

NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

OUR MOTTO
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

Vol. VI., No. 5.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY, 1909.

WHOLE NO. 65.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY TO STEAL

A few days ago, little Jimmy Finley, a seventeen-year-old lad of New York City, was brought before Judge Crane for stealing six cents worth of coal from the New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Little Jimmy is the son of a poor widow woman who has five children, and she had no fuel and no money to buy it with.

They had but very little food to cook, and no fire to cook it with, and Jimmy and his little brothers and sisters were hungry; so the lad in his desperation permitted his hunger and the sympathy and love that he had for his dear old mother and little brothers and sisters to drive him to the yards of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad and purloin six cents worth of coal to cook their meager supper with.— Jimmy was arrested and hauled before Judge Crane.

When Judge Crane looked down into little Jimmy Finley's tear-stained face, he beheld a frank, open, honest countenance, and his heart went out to the lad and he asked him how it came that he stole the six cents worth of coal, and the lad explained to this grim old Judge that he was hungry, and that his four little brothers and sisters were hungry and whining around their mother's feet for bread, like famishing puppies; and further

told Judge Crane that they only had a little food to cook, and had no fuel to cook it with, and no money to buy fuel with, and that he went out to the yards of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad and stole just barely six cents worth of coal, and stole it in order that they might not die that night of hunger.

Judge Crane had been used to listening to many, many sad, heart-rending stories told by the victims of a heartless commercial system, who are driven by the thousands to theft in order that they might live and remain in a world which God Almighty has given FREE to his children; but this heart-rending story of little seventeen-year-old Jimmy Finley stirred up all the manhood in Judge Crane's soul, and he elevated his glasses and leaned over the railing that surrounded his desk, and for the short span of two minutes Socialism raged within his soul and fanned his anger into a righteous conflagration, and in open court he poured into the ears of little Jimmy and the audience that surrounded his judicial bench the following language: "JIMMY, WHEN YOU GET TO BE A RAILROAD PRESIDENT, YOU CAN STEAL MILLIONS FROM THE PUBLIC, AND EVERYBODY WILL LOOK UP TO YOU AND RESPECT YOU,

AND NOBODY WILL DARE TO PROSECUTE YOU, BUT IN THE MEANWHILE YOU MUSTN'T STEAL IN SMALL AMOUNTS. STEALING IN CONNECTION WITH A RAILROAD SHOULD ALWAYS BE DONE IN LARGE AMOUNTS, THEN YOU WON'T BE ARRESTED."—And little Jimmy Finley was freed and sent home to his dear old distracted mother, and to his little hungry, emaciated, half-clothed, thin-lipped brothers and sisters, and methinks that every angel in heaven leaned out far over the battlements of that celestial land and sang their sweetest anthems in praise of the act of Judge Crane of New York City.

What do you think, fathers and mothers, of a system that has become so awful that a Judge will openly declare to a prisoner at his bar, and before a crowded court room, that that system is so damnably rotten and so hellishly corrupt that there are two ways to steal; and further state that if the theft is committed by a hungry, famishing child that it is a sin, under the present system, but if committed by a well-frocked millionaire, and if the theft is LARGE ENOUGH it is right, and that they WON'T EVEN BE ARRESTED? Do you not believe that there is something wrong with a system which will punish your child BECAUSE IT IS POOR, and will set the child of a MILLIONAIRE at liberty for a MORE HEINOUS CRIME BECAUSE IT IS RICH?

Socialism has stood at your door

for years and years, and has screamed at the top of its voice and tried to awake you from your lethargical sleep of imbecility, by holding your babies under your very eyes and telling you that if you are one of the slave class that that baby is born into perpetual slavery, as the system which has been builded by masters thrives only upon the miseries of those who are compelled to create the wealth of the world or starve, and who are deprived of all they create but barely enough to exist upon.—And the leaders of Socialism have been sent to jail, have been deprived of free speech, and have had their liberty taken away from them for uttering the same language that Judge Crane of New York City uttered in open court.

Has not the conditions which Judge Crane tells us exist, grown up under the rule and reign of the Republican and Democratic parties? You know they have. Then how, oh, how, can you, YE SLAVE FATHERS, YE SLAVE BROTHERS, YE SLAVE SONS, AND YE SLAVE HUSBANDS afford to go on, year after year, casting your ballots for the candidates of either the Republican or Democratic parties when you know as well as you know that you are alive, that your babies are born into perpetual slavery and destined to end their days as galley slaves unless by your ballots you change the conditions which the Republican and Democratic parties say are EXACTLY TO THEIR LIKING.

If MIGHT makes RIGHT, then both the Republican and Democratic parties are right, and the doctrines of JESUS CHRIST are a FAKE and a FARCE.

Will you not, the next time you have an opportunity to vote, remember what Judge Crane thundered into the ears of little Jimmy Finley when he virtually said: "IF YOU ARE RICH YOU CAN STEAL MILLIONS AND YOU WILL NEVER BE ARRESTED?"

You know that you will never be granted that privilege, as the things that make men rich are today all owned and controlled by the FEW, and the many are ground into yellow gold, in order that this FEW may live in ease and luxury, while YOUR BABIES starve and rot in paupers' fields.—If you have been prejudiced against Socialism, let me implore you to lay your prejudice down for just a short ten days and inquire what Socialism offers you and your loved ones, as all that we ask of any man who has been blinded by the cohorts of Republicanism and Democracy is to diligently inquire what Socialism means to the SLAVE CLASS, and we know that he will join our ranks, as it makes nothing but reasonable promises, and fair promises, and promises which the workers of the world, BY UNITING, can make a living reality.—Won't you, oh, ye fathers and mothers who are in the Jimmy Finley class, won't you investigate and learn what Socialism means to YOU AND YOURS?

"FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME."

A letter recently received from Mr. John M. Green, of Seymour, Texas, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"Oh, if there was some plan by which the RIP-SAW could be placed in the hands of every working slave in America for one twelve months, they would rise in their might and overthrow the capitalist system.

"Colonel, you may not live to see the reward of your labors, but rest assured they will leave "FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME."

HONEY, IS YOU HURTED?

Listen at little M. S. Phelan, editor of the "SCOTT COUNTY DEMOCRAT," published at Benton, Missouri, howl about what the RIP-SAW said relative to Congressman Charles A. Crow of the Shoe String District of Missouri, being a Socialist.—"Why, Honey, is you hurted?" Or is you afraid that a Socialist will be harder to beat in your Congressional district in the fall of 1910 than a Republican?—Guess you is or you wouldn't get so all-fired mad because the editor of the RIP-SAW states FACTS, as according to every logical standpoint, if you were not afraid of the Socialist Party you would be tickled to death to know that Charles A. Crow was considered a Socialist.

Listen at what fidgety, fuming Phelan says about the editor of the RIP-SAW: "IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE EDITOR OF THE RIP-SAW IS NOT A SOCIALIST, ONLY IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. AT HEART, AND BY ENVIRONMENT, HE COULD NOT BE IF HE DESIRED TO BE."—Well, I'll be gol-darned! It's the first time in all our life that we were ever placed in the capitalist class, and such we must be, as the Scott County Democrat says that "BY ENVIRONMENT WE COULD NOT BE A SOCIALIST."—Well, well! Now, my dear Mr. Phelan, will you please tell us what ENVIRONMENTS we have ever had thrown about us that would keep us from being a Socialist? As our associates all

through life, or at least until we were old enough to support a good strong beard, were black mules and white slaves, and after we married, it is true, we gave up our mule associates when we left the farm, but all of our life, from the time we were washed in a tin pan and greased with a bacon rind, up to the present moment, our associates have been men who earned their bread in the sweat of their face. Then tell us, Brother Phelan, why our environments are such that we could not be a Socialist?

Mr. Phelan, you must realize that if you associate with the MASTER CLASS that it renders you incompetent to be an honest, sincere, brother-loving Socialist.

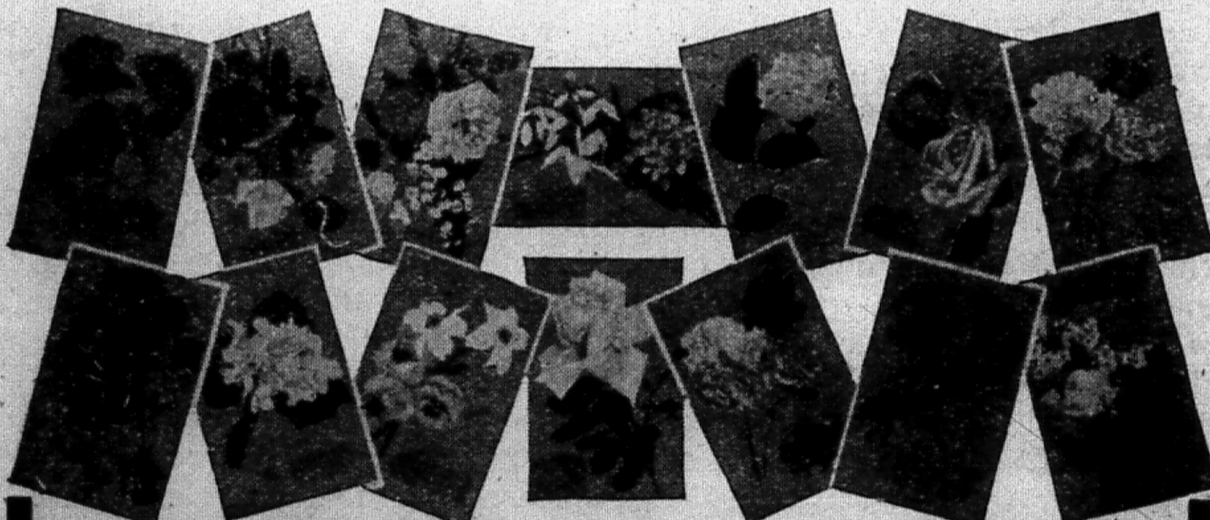
Listen at Brother Phelan again toot his little "tooter." He says that "HE (MEANING THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL) MAY BE CLASS CONSCIOUS, BUT HIS CONSCIENCE IS IN THE WRONG CLASS."—Now, son, you say that the environments of the editor of this journal have been such that he could'nt be a Socialist, and infer that our environments have been with the class that oppose Socialism; and then immediately turn around and say that "IF WE ARE CLASS CONSCIOUS, THAT OUR CONSCIENCE IS IN THE WRONG CLASS."—Why, honey, don't you think that you are making an awful ass of YOUR CLASS, and of yourself individually, when you say that "I AM IN THE WRONG CLASS IF I AM IN YOUR CLASS?"—O! Sweetie, it would take three capital "S's" in the word "ass" to spell your name.

He again says that "HE (MEANING THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL) IS SIMPLY A CAPITALIST COG IN THE SOCIALIST WHEEL—A TRAITOR IN THEIR CAMP."—Whoop-pee! I, DICK MAPLE, a cog, by gum, in the capitalist wheel!—A WHOLE COG, by dang! in the capitalist wheel, and busted as flat as a pancake.—Now, don't you think, Honey, that if I was really a capitalist cog in a Socialist wheel, that the proper thing for the capitalist class to do would be to fill my pockets with ducats for playing the part of a traitor? And don't you know that if you were telling the truth that I could make more money in one week serving the capitalist class than I can ever hope to make if I live to be as old as Methuselah, serving in the ranks of the Socialist party?—If the editor of this journal is a traitor to the cause of Socialism, why was it that your little old sheet so vehemently and villainously denounced him when he

delivered an address in your town last fall? And why was the rumor started as soon as he left your town that he wore a diamond in his cravat as big as a hickory nut? Ah! simply to prejudice your locality against him, when he had not owned a diamond for years and years. And why was it blowed about that he was getting fifty dollars for every speech that he delivered in your county from a Republican at Sikeston, Missouri, when he had never heard of the man until the lie was told, and NEVER did see him in all his life? This lie was told for the same purpose.

Ah! you know as well as you know you are alive, Mr. Phelan, that the Democratic party does not hate Socialism any more than the Republican party hates Socialism, and you further know that both the Republican and Democratic parties are ready now to join hands and to pay millions of dollars to crush Socialism, and if you had thought for one moment that I was a traitor to the cause of Socialism, your little Democratic sheet, and every Republican and Democratic sheet in your state, would have puffed me to the sky in order to fool and help betray the Socialist party.

Again, Brother Phelan, why is it that you are taking it so hard because the RIP-SAW says that Congressman Charles A. Crow of your district is a Socialist, if you are not afraid of Socialism? For you know as well as those who read your paper (AND THEY ARE DAMED FEW) that if you were not afraid of Socialism in your county, and in your Congressional district, that the RIP-SAW could have said nothing that would have pleased you better than to have announced that Charles A. Crow of your district was a Socialist.—Say, Bud, don't you think that if you will give your undivided attention to Phil Hafner, the editor of "The Kicker," a wide-awake Socialist paper in your own village, and undertake to digest all that Hafner chews for you, that you will be kept on the go more than nine-tenths of the time? And don't you further know that if the editor of this journal would turn traitor to the Socialist party that he could drag more money out of the State of Missouri, or any other state in the Union for that matter, during the next election than he can ever expect to make working on a salary for any Socialist journal on earth?—Son, of course you know it; but your idea is to make your readers believe that Dick Maple is a traitor to the cause of Socialism, and is at heart a Republican; and I am perfectly willing for every reader that



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you have to believe what you tell them, as every subscriber that you have could believe your "dope" and the crowd wouldn't be big enough to head a tortoise in an eight-foot lane.

If to be accused of being a Socialist is a disgrace and a detriment to a man, then you ought to be tickled to death, because Charles A. Crow IS A SOCIALIST.—Why, Lovie, there are more men reading the RIP-SAW in your own county—yea, ten to one—than ever has, or ever will, read your sheet, and those who read your journal, if they have got the brains of an idiotic chigger, will at once realize that any man that will write such a lop-sided article as you have written, and one so full of blow-holes, is not competent to lead a lunatic to the privy.

Now, my Christian friends, just to show you that my dear friend, Brother Phelan, editor of the "Scott County Democrat," is a Socialist, and hasn't got sense enough to know it, we herewith reprint a little clipping from the columns of his paper, which may throw him into a zig-zag string of spasms when he finds out that he is teaching just exactly what the Socialist party teaches. Here it is:

"James A. Patten, of Chicago, has been the owner of a great deal of wheat for a few months. He has also been cleaning up a million dollars a day profit for a few days. James A. didn't grow the wheat he has possessed, nor did he mine the ore out of which the money he now possesses was coined. He simply let others do the work while he rakes in the profits.

"The year never passes and the month rarely goes by in which at least one or two men do not deal in wheat that other men have grown, and coin that wheat into dollars other men have mined. There is enough money made each year illegally from the products of other men to pay off the public debt and dig the Panama Canal."

Now, if the above article is true, and if the sentiment is true, AND IT IS, AND YOU WROTE IT AND STOLE IT FROM SOCIALIST DOCTRINES, and if you were not owned, SOUL AND BODY, by a class of men who pull the string and make you hop around like Punch and Judy puppets, and if you had enough gray matter under your scalp to make a living without grafters standing at your back, you would throw off your mask of hypocrisy and come out squarely for Socialism; but there is no hope of your recovery from your constipated imbecility until you quit tugging at the teat of the MASTER CLASS for a livelihood, and step out upon the Highlands of independent thought.—If you would insert a little advertisement in the columns of your sheet that would read something like the following, you might have a different feeling in that little "nut" above your shoulders—**"WANTED — TO EXCHANGE A JOB LOT OF STALE GALL FOR A PINT OF COMMON EVERY-DAY BRAINS,"**—Hafner might accommodate you.

Mister Midget and J. Brown Potter

"Midget"—Mister Midget, we guess, would be proper, stopped off in St. Louis a few days ago and remained a short time in that city and spent his entire time in his private car.—Mister Midget is not traveling alone, as J. Brown Potter and wife are his companions.—"J. Brown" put up at the Jefferson Hotel, as we suppose he did not want to disturb Mister Midget's serenity.—Mister Midget is a dog that walks on four legs, but "J. Brown" has only two legs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter live in Newport, Rhode Island, and Mr. Potter was on his way to Talhualita, Mexico. He has a farm down there which has an area of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SQUARE MILES, and one hundred square miles of it is under cultivation. "J. Brown" is a farmer you know, that knows no more about farming than his companion, "Midget," does, but down in Mexico are Peons by the millions who are the greatest set of slaves this world has ever known, and they are ruled by that old "cuss" Diaz, and the Roman Catholic Church, which is a greater slave master than Diaz could possibly be; and "J. Brown" hires these Mexican slaves for a few cents a day, and makes millions of dollars in profit from their labor, while they live EVERY DAY in the year in the shadow of the Roman Catholic Cross and STARVATION.

"Midget," that mangy little "cur" of J. Brown Potter's, had a private car in the Terminal Yards at St. Louis, and this dam dog had servants galore, and attendants to look after his comfort, and a chef to prepare his meals; and all around this St. Louis Railroad Yard where Midget's private car was being held, thousands of little dwarfed children dwell in the midst of a squalor that has dwarfed not only their bodies, but their minds, while this pampered pup was given every comfort that a human being could possibly receive, and this private car and the attendants that waited upon "Midget," and the chef that cooked his meals was furnished from the money sweat from the pores of J. Brown Potter's ignorant slaves; and while this four-legged "cur" was enjoying all of this regal splendor, the babies of the slaves of J. Brown Potter were living in attic rooms in this country, and adobe houses down in Mexico, and sleeping under covers that Mrs. James Brown Potter would not permit her dog to sleep under, and eating food that she would not permit to pass between the dear sweet lips of her "PRECIOUS" dog.—And these human slaves of James Brown Potter are casting their ballots for

both the Republican and Democratic parties, who say "AMEN" to this man treating his dog a million times better than he treats his human slaves; and his Mexican slaves are yelling "AMEN" to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, which never has raised her voice against this J. Brown Potter treating his dog better than he does the children of the members of her church.

This James Brown Potter is one of the big guns of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, and was in St. Louis to attend the annual directors' meeting of that road, and those white slaves who toil and drudge on the M., K. & T. Road live in rented shacks, eat the commonest food, and wear the shoddiest clothes, while J. Brown Potter's dog has a private car and attendants to look after him, and a chef to cook his meals; and these white slaves of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad march up to the polls at each election and cast a ballot of the same color that James Brown Potter casts, and then belly-ache because they remain slaves.

In Mexico, where the damnable fiend, Diaz, rules, there is more poverty, more misery and more ignorance than in any spot on earth, and this man J. Brown Potter is given the privilege of owning TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SQUARE MILES OF LAND, while hundreds of thousands of human beings in Mexico STARVE TO DEATH BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO LAND TO TILL.

Where did James Brown Potter, of Newport, Rhode Island, get so much money that he can furnish a private car for his dog, with attendants to look after this dog, and a chef to cook his food? Ah! he got it from the toil of others, as he could not possibly keep his dog in such regal splendor did he earn his money by his own sweat.—You know, Mr. Reader, as well as you know that you are living, and as well as you know that you are an idiotic partisan voter, that why James Brown Potter owns two hundred and fifty square miles of land in Mexico, and why he owns a big slice of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, and why he is a millionaire over and over again, is because he has been permitted BY THE LAW-MAKING BODIES OF BOTH

AMERICA AND MEXICO to rob you and your loved ones of what you earned, and take from your earnings, UNDER THE GUISE OF LAW, the majority of your earnings and appropriate them unto himself, which enables him to treat his dog A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER THAN YOU WILL EVER BE ABLE TO TREAT YOUR BABIES.

Don't cuss James Brown Potter for keeping his dog in this magnificent manner, as you have, year in and year out, given your sanction, at the ballot box, and have voted to give him that privilege; and the only way that you can ever take that privilege away from him is to take it away from him BY YOUR BALLOT, and you can't do it so long as you cast your vote with either the Republican or Democratic parties, as they are in harmony with, and say "AMEN!" to just what James Brown Potter is doing.—If you think more of Potter's dog than you do of your wives and babies, then I would advise you to stick to your party; but if you think more of YOUR OWN BABIES than you do of "Midget," then, in the name of God, why not cast your ballot with a party that will raise your children above James Brown Potter's dog?

Socialism is your only hope, as the Socialist party is the only party in existence, or that ever was in existence that stands at your door and weeps because the dogs of YOUR MASTERS are treated better than the babies of YOUR OWN BLOOD AND FLESH.—The RIP-SAW believes that there should be a law passed to separate our millionaires from their dogs in traveling, as the poor dogs should be protected, as God only knows what they might learn on a trip across the continent.

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal ONE WHOLE YEAR for only twenty-five cents. This will interest old as well as new subscribers.

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10 TOOLS

IN ONE



The National Rip-Saw

305 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

COL. DICK MAPLE (SETH McCALLEN) ... Editor

PHILIP WAGNER President

In writing the Editor PERSONALLY, address all letters to Nashville, Tenn., as his home is at that point; but all letters pertaining to RIP-SAW BUSINESS or SUBSCRIPTIONS must be addressed to St. Louis, Mo.

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Dog-gone a lie; it's the truth that hurts.

"AWFUL" and "LAWFUL" are often symbolic.

There's a mighty lot of difference between LAW and JUSTICE.

A "hell-scared" Christian is a poor advertisement for a God of Love.

CANDOR and DECEPTION are always enemies.

It's no more harm to SAY "dammit" than it is to think it.

You can't climb very high so long as you think about falling.

CONSCIENCE depends ENTIRELY upon a man's education.

The man who falls in love with his greatness never has any rivals.

The fellow who permits money to become his master, goes to bed with an ass.

The fellow who really DOES RIGHT never thinks of being humble.

The fellow who sows "WILD OATS" can always bet on a good harvest.

Ain't it queer that our penitentiaries are not built to hold a RICH ROGUE?

Modern business slips its hands into the pockets of anyone that's not looking.

Whenever we see some little puny woman or man all swelled up over their good clothes, we always wonder if they're an offspring of Uncle Adam, who was made out of a lump of mud.

When the FEW have MORE THAN THEY NEED, the MANY never have enough.

You can't have an intelligent "FAITH" without first having a reasonable "HOPE."

Give us PURE VOTERS, and GRAFTERS would soon be unknown in public affairs.

"CONSCIENCE" is only a reflection of its builder.—It is as often WRONG as RIGHT.

Remember that no man will buy an office if he don't figure on having something to sell after he gets it.

Socialism will cure laziness, as Socialism will mean STARVATION to those who are too lazy to work.

There's a mighty lot of difference in being a "CHURCH MEMBER" and being a "CHRISTIAN."

When you look for "TRUE HAPPINESS" in a pocketbook, it's always a fool that does the looking.

The fellow who is always talking about "SACRIFICING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE" will work a gang of thin-lipped children in his factory for PROFIT'S SAKE.

No man ever saw a "CONSERVATIVE" man heading a reform movement.

A "piety" that makes a fellow look like he'd eaten a gorge of green apples is not religion by a darn sight.

No laboring man should be satisfied with HALF-A-LOAF when he performs the labor of the WHOLE BAKERY.

There's a lot of difference between BRAINS and INTELLECT.—The goose and the average voter has brains.

The average church member tries to make his GRACE equal his GREED when the two won't mix a bit quicker than oil and water.

I'd like to know how in the dickens you're going to keep religion out of politics, without losing confidence in either your religion or your politics.

How good the poor ought to feel when their MASTERS give a CHARITY BANQUET, and eat a gorge of good "grub" for CHARITY'S SAKE.

The biggest jackass in the world is the two-legged one who permits his MASTER to half feed him and halter him up in a "shack," and then votes the same way his MASTER does.

BREAD PIRATES.

Each day about FOUR MILLION PINCHED FACED, BLUE LIPPED, SUNKEN EYED CHILDREN wend their way to mill, factory and mine.—Clutched in their little hands, which resemble bird claws, is a stingy, little lunch to be ravenously devoured during the thirty minutes that THEIR MASTERS give them to eat this morsel in, so that they will be able to toll on until six o'clock in the evening.—All during the past winter, tens of thousands of school children went to bed hungry, got up hungry, and wended their way to school hungry, because their SLAVE PARENTS did not receive enough for their toil and drudgery to buy a sufficient amount of bread to keep hunger from gnawing at their little stomachs.—Was it on the account of a lack of wheat being raised that caused millions of staggering mothers, sad-eyed fathers, and blue-lipped children to go hungry through the entire year that has just passed? Ah, no! the sun-tanned fathers, sons and husbands had raised an abundant crop of wheat and enough and more than it took to feed all of the inhabitants of the United States.—These horny-handed fathers, sons and husbands, after they had raised their crop of wheat, found themselves at the door of want, and were compelled to sell this wheat to speculators at the price they offered, as to undertake to hold this wheat, in their poverty, was impossible.—The wheat passed into the hands of the MASTER CLASS, WHO NEVER RAISED A BUSHEL OF WHEAT IN ALL THEIR LIVES, and they bought it at their own price, because they were financially strong enough to rob the weak.—After the farmers who raised the wheat had passed it over to the man WHO RAISED NO WHEAT, and after these speculators had piled it mountain high, in their elevators, and when starving mothers, fathers and children began to plead for bread, the JIM PATTENS laughed in fiendish glee at their hunger, realizing that when the whine of babies drove parents to desperation, that they would give any price for that bread, rather than see their little ones starve, tugging at their mothers' dresses.—Hunger, misery, and even starvation, did not soften the hearts of the JIM PATTENS, and they sat back in their elaborate offices and watched the staff of life go higher and higher, day by day, and heeded not the pitiful cry for bread at their windows, as the jingle of the dollar had so calloused their souls that they were willing for the potter's field to be populated with famishing children, just so they were able to REAP WHERE THEY HAD NOT SOWN.—Standing with one foot upon the necks of starving babies, with the other placed upon the bosoms of the mothers that gave them birth, JIM PATTEN cleaned up a MILLION DOLLARS A DAY, because he was financially strong enough to starve these babies and mothers until they were willing to give up their last farthing rather than die of hunger.—And the fathers, the husbands and the brothers of this starving, famishing army, still persist in casting their ballots for the candidates of both the Republican and Democratic parties, who openly, and without a blush, declare that they are in sympathy with a system which will permit the JIM PATTENS to starve their own blood and flesh.—How long, O Lord, how long will it be until those who create the wealth of the world shall open their eyes to the perfidy of this damnable system of robbery, and the grasp of the bread pirates be pried loose from the throats of our kith and kin by the gallant sons of Socialism?

NOTICE!

Will each lady and gentleman who heard Rev. C. R. Powell open the debate at Argenta, Ark., on June 15th last, and myself close it on the 16th, kindly write me a **PERSONAL LETTER** and address it to **NASHVILLE, TENN.**, and tell me **CANDIDLY** what you thought of the effort of each?—It matters not whether you are a socialist or not, as a good man or woman's word is respected by me, no matter what their religion or politics is.—Please write me **TODAY**.

Yours Truly,

DICK MAPLE.

They're Coming by the Thousands

When you talk about the men who toil flocking to Socialism, you are only beginning to tell the tale, as the preachers from every nook and corner of the earth are pricking up their ears and watching that army that's marching down into the

valley carrying the banner inscribed "SOCIALISM."

We are in receipt of letters, almost daily, from preachers who are kneeling at the mourners' bench of Socialism, or crying aloud with frantic gestures and demanding to know how they may be saved.

A letter just received from the Rev. Ed. S. Duncan, of Kopperl, Texas, is only one of the hundreds we are receiving. It follows:

"My dear Colonel.

"I have just come into possession of a copy of your grand paper, the RIP-SAW. I wish to say that I think it the greatest thing I have yet seen for the masses of the people. As to who and what I am, the heading of this letter will show you. I am told that a minister has no place in politics, but did you know there was a great deal of graft and grab in the churches of today? But

the church is not to blame altogether, but it is big-eyed bosses who have profaned God's most holy institutions. I am not giving you this as news, understand, as this grab and graft has been here a long time.

"I am not in politics further than I hope that the great principles taught by you may yet open the eyes of those who were almost born blind. I always say a good word for Socialism. May God's blessings attend you always, and may you live long to proclaim the grand truths of Socialism is my earnest prayer."

THAT DEBATE

In order that our great and rapidly growing army of **MULTIPLIED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS** of readers might have a word from the debate between Col. Maple and the Rev. Powell, and that they might not be in suspense any longer than was absolutely necessary, we did not permit this issue of the RIP-SAW to go to press on the twelfth of the month preceding the date of issue as is our custom, but held our forms open until the eighteenth, so that we could give our readers a short report, at least, of what happened at Argenta, Ark., on the fifteenth and sixteenth of last month, therefore, we are a little late with this issue.

The debate between Col. Maple and the Rev. C. R. Powell at Argenta, Ark., has passed into history.—The crowd at Argenta was simply immense, and the "wooling" that the Rev. Powell received at the hands of Colonel Maple will long be remembered by all who heard it, and more especially by the Rev. Gentleman himself, and we imagine that the next time Brother Powell meets a Socialist in the road he will climb the fence and hide out until the Socialist has vanished out of sight.—Now, **WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT, AS WE WERE THERE**, and at times we really felt sorry for Brother Powell, as no man ever received such a lambasting as that Arkansas "DIVINE" received at the hands of Colonel Maple.—I went to Argenta, Arkansas, fully believing that the Rev. Powell was destined to carry his eye in a sling, but I never dreamed that both of his optics would be put out the first round; but before Colonel Maple had been on the floor ten minutes he had Mr. Powell on crutches.—We cannot publish this debate in the columns of the RIP-SAW, as it would take three or four entire issues, but we are going to publish it in book form, and hope to be ready to announce in our August issue that the book is ready for distribution.—I would give **OUT OF MY POCKET** five hundred dollars if every voter in the United States could have heard this debate, and could have listened to the weak nonsensical argument that the Rev. Powell offered as evidence to prove that "**SOCIALISM IS THE TWIN SISTER OF INFIDELITY—HATCHED IN THE PIT**," as it was a pitiful spectacle to behold his feeble efforts, but the most sublime and inspiring part of the entire debate was when Colonel Maple walked to the front of the stage and began his reply, as the entire house, it seemed, would crumble under his sledge hammer blows of logic, and the audience from wall to wall of the auditorium yelled and screamed, and many times during the Colonel's address, he was compelled to stop until the vociferous applause subsided, while the Rev. Powell apparently was trying to annihilate himself by crouching lower and lower in his seat.—I really never knew Colonel Maple's power until that memorable night.—If our subscribers will just be patient, we will publish the debate in toto in book form, and we hope to have the book ready for distribution not later than the 1st or 10th of August.

Yours very truly,

PHILIP WAGNER, President.

JIGGLING, JUGGLING, JACKASS JACKSON

"WHAT GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."—Providing, however, that it's not a "Sky Pilot" that's been "jined."

At Caruthersville, Missouri, a little city away down next to the Arkansas line, on the Mississippi River, a "duck" by the name of Lyman F. Jackson has been holding down a good, fat job in the Methodist Episcopal Church of that little city for the past three and a half years and living on the fat of the land.—He was a REVEREND?—Yes, sir, a R-E-V-E-R-E-N-D.

This "Soul Scout" had a wife and three babies—babies of his own loins, babies of his own flesh and blood.

A Miss Cora Short, who lives in that little Missouri city was a member of this "Jiggling, Juggling, Jackass Jackson's" church, and was a dear, good, sweet girl. She was a worker in Jackson's church, and a most efficient Sunday School teacher, and a leading spirit in the Epworth League, and was superintendent of the Junior League, and we also understand was a teacher in the public schools of that city.—She was held in high esteem by all who knew her until this black-plumed, amorous brute, Jackson, folded his vulturous wings and lighted in that Missouri city, and, we hope, she still is, but if she is it's not Lyman Jackson's fault.

It became rumored about that there was a clandestine love affair existing between Miss Short and Jackson, and the lady members of this Reverend "Skunk's" church called upon him for an explanation, and he, without a blush of shame, acknowledged that the rumors were true, and stated that "HE HAD DONE NO WRONG, AND THAT HEAVEN SMILED UPON HIS CONDUCT."—The lady members of this Reverend(?) Jackson's church told their husbands about his confession, and they called upon him with blood in their eyes; and with them went Presiding Elder H. P. Crow, of Sikeston, Missouri, and when the "he" members of Jackson's church got "next," they kicked his little "britches" clean out on the sidewalk; but he lingered long enough to state that "HE BE-

LIEVED THAT GOD HAD DIRECTED HIS ACTS AND THAT HIS DIVINE APPROVAL WAS UPON ALL THAT HE HAD DONE."—Gee! don't the preachers and priests make God Almighty say "amen" to a lot of their nasty acts?

After the Brethren pressed the Reverend(?) Jackson further, he again bellowed forth in the following language: "I BELIEVE THAT I AM BETTER PREPARED TO SERVE MY LORD AND MASTER THAN EVER BEFORE."—Crackey! he must have been doing a hell of a poor job before he got mixed up with Miss Short.

This Reverend(?) Jackson, in order to make his little story sound as reasonable as possible, went ahead to explain that he was not aware of having any personal affections for Miss Short until during the month of June, 1908, when she was in poor health, and he expressed himself in an affectionate manner; and then wound up by saying: "IT SEEMED TO ME THAT IT WOULD BE A DISHONORABLE THING, AFTER I HAD EXPRESSED MY AFFECTION FOR HER TO DENY IT."—How about your dear wife, "Jackie?" Didn't you express any affection for her before you were married, or did you just gallop up to her father's house and throw a lasso over her neck and lead her off behind you like you would a brindle heifer? And don't you think that it was more "DISHONORABLE" to forsake the wife of your bosom and the three babies of your loins than it was to go back on Miss Cora Short, whom God had not yet hooked you up to?—This Reverend(?) Jackson howls long and loud about his love being pure and chaste, and nothing ignoble or base about that love.—

Now, "Jackie," a man that will go back on a dear, loving wife, such as the inhabitants of Caruthersville, Missouri, state that your wife is, and go back on three babies that you brought into the world, would do anything, and if you didn't, and we hope to God you didn't, contaminate Miss Cora Short, it was because she had more womanhood than you had manhood, as a man

that will woo and win a wife as you have done and bring three little babies of your own flesh and blood into the world, and then will clandestinely make love to another woman is too low down to be believed by a half-witted Chinaman.

After the inhabitants of Caruthersville learned of Jackson's perfidy, he stated that "MY WIFE KNEW OF MY AFFECTION FOR MISS SHORT ALMOST FROM THE DAY OF ITS INCIPIENCY. — Gods! what a wretch to go home to his wife and declare to her that he loved another woman better than he did her!

He further gives it out that he told his wife that "IF ANY LOVE EVER EXISTED BETWEEN THEM THAT IT HAD BURNED INTO EMBERS, AND WAS A LOAD UPON THEIR HEARTS."—What do you think of a man who preaches the gospel of Jesus Christ, and who bleats loud and long about "WHOM THE LORD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER," going home to that wife which he says God Almighty "JOINED" him to, and telling her that the love he had for her had burned to embers, and it had become a burden upon his heart? Had Jackson been preaching a lie, or was he a dirty liar himself?

Listen at this Reverend(?) Jackson sing his love song into the ears of the inhabitants of Caruthersville, Missouri. Here it is: "WITHOUT LOVE, THE WARM, PULSATING KIND, THAT SHEDS ITS LIGHT EVER FROM THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL, IT IS IMMORAL FOR MAN AND WOMAN TO ABIDE TOGETHER AS MAN AND WIFE."—Hear him talk about "SOUL," when he did not hesitate to go home to the wife of his bosom and tell her that he had ceased to love her, and was ready to cast her and his three babies overboard and let them drift, drift, drift down upon the shoals of charity.—Thunder! he has no more SOUL than an amorous old billy-goat!

If the father and brothers of Miss Cora Short had have half way done their duty, they would have taken a cowhide and lashed this reverential Lyman F. Jackson until his shoes were filled with sweat, and then have whipped the whelp for sweating.

His wife ought to have taken a whitewash brush, four feet wide, and painted him with the filth that

oozes from a "nigger" laundry, and her father and brothers should have tossed him head-foremost into a hogshead of buzzard vomit, and the good citizens of Caruthersville, Missouri, ought to erect a statue to the craven memory of this Reverend(?) "fake" of a monster beast holding within its jaws the limp form of an innocent girl, and engrave upon its sides and forehead the following words: "IN MEMORY OF LYMAN F. JACKSON, WHO, UNDER THE GUISE OF CHRISTIANITY, TRIED TO LOWER A PURE GIRL TO THE LEVEL OF A HARLOT," so that the boys and girls who look upon that statue might be able to realize that not all of those who wear the garb of saints are saintly.—Had Lyman F. Jackson been a SOCIALIST, the Republican and Democratic parties would have heralded his depravity to the four corners of the world.

All of the manhood that is within us goes out to poor Cora Short; but as long as the fathers and mothers of this land teach their daughters that preachers and priests are CALLED OF GOD, and that they are SINLESS, just that long they are in danger of losing their character, as has poor Cora Short, however innocent of any wrong she may be.—Me thinks when the Reverend(?) Lyman F. Jackson knocks at the pearly gates, that St. Peter will shoo him off to the goat lot, and that the goats will feel so incensed by being humiliated with such company that they will proceed to butt the "holy tar" out of "Dear Lyman" before he gets inside the gate two feet, and then continue to butt at the spot where the tar was spilled.

"MOSES IN DISGUISE."

A letter recently received from Mr. O. Purcell, of London, Ohio, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"Send me a batch of "RIPS" in exchange for a prospective batch of "Subs."

"Col. Dick, the RIP-SAW is getting better every issue. I verily believe you are a Moses in disguise, leading the people out of purgatory into the Promised Land. I want to encourage you all I can, by both words and acts."

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal ONE WHOLE YEAR for only twenty-five cents. This will interest old as well as new subscribers.

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How They Love the Laborer!

Ever since you can remember, Mr. Reader, those who live off of toil have been hypocritically screaming about how they love those who toil; and while they have thus made the workers believe that they had the interest of the laborer at heart, they have stealthily hedged him about with laws that systematically robbed him.

Every time the tariff bobs up those who grow rich by being PROTECTED BY A TARIFF begin to howl about "PROTECTING LABOR;" when they know that they do not give a continental dam for those who are compelled to labor, as their only aim is to PROTECT THEMSELVES and grow rich from that protection.

To show you how well the MASTER CLASS loves the laborer and his family, we want to call your attention to how this MASTER CLASS of the state of Tennessee has treated the honorable sons, husbands and fathers of that state who toil.

There are multiplied hundreds of convicts in the State Penitentiary of Tennessee, and among this vast number are many skilled mechanics, such as foundrymen, harness and saddle workers, shoe makers, etc., etc.; in fact, there are in the Tennessee State Penitentiary men who are familiar with all branches of labor, both skilled and unskilled.

Outside of the penitentiary there are multiplied HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of just as skilled laboring men as there are in the penitentiary, WHO ARE OUT OF WORK, and they and their families are on the point of starvation, and are walking the streets and highways begging for work and telling the MASTER CLASS, who own and control all of the industries of the world, of their hardships and of their miseries and woes, and of the miseries and woe of their families; but to all of these supplications the MASTER CLASS turn a deaf ear and permit those outside of the penitentiary, who have never committed a crime, to suffer all the hardships of poverty, because they can get their work done by criminals for almost nothing.

The State of Tennessee has a law which was enacted by and through the chicanery of the MAS-

TER CLASS that leases convicts out to the MASTER CLASS, to be worked in their foundries, harness and saddlery shops, and shoe factories, and hosiery mills, and a few days since these convicts were leased by the Great State of Tennessee, and the MASTER CLASS, who own all of the mills, factories and industries of Tennessee, scrambled with one another in order to get hold of these convicts, realizing that they could get them for a mere song, not giving a continental if the honorable laborers of the great State of Tennessee and their families starved; and the majority of these convicts were leased out to the MASTER CLASS for about sixty-five cents per day, and none were leased for over one dollar and ten cents a day, and on down as low as thirty-five cents per day; and when the total average was made it was found that the MASTER CLASS hired from the Great State of Tennessee her convicts for a wage that averaged only about sixty-five cents per day.—Oh! how the Democrats of the old Volunteer State love the laboring man, when it will put multiplied hundreds of convicts in direct competition with honest, sober fathers, brothers, sons and husbands, and permit the families of these honest, sober men to STARVE AND ROT, and take, in their stead, CRIMINALS simply because they can get them for COMPARATIVELY NOTHING.

The white laboring man of the South, as well as the North, is loved by the MASTER CLASS for the same reason that the black slave of the South was loved a few years ago—for PROFIT, PROFIT, PROFIT, nothing else, as there is no difference between the black slave of a few years ago and the white slave of today, only the black slave couldn't comb his head with a fine comb, and the white slave can.—But you toilers of Tennessee and you white slaves all over the South stick to the Democratic party simply because you refuse to use your heads, and for the same reason that the white slaves of the North stick to the Republican party—IGNORANCE.

Mr. Laboring Man, when the election rolls 'round in the State of Tennessee, and the spellbinders of either the Republican or Democratic party undertake to tell you how they love you, fling into their teeth the acts of the MASTER CLASS, preferring criminals to HONEST, HONORABLE WORKMEN because they can get the CRIMINALS' toil and sweat for less money than they can the toil and sweat of the honest, honorable, sober mechanics of that great commonwealth.

The MASTER CLASS love the laborer only for the profit he gets out of him, and will murder him at the forge, at the bench, and in the mine for that profit, and will let him and his family suffer and die under his nose if he can hire a MURDERER, a HORSE THIEF or a RAPIST or any other criminal for less money.

The principal bidders for the convict laborers of the penitentiary were GRAY & DUDLEY HARDWARE COMPANY; NASHVILLE STOVE AND FOUNDRY COMPANY; W. D. TRABUE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the TENNESSEE HARNESS COMPANY, all of Nashville, Tennessee, and W. B. DAVIS and W. H. HARTFORD, HOSIERY MANUFACTURERS of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the ROCK CITY HOSIERY MILL of Nashville, Tennessee, and also the LAKE SHORE HOSIERY MILLS of Nashville Tennessee, and the TENNESSEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY of Memphis, Tennessee, and W. M. GOODBAR, SHOE MANUFACTURER, of Memphis, Tennessee; and you honest, honorable, but IGNORANT, workmen who are out of the penitentiary will go and buy their products, which you know are manufactured by criminals, at a starvation wage, and never offer a protest, while thousands of your honest, upright, law-abiding brothers who toil, and their families suffer all the hardships of poverty and die under your very noses and are carted off and buried in a potter's field; and the next time you go to vote you will cast either a Republican or Democratic ticket, while both of these old parties yell "AMEN" to the system which places convict labor in sharp competition with the honest workmen of the great State of Tennessee, and you will cuss Socialism because you permit the MASTER CLASS of both the Republican and Democratic parties to do your thinking.—Shame! oh, shame! upon your heads, O, ye ignorant, dense, toiling slaves of the great Volunteer State.

The farmers of the State of Tennessee never raise their voice against placing convicts in competition with honest men, and never demand by their ballots that convicts be taken out of competition with honest laborers, when Mr. Farmer ought to know as well as he knows that he is alive, that an honest laborer spends his money for the products of the farm, while the MASTER CLASS, who lease these convict laborers, feed these poor cusses on the commonest food that the farmers produce, and give them just as little of it as possible.—No, No, the Tennessee farmer is a D-E-M-O-C-R-A-T from hell to breakfast because his D-A-D-D-Y was, and he thinks that should he protest that somebody would call him a Socialist, as he has never learned that SOCIALISM is the salvation of him and his.

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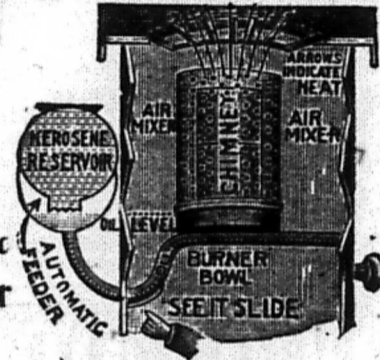
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Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.
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UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 35, Philadelphia, Pa.

HALL MAKES A WATER-HAUL

Down in Waveland, Arkansas, there's a gentleman by the name of W. B. Hall—"W. B." could stand for "WILLIAM BILLIAM," but whether that's the gentleman's name or not we are not able to state, nor neither do we care a dam; however, this man Hall was inspired with a thought, and he straightway set himself down and wrote to the Postmaster of Palmyra, Indiana, a letter to learn something about "DICK MAPLE."—Palmyra, Indiana, is the spot where the editor of this journal was born and raised, or at least is nearly the spot, as he was born and raised on a little farm east of Palmyra, about two and a half miles distant therefrom.

Brother Hall, of Waveland, Arkansas, imagined that he was going to jar the earth by an "EXPOSE" of the RIP-SAW'S editor, and further imagined, of course, that the Postmaster of Palmyra, Indiana, would naturally be a Republican, and he took his little pen in hand, and "squatted" down and penned forth the following plaintive sigh:

"Waveland, Arkansas.

"Postmaster, Palmyra, Indiana.

"Dear Sir: I want to know the history of Dick Maple, the editor of the 'RIP-SAW.' Let me know his history. I want to EXPOSE HIM down in this nick of the woods. I AM A REPUBLICAN, AND HOPE YOU ARE.

"Respectfully,
"W. B. HALL."

The Postmaster of Palmyra, Indiana, is Mr. B. F. Osborn, a man about fifty years of age, whom the editor of the RIP-SAW has known ever since he was old enough to swallow milk, and we began to do that darned early in life. Mr. Osborn knew the editor of this journal, and his entire family before we knew him, as he is a few years our senior, and therefore, had the advantage of knowing us before we got the drop on him—Mr. Osborn's name in full is Benjamin Franklin Osborn, but we always call him "Frank."—He is a Republican for who tied the pup, and is a WORKING SWEATING REPUBLICAN AT THAT, as the readers of this journal must know, or he would never have been selected as Postmaster at Palmyra, Indiana.—Wake Frank up in the

middle of the night and he will "holler" for the man that's running for president, providing he is running on the Republican ticket; "straddle" him for an argument and oppose the principles of Republicanism, and he will argue with you until his pipe goes out,—we mean the pipe that he holds in his mouth, and it's a good, big one, and not easy to put out; but his "pipe" of Republicanism has never gone out, and we have known him ever since we frisked about in our little shirt-tail, and UNLESS YOU ARE A SOCIALIST, "Frank" will give you a talk on Republicanism that will make you look like an ancient hole in the ground, as he has got brains.

Well, as soon as Mr. Osborn received Hall's letter, he immediately wrote him giving him our history, and as soon as Mr. Hall's letter was mailed to Waveland, Arkansas, Mr. Osborn, at once, forwarded the editor of the RIP-SAW Brother Hall's letter and a copy of his reply to Hall's letter.—Here it is:

"Palmyra, Indiana, May 11, 1909.

"Mr. W. B. Hall, Waveland, Arkansas.

"Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry of the 4th inst., in regard to the history of Col. Dick Maple, I can do no better than to refer you to the article headed 'WHO WE ARE, WHAT WE ARE, AND WHY WE ARE WHAT WE ARE,' in the September, 1906, issue of THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, a copy of which will no doubt be freely furnished you upon request from the Colonel himself. In this article the Colonel pictures himself MUCH WORSE THAN COULD BE PROVEN WITHOUT HIS OWN EVIDENCE, AND WHILE I HAVE KNOWN HIM FROM BOYHOOD, HAVING BEEN REARED IN THIS PLACE, AND BEING A FEW YEARS HIS SENIOR, ABOUT THE MOST DISREPUTABLE THING I CAN SAY OF HIM IS THAT HE IS THE EDITOR OF THE RIP-SAW, which, of course, speaks for itself.

"HE COMES FROM ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTABLE REPUBLICAN FAMILIES OF THIS COMMUNITY, but he seems to have strayed from the fold, politically, AND FOR THIS REASON, OR FROM A SPIRIT OF SELFISHNESS, SUCH AS WAS EXHIBITED BY 'THE DOG IN THE MANGER,' THERE ARE A FEW WHO, NO DOUBT, ARE ENVIOUS OF HIS SUCCESS. But I believe I voice the sentiment of the BETTER CLASS OF CITIZENS OF THIS PLACE, BOTH REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS, when I say that we are

GLAD TO HAVE HIM CALL AROUND 'ANY OLD TIME,' and he is a MOST HONORED AND WELCOME GUEST.

"WHILE MY POLITICAL IDEAS DIFFER FROM HIS AS WIDELY AS DAY FROM NIGHT, still I believe in according to everyone the same privilege of thought and speech as I ask for myself, and I believe the BEST REPLY IS TO REFUTE HIS ARGUMENTS WITHOUT AN ATTEMPT AT 'MUD-SLINGING.'

"I can only infer from your letter that YOU ARE BUT SLIGHTLY ACQUAINTED, IF AT ALL, WITH THE MAN, further than through his editorials, and I SHOULD ADVISE, IF HE EVER VISITS YOUR TOWN, YOU TRY AND GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH HIM, AND YOU WILL, NO DOUBT, CONCLUDE YOU HAVE BEEN LABORING UNDER A MISCONCEPTION OF THE MAN AND WILL LOSE ALL DESIRE TO EXPOSE HIM FURTHER THAN TO REFUTE HIS ARGUMENTS IN A FAIR AND HONORABLE WAY.

"BEING A REPUBLICAN MYSELF, I am glad to have been able to reply to your inquiry, AND WHILE IT MAY NOT BE WHAT YOU WERE EXPECTING, I have given you the FACTS as best I can, and trust the information may prove not only satisfactory, but of advantage to you.

"Yours respectfully,

"B. F. OSBORN, P. M."

As soon as we received Mr. Osborn's letter containing Hall's letter, and a copy of Mr. Osborn's reply to Hall's letter, we addressed the following letter to this brave lad at Waveland, Arkansas:

"Nashville, Tennessee, May 13, 1909.

"Mr. W. B. Hall, J. P., Waveland, Ark.

"My Dear Mr. Hall: I had the pleasure of reading the letter that you wrote Mr. B. F. Osborn, of Palmyra, Indiana, and also a copy of the letter which you received from Mr. Osborn in reply to your letter.—Now, Brother Hall, if there is anything else that you want to know about me, and which information was lacking in Mr. Osborn's communication, I would be glad to hear from you immediately, as Mr. Osborn is a dear good friend of mine, and I don't like to have him worried on my account.

"I hope to hear from you at once, and I will endeavor to answer all your communications promptly relative to my past life, so that you can make your 'EXPOSEE' a good, warm proposition, in order that you may furnish the gentleman that you are trying to help all the data that he desires.

"You must be A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN OF THE MODERN KIND, Brother Hall, or you would not put yourself to extra trouble in order to find out something DIRTY, DISHONORABLE and DAMNABLE about a FELLOW BROTHER whom you never laid your eyes on, and who never did you a particle of harm in all his life.

"Yours very truly,

"DICK MAPLE."

What a brave, noble fellow this Hall, of Waveland, Arkansas, must be, to unsolicitedly ram his proboscis into the affairs of some other man whom he never laid eyes upon, and a man who never did him a penny's worth of harm in all his life, and have no other incentive for looking up his history than to "EXPOSE HIM."—This Waveland, "HE SAINT" imagined that, of course, the Postmaster of Palmyra, Indiana, was a Republican, and he felt sure that if he would let this Republican Postmaster know that he himself was a Republican, that the Postmaster at Palmyra, Indiana, would immediately lay hold of his "bait" and write him something derogatory to the editor of this journal, which he could peddle about in his section in order to embitter the Socialists of that locality against the RIP-SAW and its editor.—But he guessed wrong when he wrote to the Postmaster of Palmyra, Indiana, as that post-office is presided over by a GENTLEMAN, and a man who depends upon his BRAINS for defense instead of petty, ignorant mud-slinging.—This is one of the times that Brother Hall made a water-haul, but in order that he may have the names of every business man in Palmyra, Indiana, to write to and see if he can scare up anything by which his "EXPOSE" may become large enough to exhibit, we want to give him the name of every business man in Palmyra, Indiana, so that he may write all of them if he chooses, as we dislike very much to see a man disappointed in his LAUDABLE undertakings, such as inspired the noble Hall to action.—Son, here's the name of every man that's in business in Palmyra, Indiana, as far as we know, and we are there two or three times a year, and I believe that all of them, or the big majority of them, at least, have known me from babyhood, and they cannot tell you of any more meanness that I am guilty of than I have already told the readers of the RIPS-AW; their names follow: John H. Martin, President of the Citizens' Bank; Charles W. Cole, Cashier of the Citizens' Bank; B. F. Osborn, Postmaster and general merchant; Alf. Osborn, general merchant; "Buff" Cullins, merchant; Dr. J. F. Finley; J. Ed. Mason, manager the Silver Lake Dairy Company; Shelton True, confectioner; Joseph Johnson, blacksmith; B. F. Avery, attorney-at-law; Otto Voyles, fertilizer dealer; Louis Simpson, miller; John S. Martin, retired merchant; Sam Voyles, clerk.—Now, Sonny, glut yourself on information and get ready for your "EXPOSE," and let me know just when you are ready, and I will switch down into

your bailiwick to listen to it, and I'll give you my word of honor that if you skip any of my meanness I will call your attention to it; but before you get ready to sing the doxology and pronounce the benediction, I will have a word to say about W. B. HALL, OF WAVELAND, ARKANSAS.

What prompted the desire for you to expose me in your "NICK OF THE WOODS," Brother Hall? Are Socialists getting too numerous down there for you, and did you think that by "EXPOSING ME" would reflect upon the doctrines of Socialism? and do you really, Son, consider me the whole dam stomach and bowels of the Socialist party? And do you really believe, darling, that had you "EXPOSED ME" that this would have reflected upon the Socialist party, when the editor of this journal is only comparatively speaking, a chigger upon the back of an elephant when it comes to the vitalness of the Socialist party? — Sweetie, you surely have some reason for wanting to "EXPOSE ME," and I know that it cannot be because you dislike me personally, as I never did you a particle of harm in all my life, as I never

heard of you until you flew up against the postmaster at Palmyra, Indiana, therefore your desire to "EXPOSE" me must have been prompted by a fear of some kind or other, and since you were so anxious for the postmaster at Palmyra, Indiana, to understand that you were a Republican, it dawns upon us that the doctrines of Socialism must be weakening the vertebrae of your Republican friends, is why you want to "EXPOSE" the editor of THE NATIONAL RIPS-AW.

Why don't you take the advice of the Postmaster at Palmyra, Indiana, and ANSWER OUR LOGIC? Ah, you know my little peacharinus, why you don't undertake this job, as you never had a better reason in all your life. — YOU CAN'T, MY LITTLE APPLE DUMPLING.

Now, Mr. Hall, if you want to EXPOSE me, try your hand at exposing the doctrines of SOCIALISM, and let me know the moment that you have that feeling nestling in your "top end," and I will come down to Waveland, or I will go to any corner of the earth to meet you in debate, and when you get through with your "EXPOSEE" you will stink with perspiration like

a billy-goat that had slept in a barrel of asafoetida.



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JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

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Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

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NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world and is perfectly reliable.

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HOLY WATER, SCAPULARS AND POKER CHIPS

A few evenings ago, Sheriff George and Mayor Jones, of Henrietta, Texas, got it into their heads that the home of Priest Goessen, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of that "burgh," was being used for something besides the manufacture of holy water and scapulars, and along after dark a spell, they slipped up to the home of priest Goessen, and while Mayor Jones stood guard on the outside of the priest's house, Sheriff George went inside of the yard for a closer inspection, and inside he found priest Goessen and six other individuals, and the manner in which the sheriff got a "squint" of these seven sons, was that they, in their eagerness to gamble, had failed to pull one of the window shades entirely down and left a peep-hole, so that the sheriff saw and recognized all of the parties and saw exactly what they were engaged in, and he found these seven sons gambling like veteran "nigger" crapshooters.

In order that there might be two witnesses to this "HOLY COIN GETTING," the sheriff, with Mayor Jones, came and took a "squint" and they both satisfied themselves that the manufacture of holy water, scapulars and red beads was not the only business that priest Goessen was engaged in, and they silently left the house while these seven sons were vying with each other as to who should tote home with them the greatest amount of "dough."

The next morning, each of these seven sons, including this Roman Catholic "con", were presented with a bond and asked to obtain securities for their appearance in court.

When these bonds were presented consternation reigned supreme, and at least one of these seven sons proceeded to weep and wail and gnash his molars, and did then and there shed real wet and briny water; while others of the party "fessed up" and promised the officials to plead guilty to the charge of gambling.—Yea, Lord, gambling in the house of Priest Goessen, and this house was furnished him by his "dupes" for NOTHING, and the money that he was gambling with was given him for pointing his "suckers" to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.—Lordy, Lordy! how priest Goessen does love the tear-stained dollars which he wrings from the shriveled palms of the over-worked and under-fed fathers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters

and babies of his flock.

We do not know whether this sextette who were in "HOLY COMMUNION" with Priest Goessen were Roman Catholics or not, but we will bet ninety cents against a gill of that ancient remedy for measles that if they were not Roman Catholics that the majority of them were leading members in some of the Protestant churches of Henrietta, Texas.

Had the home of some leader of Socialism in the State of Texas been raided as was the home of Priest Goessen, and had they found associated with that leader six members of the Socialist party, engaged in gambling, as were those in Priest Goessen's home, every Democratic and Republican newspaper in the United States would have run up headlines as long as a hoe-handle and heralded their depravity to the four corners of the earth, and would have wound up their denunciation by declaring that "SOCIALISM WILL BREAK UP THE HOME," but not a word did they say about Priest Goessen inviting gamblers into his home and there forming a secret coterie of gamblers that they might prey upon one another, and vie with each other in beating and defrauding one another out of the coin of the realm.

Roman Catholicism denounces Free Masonry because it is a secret organization, and this same Priest Goessen would excommunicate any one of his members who would join that secret organization, because members of these secret organizations refuse to tell the priest their secrets; but this old "cuss" formed a secret organization of gamblers in

his own home, and pulled down the blinds so that the world might not know of HIS SECRETS, and he there proceeded to open up a dive in his OWN HOME, and which he would denounce in seventeen different languages if the same thing was pulled off in the back room of a barroom.

The RIP-SAW is of the opinion that Priest Goessen should be immediately boxed up and shipped back to the Vice Gerant of Jesus Christ, located at Rome, and have the job done over, for if this Vice Gerant of Jesus Christ hasn't made an ass of the job he most—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," and where officials get "WISE," pure low-down cussedness is not always confined to those whom the world denounces as "SINNERS." Oh! how we would love for Priest Goessen to bless a scapular to dangle about our neck and make us about three pints of Holy Water, as we will bet that the scapular would keep off "gray-backs" and the Holy Water would be bully stuff to use on our cot for bed bugs.

According to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, Priest Goessen ought to have skinned the sextette that was gambling with him out of their night-shirts, as he undoubtedly would bless his own "game," and if he did, all hell couldn't beat him.—God help the poor fool that would gamble with a Roman Catholic Priest who came directly from the mill run by the Vice-Gerant of Jesus Christ, as they would have no more show of winning than a snowball would have of lasting nine months in hell during the busiest season.

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal ONE WHOLE YEAR for only twenty-five cents. This will interest old as well as new subscribers.

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 Everybody Works but Father
 Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
 My Irish Molly O He's Me Pal
 Mother 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 Fondle 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
 Bedella 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 Rags?
 Away Down East Among the Shady
 Maple Trees Anona
 Go Way Back and Sit Down
 The Holy City Navajo
 Rip 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 Seen No Messenger Boy
 Hannah, Won't You Open That Door?
 On a Sunday Afternoon
 When the Frost is on the Pumpkin
 In the Hills of Old Carolina

What you Goin' to Do When de Bent
 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 Sings
 Mar-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 Girlie?
 I'll be Waiting in the Gloaming
 Sweet Genevieve
 Like a Rose You're the Fairest Flower
 or 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 Rye 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-nole
 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 Anheuser 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 Skereed



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FREE

We Tell Them the Truth

"The Evening Chronicle," published at Uhrichsville, Ohio, the other evening, in commenting upon the RIP-SAW and its editor, spoke thusly:

"Colonel Dick Maple, editor of the RIP-SAW, a Socialist paper, has an off-hand and familiar way of addressing his readers which some of them may, perhaps, appreciate. Here are a few of the affectionate terms he applies to them: "Rube," "Mr. Thickpate," "You One-Gallused Idiots," "You Slaves," "You Fools," and other choice epithets."

There's quite a difference in the way the RIP-SAW talks to its readers and the way "The Evening Chronicle" does to its readers, and there is quite a difference in the size of the crowd it talks to, too.—The RIP-SAW talks to hundreds of thousands, and "The Evening Chronicle" just talks to a "bunch;" the RIP-SAW talks to readers in every civilized land upon the globe, and I'll bet that there's not over one hundred of our readers that ever heard of "The Evening Chronicle," published at Uhrichsville, Ohio, before they read this article, and I want to tell you right now, boys, that you haven't missed anything, providing you are well supplied with gun-wadding and the like.

The RIP-SAW knows that "The Evening Chronicle's" readers have no more brains than the readers of the RIP-SAW, and the "Chronicle" doesn't give a cuss whether they have ANY brains or not, just so they pay their subscription price and continue to vote for either the candidates of the Republican or Democratic parties.—The RIP-SAW CARES, and is willing to run the risk of making its readers mad in order to get them to THINK, so we proceed to tell them the truth, as the reason any man who belongs to the SLAVE CLASS votes either the Republican or Democratic ticket is simply because he is a "Rube," a "Thickpate," a "One-Gallused Idiot," a "Slave," or a "Damphool," or else he has been permitting some whelp, who lives off of his labor, to do his thinking for him, and if he has been doing this, we know he is a "FULL-GROWN FOOL," for whenever you permit any man to think for you he is going to think in a way

that will be beneficial to him, and if he does that, his thoughts will be detrimental to you.—Yes, Mr. "Chronicle," we are willing to run the risk of making our readers mad in order to get them to THINK. However, we hardly ever do make them mad, as about the time they get through reading one issue of the RIP-SAW, unless they belong to the MASTER CLASS, they KNOW they are a set of "Thickpates," "Rubes," and "One-Gallused Idiots," and they commence to slip from under your influence, Mr. "Evening Chronicle," and begin to pity you, and their other friends who haven't realized as yet what durned idiots they have been all their lives.

Mr. "Evening Chronicle," the RIP-SAW has more subscribers in your own state than you ever had upon your subscription books at any one time in your existence, and you have been patting your "dupes" on the head and making goo-goo eyes at them for fourteen years.—We wouldn't talk to you the way we do to our readers, Mr. "Chronicle," no, no, as we were always taught to never fight a cripple nor cuss a home-made fool, so you are exempt.—You try once, Mr. "Chronicle," calling your readers "Rubes," "Thickpates," and "One-Gallused Idiots" and they will take offense at it before you can scorch a feather in hell, as they haven't learned yet that they are all these things, and never will learn it as long as they take lessons under you.—Why the RIP-SAW knows that its readers who have not yet seen the light are all these things which we call them, is because its editor was once all these things, and like you, thought he was "SMART;" but as soon as we commenced to stand still and let some fellow tell us the truth and quit voting the Republican ticket, we then didn't need to be called any of these names any longer, as then we were a Socialist.—SEE?

When the Lord paid the grape-pickers who came in at the "ELEV-ENTH HOUR" as much as he did the boys who had worked all day, if these workers had have been SOCIALISTS, they would have raised hell.—But being the product of CAPITALISM they didn't use their heads.

AN AWFUL SYSTEM

The Tribune published at Tampa, Florida, whose editor denounces Socialism in nineteen different languages, a short while ago, in speaking of an old, worn-out, man-for-saken husband and wife, had the following to say:

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." That is a beautiful sentiment. You can see Mrs. James A. Roberts as a bride, and James A. Roberts, her husband, young, ambitious, happy. There is handshaking, kisses, good-will; and so the young folks start on the trip through life together.

"That was over fifty years ago. There must have been real love and trust, for at the end of a half century of married life they are still lovers. They have not prospered financially, although they have worked hard and well. They are now inmates of the Soldiers' Home in Jacksonville. The editor of this paper has known and esteemed them for twenty years. Eighteen years ago in Sumterville, then in Tampa, and then in Punta Gorda, striving to make an honorable living. They have made friends everywhere they have lived. They are good, honest, Christian people. They have been readers of the Tribune from its first issue, and now write: 'Send us The Tribune. We cannot get along without it.'

"Surely there should be a cheerful corner in that great building where an old husband and an old wife could end their days in comradeship. Surely there should be a neat little room with easy chairs and some pictures, and a snowy white bed and a pot of flowers in the window.

"No. The rules of infirmaries of this country, almost without exception, have little to do with sentiment. They are political institutions.

"The very food the inmates eat is measured, and the central idea is to make a record for economy. The difference between a home and a soldier's home is as wide as the range of human thought.

"So Capt. J. A. Roberts and his wife, after fifty years of married life, agreed to separate—he to go to the men's department, she to the women's.

"It hurt; of course, it hurt. And it don't seem fair, and you know that the rule that caused the separation is a harsh rule. But it is the way that infirmaries are conducted.

"Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"IT DOESN'T MEAN MUCH, DOES IT?"

Now, no man on earth could have written this editorial which appeared in the above-named paper, had he not been a Socialist at heart, and this the editor of The Tribune undoubtedly is, BUT DON'T KNOW IT; however, a few more thoughts along this line of thinking and the editor of The Tribune will emerge from political serfdom and declare himself a Socialist.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR FATHER."

A letter recently received from Mr. Joseph W. Odom, of Hammac, Alabama, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel.

"I just want to congratulate you upon the work that you are doing in behalf of the slave. The old saying that "IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR FATHER, AND IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME," is fast going down into history. I was talking to a gentleman the other day and asked him how he liked Socialism, and he said: "MY PEOPLE BEFORE ME WERE ALL DEMOCRATS, BUT EVERY MAN IS GIVEN A HEAD, AND I THINK HE OUGHT TO USE THAT HEAD TO BUTT WITH."

"I believe that every one that makes a practice of reading the RIP-SAW becomes a Socialist if they are not of the MASTER CLASS. I began reading the RIP-SAW nearly two years ago; then I did not know anything about Socialism, but if you could have seen me vote on the third day of last November, you would have seen a different vote cast than I ever cast before.

"Mr. Roosevelt was the last Republican I ever helped to elect, and I think he will be the last one."

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."

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

and those afflicted with CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS.

Do you want to lie down flat and sleep all night. Do you want to get more relief from gasping, hawking, spitting, foul breath, etc., than you ever got from using inhalers, smoke powders and douches? Then act quickly—send your name and address and those of afflicted friends with 3c stamps, for postage, wrapping and to show your sincerity, and I will mail you, in plain wrapper, a

Trial Treatment.

This will prove that my liquid remedy for Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis will completely and permanently cure you and give instant relief. Don't wait. Send today.

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119 Gorham Bldg.

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We propose to furnish this journal to both our old and new readers ONE WHOLE YEAR for only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, if sent in clubs of FOUR or more at a time; or we will furnish you with four subscription cards for \$1.00, and you can sell these cards to your friends at twenty-five cents each, and they can return these cards to us at any time, which will entitle them to ONE WHOLE YEAR'S subscription to the RIP-SAW from the date on which we receive the card.

READ HOW TO GET IT: You will find a coupon below. Get three of your neighbors to subscribe with you, making FOUR subscribers, and cut out the coupon found below, and send it to us with ONLY ONE DOLLAR, and all four of you will receive the RIP-SAW ONE WHOLE YEAR. If you are not in a position to send us four names at this time, send us \$1.00 and your name, and we will enter you for a year's subscription and send you three subscription cards. You can send the other subscribers' names later on.

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

Bear IN MIND that you MUST send in the coupon to entitle you to this great reduction. Try to send us in two clubs before the end of the month.

RIP-SAW COUPON.

If this coupon is returned to us with a remittance of only ONE DOLLAR, on or before Aug. 1st, 1909, we will mail this journal to four persons one whole year, or will send you four subscription cards, which can be sent in at any time by those who buy them from you, and such card will be good for ONE WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION, from the time the card is received by us.

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW,
PHILIP WAGNER, Manager.

DON'T FORGET that this great offer expires on the first day of AUGUST, 1909—next month.

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—August. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

 SAMPLE COPIES FURNISHED FREE.

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

MULLET HEADED MULLEN

There's a church in Findlay, Ohio, called "THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST."—Now, that's a good, big name for a church, isn't it?

In that church, a short time ago, the Reverend Mullen preached a sermon and took for his text the following language: "THE POOR YE HAVE WITH YOU ALWAYS."—Now, that text was just exactly the kind of a text that the MASTER CLASS like to see THEIR PREACHERS handle, as they want THEIR SLAVES to understand that they are HEIRS OF POVERTY, and if they can prove it by the Bible, then they feel safe in proceeding to graft these poor devils.

After the Reverend Mullen got warmed up under the collar, he accidentally wobbled onto a line of thought that must have made his heavy-pursed members feel restless, as he used the following language:

"AS LONG AS THE WORLD HAS EXISTED THERE HAS BEEN POVERTY, AND AS LONG AS SOCIETY IS ORGANIZED AS IT IS NOW, JUST THAT LONG WILL THE POOR BE WITH US."

The Reverend Mullen never uttered a sterner truth in all his days, as it is impossible to banish poverty so long as millionaires use slaves to heap up mountains of gold, and only permit these slaves to retain enough of each day's work to keep them alive until the next day, in order that they may create more wealth and be robbed at sundown as they were the day before, and will be the next day.

After the Reverend Mullen declared this stern and unyielding truth, we suppose that he must have received a frown from some "heavy purse," and he made a violent switch and bellowed forth as follows: "I THINK WHEN A

TRAMP APPLIES AT OUR HOMES FOR SOMETHING TO EAT OR SOMETHING TO WEAR, HE SHOULD BE ARRESTED AND TAKEN TO THE ROCK PILE AND THERE BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO EARN HIS LIVING."

What makes you think thusly, Brother Mullen, when just previous to this statement you said, "AS LONG AS THE WORLD HAS EXISTED, THERE HAS BEEN POVERTY, AND AS LONG AS SOCIETY IS ORGANIZED AS IT IS NOW, JUST THAT LONG WILL THE POOR BE WITH US?"—Why the devil didn't you advocate CHANGING THE SYSTEM INSTEAD OF ARRESTING THE POOR "CUSS," WHOM YOU STATE THE PRESENT SYSTEM CREATED AND MADE A TRAMP OF? Ah, you say that would be Socialism, and if you preach Socialism your rich parishioners would plant their patent leather shoes upon that part of your anatomy which you use the most, and would compel you to become a tramp, and then you would be arrested when you applied for some-

thing to eat and something to wear, and placed on a rock pile, and that would be hell on your white hands, wouldn't it?

This "Mullet-Headed Mullen," while preaching to please those who donate to support him, for one moment forgot himself and stated the truth when he said: "WE HAVE HAD POVERTY EVER SINCE THE WORLD EXISTED, AND WILL CONTINUE TO HAVE POVERTY AS LONG AS SOCIETY IS ORGANIZED AS IT IS TODAY;" but he gathered his wits, after uttering this indisputable truth, and after thinking what might happen to his own bread-basket if he did not correct this truth, he then tickled the ears of the MASTER CLASS by declaring that the product of the present system, although they were hungry and naked, should be arrested when they applied for something to eat or something to wear.

The RIP-SAW hasn't got a bit of use for a man who will tell the truth and then apologize for it, as did the Reverend Mullen, of the First Church of Christ, of Findlay, Ohio. — We wonder what Jesus Christ would think of a church being named after him, and then being presided over by a "mullet-head" who would apologize for saying "amen" to what he taught while on earth?

Has the Pope's Grip Slipped?

Priest Casper P. Elbert, priest in charge of Saint Catherine's Catholic Church of Baltimore, Maryland, was removed by Cardinal Gibbons, and a few things leaked out in the moving, one of which was a slug which looked about the size of ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS of somebody else's money.

We wonder if it is possible that the Pope's grip has slipped on this priest? We guess it has slipped a tiny bit, for-if Pap Pope is the vice-gerant of Jesus Christ, and if all of his acts are governed by Christ, then, of course, the Roman Catholic Church is infallible, as Pap Pope is the stomach and bowels of the church, and the priests are directly under his thumb, and are worked like a Punch and Judy show by him. It is said that since it was learned that priest Elbert's accounts were all balled up, and that he had lost about ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS of somebody's else's money, that he is now acting a little "buggy," and has gone into retreat at Mount Hope—Mount Hope is a pretty good name for that retreat, as we suppose that priest Elbert "HOPES" that he will never have to cough up that ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS—It's a dead cinch that the Catholic Church has got Brother Elbert's malady properly named, as "UNBALANCED," is the proper name for a good, healthy shortage, and we know that his accounts are "UNBALANCED" if nothing else.

Cardinal Gibbons made a big, long, healthy roar about his going to bear the burden and pay these debts.—Now, where the devil is Cardinal Gibbons going to get that ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS to pay some other man's debts with? Ah, ha! he's going to make the "suckers" of the Roman Catholic Church cough up their nickels and dimes, and he is going to pay Priest Elbert's debts to keep this old "con" out of the pen.

I don't think it is right for Jesus Christ to stand at the back of the Pope and then permit him to select a priest that will lose his mind, as he ought to have told the

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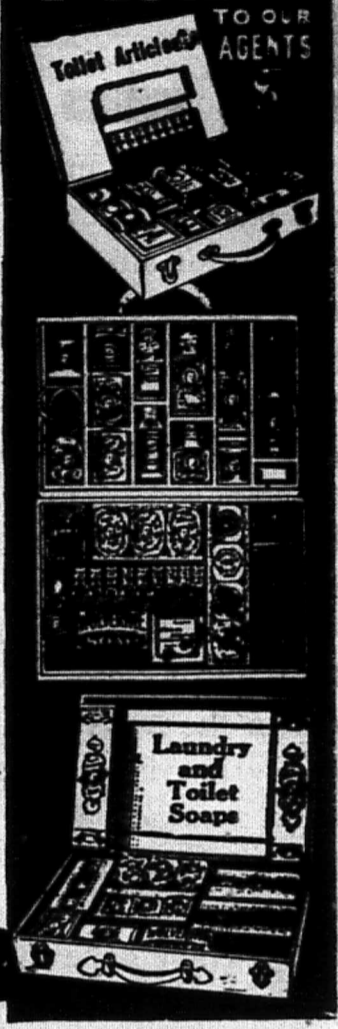
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Pope that Priest Elbert would get to be "nutty" in the good year of 1909, and he could have saved ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS of Elbert's "dupes" money.

This is one of the times that you can't put this vice-gerant-of-Jesus Christ business together and make it look very reasonable, when the old Pope went ahead and selected a priest with a leaky roof.—But if you will notice you hardly ever see them get a screw loose in their "tent pole" until they get in trouble.—Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, what big game you do see when you haven't got a gun!

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.

WHAT SHE LOVED.

He—"If you don't love me, and if you will not listen to me, why do you always take my boxes of chocolates?"

She—"I love chocolates."—Meg-gendorfer Blaetter.

A GENUINE SOUTHERNER.

A letter recently received from Mr. N. A. Beans, of 211 Fourth street, S. E., Washington, D. C., in part follows:

"My Dear Colonel:—

"I am a full blooded and genuine Southerner from Old Virginia, and I cannot help writing you a few lines of praise for the good and great work you are doing. It has been about two years since I subscribed for your worthy journal, and I never tire of reading its contents, and each succeeding issue seems to be more interesting.

"I have also read your books, "MASTER AND SLAVE" and "PALACES OF SIN," which contain facts and truths, and should be in every well regulated household, and read as much as the Bible.

"I think you are the greatest writer I have ever read after, and no one can deny the facts and truths that flow from your pen. I only wish you could be made president of the United States, and be able to put the system and the public machinery in such working order as to bring about better conditions.

"Your journal and books are worth several times their subscription price, as you tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER.

"Oh, that I had your youth!" said Mr. Rockefeller to the reporters. Perhaps he thinks that he can't possibly fence in the rest of the earth in the time left him.—Atlanta Constitution.

CATARRH

MEDICINE FREE
If your Ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if Eyes ache, water or burn, or sight is falling, if you K'hook, 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 32 days 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 32 days course of medicine prescribed especially for you.
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RHEUMATISM

A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT
In the Spring of 1908 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it know, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it affected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Address, Mark H. Jackson, No. 405 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

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Face to Face With Death.
"Easy-To-Quit" is a positive, absolute "stopper" for any tobacco habit. It is a vegetable remedy, and any lady can give it secretly in food or drink. It is harmless; leaves no reaction or bad after effects, and it stops the habit to stay stopped.

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Send this coupon, with your name and address, to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 1199 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you, by mail, in plain wrapper, a free trial package of Rogers "Easy-To-Quit," with a record of thousands of cures.
NAME
ADDRESS

A Modern Hypocrite's Prayer

(Republished by Request)

O, Lord, it may be nothing but the belly-ache that I have got, but if it is, it's an awful case; and if it only proves to be the stomach ache, please don't pay any attention to this prayer; however, it may be appendicitis; and if it is, and the undertaker gets a job, I want you, O Lord, to consider me in dead earnest.

I know this prayer may sound a little odd to you, O Lord, as I am not in the habit of telling the truth in my prayers; but any man that's done as much meanness as I have, and has as awful pains in his lower bowels as I have got, would feel like telling the truth.—I am either ashamed that I have been as big a hypocrite as I am, or else I am awful sorry that I have got as bad a case of belly-ache as I have.—Now, if I were dead certain that it wasn't appendicitis, and that I would not have to have my old appendix cut off, and probably die as dead as Hec, by the cutting, I assure you that I would never put up the talk to you that I now am; but while my wife is downstairs fixing up a mustard poultice and I not being certain whether it's stomach ache or appendicitis, I'll for once in my life, tell you the truth.—I think, if you don't care, Lord, I'll blow out the light before I go further, as my wife's in her stocking feet, and she might slip in here and find me "bellowing," and if it turns out that I only have a case of old-fashioned belly-ache I'd be ashamed to look her in the face the rest of my life.—So here goes, Lord; I know that I am a hypocrite and an imposter, but I have seen so many of those who claim to be "THY CHILDREN," and who even preach the gospel, vote with the saloon element, and do these hypocritical things, but still claim to be "THY CHILDREN," that I have come to believe that I can do these things without being exposed to my friends and neighbors, and have them realize that I am a low down, insignificant hypocrite; and just so long as I can vote with the political party that licenses the saloons to make tramps of our sons and harlots of our daughters, without my neighbors learning that I am a hypocrite, just that long I will continue to do so, as I find that there is more ready cash to be gotten out of the

devil and his hosts, than there is to be had from truly worshipping Thee.

I realize that no true Christian can vote with the Democratic or Republican party, as both of these parties are "rum-soaked" and their leaders are men who countenance and openly defend these "Hell Holes," commonly known as saloons; but "FOR THE SAKE OF BUSINESS," and knowing that the majority of voters are a set of men who never use their heads, I, without fear of having my hypocrisy discovered, continue to vote with these political parties; but, of course, I realize that I am doing the devil's bidding, but my friends and neighbors do not, as I have actually got them to believe that I am a Christian; but, of course, Lord, I know that I can't fool you, and if I knew that you would locate in person in our neighborhood, I would move tomorrow, as I would realize that those whom I have been fooling for so long would learn that I was nothing but a flagrant hypocrite; and the majority of the people believe that a hypocrite is nothing more nor less than a thief, and I guess that they are about right; but I realize, O Lord, that the time of miracles has past; therefore, I am not afraid of you performing some miraculous act that is within Thy power to expose my hypocrisy, and as long as I can enhance my income by voting with the old parties, I guess I will do so; but when all of my children have married and my neighbor's children have either married or been sent to the poor-house on account of these "Grog Shops," and when I have made a few more thousand dollars, and retired from business, then, O Lord, I will oppose the saloons and fight them until I am as bloody as a bull pup at a coon fight; but I do not consider it "good policy" to attack the saloon element at the present time, as I am renting my buildings to barkeepers, and they are paying me good rent, and two of my buildings are bringing me in fabulous rent by being used as "wine rooms," which are controlled by saloons, and if I too vigorously attack the saloon element, these houses would stand idle, or at least I could not get nearly as much rent out of them as I am now getting, so I don't think it "BUSINESS" to bitterly oppose the saloon element at the present time; however, I thank God that neither myself nor any of my family are drunkards, and I can not see why I should be interested in my neighbor's children, as every man has to make a living for himself, and if they haven't got any more sense than to allow the barrooms to drag

them down to hell, I guess they will have to go, as far as I am concerned.

Now, O, Lord, I realize that I am a sneaking hypocrite, and I further realize that I haven't, nor never did have, a "lick" of religion, but Glory Hallelujah, my neighbors don't know it, and just as long as I can fool them I don't give a dam.

Now, O, Lord, I have made my confession to you, and I may have made it a little early, but I have an awful pain in my lower bowels, and it may be appendicitis for all I know, and I have told you what I would not even tell my wife or hired hand; but the only reason that I make this confession to you is, that nobody down on this earth will ever find it out, and should I happen to drop dead, I realize, of course, that I would go to hell quicker than you could say "scat" with your mouth open; but, thank God, my neighbors and those who believe me to be a Christian, and those who are playing the same hypocritical part that I am, would never know it until they get there, and then they would have no room to laugh at me.

Now, Lord, I have made my confession, and I know that you despise me for my hypocrisy, but Thou hast said that the vilest sinner may return at the "Eleventh Hour," so I will continue to vote with these old "Rum-Soaked" parties if I get well, although I know that if I were to die this minute and had never committed any other sin than voting with these parties, that it would be enough to send me to the southern corner of hell.

I am A MODERN HYPOCRITE, O Lord, therefore, I do not suppose that you will be surprised at this little "spiel" of mine, as I imagine that you have been called up many times before at midnight when some old cuss had the belly-ache and thought he was going to die; but, Lord, these pains in my lower bowels are AWFUL, and enough to scare the night-shirt off of any hypocrite.

Now, O, Lord, I have made my confession, and I feel better, although I know that if thou gavest me JUSTICE instead of MERCY that I would be in hell in four seconds.—I hear the old lady tip-

toeing up the stairs, and since I have turned over on my left side I feel better, so if I am up and about in a day or two, O Lord, you'll know that I didn't have appendicitis, and I'll proceed to, a few years longer, do these little dirty tricks that I have been doing all my life, as I need a few more thousand "plunks"; but should I really have appendicitis and should the doctor make a botch of cutting the old thing off, and I "croak," I'd be mighty glad if you'd accept this "spiel," and speak a good word to St. Peter for me.—AMEN.

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery



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WATCH HEADQUARTERS,
900 Jackson St., Topeka, Kas.

Big Thoughts for Little Thinkers

Did it ever occur to you that the United States of America is the only "civilized" country in the world, except Turkey and Spain, that does not have postal savings banks or their equivalent?

Did it ever occur to you that every postoffice in the Philippines is a bank of deposit for the people's savings?

Did it ever occur to you that Americans are as much entitled to this system as Filipinos?

Did it ever occur to you that the lobby in Congress of our so-called national banks has defeated every effort to give us government security for our money?

Did it ever occur to you that a large majority of the citizens of the great Republic have demanded postal savings banks for many years, and that it was the bounden duty of our representatives in the Congress to carry out the people's will?

Did it ever occur to you that the Congress, under the constitution, had the right to establish really national banks, which would be absolute safe depositories for our savings?

Did it ever occur to you that with the government banks there could be no financial panics, no money stringency, no possibility of loss to any one, no speculation with bank funds, no national debt, and no usury?

Did it ever occur to you that if Uncle Sam were our only banker, interest rates would be uniform and very low? That taxes would be enormously decreased? That farmers and merchants and home-builders could borrow on easy terms? That exchange and clearing-house graft would disappear? That the credit of the nation would be behind every dollar? That stock-gamblers, high financiers and big business burglars could no longer use our own savings to plunder us?

Did it ever occur to you that a government is the only safe and logical maker and custodian of money? That to entrust those functions to private individuals is to invite dishonesty, dishonor and ruin? That it is too much power to give to an Archangel? That only a race of fools would let the control of its circulating medium pass out of its own hands?

Did it ever occur to you that if every bank was a United States sub-treasury there could be no "run" on it? That it would be merely a

branch of the great central depository? Thus, if a local president or cashier defaulted, it would make no difference to you, because your deposit would be safe-guarded and guaranteed by billions of national funds, to which the loss of a few million would be a drop in the bucket?

Did it ever occur to you that if the federal government was in the banking business, the banking officials would be commissioned and bonded men, like the officers of the army pay corps? That these officers could not lend the bank funds to themselves and their friends and families? That they would soon become inoculated with the army ideals of honor and honesty? That they would be inspected monthly by officers of higher rank, whose own commission would be at stake? That, under such a system, even local loss would be almost impossible?

Did it ever occur to you that what other nations have done we can do? That we are as capable of running banks as Japanese?

Did it ever occur to you that we are a financial ass?—Exchange.

ELEVEN THOUSAND.

With all the boasted prosperity that we were taught was quivering over the borders of to-morrow, on the day of the last election, and only waiting for the signal to "COME ON, TAFT'S ELECTED," it has utterly failed, so far, to put in an appearance; and in the Republican city of St. Louis, with her millionaires and paupers, there is, at the present moment, ELEVEN THOUSAND VACANT HOMES. — Where are those who once occupied those ELEVEN THOUSAND VACANT HOMES?—They are still in St. Louis, but they are crowded like mangy rats in the tenement houses of that city.—Why have they given up their homes, and crowded into dirty, dingy, unhealthy and miserable huts? Ah, simply because their MASTERS, THE FAVOR-ED FEW, who own and control all of the mills, factories, and mines in and about St. Louis, got together and made a resolve to conquer the workers by putting them on half rations, and starving them into submission; and in order to live, these laborers had to cut down expenses, and give up their homes which are owned by this MASTER CLASS, and were forced to take their wives and broods to the shacks of their MASTERS, and crowd their loved ones up like Russian peasants to freeze and die during winter, and during summer die like poisoned English sparrows in heat and filth.

Whose fault is it that this condition exists, not only in St. Louis,

but all over the world? Ah, it's the fault of the voters, as they have not yet learned that they belong to the SERVING CLASS, and have been casting their votes for the RULING CLASS, and electing them and their agents to make and execute their laws, which gives them the privilege of cutting the rations of their slaves and forcing them to bring up their broods in the darkest corners of the universe, while performing the slavish drudgery of their WHITE HANDED LORDS.

Will you, Mr. Voter, never learn that SOCIALISM is your only hope? Why it is your only hope is, because Socialism proposes to give you ALL THAT YOU CREATE BY YOUR LABOR, and proposes to pull the MASTERS from your poor backs and compel them to support themselves or starve.

If you enjoy seeing your arrogant MASTERS and their soft handed offspring enjoy all of the luxuries of life, and live in the bright spots, while you and your loved ones bear all the burdens and live in the darkest corners of the universe, then continue to vote the Democratic or Republican ticket, and you will not be disappointed. But if you have not become so humbled by servitude that you are unable to THINK FOR YOURSELVES, then approach with your ballot, the bright plains of Socialism where the flag of emancipation waves, and the dawn of your freedom will become visible and the black pall of your slavery will recede as you advance.

Read page twelve, and learn how you can secure this journal ONE WHOLE YEAR for only twenty-five cents. This will interest old as well as new subscribers.

HE HUNTED US UP.

A letter recently received from Mr. J. H. Fogus, of Julia, West Virginia, in part follows:

"Dear Uncle Dick:—
"This is what we have learned to call you. I was the first man to subscribe for the RIP-SAW in this part of the country. I did not know where it was printed, but I wrote to The Appeal to Reason to find out where I could get it. I subscribed for it, and when I would show it to anyone they would laugh at me for taking such "stuff" as the RIP-SAW, but now when I say "RIP-SAW" to a man he has "two-bits," and he hands it to me and says, 'I WANT IT.'

"I sent in thirty subscribers myself to the RIP-SAW, and there is at least one hundred readers in this neighborhood. Most any man I meet now has something to say about "Uncle Dick Maple." We certainly congratulate you on the work you are doing."

"DULLNESS" is often taken for "DIVINITY."

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

REMARKABLE RESULT OF THE NEW TISSUE BUILDER PROTONE, IN MANY CASES OF RUN-DOWN MEN AND WOMEN.

Prove It Yourself by Sending Coupon Below for a 50c Package Free.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Protone, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer and almost everything else you could think of, but without result. I had been thin



Any Man or Woman Who is Thin Can Recover Normal Weight by the Remarkable New Treatment, Protone.

for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable processes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

Protone is a powerful inducer of nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect the assimilation of food, increases the number of blood-corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscles and solid healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener.

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. It is absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Protone Company, 1461 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich., will send to anyone who sends name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work. They will also send you their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below to-day with you name and address.

FREE PROTONE COUPON.

This coupon is good for a free 50c package, all charges prepaid, of Protone the remarkable scientific discovery for building up thin people, together with our free book telling why you are thin, if sent with ten cents in silver or stamps to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, to The Protone Company, 1461 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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

MY OFFER:

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

Why I Want to Lend You this Phonograph:

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

All You Need Do:

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

If You Want to Keep

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

Our Easy Payment Plan

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

Owners of Edison's 1909 Model Equipments Now Ready! All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new 1909 machines, and can also get the SUPERB new 1909 Edison Amberol records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing TWICE AS LONG as any of the records heretofore made. Owners of Edison's—write for FREE circular 44, describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.

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