hubert Laughlin.

Now, we are quite sure that every girl that appeared at Carnegie Hall in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and danced, were virtuous and dear sweet girls, but how in the Sam-hill they could get it into their heads that they could do more good in this skin hugging paraphernalia than they could by appearing in modest female attire, is something that we cannot get through our dense pates, **UNLESS**, and here comes the "rub"—unless they figured that they could get a lot more men to "cough up" to see them in **T-I-G-H-T-S** than they could to see them in "duds" not so "tight," and undoubtedly this was the reason,

for, of course, the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not an institution that preaches the doctrine of "**TIGHTS AND SHORT SKIRTS**," as the women who absorb booze and get stinking drunk on John Barleycorn are the ones who are supposed to wear tights and short skirts, and not give a continental hallelujah about who sees their legs.

Now, just about how much respect do you suppose the "bullies" who attended this frolic have for the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, when they realize that why these daughters of millionaires appeared in this shameful garb, was simply to get bar-room loafers to "dig down" and "produce" two-bits or more, in order to see the shape of these girls?—These fellows couldn't have, if they tried, any respect for this Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union when they realize that it was working the same tactics to get business that the wine rooms, which are owned and controlled by the bar-rooms, work to get business, as it is invariably the trick of saloon-keepers to have a wine room in close proximity to their saloons, and have women dressed in tights and short skirts to get business, the same as did the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in order to draw blase men into their frolic at Carnegie Hall.

If the Socialist party had given an entertainment to raise money for the cause of Socialism in the smoky old city of Pittsburg, and had they advertised that their daughters would appear on a certain night at a certain hall clad in tights and short skirts, the millionaire fathers of these daughters who danced for the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union would have seen that the hall was raided before you could have said "scat" with your mouth open, and every capitalist newspaper in America would have yelled long and loud about the immorality of the Socialist Fathers, Sons, Brothers and Husbands, and the church members of that city, especially the preachers and priests, would have, on the next Sunday morning, folded their digits across their heaving bowels and exclaimed, "**SOCIALISM WILL DESTROY THE HOME**," and "Teddy, the Big-tooter," would have bellowed forth from Africa that "**SOCIALISM WAS TOO NASTY TO TALK ABOUT IN REPUTABLE NEWSPAPERS**."—There's a mighty lot of difference in doing business for "**CHRIST'S SAKE**" and for the sake of over-worked and under-fed fathers, mothers, wives and pale-faced babies.

AGENTS!! Who's a Bold Man for You
Yes, we mean it. Absolutely new; never sold before. Ideal summer proposition for Ladies or Gents. \$3 to \$5 a day easily made working only part time. Capt. Jack O'Donnell, Mich., sold 154 in 3 days. You want it. Better risk postal for full information and free offer. **FOOTE MFG. COMPANY, Dept. 1468, DAYTON, OHIO**

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Establish a profitable and lasting business of your own. Be your own boss. We furnish everything, including Sample Outfit valued at \$3.50. We begin with nothing; are now worth \$100,000; what we did you can do; we will gladly help you. Big Catalog, Plans and Sample Outfit now ready and **ALL FREE**. Write now. Consolidated Perfumery & Fragrance Co. **228-121 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.**

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If your ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if eyes ache, water or burn, or sight is failing, if you cough, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in Nose, Irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, your name and address will bring to you absolutely free a 30-day course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications. We have cured many who have tried various so-called Catarrh cures with little or no benefit, and we make you this liberal offer to introduce our splendid treatment in your section. **REMEMBER** send only your symptoms, name and address, **NO MONEY**—and without cost you will receive a 30-day course of medicine prescribed especially for you. **GRAND AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 780 RIDGE BLVD., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY
and **\$2000** a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars Free. **Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.**

AGENTS (NINE IN ONE)
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GOOD MAN WANTED
As a Davis Agent. Others making \$5 to \$10 daily selling our authentic assortments of Soap and Toilet Special. **\$33.75 Profit**. Start 1908 right by becoming a Davis Agent. **E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 428 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

8 SPARKLING TINSEL POST CARDS 10
with your name and town on in silver or gold. 8 for 10c, or \$1.00 per 100. **GROES ONARD CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., N. Y.**

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$500 a month can be made. Write for terms. **Novelty Outfitters Co., No. 14 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.**

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To introduce our Genuine Imported Mexican Diamonds
We send **FREE**, prepaid, a Genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with Illustrated Gem Catalogue. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine Diamonds, stand acid tests, are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. **Brilliantly Guaranteed Permanent**. Best people wear them. **SPECIAL OFFER**—1/4 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond sent on approval at special price for 50c deposit, to show good faith. Money back if desired. Write to-day. **MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. FV 6, Las Cruces, New Mexico.**

10 SOLID GOLD FLOWER CARDS 10c
New and beautiful; no two alike; all with backgrounds of solid gold, some with handsome flower designs printed in many beautiful colors, making the richest postcards you ever saw. **ALLIS ART CO., Dept. 406, 321 Lawrence St., CHICAGO.**

DR. FOOTE'S FLASHLIGHTS 10c
ON HUMAN NATURE
DON'T WORRY
The only concise Book on the subjects of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health and Disease. 240 pages fully illustrated. Contains advice necessary to adults. Imparts information that one hesitates to ask a Doctor. A thought awakener. Written by Dr. Foote, a Specialist of 50 years' practice. **SEND FOR IT TO-DAY. Special offer, 10c**
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FREE WATCH-RING and CHAIN
We positively give **FREE** to boys and girls a beautiful, American-made **GREEN WIND and STEEL-SET, GOLD PLATED, NICELY ENGRAVED WAGON**, prove the **GUARANTEED 5 years**. Also **GOLD PLATE** ring, set with two sparkling stones, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry now. When sold send \$5 and we will send watch, ring and chain free. **Dale Watch Co., Dept. 14 Chicago**

One Dollar Bottle Free!
Every reader of this paper who is afflicted with Rheumatism can secure a full-sized one dollar bottle of a valuable Rheumatism medicine free by accepting the offer on page 7 of this issue. Turn to it and read it.

"I MADE \$12 PER DAY
Selling This 1-Piece Kitchen Set"—Shows advertisement of **H. E. GUNNINGHAM** AGENTS coining money. Selling from 50 to 600 sets per week. You can do it. Send your address to-day and let us **PROVE IT**. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make \$2 to \$10 a day. **OUTFIT FREE** to workers. Start quick—write today. **THOMAS MFG. CO., 1645 Hursey Bldg., Dayton, Ohio**

HOPE AND FAITH

There's quite a difference in the meaning of the word HOPE and the word FAITH. We have been taught, all through life, that FAITH was the motor that moved the world, and this teaching has made FAITH FADISTS of the children of men.

When we say that we have FAITH in a thing, we are either basing this thing we call FAITH upon a demonstrated or a scientific FACT, or else our faith has been inspired by IGNORANCE, PURE AND SIMPLE.

We want to make the assertion that there can be no INTELLIGENT FAITH in a thing that neither man nor science has demonstrated to be a FACT. I know exactly where these indisputable truths lead to if followed to their logical conclusion; but since the science of Socialism only deals in concrete and earthly things we do not care to follow but the humanitarian end of this two-pronged proposition to a solution.

There's no man that has FAITH in anything that he does not believe will benefit him INDIVIDUALLY, and you never IN ALL YOUR LIFE, knew of a man claiming to have faith in a thing that he didn't believe, or CLAIM TO BELIEVE, that he thought would benefit either him or those he loved. Now, we do not desire to drop down too abruptly upon the minds of those who claim to have FAITH in both the Republican and Democratic parties, as we realize FROM EXPERIENCE, how very shocking it is to a man's nerves to be awakened suddenly from a dream of ignorance to a WAKEFUL REALIZATION that his past IDEALS are but the painted faces of his enemies; therefore, we want to travel by easy stages to the door of your intellectuality.

I, for years, had FAITH in the Republican party, as you have today FAITH in the Republican or Democratic party, and when I was aroused from that fitful, fanciful, ignorant dream of imbecility, I staggered about as one drunk, under this awakening, and REFUSED FOR YEARS, to believe that it was IMPOSSIBLE for me to have FAITH in a thing that had failed to demonstrate that it held anything in store for my benefit, or for the benefit of those I loved; for as we have previously stated, it is ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE for any man to have a trusting faith in a thing which he does not BELIEVE is friendly to his interests; but so many of us have never learned that our BELIEFS don't amount to anything whatever; as our BELIEFS are only the shadows of our education, and if our education has

been false, our BELIEFS will also be false.

You may not know it, Mr. Reader, but it is much more difficult to FORGET OLD THINGS than it is to LEARN NEW THINGS, and when the two propositions of FORGETTING OLD THINGS and LEARNING NEW THINGS are taken conjointly, then I do not wonder at the human family floundering about so long in ignorance.

Mr. Laboringman, you must first learn that it is HOPE and not FAITH that keeps you in the Republican and Democratic parties, as it CAN NOT BE FAITH, as you have nothing to predicate that faith upon, as there can be no REAL FAITH in a thing that promises you and your loved ones NOTHING, and you know that neither of these old parties promise you anything, as to promise with the LIPS, realizing that it is IMPOSSIBLE, to keep that promise, makes the most diabolical and black-hearted liar on earth, and when either the Republican or Democratic parties promise the laboring world JUSTICE, when they KNOW that it is IMPOSSIBLE TO GIVE JUSTICE they do it only to PERPETUATE THEIR POWER and nothing else; and these old political parties know that it is IMPOSSIBLE to give those who create ALL WEALTH justice, so long as those who create that wealth are COMPELLED to support those WHO CREATE NO WEALTH.

I know from my OWN EXPERIENCE, that why those who toil, vote either the Republican or Democratic tickets, is because they have FAITH in these parties and BELIEVE that their interests will be better served by sticking to these old parties than by voting with the Socialist party, as every man casts his vote for what he BELIEVES is his best interest, but he has never learned that his BELIEF is not worth a snap unless that belief is founded on FACTS.—Now, have those who toil, any FACTS upon which to found their BELIEF? I will not discuss this phase of the subject, as it is too silly to even give it a passing notice, as the laboring world knows that TODAY and each succeeding day finds them as POVERTY STRICKEN and often worse than they were five, ten, fifteen or twenty years ago; then how can you have FAITH in a thing that, as a demonstrated FACT, is opposed to your interests?

Upon the other hand, your BOSSES, or to be more explicit, YOUR MASTERS, have a RATIONAL AND REASONABLE FAITH in both the Republican and

Democratic parties, as these old political parties have proven, year after year, that they are a FRIEND to them by permitting them to live WITHOUT TOIL off of those WHO MUST TOIL OR STARVE; therefore, the MASTER CLASS have ABSOLUTE FAITH in both the Republican and Democratic parties; and why not? For haven't these old parties permitted this MASTER CLASS to enact and execute laws which permit those WHO DO NOT WORK to compel those WHO MUST WORK OR STARVE to divide a part of each lick they strike with them?—Your BOSSES have a reasonable FAITH in both the REPUBLICAN and Democratic parties.—BUT HOW ABOUT THE FAITH OF THE SLAVE WHO IS ROBBED BY THESE HELLISH OLD PARTIES?

No INTELLIGENT laboring man can either have HOPE OR FAITH in the Republican or Democratic parties, as to have FAITH in a thing one must have some demonstrated FACT, and that fact must be friendly to the cause of that man who has that faith, for as stated before, it is ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE to have a confiding faith in a thing unless we believe that it is FRIENDLY TO US INDIVIDUALLY.

The laboring world cannot have any HOPE of either the Republican or Democratic parties giving them justice, as the word HOPE must be predicated upon a REASONABLE BELIEF, and since those who manipulate both the Republican and Democratic parties, own BOTH THE JOBS AND THE TOOLS which those who labor MUST USE OR STARVE, do you suppose that they will, WITHOUT BEING FORCED, ever turn these jobs and tools over to those who use them, and permit the laborers to REAP ALL THEY sow? If you HOPE that they will ever do this while you "BLUBBER HEADS" continue to vote for them to own your jobs, and the tools with which you work, you are too darned ignorant to be permitted to vote.

For a laboring man to have an INTELLIGENT FAITH in either the Republican or Democratic parties, that man must be able to point out something which these parties have done to benefit him.—Can you point to anything they have done for you, only to force you to work as many hours each day as possible at as small a wage as possible? You know that you can't; then what is it that has inspired that FAITH you claim to have in these old robber parties?

Can you, Mr. Laboringman, INTELLIGENTLY HOPE for anything better than you now have, from either of these old parties, so long as you permit your MASTERS to OWN both YOUR JOBS AND THE TOOLS YOU

WORK WITH, while you continue to cast your vote in favor of them retaining this ownership?—Get it into your head, Mr. Reader, RIGHT NOW, that why we labor is NOT BECAUSE WE LIKE IT, but because we are COMPELLED TO LABOR OR STARVE; and when you get this FACT settled firmly in your "TOP END," you'll then understand WHY YOU ARE A SLAVE OF OTHERS.

In conclusion, we want to impress upon the mind of the reader that there can be no INTELLIGENT FAITH without a DEMONSTRATED OR SCIENTIFIC FACT to found that faith upon; neither can there be an INTELLIGENT HOPE without some CONCRETE EVIDENCE to found that hope upon.—Can you, Mr. Reader, if you labor for your daily bread, possibly have an INTELLIGENT FAITH in either the Republican or Democratic parties who have always compelled you to work in the SLAVE RANKS, and permitted your MASTERS to live off of your toil?—Can you, Mr. Laboringman, have an INTELLIGENT HOPE of either the Republican or Democratic parties lifting the yoke of bondage from your neck, when they know that to do this would compel them to WORK OR STARVE?—Undoubtedly you cannot have such a HOPE, if you are not a fool, as TOIL is shunned by all who can avoid it, as the ONLY INCENTIVE TO TOIL IS WHAT THAT TOIL YIELDS.—If you want to gather the FULL YIELD OF YOUR HARVEST, YOU MUST OWN THE JOB AND THE TOOLS WITH WHICH YOU WORK, and no political party believes in this PERPENDICULAR JUSTICE but the SOCIALIST PARTY.—If you earn your bread in the sweat of your face, and if you are not a Socialist, WHY NOT?

GIVEN TO BOYS



BOYS
You can have a fine Base Ball Suit made to your measure in blue, red, gray or black, consisting of heavily padded pants, any style shirt or cap and fine belt, or you can have a Player's Outfit, consisting of heavily padded chest protector, steel wire mask, catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, cap and belt for distributing only 30 packages of our beautifully colored, highly artistic Post Cards (10 each). Post Cards to a player at 15 cents in connection with our special offer. Our Post Cards are easy to sell. Subjects are new and pleasing. The people will be glad to buy them. We trust you with the Post Cards. Send no money in advance. Premiums sent promptly upon receipt of \$5.00 from sale. Write at once. L. M. LOWE, Dept. B, 275 E. 21st Street, New York City.

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THEY MAKE THE BLOOD CIRCULATE=THEY GIVE HEALTH and STRENGTH

We Prove It To You

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All we ask is for you to send us full description of your case, and we will write you and advise you fully all about it, telling what can be done and how it can be done.

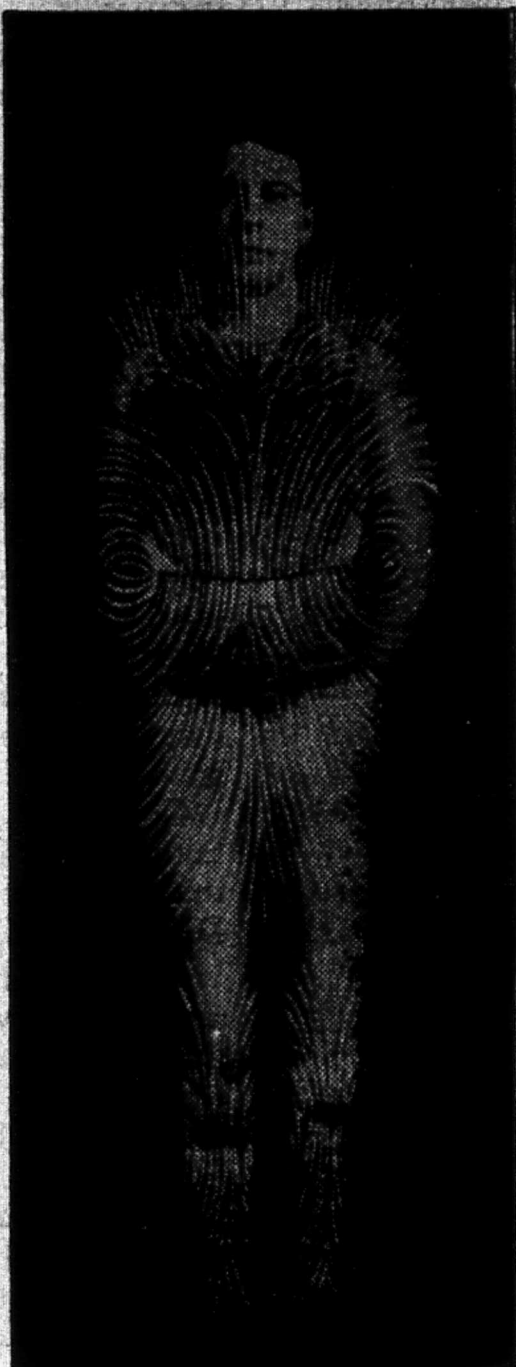
Investigate our claims—it means Health and strength for you. It is a duty you owe yourself, and it costs you nothing to make a thorough inquiry and investigation. Our book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," is FREE to all who send statements of their cases.

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 live another month. I was getting tired of taking medicine. Nothing helped me. I happened to see your advertisement in the paper, which read, "Magnetism Cures Without Medicine." I thought "While there is life there is hope." So, just one year ago today I put on your wonderful Magnetic Vest, Leggings and Insoles. The result was a miracle, for in two days I felt relieved; in a week, very much better; in three weeks entirely cured.

Words can not 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.



The Proof Is Free

We want to advise you free of charge and give you all the proof and evidence, and then let you judge for yourself whether you want Magnetic Shields to strengthen your circulation and assist Nature in curing your disease, or not. We will not urge you to buy Magnetic Shields. We simply want to give you the facts and then let you use your own judgment. If medicine has failed to cure your trouble, give Nature a chance. Put Magnetic force into your system and let Nature build up and repair damage through the circulation, as Nature repairs damage this way and in no other way. The blood is the life of the body, and Magnetism is the life of the blood.

"THE SHIELDS HAVE SAVED MY LIFE."

EXTREME CASES OF PARALYSIS SPEEDILY CURED AFTER HAVING HAD TWO STROKES.

DEAR DR. THACHER: I feel as though I must give my testimonial, in hopes that it may induce some poor, suffering one afflicted with paralysis to get the Shields and be cured, who otherwise would give up in despair and die, for the Shields have saved my life, which I believe nothing else could ever have done, for, as you have said, when I came into your office eleven years ago, a poor wreck of myself, so that I had to be half carried and could not help myself, you were afraid it was too late, but advised that if I was covered up with Shields that I might yet be saved. You did nearly cover me with the Shields, and they did their work. They started the deadened blood and saved my life, which must otherwise have been of very short duration, for my bowels and stomach had stopped working entirely, for nearly a week. They were the same as dead. I had had the second stroke. The root of the tongue was also totally paralyzed, and the eyes were set: could not move them, and the brain was so far gone it felt just like a big basket on my shoulders, and I had to be held up while the Shields were being put on, for my whole strength had given out, and I think you had little hopes of saving me, but you said you would try, and only for your timely efforts I would not have stayed long. I began to feel better and improved with every hour after I put them on, and in eight weeks I was out traveling on the road. I was then past 50 years of age. I am now very much alive, smart and active, and I advise no one to hesitate trying the Shields after they know what they have done for me, and I will be glad to answer any letter of inquiry that may come to me from any person suffering with paralysis or similar form of disease.

MRS. M. C. SCHWAGER, 646 W. 41st St., Chicago, Ill.

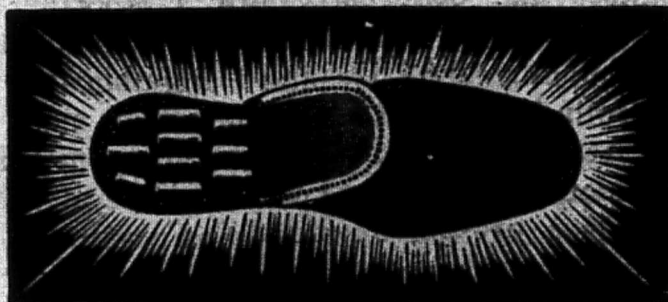
WE MAKE SHIELDS FOR EVERY PART OF THE BODY FOR TREATING EVERY FORM OF DISEASE

The accompanying cut shows how the Lung Shield, Belt and Lower Leggings fill the trunk of the body and the vital organs and also the lower extremities with powerful Magnetic currents, that give new life and energy to the nerve system and improve the circulation from head to foot. This set of shields contains over 850 powerful Magnetic storage batteries, which are GUARANTEED TO RETAIN THEIR POWER and constantly radiate their Magnetic force into the system. We make shields for men, women and children, all described in our new book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," free to all who send description of their cases.

POSITIVE PROOF ON YOUR OWN BODY

If you are skeptical and must see with your own eyes on your own body

TRY THESE FOOT BATTERIES



THEY WILL CONVINCE YOU

They will convince the most doubting skeptic that Magnetic Shields make the blood circulate. They speak for themselves in ways more convincing than any argument in words that we could use. They are a mere drop in the ocean compared with the larger shields worn on the trunk of the body, but

THEY DO CONVINCE. TRY THEM

They make the blood circulate in the extremities. They can be used on any part of the body to test their power. They are good for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, Cramps, Poor Circulation in the Extremities, and all forms of weakness in the feet and limbs. They insulate the body against the cold, damp earth, and are worth their weight in gold to any sufferer. Get a pair to-day. They are worn comfortably in any shoes. The Single Power are \$1.00 a pair, or three pairs for \$2.00, postage paid. Send size of shoe when ordering FOOT BATTERIES. Send a description of your case for free advice, and much valuable information on the subject of Magnetism.

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