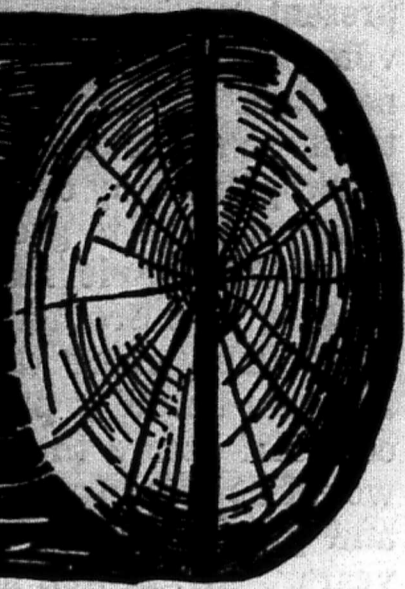


# NATIONAL RIP-SAW.



**OUR MOTTO**  
**BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.**

Vol. VI., No. 6.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUGUST, 1909.

WHOLE No. 66.

## LET OTHERS TELL IT

The editor of the RIP-SAW could fill a dozen issues with favorable comment upon the lambasting he gave the Rev. C. R. Powell on the night of June 16th, at Argenta, Ark., but we do not care to be considered an empty-headed egotist by tooting our own horn; therefore, we prefer to let others do our talking.

The "ARGENTA DAILY NEWS," the only daily paper published in Argenta, Ark., where the debate on the subject of Socialism was pulled off between the editor of this journal and the Rev. C. R. Powell, and A STAUNCH DEMOCRATIC PAPER AT THAT, on the day after we had delivered our reply to Powell's vaporous rantings, came out with the following headlines:

"THE RIP-SAW MAN RIPS UP REV. POWELL," and with smaller headlines had the following to say: "COLONEL MAPLE'S REPLY FOR THE NEGATIVE IN RIVERVIEW PARK DEBATE LAST NIGHT BETTER THAN A MEETING OF THE GRIDIRON CLUB."

Then this DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL, which is published in the Rev. Powell's own bailiwick, had the following to say:

"Rev. C. R. Powell shed tears last night when Col. Dick Maple referred to the democratic convictions of the preacher's old, aged father and mother, and said:

"'You say, Charley Powell, that Socialism is the twin sister of infidelity—hatched in the pit; that Socialism emanated from the devil, and all Socialists are on the road to hell. Did you not say that in your argument last night?' repeated the colonel, pointing his index finger at Brother Powell, who sat near the middle of the stage. The minister bowed his head, and then shook it hesitatingly. 'Yes you did,' Col. Maple continued, turning toward the audience. 'I asked him to define the word 'pit,' and he said it was hell, and that he intended it to mean the place of hell; that Socialism was hatched there, and in its effort to supplant the Christian religion its followers would go down into hell, from whence it came.'

"Renewing his attitude toward the preacher with an outstretched hand, and a voice cut by sorrow, Col. Maple said, 'You ought to be ashamed of that statement, Charley Powell—ashamed of it the balance of your natural life, and you should go to your father and mother and get down on your knees and ask their forgiveness. I learn that the parents that gave you birth and the mother that nurtured you, the father who led you and shielded you through the tender years of your youth, the mother whose kindly hand cooled your feverish brow with a touch, are Socialists.'

"As the minister sat with bowed head and hot tears trickling down his burning cheeks, the speaker turned again to the audience. 'In God's name, how could he say that? I have an

old father past eighty-two years of age, and an old mother about eighty, and if I thought they were on the road to hell because they were Socialists I would be the most miserable wretch on the face of this earth. I would cry out, and on bended knees plead with such a God to take me too. If I were not a Socialist, I would become a Socialist. What? Me in heaven throughout eternity, and my old father and mother suffering the tortures of a hell. No, never! I would not worship a God that would separate me from them; I would rather be in hell with them than to do it.'

"Pointing a finger at the preacher, his voice ringing with scathing reproach, 'Shame on you, Charley Powell; shame on you!' and the incident closed.

"There were estimated to be two thousand in the auditorium of Riverside Park last night when Col. Dick Maple, editor of the 'RIP-SAW,' began his address for the negative, in answer to Rev. C. R. Powell, state secretary of the Arkansas Anti-Saloon League, upon the question, 'Resolved, That Socialism is the twin sister of infidelity—hatched in the pit.'

"Many were from distant homes in other states. A father and son traveled all the way from Oklahoma, six hundred miles, to hear the debate. D. S. Duffield came from Rich Hill, Mo., J. N. Walker from Swarts, La., P. M. Johnson from Hot Springs county, C. J. White, J. B. King and J. W. Scott from Faulkner county, Ark., and B. J. Robertson, a millionaire Socialist, sat on the platform from Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Some came from Texas, California, Arizona and New Mexico, and still others from Tennessee, whose names the Daily News could not get.

"How to describe the demeanor of Col. Maple before the audience puzzles. He was at once kind and scathing, generous and cutting. Sometimes a father advising a son, at other times a raging, swerving, sweeping torrent, battling his opponent to death. No man can assume the affirmative and stand up under the rapid fire of truth-dealing blows, as like sledge hammers swung by the arm of labor, they fell upon the sham and rot, ignorance or calumny of the argument presented by Mr. Powell the night before.

"In contradistinction to Mr. Powell, who said he was unable to find a single definition of Socialism where the authorities were not in conflict, Col. Maple read from eighteen standard authorities, books common in the homes of all his hearers, showing that no conflict existed among the scholars of the world as to the meaning of the science; that it is a science of sociology modernly named Socialism, but in fact a true democracy, and that there is not and can not be any conflict between Socialism and the religion of Jesus the Christ.

"Not one of the eighteen held to the contrary, and in comparing the form of government represented by Socialism to the present day government of society, all held, without a dissenting voice, that if adopted by mankind it would produce more happiness and universal thanksgiving than any form of society yet tried. That there could be no conflict, for competition would be supplanted by co-operation and love. That Christianity would have a chance to grow.

"Col. Maple read from his editorial in the 'RIP-SAW' to show that Brother Powell the night before had used the word 'Christian' where the editorial had used the word 'creed,' and that he did it purposely to misrepresent the meaning of the editorial before the audience. The editorial said: 'Socialism would do more for the world in ten years than all the preachers and priests in your creed (ilk) have done in two thousand years.' Mr. Powell made the editorial say, 'Socialism would do more in ten years than Christianity has done in two thousand years.'

"'Is that the way you read your Bible, Charley,' asked the colonel, 'twist the language so that you can make out your case, and set up a pretense to prove that everybody on earth is going to hell except the Landmark Baptists?'

"Referring to a clipping in the Arkansas Baptist, and naming the date when Mr. Powell was editor of that paper, Col. Maple exhibited the fact that Powell had publicly declared all Baptists, Catholics, Presbyterians and every other denomination not Landmark Baptists, were all doomed for hell. He called upon Mr. Powell to deny the clipping, and deny that he wrote it, or deny that he had read the language as printed right, and the minister sat dumb.

"Col. Maple spoke for two hours and a half, and still the great throng of people did not tire. They were in an uproar of laughter and hearty good will throughout, and when he begged to close, voices from all over the audience cried out, 'Go on, go on!' and some said, 'We can stay all night.'

"The sum of the argument was, that Christianity had failed to carry out its program completely in the ideal because of the environment or the competitive struggle for bread and butter, and that Socialism, if put in practice, would prepare the soil for the good seed by removing the environment; that Socialism, instead of being an enemy of Christianity, was its best ally and friend; that for four hundred years the early church practiced it and prospered.

"'The Master was the first Socialist,' declared the colonel, 'and if his doctrines had been carried out by the church, there would be no need for Socialism now.'"

#### STILL ANOTHER.

Argenta, Ark., as perhaps many of our readers know, is just a suburb of Little Rock, Ark., as nothing divides the two cities but the Arkansas river. The "ARKANSAS GAZETTE," another STAUNCH DEMOCRATIC paper, published right in Rev. Powell's home town, under the headlines, "COL. DICK MAPLE ANSWERS MR. POWELL," had the following to say:

"Riverview Park was packed last night to listen to the reply of Col. Dick Maple, editor of THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, a Socialist paper published in St. Louis, to Rev. C. R. Powell's charge on the night previous that 'Socialism is the child of infidelity.' It is estimated that upward of fifteen hundred people attended. In the assembly were a father and son who came from Oklahoma to hear Col. Maple. On the platform was B. J. Robertson, of Cincinnati, who debated on Socialism at the Capital Theater last year, and Philip Wagner of St. Louis, publisher of the RIP-SAW.

"The speaker disdained to make extended reply to Mr. Powell's claim that Socialists were infidels and free lovers. 'Socialism,' he said, 'does not concern itself with creeds. Religion or the lack of it is an individual's own concern. Socialism is an economic proposition, and concerns the betterment of people's earthly condition. It maintains that "THINGS INDIVIDUALLY USED SHOULD BE INDIVIDUALLY OWNED, AND THINGS COLLECTIVELY USED, LIKE RAILROADS, TELEGRAPHS, TELEPHONES AND SUCH, SHOULD BE COLLECTIVELY OWNED.'"

"He cited authorities to show that Socialism and the early Christian Religion were the same; that the early church not

only preached but practiced communism for four hundred years.

"Col. Maple will go to Wynne this morning, where he will deliver an address this afternoon, and then go to his home, Nashville, Tenn."

Thus you will see that another journal whose editors are personally acquainted with the Rev. Powell, and who are naturally opposed to Socialism, dared not condemn the editor of the RIP-SAW nor praise Powell.

#### AND STILL ANOTHER.

We now quote from the "ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT," another Democratic journal published in Little Rock, Ark., which is the Rev. Powell's home town. It came out under the heading of "SOCIALISTIC DEBATE OPENS." The clipping follows:

"The debate on Socialism between Rev. C. R. Powell of Little Rock and Col. Dick Maple of St. Louis opened at the Riverview Park Auditorium last evening. Rev. Powell, speaking to an audience of about a thousand persons.

"The subject was, 'Socialism is the Twin sister of infidelity—hatched in the pit.' Rev. Powell talked from the affirmative and against Socialism. The speakers were introduced by Rev. Ben M. Bogard of Little Rock.

"Rev. Powell, while admitting that there was much wrong with the principles of government as well as the industrial and social system, said that the remedy was not to be found in Socialism. The only salvation, he contended, was through the medium of the church. He denounced Socialists as infidels and free (?) lovers, a menace to society and good government.

"Both the debaters are editors, Col. Maple being the editor of the RIP-SAW, a Socialist publication, while Rev. Powell is editor of the Arkansas Baptist.

"The statement which led up to the challenge was published in the Arkansas Baptist last winter, and Col. Maple challenged the minister to make good his statements.

"Col. Maple will reply to the statements of Rev. Powell at the same location this evening."

Thus you will see that not a single one of the papers of either Argenta, Ark., or Little Rock, had a word of praise for the Rev. C. R. Powell's efforts, and all three of these journals are DEMOCRATIC FROM PEELING TO CORE.

#### ONE MORE.

Again, the "ARKANSAS GAZETTE," and you must bear in mind that this is a DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL, came out under the headline of "POWELL ATTACKS SOCIALISM," and had the following to say:

"A large audience gathered at Riverside Park last night to listen to the first half of the debate on Socialism between Col. Dick Maple of St. Louis, editor of the RIP-SAW, a Socialistic paper, and Rev. C. R. Powell of Little Rock, editor of the Arkansas Baptist and state agent for the Anti-Saloon League. There were about a thousand people present.

"Rev. Ben Bogard of Little Rock introduced the debaters. Col. Maple made a short introductory statement, and then gave way to Mr. Powell, who took for his theme, 'Socialism is the twin sister of Infidelity—Hatched in the pit.' It was this statement, published in the Arkansas Baptist last year, that caused Col. Maple to challenge Mr. Powell to give proof of it, and caused him to travel from St. Louis without expectation of remuneration, for no admission to the debate is charged, to combat it.

"Mr. Powell, at the start, WAS HALF LAUDATORY OF SOCIALISM, BUT SOON BECAME CONDEMNATORY. HE ADMITTED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH THE COUNTRY AND ITS INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL SYSTEM, but argued that Socialism did not furnish a remedy, salvation was only through the church. In keeping with his text, he denounced Socialists as infidels and free lovers, who were dangerous to society.

"Col. Maple will reply to his arguments to-night."

And still not a word of praise from a single journal published in his home town, but you will notice that both the "Arkansas Gazette" and the "Arkansas Democrat" boldly states that the Rev. Powell was "LAUDATORY OF SOCIALISM." —And this Anti-Saloon preacher had declared that Socialism was "HATCHED IN HELL."

## AND STILL EVIDENCE PILES UP.

Under the caption of "THE SOCIALIST QUESTION," "THE ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT," of Little Rock, Arkansas, Powell's home town, had the following to say:

"Last night, at Riverview Park, Col. Dick Maple, editor of the RIP-SAW, replied to the speech of Rev. C. R. Powell, of Little Rock, on the question of Socialism. The question, "Socialism Is the Child of Infidelity" was at issue. Rev. Powell having spoken at the same location the night before.

"Col. Maple dismissed all reference to religion as connected with Socialism, contending that Socialism had no concern with religious creeds and beliefs, but was an economic question, pure and simple, concerning the betterment of the people from a worldly standpoint. HE RECITED THE TENETS OF SOCIALISM AS THEY ARE KNOWN TO EVERYONE, AND ALSO CITED AUTHORITIES TO SHOW THAT SOCIALISM AND THE EARLY CHRISTIAN RELIGION WERE ONE AND THE SAME THING, AND THAT THE EARLY CHURCH PREACHED AND PRACTICED COMMUNISM.

"Col. Maple left this morning for Wynne, where he will deliver a lecture this afternoon, after which he will return to Nashville, Tenn."

The Rev. Powell stated that he had run his legs off trying to find some definition for Socialism, but could not; however, the editor of this journal produced eighteen of the standard authorities of the world, and hurled at Mr. Powell the fact that HE HAD BEEN USING HIS LEGS INSTEAD OF HIS HEAD, and THE ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT hurled in Powell's teeth that fact that the editor of the RIP-SAW 'RECITED THE TENETS OF SOCIALISM AS THEY ARE KNOWN TO EVERYONE.'

## AGAIN HEAR HIS HOME-FOLKS.

As we have stated before, the Rev. Powell had received a little dose on the evening of the 16th of June that was making him sting under the "britching," and he could not think of stopping that hole in his face, as he had agreed to do, and he proceeded, upon the night of June 17th, after the editor of the RIP-SAW had left his city, for Wynne, Arkansas, to explode; however, from the reports of those who were there, and also from the report of the "ARGENTA DAILY NEWS" published in Argenta, Arkansas, it would appear that the explosion was heard by but a handful of picture-show people.

This "ARGENTA DAILY NEWS," the only daily newspaper published in Argenta, Arkansas, and a RIP-ROARING DEMOCRATIC PAPER AT THAT, came out the next day after Powell's last talk, with an article under the following headlines:

### "CLOSING SCENES OF THE DEBATE."

"Rev. C. R. Powell closed the now celebrated debate upon the question, 'Resolved, That Socialism is the Twin Sister of Infidelity—Hatched in the Pit,' at Riverview Park last night.

"Riverview Park is the moving picture and vaudeville show just at the foot of the north end of the free bridge, and the audience last night was reduced just about to the usual size of spectators who came to see pictures. It was not expected that Mr. Powell would bring out anything new in the debate, and public interest had practically subsided.

"The Daily News reported his argument for the affirmative in its issue of the 16th inst. It will take the space again, and bore its readers by repeating that issue. The speaker for the affirmation was not as considerate for his audience last night.

"There are but two or three things worth mentioning, and those are the denials. The Daily News will publish those, since it has no desire to impugn his motive.

"Coming on down to his father, he admitted that his father is a Socialist, and not only so, but an agnostic. 'My father does not believe there is a God, and he denies the divinity of Christ.'

"As to his father's prospects for hell, he said, 'I cannot change that fixed law of God, and I leave it to you to say whether, if I could I should do it.'

"He denied that he wept when Col. Dick Maple told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and said the Daily News was mistaken when it said, I wept.

"(Ben Bogard—'The paper lied.') To this Mr. Powell an-

swered, 'I do not believe it had malice against me. It was a mistake, just as the Democrat made a mistake in its report a day or two ago.

"Mr. Powell is the better judge whether he shed tears or not. It was his nose he wiped; his eyes he brushed with the tips of his fingers. The News man sat near the stage, and he believes he distinguished tears in Mr. Powell's eyes. His attitude. The movement of his hands. The spell that was being weaved upon him—the scenes, the pictures portrayed by Col. Maple, was enough to make him weep, and it would have been more to his credit if he had wept than it is to deny that he did weep, and boldly say to the audience, 'I AM ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN, WHILE MY OLD FATHER IS ON THE WAY TO HELL, and I leave it to you to say whether, if I could, I should stretch out my hand and save him. For my part, I am willing to let the law stand as it is,' or words to that effect.

"As for Ben Bogard, we all know, who know anything about him at all, that he would swear Christ off of the cross, if Christ and the cross were on one side of the balances, and a dollar or two was on the other side, and the money was in Bogard's favor. Judgment has been passed upon this Judas Iscariot before the high courts of heaven, years and years ago.

"Bro. Powell did not deny that his father was on the road to hell because he was a Socialist, as Col. Maple charged him with saying, but he came near to denying it. He said, 'My father is not a Debs Socialist,' and that is some redemption for his father.

"Referring to the Colonel's charge that he had written in the Arkansas Baptist, official organ for the 'Landmarkers,' that none other than Landmark Baptists could enter the Kingdom of Heaven, Bro. Powell denies that he did it, positively, although he sat dumb the night before when called upon repeatedly by the Colonel to deny it.

"He charged Col. Maple with being a blatherskite; a black-guard, and with using language unbecoming to a gentleman, and he did not believe Christian men and women could yell as that crowd yelled over the indecent utterances of the night before. 'But I never got such a drubbing in my life,' he added, 'and I am not thin skinned, and told him so.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

We now desire to say to the readers of the RIP-SAW that we have given you ABSOLUTE FACTS pertaining to this debate, published by all three of the daily papers in Little Rock, and Argenta, Arkansas, as these two towns are practically one, as nothing divides them but the Arkansas River.—These three DEMOCRATIC JOURNALS are published where the Rev. C. R. Powell resides, and from a reasonable standpoint, and from the past treatment Socialists have received at the hands of Republican and Democratic journals, is it not reasonable to suppose that Republican and Democratic Journals prefer to say something derogatory to the cause of Socialism, and those who advocate it, if the opportunity permits? and sometimes they say it without a first-class opportunity; however, either the Rev. Powell made a flat failure of establishing the fact that "Socialism is the Twin Sister of Infidelity—Hatched in the Pit," and the editor of the RIP-SAW gave him a terrible scoring, or the editors of these DEMOCRATIC JOURNALS have become Socialists, or else these editors are fair and propose to print the news justly, or else the Rev. Powell is darned unpopular at home.—You, Mr. Reader, can decide for yourself which it is.

The editor of the RIP-SAW never met either the Rev. C. R. Powell nor the Rev. Ben M. Bogard until he reached Argenta, Arkansas, for the debate. The Rev. Bogard is editor in charge of the "Arkansas Baptist," from which the Rev. C. R. Powell "RESIGNED" the editorship, but still "CONTROLS."—He "RESIGNED?" and took a job with the Arkansas Anti-Saloon League at ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES.—Now, whether a man can "CONTROL" a newspaper and hire an editor without CONTROLLING HIM ALSO we'll let you guess;—now, Mr. Reader, who do you think is the real editor of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST," Rev. C. R. Powell, who CONTROLS it, or Rev. Ben R. Bogard, who DON'T CONTROL IT?—Can't you really smell a "wad" about the size of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES that will fairly account for the Rev. Powell's resignation as editor of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST?"—Gee! it smells queer.

# 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.

Western Advertising Representative,  
HARRY R. FISHER,  
112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Telephone, Central 4340.

Entered at the Post-Office at St. Louis, Mo., as Second-Class Matter.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL  
Devoted to the interest of that part of human-  
ity which has the heavy end of the log.

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St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



The "SMART" fellow is seldom "WISE."

The bigger the liar the bigger the coward.

EARNESTNESS never employs a press agent.

Isn't it funny to see POVERTY voting a MILLIONAIRE'S TICKET?

The religion of the universe should be "HAPPY HOMES."

Lots of "FIXED OPINIONS" have been "FIXED" by bribes.

"Straightened circumstances" often make men mighty "crooked."

Darn a "GOSPEL" that don't get busy until I'm as dead as hell.

From three to five thousand dollars would HIRE lots of us to preach.

If you want a fellow to believe a lie quickly, just work a little truth in with it.

The average man is so bashful that he'll blush at the "NAKED TRUTH."

"RIGHTEOUSNESS" has always been unpopular with the "UNRIGHTEOUS."

When a fellow gets well acquainted with himself, he thinks more of his neighbors.

The average Christian prays too much for his NEIGHBOR and not enough for HIMSELF.

A "SUNKEN-EYED FACTORY CHILD" is a dam poor advertisement for Christianity.

A hypocrite's coat can't be made to hide the wolf's claws.

The best way to entertain an "empty head" is to use a "brass band."

It's a dirty shame that the rich have to die and leave their "poodle dogs."

I don't want to go to Heaven until I learn how to live, and I can never learn how to live in a "shack" owned by some one else.

If God Almighty is the AUTHOR OF GOODNESS, what do you think about that story of his building HELL?

Show me a man who has no enemies and we'll show you a fellow that never did anything for the good of humanity.

Whenever you hear of a preacher answering a "CALL," you can set it down that the "JACK-POT" was too rich to turn down.

There's a mighty lot of toll gates on the road to Heaven, and a large "bunch" of heartless toll-gate keepers.

It always appeared darned queer to us that it only required ONE GOD to save our souls, and three or four political parties to save our bellies and backs.

Socialism whispers into the ears of all toilers the same story—JUSTICE.

It was just such men as the leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties that crucified Christ.

You can't make me believe that JUSTICE ever gave the "boss" who don't work DOLLARS and the poor cuss who earned them PENNIES.

Show me an official who can be bought by a railroad pass to do his master's bidding, and I'll show you a fellow who was always a thief, but had never had an opportunity to steal anything.

The devil is never afraid of a preacher who is compelled to work SIX DAYS in order to be able to talk intelligently thirty minutes about a thing that he says is so good he wants everybody else to have a slice of it.

The fellow who "LIVES RIGHT" don't have to call in a preacher or priest to say masses and burn bees-wax candles when he dies to keep the devil from getting him.—Dog-gone a religion that won't save me ALL-BY-ITS-LONELY.

Read pages TEN and ELEVEN of this issue and learn how to obtain a copy of the great MAPLE-POWELL debate ABSOLUTELY FREE.

## 'Twould Tickle A Monkey.

If you have "grins" to shed, prepare to shed them.—Read the following, which was clipped from the "Arkansas Baptist" of its issue of June 30th, fifteen days after the Maple-Powell debate: Here it is:

"CONCERNING MY DEBATE WITH DICK MAPLE."

BY

C. R. POWELL.

"To start with, I wish to thank Bro. Bogard for his nice and impartial report of the debate in the Arkansas Baptist. In many ways, I believe the debate will prove helpful to those who heard it, and to those who buy the book and read it. I never got the full import of Paul's words when he said he fought with beasts, at Ephesus, until I fell into that tussle with like creatures in Argenta. I have no desire to repeat anything Dick said; he is the most vulgar man I ever heard talk. Our speeches were taken by an expert stenographer, and the RIP-SAW will publish them in book form. They will make a book of about 150 pages, and I judge can be sold for fifty cents per copy. The RIP-SAW has already sold ninety thousand copies. I am to get as many as I can sell at actual cost of production, and I will sell them at the same price the RIP-SAW gets for them. It might be well for those who want a copy to write me at once, and when the books are out I will inform you of the price, and you can then send the money. In this way you will be sure to get a copy. A postal card will do. Address me at Room 11, Masonic Temple, Little Rock, Arkansas."

\* \* \* \* \*

Geel! 'twould tickle a monkey to hear Rev. C. R. Powell "THANKING BRO. BOGARD FOR HIS NICE AND IMPARTIAL REPORT OF THE DEBATE."—The Rev. Powell don't think the world knows, that HE HIMSELF "CONTROLS" the "Arkansas Baptist."—No, no, he thinks that no one knows that.—But O, Lordy! wait until the old RIP-SAW Gets to talking back, and he'll wish he was a blind dog lost in a maze of meat, hung too high for him to even smell.—"THANKS, BROTHER BOGARD."—Yah, yah, yah! that is really funny.—If Brother Powell sells the book containing our debate at the same price the RIP-SAW does, he's through now, as the management of the RIP-SAW is so anxious to have it read that they have concluded to GIVE IT AWAY.—SEE PAGES TEN AND ELEVEN OF THIS ISSUE.

The Rev. Powell is a "slick" advertiser, as did you notice he stated that, "HE (meaning the editor of this journal) IS THE MOST VULGAR MAN I EVER HEARD TALK."—He sure wants to rake in a "pile" on this book, and must have thought that by using the word "VULGAR" that all the subscribers of "HIS PAPER," which the Rev. Ben Bogard runs for him, would fall over one another to get it.—Yah, yah, yah! "I WISH TO THANK BRO. BOGARD FOR HIS NICE AND IMPARTIAL REPORT OF THE DEBATE" in the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST" which the Rev. C. R. Powell "CONTROLS."—Yah, yah, yah! I am most "bustin" with "tickledness."—"THANKS, BRO. BOGARD."—Oh, me, oh, my, I just can't quit tickling.—Powell lets Bogard run his paper while he draws ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES from the Arkansas Anti-Saloon League.—YAH, YAH, YAH!—Powell says he has no desire to repeat anything "Dick" says, but he wants to sell this "VULGAR" book to the dear "Landmark Baptist" who take his "Arkansas Baptist."—Yah, yah, yah! that do smell like another soft fat Anti-Saloon League job.

# NOTICE.

On page fourteen of last June's issue of the RIP-SAW, we stated that in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the shapely young ladies of the "YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION," of that city, dressed in short skirts and tights in an entertainment which they gave to raise money for that organization.—The editor of this journal is just in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Emily Clark Scott of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U., stating that it was not the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union that gave that "doings" at Carnegie Hall in Pittsburg, but that it was the "YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION."—We are mighty glad to make this correction, as the RIP-SAW has been a Prohibitionist journal ever since its first issue, and we are powerful glad to know that the "YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION" are no guilty.—And we are indeed sorry to know that the "YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION" must bear this stigma.

## HEAVEN.

By Truman Freeland.

That State with peace and plenty  
blest—

By no contentions riven,  
Where each one does his very best  
For his fellows, that is heaven.

He that in the public mind,  
Mixes love as leaven,  
In his heart will ever find,  
The joy and peace of heaven.

The home where no contentions  
come—

Where love for love is given,  
Though it be a poor-man's home,  
Is nothing short of heaven.

Go not beyond the grave to find,  
The greatest gifts that God has  
given;  
When peace and love are in the  
mind,  
That mind hath found its heav-  
en.

## HE LIKED IT AT SIGHT.

A letter recently received from Mr. John Burkner, of 1512 John street, Cincinnati, Ohio, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"I have very recently become a subscriber to the RIP-SAW of which you are editor. A sample copy was given me last February to read, and I liked it almost at sight, and I immediately subscribed for it for one year. Since then my wife and I have become so enthusiastic with your great style of writing FACTS and TRUTHS that the RIP-SAW'S monthly arrival is looked forward to with great interest. It is simply the best journal that I have ever seen for wit, mixed with big bundles of REAL COMMON SENSE.

"Your literature cannot be duplicated for making good impressions and leaving good effects. I have also got eight new subscribers and am going to hustle for more."

## JUST THINK OF IT!

Dan Keefe, who betrayed the cause of labor in the last campaign, gets a ten thousand dollar Federal Job.

Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, who were loyal to the cause of labor and bravely and honestly fought the administration's candidate, get prison sentences.

Pringle, the editor of a renegade labor paper in Pittsburg, that sold out in the last campaign, was appointed Appraiser of the Port.

Gompers, editor of the American Federationist, that did not sell out, is threatened with a year in the prison for Federal convicts at Atlanta. Just think of it!—Louisville Journal of Labor.

## A WISE HORSE.

At an annual series of races "for all comers," the sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line.

The patience of the starter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted. "Bring him up!"

The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Irishman, yelled back: "I can't! This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till he hears the door shut, an' I ain't got no door!"—Ex.

Darn the flag? It's what the flag stands for.

## HELL.

By Truman Freeland.

Can you see the city's slum  
From your mansion where you  
dwell?

Then with me to the window come,  
And I will show you hell.

Have you seen the busy street,  
Where men of commerce buy and  
sell—

Where millionaires and beggars  
meet?

That, my friend, is hell.

Have you seen the well-named  
"pit,"

Where men pretend to buy and  
sell—

Where the worst of gamblers sit?  
That, my friend, is hell.

Have you heard the horrid roar  
Of musketry and screaming  
shell—

Seen brothers bathed in brothers'  
gore?

That, my friend, is hell.

Does your conscience now condemn,  
For some deed the world called  
well—

Some wrong you did to fellow-  
man?

This, to you, my friend, is hell.

Have you abused the poor dumb  
brute

That served you long and well?  
Then this truth you'll not refute—  
You're well deserving hell.

Hades is not beyond the tomb,  
As some people gravely tell—  
The human heart that's filled with  
gloom,  
Is also filled with hell.

## Socialism not so Bad, We Guess, or the Powell Family are Goners.

After the editor of the RIP-SAW reached Argenta and Little Rock, Arkansas, we learned another little piece of news.—We didn't let the Rev. Powell know it, but we brought up the subject of fathers and mothers, and we asked the Rev. Powell if his father was still living.—We also asked him if his father was a Christian, and he told us that "HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST MEN IN THE WORLD."—We then sprung something on him.—We said, "IS IT NOT TRUE THAT YOUR FATHER IS AN OUT AND OUT SOCIALIST?"—He seemed to be swallowing at a stack of hazel brush, and stammered out that little word "YES."—We also learned that his two brothers were Socialists.—The Rev. C. R. Powell, on the same night after making this confession during the day, stated that ALL SOCIALISTS were INFIDELS AND FREE-LOVISTS, AND WERE ALL GOING TO HELL.—Won't the Rev. Powell be lonesome in Heaven when he looks around and says, FATHER AND MY TWO BROTHERS ARE IN HELL!—The Rev. Powell says he's happy.—Now, how the devil he could be happy if he knows that all Socialists are going to hell while his dear old father, whom we learn is REALLY AND TRULY A DEAR, GOOD OLD MAN, WAS GOING TO HELL, and his son says all Socialists are, is something that the editor of this journal cannot understand, and we are glad we can't understand it, as we would indeed feel very sorry to know how a son could be HAPPY in this world when he knew that the majority of his family were going to hell.—Powell really needs either a dose of religion or a dose of brains, and we would advise him to withdraw his "RESIGNATION" (?) as editor of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST," which he acknowledges that he "CONTROLS," and throw up his Anti-Saloon League job, if he does lose ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND HIS EXPENSES.—If Socialists are as bad as the Rev. Powell says they are, ain't his dear old father and his two brothers in one hell of a fix?—What do you think about "THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD" GOING TO HELL? And the Rev. Powell says that his old father is that kind of a man, and also says HE IS A SOCIALIST, and further says, "ALL SOCIALISTS ARE GOING TO HELL."—SELAH.

Read pages TEN and ELEVEN of this issue and learn how to obtain a copy of the great MAPLE-POWELL debate ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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**? Resigned ?**

The Rev. C. R. Powell once owned and edited "THE ARKANSAS BAPTIST," published at Little Rock, Arkansas.—He "RESIGNED" (?) its editorship.—Why did he "RESIGN?"—We'll let you guess, as this is a RIDDLE EASILY SOLVED.—LISTEN! we heard a little piece of news after we reached ARGENTA and LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—We cocked up our left ear and said WHAT?—We went to the Rev. Powell and asked him a few questions.—One was, Have you sold all of your interest in the "Arkansas Baptist"?—He said, NO.—We asked him if he owned a CONTROLLING INTEREST.—He said, YES.—We asked him why he retained a MAJORITY INTEREST.—He said, SO THAT HE COULD CONTROL IT.—Then we had a "THINK."—Then we wondered how he could "RESIGN" FROM SOMETHING THAT HE STILL CONTROLLED.—Then we had another "THINK."—We said, Why did you "RESIGN" your editorship?—He said, To accept a position with the Anti-Saloon League.—Then we had another LARGE THINK.—We said, How much does the Anti-Saloon League pay you?—He said, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES.—Then we had a GREAT BIG THINK.—Then we further put the pry under him and learned that he drew FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH for acting as TREASURER for the COMMITTEE ON FINANCE AND INFORMATION OF THE BAPTIST GENERAL ASSOCIATION.—Then we said to ourselves, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS AND EXPENSES from the Anti-Saloon League, and FIFTY DOLLARS from the Baptist Church equals TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS PER MONTH, AND EXPENSES.—Then we said, I SEE, I SEE, I SEE.—We didn't learn how much his CONTROLLING INTEREST IN "THE ARKANSAS BAPTIST" paid him, but it must be a GOOD THING, or he would not want to CONTROL IT.—Who was that

impudent "cuss" out there in the audience that laughed?—But we don't blame him for laughing, as we got tickled ourself.—Then we had an AWFUL THINK, and we said to ourself, we wonder if the ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF ARKANSAS COULDN'T HIRE NINE-TENTHS OF THE SALOON KEEPERS OF THAT STATE TO QUIT THE SALOON BUSINESS FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH AND THEIR EXPENSES?—Rev. Powell said in his debate with the editor of this journal, that ENVIRONMENT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH A MAN'S GOODNESS OR BADNESS.—Then we wondered what the devil he was pulling ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES out of the Anti-Saloon League for, when if he closed up every saloon in Arkansas, according to his own logic, it would do no one any good.—Then we fainted with "tickledness."—We wonder when he "RESIGNED" from what he STILL CONTROLS why he resigned; for if ENVIRONMENT CUTS NO ICE WITH A MAN'S GOODNESS OR HIS BADNESS, what's the difference whether they have ONE or FIFTY THOUSAND SALOONS IN ARKANSAS?—Then we laughed some more real laugh.—Brother Powell try offering Arkansas saloon men ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES, and see how quickly the majority will quit.—Oh! excuse me; I forgot that that would stop your salary, Mr. Powell, and you would want to withdraw your "RESIGNATION" (?) from "THE ARKANSAS BAPTIST," from which you "RESIGNED," but which you still "CONTROL."—We then thought another thought.—It was this: About how many SINCERE MEN, Mr. Reader, will attend the Anti-Saloon meetings presided over by the Rev. Powell when they learn how PROFITABLE his "RESIGNATION" (?) from his OWN JOURNAL was to him?—These facts are facts, as the Rev. Powell "fessed" up to DICK MAPLE that THEY WERE FACTS.—Now, brethren and "sistern," when you read the account of the debate between the Rev. Powell and DICK MAPLE in the paper from which Powell "RESIGNED," (?) but still "CONTROLS," perhaps you'll not wonder at the COLORING-MATTER that is woven into it.

—Just for fun I would be pleased to have you order a copy of "THE ARKANSAS BAPTIST" that contains a write-up of the debate, which is the journal that Brother Powell "RESIGNED" (?) from, but still controls.—When you get it you'll not see a SINGLE WORD IN HIS FAVOR relative to the debate from either one of the daily papers of either Little Rock or Argenta, Arkansas.—You'll not wonder that only "THE ARKANSAS BAPTIST" puffs the Rev. Powell when you remember that this is the journal that Powell "RESIGNED" (?) from, but still controls.—Just for fun, order a copy of June 23, 1909, issue, and get a barrel of first-class "tickle."—What a shame that some one don't offer the saloon keepers of Arkansas ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH AND EXPENSES, as that state would almost go DRY in one little day.—When you get a copy of the June TWENTY-THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE issue of "THE ARKANSAS BAPTIST," methinks that it will impress you so profoundly with its impartiality (?) and fairness (?) that each night before you go to sleep you'll repeat the word "RESIGNED" in a soft whisper, as you'll know that Powell has really and truly "RESIGNED?"—No matter how much we may think that we warmed up the little "bitches" of Powell, SOME ONE ELSE will have to tell it if it is ever told, as we'd feel like a red-faced, egotistical fool to "puff" ourself in our own journal.—But Mr. Powell can do it with CHRISTIAN SIMPLICITY, as he has "RESIGNED" (?) the editorship of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST," and Rev. Ben Bogard edits it, and the Rev. Powell only "CONTROLS" it.—If Powell "CONTROLS" that journal, we wonder if he don't "CONTROL" the editor's pen?—No wonder that the Rev. Ben Bogard acted as chairman of the joint debate between Powell and Dick Maple, after Powell had PROMISED Dick Maple that the mayor of Argenta would preside.—Powell "CONTROLS" the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST," and the Rev. Ben Bogard is its editor.—We wonder who "CONTROLS" Bogard?—No wonder the Rev. Ben Bogard objected to B. J. Robertson of Cincinnati, Ohio, a friend of Dick Maple's, introducing him to the audience.—"Ben" is editor of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST" and Powell "CONTROLS" that journal.—When you read it in the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST" please remember that Powell has "RESIGNED" (?) his editorship of that journal, but still "CONTROLS" it, and therefore, of course, has NO INTEREST in what it says, as he only "CONTROLS" it in order to CONTROL ITS EDITOR, and little things like "INDIVIDUAL PUFFS."—LET'S PRAY.

# A Mistake Somewhere

In St. Louis, Missouri, there is a Roman Catholic Hospital by the name of the "ALEXIAN BROTHERS' HOSPITAL."—A member of that Institution by the name of Brother Desedirius, and who has belonged to that organization for fifteen years, although he had made a VOW that he would never wed, and MADE THAT VOW TO GOD ALMIGHTY (as the Roman Catholic Church teaches) fell head-over-heels in love with the daughter of Mr. Frank Wrobel, a resident of St. Louis, Missouri, Augusta Wrobel, of 2908 North Twenty-second street.

This Roman Catholic "Brother" had promised God Almighty—yea, he had VOWED to God Almighty that he never would marry; but after he fell in love with Miss Wrobel, he or God one learned that they were mistaken, as his heart began to cavort around in a way that he wasn't used to, and, by gum, he wanted to marry, when he had VOWED to God Almighty that he wouldn't marry.—Well, he was in one hell of a fix, to say the least of it; but the Roman Catholic Church has a sliding scale of religion, as it can be worked up or down in a manner that will make God Almighty look like "six bits," with the "six" entirely rubbed out, as this institution has an invisible spring which can be touched by the Pope at Rome, who calls himself the Vice Gerent of Jesus Christ, and any "trick" can be turned and any VOW broken; so Brother Desedirius made application to Rome, and Pap Pope, we suppose, wired God Almighty asking permission for Brother Desedirius to go back on his VOW, and immediately the message came that it was ALL-HUNK-A-DO-RA, AND TO NOTIFY THE "BROTHER" THAT HE COULD "TIE UP."

Now, the RIP-SAW does not condemn Brother Desedirius for going back on his VOWS, as this is one of the times, in our estimation, that he showed that he had some sense, and we do not blame Miss Wrobel for marrying the Brother either, if she loved him, and from what we learn of Miss Wrobel, she is a dear, good, sweet girl.—But what worries us is that God Al-

mighty made such a botch of the job, for if God Almighty never changes, as we are taught, and if He sanctioned the VOW that Brother Desedirius took, SWEARING THAT HE WOULD NEVER MARRY, and if that vow was recorded in Heaven, as we are taught, then God Almighty reversed Himself when Pap Pope persuaded Him to change His opinion.—What think ye, Ike?

The Roman Catholic Church teaches, and so does the majority of the Protestant churches, that it is a MORTAL SIN to grant a divorce, and they undertake to make humanity believe that since God CANNOT CHANGE and since marriage vows are recorded in Heaven, that they CANNOT be broken. But here comes along Brother Desedirius, who has registered with God Almighty, claiming to be one of his right-hand bowers so long as his liver throws off bile, and SOLEMNLY VOWED that he NEVER WOULD MARRY, and changes his mind, and asks that old "con" at Rome to speak a good word for him, and to persuade God Almighty to let him go back on his VOW; and this old "Holder of the Keys to Heaven" notifies this Brother Desedirius that God Almighty is tickled to death to grant his request, and for him to go right along and kick the wadding out of his VOW, and marry Miss Wrobel.—Now, if a VOW to God Almighty is weaker in some instances than it is in others, then no vow is worth a continental dam, and the marriage vow is no more sacred than any other VOW made to God, as when you do business with God Almighty, and if He NEVER CHANGES, as we are taught, then we'd like to know just how Brother Desedirius is going to get this little escapade of his straightened out, when he gets cold feet.

—Oh, yes! we forgot that the Pope of Rome is a half-brother of Jesus Christ, and that he can turn the trick with God Almighty, and get him to permit this brother to break his VOW of celibacy, when he finds that he loves a "gal" better than he does his Lord.

I'll be ding-flipped if the Roman Catholic Church ain't all the "mustard" when it comes to a fellow wanting to lay down on his VOWS; but Brother Desedirius may, in the

near future, want to invalidate that vow he made at the altar, as he may change his opinion about his MARRIAGE VOW as he did relative to his vow of celibacy, and then he will have hell again, as the Roman Catholic Church don't grant the privilege of breaking the marriage vow unless you happen to stand away up in "G," and happen to be a ruler of some country, and then the "trick" can be turned, as the Roman Catholic Church will trade PRIVILEGES any old time and at any hour of the night, as the Pope would get up at two o'clock in the morning and send a telegram to God Almighty asking him to permit some king to be divorced if that king will let him fasten his grip upon the throats of his subjects.—Brother Desedirius, you had better stick to this marriage vow of yours good and tight, as you will have a devil of a time getting Pap Pope to help you untangle yourself from that "mess."

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-a,  
We can change our "vows" most any day.

Read pages TEN and ELEVEN of this issue and learn how to obtain a copy of the great MAPLE-POWELL debate ABSOLUTELY FREE.



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# WE HAVE CHANGED OUR MIND

If there ever was an excuse for a man to change his mind, the editor of the RIP-SAW has undoubtedly got that excuse, and we right here change it.

In the October issue of the RIP-SAW, in the year 1906, and while we still lived at Saint Jacob, Illinois, and at divers times previous to that date, we had pelted the caloused hide of R. Don Laws, editor of "The Yellow Jacket," published at Moravian Falls, North Carolina; and in our issue of October, 1906, the editor of this journal proposed to the editor of "The Yellow Jacket" to hold a joint debate, and wound up the proposition to him in the following language:

"Now, in conclusion, 'ye dab of human excrement,' we're ready to 'play in your yard,' and 'holler down your rain-barrel,' and 'slide down your cellar door,' or do anything else with your 'fixings' that you want done, and we will meet you in Nashville, Tennessee, which is about midway between Saint Jacob, Illinois, and Moravian Falls, North Carolina, and we will take for our subject, 'RESOLVED, THAT IF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY EVER HAD A MISSION, THAT THAT MISSION IS ENDED, AND THAT PARTY SHOULD DIE.'—Now, 'Mr. Talkbig,' I'll rent and pay for the hall, and you put the same amount up in some bank in Nashville, Tennessee, and if you get the verdict at the close of the debate, you get your money back, but if I get it, you are to turn the money over to me.—Yes, we'll do more; if you get the verdict, we'll pay your railroad fare and hotel bills while on this trip, and pay you ten dollars per day for every day you're away from your maggotty nest."

In this article that we refer to in our issue of October, 1906, we further used the following language:

"Now, let this Moravian Falls, North Carolina, misconception, which wears a mustache and walks like a man, either 'shoot or give up his gun,' as the RIP-SAW will, in the future, absolutely refuse to notice the escaping gas from the lungs of this unnamed freak, as his only object in attacking decent people is to have them reply to his 'gut rumblings,' and thereby prolong his chase for bread and butter, and the RIP-SAW has come to the conclusion that if its columns cannot be used more advantageously than to advertise this piece of humanity that it will select a more decent brand than that human heap found in the editorial chair of 'The Yellow Jacket.'"

You will notice that we made a solemn resolve never again to men-

tion "The Yellow Jacket" or its editor in the columns of the RIP-SAW, and this is why we have entitled this article, "WE HAVE CHANGED OUR MIND;" but we propose to explain to our readers why we have changed it, and our explanation will be both valid and reasonable.

Issue after issue of "The Yellow Jacket" has contained some of the most villainous attacks upon the editor of this journal that was ever printed, and we have refrained absolutely from replying to this abuse, simply because we did not believe that the game was worth the ammunition; but recently we received a letter from Mr. D. A. BROWN, OF SPARTA, TENNESSEE, who is connected with "THE BROWN PRINTING COMPANY," of that Tennessee city, which reads as follows:

"Sparta, Tenn., May 4, 1909.  
"Col. Dick Maple, Nashville, Tenn.

"Dear Sir—

"I have been reading the RIP-SAW for several months, and like it very much. I have a friend (Republican) here who says that the editor of The Yellow Jacket (you are doubtless acquainted with that publication) has more than once offered to pay your expenses if you would debate the question of Socialism with him. Will you please answer through the RIP-SAW whether or not this is true?

"Wishing you success, I am, yours very truly,  
D. A. BROWN."

This letter from Mr. Brown was the straw that broke the camel's back, and which caused us to change our mind, as we did not consider it fair to either ourself or our readers to have "The Yellow Jacket" "bellowing" over the country about its editor being nearly frozen to death to get to meet the editor of the RIP-SAW in a debate upon the subject of Socialism, when the fact of the matter is that the editor of this journal has been trying for years to get Laws to meet him upon the subject of Socialism, or upon the subject of Republicanism, whichever he might choose, as in either case, we were quite certain that we could make him look like a frost-bitten gourd.

Tens of thousands of our readers will remember that during the early part of 1908, and before we moved from Saint Jacob, Illinois, to Nashville, Tennessee, that we inserted an advertisement in the columns of the RIP-SAW wanting to buy a Southern home; and we received hundreds of replies to that advertisement offering bargains in a home in the Southland, and among the many replies that we received was one from Mr. R. Don Laws, editor of "The Yellow Jacket," wanting to sell us a home in or near his town. We acknowledged receipt of his letter and thanked him cordially for his kind proposition to

sell us a home; but at that time we had already bought a home near Nashville, Tennessee, and in acknowledging Mr. Laws' letter relative to selling us a home and thanking him for his kindness, and while yet living in Saint Jacob, Illinois, we made him a proposition to take a little debating tour through the South, upon the subject of Socialism; and on the 12th of April, 1908, and before the editor of this journal moved from Saint Jacob, Illinois, he, Laws, wrote us the following letter:

Moravian Falls, N. C., April 12, 1908.  
Col. Maple.

My Dear Sir—I have yours of recent date and have noted contents. I like your proposition to take a whirl on a lecture tour through the South, but unless I can make some arrangements to have my business looked after at home, it will be impossible to take a hand. I am sole manager of my plant. Every move is made under my direction from start to finish on each issue of the Yellow Jacket. Thirty people look to me for directions, and as I have never endeavored to train any one in this matter, I don't expect it will be an easy task to get a manager. As far as my editorial work is concerned, I could prepare the bigger part of that on the wing and no trouble would be experienced. I am going to look about and see what I can do.

"Yes, you may skin me all right, but that makes no difference with me. I'd help make it interesting for certain. My paper is read in nearly every nook and corner of the United States, and the announcement that we were going to lock horns would draw the 'suckers' to beat the band.

"I am going to the National Convention at Chicago, and I have an idea that I will hunt you up on the way, and we will see more about things. At present I am simply overwhelmed with work—have never seen my business growing finer. I have received a little over thirty thousand subs. since the first of the new year. With such as this to keep an eye on, you know the responsibility.

"I was sorry to hear you had 'anchored' as I had hoped to see you pitch your tent with the 'Tar Heels.' I had some nice property I would have sold you cheap and took the pay in some 'hot stuph,' that is, if you ever write to order, and I suppose you do.

"With best wishes, I am, respectfully,  
R. DON LAWS."

Evidently, all of the subscribers that Mr. Laws has upon his books must be "suckers," or, at least, he considers them such, as he states that "THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT WE WERE GOING TO LOCK HORNS WOULD DRAW THE 'SUCKERS' TO BEAT THE BAND."—It might draw his Republican "SUCKERS," and we think he is right in calling them "suckers," as any laboring man who will vote either the Republican or Democratic ticket is a "sucker"—Yea, a wide-mouthed "sucker," and Mr. Laws may be so cognizant of this fact that he could not refrain from calling them by their right name; and HE OUGHT TO

KNOW HIS OWN SUBSCRIBERS BETTER THAN THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL; but as far as the RIP-SAW'S subscribers are concerned, we know that they are not "SUCKERS," and they show they are not by not being upon the subscription list of "The Yellow Jacket."

Mr. R. Don Laws, through the columns of "The Yellow Jacket," has denounced the editor of this journal in the bitterest manner that he could lay his stammering tongue to, and has gone so far in his denunciations as to say that the RIP-SAW SHOULD BE DEBARRED FROM THE UNITED STATES MAILS; but listen to him as he winds up his letter of April 12, 1908, "I WAS SORRY TO HEAR YOU HAD 'ANCHORED,' AS I HAD HOPED TO SEE YOU PITCH YOUR TENT WITH THE 'TAR HEELS.' I HAD SOME NICE PROPERTY I WOULD HAVE SOLD YOU CHEAP, AND TOOK THE PAY IN SOME 'HOT STUPH,' THAT IS, IF YOU EVER WRITE TO ORDER, AND I SUPPOSE YOU DO."

Now, Mr. Reader, what do you think of a man who has so villainously condemned the editor of this journal, and the paper which he edits, and has gone so far with his denunciations as to call its editor all of the mean things that he could think of, and suggest that his paper should be DEBARRED FROM THE UNITED STATES MAILS, and then would declare that he was "SORRY" that he bought property elsewhere, because he wanted to sell him a piece of property NEAR HIM, AND LET THE EDITOR OF THE RIP-SAW, WHOM HE HAS DENOUNCED, pay for it in "HOT STUPH;" when he had previously stated in the columns of his "Yellow Jacket" that the "STUPH" that we wrote SHOULD NOT BE PERMITTED TO BE SENT THROUGH THE MAILS?—Don't you think that R. Don Laws must have, away down in his soul, a good big bunch of respect for the "HOT STUPH" that the editor of the RIP-SAW writes, when he wanted to sell THAT VERY SAME EDITOR a piece of property and take every darned CENT OF IT OUT IN THE "STUPH" THAT THE EDITOR OF THE RIP-SAW WRITES?

After we received this letter from Mr. Laws, dated April 12, 1908, we never wrote him another word nor hadn't mentioned his name in the columns of the RIP-SAW from October, 1906, until April 14th of this year, which was just one year after he had refused to meet us in debate, and then we wrote him again, renewing our proposition to meet him in debate, as we thought that, perhaps, "BIZZY IZZIE'S BUSINESS" had slackened up enough to permit him to get away from home at least long enough to meet us in debate



one night, and we wrote him the following letter:

Nashville, Tenn., April 14, 1909.  
Mr. R. Don Laws, Moravian Falls, N. C.

My Dear Laws—

You will remember that something like a year ago I proposed to you that we make a tour through the South, you to lecture on Republicanism and I on Socialism. You answered and stated that you were so busy that it would be impossible for you to accept my proposition.

I thought that probably by this time you might be able to accept a proposition of this kind, so I herewith renew this proposition, as I feel that there is a great awakening, not only in the South, but all over the land, relative to Socialism, and since I as sincerely believe in the doctrines of Socialism as you do in Republicanism, I would like to "hook up" with you for ten or fifteen nights—I know that it will cost us something, but sometimes when a fellow believes himself right, cost should not be considered.—What say you, Laws?

If you ever meander up in this section, I want you to remember that my latch string hangs clear out to the front gate, and all you have got to do is to touch it lightly and it will fly open in a jiffy, and we will make your stay just as pleasant as it is possible for me and my family to make it.

Kindly let me hear from you by return mail, as I would just like to have a chance to swallow you, bowels and all, not because I believe I would have more brains in my belly than I would in my head, but because I am a little short on "GALL" at the present time.

Hoping to have a favorable reply from you at an early date, I am, sincerely yours,  
DICK MAPLE.

The above letter was written on the 14th day of April, 1909, but we never heard from Mr. Laws until the early part of May, and to my regret, "BIZZY IZZIE" was still busy. His letter follows:

Moravian Falls, N. C., May 8, 1909.  
Dear Colonel Dick—

Your letter of the 14th ult. to hand some days since, but pressing business prevented an earlier answer. Just one year and ten or twelve days previous you made the same request of me, and I am very sorry, indeed, to inform you that I am in no better shape today to get out on the mission you refer to than I was then.

I am not like you are by THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, I am general proprietor and all 'round boss of the Yellow Jacket shop, and can't get off over a week at a time. You having only the "thunder" end of the job, and that once a month, you have an excellent chance. If I could only find some one who could fill my place for a few months or weeks, I would be glad to lock horns with you. You might swallow me after awhile, but you might look out for one of the most hell of a spell of indigestion that you ever tackled.

I thank you for the kindness you offer should I ever "meander up about Nashville," and I hope some time to have the pleasure of spending a few hours with you.

I have just completed a new book, consisting of selections from the Yellow Jacket, and a few chapters of the pure "stuph" besides, which I should be pleased to exchange with you for a copy of your "PALACES OF SIN," I believe you call it. How about it?

Very respectfully and fraternally yours,  
R. DON LAWS.

Mr. Reader, you will see from Mr. Laws' letter of May 8, 1909, that the editor of this journal has no show whatever to get him to stand up before him in a debate upon the subject of Socialism, as

Mr. Laws is too BUSY, BUSY, BUSY, BUSY to do anything but cuss the editor of the RIP-SAW at long distance; however, you will find that he is still hankering after the writings of the editor of this journal, as you will notice that in his last letter his soul is craving for "PALACES OF SIN."

Just about this time, or a few days before, we had received the letter from Mr. D. A. Brown, of Sparta, Tennessee, which is printed in the forepart of this article, wanting to know why we did not meet Mr. Laws in debate upon the subject of Socialism, and we had previously received dozens of such letters, but we didn't want to go back on our statement in the October issue of 1906, in which we had stated that we never expected to use the name of R. Don Laws in our columns again; but when we received this letter from Mr. Brown, of Sparta, Tennessee, he being a business man, and a man of influence, we concluded that it was no worse to go back on our statement that we had made in October, 1906, than it was to permit the editor of "The Yellow Jacket" to lead his readers to believe that the editor of this journal was afraid to meet him in debate upon the subject of Socialism.

In replying to this last letter of R. Don Laws, we wrote him the following letter, which up to the present time has never been answered.

Nashville, Tenn., May 10, 1909.  
Mr. R. Don Laws, Moravian Falls, N. C.

My Dear Laws:

Your favor of the 8th inst. is at hand, and I am sorry to learn that you are still too BUSY to meet me in debate, but I hope that before the Lord calls you hence you will have a tiny small lull in your business that will enable you to meet me in debate, as I really and candidly want to clip your saffron colored wings and extract that little stinger, and this job, my dear Laws, in my estimation, and from the deformed logic which you unload in the columns of your journal, will be the easiest job on earth, and I am of the opinion that it will only take about one day of your time, as I really believe that at the close of the first day of our debate you will hear a wee small voice from your office calling you, and telling you that they are so damn busy that they can't do without you.

I am instructing our St. Louis office to mail you a copy of my book, entitled "PALACES OF SIN," or "THE DEVIL IN SOCIETY," as per your request.

With kindest regards to you and your family, and assuring you that I will always be glad to have a line from you, I am, sincerely yours,  
DICK MAPLE.

Now, Mr. Reader, you have a full history of how R. Don Laws has squirmed and wiggled to keep from meeting the editor of this journal in a debate upon the subject of Socialism, and what HIGH ESTEEM he holds the editor of this journal in, and how SORRY he is that he couldn't sell us a home in order TO HAVE US NEAR HIM SO HE COULD BUY OUR WRITINGS, AND TAKE THE WHOLE DAM PRICE OF HIS PROPERTY OUT IN DICK MA-

PLE "STUPH."—The RIP-SAW is going to endeavor to never again mention either the name of R. Don Laws nor mention the name of "The Yellow Jacket" in its columns, as we have now given to the world at large the facts in this matter, and have introduced the world to the DARNEDEST BUSSIEST MAN THAT EVER TROD SHOE LEATHER. —Yea, so BUSY that he can't leave home a single night to meet the editor of the RIP-SAW in debate upon a subject which he declares is one SO VILE, SO NASTY, AND POLLUTED THAT THE JOURNAL WHICH ADVOCATES IT SHOULD NOT BE PERMITTED TO PASS THROUGH THE MAILS, but whose editor he tries to sell a home to, and proposes to take the price of that home out in the "HOT STUPH" that the editor who advocates Socialism writes.

—Is R. Don Laws, editor of "The Yellow Jacket," published at Moravian Falls, North Carolina, crazy or is he just a common, every-day damphool?

In order to prove to our readers that R. Don Laws is either a windbag or a monumental prevaricator, with no regard for the truth whatever, we want to quote a paragraph from an article which appeared in "The Yellow Jacket" not so very long ago.—This article was entitled "STORY OF THE YELLOW JACKET."—In this article, Mr. Laws was taxing his little horn to the limit of its endurance, and tooting it his damedest to make it toot a beautiful "STORY," and he sure made it tell a "WHOP-

PER," as he was after making his readers believe that he had organized his forces so scientifically, and that his brain power was so Websterian that he had his office force so completely under his thumb that he could pick up and leave indefinitely without his absence cutting any figure in his publication.—And this is what he said, "WE EMPLOY NO FOREMAN OR OVERSEER IN THIS SHOP. YE EDITOR IS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND THE WORK GOES ALONG JUST AS SMOOTHLY WHEN HE IS AWAY AS WHEN HE IS ABOUT THE OFFICE."—But just as soon as the editor of the RIP-SAW tackles him for a debate, then he gets BUSY, BUSY, BUSY with his little pen and swears that he is so all-fired busy that he can't leave that office which he stated in the columns of "The Yellow Jacket" "RUN JUST AS SMOOTHLY WHEN HE WAS AWAY AS WHEN HE WAS ABOUT THE OFFICE."—Did R. Don Laws tell an untruth when he stated that his business run JUST AS SMOOTHLY WITHOUT HIM AS WITH HIM, or did he tell an untruth when he wrote the editor of the RIP-SAW that he could not meet him in debate simply because he couldn't leave his business on the account of having no one to run it?—We will now sing that old familiar hymn:

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts doth fly;  
Come with your guilt and fears oppressed,  
And tell another lie.

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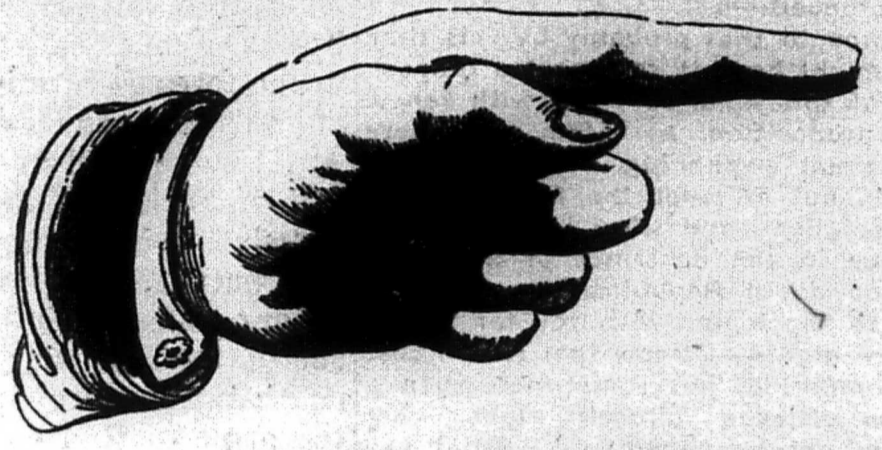
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Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ P. 44 \_\_\_\_\_

# The Man that Placed Argenta, Arkansas on the Map.

*Read Next Page.*



**COL. MAPLE  
Crushes the  
REV. POWELL**

Like an  
Elephant  
Walking on  
Humming  
Bird  
Eggs.

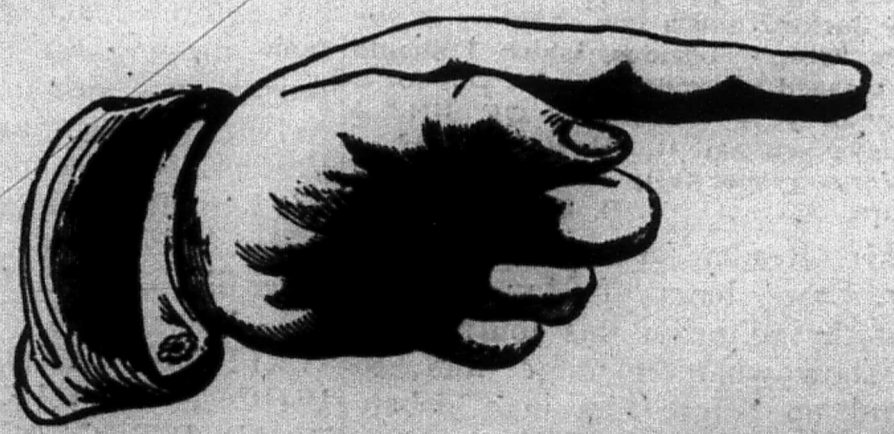


*Yours Very Truly  
Dick Maple.*

Feathers,  
Fuzz  
and  
even  
Cackle  
Devoured  
by the  
RIP-SAW  
Editor

# THE REV. C. R. POWELL SKINNED FROM SNOUT TO TAIL.

*Read Next Page.*





# FREE



That debate is over. The crowd was immense. The ovation to Col. Maple in the Rev. Powell's own town is past description. Men cheered, women wept and children screamed. You just can't describe it. Men and women from all over the United States were there. Col. Maple was at his best, and the victory was complete. Powell, a weak, stammering, floundering egotist.

## THE BOOK FREE

We are publishing this great debate in book form. It will consist of every word uttered by both the Rev. Powell and Col. Dick Maple during this great debate which attracted men and women from every walk of life, from all over America.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.,

U. S. A.

## He Answered the Call.

The Lord said unto Powell, "RESIGN" the editorship of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST," and he forthwith did "RESIGN" (?) BUT RETAINED A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THAT THING FROM WHICH HE RESIGNED, and put forth his little hand and accepted a salary of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES from the Anti-Saloon League of the State of Arkansas.—Suppose the "CALL" that "Charlie" accepted had been made to the saloon keepers of the State of Arkansas? Methinks that nine out of every ten of the saloon keepers of Arkansas would have given up their saloons, and would at the present time be fighting the remaining saloons in that great state with the vehemence that the said Powell now fighteth them.—Verily, verily, I say unto you, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES is a good fat salary when you take into consideration the fact that the business from which the Rev. Powell "RESIGNED" (?) is still "CONTROLLED" by the said "Charlie."—Again, verily, verily, I say unto you, "THAT'S A PUDDING."

## IS THE PANIC OVER?

By Dr. P. A. ZARING, Brownstown, Indiana.

When we speak of a panic, generally, we mean, terror, or perhaps madness inspired by apprehension of immediate danger, the confusion being out of proportion to the apparent cause.

The fire alarm is given in a church, school or theater, and the people are seized by a panic. Or the commander falls and a panic among the troops ensues.

So when there is a radical change in the financial policy of the government, or some large business concerns collapse, or any other irregularity appeals strongly to the suggestibility of financial authorities and they raise an alarm, the business community is panic stricken and those who have money, become afraid to invest it, and hide it away and depression ensues.

But the expression itself is not a panic. It may be the effect of a panic. Many people believe that it is so at the present time. But the real cause of whatever stringency now obtains, was in existence before the panic, and still exists, and is growing greater. The panic was only an incident, and was itself an effect of the same cause.

The unprecedented, corrupt, tyrannical extravagance of the general government has been, and is being, emulated by the states, the counties, the townships and the municipalities. Thousands of unnecessary offices have been created to accommodate subordinate politicians. Salaries have been raised and taxes increased. Any kind of an officer, from that of the Road Supervisor, who sits in the shade and watches the brooklets tear gullies in the highway, up to that of the committee of three who smoke Havanas and drink champagne on the Isthmus, at thirty thousand dollars apiece per annum, is better than

honest labor. To be a mail carrier, a mail agent, or any other employe of the government is better than to own a good average farm. The soldier boy who lolls about in camp for a few months or a very few years, at most, has an asset of greater value in the way of enabling him to live in idle worthlessness all his life long than a good average business in a good average town. For although he is better fed, better clothed, better quartered and kept in better sanitary condition than he ever was before, yet he will prove some disability shortly after his discharge, and draw a pension for life.

Who is there that knows of an old soldier of the sixties now living who does not draw a pension? And yet, who is there so ignorant that does not know that every man and woman in the world who contracted a disease that long ago, is long since recovered or dead.

In this state (Indiana) the office of Township Trustee has become a lucrative sinecure. A county office is a prize to be sought by any citizen who sees a chance to be elected, for no matter how successful he may be in his own affairs, the office is something better.

All of those officers and employes of the government, state, county, township and the municipality can live better than the hard-working masses who pay the bills. The officer or the deputy even, gets more good money for an hour's work than the average farm owner can make in a day, rising at four a. m. and retiring at nine p. m. These politicians feel that they can afford to be extravagant, and make a pretty show. This is humiliating to their less fortunate neighbors, and causes them to live beyond their means, in an

effort to appear as well as others. So the cost of living, from the multimillionaire down to the day laborer who is always in debt at pay day, more than the amount of his wage, has become so very expensive that the man who would try to save a dollar for a rainy day must deny himself everything he can.

The millionaire manufacturer can add his expenses to the prices of his wares, and make the people pay them. The day laborer may work the roads, pay his tax, and meet his other obligations, if he can, and will. But between these extremes, there is the great middle class who must. This middle class comprises all who try to do something in their own name. Those who own some property, and are trying to own more, the professional men, mechanics, and business men generally. On them the burdens must fall.

The schools are far more expensive and far less efficient than formerly.

And religion, how pompous, how pharisaical and how expensive! They must all dress well to attend the soulless services in costly edifices, manned by high-salaried ministers, and why?—Because that is the latest style or fad, of worshipping Jesus who tramped about from place to place, without a decent suit of clothes, and without where to lay His head.

Is it any wonder that this belabored, tax-ridden, society-ridden, fashion-ridden, church-ridden middle class does sometimes sink beneath its crosses?

The bank failures a year and a half ago might be considered the straw that broke the camel's back. When that straw was lifted and the creature struggled onto its feet again, it was expected to maintain its balance, however broken and disabled, and it is still blundering along, although many other straws are being laid on.

If this were a monarchical government it would be easy enough for anyone who so chose, to raise a re-

bellion in a few hours, against such a condition. In 1775, our ancestors revolted against oppression. But now we groan under a yoke one hundred fold more galling. Why do we? Is it because we are so degenerate? No, but it is because every leader in every neighborhood is placated with some petty office, or the prospect of one, that pays. Meanwhile those who are not ambitious for positions tamely grind at the mill.

Our journalists, with their educated imaginations, BACKED BY THEIR HONEST SYMPATHY FOR THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY, HAVE FAILED THUS FAR TO PORTRAY A CONDITION IN THAT EMPIRE QUITE SO GLOOMY AS THE ONE TO WHICH WE TAMELY SUBMIT AT HOME.

A French cartoon, a few years ago, pictured a peasant hoeing his patch while carrying an officer on his back. The intimation was that each peasant had to support one officer. If we would designate as officers, all who draw salaries, wages, fees or pensions, from the government, state, county, township or municipality, the same picture might be drawn of the American farmer, and not be much of an exaggeration. The principal difference, perhaps, would be that the American peasant is required to support his officer more royally than does the French. For the farmer would do well to earn enough in a day to pay the official for an hour's service.

There are a few "humane" theorists who pity the poor laborers to the extent of saying very pathetic things about them, and advocate higher wages and shorter days. But there are very few farmers who have had actual experience with hands, and can see their way clear to employ very much labor, even at the prevailing wages. In this quarter, farm hands get seventy-five cents to one dollar per day, and board themselves, the farmers fur-

nishing them a house free of rent. This looks cheap enough. Why, then, will farmers not employ more hands? Because expenses are so high that it leaves them no profit. If the farmer cannot make seventy-five cents out of a hand's labor, what does he probably make out of his own?—Evidently, he makes less than seventy-five cents a day, though some of our German farmers rise at three to four a. m. and retire at nine p. m., and they work on a race. Then out of his small earnings he must pay these heavy taxes to help support the millions of aristocrats at all the way from fifty cents up to fifty dollars per hour. Is it any wonder then that the resources of the producing class sometimes fail? And that depression, reverses and panics ensue?

These great financial exigencies are nationally divided into three stages, which differ from one another in degree: The panic, properly so-called, which never lasts, but for a short time. Financial stringency, which continues until confidence is restored, and business depression which will be felt on until all of the immense net work of commerce and allied interests shall have been fully readjusted.

What people call "hard times" have always obtained, perhaps, more or less, and affects those especially who do not work regularly, those who do business carelessly, those who live extravagantly, and those who go on other people's notes. But the laudable efforts of the thrifty to ameliorate their condition, may be balked by a general depression so that they, too, fall short of their reasonable expectations, and call it "hard times."

When the country reacted from the general depression of a dozen years ago, it swung back in conformity to a law as infallible as that of the pendulum, to its opposite extreme, and the extravagances mentioned above succeeded. In this last panic the government did not wait for reaction, but in the very midst of the extremity, increased the army and navy, raised the salaries of soldiers and sailors, and most everybody else, and directly or indirectly increased every expense. All of the experts of prodigality put forth their best efforts to waste the country's means, and oppress the people.

For what use is all this? Right now, in time of peace, our army and navy are costing us nearly twice as much, including pensions, as in the most expensive period of the war under Lincoln. And all this for no purpose, except that the administration at Washington can stick their thumbs in the sleeve holes of their vests and say to other nations, "Behold, we have a bigger bauble than you have."

And so they give our hard-earned millions to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, China, to everybody, everywhere, that foreign peoples may say, "Behold, the president is generous." And all this at the expense of his toiling subjects.

For example, we wanted a canal. There was no rational cause in the world why we should not build it at our own expense, and manage it as we pleased. But our statesmen made a treaty with Europe which provided that it should be as free to all the world, both in war and in peace, as it is to ourselves. We would have expected better than that of school boys. But our servile people applaud such corrupt business just because our elected officers do it.

Of course we will fortify the canal in time of war, and fire on the enemy's ships if they approach. Then when the war is over we will pay a heavy indemnity for violating our treaty obligations. Such is our magnanimity.

We wanted a right-of-way for this canal. It is of more importance to Panama, in proportion to the size and population of the country than it is to us. Therefore, Panama should have been glad to give us the right-of-way, and would, no doubt, if they had been asked to do so. Anyhow, if we had given her a guarantee of her independence from Columbia, as a consideration, surely, everybody on the isthmus would have recognized that they got the great big end of the deal.

But our first offer was to acknowledge their independence to maintain it at our own expense, to give them ten million dollars cash down, and a perpetual annuity of five hundred thousand dollars. The present worth of this annuity at two per cent, is twenty-five million dollars, so we gave them the equivalent of thirty-five million dollars, for what? Not for the right-of-way, for we do not own it yet, but for a mere lease of it, hardly this, even, for we had already bought this right from the French company.

The president was authorized to build the canal, and it was estimated to cost a little less than one hundred and forty million dollars. Now, they have brought their estimates up to four hundred million dollars, and it is apt to cost two or three times that, before it is done, and because of bad management.

Two years ago last November, the President went to the Isthmus to see for himself and for all, what was doing. "The Review of Reviews" for January, 1907, gave an elaborate report of his observations. He represented that there were at that time six thousand white men employed, and nineteen thousand negroes. He never said how many Chinese, so whatever there were we will let go for good count. Thus there were at least twenty-five thousand at that time. All of these were getting big wages. The officers were on high salaries; some being as high as thirty thousand

dollars per annum. In the three months preceding the President's visit they had removed eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand cubic yards of earth. There were seventy-nine working days in those three months. Eight hundred and fifty-eight thousand divided by twenty-five thousand times seventy-nine equals eight hundred and fifty-eight-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-fifth yards a day for each man—considerably less than a half yard apiece. And this with all their boasted modern machinery. A little boy with a gallon bucket and a big spoon should remove more dirt than that the distance of the width of the canal. Just about one wheelbarrow load per day. The president considered this good work. It was so much better than it had been theretofore.

This is only a glimpse at the unwarrantable extravagance of the government in this single instance. Then is the panic over? The people have taken alarm and cut down their living expenses, and this is making a perceptible improvement in the general conditions. But the hand of oppression is bearing heavier and heavier, and there can be no rational hope but that hard times will get harder and harder.

The great journals of the country are profited by these extravagances, and they approve, of course, and declare to the people that we are having good times, and the suggestion passes from mouth to ear, all over the land. And the reverberation is muttered back, and buzzes all around, "Good times, good times." But ask whom you will, of this great middle class who bear the burdens, "What is there good about it, what, oh, what?" And the echo comes back "What!"

Values have merely been boomed. What does this mean? A few years since, Richard Roe owned a farm worth a thousand dollars. His tax was fifteen dollars per annum. By indefatigable industry and the most rigid economy, he could support his family and lay by an item each year. He felt that he was prosperous, and he was buoyant and hopeful. But prosperity came. He refused two thousand, then five thousand, and finally ten thousand dollars for that farm. But he sees no better place to invest the money, for other farms have gone up along with his, and he is only a farmer, and must retain his possession. And now, being rich, he must live like other rich people, and buy more stuff at higher prices and pay a hundred dollars a year taxes, and fall behind further and further every year on expenses. Is the panic over?

And there is absolutely no hope of reform. Those who have brought conditions to this unhappy state, for their own aggrandizement, still have control, and they have not yet lost sight of their own selfish interests. They must be expected to grasp for greater benefits to themselves, and to oppress the people more and more.

There is no hope in any possible change of administration, for the political machinery that controls elections ramifies in every portion, part and point of the whole country, and no party can get into power that would not obligate itself to keep their favorites in positions and to increase, rather than diminish, their emoluments.

When every o'erlabored boy quits the farm and educates himself for an office, and a dozen aspirants of similar qualifications are clamoring for every position, and but one can succeed, and the eleven are stung to resentment of their defeat, then it may become possible to organize an opposition to the established aristocracy that will stop their extravagances, and bring about better times, in which it will be possible for men to be honest and yet to live. But the times are not ripe for any reform now. WE'RE TOO IGNORANT.

## Sell Tobacco and Cigars

or house established 1870. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary. We give full instructions. C. A. Kaine Tobacco Co. Box 5 20, Danville, Virginia.

**20 BEAUTIFUL ART POST CARDS, Flowers, Views, Pretty Girls, Etc. 10c**  
Illustrated Catalog FREE with order  
STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept. M, Gwynnsbrook, Md.

### FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, Headaches and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Brannaman, 1142 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

**RED HOT FUN CARDS** 10c pack. Temptations of an Actress, by one of them. 10c. Cards and book, both 15c. E. B. King Co., Andover, O.

**LADY SEWERS** Wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour, work sent prepaid to reliable woman. Send reply envelope for information. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 35, Philadelphia, Pa.

**AGENTS** WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No 18 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**\$5 a Day Easily Made Selling GLASSES**  
Agents wanted. Send for catalog  
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**AGENTS NINE IN ONE**  
\$75 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. Nine articles combined. Lightning Seller. Sample free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 349 Dayton, O.

**"I MADE \$12 PER DAY**  
Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"  
From sworn statement of H. E. CUNNINGHAM.

**AGENTS**

are coining money—selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. You can do it. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make \$3 to \$10 a day. **OUT-FIT FREE** to workers.  
THOMAS MFG. CO.  
322 Home Bldg.  
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**\$18 TO \$30 A WEEK SURE**

**10 TOOLS IN ONE**

Farmer's "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit  
Agents going wild over results. M. Snyder made \$46 in 2 hours. Joe Pine took 65 orders in 2 days. M.D. Finch sold 42 in nine hours. Had no experience. To show it means a sale. Free sample to workers.  
Footc Mfg. Co. Dept. 148 Dayton, O.

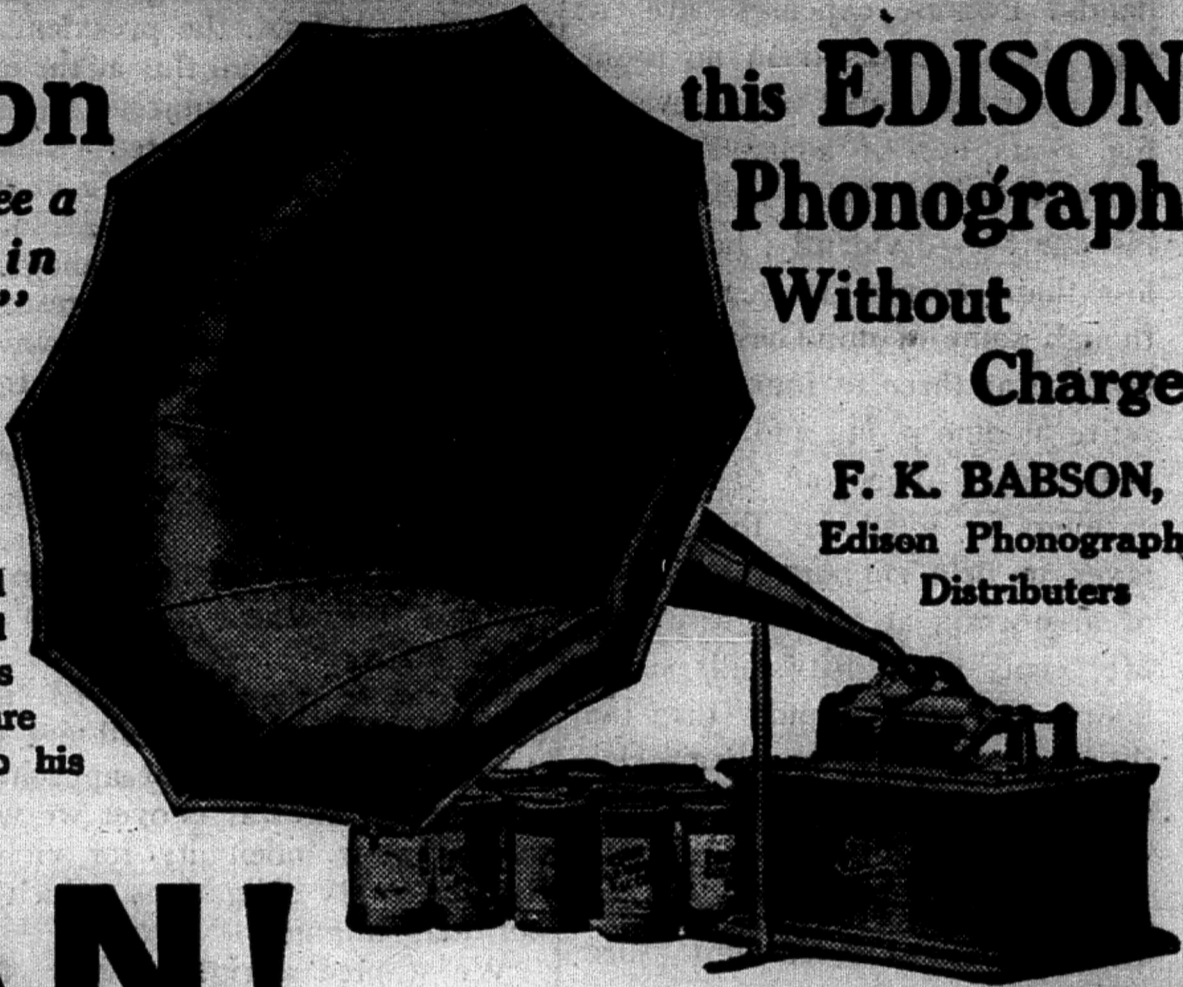


# Let Me LEND You

## Mr. Edison

Says: "I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

For the Phonograph, as you may know, is the wizard's hobby and pet. He has worked and studied over it constantly until today it is a perfect musical instrument, just such a clean and wholesome home entertainer as the inventor's genial, kindly nature would wish as a monument to his memory in years to come.



### this EDISON Phonograph Without Charge

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY INSTRUMENT

Thomas A. Edison

# FREE LOAN!

This Latest Style Edison Phonograph, the perfected model of the great Edison Factory. You ought to hear it laugh, sing and play—side-splitting, beautiful, sentimental songs, vaudeville, opera—everything.

**REMEMBER:** I do not ask for your money. I do not ask you to pay us one cent. I want to lend you this wonderful latest style phonograph, lend it to you absolutely free, and I only ask, and I will feel repaid, that when this king of entertainers arrives that you will invite a few of your friends to share with you a free concert of the finest music from the most distinct and the most easily understood of all phonographs. Read my great free loan offer below.

## My Offer:

I will lend to every reader of this paper a genuine Edison Standard Phonograph, with our Parlor Grand Equip-

ment added. I will allow this phonograph to remain in your home while you and your friends enjoy its sweetest music—all its varied entertainment—without charging you one cent. You may then return the outfit at my expense without having incurred any obligation to buy, without any obligation whatsoever.

F. K. BABSON.

## My Purpose:

I know that when your friends once hear a genuine New Style Edison with its perfect tone reproduction, they will want one. If they do not buy at once—they will send at some future time. By lending a few people the new machines, letting them play the machines for their friends, I will quickly acquaint everybody with the superiority of the Latest Style Edison. I do not ask you to sell a single outfit—in fact, we cannot allow one cent discount from our rock-bottom price on the Edison. But I would like you to tell your friends that one of these grand entertainers may be secured at the most surprisingly low prices, either for cash in full, or for only \$2.00 a month to \$3.50 a month, and without interest on deferred payments. Perhaps you yourself will prefer to keep this king of entertainers, this endless source of recreation and amusement in your home rather than to return the outfit, but at any rate, I will thank you just for borrowing the phonograph and you may feel perfectly free to send it back, just as I say, at my expense.

# Edison Catalog FREE

Now I want to send you at once our FREE Edison catalog and list of 1,500 Edison Gold and Amberol Records, so you can pick out just the machine and the records which you would like to borrow on my free loan plan. Sign the coupon in the corner. Send letter or postal if you wish but coupon will do. But write now.

If you have not sent your request for a catalogue before, will you favor me by sending your name and address at once? Even if you do not want to borrow the phonograph until a little later, send for a catalog now. The catalog costs you absolutely nothing. SIGN THE COUPON NOW.

**F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,**  
Edison Block, Suite 248 Z, CHICAGO, ILL.  
Without any obligations on me, please send me your Edison catalog and list of 1,500 Edison gold-moulded records, all free prepaid.  
Name.....  
Address.....

## Lots of Fun with an Edison PHONOGRAPH

Fun for the children, for the young folks, fun for the old folks, lots of fun and entertainment for every member of your family.

No one can listen to the stirring music of the world's greatest military bands, the popular "rag time" stunts, the monologist's hits, the side splitting minstrel jokes, the old love songs and the best sacred music—no one can listen to this clean, wholesome, instructive and varied entertainment without being impressed and delighted. Think what an influence for good is good music. Think what an opportunity it is to be able to hear the world's great singers in grand opera roles, singing which would cost you \$5 and even \$10 for a seat at grand opera in big cities. Think what an ever ready resource of entertainment and pleasure for your friends and guests in this talking machine, this instrument which talks and sings and plays right in your own home. Surely the Edison phonograph is rightly called the treasure house of home entertainment.

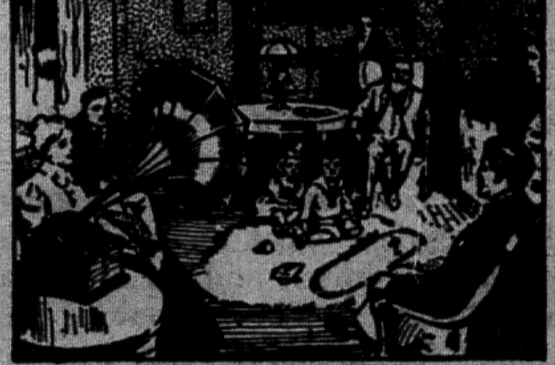
And look at these pictures of happy home scenes. See the delighted children sitting around the machine, which to them is the embodiment of wonderment, the great tones coming from the horn—the funny stories, the beautiful music—all gladden the heart of the young. It is hard to



think of anything else that can possibly make the children as happy as an Edison Phonograph. Grandfather and grandmother are taken back to the joyous days of their glorious youth. They live over again their own love scenes of 50 years ago as they listen perhaps to the very love song which always makes their hearts beat faster.

You make your own selections from the free list of 1,500 Edison gold moulded records. And in this list you will find some of the old love songs which grandfather sang to grandmother in years gone by. Everything that is pure and clean and wholesome in entertainment is reproduced in Edison gold moulded and Amberol records. You should send the coupon.

And look at the happy family gathered around the blazing hearth. What better or more satisfactory pleasure for a long winter evening. Father and mother, grandfather and grandmother—the dear old folks—and the young people, too, safe in their own home and exposed to no temptations—all the family bound together and enjoying the same pleasure, hearing the same songs and laughing at the same ludicrous stories as they come from Mr. Edison's great invention.



Don't you think you ought to allow your own family this pleasure, especially when you can do so without one cent of expense? I not only offer but consider it a privilege to lend you such a source of enjoyment. The latest style Edison Standard phonograph with our Parlor Grand Equipment added which I offer to lend you free is so different from the squeaking, scratching, rasping talking machines you have heard before that I want to familiarize everyone with its charm, its simplicity, its perfect mechanism, and its tone quality. And there is no better way to familiarize everyone with this perfect outfit than to lend it to the honorable and intelligent readers of this paper. All I ask in return for the loan is that you invite some of your friends to become familiar with the Genuine Edison Phonograph.

Send for A Catalog. Read my free loan offer on this page. Remember you do not pay a cent. You enjoy an Edison phonograph in your own home free. And you can ship it back at my expense. Send for a free catalog now.

**F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,**  
Edison Block, Suite 248 Z, CHICAGO, ILL.

**Owners of Edisons—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 Edisons—write for free circular A.A., describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.

# "Charlie" Just Had To Talk.

The editor of this journal had a "GENTLEMAN'S CONTRACT" with the Rev. C. R. Powell, that he (Powell) was to open the debate at Argenta, Arkansas, on the night of June the 15th, and that the editor of the RIP-SAW was to close it on the night of the 16th.—After the editor of the RIP-SAW reached Argenta, "Charlie" declared that he was going to talk on the night of June the 17th, when he knew that we had had an engagement to speak at Wynne, Arkansas, on the evening of the 17th inst, for at least two months.—He belly-ached from the time we reached his home town until we got to the hall on the evening of the 15th, and we at last told him that he could go ahead and talk on the night of June 17th, and as many other nights as he pleased, but told him that we couldn't be there.—We left a reporter to take down his talk, and the editor of this journal will answer it with his pen, and the answer will also appear in the book that is now being printed, of the debate; and it may be possible that Mr. Powell will wish that he hadn't run his "gass mill" on the night of the 17th of June after we had left his city.—Apparently he had no place to speak that night for the Anti-Saloon League, but I'll bet "six bits" that when he goes to draw his little ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES that he won't deduct the 15th, 16th and 17th of June.—No, no, not "Charlie," as he "RESIGNED" (?) from the editorship of the "ARKANSAS BAPTIST" to get that "GOOD THING;" but although he "RESIGNED" (?) his editorship, he still was "SMOOTH" enough to keep a CONTROLLING INTEREST in that journal.—WHEW! I SMELL SOMETHING.

## SKIN-SHOPS

There are lots of things that we can understand, but there are some things that we can't understand, and one of these things is why in the devil the man from the country can't some time or other, get on to the curves of our "City Sharks."

The only reason that we can give for the folks from the rural districts in going up against every "con game" that is sprung by some city "smooth guy" is, that there is actually a sucker born every minute, and from the number of people who get absolutely rich from fleecing an unthinkable public, one would come to the conclusion that there was a sucker born every second.

We have scores of men in each large city, who live by "skinning suckers," but it would seem that the crop would run out some time; but each year, and in fact, each month, some "City Shark" will float a scheme that contains nothing but rarefied wind, and he is never wanting for patrons, and the more "fakish" the proposition is, the quicker he gets returns. But let some man in your own neighborhood, and one whom you know to be honest, get up a business proposition, and demonstrate to a business certainty, that he has got a legitimate proposition, whereby you can earn eight or ten per cent on your money, you would see him in the southern corner of Hades before you would invest fifteen cents in his proposition; but some "City Shark" will spend, perhaps, twenty-five dollars in printer's ink, and get up a glowing prospectus of some mining scheme, or some "banking proposition," and will

figure out ON PAPER just exactly how you can make your money double itself within a year or two, and you will hustle around and sell all the scrap iron and old bones that you can get your fingers on, and send your little dab of "coin" off to this "City Whelp," where you stand about as much show of ever getting it back as you would of seeing the Apostle Paul if you took a trip to hell.

One would be surprised if they could examine the books of some of these "skin-shops," to learn that their books contain the names of thousands of so-called ministers of the Gospel, and old men and women who are so tarnel old, that they have to lean up against the casement of their doors to cough; when one would suppose that the preachers of this country would be the last ones to even countenance such schemes, and, in fact, one would think that they would have more intelligence than to go up against these "oily games."

You would also think that when a man or woman becomes decrepit with old age, they would begin to think something about heaven, but the books of these "City Sharks" are evidence that there is a devilish sight more "braying" than "praying" in this country.

We receive hundreds of letters from men and women all over this country asking us if we can help them get their little "wad" of coin back from this company or that, and proposing to divide their "wad" with us, if we will help them take it away, by force, from these "chaps" they so willingly handed it over to.

Now we honestly believe that if we were idiotic enough to be caught by these financial "windbags" that we would be game enough to belly up to the trough

and take our medicine like men; and we also believe that we would let that medicine be a sufficient dose to last us during the remainder of our natural lives; but such is not the case, as these whining, groaning "galoots" who have been salted good and strong, will within six weeks be out hunting for some more scrap iron and old bones, to go up against some other "fake."

Now, every one in this audience who ever had anything given to them for nothing, unless it was the itch, mumps or measles, or some other present of about the same value, please stand on your heads. Well, we don't see anybody standing around up-side-down, therefore, we take it for granted that what little you got you worked for, and just as long as you wear hair on your top-knot, just that long the same conditions will exist, as the man who claims to have something to give away is a liar and a thief, and the chances are that if he does give you anything he has stolen it from somebody else to give it to you, and only does it as a bait to catch more suckers.

Now, there will be a million people who will read this article and say: "NOW, THAT'S JUST EXACTLY SO," and within ten days they will be selling some old frozen-footed rooster to raise enough money to get postage stamps to make some inquiry in regard to some proposition that some "City Shark" makes to give away about sixty-one thousand dollars for two dollars and forty cents.

Now, boys, just remember this, the next time you have that queer feeling loafing around in your empty cocoanuts, that you want to go up against one of these "make-a-fortune-while-you-wait" schemes, that this is not a world where a man can do business on business principles and give you more than you pay for, and whenever you answer an advertisement where a man proposes to give you more than your money's worth, just stop for a moment, and say, NOW, THAT MAN'S A LIAR, FOR IF HE HAD AS GOOD A THING AS HE CLAIMS TO HAVE HE COULD FIND MEN WITH MONEY WHO WOULD BUY UP HIS ENTIRE SMEAR.

The majority of us have got brains—good old gray horse brains, but the devil of it is we won't use them until the other fellow has shot the harpoon into us, and then we go limping off on three legs and bellyaching about being "done up," when it is our fault that we are caught.—Mr. Reader, bear in mind that the fellow who proposes to give you more for your money than your money is worth is a darn liar, and is running a "skin-shop."

Read pages TEN and ELEVEN of this issue and learn how to obtain a copy of the great MAPLE-POWELL debate ABSOLUTELY FREE.

### A VOICE FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

In a letter recently received from Mr. C. Y. Donnell, of the firm of Donnell & Wright, Contractors and Builders, of Titusville, Pennsylvania, he had the following to say:

"My Dear Sir: I have this day subscribed for 'THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.' I have seen and read two copies, and must confess it contains some of the most logical arguments that I have ever read." \* \* \* And he winds up his letter in the following manner: "May God bless you abundantly and add to your number such as will be saved. "Yours till Socialism wins."

## 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."

# Nearly Everybody is Going to Hell.—So Says Powell.

Before the Rev. C. R. Powell of Little Rock, Arkansas, "RESIGNED" (?) the editorship of the "Arkansas Baptist," which he still "CONTROLS," and before he accepted a job with the Anti-Saloon League of Arkansas, at ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH AND EXPENSES, he wrote an editorial, and to be very specific, he published that editorial only a short time ago; and to be specifically specific, he published it on March 24th, 1909, and it contained this EXACT language: "JESUS CHRIST, THROUGH THE HOLY SPIRIT, IS THE FOUNDER AND BUILDER OF ONLY ONE MANNER OF CHURCH ORGANIZATION. BAPTIST CHURCHES OF THE PUREST TYPE ARE AFTER THIS PATTERN, AND NO OTHERS ARE. NO DENOMINATION THAT DATES THIS SIDE THE APOSTLES, AND ALL OF THEM DO, SAVE BAPTISTS, HAVE NO CLAIMS WHATEVER TO BE CONSIDERED NEW TESTAMENT CHURCHES."—Gee! according to the Rev. Powell's logic, there'll be quite a "bunch" of others in hell besides Socialists, won't there?—We guess Powell is glad that there will be nobody in Heaven besides "LANDMARK BAPTISTS;" but it may be that he will not have as SOFT A SNAP IN HEAVEN AS HE THINKS FOR, AS WE DON'T IMAGINE THAT THERE WILL BE ANY ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE IN HEAVEN to offer him a good, fat job at ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH AND EXPENSES; however, when he gets to "Glory" he won't have to "RESIGN" (?) his editorship from the "Arkansas Baptist" and still "CONTROL" it.—OH, LORDY! WHAT IS THAT THAT SMELLS SO QUEER?

## Cures Constipation Without Medicine

For the Benefit of Our Readers, we are pleased to publish Prof. Midgley's Wonderful, Clean, Straight Talk, on how you can Cure Constipation without Pills or Medicines.

I can and do cure the worst cases of chronic constipation—cure them to stay cured, and restore the patient to a state of health and happiness such as they had never known before. I can cure constipation, no matter how bad it is. I can show you how to cure yourself right in your own home without the use of drugs. Constipation is cured for all time when cured my way.



"You Simply Can't Cure Constipation with Pills, Powders or Potions. Force is Folly. I tell you how to Cure Yourself Permanently at Home by the 'Midgley Way' without Medicines."

Don't delay a moment. It matters not how many doctors have tinkered on your case, or how many pill propositions have discouraged you, my past record of success is sufficient to quickly prove that I can do what I claim. Fill out free coupon herewith and mail today.

### Most Diseases Caused by Constipation, Sewage of the Brain.

"It goes to the brain naturally, and to every part of the body, every organ being fed on this polluted blood, or sewage. It goes to your face in the form of pimple-poison and breaks out on the skin. It goes to your head and gives you headache and dizziness, it goes to your brain and makes you drowsy, it weakens the stomach and causes dyspepsia, and bad breath. It goes to the liver and causes billousness, it goes to the kidneys and eventually gives rise to Bright's Disease, it goes to the heart and makes it thump, it goes to the eyes and they lose their lustre, it makes your nerves flabby and weak and out-o'-sorts, and this is the advance agent of all kinds of disease, which you couldn't get at all if there was pure, rich, red blood flowing in your veins and your whole body was in prime condition."

#### FREE COUPON.

Fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to Prof. T. H. Midgley, 2370 Midgley Block, Kalamazoo, Mich., and by return mail he will send you free his 66-page illustrated book, showing the simple way of curing constipation permanently without medicine. Write plainly.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

We are the father of our own "FATE."

## Murdered in Cold Blood

The editor of the Cleveland Press, a journal published in Cleveland, Ohio, must have had, for at least one moment, Socialism tugging at his heart strings, as he threw off the mask which the doctrines of both the Republican and Democratic parties hang about the features of men, and shot volley after volley into the heart of the hideous and awful system that murdered the wife of poor John Jandik, of that city; and a more scathing rebuke was never penned by the representatives of the Master Class than the editor of the Cleveland Press indicted the MASTER CLASS with.

—It follows:

"Cleveland people will remember the evening of Tuesday, April 13, 1909, as extremely unpleasant out of doors. At six o'clock there was a light fall of soggy, yellow snow, followed by brisk and chilling lake winds. It was not biting cold, but penetrating and disagreeable, enough to cause even warmly-dressed pedestrians to make haste through the streets.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock that night, as theater-goers will recall, there was an abrupt drop in the temperature, a drop, in fact, of thirty degrees, according to the weather bureau. Clouds obscured the moon and stars, and darkness dropped down like a black cloak.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock of that night an incident occurred in a shabby shed attached to the rear of the house at 3588 East Seventy-second street, which is a factor in this true narrative, which concerns the lives of an obscure Cleveland family, and tells of a tragedy perhaps not unparalleled, but important.

"At ten-ten o'clock, from that shed, a woman's soul took leave of a tired and famished body. On her breast lay the cold, dead form of her infant daughter, one of twins. In Woodland cemetery the other baby twin was

finding its first night's sleep in a crowded grave.

"About the dead woman's bed four little children hovered in wonder and awe. Two neighbor women wailed distress, and a man with great flat hands and hairy arms, all covered with the grime of iron mongery, knelt at the bedside and buried his head in the ragged coverlet.

"Mrs. Barbara Jandik, wife of Frank Jandik, a Bohemian day laborer in the Newburg mills, whom less than fifty people knew in life, was dead, to become known to you and to hundreds of thousands like you because her death happens to answer a question which concerns you and the many of this city.

"She died because of poverty. She died because her body had been ill nourished. In neglect, in equalor, in a cold room, on that dark and haunting night, this woman of thirty died in the fulfillment of the splendid, God-designed duty of her sex (a duty doubly complied with by her), peopling the earth. Her death answers your persistent question: 'HOW CAN A MAN WITH A FAMILY OF FIVE, WITH PRICES OF LIFE NECESSITIES AT PRESENT HIGH LEVELS, LIVE IN CLEVELAND ON \$1.25 A DAY?' Mrs. Barbara Jandik and her infant twins offer their dead bodies as answer to your question, and in proof that families on \$1.25 a day do not live—they die.

"Fifteen years ago Frank Jandik, now thirty-eight, knew the scourge of the knout of the land tyrant in County Klatovy, Bohemia, and dreamed the peasant's dream of the American paradise. Born of peasants, with dreary generations of brutal servitude behind him, his hope for a better future lay across the seas, whither his brother had gone, and met success. Jandik, however, owed a duty to his emperor, and for three years served in the army.

"Through an interpreter, in the Seventy-second street shed, Saturday, Jandik told of his first meeting with Barbara Denk. Honorably discharged

from the army, he returned to Klatovy, and in his regimentals, all trimmed with bright green, he was the favored beau at a peasant's ball. Many times he danced with the pretty little brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose pink cheek he kissed that night at the gate of her father's home.

"He took to the plow and courted Barbara, and together they planned and dreamed of another and better life. Soon they were married. In a year a baby came, but died in infancy. Frank's brother, John, then living in Cleveland, wrote frequently to him. The fever of the 'land of milk and honey' was now full upon him. His father gave him two hundred crowns, his bride's 'dot' had been one hundred crowns, and with these he sailed alone in steerage to New York, arriving in Cleveland seven years ago, with ten American dollars in his pocket.

"John got him a job in Gray Brothers' lumber yard, under Jennings avenue bridge, where he earned the, to him, magnificent sum of \$1.65 per day—when he worked. He was frequently 'laid off,' but he thinks he averaged about eight dollars a week during the first winter in Cleveland. He knows that he saved five dollars every week for a fund with which to bring Barbara to him. At last the man had saved \$60.65, which he dispatched at once to his wife. At length she came, in her arms their second born, whom he had never seen.

"The family took a little house in Petrie street, and lived in reasonable comfort. Jandik, hoping for steadier employment, went to work in the Empire rolling mill, in Newburg, at \$1.45 per day, moved his family to Seventy-second street, and they did not want. For a year and a half he missed few days at the mill. Then work became somewhat irregular, but not so with the rent, \$3.25 a month, later increased to \$4, and babies were coming, one each year. Altogether, the wife went through the ordeal of motherhood eight times. Four of the children, including the twins, died in infancy. Four remain, Annie, aged nine; Rosie, seven; John, five, and Frank, three.

"Jandik learned the lesson of all aliens in America—that while one may earn at labor four times as much as in Bohemia, one must also pay much more for life's necessities.

"With remarkable facility for remembering dates and figures, the laborer told the reporter Saturday how he had tried to better his condition. Regular annual event of children made

## The Calloused Palm!

Most terrific indictment against Capitalism, most sensational arraignment of Greed and Lust, most beautiful and inspiring promise to Labor, by the most trenchant, virile and sensational author. The 'missing link' of Socialist literature. An Epic—the Socialist Classic of the world. Price per copy, 10 cents. Owen Spendthrift, 1005 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.



inroads upon his purse. Mrs. Jandik was frequently ill with rheumatism. Shoes and decent clothes for Annie, at Union street school, was a hardship, but there was no complaint from this man. He was devoted to his family. His wife was a patient, sometimes even happy, woman.

"The man lost jobs and got new ones; now at the Empire mill, back to the lumber yard, at the Peerless automobile shops, again at the rolling mill. Always he strove to be worthy of better pay, but \$2.04 per night was his maximum. And between jobs he lost time terribly.

"Events of the fall of 1907, concerning family purses, are familiar to all newspaper readers. Early in the fall of that year, securities in the Wall street exchange shrunk in value a billion dollars. Banker Charles W. Morse and a coterie of high financiers tried and failed to corner a number of banks, and precipitated a panic. In Cleveland clearing house certificates are not forgotten, especially in Newburg, where laboring men, being unable to cash the certificates, paid usurious rates of discount to individuals with ready cash.

"Along about this time conditions tightened around the throats of the Jandiks. The father lost his job November 16th, and failed to find another. His neighbors say he tried desperately, walking the streets ten hours every day. During the winter he got four days' work cleaning snow on the streets. With that exception he did not turn a penny until late in April, 1908. These six withering months of idleness reduced the family to the shed, consumed their fifty-one dollars savings with the building association, took courage out of Jandik's heart, put rags on Annie and Rosie and the boys, and sent the wife to the wash-tub, the hardest and poorest paid job known to womankind. Rheumatism in her joints, the frail little woman fought savagely for an occasional seventy-five cents or dollar. And she, the patient, loving, once red-cheeked Barbara, saved the family—saved it and ruined her health. She went out to wash and she carried clothes baskets to her home. In the shabby shed she washed, in the muddy yard she dried her clothes.

"Debts piled up around the family like spectral mountains. Jandik used to come home from his fruitless quest for work, weeping. But patient Barbara cheered him, she could always wash, they would not starve. The grocery bill, mainly for bread, lard, salt and cheap coffee, grew to \$30, \$40, \$50. The butcher's bill, mainly for soup meat, grew to \$18. The coal bill and the rent bill were usually met with cash. The Newburg merchants were kind enough, except one, who withdrew credit.

"When, at last, after these terrible six months, the Empire mill took Jandik back, it was to him a new lease on life. He worked five days each alternate week at \$1.45 a day, wheeling iron. The wife continued to wash. An unexpected sorrow fell upon them just then. Jandik's twenty-year old sister, a seamstress, imported four years ago, died of tuberculosis. Jandik, aided by his brother, buried her in Woodland cemetery. A new debt was thus created.

"During the past year the man has been at work an average of four days a week. He is third helper at the Empire shears, meaning that, with a long hook, he stands twelve hours a night grasping, hissing tongues of white-hot metal from one machine and flopping them to another. The sweat pours in streams down his face and over his chest. He earns an average of \$6.80 a week.

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**OPPORTUNITY**  
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Our goods have steady sale, are standard and sold for eight-  
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We offer you an opportunity not duplicated by any other reliable company in this country, to start in a business of your own free of cost. We will stand behind you with our goods, our credit, our reputation, and assist you to become successful. Are you looking for such a chance? We know if you are, and will sell in your locality our famous line of laundry and toilet soaps, perfumes, toilet articles, spices and extracts, you can easily earn from \$50.00 to \$250.00 a month, according to the time you devote to the work.

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You cannot develop into a big money maker unless you get into business. It is impossible staying around home doing odd jobs or clerking in a store on a small salary to bring out your best qualities and make any money. Break away from such surroundings and get into a business of your own. Here is the chance. Women find our work very profitable and entertaining. The work appeals to women and in their spare time a good monthly income may be added without interfering with their household duties.

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Start your own business; we will help you; you can look after its interests, manage it, make big money and feel independent. Start now. This is the time. Thousands of men and women are getting rich in the soap business. You have as good a chance if you will start now. We are ready, if you are.

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**WOLVERINE SOAP CO.**

57 Main Street,

Portland, Michigan

Sample Cases  
**FREE**

TO OUR  
AGENTS



Beneath the cupolas, spires and crosses of a myriad of churches, this poor, ignorant, slave, his wife and children were permitted to exist month in and month out in abject want and misery; and a mother of eight babies gave up her life that the system which the MASTER CLASS has builded might march on and on and on in its terribleness.—How long, O, Lord, how long will the fathers, the sons, the brothers and the husbands stand for this cold-blooded commercial savagery to exist, and starve and die beneath the shadow of towering obelisks of gold, which have been erected over the sighs and moans and groans and wails of fathers, mothers, sons and babies.—If the present system is perpetuated by the will of God, then to die cursing that God would be the happiest moment of my existence.

Read pages TEN and ELEVEN of this issue and learn how to obtain a copy of the great MAPLE-POWELL debate ABSOLUTELY FREE.

### A HURRAH FOR THE RIP-SAW.

A letter recently received from Miss Lela M. Stiles, a fifteen-year-old little girl of Vertrees, Kentucky, makes a spasm of joy creep up our back, because we are glad to be able to please not only the "grown-ups" but the children. Her letter in part follows:

"Dear Colonel:—

"Hurrah for you. My papa has just subscribed for the RIP-SAW, and we received our first issue a few days ago, and I have read everything in it, and I like it fine. We are staunch Democrats, but that doesn't keep us from liking you and your paper just the same. I am a girl fifteen years old."



## FREE TO GIRLS BIG DOLL AND GOLD LAID RING

Just a few minutes of your time is all we ask, as all you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept our liberal 25c offer

This handsome doll is nearly half a yard tall, is beautifully dressed; closes and opens its eyes, has shoes and stockings that can be taken off, and is one of the best dolls ever given away on such a liberal offer. Any girl can earn this doll and beautiful stone set gold laid ring both in a few minutes by distributing only 4 of our beautiful colored art pictures to 4 people on our liberal 25c offer, collecting 25c from each person, making \$1.00 altogether. Just think of it! All you have to do is to get only 4 people to accept this liberal 25c offer and both the doll and ring are yours.

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Just send us your name and address and we will send you the 4 pictures and complete outfit by return mail. You will be surprised to find how easy it is to earn this beautiful doll and ring.

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## 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.

## TOBACCO KILLS



### 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.

### Free Treatment Coupon.

Send this coupon, with your name and address, to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 1200 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

# AN INTELLIGENT AND JUST GOD

Is God an intelligent God? We answer "Yes," as the same sun that is to-day shining, has shone for millions of years; the same stars that now twinkle have twinkled for uncounted centuries; the same moon that illuminates the night, has performed her duty since the dawn of creation; the same old earth that now plows through space has whirled in her orbit since God said: "Let there be light, and there was light; the same old ocean that has tumbled on in its channel for millions of years, is still murmuring at the base of the mountains, that are as old as itself; the same valleys which yielded mankind a bountiful plenty centuries ago are still yielding prolific harvests.

The Sun's mellow rays still warm to life the flowers in spring time, as they did before man was permitted to breathe their aroma; the seasons still come and go with the same precision as they did when Adam and Eve enjoyed the regal splendor of the Garden of Eden; the rains still quench the thirst of Old Mother Earth to-day, as they did at the creation of man.

Through all of the ages that have been added to the cycles of time, not a mistake have the seasons made; the sun, moon and stars have whirled on and on in their divinely ordained orbits without a clash; God in his infinite wisdom has not made a single mistake, and the most ignorant of the earth knows full well, that the seasons will come and go, and that the sun will shine and that the rains will fall, and that the earth will burst forth in due season with vegetation, and that harvest time will surely come; but still we persist in worshipping an intelligent God in an unintelligent manner, as a God who would make a world such as ours, in the twinkling of an eye and toss it out into space and cause every movement of that world to be for the benefit of his children, and place everything pertaining to that world at the disposal of his children, and cover its surface with everything beneficial to the existence of man, and paint its valleys with the rarest of flowers, and nestle in their petals an aroma which maketh the nostrils rejoice with

their rich perfume, most assuredly looks with scorn and contempt upon those of His children who build expensive churches to worship Him in, and then desecrate these churches by their hypocrisy; as a church that costs One Hundred Thousand Dollars or more, (and we have hundreds of them, in this country), when there are hundreds of thousands of wives, mothers and babies, who have not the necessaries of life, living all about these elegant houses of worship, undoubtedly must be disgusting to an intelligent God.

What must an intelligent God think of church members who accept the donations of millionaires, who make those donations for the sole purpose of hoodwinking and blind-folding the public in order that they may more systematically rob the public?

What must an intelligent God think of the millionaires of this country who build our universities for the FEW to educate their children in, when these donations are made by devils who have sweated their dollars from the pores of labor?

What must an intelligent God think of His children who will worship Him in an unintelligent manner? And undoubtedly we do worship Him in an unintelligent manner, when we teach the doctrine of idolatry, as it is nothing more nor less than idolatry when we supplicate inert objects in order to reach the ear of God, as an intelligent God does not expect his children to try to reach a "Home Beyond the Skies" by the bead, the crucifix or the holy water route, nor neither would He expect His children to reach a "Heavenly Home" by donating from their coffers, the money which was wrung from labor's brow.

An intelligent God would not expect His children to build a church that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to worship Him in, when upon every hand, want and misery stalk hand in hand in the neighborhood, where that church rears its brazen steeple.

We insult an intelligent God when Municipalities, Counties, States, or individuals accept the donations of such men as John D.

Rockefeller to build churches and colleges with.

An intelligent God will undoubtedly scourge a nation which will pass laws that will permit the CLASSES to rob the MASSES.

An intelligent God must look with contempt, and will surely punish those who pompously strut about and gloat over the weak, for no other reason than on account of their wealth.

A merciful and intelligent God will undoubtedly chastise with a punishment born of holy wrath, those who have confiscated the surface of the earth and usurped the bowels of the earth for the special benefit of themselves and their un-

holy brood, which has brought misery, want and disaster upon those who earn their bread in the sweat of their face.

A merciful and intelligent God will surely rebuke the despotism of the "classes" for their depredations upon the rights of the "masses," as a common equality is the spirit of Godliness, and any other spirit is born of the devil, and will eventually be scourged by a just and intelligent God, for transgressing upon the rights of those who cannot defend themselves.

Call me an anarchist if you like, or a revolutionist if you please, but you can never convince us that a just and an intelligent God would fill the bowels of the earth with coal, and then permit a few human hogs to control the output by the power of money, and place the price so high that three-fourths of His children must shiver with cold

## FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

On Trial

Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble. Vitaline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY**—Lost Vitality, Nervous Weakness, Wornout Feeling, Weak Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Rashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

**STOMACH TROUBLES**—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloating, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

**HEART WEAKNESS**—Fainting, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

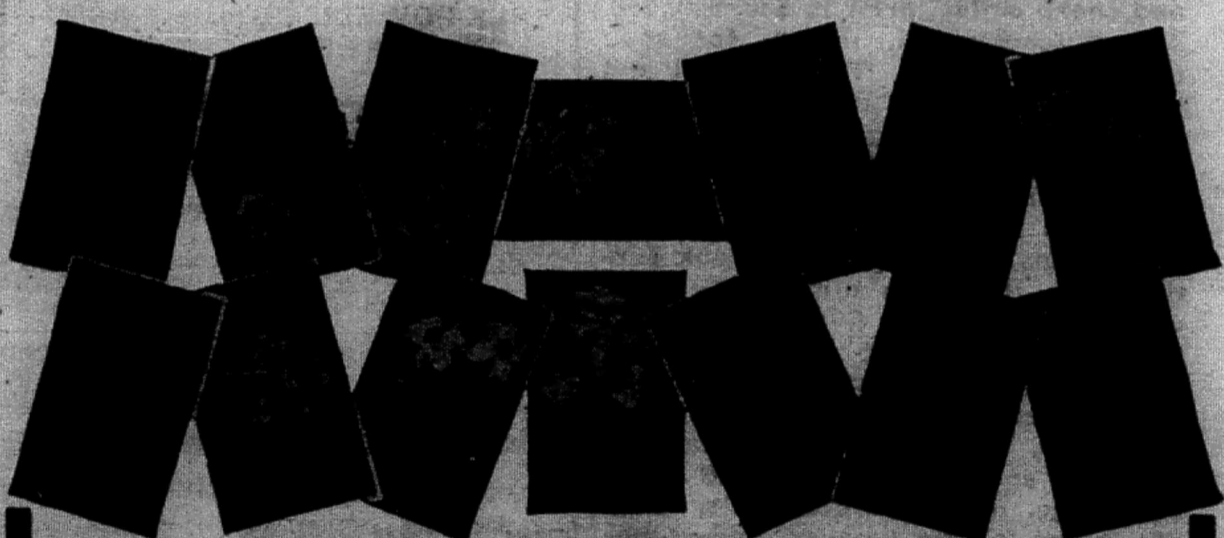
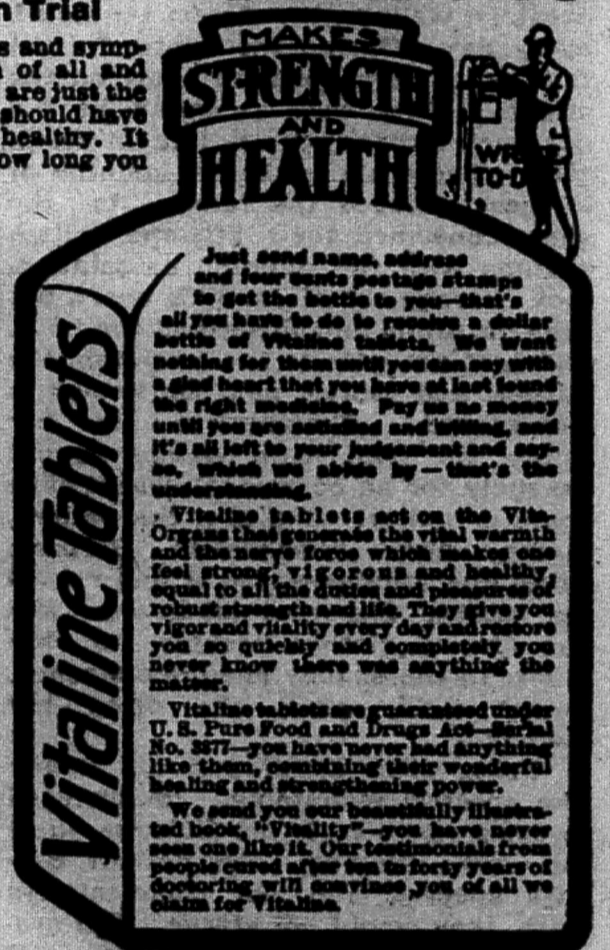
**CATARRH**—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Mucus, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

**BLOOD TROUBLES**—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 51, 152 Lake St., Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you \$1.00, otherwise I will pay you nothing.

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## 150 POST CARDS FREE

This is the Greatest Post Card Offer Ever Made and you cannot afford to pass it up. All you have to do is fill out the coupon below, enclosing five stamps (or 10c in silver) and we will send you at once, by return mail, twelve of the most beautiful, souvenir, gold background flower post cards, like illustration, that you have ever seen. The coloring of the flowers is so natural that you can hardly tell them from the real flowers and every card is varnished by special process. We would like to have you become a member of our popular post card club.

This club is conducted on our new plan, by which you can get 10 or more of the latest and handsomest souvenir post cards out, each month free of charge. This will make at least 150 cards a year and the plan is open to all who answer this ad at once.

**USE THIS COUPON**  
**NEVER CARD CO., Dept. 51, 152 Lake St., Chicago**  
 Enclosed please find five two-cent stamps (or 10c in silver) for which send me the 12 gold post cards, Junior membership, and full particulars about your Post Card Club. (Write plainly.) Send to:  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
**NEVER CARD CO., Dept. 51, 152 Lake St., Chicago**

on account of not having the money to pay a price which makes millionaires of the FEW and paupers of the MANY.

Apply the vilest names to us that you can think of if you choose, but you will never make us believe that a just and an intelligent God would make such a world as ours, and fill its interior with everything beneficial to His children, and cover its surface with everything beneficial to mankind, and then permit a few of His children to confiscate these good things for their INDIVIDUAL use, while the remainder of His children suffer for the bare necessities of life.

If the God whom we worship is a just and an intelligent God, then he is not a God that will fail to punish those who ravish the rights of the great army who must live by the sweat of their brow.—If God Almighty is just, then a day of reckoning is soon to come.

**BIG AND LITTLE THIEVES.**

The big railroad thieves of America have robbed the citizens of the United States out of multiplied millions of dollars in "STEALS," by collecting three or four times the value they should collect for carrying the mails, and not a single one of these big thieves are in the penitentiary.

The Rockefellers, the Harrimans, and the big rich in general have BILKED the public to the tune of BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, and they are today considered the PROMINENT MEN of America, and are consulted by the officials of the government, and wined and dined at every function that is pulled off, but the other day a poor railway clerk, by the name of F. H. Timm, of Guadalupe County, Texas, extracted two dollars and seventy-five cents from a letter, and he was tried and sentenced to the Leavenworth government penitentiary for two years, while those who owned the railroads upon which this railway mail clerk run, have been, and are stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars from the people of America, and these rich thieves go unpunished, while a little poverty-stricken railway clerk is given two long years of hard labor in the Leavenworth penitentiary.

F. H. Timm, the railway clerk, who stole this two dollars and seventy-five cents, was treated right, as it is evident that he is a thief, but why, O! why, my brother, should Timm receive two years at hard labor while the men who steal mil-

lions of dollars are sent to the United States Senate?—I'll tell you; it's because you wooden pates permit the big rascals to make and execute your laws, and they are going to see that the little rascal is put out of business, as the big rascals NEED THE MONEY.

You can set it down, Rube, that so long as the big thieves make and execute our laws, the little thieves will have no show, and will be shot into the penitentiary at the least provocation, which is the place they should go; but what bothers us is to understand why the fellow who steals two dollars and seventy-five cents is any more a thief than the fellow who will steal TEN MILLION DOLLARS, like E. H. Harriman? But we guess you fellows like it, as you continue to cast your votes for a class of men whom you know are robbing you, and just as long as you continue to do this, you deserve to be robbed, as you're getting what you voted for.

Those who know F. H. Timm, and were once his friends will now shun him on the street, and these same sap-heads, should they meet E. H. Harriman, John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan or any of the other big rogues, will take off their hats and stand uncovered in a cyclone to pay them homage.—  
"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE."

Read pages TEN and ELEVEN of this issue and learn how to obtain a copy of the great MAPLE-POWELL debate ABSOLUTELY FREE.

**"MAY THE LORD BLESS YOU."**

A letter recently received from Mrs. Joel J. Harper, of Osierfield, Georgia, in part follows:

"Dear Colonel Maple.

"May the Lord forever bless you and yours for defending Southern womanhood as you have. I want to thank you for all Southern women.

"If there were more men like you, pure womanhood everywhere would receive more respect than at present.

"I also want to thank you for all the good things I find in the RIP-SAW. My husband and I read it together, and we want to know more of Socialism. Ever since we heard you speak at Fitzgerald, Georgia, we have intended to write for literature, but have neglected to do so until now."

You can't help a fellow carry his burdens unless you do more than "grunt" and "pray."

If God Almighty made the earth for HIS CHILDREN, he didn't think that God is to blame, Rube? make enough of it, or else some —Are you a renter?

**Friends** You perhaps know that many manufacturers give away thousands of dollars' worth of samples every year to advertise their goods. I am the first and only man to give away a full size \$16.00 perfect-fitting suit purely for advertising purposes. If you're not sure about your size, send for my free tape measure and book of instructions—

**LET ME GIVE YOU A "Canada" Brand FREE \$16.00 3-Piece Suit**

I am F. O. Lindquist, Pres. of the Canada Mills Co., and make you **This Free Offer** One free suit in each town and city where we have no branch house (one in each ward in large cities) and one on each R. F. D. route.

**I Offer You** one of my celebrated "Canada" Brand \$16.00 3-piece suits free for it—nor be an agent—nor distribute bills—nor sign any papers—nothing of the kind—for when I say free I mean free. Free doesn't mean work or money or anything at all, it means free without money, without work, without asking a single thing of you, and I mean what I say, and the business world knows my word is good as gold.

**Now Listen** You may not believe my offer because you do not know me personally and do not know that my word is good as gold. You may have seen free ads before—you may have answered them and found out that in each case you had to do something to get the free article—or you had to sell something in order to get the free thing, and you may think that this offer is just like all the rest—it is not. Please don't think that I'm trying to fool you—no, I don't do business that way—Don't think there is a "string to this offer"—there is no string to this offer—I said free and I mean what I say now and always. No matter how many times you have been fooled before—

**You Won't Get Fooled Here** for I give you my great \$16.00 "Canada" Brand perfect-fitting suit just as I say I will—there is no canvassing to do—no work to do—nothing to sell—It may sound too good to be true but it is true just the same—I have my own wonderful plan—I just want to get this suit on your back without it costing you one cent, then I'll take my chances on building up a trade in your neighborhood—I just ask one favor of those who get the free suits—When you have worn the suit at least one week will you write me a letter and answer these three questions: (1) Does the suit fit perfectly? (2) Is it worth \$16.00? (3) May I use your letter as a testimonial—that's all there is to it. You don't have to write me at all unless you want to—but I know you will out of gratitude—you don't even have to promise to write me—send for the free tape measure and blank. Now, I want to ask one favor of you, because I want to get my Canada Brand Advertising Suit advertised in your locality, and before you purchase a suit of clothes this season I want you to make the purchase from me and become my customer, and I will do just exactly as I say—I will give you one of my Canada Brand \$16.00 suit of clothes without asking one penny for it.

**WRITE FOR YOUR FREE SUIT NOW, DO IT RIGHT AWAY**—let me prove to you that I really do give away this splendid "Canada" Brand suit free. It will only cost you the price of a postal to be convinced and to find out that I am a man of my word, and do as I say—address me personally like this—

President F. O. LINDQUIST, Canada Mills Co., 515 Wool Street, GREENVILLE, MICH.

**I Will Send FREE Medicine to the Sick**

**This is Not Charity But To Prove You May Be Cured**

**FREE TRIAL**

I am giving away my Free medicine, without one cent of expense to you, because I believe from the people I have cured that I can cure you. I care not how bad you are, what ails you or how long you have suffered. All I ask is a fair, square trial of the medicine I send you Free. You do not risk or spend a cent. I am willing to back up my confidence in my medicine at my own expense. I feel just as sure of what this proof treatment will do, as you are that the sun will rise tomorrow. This is the same medicine and treatment which thousands of other sufferers all over the country have accepted and used. Let my free treatment prove what it can do for you. You are to judge for yourself whether you have been helped. I take the risk. I agree to abide by your decision.

**I TREAT ALL DISEASES.**

I do not care what ails you. It does not matter to me whether some deadly disease has you in its grasp with your life perhaps hanging by a thread, whether it is some disease of the throat or lungs which is sapping your vitality and life; whether you are a victim of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, any Disease of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; or Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Disease, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Congestion, Sores, Grippe, Female Diseases, General Debility or any Chronic Disease. I treat them all. I treat the cause, not mere symptoms. Many who were given up to die testify to the wonderful merit of my medicines—they go to the spot afflicted, and when I have cured the disease, the pain and suffering vanish like frost on a June morning.

**No Matter How Long You Have Suffered, Take My Free Medicine.**

Perhaps you suffer from some old trouble of long standing which other doctors have tried to cure in vain. Do not despair. Do not give up hope. I have cured hundreds of cases which others said were incurable. Come to me. I have cured more cases of a single disease in a month than many doctors do of all diseases in a year. No matter where you live, I can cure you as well with my medicine and treatment by mail as if you came to my office or I went to your bedside or home. I will be as much your physician as if I lived in your community.

**DO NOT DELAY.**

If you are sick, you need help. Tomorrow you may be worse. Next week or next month your trouble may take a more serious turn and it may be too late. Act now, while there is yet time. I will send proof medicine, all charges paid, in plain wrappers. No one need even know you are using my treatment. Cure yourself in the privacy of your home and with a cure that will last. Write Today.

**I Will Send You Also My FREE BOOK.**

This household volume should be in every home. I want you to read it. I believe it to be the best home medical work ever published. It may save your life. It tells in plain every-day language so that you can understand the cause, treatment and cure of disease. I send it Free to you, for I want to make you well.

**DR. E. P. KING 534 Security Building Indianapolis, Ind.**

**RHEUMATISM.**

I want to inform you that your remedies have entirely cured me of a severe case of Rheumatism. My joints are now limber and I have as good use of myself as ever. I am suffering no pain at the present time, and I am confident that your remedies have entirely relieved me of that disease.

I certainly am thankful to you for the treatment and will be glad to recommend the same to my friends. Yours truly,  
JAMES VAN SICKEL, Newark, O.

**PILES AND BLADDER TROUBLE.**

Dear Doctor:—I have just received a letter from you asking me to state my reasons for not writing. I wish to say, Dear Doctor, that your treatment cured me of Piles and Bladder Trouble, for which please receive my thanks. I will say that if my disease ever returns again, I will write to you at once.  
W. H. MELTON, Kappa Mill, N. C.

**MALARIA.**

Some time ago I was informed of you by some of my friends who took your treatment. I sent you a description of my case, and you prepared and sent me a complete course of treatment. This was the only course I took from you, and can honestly say that I received more benefit from the one course of your treatment than from any previous remedies I have taken, and am at the present time able to do my work, and do not feel in need of any more medicine at this time.  
H. JOHNSON, Four Oaks, N. C.

**CATARRH.**

Yours of a few days ago is at hand and contents noted. In reply will say that the first treatment of medicine that I bought from you seems to have given me a permanent cure. My health is entirely restored.

I was afflicted with several ailments and was unable to receive permanent relief before I tried your treatment.  
MRS. BOSE MUSTIN, Gainesville, Fla.

# RELIEF!



## NOW! = Yes, Right Now!

**Relief to-day** from that terrible, racking, cringing, back-breaking agony—Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. The frightful, unbearable pains—the unspeakable tortures of bent back and twisted joints—the shooting, heart-tearing, fiery agonies of Rheumatism—**Stop them NOW, to-day!** Don't try to stand pain—**cure it!** No need to be a martyr to your sufferings any longer—**instant absolute, immediate RELIEF is offered you.** And this glorious boon is absolutely **FREE** to every aching sufferer.

### So Write Me To-day for the FREE TREATMENT

No red tape—not a cent to pay. But an absolutely free treatment that insures instant relief. The dreadful pains are stopped. **You'll know this relief as soon as you start the Free Treatment.** The treatment which I will send you free is so simple, so mild, that it cannot possibly harm the most delicate invalid, yet it is sure, because it is the great scientific remedy for Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

I want to make this offer to **convince you**; it is **you** I want to convince. For after having given you what I promised in a free treatment, having absolutely convinced you, I not only know that you will always have a kind word for Dr. Lynott, but more than that, you will gladly tell your friends of your recovery. **I KNOW** this treatment is right for rheumatism and kidney trouble, and so I **willingly, gladly** offer the free treatment now to a few sick people in each town who want to and should get the advantage of my personal advice (free) while I am still among you.

*IF YOU HAVE KIDNEY or BLADDER TROUBLE or RHEUMATISM your suffering ought to be relieved instantly if you will only send for the Free Treatment to-day.*



Dr. T. Frank Lynott,

## Terrible Torturing Agony

No one who has not suffered the agonies of Kidney or Bladder Disease or wrenching Rheumatism can even begin to understand the horrible character of these pains. If you have ever suffered from any of this class of complaints, you know that no one seemed to even really understand how almost unbearable your sufferings were.

Any physician will tell you that patients who have these diseases are braver and "grittier" than any other class of sufferers. Thousands and thousands of people are wrenched day and night by the fiery, racking pains which they think are caused by rheumatism. They suffer almost in silence and with little complaint, because they think nothing can be done for them. **The REAL CAUSE** of all their awful pains is uric acid, and to every one of them Dr. Lynott's great Free Treatment should positively give instant and immediate relief. The system-shattering agonies should vanish **AT ONCE**—as soon as the treatment is **BEGUN**. **No matter how long standing your trouble is**, no matter even if you **long ago** gave up hope of ever being free from pain, you should send for this free treatment at once. It will help to start you on the road to health and vigor.

**And remember, Dr. Lynott asks no money.** Run over the list of symptoms below, check those from which you suffer, and mark their numbers on the free certificate. I must insist you do this so I can prescribe for you as intelligently as though I could see you personally.

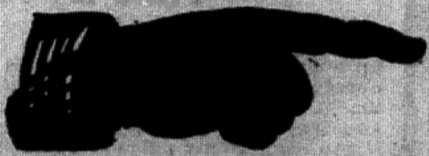
### THESE SYMPTOMS ARE DANGEROUS!

Kidney and Bladder Diseases and Rheumatism are the most treacherous enemies known to mankind. They creep slowly but very surely upon the unsuspecting victim and often give almost no warning at all of their deadly progress until their victim is fast in the grip of chronic disease. If you have any or all of these symptoms, you should write me **at once**. I will diagnose your case personally and personally prescribe the free treatment for you.

### THE SYMPTOMS

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

## JUST TELL ME WHAT AILS YOU



**AND I SHALL BE GLAD TO CONSULT WITH YOU.** Don't send me any money at all. I don't even ask you to pay the carrying charges on the free treatment. Just send me your name and address on the Free Treatment Certificate and the numbers of your symptoms [see table above]. **That is all you have to do.** Note that there is nothing to sign—nothing to pay—no obligation of any nature. And you positively get this without a cent to pay.

**Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2748 Occidental Bldg., Chicago**

**Special Notice!** This Free Trial offer is strictly limited. You can readily see that only a certain number can be taken under the doctor's Personal care. We guarantee that you will receive the personal care of this famous specialist only on condition that you accept this wonderful offer the first time you see it. Now is the time. To-morrow may be too late. Make certain of relief **NOW**. Send the Free Treatment Certificate **TO-DAY**.

*If you have a friend suffering from Kidney or Bladder Disease or other Uric Acid Diseases, such as Rheumatism, don't you think that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this liberal free offer?*

### FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

When I know your symptoms I will be able to make a study of your case, and I will then take pleasure in writing you a letter of advice—a real letter of medical advice—giving you my opinion of your case and telling you what to do to be cured. This is free. This letter alone has been the means of guiding thousands towards a cure, as in an experience of a quarter of a century as a specialist in these diseases I must have handled numerous cases similar to yours.

### FREE MEDICAL BOOK

Those who correspond with me will receive my great illustrated medical book free of charge. This will enable you to understand your true condition as well as to understand my method of treating these diseases. I believe it is the largest and best book ever written on this subject for the use of the general public. It describes all these ailments completely and gives the secrets of my system of treatment. It contains hundreds of valuable health suggestions, etc. I will send you a copy with the free treatment.

whose photo appears above, is one of the world's very greatest living specialists on Kidney and Bladder Diseases and Rheumatism. Probably never before has a specialist of such world-wide reputation offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott knows the value of the wonderful treatment which he has developed after years of study. He knows the simply wonderful relief which it gives to sufferers from these agonizing ailments. And he is willing to give every afflicted person, whether they can come to see him or not, the benefit of this relief, free; the medicine free and his personal advice **FREE**.

Dr. Lynott's name is probably better known than that of any other kindred specialist. The astounding results which he has secured on cases which had been given up as hopeless have attracted the most favorable comment from the highest class.

Another famous specialist on this same class of diseases writes:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect and my profound sense of esteem for Dr. Lynott, whose remarkable success in treating urinary disease has surpassed us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer, the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high-grade physician. It seems to me that the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but to praise him for the remarkable work that he has done and is doing for humanity."

Dr. Lynott has cured patients, not only in America, but in Europe as well. In fact, he holds a special diploma on Urinary Diseases from the great New York University, of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

## Free Treatment Certificate

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

Your Address?.....

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

What is your age?..... Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The **FREE** treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms), and get instant relief from those racking, racking pains. Address personally

**Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2748 Occidental Bldg., Chicago**