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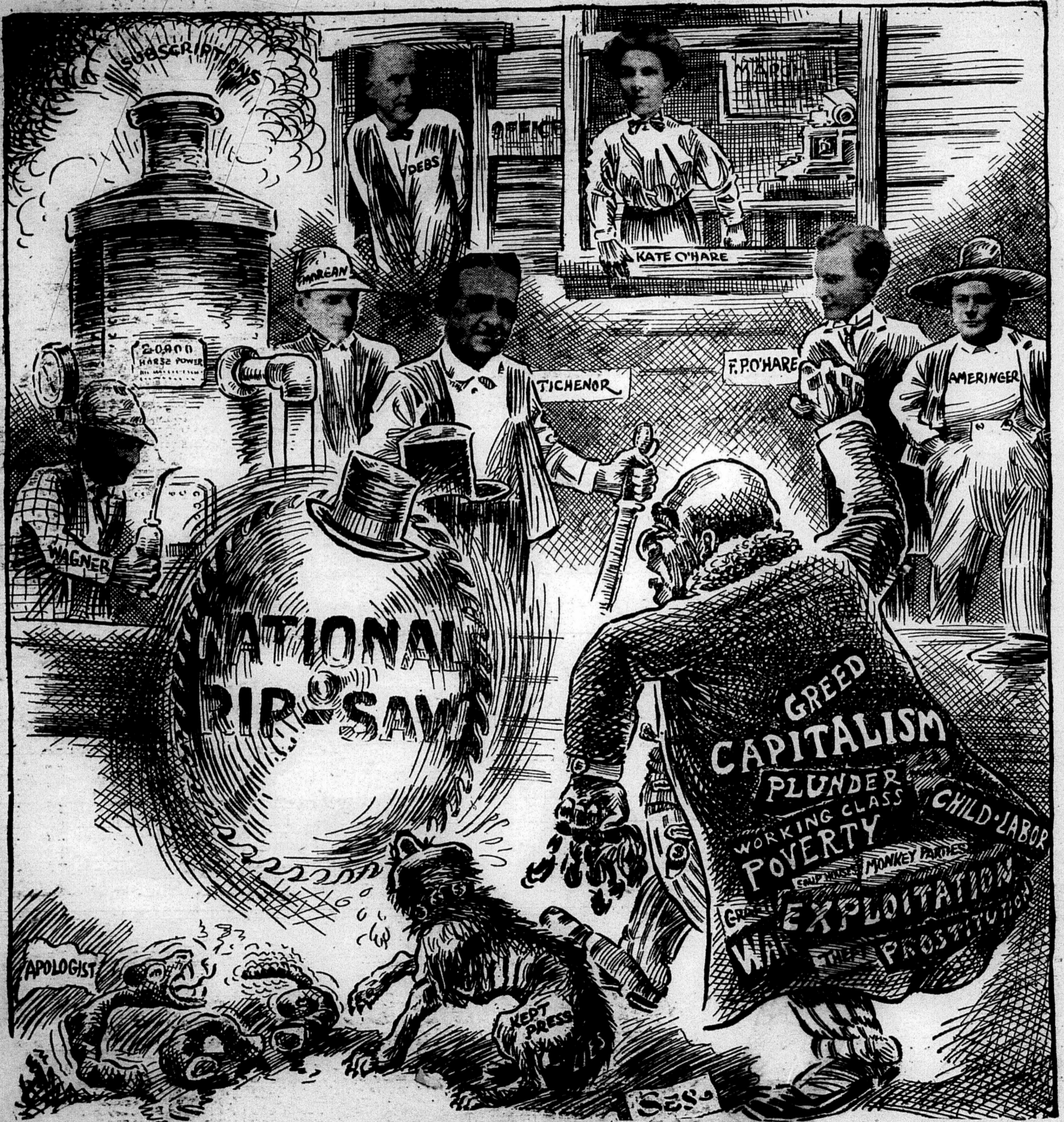
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THE RIP-SAW FORCE THAT WILL NEVER LET UP 'TILL THE PLUMBERND IS CHIPPED TO SHREDS



# SOCIALISTS!

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The eyes of the world are on the Socialist Party! The cause of Socialism is advancing and the great army of workers is growing by leaps and bounds. The greatest need of the party today is trained lawyers and legislators to intelligently fight the great industrial,

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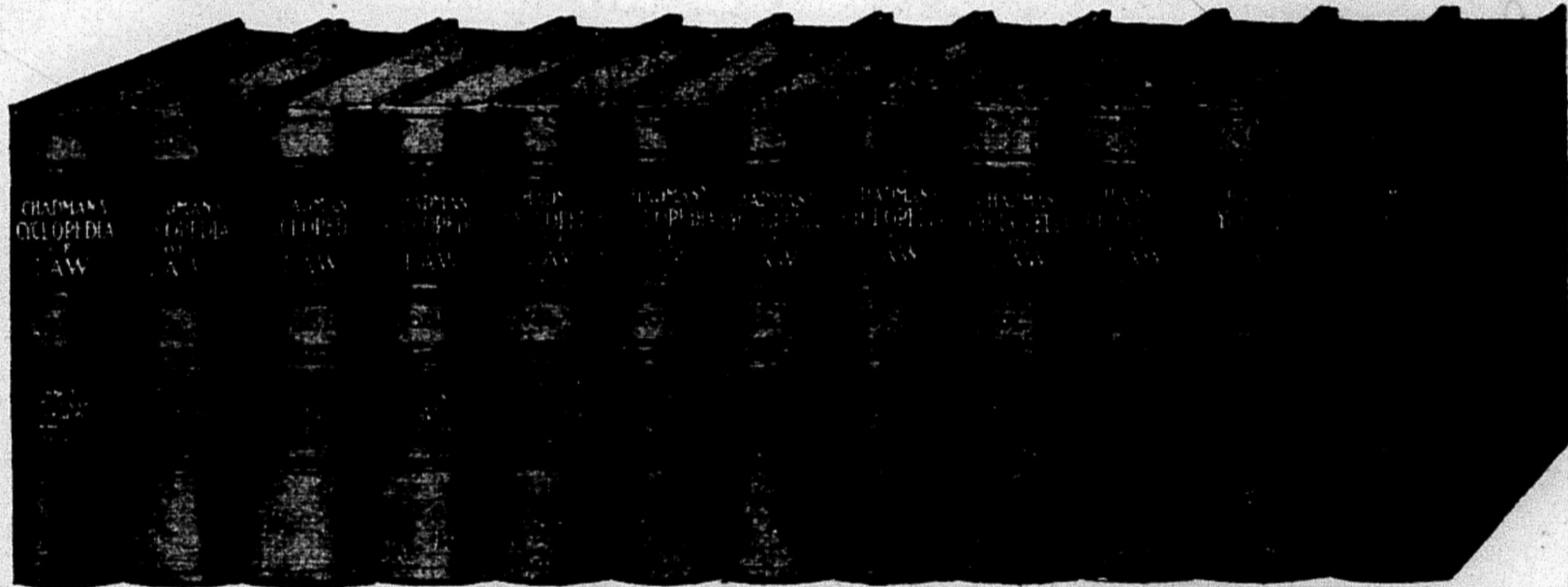
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# Editorial Section

By EUGENE V. DEBS



MOTHER JONES

Sitting in her prison pen in the strike zone of Colorado, Mother Jones, in the silence of her cell, broken only by the tread of the beetle-browed degenerates that serve as the dogs of the plutocratic scoundrels who have imprisoned her, is writing a chapter in the history of the American Republic for which the children of the future will weave garlands for her grave and rear monuments to her memory.

Long after the Wellborns, Osgoods and Browns have gone the way of kindred pirates and been swallowed up in oblivion, or are remembered only to excite loathing and execration, the name and fame of Mother Jones will inspire the gratitude and reverence of the people she fought for with such intrepid valor and suffered with such unflinching fortitude to set free.

Brave, defiant, battle-breathing Mother Jones!

She is the flaming incarnation of the world's proletarian revolt against capitalism's bloody misrule!

The Madame Breschovsky of the American social revolution!

Prison and persecution can not quench, but only fan into fiercer flame the inextinguishable fire of her unconquerable soul.

Like the Maid of Orleans, this snow-crowned old warrior of the working class, too, heard voices, but not the mystic voices heard in dreams. The voices she heard came up out of the pits; the choking, sobbing, agonizing voices of the abysmal hell of wage-slavery, and these voices of toilers manacled and robbed, insulted and despised, and their children crying for bread, filled her soul with unutterable hate for wage-slavery and fired her valorous spirit, as that of the sublime old fanatic, John Brown, had been fired half a century ago, into the flaming fuse of an avenging, destroying and emancipating revolution.

Mother Jones in a scab-herding militia prison pen!

Governor Ammons in the state's imperial capital!

Behold them both, the one the inspired liberator of the masses, the other the servile lackey of the princes of plunder and assassination; the one as glorious in her guarded cell as the other is despicable in his guarded sanctum!

Here you see the living impersonation of the lofty revolutionary character, and the low reactionary creature that are face to face today in the mightiest struggle that ever shook this earth.

The cruel, outrageous, infamous incarceration of a Woman of Eighty-three, with no shadow of accusation resting upon her fair name, would disgrace the beasts of the jungle, but it cannot blacken the man-enslaving, woman-debasing, child-devouring misrule of the Moloch of the Twentieth Century—Capitalism.

**AROUSE YE PLUNDERED TOILERS OF THE NATION,  
IN UNVANQUISHABLE HOSTS, AND STRIKE FOR INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM AND SOCIAL JUSTICE!**

## WORKING GIRL

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of her deceased distinguished dad, John Pierpont Morgan, who plundered and looted to the extent of his power and was washed pure in the blood of the lamb, is a great friend to working girls. At least so we are led to believe. She is one of the patronizing, philanthropic bunch of parasites who feel that if they spit on the poor they should receive it as baptism.

Recently Miss Morgan was interviewed in regard to the problem of working girls in the present system, and in answer to the first question put to her, she broke out with:

"Please don't make me use the expression 'working girl' in this interview. If there is one phrase that should be eliminated from the English language, it is that one.

All women work, always have worked, always will work."

Isn't this truly delicious? All women certainly do work, but the work some of them do is to work the workers, dress and gorge themselves, and undress and disport themselves at Seeley dinners, and of course they are in the same class, according to Miss Morgan, with the factory girls and department store drudges that for a pittance work like slaves and are never ahead enough to allow themselves a square meal or a decent garment.

It is easy to understand why Miss Morgan gets riled when reference is made to "working girls." She doesn't want these girls to realize that they are in a class of their own, that they are slaves, and that they have to unite and make common cause against the parasites that are sucking their life-blood while looking down upon them with a lofty contempt as if they were so many animals.

The worst enemies of these working girls, these wage-slaves, are such pretended friends as Miss Anne Morgan, who patronizingly drop them a bone now and then to quiet their discontent and elicit their grateful homage.

Working girls, don't be deceived by the Anne Morgans of capitalist society! They are the heirs of the millions wrung from the blood of your class, and they will never do anything more for you than to absorb your earnings and hold you in cheap contempt for allowing them to pose as your benefactors. Get together, rely on yourselves, stand up with and for your class, and fight the thieving, degrading capitalist system to a finish. That is your only salvation.

## COLORADO AND MICHIGAN

The whole working class is vitally concerned in the desperate labor-battles that are being fought in Colorado and Michigan. In the former state it is the coal miners, and in the latter state the ore miners who are engaged in these terrible and bloody conflicts. In both states all the power that the wealthy mine owners can bring to bear has been used in the attempt to crush, browbeat and defeat the strikers, but they have held their ground with a heroism and fortitude which challenge the highest admiration. No less brave than the men have been the women and children, who have, through the severest cold of the mid-winter season, endured suffering with a patient endurance that is nothing less than sublime.

In both Colorado and Michigan the governors have proved themselves the veriest lickspittles of the mine owners, and have done their bidding with a servility that would disgrace a pound-keeper.

It is hard to tell which of these two spineless time-servers is the most abject and contemptible. Certain it is that the workers who voted to put them in office are getting all they bargained for, and it is to be hoped that the lessons are not entirely in vain.

The sheriffs and other capitalist hirelings in public office have performed like trained monkeys in obedience to the mine owners, the real governors of the state. The things that sit in executive chairs, wear badges and epaulettes and strut about, not forgetting to draw their salary, are but the bootlickers of the barons, and so it is not strange that martial law is declared, that Mother Jones is in jail without so much as a charge against her, that jackleg prosecutors protect strike-breakers and hound honest men into prison, that grand juries are composed of the clerks and counter-jumpers of the mine owners, that men are slugged for being men, and strike-



breakers are lionized for being strike-breakers, that citizens' alliances rush into action with their brother scabs and strike-breakers, that the Christmas festivities of the strikers' children are turned into a holocaust and the morgue crowded with dead and mutilated infants, that Charles Moyer is indicted for the privilege of having been shot in the back and dragged through the streets by the dressed-up cowards and assassins who preserve law and order for the mine owners, and that a thousand other infamous, brutal outrages are perpetrated day and night to perpetuate the vile slavery of the miners and to enable the monsters, such as Wellborn, Brown, McNaughton, Shaw and company to continue to fatten and grow more and more bestial drinking the life-blood of their victims.

The congressional investigation should be taken full advantage of and all of these facts brought out, placed upon record, and spread over the country to arouse the workers to rise in revolt against the brutal, damnable system of capitalism which produces such appalling conditions as those which have disgraced, and are now disgracing, the states of Colorado and Michigan.

## Asketh for Bread; Getteth a Stone



### RAPE OF JUSTICE

Sentenced to the penitentiary for life is the outrageous verdict just rendered by a packed jury and pronounced by a prejudiced court in the case of Richard Ford and Herman Suhr, leaders of the California hop pickers in their strike of a year ago, which attracted world-wide attention.

These two labor leaders were convicted only to glut the vengeance of the capitalist slave drivers, and not because they were guilty of crime. Jack Jungmeyer, a special correspondent, who attended the trial at Marysville, Calif., declared that the trial was farcical and outrageous, and that the defendants had not a ghost of a chance to obtain justice. This correspondent writes as follows:

"That the trials were tragical farces and the sentences imposed upon them examples of grave injustice, is the assertion of thousands who followed the trials. I saw the power of the special prosecutor over the judge and jury, a special prosecutor who, in private practice, is a lawyer for the rich hop barons. These men are sent to prison for life, not for murder, but because they were agitators and leaders."

The strike of these hop pickers is vividly remembered by those who follow the course of events in the labor world. The greedy hop barons had reduced the pickers to the most inhuman and revolting conditions. Downright slavery prevailed, and poverty and

wretchedness indescribable. The Socialist party conducted a thorough investigation, sending its own representatives to the hop fields, and the report they presented is a terrible recital of facts and a scathing indictment of the inhuman monsters who are responsible for them, and who have now succeeded in railroading the leaders of the strike to the penitentiary for life.

It is a burning shame and a cruel outrage, against which the workers of California and the Pacific coast should rise in emphatic indignation and protest.

Richard Ford and Herman Suhr had no connection with the murder of the district attorney, who lost his life in a riot instigated by the hirelings of the hop barons. These workingmen are absolutely innocent of crime. They have but discharged their duty to their fellow-workers, and by every consideration of justice and decency it is the duty of the organized workers of the Pacific coast to fight their conviction tooth and nail, and to never let up until these men have been vindicated and set free.

### MOYER'S INDICTMENT

The climax of corporate inhumanity and greed is reached in the indictment of Charles Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners, and his associates by the mine owners of the copper regions of Michigan.

Moyer was seized, overpowered, slugged, shot in the back, dragged out of his hotel and through the streets for over a mile, insulted, abused, called every vile name conceivable, then loaded aboard a train and shipped out of the state, bleeding from a score of wounds, and a couple of bullets buried in his body.

The vilest criminal, the most notorious desperado in the country, would not have been so outrageously assaulted, beaten up and deported. It was only a labor leader, and a scrupulously honest one at that, who could fare in this way at the hands of the cannibals that rule in the upper peninsula of Michigan.

NOW COMES THE GRAND JURY, COMPOSED OF THE PETTY BOOTLICKING MENIALS OF THE MINE OWNERS, AND INDICT CHARLES MOYER FOR HAVING BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK, ALMOST SLUGGED TO DEATH, AND DRIVEN FROM THE STATE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS THE SHADOW OF A CHARGE HAVING BEEN LODGED AGAINST HIM.

Shades of Ivan the Terrible! Can Russia beat it? No, nor for downright cannibalism, and what is far worse, the brutal degeneracy which only capitalism can produce, can any of the South Sea Islands.

Of course, the white-livered lackeys composing this jury, which has immortalized its lickspittleism, found no indictment against the cowardly assassins, scabs and degenerates who perpetrated the infamous outrages upon Moyer, Tanner and others, and who were thus victimized only because they were too manly and self-respecting to betray the cause of the striking miners, and too rigidly honest to succumb to the corrupting influences of the beastly mine owners.

From the governor down to the bailiff every public official, including the degenerate grand jury, responsible for the monumental outrage of indicting labor leaders for having been shot, slugged, dragged through the streets by howling hyenas, and made the victims of every conceivable crime—EVERY ONE OF THESE OFFICIALS WAS ELECTED BY THE VOTES OF WORKINGMEN.

The Moyer outrage should fire the workers of this country from end to end with the most implacable hatred for the capitalist system and with the grimest determination to overthrow it.

### WILL YOU HELP?

We are going to make this the crowning year of the Rip-Saw's career.

Will you help?

At ten years of age the Rip-Saw is the lustiest stripling in the nation, but the stripling has now to grow into the full-fledged giant.

There are trying times ahead. A mighty struggle, a gigantic conflict is impending. The foe is armed in every way that the perverted ingenuity of capitalism makes possible. We, too, must arm and equip ourselves for the crisis which is coming, in which the press is to have such a commanding part.

We are going to do our part by making the Rip-Saw the keenest, clearest, boldest and most uncompromising exponent of the working class and champion of the common people in the United States.

And we are going to ask you to do your part by getting to work this very day, this very hour, adding new names to our sub-



scription list and doubling the power of the Rip-Saw before the close of this year.

It can be done without a doubt.

Will you help?

The Rip-Saw expects every one of its friends to stand by it and to make this the banner year of its history.

### GIRLS FED TO GHOULS

Scarce half a decade has passed since the late Comrade James Brower gave to the world his "Mills of Mammon," containing the horrible chapters on the atrocious white slave traffic.

At that time the capitalist press, while admitting that an occasional girl mysteriously disappeared, hooted the idea of an organized traffic in young women, and pronounced such statements as the lurid vaporings of demagogues or the rantings of wild-eyed Socialists; even the clergy, in pants and petticoats, declared the charge ridiculous, preposterous and without foundation in fact.

But all this has changed. The Socialist is no longer maligned and denounced for calling the attention, especially of the working class, to this crime of crimes, worse, infinitely worse, in all its aspects than cold-blooded murder. The capitalist press no longer snorts its denial; the pulpit no longer sneers and scoffs. The curtain has been drawn aside, revealing a condition of affairs so startling as to defy exaggeration.

In the City of New York alone 397 young women mysteriously disappeared within three months—an average of more than four per day for the entire period. This fact has just been made known by the police authorities. So bold in their operations have the white slavers become that even the police have been aroused to activity.

But the efforts of the police will avail but little in the suppression of this hideous crime.

The white slave traffic was spawned in the hell of capitalism and is one of the iniquities of the profit system. The activity of the police authorities may result in the arrest, and even the conviction of a few of these inhuman monsters, but the traffic will not be suppressed. It is even doubtful if the convicted, if any there be, will suffer punishment at the hands of the law, for the political influence of these fiends of hell is so far-reaching that even the pardoning powers of governors and of the president himself are subject to its paralyzing control.

White slavery is an essential part of capitalism. It will not be stamped out, not until the monstrous system which gave it birth and which yearly crushes and breaks the lives of its multiplied thousands is destroyed root and branch and supplanted by a system in which human happiness shall be counted of more value to society than bloody dollars coined out of the living death of young womanhood.

### NEW YORK'S IDLE WORKERS

New York City is the financial and economic capital of the American republic. It is by the brass-bowelled magnates there and not by their political doughfaces at Washington that the common people are ruled.

The conditions in New York reflect infallibly the general conditions of the country. And what are these conditions under the Wilson-Bryan-Murphy democratic administration, after having control of every department of the government for almost a year?

**IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK ALONE, according to the statistics lately completed by the Employment Bureau of the Society for Improving the Conditions of the Poor, there are THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE THOUSAND (331,000) MEN OUT OF WORK.**

If the same rate of unemployment relative to population were to exist throughout the country there would be today Six million, six hundred and twenty thousand (6,620,000) idle workers in the United States. It is entirely improbable that the number is so great as this, but it is beyond question that at an extremely conservative estimate there are at this time no less than three million unemployed workers in the land.

The figures relating to the unemployed in New York are from capitalistic sources and authentically set forth in their own press dispatches as follows:

"Of the total unemployed 140,000 are unskilled; 70,000 in the building trades; 18,000 longshoremen; 18,000 cloak and suit workers; 6,500 waiters; 6,000 tailors and pressers; 5,000 clerks and accountants; 4,500 porters; 4,200 boatmen and sailors; 3,800 barbers; 3,000 drivers; 3,000 engineers and firemen, and other trades in smaller proportion."

Enforced and increasing unemployment is the scourge of capitalist misrule and the forerunner of capitalism's downfall.



### THE CHARGE ON MOTHER JONES by Henry M. Tichenor - The Rip-Saw Poet

*The patriotic soldiers came marching down the pike,  
Prepared to shoot and slaughter in the Colorado strike;  
With whiskey in their bellies and vengeance in their souls,  
They prayed that God would help them shoot the miners full of holes.  
In front of these brave soldiers loomed a sight you seldom see--  
A white-haired rebel woman whose age was eighty-three;  
"Charge!" cried the valiant captain, in awful thunder tones,  
And the patriotic soldiers "CHARGED" and captured Mother Jones!  
'Tis great to be a soldier with a musket in your hand,  
Ready for any bloody work the lords of earth command;  
'Tis great to shoot a miner and hear his dying groans,  
But never was such glory as that "CHARGE" on Mother Jones!*



The system that starves the class that feeds and supports it has got to die.

All the same under Wilson, Taft or Roosevelt. Capitalism is capitalism, and its race is run. All the doctoring and doping of its political quacks are in vain.

The old system, based upon private ownership, production for profit, and wage-slavery is doomed.

Tariff reduction, elastic currency, and trust tinkering can not save it.

The working class republic is taking shape within the cracking shell of the old capitalist despotism, and all that now remains is for the working class to organize, educate and equip its forces to take possession of industry, set the unemployed to work, and launch the nation upon a new era of freedom and prosperity.

### CARL E. PERSON

The attention of our readers is drawn to the county jail at Clinton, Ill., where Carl E. Person, editor of the Strike Bulletin, official organ of the Illinois Central Strikers, lies incarcerated, charged with the crime of murder of which he is not guilty. Everything possible has been done to prejudice his cause and to send him to the gallows. Like many other men who have served the working class faithfully in a crisis, Carl Person is today imprisoned and persecuted and threatened with death as the reward of his fidelity to the cause of right and justice. Notwithstanding his imprisonment, our comrade stands staunchly by his convictions and boldly declares that there will be no weakening on the part of the strikers until the fight in which they have been so long engaged has been won.

It is up to the workers and their sympathizers to see that Carl Person has a fair chance to defend himself, and that he is not railroaded to the penitentiary or the gallows. Every effort must be made to raise the necessary funds and to arouse the workers to a sense of their obligation to stand by the man who has so loyally stood by them.



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**THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.**

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.



And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them. In less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line today, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 1179 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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**R. M. King Made \$45 in 6 Days**



**15 IN ONE**

Forged steel. Patented. Low priced. Sells to auto owners, farmers, mechanics in the shops and the home. Not sold in stores. No competition. Sales easy. Big profits. Ten-inch sample to workers. Write at once.

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J. E. Gregory, Dept. 26 St. Louis, Mo

**HUSBANDLESS WOMEN**

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

One day in London a nice, starchy, muttonchop sort of English journalist (all newspaper men are "journalists" in England and the common garden variety of reporters are unknown), came to interview me for that nice, starchy, muttonchop journal, the LONDON TIMES, on my impressions of the Militant Woman's Suffrage movement. My answer shocked him into a state of coma, and I am not sure he has entirely recovered to this day.

I told him that the most striking thing I observed about the Woman's Suffrage movement in England was the fact that the women had lost their waist line. I did not know whether they suffragetted because they had lost their waist line, or had lost their waist line because they suffragetted, but that one was cause and one was effect, and he could take his choice. I told him that I had attended English militant parades and militant demonstrations, and they always reminded me of the story of the Irish maid who was disputing with a tramp at the back door. Her employer heard the argument and called down the back stairs, "What does he want, Biddy?" "Shure, it's somethin' to ate he's askin' fur, but it's a bath he needs," shouted back Biddy. My impressions are that it's not the vote the English women are asking for, but it's a beau, a new corset and a well-fitting dress they need.

This answer almost threw the journalist into a fit. He thought I was treating the subject with levity, and to treat any subject with levity in England is a capital crime.

The journalist was mistaken. I was not joking, but stating an appalling fact, and under my seemingly light words lurked the most heart-breaking tragedy I have ever met.

Things are valued according to their scarcity and not according to their utility. A diamond and a lump of coal are both carbon. Coal is useful and diamonds comparatively useless, yet coal sells for four dollars a ton and diamonds for many dollars a kare. Coal is plentiful and diamonds are very rare and scarce, hence the difference in price.

**The Cheapness of Woman Life.**

Women in England are plentiful, more plentiful than coal, or dirt, or any other substance on earth, and there is nothing in the heaven above or on the earth below or in the sea that is so cheap and valueless as woman life. Women are cheaper than wood and iron; cheaper than chain and

rope; cheaper than steam and electricity; cheaper than donkeys and beasts of burden. This fact is proven by the brutal, menial labor one sees performed by women in England on every hand.

I arrived at Wigan at night. Before six the next morning I heard a sort of harmony that through my dreams seemed to be a strange, distant music. That evening, as darkness fell, I heard it again and asked my hostess to explain. With that minor note of tragedy that echoes through the voice of every working woman in England, she replied: "Why, Comrade, it's only the steel shod clogs of the pit-brow lassies echoing over the cobblestones as they return home from their day's work of picking stones out of the coal up at the mines."

**Women Pack Animals.**

The next day I watched these pit-brow lassies—young, immature girls, at the critical period of life, working in an open shed where the rain and snow beat in, with no heat, no dressing rooms, no toilet conveniences, no help from machinery, heaving the heavy tubs of coal by sheer brute strength into the troughs and then picking by hand the stones and slate from the coal.

Near Cradley Heath, in the brick fields, I saw an eighteen-year-old girl with a sort of rude pack saddle, much more primitive and brutal than we use on the burros in the West, carrying green bricks. Two men lifted the cradle of bricks, weighing 200 pounds, to her back; she carried it about one hundred and fifty yards and two men set it down at the door of the kiln. These rude pack saddles rub blisters larger than my two hands on the tender skin; sometimes the blisters break and the blood runs down and drips upon the ground as the girl toils beneath her brutal load.

At Cradley Heath women stand all day over the forge and anvil forging chains, and the babies sleep in a box beneath the bench while older children play about in the workshops or cling to the mother's sweat wet skirts.

In Bermondsy girls stagger under brutally heavy trays loaded with scalding jam, and carry them up three or four flights of stairs and down again when they are ready for shipment to the shipping docks.

All over England 27,000 barmaids act as bartenders. They serve drunken brutes their drinks and listen always to the vile, brutal, degrading conversations

of the barroom frequenters. All over Great Britain one sees the working women chained like beasts of burden to brutal labor that would be much better done by machines of iron and steel, until body, brain and soul are crushed and warped, and in the end many die in the gutter or lie drooling, doddering lumps of worn-out humanity in the helpless ward of a workhouse.

**The Parasite Women.**

Among the upper class women the situation is quite as appalling. True, they are not broken at the wheel of labor, but they are stunted and warped in the gilded cage of idleness. They are not prisoners of toil in a filthy jam factory, but they are prisoners of caste in a gloomy brown-stone mansion; they wither and die from vicious idleness, just as the women of the slums rot and die from brutal labor. I never was able to decide which I pitied most, the dirt-grimed slattern in



a jam factory, chained to her filthy tray, or the well tubbed lady in her musty drawing room, tied to her teapot and knitting needles. A woman ignorant, degraded and wrecked by brutal labor is a pitiful sight, but sometimes I feel a woman well educated, cultured and fashioned by God to fulfill the holy office of wife, motherhood and social service, shut in by the bars of idleness and bound with the cords of caste to an empty, useless life of pouring tea is the more pitiful.

In England womanhood is cheaper than dirt because it is so plentiful. The Statesman's Year Book states that in 1911 there were 1,838,594 more females than males on the British Isles, and out of this abnormal, unnatural condition grows the heart sickening things of which I have spoken. It is not the "hand of God," as a good curate piously informed me, that causes this cursed con-



dition. The birth rate of boys in England is somewhat greater than that of girls; about the same percentage of boys and girls survive to reach maturity; then the hand of capitalism lays its crushing hand on England, and leaves a surplus of nearly two million women!

England's land has been monopolized by the landlord class, and the men of England can find no access to God's earth where they may till the soil and from the bosom of the Great Mother bring food for wife and child. The blooming, fertile acres of old England today are rapidly bought from the hereditary landlord class; the farming class is dispossessed, and what was once a populous, teeming countryside, is changed into a hunting preserve, where the vicious, idle sons of England's dollar nobility may shoot tame pheasants and slaughter hand-fed deer, and call it sport. England's farmer boys can no longer find access to God's earth; God has been dispossessed also, and the Dollar Nobility are in possession, so sadly the farm boy kisses his sweetheart good-bye and sails away to Canada, Australia or the United States. He leaves the woman God and Nature intended should be his wife to become one of the brutalized workers or wither and dry up into pitiful spinsterhood.

**The Dollar Nobility.**

England's mines, factories and shops are monopolized by this same Dollar Nobility. That the vicious, idle sons of the owners of the machinery of production may shoot tame pheasants and slaughter tame deer, the workers are sweated to the last drop of blood and ground into profits to the last atom of strength. Every working man in England with a drop of red blood, with an ounce of ambition, with any manhood whatsoever, longs to escape the grinding, grilling, murderous exploitation of England's capitalist class, and as soon as he can scrape together enough shillings to pay steerage across the sea, he seeks new lands and wider opportunities. Naturally he, too, leaves behind the woman God intended for his wife, and another sweated wretch or withered "old maid" is added to England's surplus of women.

England's plutocracy has need of men to don her scarlet uniform, man her gatling guns, and shoot Christianity and civilization into the Hindoo and Kaffir, the Egyptian and Asiatic, the Australian native and the Canadian Indian. So England sends her men across the seas to become murderers and man-killers, to soak the earth with blood, and blast nations with the hell of War. Naturally "he who lives by the sword dies by the sword," and the bones of untold thousands of the men who should be

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the husbands of England's women beasts of burden and fireside slaves, whiten on the sun-baked plains of India, or in the fever-infested swamps of West Africa. Some few return, but many of them are so degenerated by their experiences or smitten with disease that they can never become husbands. So the surplus of women grows greater, and ever greater as the men of England are forced to leave the homeland

and the woman they love behind while they go out to find bread for themselves in an alien land.

**The Status of Women.**

The effect of the surfeiting surplus of women upon the men of England is just as marked and just as demoralizing as upon the women. The power to dominate always breeds tyranny, and familiarity breeds contempt. The fact that women are cheap and plentiful tends to breed in the

Englishman tyranny, cruelty, snobbery and contempt, while it tends to kill all genuine chivalry, courtesy and kindness and reverence for womanhood. This fact is apparent from the castle hall to the slum pub; from the lord dining with his lady in the hotel dining room to the hall porter issuing orders to the parlor maid. I know that the environment is responsible and not the nature of the male animal, for I know En-



# Socialists!!

**READ!** Read every word of this announcement. Learn how you can throw off the yoke of wage slavery. Free yourself from the grind, grind, grind of daily toil. Take your brains out of pawn and invest them where you can get a bigger dividend than a mere existence. Don't slave away the best years of your life by working for the "boss" who gives you only a small portion of what you earned. **Strike out for yourself.** You know that you can't get more than a living just as long as you continue selling yourself, body and soul, to the capitalist, who will cast you off when your strength goes back on you—as he discards a worn-out machine.

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glishmen in America, ranchers on the Western ranches, civil engineers and mining experts, coal diggers and copper miners. I have associated with these men on terms of close acquaintanceship, and here in America, where there is not a surplus of women, but a shortage, they are all that any woman can ask for in courtesy, chivalry and kindness.

God knows that the robbery of English bodies is appalling, but the robbery of English hearts and souls is hellish. If a system steals my bread it wrongs me, but if it steals my love it curses me with the most fiendish curse of man or devil.

### The Million Heart-Hungry Women.

Frightful to me were the poverty warped bodies, hunger gnawed stomachs, and cold, pinched flesh of the English working class, but far more terrible were the souls and hearts starved for love. Like some frightful vision of a man-made hell comes to me still the memory of those million women who know not love, and never can know it; women who have never had a lover; who have never been a sweetheart; women who have never waited under the moonlight or in the long, dreamy hours of the gloaming for the man of her choice; who have never felt the handclasp of love or the kiss of passion; women who will never know the glory of giving to her love; never know that sweet agony of waiting for the coming of her child, never know the joy of sacrifice that goes with travail, and never know the touch of a baby's lips upon her breasts.

And the men! Ah, God, I see them also. In the dreary huts of the Canadian frontier, in the log cabins of the North forests, on the Western cattle ranches, about the barren stations of the Australian bush, in the sun-cursed heat of India, and the maddening stretches of the Transvaal I see the men. Alone, heart hungry, living and dying without the touch of a woman's hand or the blessing of a woman's love. Men deadening the longing for love in burning and cheating nature in searing vice. The barren women of England and the vice-cursed men driven to alien lands are the most tragic sights of earth today, and the wail of their unborn children reaches to the ears of God.

I spoke not in levity, but in anguish, when I said that the women of England needed a lover, a new corset and a well-fitted dress. They are the most awkwardly dressed and least artistic looking women, from the palace to the slum, of any women I know. I watched the Queen of England walk across the scarlet carpet spread down a railway platform that royal feet might not be soiled by common earth. I saw the miserable slatterns of the slums, and all the grades be-

tween, and all but the rare exception of the beautiful women I saw, who held their bodies as if they felt them sacred, were colonials. The typical English woman has lost her waist line, sags, stoops, drags her heels, sinks her chin on her chest, and dresses in frightful taste. And why not? Every woman has a God-given desire to be beautiful, but she craves beauty only that she may appear pleasing to the man she loves. Every normal woman loves beautiful dresses, soft laces and artistic lines, but every woman dresses for a man; when there are no men to love and no man to dress for, the very mainspring of life is snapped and life drags and trails in the dust.

### The Right to Be Beautiful.

The human body is the temple

tically a whole nation of women know that their chance for love, companionship, wifehood and motherhood is almost nil, it is but natural that their bodies should lost poise and their souls the beacon light of life.

### Votes For Women!

The women of the Suffrage movement of England are fighting not simply for the ballot, but for LIFE. The capitalist class are fighting the women not simply to keep them from voting, but fighting for its EXISTANCE. The capitalist class of England knows that if that million of robbed, despoiled, barren women ever get the ballot they will rise in one mighty mass and crush into splinters the system that has sent their lovers to the ends of the earth and left them to wither



By Balfour Ker.

of the soul, and when that body is not garnished and beautiful the soul must suffer also. I don't think a woman can have a great brain under a dowdy hat, or a disorderly, badly brushed head of hair; or a great heart under a frumpy, inartistic, unbeautiful dress; or do great work in the world with sagging shoulders and dragging steps; or ever ripen into full fruition without a man's love. I think there is more moral tonic to brace up a woman's life in a first-class corset than in all the snuffy sermons that were ever preached; a smart shoe will keep a woman's feet nearer the path of rectitude and virtue than pious platitudes; beauty has more saving grace than prayers, and a lover's kiss will come nearer opening the doors of Heaven to a woman's soul than all the priests and preachers who have mouthed cant creeds.

The master theme of a woman's life is love, and when prac-

and die without ever having lived. It is a death grapple in England today between the women and the capitalist system; the women fighting for life, the capitalist system fighting for its existence. The men of England seem rather obscured by the dust of battle. My memory of the women of England is painfully vivid, but the men are in my mind only an indistinct blur. The "female of the species" have the center of the stage and are monopolizing the spotlight just now. Like "truth crushed to earth" they rise goaded to wonderful achievements by the sheer desperation of the plight. Their battle song is sounding, with a ring that shakes the foundations of society, and every right-minded human being must glory in their valor.

### Who Are the Militants?

The question of so-called militancy in England is a very small matter and really aside from the



great movement. The militant is composed of only a few hundred rich women principally. They are the caste-bound slaves of the teapot and knitting needles, and when their slavery became unbearable they revolted. Naturally they were goaded to a state of frenzy before they could break caste-lines, and their rebellion took a hysterical trend; being both hysterical and spectacular, the newspapers found it "good copy," and it has been well exploited at home and abroad. The militant movement is largely made up of rich women from the idle, useless class who have never had any training in useful service or intelligent action, so quite naturally their struggle for the ballot took the eminently sane and practical turn of throwing bricks through windows, burning houses and shouting at the King through a megaphone.

**The Real Woman's Movement.**

The real woman movement in England is among the working class women and those of the middle class who grasp the working class problems. The men's trade union movement in England seems disappointing and dreary, old and moth-eaten and moribund, but the woman trades union movement is young and vital and full of life and vigor. The politics of England is musty and covered with mold, but the women who are organizing for political action are keenly alive; they want the ballot and they know just why they want it and what they will do with it when they win. I am sure that there is no more marvelous organization on the face of the earth than the Woman's Labor League, and I doubt if the labor movement of the world can produce a more wonderful organizer than Dr. Marion Phillips. Marion Phillips is a young Jewish woman of Australian birth, a graduate of the London University, a practicing physician, and she brings to the task of organizing English women the tenacity and brain power of her race, the sturdy body and broad outlook of the Colonial and the best education that the schools of England can give, as well as the wonderful heart and soul of a womanly woman. Her co-worker, Dr. Ethel Bentham, is an Irish aristocrat of the highest birth and breeding. She entered a medical college and became a woman practitioner when in England to do that meant facing social ostracism and accepting social stigma. Dr. Bentham has given her life to looking after the physical welfare of the women and children of the working class for years. Because she has stood with the women of England in sickness and death, in travail and suffering, her influence today cannot be measured. Associated with

these women are hundreds of other women just as wonderful, each marvelous in their own little place in the scheme of things.

Radiating from this small group of women in London there is reaching out all over England a vitalizing force, a quickening power that is rapidly reshaping the social structure of that nation. That subtle force of uprising womanhood is vitalizing the moth-eaten, moribund trades union movement into real life; it is shaking the musty politics of the nation free from mold and tradition and its organizing genius is welding a real weapon for working class emancipation.

Love has always kindled the divine fires of progress and the demand of the womanhood of England for love and life will kindle the beacon lights that shall guide humanity into the Harbor of Economic Justice and Social Peace.

**LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.**

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from

these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve, that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from earth.

**CHILD SLAVERY.**

Over a million children will not go to school this fall because they are at work in some out of two hundred occupations. Owen R. Lovejoy, the secretary of the National Child Labor committee, is authority for this statement. Statistics indicate that all the girls and at least nine-tenths of the boys who leave school under 16 years enter low-wage industries and remain unskilled workers throughout their lives.—The Living Church.

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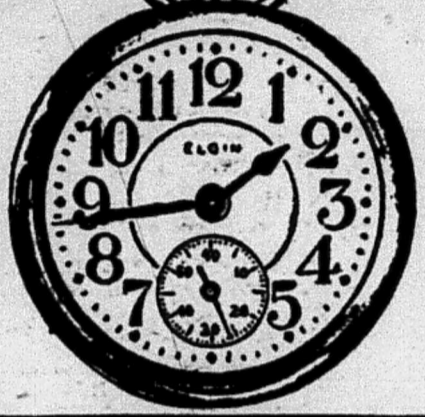
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"Great, but what's Capitalism?"

Capitalism is an economic system.

"Bully, but what kind of an animal is an economic system?"

Let me explain.

If I was a big, husky brute and you a little runt, and I put hobbles on your legs and made you work for me, and I gave to you from the product of your toil just enough to keep you alive, then I would be a slave owner and you a slave. That's clear enough, sure, but it wouldn't be an economic system yet.

"No?"

But if I would take part of the money you made and hired a bruiser to keep you on the job, and this fellow would write on a piece of paper, "You are the lawful property of Mr. Bone Break Brute. If you run away from your owner you are stealing his property and will be punished as a law breaker," then there would be some system to this arrangement.

"Sounds like it."

The hired bruiser and the writing on the paper would constitute the legal institutions of slavery. Their purpose is to make slavery "right" in the eyes of the world. Any one who violates these writings becomes a criminal. But the people who conform to them are "good, law abiding citizens."

"But how about myself, the slave?"

Well, your job consists in obeying the law.

"But I didn't help to make the law?"

I should say not.

"Why must I obey it, then?"

You see, the bruiser who wrote the law will use a club to enforce it. Without the club, without the force, the law wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on.

"Do you mean to say that 'might makes right'?"

Exactly. Law is legalized force. It is the way by which the powerful protect their interest.

"I got you."

But the laws instituted for the upholding of slavery do not make up the whole slave system. It takes more than that. Now if I employed in addition to the legal bruiser a soft-soaper, hoodoo doctor or medicine man, and this fellow came to you and said, "The Stone-God up in the temple has made you a slave. It is your sacred duty to remain one. If you are good and obedient and work

hard and never grumble, then the Stone-God will love you. But if you are disobedient and lazy, or run away from your master, then he will send the bow-wows after you. The woods all around here are full of goblins, spooks, witches and demons, and they're just waiting to get a whack at you, and what they'll do to you will be a plenty. So you had better be good and hang close around here, else the goblins will get you."

"But the Stone-God said no such thing."

Sure not, but the soft-soaper said he did, and if you believe him it is just as good as if Stoney had said it himself. What the soft-soaper did, when you believed him, was to take the shackles from your ankles and put them in your head. When you got hobbles on your brain your chances of running away are a good deal slimmer than if you had them on your feet. A man is "as he thinketh," and if you think that your position as a slave is God-ordained, then you would even hunt a master if you didn't have one already. The work of the soft-soaper constitutes the religious expression of slavery. Its main purpose is to make the slave contented with his lot, and make him look for pay day in the sweet by and by.

"But all religions do not teach that God made masters of some of his children and slaves of others."

Oh, no, there is the Christian religion, for instance. Its founder was an humble carpenter. He came to bring peace on earth, good will to men. All his life he preached brotherhood and equality. He wanted to fetch heaven out of the clouds and bring it on a solid foundation by making earth a heaven. He condemned the rich as robbers and exploiters of the poor, and drove the money sharks out of the Temple, as the Jerusalem stock exchange was called in those days. What did he get for his trouble? The poor people heard him gladly, because he voiced their interests. But the rich people, whose interests he opposed, got the law on him. Their legal bruiser put a crown on his head, spit in his face and nailed him on a cross between two robbers. And what happened to Christ happened to everyone who really tried to follow in his footsteps.

You see, slaves don't write books, sacred or otherwise. They don't preach sermons, and above all, they don't pay the preachers. Now even an ass knoweth his master and an ox his master's

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crib. Why, then, should not an educated preacher be unable to tell the difference between a meal ticket and a soup house? All through history the rich have controlled religion by controlling the income of the clergy. I don't blame God because preachers defended slavery in his name, any more than I would blame you because some scalawag signed your name on a check.

Whenever religion interferes with the interests of the strongest class of a given time, then that religion is changed, amended, revised, re-edited or newly interpreted until it conforms to the pocket books of those who feed the preachers. That is why when new classes rise into power the change is invariably accompanied by religious revolutions or reformations.

Now let us go back a bit. I am master and you are the slave, and I have instituted legal and religious institutions for the protection of my property, which happens to be you. I didn't write the law and I didn't write the sacred books, but I supported the men who wrote them with money taken out of your hides. This makes them beneficiaries of slavery. And slavery looks good to them because they get their living out of it.

But you and I, the law bruiser and the preacher, do not entirely constitute the economic system of slavery even yet. One more fellow must be added. I don't know exactly what to call him, public opinion, morality, ethics, or custom. He is really all four of them wrapped in one bundle. However, one thing is sure, nothing gets into that bundle without his say so.

Well, you see, since you, and maybe other slaves, are working for me, I have lots of money. I live in a fine mansion, have servants, saddle horses and carriages. Besides these I have leisure. I read books and papers; but only the kind that suits my taste. And my taste comes from slave labor. The fellow who writes naughty things about the way I get my living never will get any of my money for the vile stuff. The writers are dead next to the fact, and so they write nice things about the way I get my living. Other people read that dope and by this method public opinion is manufactured in my interest.

I send my children to college. But do you think I'd let some eleven hundred dollar a year professor fill their young heads with fool notions about the injustice of one man owning another? Not much—that professor has got to come across with the right dope, or his eleven hundred dollar job will go glimmering. He knows it, and so does every man in and around that college, from the dean down to the janitor. When some rash member of the faculty breaks out with the idea

that all men are born free and equal, and no man has the right to what another man earns, then the others shun him like he had smallpox. But the learned high-brow, who can quote everything Aristotle or some old gink has said in defense of slavery, some three thousand years ago, he's a scholar and a gentleman. That's the kind of a man that fetches students' tuition and endowments.

From the colleges comes the teachers of lower schools. They bring with them conceptions of ethics and morality that originated in my pocket book as sure as chickens originated in eggs. The slave-made ideas are filtered through the noodles of the pupils, and thus the masses, who have no financial interest in slavery, become defenders of the system.

The basis of the economic system of slavery is the private ownership of one man by another man, and the legal, religious and ethical institutions which arise above the basis are the superstructure of the system. They are supported by the system like the side walls of a house support the roof. And they protect the system just like a roof protects the side walls of a house. When the walls are removed the roof caves in. When the roof is taken off and the walls are exposed to the weather, then the walls begin to crumble. Property relations at the bottom, and legal, religious and ethical ideas on top, form together an economic system.

If, for instance, a legal spell-binder tells you that a man is entitled to rent for the use of God's earth; if the preacher talks beautifully for a solid hour on the text, "Servants, obey your master;" if your kids come from school with the newly acquired wisdom that the best way to get on in the world is to give the employer more than he pays for, do you know where these notions come from?

Sure thing.  
"Where?"  
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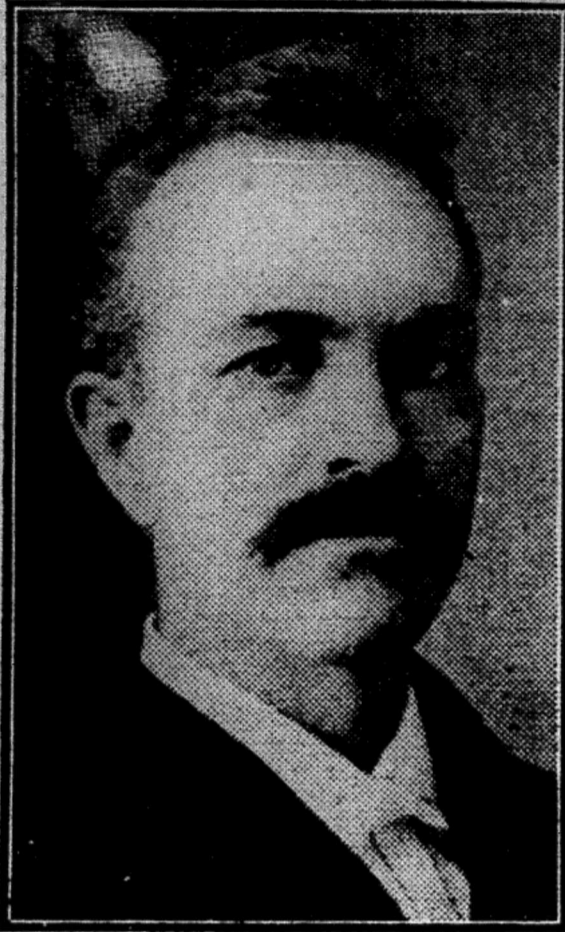
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## INDICTMENT OF SOCIALISM

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

When my Sweatbox has failed to effect a cure—and I have rarely known it to fail—I have recourse then to a series of knock-out drops, a few of which are here appended:

1. Where the people fear the government you have tyranny. Where the government fears the people you have liberty.

2. The surest way to make a scoundrel out of a saint is to give him the power of spending other people's money—and Socialism would multiply infinitely such opportunities.

3. A great teacher truly said, "Progress in the political, religious and intellectual evolution of humanity is effected by the substitution of personal decisions for authoritative measures." In other words, individual initiative and private enterprise are the indispensable bases of an advancing civilization.

4. The voice of the public may be the voice of God when it is strictly attending to public business, but when the public intermeddles in personal affairs it becomes an agent of the devil himself.

5. Socialists tell us that private monopoly spells stagnation and death, but my dear Socialist, you do not change your indictment by changing your adjective. All experience declares that you can prove an even stronger case against public monopoly. In other words, monopoly is the grave of nations. Monopoly means death, as competition means the life of civilization.

### A Dictionary of Socialist Delusions.

I started out some time ago to compile a Dictionary of Socialist

Delusions, but I was soon compelled to exclaim: "Good God, it would take a thousand men living a thousand years to complete any such Dictionary." Permit me to allude to a few such delusions.

#### Delusion No. 1—How the State Can Guarantee Work.

In his Political Economy (People's Ed., p. 220), J. S. Mill truly said: "It would be possible for the state to guarantee employment at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound in self protection and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent." I hope deluded Socialists will chew on this statement till they digest it.

#### Delusion No. 2—But Every Man Has a Right to a Job.

Walter Thomas Mills, with whom I had many Chautauqua debates, was wont to relate that Gov. Altgeld once urged as an objection to the government ownership of railroads that under it every Tom, Dick and Harry would want a job. Mr. Mills replied: "Well, Governor, do you know of any good reason why Tom, Dick and Harry should not have a job?" Mr. Mills was anxious to produce the impression that Gov. Altgeld accepted this question as an unanswerable argument for government ownership. It is difficult to imagine so clear a thinker being misled by Mr. Mills' characteristically plausible point which, as usual, misses the real point. Every citizen in Peru had a job; every man pounding sand in a rat hole has a job; but the question is, what kind of a job has he got, and

is such a job consistent with the highest social well-being?

#### Delusion No. 3—Under a Democracy the People Have a Right to Ask For Anything They Want.

It is said that God himself cannot make 2 and 2 equal 5. In all humility we ask, Can the people do what God can not do? Is it conceivable that under certain circumstances the people might vote themselves \$10,000 a year for doing nothing? But would not the divinity that is supposed to shape Socialistic legislation find itself impotent to carry such a measure into permanent effect? There are certain laws of social health which even the people and their representatives must observe or pay the penalty.

#### Delusion No. 4—Democracy Can Be Applied All Around.

In one of his masterpieces of false reasoning, Walter Thomas Mills once said: "Socialism is democracy applied all around." But democracy cannot be applied all around, and the attempt to do so would always result in failure. You cannot steer a vessel across the Atlantic by a majority vote. You have got to have a head, the ship must have a boss, and if passengers, if even one passenger, after the manner of Mr. Ismay, should interfere with the boss, two thousand victims go down to a watery grave. Your paper, Mr. Wagner, must also have a head, a boss. I notice that all the successful Socialist papers are run by private enterprise, and that those that are run in any other way hardly ever live to tell the tale. Emerson said that that supreme quality of mind which knows exactly what to do in a great crisis, or in a great calamity, is possessed by only one person in thousands, and the editor of every paper, the manager of every business, confronts such

crises daily. Do you take a popular vote, Mr. Wagner, of all the compositors, and all the office boys, and all the press feeders on your paper to determine the thousand and one details that come up before you every day? I know you do not. At the head of every successful enterprise there is some supreme authority. Wagner at the head of the Rip-Saw, Warren at the head of the Appeal. In response to my question whether he would edit a paper run by the state, Walter Thomas Mills said he wouldn't have anything to do with such a paper, and that he was the "whole show" when he ran a paper. But in his next speech Walter sailed away from solid earth in one of his flights of eloquence, closing with the following words: "Democracy rules from the bottom up. That is the creed of Socialism. Despotism rules from the top down. The Czar runs his kingdom in that way, and Harri-man runs his railroad in that way," and when I interjected, "and Mills runs his newspaper in the same way," the great orator perished amidst the wreck of his shallow sophistry, and the inextinguishable laughter of his own comrades.

One might quote scores of proverbs which indicate that democracy in business cannot succeed. Here are a few:

What is everybody's business is nobody's business; therefore, public business is notoriously neglected.

What is everybody's profit is nobody's profit; therefore, we need not look to the question of profit.

What is everybody's loss is nobody's loss; therefore, if we lose a few millions no matter; no one has lost anything.

We used to hear it said that a dollar saved is a dollar earned.

Continued on Page 14.



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but many of our modern politicians adopt the motto that a dollar which they can't steal is a dollar lost. Their chance to steal is less when the functions of government are strictly limited, that chance is greater when you broaden the functions of government as Socialism seeks to do.

### Delusion No. 5—The Love of Profit is the Root of All Evil.

I have always taken issue with Socialists who denounce the love of profit. Profit, fair profit, and the love of it are at the foundation of civilization. Many of the greatest and noblest things have been accomplished under its impelling force. The fathers logically linked their "lives and their sacred honor" with fortunes. Go

sion pervades nearly all the literature of the Socialists.

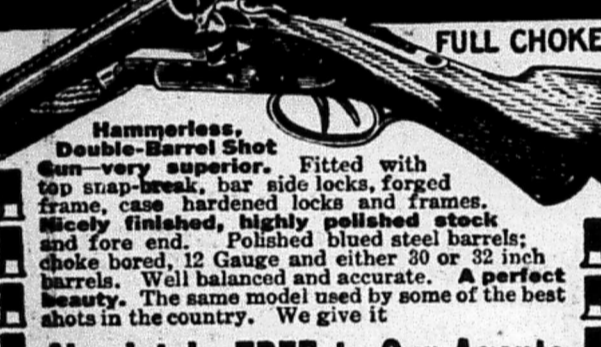
### Delusion No. 7—Socialists Fall Down on the Trust Problem.

In consequence of their fundamental error regarding competition, Socialists utterly fail to understand the Trust problem. I desire to consider this, the greatest of living issues, at some length.

### The Trust Can and Will Be Destroyed.

I will be perfectly frank with my opponent and help him in his difficult task in every possible way. I make this admission, to wit, that if competition cannot be restored we must go on to Socialism. In all my debates I have made this admission, but I have

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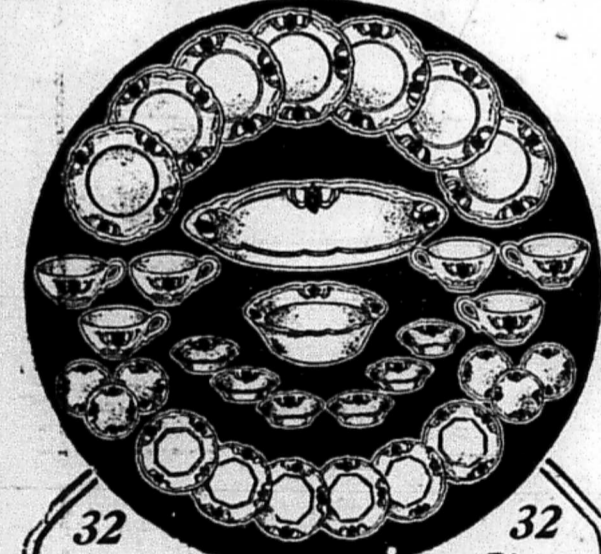


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MIDDLEHEAD'S VALENTINE.

to any great writer, any great opera singer, any great artist, and if you can get one out of twenty who even CLAIMS that the desire for gain has nothing to do with his artistic work I will join the Socialist party. If this is true of artists, how much more true it must be of farmers, merchants, of all engaged in ordinary trade and commerce.

### Delusion No. 6—"Socialism Can Do It For Nothing."

This delusion was expressed with beautiful conciseness by Wm. Knox, with whom I debated in Belfast, Ireland. I had quoted authorities to the effect that private enterprise could carry letters in England for one-sixth of the government rate, that is, 2c. Knox replied: "Socialism would carry them cheaper than that." I then quoted other writers who claimed that private companies could carry letters for one-thirty-sixth of the government rate. Knox cried out, "Socialism would carry them for nothing." This

proven in nearly five hundred debates that competition can and must be restored. I have whipped the best debaters that the Socialist party possesses in debates on this proposition; have whipped them to a standstill. I whipped the Little Giant, Walter Thomas Mills, so cruelly that he fled in terror to the uttermost parts of the earth. He went first to England, but England wasn't far enough away from Barnhill's Sweat Box, and he then flew to New Zealand.

Socialists say the trust has come, and has come to stay, and their star witness, to prove this, is none other than the Oil King himself. Socialists tell us that these great combinations cannot be dissolved or destroyed; that we used to have no trusts at all, and then we had the good trusts and bad trusts, and at last we have the inevitable trust—the necessary trust—that we must treat them as established institutions, and make laws to suit

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them; that the holding company is a natural and inevitable evolution in big business; and that Congress dare not now prohibit the further operation of this naked instrument of lawless extortion. The history of the Carnegie company shows how false and flimsy is such a claim. Andrew Carnegie maintained before a Congressional committee that a simple firm was more efficient than a corporation. At the head of a mere partnership, and later of a corporation, he forced every one of those steel manufacturers and the banking syndicates behind them to their knees, and they came suppliant and helpless—these huge, inert and inflated instruments of extortion—and entreated Andrew Carnegie to say how many millions he would demand to license them to again prey undisturbed upon the American people.

**Criminal Complicity and Criminal Simplicity.**

Socialists tell us that the trusts are a perfectly innocent, natural and inevitable evolution. I defied Walter Thomas Mills to go to Western Pennsylvania and preach that doctrine. He replied: "I have been there and I preached that doctrine—I found that John D. Rockefeller simply used more dynamite than his competitors." It is true competition has been dynamited to death, and I suppose Socialists consider dynamite, when it establishes a trust, innocent and inevitable. Competition has been bribed to death, but if any Socialist will show me where competition has died a natural death I will take out a red card myself and raise more brimstone than the Melting Pot can ever consume. In the town of Beaver, where formerly dwelt Matthew Stanley Quay, John W. Slayton once declared that all competition led to monopoly. I was compelled to demur to this statement, and I produced facts to

sustain my position that monopoly, such as we have in America, rested on two pillars, Criminal Complicity and Criminal Simplicity—the criminal complicity between big business and misrepresentatives of the people in Congress and elsewhere, and the criminal simplicity of the people who send them there. No objection was heard when I declared that as long as the people of Pennsylvania would send Matt Quay to the Senate instead of to the penitentiary where he belonged, that he and his fellow traitors would see that competition led to monopoly, and it was not necessary to insult God by trying to swear the authorship of that child of hell upon him.

**Every Trust Is a Failure.**

I boldly affirm that every trust is a failure, that the bigger the trust the bigger the failure; that the Steel Trust is the greatest failure of them all. The failure of the Steel Trust is written in bloody headlines of every daily paper in the lives sacrificed to its rotten rails made under non-competitive conditions, for as Lord Coke said in his immortal decision three hundred years ago, that monopoly is the cause of adulteration, and you can't have a pure article unless you have competition. The failure of the Steel Trust is proclaimed by its contemptible cry that it must have its profits guaranteed or it can't carry on its business. Was there ever heard a more abominably contemptible admission than is this? The government won't guarantee your profits; Mr. Wagner; the government won't guarantee my profits; it won't guarantee the farmer's profits, or the blacksmith's profits. Yet this infamous Steel Trust, with its hundreds of millions of watered stock comes whining like a baby and admits it is a damnable failure unless Uncle Sam will guarantee its profits.

**DEFENSE OF SOCIALISM**

**REPLY TO JOHN BASIL BARNHILL**

By Henry M. Tichenor

Before answering Barnhill's "knockout drops" that he hands out in this issue of the Rip-Saw, I wish to emphatically state for the benefit of those readers of the two preceding installments of this debate who claim that Barnhill is not in earnest—that he is simply joking with the Capitalist system—that such is not the case. The poor fellow is in dead earnest. In fact, there are thousands among those who claim to be educated—politicians, editors, lawyers and clergymen—whose knowledge of Socialism is just as dense as Barnhill's. Sermons and editorials and public addresses are sent out in huge quantities for the purpose of condemning Socialism, all of which are loaded to the muzzle with

fearful pictures of what Socialism IS NOT. These professional denouncers of Socialism, like my opponent, Mr. Barnhill, absolutely portray all the horrors of Capitalist society and stamp these horrors as Socialism! Many of them, in between the lines of their attacks on Socialism, show evidence of an inborn longing hidden in their souls for the very society that Socialism promises. Even Barnhill cries out for a time on earth when each "shall sit beneath his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall him afraid."

The impossibility, as evidenced by not only all past history, but by present conditions themselves, of such a blessed state under the Capitalist system, wherein necessarily one class

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# These Pictures Tell The Story



Gertrude Snyder, thirteen years old, daughter of Robert Snyder of Natrona, Pa. was born with Club Feet and was brought to this Sanitarium in May, 1911. The position of her feet at that time is shown in left picture, while the position and condition of her feet at the present time, after treatment at this Sanitarium, is shown in picture on right. Write Mr. Snyder; he will be glad to tell you of his experience.

The correction was made without Chloroform, Ether or any General Anaesthetic. Plaster Paris was not used.

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does all the useful work and another class that does no useful work swipes the proceeds, ought to make every man and woman of ordinary intelligence and who really wants a just social system to lose all hope of Capitalism ever producing anything on earth but hell. Like the ancient men of Athens these good but befuddled people turn at times with disgust from the gods of our outrageous and degenerating social life and blindly worship in their hearts an "Unknown God"—and, like Paul on Mars Hill, the Socialists cry to these, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, THIS declare we unto you."

Take for instance Barnhill's first "knockout drop"—"WHERE THE PEOPLE FEAR THE GOVERNMENT YOU HAVE TYRANNY." How true this is. Nor need you go to the Capitalist-ruled government of Russia for an example. Our own United States will do. Within the past few months—yes, weeks—our own beautiful Capitalist-ruled government has been guilty of as brutal acts of tyranny against the working class as ever was perpetrated by the bloody Czar of Russia. This is done to make the workers FEAR THE TYRANNY OF THEIR CAPITALIST MASTERS, WHO ARE THE REAL GOVERNMENT OF THESE UNITED STATES. Without going back to the murders and outrages committed by Capitalist tyrants in Lawrence and West Virginia and Paterson, we need but turn our eyes to Calumet and Colorado. It requires a bigger liar than the alleged devil himself to claim that the working class of America have liberty. Under Capitalism the workers have MASTERS—not LIBERTY—masters who own the jobs—masters who take from the workers the big bulk of all the wealth the workers produce—masters who OWN the government and OWN the courts and OWN the militia—masters whose government shoots down in cold blood men, women and children, do they dare strike for better wages and more humane conditions of life. All this, and infinitely more of bloodshed and horrors, is CAPITALISM—and without which Capitalism could not endure for a day.

"The surest way to make a scoundrel out of a saint is to give him the power of spending other people's money," says Barnhill. If Barnhill had been divinely inspired he couldn't have said it better. And then—it's pitiful to expose him—Barnhill's poor, balled-up brain actually declares that "Socialism would multiply infinitely such opportunities!" Have I really got to answer this? What money are the millionaire scoundrels who are shooting and jailing and outraging the miners in Calumet and Colorado spending, if it isn't the money that has

been dug out of the earth by the labor of these miners, and to whom it therefore rightfully belongs? Maybe these millionaire mine owners would have been saints instead of scoundrels if they had never had any money to spend, save what they produced by their own labor. The very essence of Socialism is that it proposes to return to the useful worker EVERY DOLLAR THAT HIS LABOR PRODUCES, AND NOT A SOLITARY PENNY PRODUCED BY ANYBODY ELSE'S LABOR. For heaven's sake, Barnhill, try and squeeze that into your head, even if you have to dump out some of Doc Wilson's scholarly sermons on the blessings of Chinese cheap labor.

Barnhill is worried once more because Socialism proposes to give everybody "a job." Under Socialism there will be but one class, the working class, and this class will OWN the jobs. And why should not every person who is physically and mentally able do useful work? Why shouldn't society be entirely composed of useful workers? There is infinite work to be done. After the necessary wants are filled, why not use the surplus labor to make the country more beautiful? Is there any limit to the parks and paved roads, the trees to adorn these, the theatres and museums, the encouragement of works of art, and countless more to make the land a picture enchanting to the eye? Who can foretell the magnificence of future life when the Earth itself is in the hands of its rightful owners! Not all at once, but step by step, as the race realizes its own powers and opportunities, can the hell of Capitalism be transformed into the heaven of Socialism. Perhaps the greatest thing that can be promised for Socialism is that it will swing wide the gates of endless Progress.

As to the limiting of the birth-rate, that my opponent so fears under Socialism, I might call his attention to the awful spectre that prominent capitalists have pointed at in regard to race suicide under the present system. It will be many a generation, under a just economic system, before the earth will be overcrowded. Personally I doubt very much that excessive breeding will be looked upon as the sole mission of women under Socialism. Better, under Socialism, a family of two or three children well cared for, than a litter of fifteen or sixteen and a mother aged and worn out long before her time. It has always been the war-demons, who wanted soldiers, that have been the nation's ardent advocates of big families. Also, this was a cardinal virtue taught the slaves in the old chattel-slavery days.

Future society can be well left

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**A Little Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet Will Aid Your Exhausted Stomach to Digest Any Meal.**

Isn't it a real joy to see children eat? There is almost a ridiculous humor about it. The same joy that a child feels at meal time should be experienced by "grown ups" and would be if they would only do as children do.

The work, worries and woes of adult life exhausts the digestive apparatus and nature very often is not allowed time or opportunity to renew or repair the exhausted organs and depleted digestive juices.



"Well, Whata You Think o' a Big Feed Without Pain?"

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One element of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is so strong and efficient that one grain of it will digest 3,000 grains of mixed food, such as meats, vegetables, grains, fluids, etc.

The simple habit of eating a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal will readjust your digestion in a very short time so that you will no longer need assistance.

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to solve all such questions as this. The question now, and the only question, is this—Shall the jobs—the means of life—belong to an idle and useless bunch of billion-  
 arie boodlers, or shall they belong to the workers? Let's settle this, and settle the marrying and pro-  
 pagating and other like questions afterwards.

Barnhill shoots off again about "Monopoly meaning death," and being the "grave of nations." I thought I had attended to this in the preceding installments of this debate. Let's see if I can make it clearer. Let us state it this way—Private monopoly, which is private ownership of the means of life, means DEATH. Socialism, the Great Physician, has diagnosed the case and offers the cure—LET THE MEANS OF LIFE, TO WHICH WE MUST ALL HAVE ACCESS TO IN ORDER TO LIVE, BE OWNED AND OPERATED PUBLICLY. We do not want Competition—the gambler's game of profit and plunder, and which leads to private monopoly by the big winners as sure as filth leads to disease—we want CO-OPERATION, that makes private monopoly impossible. WE PROPOSE TO DUMP MONOPOLY AND ITS PROGENITOR, COMPETITION, INTO THE SAME GRAVE WHERE LIE THE BURIED NATIONS THAT DIED OF THE DAMNABLE CURSE.

Barnhill thrashes over a lot of puerile propositions that are not worthy of notice. He talks again about privately owned papers, and instances Comrade Wagner of the Rip-Saw. As we are living under capitalism nobody can be justly criticized for conforming to the rules of the game. We must all eat, or steal, or starve. But in Germany, where the Socialist movement is much further advanced than in any other country, the Socialist party for years has owned and successfully published great daily papers. "Vorwaerts," the Socialist daily of Berlin, is one of the acknowledged great papers of the empire. "Wahre Jacob," the comic Socialist monthly, owned by the Socialist party of Germany, is so successfully and co-operatively conducted that last year it turned over \$125,000 from its earnings to the German Socialist party to be used in propaganda work. It may be here noted that the party-owned press of Germany have never cut the subscription prices to the ridiculously low amount of American privately owned Socialist papers.

"Profit, fair profit, and the love of it are the foundation of civilization," says Barnhill. He might also have added that "profit, and the love of it," are the

foundation of war, poverty, class-hatred, misery, crime, vice and disease. "Profit," Mr. Barnhill, simply means, to put it raw, the amount of wealth that one person or persons can skin another person or persons out of. The big profit-makers have never been known to do a lick of useful work in all the history of so-called civilization. The cusses may look beautiful to some folks, but to the workers, out of whose labor all profits are exploited, they loom up larger and larger every day as unnecessary nuisances. Socialism offers something far better and much more worthy of human love than profits—it promises to give every human being full opportunity to not only labor and produce, but to also put in his or her own pocket ALL the wealth their labor produces. Thus will a society be built that will need no wars, no degradation, no filthy and unsanitary tenements, no idle paupers and no idle millionaires to keep it going.

Mr. Barnhill takes up the trust again. Once more he longs to bust them and go back to the ox-cart and hand-tools. Those were the good old days of chattel slavery—the days when his Democratic party had full sway. He says that competition did not create the trusts—that it was "criminal complicity" and "crim-

inal simplicity" that did it. I think I have sufficiently covered this ground. Enough to say once more that so far as the working class is concerned, the history of the "good old" days of competition, before the modern machines, far too costly to be owned individually, compelled the combinations of capitalists, called trusts, to form, in order to privately own and operate them—the history of those "good old" competitive days smells too rank to charm any intelligent worker of today. Those days were full of more wars and panics than afflict us even now. To the poverty of the workers was added an appalling ignorance—they were too poor to go to school, too poor to buy a book, even though they could read. White men and women, and little children, were sold for debt into chattel slavery, right here in "civilized" America, and this was done in the last century. We are not going that way, Mr. Barnhill. There is only one animal out of the old jungle headed in that direction, and that is the Democratic party, and it looks as though what is left of the Republican party had joined it. Soon even this bourbon relic of the dark and dismal past will give up the ghost, and only its fossil remains will be shown as a relic of the world's competitive hell.



**FREE!**

This Handsome Ford Automobile

—or a Thor Motorcycle! And a steady income of \$10 a day and up in just your spare time taking orders for Reliable Tailored-to-Order Clothes.

**Read Carefully!** If you will agree to act as the local representative for the famous **Reliable Made-to-Order Clothes**, we have a plan to equip you with a new, 1914 Model Ford Touring Car or Thor Motorcycle absolutely free and start you in a business which will pay you \$10 and up a day for just your spare time. Here's how we can make this offer: The automobile or motorcycle multiplies your acquaintances—thus gets business. Distance doesn't tie you down—you make trips of 60 to 200 miles a day, see the country, enjoy the wonderful, joyous thrill of automobiling anywhere you want to go. We make our representatives the big people of their communities so they can do a big business and earn big profits both for themselves and us. No experience necessary—any live man can make good. And you are your own boss all the time.

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**Get Started Now!** Don't let anybody beat you to it. **Don't Waste a Minute!** It's the most amazing opportunity you ever had. A postal brings you our splendid, big Book, complete outfit, samples, tape. You can't lose—but you must act quick—Today! Write **RELIABLE TAILORING CO., 931 C Jackson Blvd., Chicago**

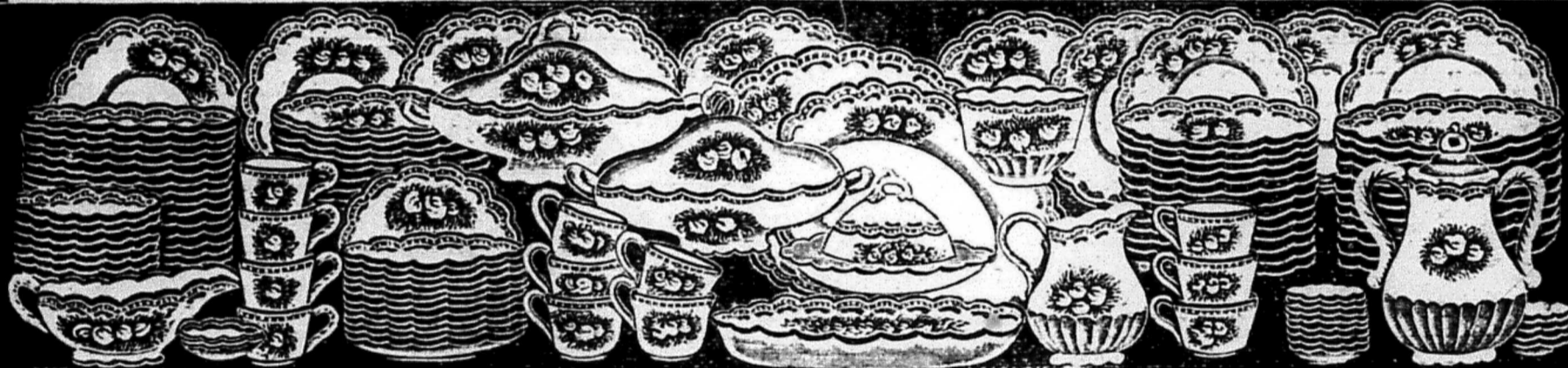
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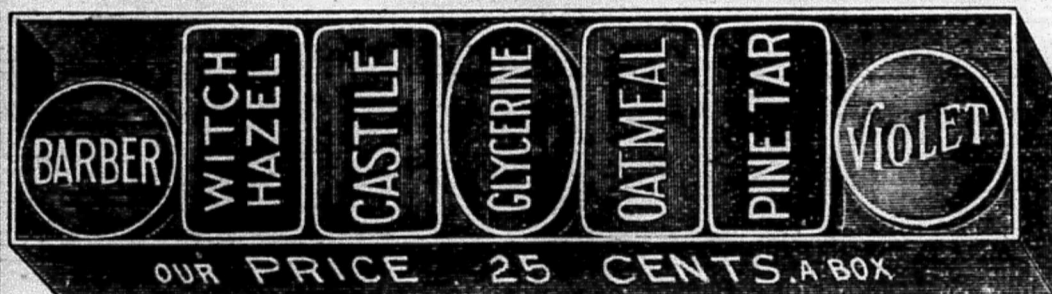


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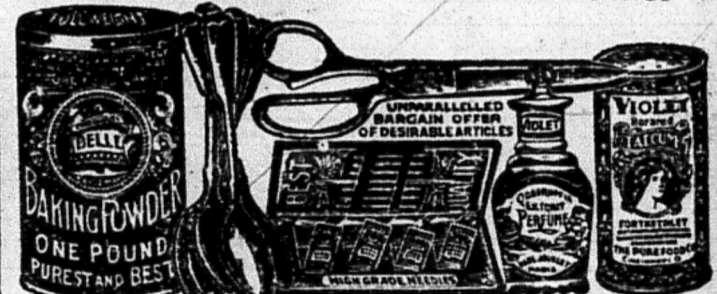
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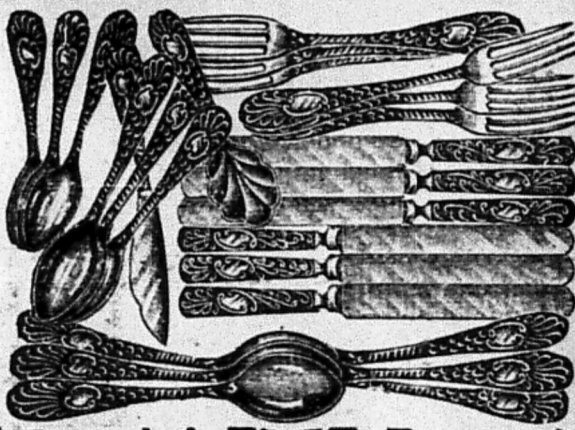
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To gain a wider distribution for our strictly pure, high-grade groceries and family supplies, we now offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome embossed, artistically floral decorated, full size **54-PC. DINNER SET** for sale of 12 BOXES SOAP of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each box of 7 large cakes, **Baking Powder, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Teaspoons, Shears and Needles**, (as per Plan 400) illustrated above. **QUALITY** as well as **QUANTITY** are in this offer, as we buy in such large lots we can give you more good goods for less money than any other concern. **OUR PLANS SELL AT SIGHT.** One pleased customer brings another and with our other **Baking Powder, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Extract, Perfume and Soap Offers**, you will get duplicate orders and earn some of our many useful premiums such as Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Linen Sets, Silverware, Clocks, Furniture, Graniteware, Rugs, Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, in fact, anything you need. We also pay large cash commissions. **WE PREPAY FREIGHT** on Soap, Dinner Set & Premiums, allowing plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us one cent. No license needed. We protect you. Our methods are honest, Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: First National Bank, Provident Bank, Postmaster. Write at once for **FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT** and other things. If after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you **FREE** of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement.

**We give Beautiful Presents for appointing one or more agents to work for us.** You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both absolutely free. A 2c. stamp or post card is your only expense. **WRITE TODAY.**

**ESTABLISHED 1897.**  
**THE PURE FOOD CO., 670 Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.**



**Special FREE Present**  
 We give a 26-Pc. Silverline Knife, Fork and Spoon Set, or 7-Pc. High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set, or Elegant 10-Pc. Decorated Toilet Set, **FREE** of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name & address and ask for this **FREE PRESENT**

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# DEBS

Will fill the largest Opera House or Hall in your city or town. It's a matter of

## STANDING ROOM ONLY

When this Peerless Prophet of the Revolution and Matchless Orator comes. Those who have heard him

## CANNOT BE KEPT AWAY

Those who have not heard him are

## EAGER TO HEAR HIM NOW

Only once in an epoch does such an one as Debs appear. Only when the Earth is in travail; when a new Society is being born; when the race is to take one more step upward and onward toward the higher and nobler life; then only do the world's splendid prophets come like

## Flashes From the Great Light and Life of the Universe

Hear him while you can. 'Twill be many a day before the world sees another like him.

## YOU HAVE NOTHING TO RISK

When you contract for a Debs lecture for 800 Rip-Saw subscription cards at 25 cents each, and sell them in advance, your

## HOUSE WILL BE PACKED

The night he speaks. Write to the Rip-Saw at once and we will forward the 800 subscription cards on credit, each card purchased for 25 cents entitling the purchaser to one year's subscription to the Rip-Saw, and

## Admitting Him Free to the Debs Lecture

## WHAT GREATER WORK THAN THIS CAN BE DONE FOR SOCIALISM?

N. B.—For encampment dates in the southwest higher terms are necessary on account of the time lost in traveling. The Rip-Saw pays all traveling expenses and hotel bills and fixe the date of the lecture.

## THE STORY OF THE RIP-SAW

BY PHIL WAGNER

When the Rip-Saw made its first appearance, ten years ago this month, it was with a rather vague conception of its future policy and mission. I was then in the publishing and book binding business, and had published some of Col. Dick Maple's books. When he asked me to start a monthly magazine, with himself as editor, I felt confident that his ability as a writer and fearless smasher of shams would insure sufficient support from the thinking public to float the proposition. Thus was the Rip-Saw born, and its policy was merely outlined in the announcement that it had come to "fight the battles of the under-dog."

The way that Dick Maple hit and hammered everything in sight that was tinctured with oppression and superstition is well remembered by thousands of old subscribers who are still with us and reading this page. He slapped and slammed without fear or favor. He made some enemies, and countless friends; nor did he once fail to "fight for the under dog" so long as health and strength gave him power to wield his pen.

It wasn't long, however, after the Rip-Saw was born that the world-wide Socialist movement appealed to both Dick Maple and myself as being the only logical and honest stand for the Rip-Saw to take in its avowed purpose to help make this a better and cleaner world to live in; therefore, in the beginning of the third year of its existence, the Rip-Saw flung to the breeze the Red Flag of international Socialism, and allied itself with the struggling comrades of America. From that day to this the Socialist cause has been the sole policy and purpose of this magazine.

The Colonel was one of those men you often meet these days—he "was born a Socialist, but didn't know it for a long while." His heart ever beat true to the longings and hopes of the noblest of the race. To me, Socialism also came easy. I may also be pardoned for saying of myself that my mind ran naturally and strongly in that direction.

So for seven years past the Rip-Saw has helped fight the economic and political battles of the workers. To this it is pledged so long as it lives, and the struggle exists. To its staff of editors it has added the best talent it has been able to procure. I believe every comrade in the United States will acknowledge that with its tenth birthday the Rip-Saw forges forward prepared to deliver the most telling blows it has ever struck for labor's emancipation. If I were asked my greatest ambition in life, I would reply that it is to live to see the Rip-Saw in the home of every worker in town and farm in America—not for any personal glory, but that thereby the cause so dear to us all might be strengthened and helped, and the day of the downfall of Capitalism and the inauguration of the Co-operative Commonwealth be brought nearer.

To all you comrades who have so tirelessly and valiantly labored to "put the Rip-Saw on the map," I wish to express my deepest appreciation and heartfelt thanks; and not for the future greatness of the Rip-Saw, but for the glorious cause of SOCIALISM, I earnestly and confidently ask you to never let up in your efforts until the message of Socialism is carried into the home of every worker, and every friend of the working class, in America.

## Came From Five States To Hear Kate O'Hare.

Kennett, Mo., January 29th, 1914.

National Rip-Saw, St. Louis, Mo.

Comrades—The Kate O'Hare lectures here January 27th and 28th, contracted for by our local Socialist paper Justice, was a splendid success, both financially and in the way of propaganda.

Socialists and Progressives from five States—Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Illinois and Tennessee—were present to hear Comrade Kate take the hide off Elder A. W. Young, of Gainesville, Tex., in debate. The noted Elder and Evangelist from Texas failed, however, to make his appearance in Kennett. The reason given for his absence was that his Democrat backers did not want him to debate with a woman, as the sympathy of all would be with the woman. The real reason for his back-out was that he and his backers did not want to meet a Socialist in debate.

Rev. Elder Young signed up for this big debate here and then disgracefully backed out. Comrade Kate gave us three stirring lectures instead, and these, together with the non-appearance of Young, has made more Socialists than any other thing that has ever happened in Dunklin County, unless it has been the persecution of Justice that has been going on for some time.

Comrades, keep your eyes on Dunklin County, Missouri, for we are determined to break into Missouri State Legislature this fall.

We thank Comrade Kate and the Rip-Saw for the help they have given us toward this end.

Yours for Justice,

JOHN G. SCOTT.



# THE WORK LINE

BY OSCAR AMERINGER

Midnight. In front of an office of the street cleaning department of Chicago, near the Illinois Central Station, there stood a shivering line, a cold and hungry line.

The night before an icy blizzard struck the city. Streets were blocked, the traffic interrupted. And yet it was a God-send, was this blizzard, for tens of thousands of God's (?) children. It was promised work to some, if not all.

From their haunts and hiding places came the reserve army of labor. From reeking tenements and chilly garret rooms, from dark, damp cellars, rescue homes, from lodging houses and saw-dust sprinkled saloons they came. Lashed by want, driven by cold, lured by hope, they came. Each one with a shovel in his quivering hands.

Since early dawn they stood in line waiting for work. All day long they had moved inch by inch towards the office door where the front end slowly melted away. These were the rear guard of the army advancing slowly with frozen steps forward to the job. These were the "hindmosts the devil takes," so we are told. But, alas, the devil took them not. Mayhap hell held no terror for these souls more terrible than cold, so Satan took them not. All day they stood in line, and now from a nearby belfry comes the stroke of midnight like a funeral toll.

One of the waiting line sinks on his knees. A little man with a hat pulled over his face, a ragged overcoat tied with a rope around his bony frame. It's not a man, it is a member of the "gentler sex"—God save the mark! In "the land of the free and the home of the brave" she stood a silent sentry between the hovel of want and the castle of hope.

What brought her there? A diving mate, a hungry brood, an infant sucking vainly on a withered breast. Who knows, who cares? "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And as I passed the church the clock struck one. How cold it looked! "The House of the Lord." Cold as the starless night; hard as its granite walls; empty as the hearts of its builder. From a painted window peered the sad face of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Perhaps it was the night wind or the voice of memory, but I thought I heard him saying, "Come to me ye who are weary and heavy laden." But as I glanced at the massive door of the house of the Lord, I saw it

was locked—locked against God's (?) children on the work line.

### JOIN THE 1919 CLUB.

Look at the date on the address tag, which shows the month and year that your subscription for the Rip-Saw expires. If it expires or is about to send us \$1 and we will mark you up for five years, in other words, you will become a paid-up member of the 1919 club.

Benston, Wash.—The old Saw is fine and the head sawyer, as well as the assistants, are on to their jobs. Long life and more power to them.—Herman Rensing.

Ouch!—The lawyer was endeavoring to pump some free advice out of the doctor.

"Which side is it best to lie on, Dock?"

"The side that pays you the retainer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# Reaching The People

By EUGENE V. DEBS

The Rip-Saw has been ten years in growing to its present size and developing the power it now has as the exponent of a mighty cause.

It may now claim to be fairly started.

The cause it advocates is the greatest that ever challenged the allegiance and support of men since the world began, and to serve this cause requires all the power at its command.

The people must be reached. They must know the truth if they are not to succumb to slavery and perish in darkness.

This is an age of reason. Ideas are the most formidable weapons. The printing press is more deadly than the battleship.

Capitalism realizes this and maintains its press at its highest possible efficiency. The power of its press is felt in the white house, in congress, in the courts, in labor unions—everywhere.

The capitalist press reaches the people and the ideas it expresses and the interests it supports prevail against all opposition.

The capitalist press is the mouthpiece of the capitalist class. In every controversy, every struggle with the workers, the capitalist press upholds the capitalist class and opposes the workers.

How could this be otherwise?

It is plain that we upon our side shall have to build up a press of our own. Then we shall be able to reach the people, and then the ideas and interests of the exploited and suffering masses will prevail.

Reader, if you believe in the Rip-Saw and in the work it is doing, I appeal to you to help it reach the people!

Let every one take hold and make one mighty effort to double its circulation before the sun of 1915 lights the world.

# A PLEASANT HERB SMOKE FOR CATARRH



Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

### Contains No Tobacco

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) which, when placed in an ordinary clean pipe—made into medicated cigarettes or burned on a plate and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs, or by sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the accompanying illustration the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy fights and kills Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.



### Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut-out and fill in the coupon below, and he will send you by mail a liberal trial package entirely free, containing a small pipe, a few cigarettes, and also an illustrated booklet explaining Catarrh. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this remedy.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor goes to every spot and gives immediate relief, you will be convinced. The regular package, (100 cigarettes or 30 days supply for pipe), sent by mail, postpaid for \$1. Send for the free sample or regular package today.



CUT OUT HERE  
DR. J. W. BLOSSER, 185 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga. FREE Coupon  
Dear Doctor:—I have read your generous offer and you may send me by mail, free of all charges, a trial treatment and outfit and facts about catarrh.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
POST OFFICE \_\_\_\_\_  
R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. Box \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.



# TOBE SPILKINS

HIS LETTER

Mister Editur: Az I told you in my last lettur, I have arrove in Washington and rented me a dubble barrell offis. I use the frunt rume fur a general reseps-shun rume and fur the transack-shun uv publick bizziness. The bak rume iz resurved fur private conferences, and transackshuns, and uther exigencies.

One uv the furst things I dun after rentin' uv the offis wuz tu git me a stenografer, or stenograferess. I advurtized in the Post fur a yung lady stenograferess who had had experience in politikal affairs. That dadgummed advurtizement kost me menny a hart pang, and it aint over yit fur my hart iz still a pangin'. Uv korse I thought it wood bring 2 or four aplikants fur the posishun, and I wuz prepared tu selekt frum that small number the one I thought wood soot me best; but when I came downtu my offis the next morning there wuz forty 7 lined up in the hall a waitin' fur me, the hed one a standin' plump up agin the door uv my offis until I convinced hur I wuz the man whoo wanted tu employ a stenograferess by givin' hur my name and age, and a smilin' at hur so loud that the uther gurls hurd it clean down tu the uther end uv the line. The Skriptur tells sumwhere about seven wimmen a holdin' on tu one man's cote tale, but the scene in the hall that mornin' made the story in the Skriptur look tame. At last, after a promisin' tu see them all, one at a time, they all let go uv my cote tale but the one at the hed uv the percshun; she sed she wuz there furst and ort tu be the furst tu talk tu me. She follered me in. I tuk off my cote and hat and hung 'em up; she sot down on a chare neer my desk. I sot down a drawin' uv my chare a little closter tu hur'n.

Furst I tuk hur naim and aige. "I s'pose you know sumpting about politicks," sed I.

"You bet I du," she sed, a smilin'.

"In what line?" I asked.

"In roundin' up the voters and exchangin' cash fur infloence. I'm Mike O'Gorman's private sekretary. Mike likes me better than he duz hiz own wife, and so duz Tommy O'Neal; they run a salune down on Pennsylvany Avenue," she sed.

"If you have sich a good place az that why du you want tu change yoor posishun?" asked I.

"I don't want tu change it," she answered, and hur lip kurlled with sarkastick skorn.

"Then what air you here fur?" I asked.

"Tu kollekt this bill which you

owe the salune; Jiminy saw yoor advertizement in the Post, and sent me up tu kollekt it. It iz fur \$10.17, but Jimmy sed tu maik it even \$10 and that will be all rite."

I tuk the bill and looked at it; it wuz fur whiskey I had bought last Spring when I wuz up here fur the post offis, and which fur want uv funds I had not paid. I writ a check fur \$10, leevin' off the 7teen cents, and handed the check tu the yung lady. Then I opened the door and let hur out, closing the door immediately after hur.

I wanted tu kollekt my thoughts; I hurd the gurls a talkin' outside.

"Did you git it, Molly, did you git it?"

"You bet I did," she sed, and I cood heer hur and feel hur a showin' uv that check tu the uther gurls.

But she wuz sune gone and then there wuz a gentle nock on the door. I opened it and three or 4 gurls tride tu cum in; I pushed 'em all bak but one who scrouged agin me so tite I had tu let hur in. Then I closed the door and locked it. The gurl that got in adurin' uv the melee, whatever that is, dropped hur hat but found it on the offis floor; the pin wuz a stickin' in my cote sleeve. If my wife had seen that it would have been wurse than that ornery Ben a dokterin' uv our kaff. The gurl got a chare and sot down while I wuz a gatherin' uv my wits together tu git down tu bizziness. The sunlite drifted throo the winder curtains and fell upon hur, and they maid hur about one uv the purtiest picktures I ever seen. Hur golden hare looked like straw jist fresh frum the thrashin' masheen. Hur cheeks wuz az red az the settin' sun; hur ize wuz ski-bloo and az soft az a rabbit's. Hur neck and shoulders wuz az white az allybaster, and az neer az I cood gess she wore a number 3 shoe and stockin's tu match. She tuk everything in at a glance, but me; she gave me 2 glances. Then she seemed reddy fur bizziness. She got reddy before I did.

"You advertized fur a stenografer?" she said with that peku-liar risin' inflekshun which both asks and ansers the questshun.

"Yes," I sed, "but air you a stenografer?"

"Surtinly," she sed, "or I shood not have cum here tu apply fur the posishun; what du you think I am?"

"I—I didn't know but what you air a bill kollektor."

"No, I woodent be that and worryin' people all the time," she sed, and she laffed a sweet, musi-

kal laff that floted around the room fur 2 minutes and then settled on my hart.

"I have met a angel," I thot tu myself, and I felt like a fallin' on hur neck and weepin', but that aint the way they du here in Washington.

"I suppose you have had sum experyence in politicks?" sed I.

"Lots uv it," she replied.

"Who did you wurk fur last?" I asked.

"Congressman Slangslush," she replide.

"Good job?"

"Yes."

"Why did you quit?"

"He fell in luv with another gurl and dident need me," she an-

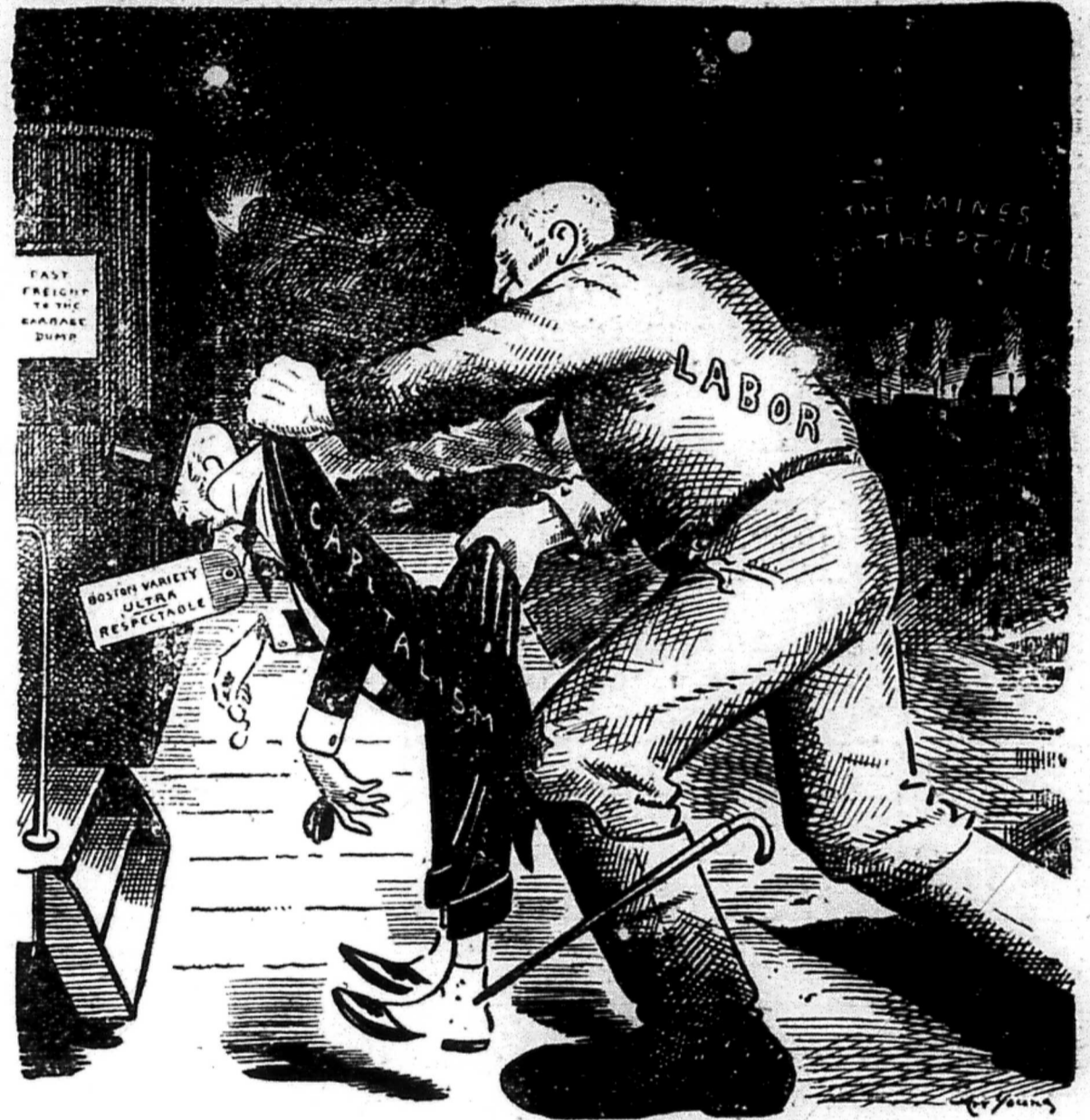
gurls out there thot I wuz a spendin' too mutch time with the gurl I had in my offis.

Prezently there wuz a loud nock on the door; I went and opened it and a policemen, accompanied by 2 men, who sed they okkupide offisses on the same floor, stepped in.

"Theze gentlemen," sed the policeman, "want tu know what all theze gurls air in the hall fur waitin' tu be admitted tu this room?"

Before I had time tu anser one uv the gentlemen wanted tu know if I wuz goin' tu establish a hair-em."

"No," I answered hotly and madly. "I understand there's



Art Young, in the Masses.

## THE NEXT DEPORTATION FROM CALUMET.

swered without hezitashun.

"Ever wurk fur enny uther Congressmen?" I asked.

"Yes, several others."

"Yes."

"Why did you quit them?" I asked.

"Same rezon; they wanted a fresh gurl."

"Well, you may go now; come bak in the mornin'."

"But am I tu hav the posishun?"

"I think so; but you know I promised tu see all the uther gurls."

"Sum uv 'em haz got bills tu kollekt," she sed.

"How du you know?" I asked.

"They told me so."

I gess I must have gasped; I looked around the rume tu see if there wuz enny way tu git out without goin' throo the hall whare them gurls wuz a waitin' tu be called in one by one; there wuzent. The noizes in the hall growed louder. I suppose the

plenty of hairesms in the city, and that sum uv 'em air kept by Congressmen, Senators and uther publick offishals. I am simply tryin' tu employ a stenografer."

"Oh," sed the uther gentlemen, "you're jist kind a runnin' uv a employment agency."

"Only tu employ a stenografer fur my own use," I sed, "but don't it okkur tu you gentlemen that you're a stickin' uv yoor nozes intu sumboddy else's bizziness? If you'll kindly step out I'll proseed with my own private affairs."

When they had gone out I returned tu the little straw colored gurl (fresh straw, mind you), and tuk my seat on my own chare. She duz a smilin' and lookin' up at me az tho nuthin' had happened.

I did not speak; my mind wuz on that surgin' crowd uv gurls out in the hall. The straw heded gurl seemed tu reed my thots.

Continued on Page 22.





# Robbins Says-

# "Take This Big Package"



### Don't Send Me One Cent!—I Want Every Stock Raiser in America to Feed SAL-TONE at My Risk

I am John Robbins of Greensburg, Indiana. I am one of the most successful stock raisers in the United States. My success isn't measured merely by the scores of premiums my horses, cattle and hogs have won at exhibitions, but by the cash which I have made raising stock. I have become wealthy at the business. I will tell you how I made money.

**The Stock Conditioner and Tonic**



**The Great Wormicide for Stock**

## John E. Robbins

Pres. The John E. Robbins Co.  
Mfrs. of SalTone

**Sole proprietor "Sal-Tone Stock Farm."**

Owner and breeder of famous champion Hampshire hogs and Jersey cattle. His hogs, horses, cattle and sheep are known to stockmen everywhere.

## Try It 60 Days at My Risk

**Send the Coupon—NO MONEY**

I want to send you on trial enough SalTone to feed your stock for 60 days to test it out. Give it as directed and at the end of that time if it does not do as I claim I will not ask you to pay for it—not a cent. If it does, it will make you ten, perhaps a hundred times its cost. You will be the judge, and there will be no kick from me if it fails.

**Sign and Mail the Coupon TO-DAY**

### How I Made Money

Several years ago I realized this fact—that if I would make money out of stock raising I would have to run it on a business basis. I realized that I would have to raise good stock—keep it in the best of condition so that I could get it ready for market in the shortest time and with the least amount of feed. I have solved this problem.

### They Ask Me How

I am personally acquainted with farmers all over the United States. Thousands know that I have become wealthy raising stock. Possibly I make more clear profit in cash per head than any other stock raiser in the country. This is a big claim, but nevertheless it is the truth. Stock raisers ask me how I do it, and my answer is—

### I Do It With SAL-TONE

SalTone is my own preparation. For a number of years I tested it privately on my own stock. The results were so remarkable that I decided to put it on the market. Since then it has been used successfully by thousands of farmers in all parts of the country. SalTone is not a stock food. SalTone is really a stock tonic, worm destroyer and conditioner. As a tonic it gives the animal rich, red blood, keeps the digestive organs in perfect condition so that every particle of nourishment in the feed goes into the making of flesh and bone. As a worm destroyer SalTone is a necessity to every stock raiser. Every well-informed stock raiser knows that 90 per cent. of all stock ailments are directly due to the presence of worms in the stomach and intestines.

### \$25,000,000 Loss From Worms!

According to the United States government report, the stock losses directly and indirectly caused by worms are approximately \$25,000,000. This is interesting, but as far as you are concerned you are only interested in your own losses—and there is no doubt but what you have losses.

Thousands of farmers are feeding wormy animals and never suspect that their animals have worms. Their big losses are—

### Losses in Feeding

It takes fully a third more to feed a wormy animal than to feed an animal that is free from this pest—and feed costs money—it represents dollars and cents that you are putting into your stock and that you expect to take out in cash. If you put more money into an animal than you get out of that animal you are not making a profit. Here is a loss that possibly you are unaware of—money that you could save if you would use SalTone to drive out the worms that keep your animals in poor condition, possibly stunted and sickly—that makes them easy victims to disease—and especially to that dread destroyer—hog cholera.

### I Have No Losses

This is a fact. My losses for the past five or six years have been practically nothing. SalTone keeps my stock in the pink of condition—fat, sleek animals that pull down premiums and prize after prize in competition at the fairs all over the country. When I put a dollar's worth of feed into an animal I take out in return from \$1.50 to \$2.00—a profit in cash of from \$.50 to \$1. This is what I mean by success—this is what thousands of farmers—who use SalTone are doing—that is what you can do just as well as they.

### Stop Your Losses

Why don't you act now—why don't you determine to stop your losses, cut down your feeding expenses and increase your profits? There is no magic to it, there is no secret—simply keep your stock in condition by using SalTone. Here is a straightforward business proposition, and I stand back of it. You take no risk whatsoever. If SalTone doesn't do for you just as I say, it won't cost you one cent. What more can I say—what more can I offer—will you do your part by giving it a trial?

### Judge for Yourself

My pigs are as fine as silk. I lost two and two could hardly walk before I received SalTone. They have increased \$50 in value on \$12.00 worth of middlings in 70 days. Judge for yourself what I think of SalTone.

C. A. HUNT,  
Thompsonville, Mich.

### Would Have Saved \$1,000

Judging from what SalTone has done for me, I believe it would have saved me \$1,000 worth of hogs. If I had had 170 lbs. the first of January.

W. H. REMY,  
Concordia, Kans.

**PRICES:** 40 lbs., \$2.25;  
100 lbs., \$5.00;  
200 lbs., \$9.00;  
300 lbs., \$13.00. No mail orders filled for less than 40 lbs.; SalTone always sold in "trade-marked" packages—never in bulk.



**THIS IS LONGFELLOW—Grand Champion Hampshire at International Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago, 1912. Weight 1,000 Pounds. Owned by John Robbins on SalTone Stock Farm. SalTone made him the Grand Champion**

THE JOHN E. ROBBINS COMPANY, Greensburg, Ind. N. R. S.  
Ship me enough SalTone to feed my stock 60 days. I only agree to give it a fair trial, and will pay the freight to my station. I will report results in 60 days, and if it does as you say I will pay for it then— if not, I will owe you nothing—you take all risks.  
Name.....  
P. O.....  
Shipping Sta.....  
County.....  
R. F. D.....  
State.....  
I Own..... Hogs..... Sheep..... Cattle..... Horses



# THE MARCH ISSUE OF The Melting Pot,

Now Ready to Mail, Contains a Scorching

# OPEN LETTER

THE

# ORTHODOX PRIESTS, PREACHERS AND RABBIS

TO THE

# UNITED STATES

It Is Worth the Price of a Year's  
Subscription to the Melting Pot

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF THE MELTING POT  
BEGAN TICHENOR'S GREAT STORY,

## The World's Black Night

THE HIDEOUS HISTORY OF THE

## Reign of Papal Power

This story paints the picture of Roman rule, backed by historic facts, in all its lurid reality. It will make you sit up and think when you stop to consider that this same ancient enemy of human liberty and progress is today allied with the American Plunderbund to re-enact on American soil the awful tragedy of Papal Europe. Pictures of all the old-time implements of torture, which are still on exhibition in the museums of Europe, together with pictures of the tortures and brutal butcheries themselves, will be reproduced in the coming issues of the Melting Pot.

YOU WHO ARE AWAKE CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS A SINGLE COPY OF THE MELTING POT FOR 1914.

Remember, the subscription price of the MELTING POT is 50 cents a year—in clubs of 5 or more, 40 cents a year. Subscription cards, each card good for one year's subscription, at the same rate. Bundle lots of 10 or more copies, 2 cents a copy. With every dollar sent in for subscriptions or subscription cards, you get FREE, one copy of Tichenor's great illustrated book

"The Roman Religion, or How the Holy Humbug Was Hatched"

Price, Single Copy, 25 Cents.

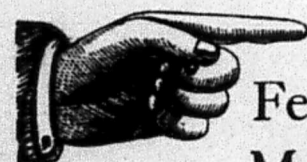
GET BUSY!

ADDRESS

## THE MELTING POT

411 Olive Street

ST. LOUIS, MO.



A Big Extra Edition of the January, February and March issues of the Melting Pot have been printed so that all new subscribers can still start with Tichenor's first article on "The World's Black Night."

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Continued from Page 20.

"Hadn't I better go and tell the gurls you du not need tu see them; that you have employed me?" she asked.

"Yes, no," I sed, confusedly. "I told 'em I'd see al uv 'em and I must keep my wurd."

"But you're goin' tu employ me, aren't you?" she sed, piteously like.

"Yes, I reckon," I sed. "Now go home and cum bak in the mornin'." She got up and went out.

The next one I let in wuz red heded and had a frekled complexion. She had gray ize, a sharp noze, thin lips, a peeked chin, big hands and a number 7 foot. I tuk hur all in at a glance. I had bin told that gurls uv hur bild and general make up are the finest stenografers. Nobody bothers 'em and they hav all their time tu devote tu their bizziness. They air in demand by men uv the Josef type, but they aint enuff sich men tu absorb the supply, so the market iz overstocked. I told hur I didn't think she wood soot me. Az she went out she sed I had better taik hur in place uv that little pugnoze that wuz in here with me so long.

It tuk me all day tu git throo with them gurls, and seven uv them had bills tu kollekt fur stuff I had consumed while in Washington on a credit when I wuz here last Spring and summer. I told 'em all, except the bill kolektors, I'd send fur 'em if I needed 'em.

The next mornin' when I cum down tu my offis my little straw heded gurl wuz there smilin' az sweet az a autum punkin. There wuz several letturs on my desk. One wuz frum Shanghi Purkins, one frum my wife and one frum Ike Hawkins.

Ike se he wuz sore az tu be up agin and a nockin' around and distributin' uv Rip-Saws. He sed the publisher uv the Rip-Saw wuz goin' tu git out a big bang-bustin' edishun fur the March number. Gene Debs haz jined the Rip-Saw crew and now it will be ripper than ennything that ever cum down the pike. He sed they wuz agoin' tu nock the stuffin' out uv the kombined hosts uv Demokrats and Republikans at Boney Forks in the next elekshuns. He sed the situashun at home wuz about the same and that Ben wuz still a dockterin' uv the kaffs. "Oh, Tobe," he writ, "kant we du sumthing tu make 'em ashamed, tired or sik uv that kaff bizziness?"

I red the lettur and then showed it tu my straw heded stenografer. She wanted tu know more about it, and I explained the whole situashun tu hur. You ort tu hav seen hur ize dance.

"Du sumptin' fur 'em?" she sed, and I cood see hur hart a-beatin' aginst hur white waiste; "ux kourse we kin. Write out a

check and send it tu Mister Hawkins and hav him to buy 25 or 30 more sik kaffs, so az tu keep 'em bizzzy."

It wuz a inspirashun. "Ah," thot I, "what a treasure I've got in that little gurl!"

I wrote the chek and sent it, instructin' uv Ike what tu du with it.

Then I opened Shanghi Purkins' lettur. It red az follers:

"Deer Tobe—Politicks iz a-gittin' hotter here all the time. Them dadgummed Rip-Saws bumfuzzle us every time a bundle uv 'em cums. Ike Hawkins is a-puttin' uv 'em out by the hundreds; they don't cost us Demokrats and Republikans ennything but the pain uv redin' uv 'em. Ike sez Ugeen Debs has jined the Rip-Saw force and they air a-goin' tu git out a rip-snortin' edishun the furst uv March. If it's enny wurser than it haz been, it will carry hairy-skaremintu our ranks. The boys will read it and you kan't keep 'em frum it. And now when Debs gits tu firin' uv hiz gun they'll be krazy tu git it and read it, fur purty neert all uv 'em like Debs; they know he's 'onest. And Ike Hawkins, dad gast him, will see that enuff iz brought here and distributed tu karry the elekshun fur the Soshialists in spite uv the fushen uv Republikans and Demokrats under one banner. Oh, if you wuz only here tu help us out! Can't you cum, deer Tobe? Let me kno sune.

"Shanghi Purkins.

"P. S.—In dividin' up the offisses between us Demokrats and the Republikans, I am to be the Constabull. Cum and help me git it. Another uv Gabe Strong's boys has jined the Soshialist lokal here, and Pete Jones and Rile Hoostin air at the mourner's bench."

My wife's lettur red as follers:

"Deer Tobe—Ike Hawkins told me you wuz in Washington duin' fine. I'm duin' fine tu. I ain't got time to write mutch; I'm a-helpin' uv Ben tu cut and gether the korn stalks out uv the korn field. We air havin' a lots uv fun here; hoap you air a-havin' sum fun, too. But be kareful about foolin' around wimmin. Don't let enny uv 'em cum intu your offis; if you du they'll make a white slave out uv you. I know. The thot uv it makes me looze sleep uv nites. We air a-dockterin' 2 kaffs now, Yoors luvin'ly, Loocheshy."

I red theze letturs tu my stenograferess. I suppose it's the cystem to reed all letturs tu them so they kin understand the situashun and help you over the hard places.

She thot it wuz funny fur Shanghi tu want me tu throw up my high posishun here to help elekt him Constabull. She sed she knew I woodent, tho. When she red my wife's lettur she turned pail and looked up tu me kind o' beseechin'ly. She wanted tu know who Ben wuz. I explained the whole situashun tu hur, and it



brot teers tu hur ize. She got up and cum around tu me, and, lay-in' her little hand on my shoulder, sed it wuz too bad and she felt sorry fur me, and I ort tu have a cumforter. I thot so tu, and I put my arm around hur and drew hur up close tu me so she wood have a better chance tu cumfort me.

Jist at this pint, the door, which wuz not fastened, wuz suddenly pushed open and a half duzen uv them dadgasted gurls who wuz in the hall the day before jumped into the offis. I got up off my chare az sune az I cood, but not in time to prevent them girls frum seein' that me and my stenografer had been provided with arms and wuz a-lurnin' how tu use 'em.

There wuz about fifteen more gurls out in the hall and the most uv 'em now cum into my offis. I wuz a-tryin' tu explane the situa-shun tu 'em all and wuz a-reedin' tu 'em that part-uv my wife's let-tur where she warned me about a-lettin' uv wimmin into my offis, and that she wuz so afrade that the white slavers wood git me. They all laffed at that, and one uv 'em, a grate, big, robusted wooman uv sum 40 or 45 summers, sed she wuz glad I wuz married, fur married men wuz the best pickin' in that climate, and they woodent never tell enny-thing.

Just about this time the telefone rang, and my little strawheded gurl flu tu it tu see what wuz wanted.

"It iz frum the White House," she said. "You air called fur."

I asked the gurls tu retire, but not one uv 'em mooved. I tuk the reesever in my hand, put it tu my ear and sed "Hello."

"Iz this Mr. Spilkins?" wuz asked.

"Yes," sed I. "Mr. Tobe Spilkins of Boney Forks?"

"The saim," sed I.

"I am talkin' fur Prezident Wilson," sed the voice, "and I want tu be sure uv the right person. Iz there ennyone else in the room with you?"

"Yes," I answered, "there air uthers."

"You will ask them tu leeve the room, pleeze," sed the voice.

I told the gurls what the man sed, but they told me it wuzent a man I wuz a-talkin' tu, but a wooman, and they wuz a-goin' tu stay and see it out. It wuzent until I threatened tu order up the poleece that they wood go out; then they went, all but the strawheded gurl; she stood close so az she cood hear what wuz bein' sed over the phone.

"There air several Congressmen and Senators here talkin' tu the Prezident about the Munro Dok-trine," sed the voice at the uther end uv the phone, "and they don't enny uv them seem tu know what it iz. Can you tell us ennything about it?"

"What du you want tu know

about it?" I asked.

"Can it swim?" asked the voice.

"Shure," sed I, "it's a regular water dog; it coodent cum akrost here if it coodent swim," I replide.

"Why, uv korse," answered the voice. "Why dident sum uv theze goose-heds think uv that?"

Then there wuz a paws fur a minnit or 2 and I heard the mur-mur uv voices at the uther end. Then the same voice sed:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" I ansered.

"That straitened out that pint, and the Prezident asks me tu thank you in hiz name, and tu say he wood like tu hold a private conference with you at ten o'clock a. m. tomorrow forenoon. Will that soot you?"

"Yes," I answered, "that will du very well; I'll be there promptly."

I hung up the reesever. The little straw heded gurl had hurd it all. She flew into my arms; I coodent help but ketch hur; I wuz that afrade she wood fall down if I dident support hur, and I thot I ort tu say sumpting.

"You put yoor luvly arms around my nek yisterday becoz you wuz sorry fur me," I sed. "Now what fur du you embrace me agin today?"

"Becoz I am glad fur you," she ansered gayly and laffin'ly.

"Oh, what if my wife knowed uv this? She wood scratch all the hare out uv yoor hed and mine, too."

"I aint afrade uv that," sed she. "Aint she got a feller tu help hur dokter kaffs and pick up korn stocks and sich like? You aint a loozin' enny luv; you've dun lost it, and that Ben feller, whooever he iz, haz found it. Giv me yoor woounded luv, deer, and I'll nurse it back till its strong agin, and I'll give it a place in my own hart."

I cum purty neert a swoonin'. It wuz so sudden. I knowed there wuz sumpting the matter with my hart, and that ornery Ben bizzness made it wurse. So I handed it over tu my little strawheded gurl tu nurse until it wuz strong agin. We hurd the gurls a gigglin' in the hall. I told the little gurl she had better go, az I had tu git reddy to meat the Prezident tomorrow. I wuz thirsty, and must hunt a salune and splice the mane brace. I must feel well and put in my best licks on the morrow. I must pruve tu the Prezident that I am quallifide fur the posishun uv private counseler. Az I went out there wuz more gurls in the hall out uv employment and a huntin' uv a job. I told 'em I wood see 'em later. I made up my mind tu bring the questshun uv the unemployed tu the attenshun uv the Prezident. I'll tell you all about it in the next lettur.

Yours Trooly,  
TOBE SPILIKNS, P. C.

# I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS AT \$1200 TO \$3600 A YEAR

To introduce my new Compress and Vacuum Washing Machine to every home in the country, I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. I consider this machine the most brilliant in-ventive achievement of the age in household necessities. It is selling faster than anything I have ever heard of—going like wildfire.

## PROFITS START FIRST DAY

No waiting or guessing. The price of only \$1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200 per cent profit to you. The biggest opportunity ever offered. I want hustlers—men and women who want to make money quick and fast. No large investment needed—business supplies the capital.

**NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED** Just follow instructions. Failure impossible. Success assured. Frank Greene sold 45 first three days—profit \$45. Mrs. L. O. Marrick made \$90 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard took 18 orders first three hours. No talking necessary. Just show it—the order is yours right on the spot.

**W. F. WENDELL, Pres. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co.,**



Every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Women discard \$15 and \$20 machines for it.

**\$1.50**  
Selling Price

### MAIL YOUR APPLICATION TODAY

Don't delay. Get your county under contract. No charge for territory. To wait means to lose. Write me a letter or a postal card today. If you are honest and willing to work I will give you the position. Do not let someone else get in ahead of you. I want agents, general agents and managers. Write today—then you will have done your part. Do it right now. Address

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To show you that our bargains are genuine, our terms easy and liberal, just sign your name and tell us your size on coupon below and we will send you this dainty new style Brussels net waist with silk ribbon and bow. Send no money. Give references if you choose, we don't require them; we are treating 500,000 people square; they are honorable with us, and we believe you will be the same.

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White lawn waist, beautifully embroidered; new style pencil stripe, navy skirt; black cotton petticoat, silk finish; and a neat black traveling suitcase free.

**Name  
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If you wish the Waist, write bust measure here..... and Send No Money, with the understanding that you can send the waist back after examination if you don't wish to keep it. If you do keep it, it is to be charged with your next order if you order within 30 days. If you don't order anything else, send us \$1.00 within three days of receipt.  
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**BERNARD  
MAYER ©**

3923 Gage St. Chicago, Ill.

The Jubilee edition is but a fore-taste of the coming issues of the Rip-Saw. No publication in America is prepared as the Rip-Saw is to SMASH the Plunderbund. GET BUSY AT YOUR END—DO YOUR PART—SEND IN THE SUBSCRIPTIONS! MAKE THE FIGHT FIERCE FROM NOW ON TO THE DAY OF THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF CAPITALISM!

The Rip-Saw is ten years old. Each and every reader is invited to join in celebrating its anniversary by sending in a list of subscribers.

The "personal" investigation of the copper strike in Michigan by Governor Ferris, of which the capitalist press has made so much, was as fine a fiasco as was ever pulled off. The governor (?) dare hardly draw his breath without a permit from the mine owners.

Socialism is the revolutionary shibboleth of the toiling masses all around the world.

Jno J. Grenat,  
1204 Scott Ave.,  
Kansas City, Kansas,  
Jan. 28, 1914.

Henry H. Tichenor,  
NATIONAL RIP-SAW,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Comrade:—  
No doubt this is just one among many letters of this nature received by you since the readers of the RIP-SAW first began reading the first installment of your debate, because if I ever read such an able defense of Socialism in so few words as you gave in your first argument, it is beyond my power to recall it.  
Writing congratulations to men who are as busy as you must be, is a thing that I don't practice; but my enthusiasm and delight were brought to such a height by the manner in which you so easily handled that self-appraised boaster that I find myself unable to resist the temptation of writing to tell you about it. Understand, I do not expect a reply to this note; you are busy and are doing fine work, keep at it. Thrash Barnhill to a finish. Give him what old Comrade Dick gave "Cholly" Powell in Argenta a few years ago.  
Yours in the revolution,  
**JNO. J. GRENAT.**



# WOULD YOU RISK \$10 ON A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE THOUSANDS?

Read—Here's an opportunity to make a real fortune on a \$10 investment—or an opportunity to lose your \$10. You can't lose more. Read the facts in the case—verify them—read what shrewd, responsible men say about it—Read what your Uncle Sam thinks about it—then **DECIDE FOR YOURSELF.**

A little east of Denver, in what is known as the "Denver Basin," and particularly in the territory surrounding the town of Aurora, is now believed to be the most stupendously rich oil region in all America. In this region we have succeeded in acquiring, through purchase and lease, 2,500 acres in the very heart of the Aurora Oil Fields, east of that city and throughout the Denver Basin. We confidently believe that veritable oceans of oil underlie this land. We expect to "strike it rich" here. We invite you to share the riches—if we make them—or to lose a ten dollar bill if we fail. Because we have used some superlatives in beginning this advertisement, we don't want you to set this down as "another of those get-rich-quick propositions." There is justification for the superlatives—you will be able to judge as to this for yourself. But, first of all, we want to make it plain that, however favorable the indications may seem, it still is a purely speculative proposition. It is not a "sure thing," and if you invest \$10 in it, you may never get a cent back. Everybody has heard how

## Great Fortunes Are Made When Oil Is Struck

But oil isn't always struck. Unless, and until, oil is struck on our property, it is nothing but speculation on your part—just a gamble, if you like—if your money goes into the "hole in the ground," or the several holes. Of course, on the other hand, if this were not in the speculative stage—if oil were actually spouting from wells on our property to-day—you wouldn't have this opportunity—your money wouldn't be needed or accepted. The situation is the same with every similar proposition. All the oil enterprises that have poured forth the vast wealth you've heard about were at first speculative, pure and simple—until the oil was struck. You've read again and again of quick fortunes made in oil, but you haven't heard so much about those who have lost their money in the same way. We prefer to be perfectly frank with you in the matter, not only because of the moral consideration, but because we believe it pays. Already the wisdom of this course has been amply demonstrated by the large subscription. While there is every reason to believe your investment will yield enormous returns, still this is only belief—it is not a certainty—and we cannot make any specific promise or guarantee to that effect. The main question for you to decide are: How good a speculation is it? And, can you afford to risk \$10? There will be no stories of men and women losing the savings of a lifetime—no robbing of widows and orphans—in connection with this proposition. Any one who comes in on this does so with his eyes open, knowing he is taking a chance. Furthermore, no one is allowed to invest more than \$10.

## If You Win You Win Big; If You Lose You Lose Little

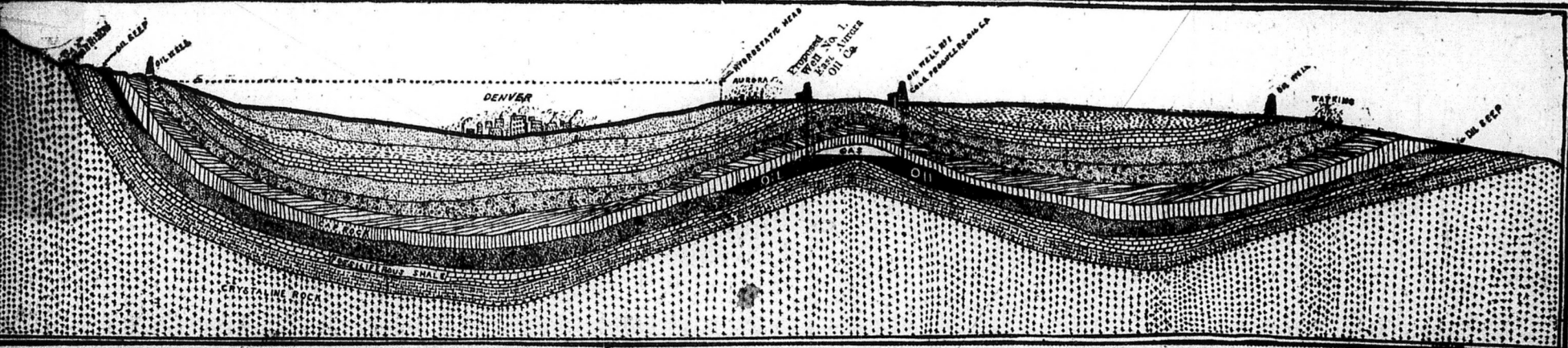
If you can't afford to lose \$10 we don't want your money. If you can afford to lose many times more, you still won't be permitted to put in more than \$10. The capitalist will have no advantage over the small wage earner in this respect. One object of the \$10 limit is to minimize the individual risk. Another object is that all investors be on the same basis, each having an equal interest with every other. So far you will at least admit that this proposition is unique—quite different from the usual investment offer. It cannot be considered a blue sky or stock jobbing scheme in any sense—not a game of frenzied finance or watered stock. It is a clear, legitimate, fair and square investment offer—where you have an opportunity of learning the whole truth—where all investors are treated alike—where there is a better than usual chance of winning big money—or a chance to lose little. Our offices and our books are open to all—our methods are subject to the closest scrutiny—our organization, our directors and officers may be thoroughly investigated—you may have whatever information you desire before any money is turned over to us. In fact, we insist that your remittance be made direct to our bank, with the understanding you can have it back in 10 days if your investigations in the meantime do not satisfy you you have invested the money wisely.

## VAST OIL FIELD FOUND JUST EAST OF DENVER

*(From Rocky Mountain Daily News, Denver)*  
Leasers Swarm Over Prairie Between This City and Hudson—Companies Being Formed to Develop Wells.  
What is believed to be the center of a great oil basin underlying the town of Aurora and the adjacent territory has started hundreds of leasers swarming over the prairies east of Denver—covering an area from the city limits to Hudson, Colo.—taking up leases and securing options. Several thousand acres of land have been leased just east of the city by Denver men. Gov. Otero of New Mexico is one of the promoters in the new oil field, and he is stopping in Denver, conferring with associates relative to the drilling of wells. He has taken a lease on one of the tracts, which he believes will become not only an oil but a natural gas producer. Recent tests along the territory east of Aurora have disclosed strong traces of both natural gas and oil, and experts who performed the tests declare the country for miles northeast of Denver bears evidence of these substances.

## The Producers' Oil Company

formed recently to begin extensive operations in the district, has leased approximately 3,000 acres near Aurora and will start boring on four or five wells next week. The company is headed by W. C. Packard, Lee A. Reynolds, Fleming Bros., bankers, T. Chester Hitchings, Carlton Packard, T. N. Pettigrew and others. Under direction of the Producers' Oil Co. a corps of experts and geologists has been quietly making extensive tests. It was partly a result of their reports that brought about the oil excitement. "Our investigations show that a vast oil basin underlies Denver and Aurora," said Packard yesterday. "So far as we can ascertain the circumference of this field includes an area bounded by Boulder, Golden, Morrison, Wolhurst, Watkins, and away around to the east and north as far as Hudson. The trouble in the past has been that the oil explorers around Boulder and Morrison struck only the edge of the great basin. Our belief is that the district around Aurora lies immediately above the center of the basin." The Coe & Stedman Realty Co. has taken extensive acreage adjacent to the Producers' Oil Co. C. E. Stedman yesterday predicted one of the greatest oil booms in the history of the state. He believes the oil lies to a depth of about 2,500 feet. He said his company expected to begin drilling in a few weeks. It is reported that east of Hudson test wells have been drilled, indicating splendid prospects of oil and natural gas. The second deal was the sale of an eighty acre tract of land, four miles east of Aurora, to the Phebus & McCoy Co. of Denver, by J. I. Carper, with offices in the First National Bank building. The land will be developed for oil properties. The consideration was \$12,000.



**Ideal Geological Formation of Denver Basin, Showing Oil Lake 8 Miles Long Predicted East of Denver.** Diagram shows formation of layers of rock, sand and earth comprising most of which are exposed on the surface. Note where we intend boring our first well in the center of the field and high elevation, writes—some of the richest oil fields in the world. Because oil, being lighter than water, rises to the highest point in the water-soaked sandstone. This is where oil is supposed to collect in vast pools. Such indications are what have led to great success in the past. Our hope of making millions when our land is drilled is based upon experience and upon geological facts.

## What Are YOUR Chances of Extracting Wealth from These Colorado Oil Fields?

Why are we so optimistic over this proposition—why have we put our own money into these particular 2,500 acres? Here are the principal reasons, from which you can draw your own conclusions and judge as to your chances of making a big winning on a \$10 investment:

1. All of our operations are based on a thorough investigation of the U. S. Government report on the Denver Basin. The Government's own investigators ought to be reliable authority on what is in this region. They are unprejudiced. They have no interest in our project.
2. Independent geologists, engineers and oil experts agree with the government investigators. On the strength of the information obtained, there has been a wild rush to secure land in this region—capitalists from all over the country have invested heavily—large companies have been formed to exploit this district.
3. Through a fortunate purchase we have secured a tract of land which experts declare to be the most favorable location in the entire district. The above diagram, indicating geological formation and location of spot where we intend boring our first well, shows why it is believed we will strike an immense oil lake without going down to the depth necessary in other places.
4. Oil is found at Morrison, west of our property—at Watkins on the east—at Boulder to the north—at many places south. With oil actually found in every direction from our own holdings you don't need to be an expert to predict the probabilities as to our property.
5. Our 2,500 acres are not all together—they are scattered throughout the Denver Basin. Therefore, if our first well proves a "dry hole"—which we do not anticipate—we are permitted to dig another well on land in some other location where the chances may prove more favorable.
6. The failure of some companies in the past because of insufficient capital to complete operations will not be repeated in our case. We will not start digging until the subscription is full—until we have enough money to enable us to bore to the limit.

## The Men Behind This Project

Phebus & McCoy Incorporated is a \$50,000.00 corporation. Men of wide experience, ability and reputation are putting their time, their money, their lands, into this enterprise. They have the utmost faith in this popular plan of developing the great oil fields that are said to underlie the town of Aurora and a vast stretch of prairie on the east.

**JOSEPH J. GILLIGAN**, hardware merchant of Latrobe, Pa. (the great oil state), comes to the company as president and treasurer.

**A. M. KEARNS**, president Kearns Investment Co., well-known realty dealer of Denver and builder of the town of Hudson, is one of the directors of this company.

**E. K. MCCOY**, founder and organizer of this popular, clean, honest, share-and-share-alike plan for everybody's protection, is secretary of the company.

You are invited to "look up" this company, its officers and directors, through any channel you may choose. Make inquiry of any Denver bank, through your own bank, through Dun or Bradstreet, or any other source.

## THE EAST AURORA OIL COMPANY

Having acquired 2,500 acres of what we consider the most valuable oil land in this region, the next step is to dig for the oil. Boring oil wells is a costly proposition. To obtain the necessary capital for this purpose a separate corporation, the East Aurora Oil Co., is to be formed. You are invited to take a \$10 interest in this company. Your friends and neighbors are invited to come in on the same basis. Your money and their money and the money paid in by others from every section of the United States, will be used to go after the oil which we believe lies here in almost limitless supply. No one will be allowed to put in more—or less—than \$10. No subscriber will have a greater interest in the company than yourself. No subscriber will have more to say or have any larger vote—in deciding as to the affairs of the company.

## The People's Plan of Share and Share Alike

The popularity of this plan has already been shown in many ways. Commendatory letters have come—with the \$10 remittances—from all classes of people from all over the country—from moneyed men and workmen, from business, professional and salaried men and women in many different lines. Will you be an equal partner with these

and with the many others who will follow? Do you appreciate this unusual opportunity of acquiring an interest in such a company for so little money, where the prospects of making big money are so good—where you have equal opportunities with every one else—where there is no stock juggling, no "inside deal" for any one—where none of your money goes to stock jobbers or schemers?

Then fill out the Coupon in lower left-hand corner and send to the bank to-day!

## Bank Holds Your Money, and—Money Back If You Want It

Send your \$10 to the State Mercantile Bank of Denver. The bank will hold your money ten days before turning it over to us. This gives you ample opportunity to make any investigation you may wish concerning this proposition or the people back of it, and to fully examine the references and other information they send you. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to the value of the investment, just write the bank: "I want my \$10 back. Please remit"—and your money will be returned to you at once. There are two reasons for this arrangement with the bank: (1) To give you an opportunity for investigation before finally deciding whether it is a wise investment. (2) To insure your subscription being entered while you are investigating, as it is expected the fund will be oversubscribed.

## One Investor Who Has Investigated

W. R. Armstrong, Central Savings Bank Bldg., Denver, says: "I came from an oil district in Ohio and after visiting your properties and after seeing oil rock and seepage in other districts, oil should be in the same strata. After seeing the fortunes made in oil in Ohio and Pennsylvania, where exterior prospects were not as good as yours, I felt I was not taking much of a chance in buying a \$10 share. The only regret is that I will not be allowed to take more."

## From a Well Known Engineer

"In joining you in the development of the Aurora Oil Fields I am sure I am lending my support to one of the most worthy undertakings in Colorado. Your plan of development appeals to me more than any similar undertaking I have ever examined, and from what I have seen in your offices and your straightforward method of doing business, I am pleased to join you in your undertaking and have recommended it to my friends. Kindly send receipt showing my interest in your new company."—H. R. Wellbacher, Wellbacher Engineering Co., Denver.

## "Made Very Shrewd Investment"

"At the time I sold you the tract of land east of Denver for \$12,000.00 I did not know it held any such possibilities for the development of oil and gas that has since come to light and I do not flatter you when I say you made a very shrewd investment. However, I do not regret the sale for your aggressive ability bring it into profitable development much sooner than if I had retained it and when you have done so it will not only benefit your own stockholders, but bring greater prosperity to Denver than any single undertaking in the history of the state."—H. E. Landry, J. I. C. Bauch, Burns, Wyoming.

## After Studying Gov't Report.

"I have looked up this Government Report you mentioned and found a large volume in the Public Library and I can see it has taken years of labor and much expense for the Government to prepare it. It is very plain in stating where oil has already been developed, and I notice on one of the colored maps that the Government survey covers your property in the southeast corner, so I presume you have good reason to believe you will strike a large deposit of oil. I am always skeptical about ventures of this kind but your statements are so satisfactory and the reports I have examined point to the truth of your statements, so you may count me among your stockholders."—H. E. Landry, 749 1st National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

## Has No Doubt About It.

"I have no doubt in the world but there



## Fill Out This Instruction to the Bank and Mail To-Day

THE STATE MERCANTILE BANK, Denver, Colorado. R-S.

Gentlemen: I ACCEPT THE OFFER of Phebus & McCoy, and inclose herewith ten dollars in full payment for one equal interest with every subscriber in their proposed oil company, which entitles me to an equal share of the profits with every one who subscribes ten dollars. In accepting my money it is understood that you will hold it for ten days while I am investigating the receipt, which they send me upon your receipt of my ten dollars, and if I do not ask you to return it to me at the expiration of ten days, then you are to give it to Phebus & McCoy, but if I decide that I want my money back, then you are to return it without expense to me or obligation on your part. It is further agreed that in the event my ten dollars is received too late and the subscription is full, you will return my money at once.

Name here.....  
Address.....

ACT QUICKLY if this proposition looks good to you. Don't wait till it's too late! Don't forget, of course, that it's a speculation—but a mighty good speculation—a chance to lose a little, yet a better chance to make thousands! Better send the \$10—now!

## Phebus & McCoy Incorporated,

1329 First National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo.

If you can't remit to-day, or wish fuller information before remitting, write for Prospectus. It may not be too late.

is off in the district in which you anticipate working. The best authorities have all agreed upon that and it only takes money to prove whether they are right or wrong."—Denver Merchant.

## Read What the Bank Says:

"I take this opportunity to acknowledge the valued account you have opened with our bank and I desire to personally extend the special privilege of having your customers send their subscriptions direct to this bank, with instructions for us to hold the amount 10 days, pending their receipt of your acknowledgment and allowing them 10 days to investigate your company thoroughly. Wishing you ultimate success in developing the oil fields east of Denver, as it will mean a great wave of prosperity for the entire city and state and undoubtedly enormous profits for those who join now."—The State Mercantile Bank, Denver, by Howard Klugh, Cashier.



**Mail Me This Free Coupon**  
with your name and address plainly written.

Name .....

Address .....

You'll receive, prepaid, a \$1 pair of Drafts to try Free, as explained below. Frederick Dyer, Dept. 337R, Jackson, Mich.

# OVER THE SEA AND BACK AGAIN

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

## To every one suffering with RHEUMATISM

I Make This Unlimited Offer



FREDERICK DYER.

I'll send you the Drafts the same day I get your coupon—fresh from the laboratory, ready to begin their soothing work the minute you put them on. They are relieving every stage and condition of this cruel disease, whether chronic or acute—muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago or Gout—no matter where located or how severe. They are bringing comfort to old men and women who have suffered all their lives, as well as all the milder stages. Don't neglect rheumatism, I urge you, for I know the horrible torture and deformity it so often leads to. Send today for the Drafts. I send them on free trial because I know what they are doing for many thousands and I have faith that they can cure you likewise. Try the Drafts when you get them. Then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word.. Address Frederick Dyer, 337R Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon. Write today—now.



### AGENTS--200% Profit

**Foot Scraper and Cleaner**  
Needed on every porch and outside door-step. Right now is the time to sell it—A winner. C. P. Draper, Mass., first order for 200. C. A. Johnson sold 40 in 1 1/2 days. W. W. Harpster, Pa., made \$27.45 in 4 evenings, spare time work. Write quick for terms of free sample. A postal will do. Thomas Co. 3030 West St. Dayton, O.

**FREE--Ladies' & Gent's Watches**  
We give Ladies' and gent's size, hunting & other styles to anyone selling art post cards at 10c packet. Order 20 packets now. When sold send \$2.00 and we'll send you Free a stem-wind, thin model, highly engraved, guaranteed watch of golden color, proper size. Other styles described in pkg. Also signet, ring and fine chain. (Ladies or gent's style) FREE. PALACE MFG. CO., Dept. 10, CHICAGO, ILL.

**AGENTS—KEYLESS PADLOCK 100% Profit**  
No keys to lose, no knobs to turn, no clicks to count. Press the buttons and it flies open. 40,000 combinations. Solid brass. No competition. L. Morton, Cal., "Sold first doz. in 3 hours. Have orders for over 100." C. E. Potts, Pa., "Send 2 doz. quick. Sold 4 doz. this week." Amazing profits. SAMPLE FREE to Workers. ROBINSON BUTLER CO., 119 Vance St., Toledo, O.

**FREE TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL.** We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 24 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the \$1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address GLOBE CO., Dept. 422, Greenville, Pa.

**MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!** Make lots of it, selling our Electric Lanterns. No Matches! No Oil! Safe and convenient. Household necessity. Everyone buys. No competition! Lift Lantern by the ball, and light is on. Sample prepaid \$3.75. Circular Free. American Minute Photo Co., Lantern Dept. No. 4, 2214 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### THE RAND SCHOOL.

I spent two delightful days on my way to London, visiting the Rand School in New York City. I found a wonderful institution, with a splendid corps of teachers and such eager, alert students that I am sure it is inspiring work to teach them. A little reception was arranged for me, at which I met a part of the students and had the pleasure of extending to them the greetings of the Western Comrades. I am sure I never enjoyed an evening more.

It is to be regretted that the Rand School is located so far from the center of population, and at a distance that makes the cost of reaching it almost prohibitive for the large mass of the Socialists of the country. The cost of living in New York is also very high, and these two facts limit the usefulness of the school greatly. Comrade Bertha Mailley and her loyal corps of teachers are doing a great work for the Socialist movement, and one that will be appreciated in the years to come.

### On Board a Liner.

My voyage over was made on the British steamship Cedric, and it was a week of great interest and pleasure. A modern steamship is a whole world within itself, and the student of modern society has the whole structure of society under a magnifying glass. The organization is marvelous; every want, real or imaginary, of the passengers who can pay for it, has been anticipated; every climate and every nation has given of its products to feed the stomach; every nation has sent the written words of its greatest writers to wait their whim to read; skilled cooks prepare their food, deft waiters set it before them, trained seamen navigate the ship, trained electricians light our way, wireless operators send their messages through the air, brawny armed stokers work like demons before the roaring furnaces, while trained engineers watch every heart beat of the wonderful engines. In that little world is the world of labor and of idleness. The labor that moves the world and the idleness that enjoys without giving in return.

The social or class lines are strictly drawn. First class, the idlers who do no work but squeeze dividends from the sweat and toil of labor; second class, the intellectual working class,

the brain of the race; third class, the manual laborers, the bone and sinew, the shoulders of Hercules that uphold civilization. The idlers have the front end of the ship, the most spacious cabins, the most elegant saloons, the most delicate and abundant food and wines; but they find themselves so bored with their own empty company that they kill time in drink and gambling, and kick their heels in impatience until they land and are still more bored on land.

The well paid working class occupy the center of the ship, with a little less red plush and gold paint, a little less elaborate food, and they manage to exist without booze at meals. In this section I found the artist, musician, actor, writer, surveyor, engineer, chemist, machinist, brick mason, rancher, priest, preacher and architect. I found that they had hearts and souls to enjoy the sweep of the ocean, the crest of the waves, the glory of sunlight and shimmer of moonlight. They had the brains to invent their own amusements and skill to carry them out. A week of intimate friendship with that group of intelligent workers was worth more to me than four years in college. I learned from the living words of working men of the oil fields of Burmah, the North Woods of Canada, the Gold Coast of Africa, the rubber forests of Peru, the bush of Australia, I heard the folksongs of Tipperary, the legends of Donegal, or the story of the modern chemical laboratories of steel mills, as well as the last word on sanitary housing. I heard artists play such music as is never bought with money, and singers sing the songs that are not sold for cash.

Down at the very stern of the ship, in crowded quarters, with scant deck or cabin room, were the third class passengers, the manual workers who had raised the food we were eating, woven the clothing we wore, mined the iron from which our ship was built, felled the trees for its timbers and mined the coal that fed its engines, in fact, made possible our existence. Each class is rigidly fenced off from the others by nice iron lattices. From the way they pressed their faces against the iron lattice to listen to the music and watch the sports of the cabin passengers, I should judge that they had just about as much heart and brain and soul as any aboard the ship. I have a suspicion that they have

the ability to rise also, for I found that nearly all the men who were returning to Great Britain in the second cabin had gone to America in the steerage. I did my best to get permission to go down in the steerage and get acquainted, but the iron lattice is an immovable barrier. The officers I tried to coax to take me down were adamant and insisted that it would mean the loss of their job to let the classes mix. Some day I am going to take a voyage in the steerage; I want to know that crowd better, but thank you, I have no desire to travel first cabin. I don't think I could endure that bunch eight whole days and retain my sanity.

The Comrades of Local Liverpool met me at the dock and I had the pleasure of being the guest of Rev. Dunnico and wife for a day. Rev. Dunnico is one of the few English clergymen who is not afraid to come out and stand where Christ stood, with the working class.

### The Bureau Meeting.

The men who made up the membership of the International Socialist Bureau were wonderfully interesting. Some of them, like Jaures of France, and Moltenbuhr of Germany, belong to the old guard, the men who have spent their lives fighting for Socialism, and the never ending marvel is that they are just as full of fire and enthusiasm as the newest convert. Vandervelde of Belgium, and Huysman, the International Secretary, belong to a little later school, but they are no more keen and alert than the older men. The Russian Comrades, whose names no American could pronounce if I could spell them (and I can't), were an interesting group. One man had been in every Douma, and I bitterly regretted my inability to speak his language when I thought of the wonderful stories he could tell.

Comrade Longuet, the editor of the French daily Socialist paper, l'Humanite, was one of the most brilliant and kindly men I met. He speaks French, German, English, and I don't know how many more languages, and was always ready to act as interpreter when I found myself in the frightful predicament of having plenty to say but only one language to say it in.

Dan Cameron, a Scotch Highlander, with his delightful Scotch brogue, was one of the most charming Britishers I came in



contact with. If we could only induce him and George Dallas to come to America in kilts and with their bagpipes to talk Socialism, they would back Grape Juice Billy clean off the boards as a Chautauqua attraction.

Comrade Keir Hardie was the same gentle, sweet, comradely Hardie that all American Comrades know him to be. He is one of the best loved men of the Socialist movement, and certainly deserves to be.

Every man on the International Bureau was a wonderful character study, but I wondered if it would not be good for the Socialist movement of the world if instead of always sending the old men to such meetings it would be well to add a few younger comrades now and then. A few of the younger generation could not possibly do any harm, and it would be such a wonderful education for them, and add so much to their usefulness.

\* \* \* \*

I was the only woman delegate on the Bureau. In fact, the first woman who ever was a member, and naturally this fact caused considerable comment. Every courtesy was extended and everything that could add to my pleasure and make me feel at ease was done, but it was easy to see that the idea of accepting a woman as an absolute equal, even in a Socialist Bureau meeting, was quite startling to the European male mind, particularly the Englishmen.

\* \* \* \*

One of the most impressive and interesting happenings of the Bureau meeting was the public demonstration against militarism. The British comrades took advantage of the presence of Socialists from abroad to hold a huge anti-militarist demonstration in Kingsway Hall, London, on Saturday, December 14, over which Keir Hardie presided. The speakers were Vandervelde (Belgium), Molkenbuhr (Germany), Jaures (France), O'Hare (America), A. C. Cameron (Labor party), and Dan Irving (British Socialist party). Anatole France, the great French writer and Socialist, came to the platform and made a wonderful plea for world peace.

\* \* \* \*

The European comrades never tired of hearing me tell of our southwestern Socialist encampments. They felt that they were the most wonderful and ingenious propaganda machines they had ever heard of, and every man I talked to expressed a great desire to visit a string of encampments. One of the happiest moments I remember was to see the glow of joy on Comrade Kautsky's face as I told him of how Oscar Ameringer and I had sold thousands of his "Road to Power" in Oklahoma.

The Rip-Saw as the voice of the workers must make itself heard throughout the nation.

The Jubilee edition is but a fore-taste of the coming issues of the Rip-Saw. No publication in America is prepared as the Rip-Saw is to SMASH the Plunderbund. GET BUSY AT YOUR END—DO YOUR PART—SEND IN THE SUBSCRIPTIONS! MAKE THE FIGHT FIERCE FROM NOW ON TO THE DAY OF THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF CAPITALISM!

"Private monopoly is intolerable and indefensible." Sure thing, Mr. Bryan, but what are you doing about it besides spouting the old platitude from the Chautauqua platform? We say public monopoly, but you daren't say that for the days of your capitalistic statesmanship would

**\$60 A WEEK and Expenses**

That's the money you should get this year. I mean it. I want County Sales Managers quick, men or women who believe in the square deal, who will go into partnership with me. No experience needed. My folding Bath Tub has taken the country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water works required. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals \$100 bath room. Now listen! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan. I'm positive—absolutely certain—you can get bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before—I KNOW IT!

**YOU! YES YOU CAN GET IT**

**Two Sales a Day — \$300 a Month**

That's what you should get—every month. Needed in every home, badly wanted, eagerly bought. Modern bathing facilities for all the people. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales, immense profits. Look at these men. Smith, Ohio, got 18 orders first week; Meyers, Wis., \$250 profit first month; Newton, California, \$60 in three days. You should do as well. 2 SALES A DAY MEANS \$300 A MONTH. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.

**DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED**

Little capital needed. I grant credit—Help you out—Back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act then quick. SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny post card for free tub offer. Hustle!

**H. S. ROBINSON**  
President  
300 Vance St., Toledo, O.



**OWN A BUSINESS WE WILL HELP YOU.**

"I made \$88.16 first three days," writes Mr. Reed, of Ohio. Mr. Woodward earns \$170 a month. Mr. M. L. Smith turned out \$301 in two weeks. Rev. Crawford made \$7.00 first day. See what they have done, judge what you can do.

**LET US START YOU**

in Gold, Silver, Nickel and metal plating. Prof. Gray's new electromachine plates on watches, jewelry, tableware and metal goods. Prof. Gray's New Royal Immersion Process is a test method. Goods come out instantly with fine brilliant, beautiful thick plate, guaranteed 3 to 10 yrs. No polishing or grinding. Every family, hotel and restaurant want goods plated.

**PLATERS HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO.**

People bring it. You can hire boys to do the plating as we do. Men and women gather work for small per cent. Work is fine—no way to do it better. No experience required, we teach you. Recipes, Formulas, Trade Secrets Free. Outfits ready for work when received. Materials cost about ten cents to do \$1.00 worth of plating.

Our new plan, testimonials, circulars and **SAMPLE FREE.** Don't wait. Send us your Address anyway. **GRAY & CO., PLATING WORKS.** 226 Gray Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**ECZEMA**

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, Etc.

**ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY,** and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see. I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 303 Court Blk. Sedalia, Mo.  
References:—Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.  
Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

**HOW TO MAKE LOVE**

(NEW BOOK) Tells how to Get Acquainted; How to Begin Courtship; How to Court a Bashful Girl; to Woo a Widow; to win an Heiress; how to catch a Rich Bachelor; how to manage your be a to make him p opose; how to make your f ilow or girl love you; what to do before and after the wedding. Tells other things necessary for Lovers to know. Sample copy by mail 10 cents.

J. H. PIKE PUB. CO., Desk M. South Norwalk, Conn.

**NOTICE TO READERS**

On page 19 of this issue you will find an advertisement of Dr. Blosser, 185 Walton Street, Atlanta, Georgia, in which he offers to send to every sufferer a free trial sample of his remedy for catarrh. This is certainly a liberal offer, and every sufferer should take advantage of it.—Adv.

be ended. You once ventured to say public monopoly in reference to the railroads, and that was your honest conviction, but your party bosses made you swallow it and you have never dared to say it since.

President Sam Gompers' reception at the Indianapolis convention of the United Mine Workers indicated conclusively that the day of the Civic Federation labor leader who stands for the "brotherhood of capital and labor," is

about gone, and that the time is near when the rank and file will rule instead of a bonehead high-muckamuck and an ossified and self-perpetuating "executive council."

**Wives, Be Careful.**—Mrs. Clarke came running hurriedly into her husband's office one morning. "Oh, Dick," she cried, as she gasped for breath. "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere." "It's all right, Bess," replied Mr. Clarke. "I came across it in my trousers pocket."—New York Times.



# THE VITAL QUESTION OF TODAY

BY EUGENE V. DEBS

The economic organization of the workers, along industrial lines, must proceed hand in hand with their political organization along class lines before a truly revolutionary movement can be developed. Neither the labor union nor the political party is of itself sufficient. Both are necessary to each and each is necessary to both. The Socialist republic can not be created by a political majority; it must be organized and built up in the industries in which the workers are employed, and this is the essential function of the industrial union, without which all attempts to abolish the capitalist state, socialize the industries, and transfer their control to the working class will be vain and barren of results.

The political power of the workers is of vital importance in the class struggle, and this must be developed and exercised to the uttermost by building up the Socialist party and using its power in backing up the organized workers on the industrial field and developing and extending the propaganda of the revolution.

But the fundamental necessity of organizing the workers in their several industries, as industries, not as trades or crafts, is the question of the day, and to this vitally essential task all class-conscious workers should bend their united energies.

Conditions for such organization are happily becoming more favorable every day. The utter impotency of craft unionism in the face of trustified capital and its concentrated power, backed by the capitalist state and its machine guns, is too palpably and pitifully in evidence to any longer admit of doubt.

The trade union of the past is indeed of the past. The American Federation of Labor under Gompers and his inner circle of labor lieutenants and capitalist politicians will not much longer arrest the evolution of industrial unionism and the solidarity of the workers.

The revolt against this cabal of Civic Federation, Militia of Christ, Pure and Simple Trade Union reactionaries and betrayers of the working class has begun in earnest.

Gompers, before the convention of the United Mine Workers at Indianapolis a few days ago, got a full whiff of what is brewing in progressive union circles and of what the rank and file think of him and his official clique of reactionary labor politicians. Civic Federation Sam

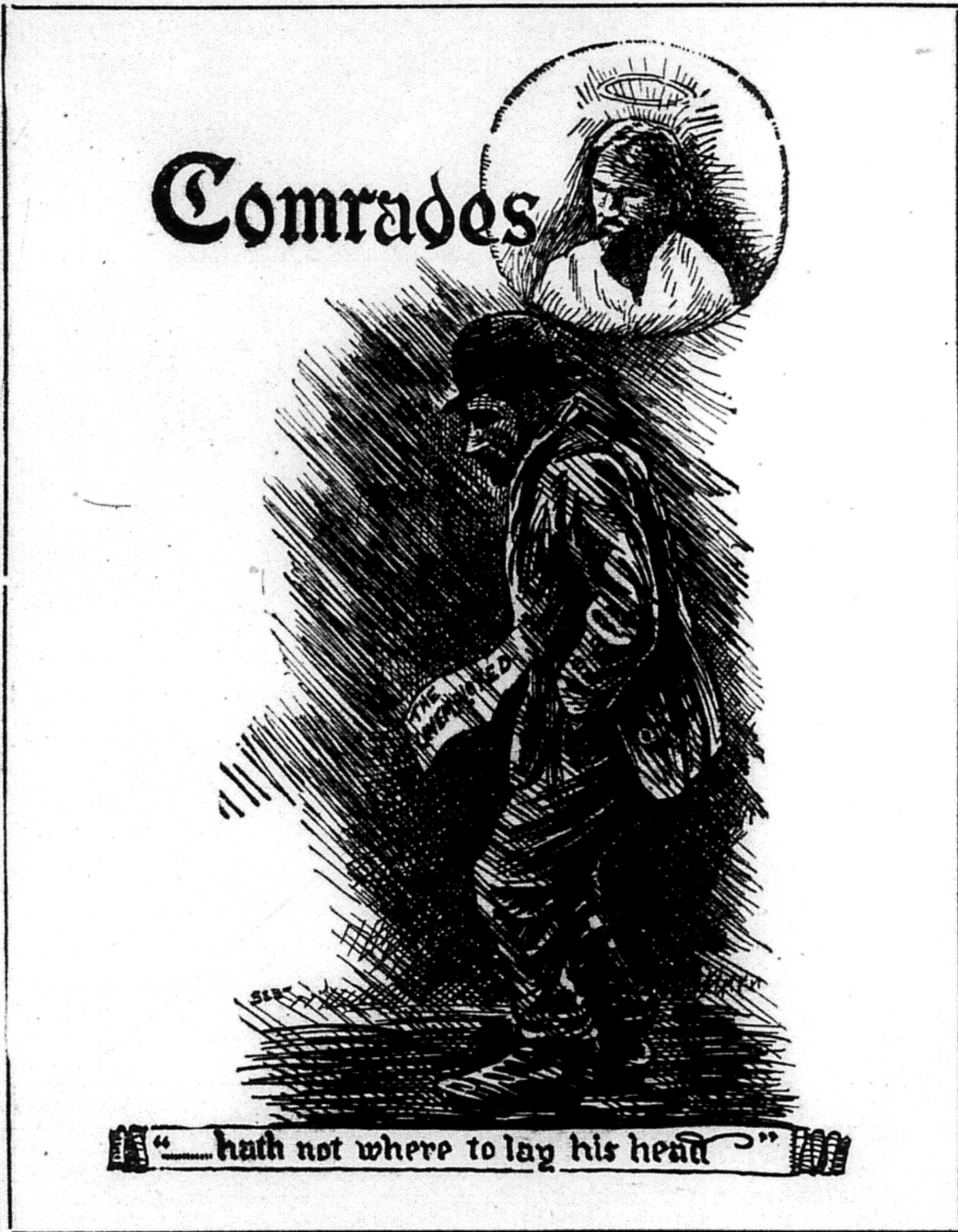
is not apt to put his nose into another miners' convention. They are onto him and his pals and their Civic Federation skin game about the "brotherhood of capital and labor."

The United Mine Workers, moving irresistibly toward revolutionary industrial unionism, is bound to tear asunder the ties that bind it to the American Federation of Labor which, under Gompers and his crew, is nothing more than a reactionary trade union aggregation.

What have Gompers and his "Executive Council" done for the

striking miners, face to face for six months with all the concentrated power of capitalism and red hell roaring all about them, while their wives and children are suffering for bread and fuel and raiment, ask that a two-cent assessment be levied by their mighty Federation of Labor to keep them from starving while they are fighting the desperate battle of life and death, Gompers, "the mighty leader," whines like a sick spaniel that a two-cent assessment would bust the federation.

And this is what this Civic-



striking coal miners of Colorado, or the striking ore miners of Michigan? Nothing, or next to nothing, so far as the national organization is concerned.

All the vain boasting about their "mammoth federation of over two million wage-workers" is but so much wind when the actual test comes, as it has come in Michigan and Colorado.

Here we have two tremendous industrial battles raging, with the whole country looking on, and the unions engaged in them affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and when the

Federationized bunch of Federationists amount to when the test of war comes and munitions instead of wind are required to keep the fighters and their families from starvation.

If the miners of Colorado and Michigan had relied upon the Civic-Federationized, Militia-of-Christified American Federation of Labor; if they had depended upon Gompers and his official "executive council" they would have been whipped months ago and not a vestige of their unions would be left. The reason, and the only reason they have been

able to hold out against such desperate odds and put up a fight that all the power of Standard Oil, the Steel Trust and their allied robber interests, backed by the courts, the soldiers and the machine guns, could not put down, is that they long since abandoned the pure and simple trade union principles and have unified and solidified their entire industry regardless of trade or occupation, and moved steadily toward revolutionary industrial unionism.

It is no wonder that President Charles Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, has also entered his protest against the "inactivity" of Gompers and his lieutenants in charge of the Federation, and declared that if the strike in Michigan was lost it would be their own fault. The only wonder is that he expected to pluck grapes from thistles.

Eighteen years ago the Leadville strike of the miners convulsed Colorado. It was a desperate battle and lasted months. The Western Federation of Miners appealed to the American Federation of Labor, with which it was affiliated, for support, and in response to this appeal did not receive enough to pay the postage required to send it through the mails.

In disgust the Western Federation of Miners withdrew from the American Federation of Labor and remained out of it for fifteen years, when it was again induced to join, and now the dose it received in Colorado is being repeated in Michigan.

The national organization of the American Federation of Labor is a huge bluff; an empty shell. Gompers and his "executive council" are all there is to it, and they constitute the tail end of the capital-and-labor hybrid called the Civic Federation, conceived and brought forth for no other purpose than to turn the labor movement into reactionary channels to its own emasculation and undoing.

Some of the state federations have developed progressive tendencies in spite of the national organization, and to the extent that these make for industrial unionism they should be encouraged in every possible way.

Gompers, before the United Mine Workers, impeached and discredited by his own followers, marked the first signal revolt against reactionary trade unionism. It was a significant departure. Secession must inevitably follow. The new force can never develop in the old mold.

The United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners, the two most militant unions and the two nearest industrial and revolutionary in the Federation, will soon become one, and the same tendency that is drawing them together will also pull



# HIT 'EM AGAIN

Read this issue of the RIP-SAW over carefully. What is your impulse? To hand it to some fellow worker or neighbor who has as yet not seen the light. Socialist or non-Socialist, the RIP-SAW is the most interesting reading that the average man or woman has met, because

## THE COUNTRY IS ROTTEN RIPE FOR SOCIALISM

Thousands of comrades realize this and during the month of February scouted around among their friends and secured the largest list of new readers for the RIP-SAW that was ever sent into the office in any one month in its history.

### What Is the Situation?

Millions of unemployed men stalk the streets. Families are being broken up by wholesale. Millions of women are wearing themselves out by toil in factory, store and shop. One-half of the American children of school age are being kept out of school, and are being robbed of education and training.

### The Capitalist System Is a Magnificent and Colossal Failure

It cannot keep the workers employed. Thousands of factories stand idle, while automatic machinery, costing millions stand rusting from disuse. The price of land has risen to the point where the young man cannot obtain it, and he must submit to a life sentence a hard labor as a TENANT. The day of the comfortable and contented worker under Capitalism is GONE forever.

### The Democrats Frantic

to furnish some relief to the people, have reduced the tariff, but the benefit fails to reach the man at the bottom. They framed a currency bill, which will not put currency in your pocket.

### Socialists Know

that these reforms are useless. Why? Because the same remedies have been tried in Europe and have failed there. Only the

public, collective ownership of the trusts will bring relief. The wage-earner and the farmer must join hands to jointly control every factory, mine, market and railroad in the land. This and this alone will bring PROSPERITY to you. But this is SOCIALISM.

### This Magazine

is the only monthly magazine of wide circulation published in America that understands the situation and is in a position to give the remedy. It tells you what to do and how to do it. It has employed the best and most forceful writers in America, headed by Eugene V. Debs, to write for the education of the millions.

You, comrade, reader of this, must put these writings where they will reach the masses. The RIP-SAW has no paid agents or canvassers. It pays no commissions. It secures its circulation through the volunteer work of club-raisers. It gives the club-raiser the benefit of the club rate of 25 cents per year in clubs of four, whereas the regular subscription rate in single subscriptions is 50 cents per year.

### Hasten the Coming of Socialism

by the education of your neighbors. That is the only way Socialism can or will come. Go at once, pencil in hand after a bunch of new subscribers. Don't delay. The big campaign of 1916 is coming. We must work this year and the next like beavers, spreading the light. Shall we have five million votes for Socialism in 1916? The answer depends upon you.

### Sub Cards

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### You Don't Need Credentials

to become an agent of the RIP-SAW. Send in the names of new subscribers on any kind of paper. Wrapping paper will do, enclosing 25 cents for each name. Show the people a copy of this issue. Tell them of the wonderful articles by Debs, Morgan, Tichenor, Ameringer and Kate O'Hare; tell them that the RIP-SAW is ten years old this month, and growing bigger and better every month. One issue alone is worth the price of a whole year's subscription.

If you try, you can get fifty new subscriptions. But get at least four and send \$1.00 to pay the bill.

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Your answer will be a big bunch of new readers for the RIP-SAW.

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# THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW

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Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic Articular Rheumatism.

ture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief. At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine, and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism, and after much experimenting, finally found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, wrote him, saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply. At National Military Home, Kansas, it cured a veteran of rheumatism in hips and knees. In Hannaford, N. Dak., it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I am as supple as a boy." In Stayner, Ont., it enabled a lady to discard her crutches. In Westerly, R. I., R. R. No. 1, it cured a farmer 72 years old. In Fountain City, Wis., it cured an old gentleman after suffering 33 years. In Molalla, Oregon, it cured a lady 73 years of age, who had suffered for thirty years. In Sumner, Iowa, it cured a lady after suffering thirty-four years. In Elm Grove, Wis., "Gloria Tonic" cured a severe case of Sciatica. Even prominent physicians had to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a positive success, among them Doctor Quintero of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In hundreds of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs and Electricity, among them persons of upwards eighty years of age. Mr. Smith will send a trial box, also his illustrated book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to any reader of The National Rip-Saw, for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. Mr. Smith's address in full is:

JOHN A. SMITH,

6636 Gloria Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Continued from Page 28.

the united body out of the Gompers federation and launch it squarely as a great industrial union.

The withdrawal of the miners from the Civic-federated A. F. of L. will put a speedy end to the rule of Gompers and his "executive council." No more will they draw fat salaries for their masterly inactivity in their inner circle, while insolently disregarding the protests of the common herd. The day of the capitalist "labor lieutenant" will soon be gone and the Civic Federation can then throw off its mask and come out squarely for what it is, and do its work openly, the same as all other "Law and Order Leagues" and "Citizens' Alliances."

All the progressive forces in the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor should be brought into harmony with the industrial union forces in all other organizations. In other words, all the forces that

are making for the industrial solidarity of the workers on a revolutionary basis ought to be developed in harmony with one another in the shaping of the great industrial organization which is to fight the battles of the workers on the economic field while at the same time prepare them to take over and assume control of the industries of the nation.

The vital question of today is the economic and political organization of the working class for the overthrow of wage-slavery and the establishment of the Socialist republic.

The Jubilee edition is but a foretaste of the coming issues of the Rip-Saw. No publication in America is prepared as the Rip-Saw is to SMASH the Plunderbund. GET BUSY AT YOUR END—DO YOUR PART—SEND IN THE SUBSCRIPTIONS! MAKE THE FIGHT FIERCE FROM NOW ON TO THE DAY OF THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF CAPITALISM!

## VIRGINIA SOCIALIST VOTE

Canvassed by State Legislature, Jan. 16, 1914:

Total Socialist vote for Governor, 1913	5,899
Total Socialist vote for Governor, 1909	1,377
Total Socialist vote for President, 1912	820
Total Socialist vote for President, 1908	255
Total Socialist Congressional vote, 1912	3,570

I. L. BURGESS,  
State Secretary.

Newport News, Va.,  
Jan. 22, 1914.

## The National Rip-Saw

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It is an old story about Gompers having to catch a train every time he gets cornered or in close quarters. Years ago he had already become famous as the champion train catcher. When questions are put up to Sam that he hasn't the nerve to face or the honesty to answer, he can always catch a train. When Duncan MacDonald, of the U. M. W., and Charles Moyer, of the W. F. of M., closed in on Sam at the recent convention of the miners at Indianapolis, it was a foregone conclusion that the mighty-labor leader had to catch a train. When the brotherhood of train catchers is organized Sam will be put at the head of it by acclamation.

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# KNOCKED TO HELL WITH A BASEBALL BAT?

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

Everybody was led to believe that Pierpont Morgan went straight to heaven when he left this world. It has even been hinted that he probably owned

the place by this time. His going off was blessed by every holy hocus pocus from the pope down, and the news was scattered broadcast that forever and ever hereafter Pierpont would walk on the gold streets. And now comes along United States Senator Lane, of Oregon, with the statement that if St. Peter was on the job he probably laid for Pierpont with a baseball bat instead of a complimentary ticket to Paradise. An Associated Press dispatch of January 31, 1914, declares that Senator Lane, in a speech in the Senate, among other things, said:

"A short time ago one of the greatest financiers of the country died, who had looted the New Haven Railroad System" said Senator Lane. "Talk about wolfing Wall street. The process of wolfing which has been carried through on the people of New England, widows, orphans and trust funds, to the tune of millions and millions of dollars by the largest firm of financiers in this country—the late lamented J. P. Morgan, who handled and manipulated that affair. Those affairs, which are absolutely—if the truth is told—absolutely as criminal a species of theft as was ever practiced on a community, yet he said that he relied, and his great object in life, was to have his son continue to preach the doctrine of salvation and the washing away of sins through the blood of the Blessed Redeemer, and he reached down in his hip pocket and pulled out a harp and lit out for the gate of paradise, where I think St. Peter met him with a baseball bat; I do not know; he ought to."

Now wouldn't this jar the religious hookworms of the whole community? It's enough to make superstitious folks lose faith in Pierpont's boy, who, says Senator Lane, is supposed to keep up the work of the late Morgan, Sr., of preaching the glorious doctrine of washing away all sorts of graft and "wolfing," "through the blood of the Blessed Redeemer."

And then there is Pierpont's daughter, Miss Anne Morgan, who is also working overtime spreading Pierpont's brand of religion. Miss Morgan's special mission in life is filling the hungry souls of poor working girls with hallelujah soup.

There's where the great glory of capitalist class religion looms up—it doesn't make any difference how empty a toiler's stom-

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I have no time for kids or curiosity seekers who want something for nothing. I don't want "pin money" or "spare time" agents. My agents earn such big money that it pays them to work ALL the time and make a regular business of representing me year after year. It has taken me sixteen years to build my business to its present great size, and I challenge the world in the matter of up-to-the-minute goods. My line is a live one, and the goods I make are useful, attractive and quick sellers.



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**HAVE YOU A GOOD WATCH?** Here is the one you want. Examined FREE. Sent C. O. D. No money in advance. Famous ELGIN? Jewel? Lever? movement, accurately timed, tested and regulated, stem wind and set, perfect time. Only \$10.00. **GULLERAN COMPANY, 207 So. Dearborn St. Chicago**



**I Employ Thousands** All my agents started out just as I am going to start you. Those who were fair with me and worked hard, increased their profits, some got to be managers, and a few of them own automobiles, and many have buggies to travel around in. Some of my agents have offices where they superintend the work of those they employ in their territory. You have the same chance.

## No Soft Snaps—No Easy Work

You have read and perhaps answered advertisements of houses who claim and promise everything. They make you think that working for them is a snap and that, without any effort, you can have money thrown at you. This is all brag and bluster. I want earnest men and women who will work steady and appreciate a permanent position all year 'round and a chance to prosper with me.

## I Love My Business

I have sold goods myself—I started at the bottom. I spent part of my time making soaps, perfumes and toilet articles, and part of the time selling the goods. I was enthusiastic and wrapped up in my business. It fascinated me and gave me courage and hope. I began hiring others to help me sell and soon I had to devote all my time to manufacturing goods and hiring agents. The house of E. M. Davis Soap Co. is a live one—it knows what agents should do and it knows how to treat them.

## The Position is Ready for You

I am telling my story in plain, truthful language. I am willing to divide profits with you in order to make your work so profitable that you can't hear about or see any other job that compares with working for the E. M. Davis Soap Company. If the promises I make are false my business would be a failure, but the things I say are true and the promises I make are kept. I have told the truth about what my agents earn. In fact, I have not told you all the truth, for I have many agents making much more than the average I speak of in this advertisement. But I am speaking to the average man and woman about what the average agent makes. You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. You may take a boy to school but you can't make him think. I can offer you the job, but I can't make you take it. I am mighty earnest about this matter. I give you the opportunity, I put the chance in your way, but YOU must grasp it. I cannot force—I can only ASK you, and this I DO most sincerely and earnestly.

## I Am Waiting—Write Me Today

Don't think this offer is too good to be true—don't lay this paper aside. I am not asking you for any money. I take all chances and all the risk in order to get you started. Simply, in a letter or on a postal to me today, say "I am looking for a steady, good paying position as agent. Please send me particulars," and mark the address

Personal for **E. M. DAVIS, Pres.**  
**E. M. Davis Soap Co.**  
11 Davis Block CHICAGO, ILL.

**NOTICE TO READERS**  
On page 19 of this issue you will find an advertisement of Dr. Blosser, 185 Walton Street, Atlanta, Georgia, in which he offers to send to every sufferer a free trial sample of his remedy for catarh. This is certainly a liberal offer, and every sufferer should take advantage of it.—Adv.

**Be a Detective.** Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly. Easy work; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York, Dept. 271.



# Can You Stand the Pace at 60?

Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers Make You High-Strung and Husky as You Were in Days of Old.

50-Cent Box Free To Men and Women

If you're "slowing up" on vitality, feeling old before you should, your nerves need a tonic—take Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers now.



Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers Contain the Real Vitality that Makes You Do Things.

This is the remedy that has astonished scientists by its quick-action, vitalizing powers. It has brought scores of brain-weary, exhausted men and women back to sprightly vigor and the buoyancy of youth. When everything looks blue and you feel just ready to drop; when that "all in" woe-begone feeling makes you tired of the game of life—your nerves have "got you;" you've used up their vital force. You're nerve-sick, not body-sick; nerve-hungry, not dyspeptic, and must build up on a nerve- tonic-food. It's a shame for a man at 60 to feel gloomy, or low-spirited, or be lacking in the staying power that fills you with "Get-up-and-git." Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers revive you so you feel like a new being, and keep you at your best for years to come.

If you're sick, without disease; brain-fagged, without just reason; ambitionless, lifeless and weary all the time, there's nothing that will help you like Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. They are the one and only nerve tonic that works without fail. To convince you of their merit, let the remedy speak for itself. Let me mail you free, a 50-cent trial box; you send 6c to cover shipping expense. Remember, I mean free, when I say it—free absolutely—forever—and for all time. Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, in regular \$1 boxes, are for sale by all leading druggists. Whether you get them from me or buy from your druggist, don't fail to get them right away. F. J. Kellogg, 2651 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

### FREE 50c BOX COUPON

F. J. KELLOGG, 2651 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a 50c trial box of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

Name ..... Street) R.F.D.) ..... City ..... State.....

ach is, so long as his or her soul is abundantly fed.

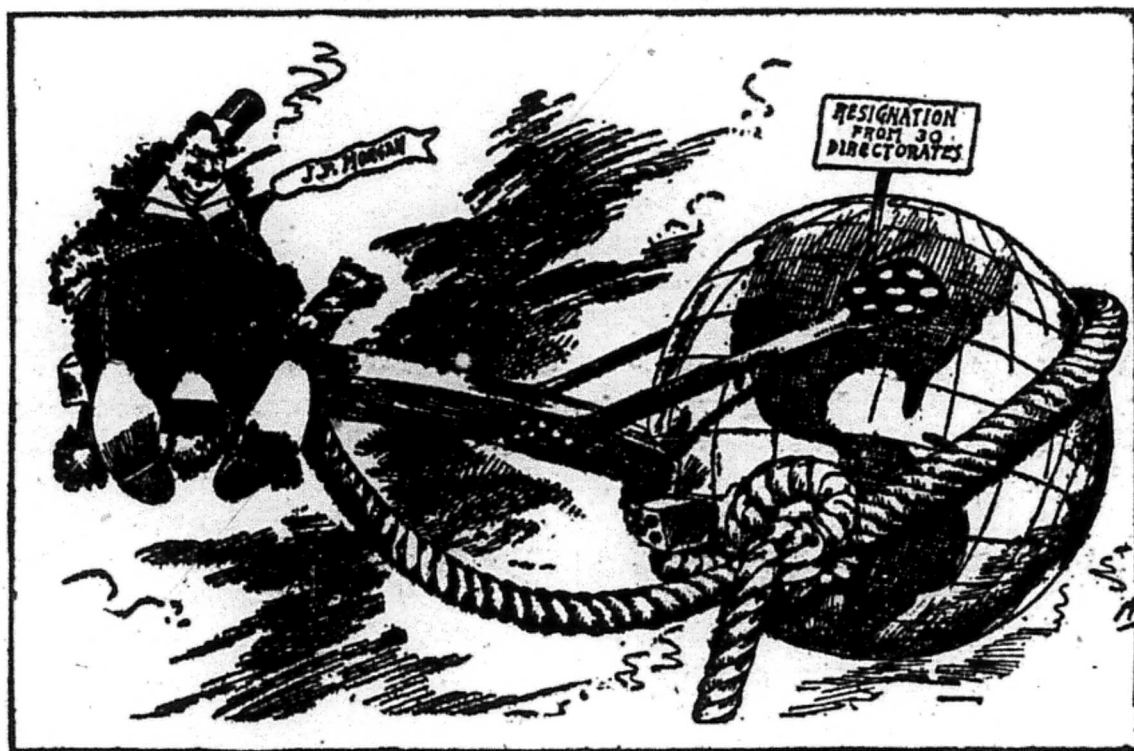
But if Miss Anne Morgan's papa got swatted with a baseball bat in the hands of heaven's saintly gate keeper—if he was knocked over the ramparts and tumbled head over appetite into hell, won't the poor working girls in the big industrial centers begin to have doubts regarding Miss Anne Morgan's panacea for misery on earth? Not long ago Miss Anne Morgan was in St. Louis, and among other instances of her pious work among the poor working girls, appeared the following in an interview reported in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of January 25, 1914:

"Can you teach a girl who earns less than \$6 a week how to save for a vacation?" Miss Morgan was asked.

"I know an example of such. The little girl earned less than \$6 a week, but she was addicted to ice cream sodas. Every afternoon she spent a nickel for an ice cream soda," replied the heiress of the late Pierpont.

And then Miss Anne Morgan went on to tell how this poor, sinful working girl, who was addicted to the wicked and wasteful habit of spending five cents every day for an ice cream soda out of the munificent salary of less than \$6 a week paid to her by one of God's good exploiters of labor, finally broke herself of the ice cream soda vice, and, says Miss Anne Morgan, came to us one day "to tell us in great glee how, in a short time, she had saved 67 CENTS toward a vacation!"

This is indeed beautiful, and fits in exactly with the religion of Miss Anne Morgan's late billionaire papa. But suppose Senator Lane is correct in his theological views—suppose Pierpont got knocked to hell with a baseball bat for practicing religion along these lines—wouldn't that make a poor working girl lose faith in the virtue of earthly poverty, as being a blessing that is bestowed upon her by her aristocratic superiors for the good of her immortal soul?



HE STILL OWNS THE EARTH.

## The Rip-Saw Booklets.

Order by number, price, 10 cents each.

No. 1—Law and the White Slaver—By Kate Richards O'Hare; The cause of White Slavery.

No. 2—Church and the Social Problem—By Kate Richards O'Hare—For minister or layman.

No. 3—Common Sense and the Liquor Question—By Kate Richards O'Hare—This settles the "wet" and "dry" question.

No. 4—Prostitution for Profit—By H. G. Creel—Will work a revolution.

No. 5—Tricks of the Press—By H. G. Creel—Tricks of newspapers exposed.

No. 6—Newspaper Frauds—By H. G. Creel—Completes the story in No. 5.

No. 7—Socialism and Free Love—By Allen W. Ricker—You have been waiting for this.

No. 8—A Wave of Horror—By Henry M. Tichenor—From first to last this is great.

No. 9—Socialism in Action—By Allen W. Ricker—Ricker's great speech.

No. 10—The Evils of Capitalism—By H. M. Tichenor—Tichenor tears the hide off.

No. 11—Militant Socialism—By James Oneal—The Way to Get It.

No. 12—The Political Economy of Jesus—By A. W. Ricker—An Eye opener.

No. 13—War!—By Howard Caldwell—Shows Why Men Fight.

No. 14—Rip-Saw Mother Goose—By H. M. Tichenor—Catchy Jingles.

No. 15—Socialism for the Farmer—By Oscar Ameringer—For Farmers Who Farm.

No. 16—Woman Under Capitalism—By H. M. Tichenor—Every Woman Should Read It.

No. 19—Facts and Frauds—By H. G. Creel—Socialism Made Plain.

No. 20—Sabotage—By James Oneal—Socialism vs. Syndicalism.

No. 21—Socialism in Faith and Practice—By Rev. Thomas E. Greene.

No. 22—Trapping the Translators—By H. G. Creel—Bible and Socialism.

Get the full Set; the Rip-Saw Pamphlets are just what you need to give you a broad, full idea of what Socialists want, what they teach and what they do when elected to office. The set of 20 for \$1.00.

Low quantity prices on the above pamphlets—all of one kind or assorted:

- Three copies, postpaid.....\$ .25
Seven copies, postpaid..... .50
Fifteen copies, postpaid..... 1.00
Fifty copies, postpaid..... 3.00
100 copies, express prepaid.... 5.50
500 copies in one order (you pay the express charges; shipping weight 35 lbs.)..... 20.00

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, 411 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT CATARRH

## TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

## HEALS DAY & NIGHT

It is a new way—absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer or apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or burn and then inhale. No steaming, rubbing or injections. No electricity, vibration or massage. No plasters or bandages. Something new and different—delightful—healthful—astonishingly successful. You do not have to wait and linger or pay out a lot of money. Thousands tell of their cure. Escape from catarrh's clutches is yours!



## Be Free From Catarrh

Catarrh is filthy and loathsome. It makes you ill and dulls your mind. It undermines your health and weakens your will. Hawking, spitting, nose-blowing, catarrhal odors, foul breath are obnoxious to all. Even your loved ones avoid you secretly. Your faculties are impaired, your business success and social standing are injured. Every moment of day and night, your vitality seems to be ebbing. You should—You must—Know about it.

## RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money—just your name and address on a post card. Say, "Tell me how to overcome Catarrh." That's all you need to say. The facts will be sent to you FREE and at once. Don't delay. Every day, every hour catarrh clings to you, all its disagreeable, disgusting features handicap you. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked about this wonderful treatment that has done so much for others and can do so much for you. Address immediately

SAM KATZ, Suite F142, 1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LOTS OF MAIL. If you want to get lots of mail from different firms—Send us your name and address—and we will put your name in our Directory. And we will also send you at once, 12 sample cards, 14 fine pictures, and a large assortment of curious and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, coin or stamps for postage, and you will get lots of mail—and the big lot of presents besides. Williams & Co., McKinley Park, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY. Many rich, congenial and anxious for companions. Interesting. Particulars and photos free. The Messenger, Jacksonville, Fla.

Ladies' sewing at home. Material furnished. No canvassing; steady work. Stamped envelope for particulars. Calumet Supply Co., Dept. M610, Milwaukee, Wis.

LADIES TO SEW at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 35, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

189 EASTER POST CARDS AND NOVELTIES. 10 CENTS BEST CARD CO., 326 Madison, Chicago

SONG POEMS bought for cash. Send 25c for samples of songs and particulars. E. L. Gamble, Publisher, East Liverpool, O.





**A Perfect Figure and Perfect Health**

No more back ache, nervousness and rheumatism, if you wear

**DR. SCOTT'S Spinal Supporting Back Magnetic Corsets**

While they give your figure the newest style lines, the magnetism stimulates the circulation and relieves all nervous troubles. Compass Free to test power. 10 styles. \$1.00 to \$5.00 (not sold in stores).

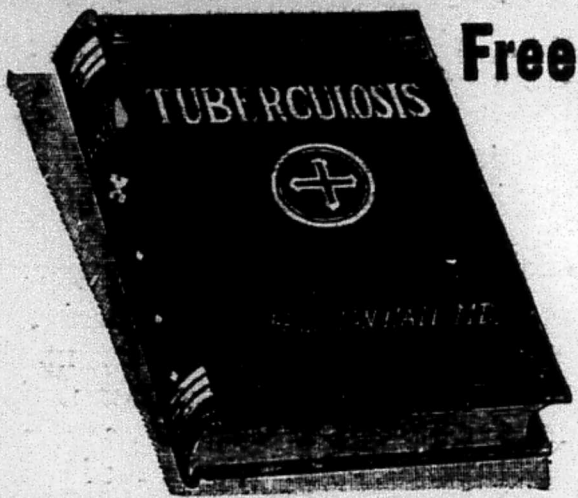
Established 36 years.

**Be Our Agent—Big Profit For You**

Write us at once before you turn this page and we'll send our Catalogue of Specialties with a liberal proposition to you. Our corsets and specialties are easy to sell because they are all that we claim and well advertised. 40% profit to agents on corset sales, 50% on other goods. Write now, mention this paper, and we will send you, free, a sample cake of complexion soap. **Pall Mall Electric Co., 128 W. 34th St., New York**

**Tuberculosis**

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure



Free

**NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS**  
By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Co., 6342 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich.**, they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.



**Big Entertainer 320** Jokes and Riddles, 153 Parlor Games and Magic, 15 Tricks with Cards, 73 Toasts, 7 Comic Recitations, 3 Monologues, 22 Funny Readings. Also Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, 9 Men Morris. All 10c. postpaid. **J. C. DORN, 709 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 14, Chicago, Ill.**

**LADIES**

Send 4 cents in stamps for our **Book on Woman and Her Troubles** should be in every home. WORTH MANY TIMES ITS COST. **VITAL REMEDY CO., Dept. 2, 149 W. 35th St., New York.**

**Chiropractic Doctors Make Big Income.** Be independent; work for yourself; complete correspondence course, including diploma, only \$25. **National College Chiropractic, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**Agents, Don't Work for Others** Sell OUR guaranteed ladies' garments, embroideries, fancy goods and dress goods, for LESS money and make BIGGER profits! Cash or credit. Exclusive territory. Fashion Book and dress goods samples free. Write today. **Schwartz Importing Co., Dept. 38 St. Louis, Mo.**

**Old Coins** WANTED. \$1 to \$600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1864. Send 10c for our Ill. Coin Value Book. **OLD COIN CO., 302 EAST 61st ST., CHICAGO**

WANTED—Several honest, industrious people to distribute religious literature. Salary \$60 a month. **Nichols Co., Dept. 5, Atlanta, Ga.**

**WE PAY \$80 A MONTH SALARY** and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock products. Address **BIGLER COMPANY, 2358 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS**

**SILK REMNANTS** for fancy work, table covers, pillow tops, etc. Sample package 10c, 3 for 25c. **GROSS ON-ARD CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., N. Y.**

**THOUGHTS FOR YOUR THINK TANK.**

By W. S. Morgan.

Socialists are the warriors of peace.

Poverty is a disease bred in the process of accumulating wealth.

The Progressives who left the old Republican party are going back to see how far they got.

The Republican party is reorganizing on the basis that hereafter every grafter shall have an equal opportunity to graft without fear of being flattened out by the "roller."

Every man ought to own his own job, and will under Socialism.

It is the eight dollars a day wages that drives the poor working man from the Socialist party; he's afraid he will "lose his incentive" to work. He don't seem to know the difference between incentive and necessity.

Senator Bristow says he will remain with the old party and try to make it progressive. Did you ever hear of the chicks picking the lice off the old hen?

Of course, if a workingman received eight dollars per day for his toil, his wife would have more to spend for the children, and the whole family, and that would "break up the home"—while she was down town buying the things they needed, and would have the spondulix to pay for.

**HAMILTON ARRANGING TRIP.**

George G. Hamilton, the great Oklahoma Socialist agitator, is going to make an extended trip through the Western States during this coming spring and summer, which will give the locals in these States an opportunity to secure his services for one or more dates. He will begin early in April working north through Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois to Chicago, thence westward through Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Washington, and then south through Oregon and California.

His terms are as follows:  
15c Rip-Saw subscription cards for one date, or \$10.00 flat.  
25c Rip-Saw subscription cards for two dates, or \$17.50 flat.  
35c Rip-Saw subscription cards for three dates, or \$25.00 flat.  
Comrade Hamilton will pay all

traveling expenses and furnish a supply of advertising matter, but will expect the locals to provide entertainment for him.

He has spent the past two years as a Socialist agitator in Oklahoma, and during that time has filled more dates than any other lecturer. He has been one of the favorite speakers at the big Oklahoma Encampments.

Locals interested may make contracts for subscription cards with the Rip-Saw, as we will forward the cards on credit to responsible locals, but routing, etc., will be done by Comrade Hamilton, 120 W. Locust St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Editor of Rip-Saw:

Dear Comrade—I have a copy of your paper dated January, 1914, and I wish to say that it is the best Socialist paper that I have found. I am a double-dipped Red Card Socialist and also a minister of the gospel, and have been for twenty-five years (a minister), but not the kind that Comrade Tichenor fights. I recognize the call of the Great Commoner, the Carpenter of Nazareth, and profess to be a Christian. Now, the word Christian means Christ-like or one that acts like Christ, so I am in this fight for life for the emancipation of our race from under the bondage of sin and oppression in all its forms, and am enlisted under the red flag, the emblem of the blood that was shed to make all men free. Yours for the revolution, **E. H. STINECIPHER, Bernice, Okla.**

Andrew Carnegie says that "our republic bears a charmed life." If it didn't, Andy and his gang, who have skinned it to the tail, would have landed it in the morgue long ago.

A report has just been made showing that if the cigarettes smoked in the United States during the last six months of 1913 could be laid end to end, they would make over seventy-five thousand miles of double track. During the same period we absorbed seventy million gallons of whisky. The revenue on the three items of whisky, cigars and cigarettes alone amounted to \$176,000,000. These are startling figures. The whisky bill of the working class would in six months' time, build up a powerful press and enable us to flood the land with literature and light. Cut out the whisky! There's nothing in it but slavery and damnation.

**No More Wrinkles**

**BEAUTIFUL BUST**

**Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified**

**Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever**

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following:

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

Miss P. S. Swanton, Ohio, says: "I consider your treatment wonderful. I can scarcely believe my eyes when I look in the mirror."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to woman-kind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free, about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

- How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
  - How to develop the bust;
  - How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
  - How to remove superfluous hair;
  - How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
  - How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
  - How to quickly remove double chin;
  - How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
  - How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
  - How to stop forever perspiration odor.
- Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite D 11, 2637 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

**The RIP-SAW**

is now distributing two wonderful works of which you have all heard.

**WAR-WHAT FOR?** - - - **By George R. Kirkpatrick**

AND

**THE HUMAN SLAUGHTER-HOUSE** **By William Lamszus**

These two monumental works should be read and circulated by every intelligent human being.

**WAR—WHAT FOR?** is a magnificently illustrated work of 354 pages, and the price is one dollar, postpaid.

**THE HUMAN SLAUGHTER-HOUSE** is a work of 115 pages; 100,000 copies of it were sold in Germany in three months. Price, postpaid, 56 cents.

Secure these world renowned books for your own use and help in the **WAR AGAINST WAR.**

Order from the

**NATIONAL RIP-SAW, 411 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.**



# Our Fashion Department

All Patterns 10 Cents

This department is prepared especially in New York City for THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW. We can supply our readers with high-grade, perfect-fitting, seam-allowing patterns at 10c each, postage prepaid. Full directions for making, as well as the amount of material required, accompanies each pattern. When ordering, all you have to do is to write your name and address plainly, give the correct number and size of each pattern you want and enclose 10c for each number. We agree to fill all orders promptly and guarantee safe delivery. Special Offer: To any one ordering a pattern we will send the latest issue of our Fashion Book, EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER, for only 2c; send 12 cents for pattern and book. Price of book if ordered without a pattern, 5c. Address all orders for patterns or books to THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW, St. Louis, Missouri.



**6124—Ladies' Skirt**—This design gives us a four gored model, with panel front and back and small plaits at the lower part of each panel. The waist finish may be high or normal as preferred. This style is one which will be pretty in serge, challie, voile, linen or gingham. The pattern, 6124, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price of pattern 10 cents.

**5523—Ladies' House Dress**—Many women prefer the house dress to a kimono and here is an excellent pattern for making such a garment. This dress closes at the left side of the front and is made with short sleeves and a low round neck. The skirt is cut in seven gores. The pattern, 5523, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust

measure. Medium size requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material. Price of pattern 10 cents.

**6437—Ladies' Waist**—Suitable for either a shirt waist or a costume waist this bodice has one of the new very deep yokes, made without any seam whatever. It comes down on the arm and the sleeve is gathered where it is inserted as well as at the wrist. The front closing of the waist is in surplice style, leaving a small opening at the neck. This model is good for all soft fabrics, especially the new brocaded silks. The waist pattern, No. 6437, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price of pattern 10 cents.

**4949—Girl's Dress**—This clever little garment has shoulder plaits

stitched to the belt back and front which give becoming width to the figure. The garment closes at the front and is made with kilted skirt, deep sailor collar and short sleeves. Contrasting goods is used to trim the frock. The pattern, No. 4949, is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern 10 cents.

**4616—Boy's Dress**—Boys' styles are very much the same. This little dress pictured above is for the real small boy who has not yet been put into knickerbockers. All boys like pockets and one is inserted in the left side of the front which is sure to please the little fellow. The pattern, 4616, is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch material. Price of pattern 10 cents.

## ONE HELL OF AN OUTFIT

BY H. M. TICHENOR.

Michigan's Governor has weakly quit trying to adjust the strike of the Calumet copper miners. The Rules Committee of the lower House of Congress, urged to recommend a committee to investigate the situation, has declined to be drawn into it. The local grand jury failed to indict the vigilantes, who shot, beat and banished President Moyer of the Western Miners' Federation, but has indicted Moyer and other labor leaders for alleged conspiracy. The strike drags along, an open sore for which organized society seems to have no cure. The "Copper Hand Book" contains a sworn statement by the president of the Calumet & Heckla Co., showing its dividends during past years as follows: 1897, 160 per cent; 1898, 200; 1899, 400; 1900, 280; 1901, 180; 1902, 100; 1903, 140; 1904, 160; 1905, 200; 1906, 280; 1907, 260; 1908, 80; 1909, 109; 1910, 116; 1911, 96; 1912, 72.

The president draws a salary of \$100,000 a year. The vice-president and general manager's salary is \$85,000. Secretary, treasurer and each director draw salaries of \$20,000 each. The miners who do the work ask for \$3 a day under ground, \$2 a day above ground. If there is no power in government to enforce a more just distribution of labor's fruits, then nothing is more certain than that labor will in the near future use its political power to make revolutionary changes in government. —Editorial in St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Jan. 29, 1914.

When a government becomes so rotten, when it smells so foul, that a capitalist paper writes such revolutionary comments as above quoted, then there is truly every reason to believe that the common people are beginning to wake up at last.

The fulsome flattery that the majority of the big capitalist papers—both Democratic and Republican—are pouring over the administration at Washington loses its hypnotic effect when lined up with the raw truth, as told in this Post-Dispatch editorial.

If President Wilson and his bourbon bunch of bullconners do not go down in history as the choicest specimens of hypocritical hippodromers that ever put up a

bunco game for the benefit of the Plunderbund, it will be because the common people haven't sense enough to appreciate a farce when the thing is being pulled off right under their noses.

What more disgusting sight of assumed patriotic piety than to watch the Princeton Professor and his chambermaid, Bryan, slobbering over the brutality and bloodshed down in Mexico, and turning down with hearts as cold as pirates the brutality and bloodshed in Calumet and Colorado.

Where in the name of all that is truthful does Huerta and his gang of butchers loom up more bloodier and beastlier than the copper barons of Calumet and the millionaire mine owners of Colorado?

Talk about protecting the lives and property of American citizens down in Mexico—how about the lives and humble homes of the miners? A cowardly horde of militia murderers charged upon men, women and children of the working class in Trinidad—old Mother Jones, one lock of whose white hair is more precious than the entire hides of all the plunderers that are so worried about their stolen property in Mexico, is ran down by gunmen and a Catholic "religious" institution is turned into a dungeon to confine the old soul—miners are killed for the fun of the shooting in Calumet and Colorado—a hall full of little children of the working class, gathered together for a Christmas festival, is turned into a death-dealing panic—Charles Moyer is slugged and shot by capitalist fiends, and then indicted by a capitalist jury—all this and more in the name of the god Mammon is polluting American soil, and Congress refuses to even notice the outrages and murders, and the President and his cabinet are as dumb as fossils!

The Princeton Professor talks about lifting the embargo so that the Mexican rebels can take a shot at Huerta's butchers—why doesn't he suggest furnishing the Calumet and Colorado miners with guns and tell them to go to it?

Why? Because the government at Washington is one hell of an outfit, that's why.



**THE GREAT MYSTERY, ETC**

Turn to chapted XIII, verse 18, of the book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and you will read as follows:

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number (name) of a man; and his number is Six hundred three score and six (666)."

The mystery is, What shall the name of this beast-man be? The secret of the beloved disciple, long wrapped in impenetrable darkness, has been discovered at last by applying the Greek method of numeration.

The Greeks, like the Hebrews, used letters for numbers; and the Roman alphabet is derived from the Greek, and ours from the Roman. The letters would be represented by numbers as follows:

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
i	k	l	m	n	o	p	q
9	10	20	30	40	50	60	70
r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y
80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150
160							
z							

One Bryan, a bald-headed, gab-gifted faker!

\* \* \* \*

Don't you believe that this gives the explanation? The proof is before your eyes. You can demonstrate it for yourself. If you take the figures representing each letter in the sentence: "One Bryan, a bald-headed, gab-gifted faker," and add them all together, you will get the number 666, which the apostle says is the number of the beast-man. For example, begin with the word "One;" o is 50, n is 40, e is 5; added together, they make 95. Taking every word in the sentence in the same way, you get the secret meaning of the mystical number 666! Can anything be plainer?

DR. GAIVS CUTUS.  
Washington, D. C.

The Jubilee edition is but a fore-taste of the coming issues of the Rip-Saw. No publication in America is prepared as the Rip-Saw is to SMASH the Plunderbund. GET BUSY AT YOUR END—DO YOUR PART—SEND IN THE SUBSCRIPTIONS! MAKE THE FIGHT FIERCE FROM NOW ON TO THE DAY OF THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF CAPITALISM!

# Woman, Shut Your Mouth

And if you want to know anything ask the men-folks, so said St. Paul. But the advice of this old-bachelor Saint has no more effect on Kate Richards O'Hare than a tin whistle on a Kansas cyclone. Years ago Kate looked over the map and discovered the majority of wondrous-wise men voters acted like

## A Bunch of Muddle-Headed Mutts

so far as protecting their wives and children was concerned.

And she therefore concluded it was high time for a woman endowed with a head full of common sense and the priceless gift of oratory to tell them a thing or two. And who, better than Woman, Wife and Mother, knows the bitterness of wage slavery, the nameless agony of seeing woman's own flesh and blood in its blooming childhood denied the full means of LIFE and OPPORTUNITY in this world of plenty? Who, better than woman, knows the great LOVE and LONGING of the race, and who, therefore, is so qualified to

## IS THERE A GOD?

By OTTO M. THOMASON

Apropos, "NO GOD" by N. K. Richardson

Is there a God—who rules o'er all the land,  
Who moulds the very destiny of man,  
Who sets the state of every creature's birth,  
And with his loving care guards o'er the earth?

Is there a God—who notes the sparrow's fall,  
And will not listen to the orphan's call;  
Who paints the glory of the lily's breast  
And will not give to little children rest?

Is there a God—God of the low and meek,  
Who puts the ermine in the rose's cheek,  
Who rules the earth from high and holy skies  
And takes the sparkle from my baby's eyes?

Is there a God—who rides above the storm,  
And gives to us the glories of the morn;  
While the radiance of my darling's cheek  
Is woven in the garments of the sleek?

Is there a God—who tunes the harps of gold,  
Who stoned and slew the Amelekites of old,  
Who sees from lofty palace in the skies,  
The child-laugh of our children turned to sighs?

Is there a God—poised bolts of wrath in hand,  
Who fails to strike and slay the heartless man,  
That heavy burdens bind upon the weak  
And thrust the widow out into the street?

Is there a God—friend, father of the poor,  
That will not keep the gaunt wolf from the door,  
Who will not even lift his powerful hand  
To stay his inhumanity to man?

If there's a God—O, Christian on death's bed,  
Why do the righteous have to beg for bread,  
Why does the toiler have to live in need,  
While idlers fill and gratify their greed?

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## THE PIRATES OF THE PLUNDERBUND

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# THE RIP-SAW

411 Olive Street

ST. LOUIS, MO.



# UNCLE 'LISHA.

BY W. S. MORGAN.

I was standing on the street corner waiting for my car and amusing myself by watching the various kinds of people going their separate ways. Some had bundles and some had babies; some looked like gentlemen and some looked like ladies, but the children, bless their sweet hearts, there were no sinister looks from their bright eyes, no conception of the ceaseless life struggle that was going on around them, although victims. They are taught that "whatever is, is right," and it was only when the burden became excessively heavy that they saw through the opening made, the wild, fierce struggle for human existence.

"Hammahbran; whah am yo' gwine wid dat lickety split walk youse got on yo'?"

I looked up and saw a fairly well dressed negro sitting on a store box that had been put out for some wagon to pick up, or to sell to some farmer who is most always in need of things like that. Another negro in a workman's garb approached him.

"Didn't yo' heah what I say when I done axed yo' whah you'se a gwine?" asked the colored man sitting on the box.

"An' does yo' heah me when I ax you' is it any biz'ness of yo's?" replied the man in the working garb.

"Looky heah, Hammahbran Sloan, does yo' 'sume to talk back to me dat way, an' me de exhauster in de chu'ch whah yo' wife 'tends punctillously ebery Sunday ob her life?"

"Well, Uncle 'Lisha, what good do it do her? Do it stop her f'om throwin' rollin' pins at me, an' a killin' me wid her jaw-bone like Samson did de 'Listines? Ain't she de vicieusest wooman widin fo' blocks of whah we libs? Answer me dem 'rogotories, Brudder 'Lisha, an' I'll tell you' whah I'se a gwine."

"I knows yo' wife aint always a walkin wid de Lawd, an' she don't love yo' like de laws ob de Medes an' de Persians say she ought, but mebbe she do de best dat's in her, an' de chu'ch is prayin' fo' her. Now, tell me whah youse a gwine?"

"No, Brudder 'Lisha, I unerstan' she don't walk wid de Lawd; she walks wid dat spruced up niggah dude dey call Dan, what aint fit fo' settin' room in a cow pastah."

"But whah is yo' gwine, Hammahbran?"

"I'se gwine down to de rock quarry to tell de boys I'se done got 'ligion."

"Ligion! Ligion!" cried Brudder 'Lisha as he slid from the box and stood up before his companion. "Yo' doan tell me yo's got ligion and 'specs me to believe it."

"I'se shore got it Brudder 'Lisha, an its de kind what's got wheels on."

"But what about 'pentence, an' faith, an' baptism, an' all dem perquisites to de Christian? Why, Hammahbran' Sloan, yo' aint got no mo' 'ligion dan a goat."

"Yes, but I has; I'se got all dem things what yo' named ovah."

"Hab yo' had 'Pentence?"

"Yes, sah, I done had dat."

"What yo' 'pent ob?"

"I'se done 'pented ob votin' de old party tickets."

"What party is youse gwine to vote fo'?"

"Fo' de Socialist party."

"Hammahbran' Sloan, yo' 'stonish me; may de Lawd have mercy on yo'."

"Let us pray."

"Taint time to pray, yet; I'se a gwine to wait fo' de lection, den I'se gwine to pray wid my vote to do de things what Jesus tol' us to do when he was on earth."

"But, chile, listen to me while I 'lucidate a little. Yo' aint got

no 'ligion; you' has to have faith."

"I'se done got it, Uncle 'Lisha; I'se got faith dat dem old two parties, de Demercrats an' de 'Publicans, won't do nuffin', fo' dey's done been 'er promisin evah since dey was bo'n, an' dey's bin gittin worser all de time. I'se got faith dat de Socialists will do de good things what Jesus tell em to do when He say, "Thy will be done in Earth as it am in Heben." I'se got de faith dat make me do de work; dat puts de runnin' geahs ob my 'ligion in motion, an' do de things dat I kin do widout 'sultin' de Lawd by axin' him to do dem fo' me. I'se got de stan' up an' walk an' git dere 'ligin; I aint got de kin' o' 'ligion youse got; de 'ligion dat makes me set down on sto' boxes an' argyfy wid ebery body what am a passin' by in a hurry to do sumphin' fo' de Lawd, an' de Lawd's people."

"But youse a gwine to jine de chu'ch, aint yo'?"

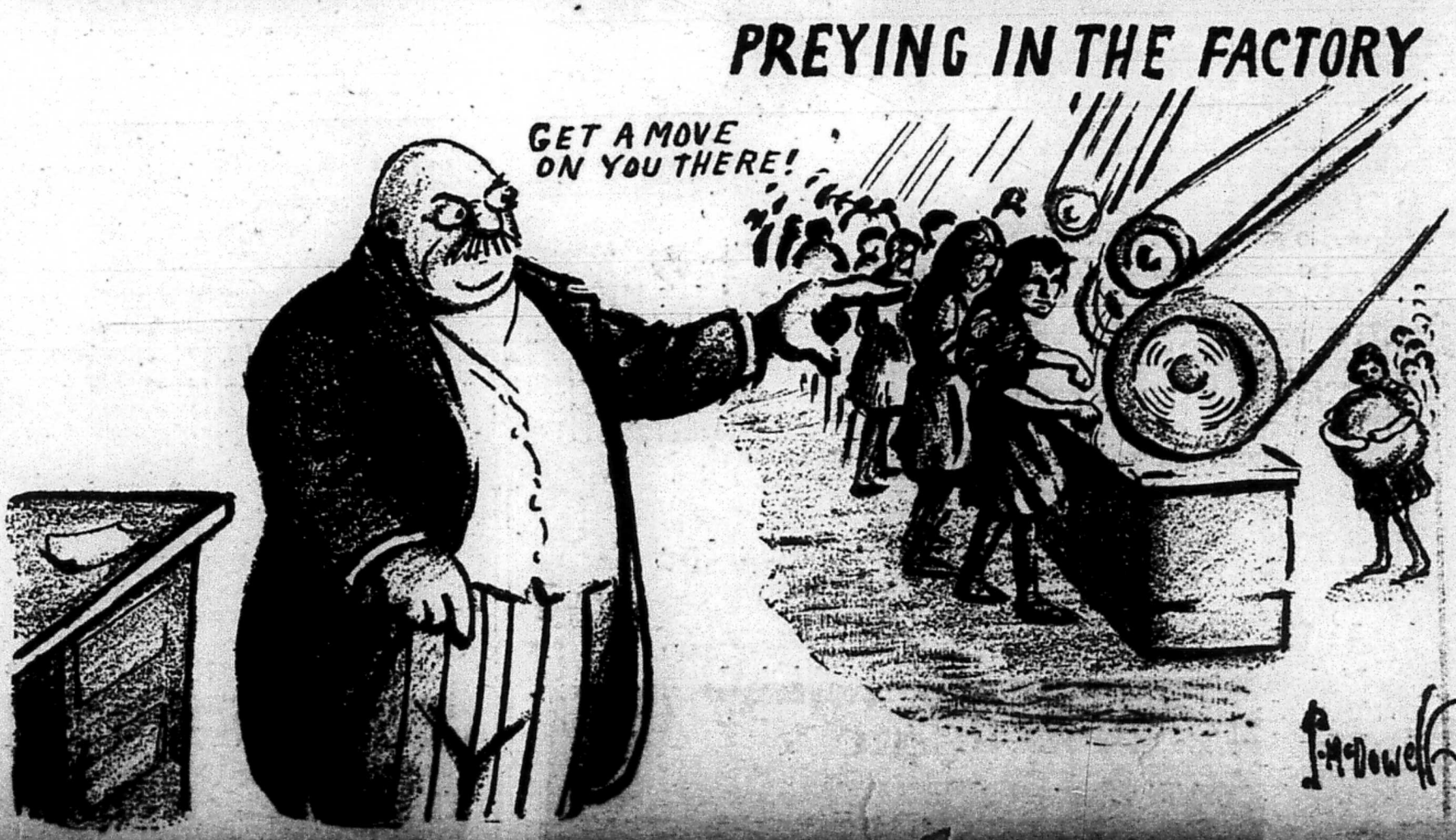
"No, Uncle 'Lisha; de chu'ch am too busy a havin' oystah suppahs, faihs, bazahs, an' sewin' sieties, whah dey talk about deyer neighbo's and axin' de 'ris-

tercrats fo' money fo' de pa'sons an' de benitened heathens, an' a gaspin' fo' spiritual strength to make 'em do what dey ought to do, and axin' o' de Lawd to do de things dey ought to do dem-selves. I kaint nohow 'long to dat lazy crowd what dresses in fine linens and eat fat tu'key, while dey is a tryin' to pore whole barl's full ur spiritual food intu de hearts ob de po' sinnahs, and den tu'n 'em ober to de Lawd fo' to be fed an' clothed. No, Uncle 'Lisha, I'se not 'er gwine to jine de chu'ch now; not till she gits de movin' spirit on her; de spirit dat makes her move in de right direction, de spirit ob universal love and bruderhood. De chu'ch must 'limate de hog spirit out ob herself and git de spirit ob do somethin', not only fo' yo'self, but fo' de pore folks what de world has made."

"But what is yo' gwine ter say to dem rock men down to de quarry?" asked Uncle 'Lisha.

Just here my car came up, but as I stepped up to the platform I heard Hammahbran's reply:

"I'se er gwine ter 'splain to dem how de troof will make 'em free."





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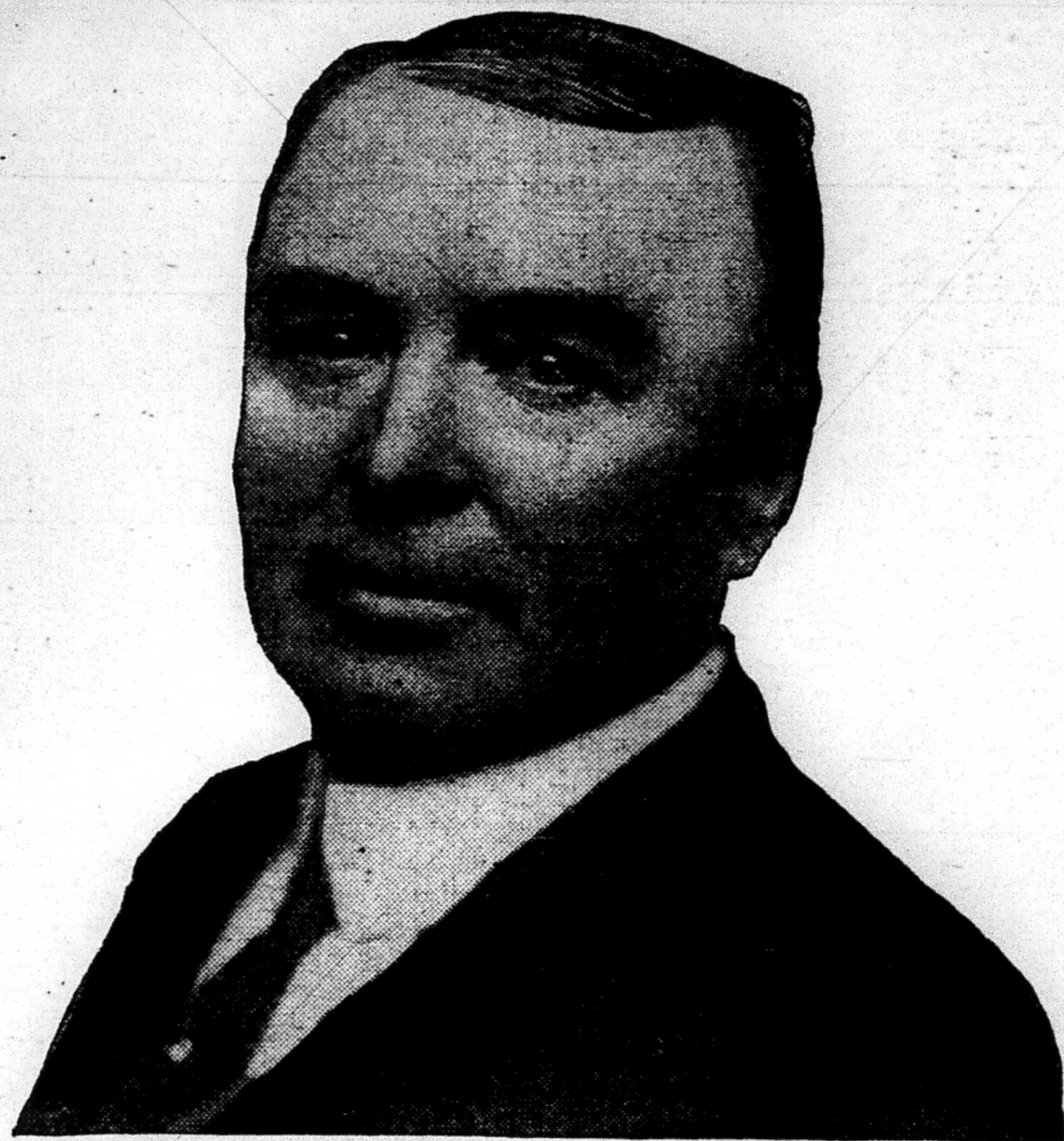
A few minutes of your time for a few days and I will demonstrate to you, without expense to yourself, that I have a medicine that drives Uric Acid poison from the system and by so doing conquers kidney trouble, bladder trouble and rheumatism. I don't ask you to take my word for it, but simply want you to let me send you some of this medicine so that you can use it personally.

I am trying to convince sufferers from these diseases that I have something far better than the usual run of remedies, treatments and such things, and the only way I can demonstrate that fact is to go to the expense of compounding the medicine and sending it out free of charge. This I am glad to do for any sufferer who will take the time to write me. Understand, I will not send you a valueless "sample, proof or test treatment," nor will I send you a package of medicine and say that you can use some of it and pay for the rest, but I will send you a supply free of charge and you will not be asked to pay for this gift nor will you be under any obligations.

All I want to know is that you have a disease for which my medicine is intended, as it is not a "cure-all," and I give herewith some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles. If you notice one or more of these symptoms you need this medicine, and I will be glad to send you some of it if you will write me the numbers of the symptoms you have, give your age and your name and address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 5155 Deagan Building, Chicago, Ill. You

promise me nothing; you pay me nothing for it. All I ask, so there shall be no mistake, is that you send me the numbers of your symptoms or a description in your own words, and that you take the medicine according to the directions I send you. It is my way of getting publicity for my medicine so that it will become widely known.

You will agree when you have used it that it dissolves and drives out uric acid poison. It tones the kidneys so that they work in harmony with the bladder. It strengthens the bladder so that frequent desire to urinate and other urinary disorders are banished. It stops rheumatic aches and pains. It dissolves uric acid crystals so that back and muscles no longer ache and crooked joints yield to its healing action. It reconstructs the blood and nerves so that you soon feel healthier and stronger, sleep better and eat better and have energy throughout the day.



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All who are interested enough to write me for the free medicine will also receive a copy of my large illustrated medical book which describes these diseases thoroughly. It is the largest book of the kind ever written for free distribution, and a new edition is just being printed. I will also write you a letter of instructions and medical advice that should be of great help to you; but in order to do this I must know that you need my medicine. Write me the numbers of the symptoms that trouble you, and your age, and I will promptly carry out my promises. Show an inclination to get well and write me, and I will gladly send you a supply free.

## These Are the Symptoms:

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—General run-down condition.
- 6—Stomach trouble.
- 7—Liver trouble, biliousness and yellowish complexion.
- 8—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
- 9—Sciatic rheumatism.
- 10—Constipation.
- 11—Lumbago: pain in back and loins.
- 12—Digestive disturbances—indigestion.
- 13—Rheumatic neuralgia.
- 14—Chronic rheumatism.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
- 17—Tingling and numbness of nerves.
- 18—Acute rheumatism.

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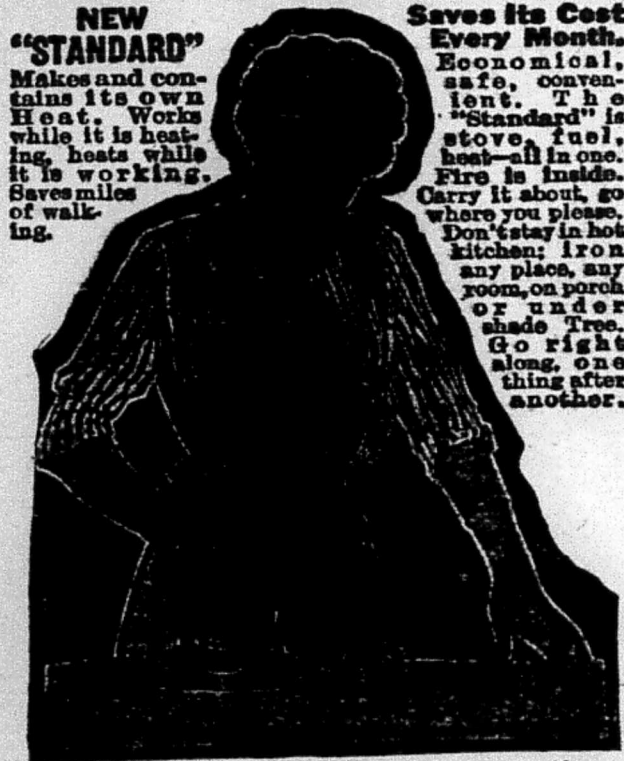
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# THE LIFE OF JUSTIN CARLIN

By JAMES ONEAL

There are those who assert that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. I have no desire to quarrel with the lusty adage, but it seems to me, in justice to the life and times of Justin Carlin, that something of the life of that undistinguished man should be given to the world.

I know that there is nothing extraordinary in his career or you would have heard of him in the current reviews, or, perhaps, in the memoirs of some illustrious man. But it is because he fell and realized the fate of many that I choose to be his biographer and preserve his memory.

There was nothing about him to cause him to become known to the world; nothing in Justin's life to induce others more competent than myself to write his biography. It is easy enough to write of an eminent orator, a statesman, or a soldier. They are not only interesting but sometimes exceptional men. But Carlin was not exceptional and was only interesting to me.

His relation to me and mine to him was peculiar. He was my friend and I was his, but neither of us knew the other. He was not good to himself, to me, or to any human being and I fear that nobody was good to him. Yet I owe him a debt of gratitude and I am trying to pay it in this outline of his character, life, and work. I owed him a debt that I could not pay; he unconsciously rebelled because I could not express our fraternity. I was unaware of the bond between us until it was severed by his death. He never knew what I owed him, but in a blind sort of way he knew some one was cheating him and he made a terrible reprisal to redeem the debt.

Stranger still, in this strange life, the only one who ever loved him, his mother, paid the awful price he exacted before passing from the haunts of men. Yet this man Carlin, my friend though we never met, indebted to me and I to him, hating all and hated by all, isn't interesting to those who write books. He would not have interested me, either, had he not uttered those five words that will remain with me until I join him in the silent republic of the dead. Those words, "Jesus, have mercy on me"—but I am anticipating his end instead of telling of his life.

My friend Carlin was a criminal and by way of teaching him that taking human life is a crime, socie-

ty took his. He learned his lesson well. He came into the world in 1887, consequently the span of his life included twenty-two years when the state taught him the only lesson he ever learned.

Justin was the youngest of five, born in a tenement in New York. His earliest recollection was drinking a beverage of parched corn and water, a substitute for coffee which, at that time, was classed as a luxury at the Carlin home. This, together with the narrow street, littered with decaying refuse and smelling of foul odors; the rickety five flights of stairs to the home; fire escapes decorated with bed clothes, and the intense heat radiated from the tenements, was the daily scene that unfolded to his wondering eyes. And there were hundreds, yes, thousands of boys and girls living as Justin lived and whose eyes gazed on similar scenes. No other world he knew, though strange rumors were current of another and different world than the slum in which he lived. These stories told of magnificent streets, paved and clean; with palaces and trees and flowers and parks and automobiles and carriages where people lived in fairy splendor. He did not know whether to credit these rumors or not, till one day they were confirmed. He caught a glimpse of this other world when an automobile passed through the wretched street in which he lived. Justin watched it until it disappeared, and he felt a bitterness and disappointment he had never known before. When he became older he visited this other world and cried when he came back to his own. Life appeared to him as a great mystery, and his anxious enquiries only provoked wondering stares from his parents. They even laughed at his foolish questions, and he became more bitter.

"Mother," he asked on one occasion, "why do them people live over by the trees an' flowers, an' we live here?"

"They're rich," replied the mother, looking into the curious eyes of the boy. Then both parents laughed loud and long as the look of perplexity deepened on the boy's face, now flushed with anger. Rebellion flamed in his heart. Why should this remain a mystery to him? He could not understand it. Choking his resentment, he resumed:

"But why 're they rich an' we poor? Ain't we 's good as them? Wher 'd they get all they got?"

"Worked for it, boy, worked for it," interrupted the father, intent on increasing his perplexity.

"You've never done nothin' else, so why can't we move over there,

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**WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES**



too?" he asked, with evident impatience.

"Cause we'd be lonesome, kid," was the tantalizing reply, accompanied with further roars of laughter from the father and mother.

Hot tears welled up in his eyes and rage seethed in his blood. A boyish curse rolled from his thin lips as he rushed through the door tattered in his quest of this great enigma. They knew and would not tell him; of this he felt sure. Why, he did not know. But grown people lived long enough to know about these things. For a long time he cherished resentment against those who brought him into the world and kept him in the miserable quarters they inhabited. It continued to linger with him as a memory, and even as he sat eating his frugal meals his hatred of the world, of the East Side, of his parents, glittered in his eyes and smoldered in his little body.

Another period came in his life when he became hardened, and indifferent to that other world over by the big park. He could not go to school and, worse still, he never missed it. That was the crime—he never missed it. The elder Carlins could not afford it, he did not want it, and nobody else cared. So Justin grew up in ignorance, and no more questions regarding life and that other world vexed or amused his parents. The world was as it was, and he shared in it like a weed vegetating in a garden. The Bowery adjoined the little world that he knew, and its haunts attracted him as he grew to manhood. This cellar of the underworld afforded shelter for the wrecks who drifted there from unknown quarters. This was his school, and one just as surely maintained by society as the one provided by law. He proved an apt pupil and learned his lessons without any effort.

Character, habits, and physical peculiarities at the age of twenty showed that his school had not neglected to fashion him in accord with its hoary standard. When he ventured over on Broadway, which was seldom, those who saw him

knew at a glance what schoolmaster had been his teacher and what had entered into his education.

In spite of the sub-cellar haunts he frequented, and where a flower would wither for lack of sunlight and air, Justin won some muscular tissue and strength. It was the rugged, ferocious strength of the animal rather than the well-controlled agility of the athlete. His clenched fist had reduced the face of many an antagonist to bloody pulp, and many stories were told in Bowery haunts of his savage ferocity. A tangled mass of hair fell half way down the forehead as though to screen the thoughts within. At the back it disappeared beneath the collar, hiding the neck so that its junction with the skull was invisible. His surly frown was never absent, and he walked with an awkward lurch from side to side as though to challenge every pedestrian.

His schooling was finished. He had already entered on the career that every man's education, whatever it be, marks out for him. Having violated a number of laws that wise men had placed upon the statute books for the preservation of peace and property, there was one law he never violated, one law he always obeyed, that you obey, that we all obey. That law was to fit into the environment in which his life was cast and to act in response to the influences it exerts on human beings in the struggle to live. Had Justin gone to a different school—to the one over by the big park that aroused his curiosity years before—it is possible he might not have been a frequent violator of the written laws. He might have obeyed them as faithfully as those that are not written, those that coerce more powerfully than the gallows warn.

I might fill in many details in this biography, but they would not be interesting, as Justin's life was commonplace. We are all practical, and we are all personal architects of our own fortunes—according to the wise men. Justin carved out his in accord with this wise saying.

The written laws provided for

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Below are quoted unsolicited letters from the doctor's mail. Similar letters are received constantly. Here is one from Mrs. C. M. Boughman, Edinburg, Ill.: "Dear Dr. Whitehall: Received your medicine. It was for my mother. She did not have the use of her hands for a month. The third morning after using your medicine she dressed herself."

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writes: "Will say your medicine has helped me more than the four doctors I had this summer."

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If you are subject to rheumatic pains of any nature write for a free box of Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic Remedy today. It will be sent postage prepaid to you. Do not send one penny. Let us prove to you, as we have to thousands of others, what this remedy will do for you. Dr. Whitehall is particularly anxious to have druggists know more about his preparation, and, therefore, asks all who write him for the free medicine to mention their druggists' names. In writing address Branch 356, Whitehall Laboratory, Dr. Whitehall, Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind.

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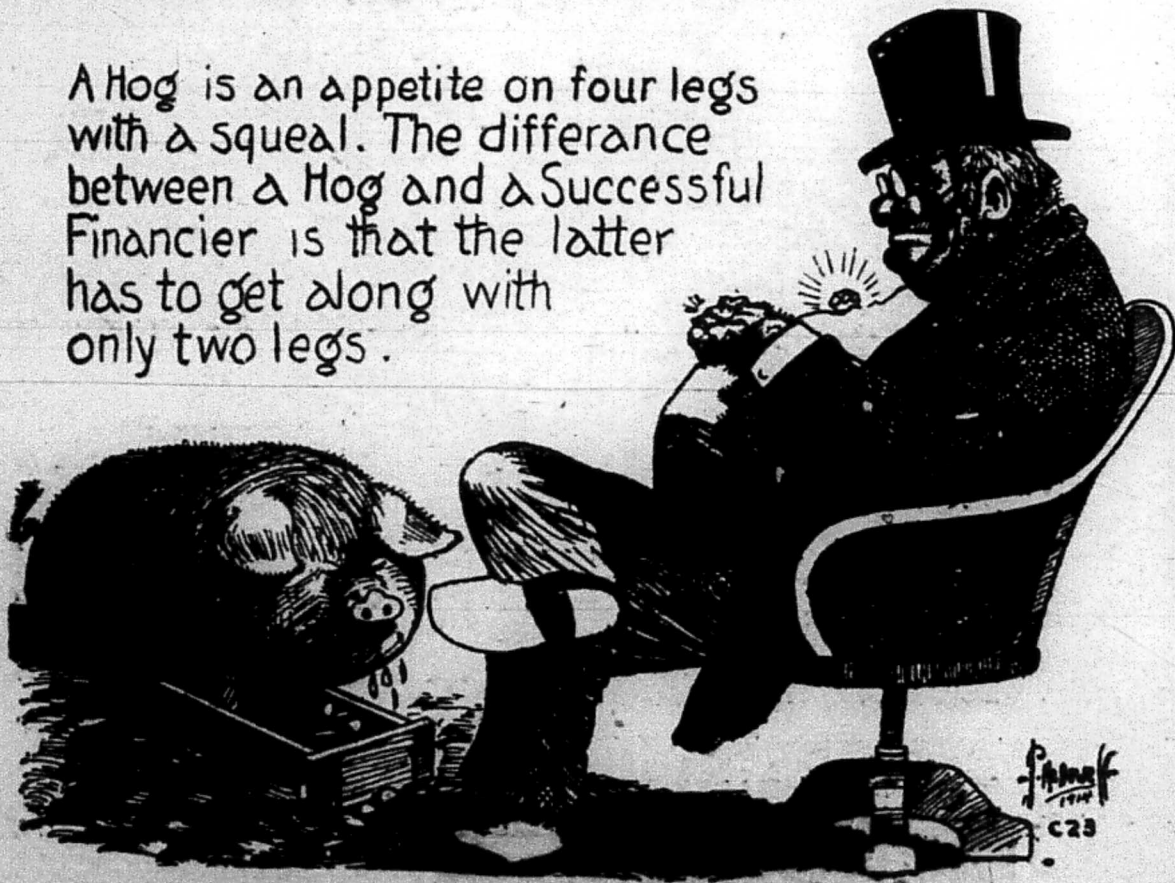
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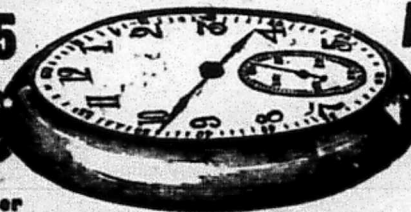
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the protection of wealth, so when John Redmon opened his clothing store one morning you may imagine his indignation when he discovered that his safe had been broken during the night and several hundred dollars were missing. Redmon was a practical business man; lived in a brown-stone residence over by the park, and in accord with the influences and environment which shaped him and made him the perfect gentleman that he was, he marveled at the depravity of those who could not respect their neighbor's wealth.

Two days later Justin was arrested on suspicion, this consisting of the fact that he was spending money. He therefore owed an explanation to the officers as to why he should have this passport to good society. He did n't know just why he should offend others by having a few dollars, but he did know that prosperity for him was to ever be suspicious in the eyes of the law, while that gratifying state was a badge of power and honor for the clothing merchant. At any rate, he could not give a satisfactory explanation of his present affluence, and he was held for trial.

The evidence brought out in the trial showed that Justin had been seen in the vicinity of the store on the night of the robbery, while he could give no satisfactory explanation of his presence there. Worst of all, his mother reluctantly testified that he had come home at a late hour that night; that he displayed a roll of bills the next day, and that she did not know whether he was employed or not. While fier testimony was being wrung from her, Justin created a scene. He leaped across the space between him and his mother and, with a roar of rage, attempted to strike her, but the massive fist was crushed with a policeman's mace. Cowering with pain, he listened to the testimony of Redmon, but the only part of it that interested him was the statement of his residence over by the park. The upshot of it all was that Justin went to the Island for one year, and he entered on another period of schooling.

No other event occurred in this life worthy of mention except the one wherein Justin collected the debt due him and in which he made me aware of the one I did not pay. On the day of Justin's release he mingled with his old associates, and as night drew on his brain became fired with the liquor he consumed. The fires of a consuming hate, the culmination of a year's restraint and brooding, raged within him. All the thwarted hopes of boyhood; the days and weeks and years of aimless, uninteresting, empty existence, weighed on his brain. The trial and conviction secured on the testimony of his mother and the bleak future before him nerved him to the drunken, atrocious deed.

That night mother Carlin was

startled as a wild, disheveled creature burst into her room.

"Say your prayers, damn you, for I'm goin' to kill you," the crazed man shouted as he pulled a revolver from his pocket.

"Justin! My God! What do you mean?" The terrorized woman looked into the blood-shot eyes of the one she had descended into the shadows of death to bring into the world. She fell on her knees and with upraised hands attempted to speak, but was interrupted by the enraged man.

"Yu sent me to hell an' now 's yer turn," he cried. "Yu peached on me, yer own son, an' I'd a done the job in court if I'd a got to yu. Yu caged me fer a year an' now yu 've got to pay fer it."

The panic-stricken woman reached forward in supplication, but the shots mingled with his curses and her groans as she slowly sank to the floor, and her blood colored the rags that served as a carpet.

At the trial the evidence was convincing. Justin sat in the court dull and listless. The prosecution dwelt on the details of the crime; characterized the murderer as a beast; eloquently denounced the vileness of the human heart; demanded the death penalty as a check to the rising tide of criminality, and the good jurors, holding the laws sacred, required but a few minutes to agree that Justin Carlin, murderer of his mother, should die in the electric chair.

Just one year later Justin was half carried by keepers into the cemented death chamber at a few minutes before sunrise. His eyes turned upward as he repeated in a strange voice the words of the priest who walked beside him into the chamber. He was again the little boy playing in the street. The automobile came into view and moved swiftly through the wretched quarters. He followed it to the shady boulevard over by the big park, and he fancied that it stopped at John Redmon's residence. He returned to the garret home and again plied his questions with all the eagerness and wonder of childhood. And it all appeared as great a mystery to him now as it did then, and he wondered at the inscrutable influences that had cast him into the life that had been his.

It seemed that he had sat there an age when he felt a touch at his head. The assistants were adjusting the electrodes. He quivered with terror, but his eyes again turned upward as the priest whispered to him. Forgetting the past he repeated over and over again: "Jesus, have mercy on me."

A few minutes later Justin Carlin no more puzzled his brain over the mystery of life. He had collected one debt in the only way he knew how. So had society. He paid one, too. But what of you who read the story of his life? Do you owe; are you trying to pay; or will you pay, or try to pay, in the future?

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# LUMBER JACK

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

Brother R. A. Long of Kansas City, the great lumber king, is again busy Christianizing the world via the "Men and Millions" movement of the Christian Church. Brother Long has pledged \$1,000,000 to a special missionary fund if other millionaires will dig up \$5,000,000 more. With six million dollars he feels perfectly sure he can carry the gospel of Jesus, according to St. Alexander Campbell, to poor, lost souls. If he can just give this message gold trimming enough he might even induce some of his fellow millionaires to accept the gospel.

Brother Long piously tells us that he has thought the matter over carefully. If he squeezed the millions he now has he might manage to worry along the few years he has to live without grabbing any more, but if he let loose of a whole million he would have to get back into the business game and grind out a few more millions. Like a good Christian he has decided to drop the million in the collection plate and get busy grinding out a few more millions to take its place. Like the good husband that he is, he talked the matter over with his wife. She, too, decided in the proper Christian spirit. Hubby should give the million to further the cause of the propertyless Jesus and then get busy grinding a few more millions out of the body and soul of the propertyless brothers and sisters of Jesus down in the lumber camps of Louisiana. Being a good father, Brother Long also consulted Miss Lulu, his daughter. It is to be regretted that Mr. Long did not tell us how he induced Miss Lulu to get her mind off her string of race horses and jockeys, long enough to discuss Jesus and millions. He does inform us, however, that Miss Lulu is a good guesser and could see the whole frame-up. Dad would give a million to Jesus. Dad would then get busy and squeeze several more millions out of the lumber jacks. Jesus would have the million and Dad and Miss Lulu would have several of them. Glorious! Some one sing the Doxology.

Hold on a minute! We started that doxology too soon. Brother Long not only consulted himself, his wife and his daughter about that million, but he also interviewed God about it, and he says God told him to go ahead. I would not for a moment express a doubt as to Brother Long's veracity, and if he says he consulted God, I suppose he did. I am some interviewer myself, but I have never been able to get an

interview with God. If I could I would walk up right now and ask Him just what he thinks about the whole business. I would ask Him if Brother R. A. asked His opinion about the poor devils down in the Long-Bell lumber camps. I would inquire if Brother R. A. mentioned the filth and squalor, the poverty and wretchedness, the crime and vice, the degradation and horror in which His children were being fleeced of the million Brother R. A. gave to the church. I would like to know just what Jesus thinks about Brother R. A.'s land deals in the South, and his share in politics, and subordination of officials and pollution of civic life, and his conviction by the courts of Missouri for his violation of the anti-trust laws.

I don't like to accuse Brother R. A. of treating the truth lightly, but I KNOW that either he is fibbing about consulting God or he is fibbing when he says God is party to the hellish, monstrous crime of trying to make Long's blood-stained gold a vehicle for the message of the working class Nazarene. I know, and R. A. Long KNOWS, that if he should walk into the presence of the Carpenter of Nazareth and lay not one, but ALL, of his blood-stained, corruption cursed, stolen millions at the feet of Jesus, that Jesus would say in a voice of thunder: "TAKE YOUR GOLD THAT IS STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF MY CHILDREN, YOUR GOLD THAT REEKS TO HEAVEN WITH CORRUPTION, AND GIVE IT NOT TO ME, BUT TO MY CHILDREN. GO GIVE IT TO THE SLAVES OF YOUR LUMBER CAMPS, NOT AS CHARITY, BUT IN JUST WAGES. BUILD NO TEMPLES WITH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR ME: MY TEMPLE IS IN THE HEARTS OF MY CHILDREN THAT YOU CURSE AND SLAY. PAY NO PREACHERS TO MOUTH CANT CREEDS TO ME. THE ONLY PRAYERS THAT REACH MY EARS ARE THOSE OF THANKSGIVING WHEN MY CHILDREN ENJOY MY BOUNTEOUS EARTH."

If Jesus were to speak today I think He would say just what the Socialist says: R. A. LONG, you are the most monumental pharisee on earth. You are trying to hide the festering mass of corruption within your soul by the mantle of charity and piety. You may fool a part of the world, but you can't fool yourself or the 700,000 wage earners in the forests and mills of the lumber industry.

# Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums**  
 "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.  
**WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated**  
 820 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

# FREE You Can Have This Switch FREE

Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful 22-inch human hair switch to match. If satisfactory send us \$1.50 any time within 10 days, or sell 3 to your friends for \$1.50 each and get yours absolutely free. Extra shades a little higher. Souvenir catalog showing latest styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 5c postage. **Marguerite Gelly,** Dept. 527 B 116 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

# GET THE MONEY

AGENTS we have some choice territory that must be filled at once. There is an opportunity to earn \$50 and upward a week for any ambitious or willing worker. We want men quickly to take orders for ZANOL Concentrated Extracts, FOR MAKING WHISKIES, LIQUORS or COGNACS of all kinds AT HOME. The genuine article can be made in a few minutes in any home. Saves over 50%. One of the largest and fastest sellers ever put on the market. Every home a possible user. One taste makes a customer for life. A steady, everyday repeat business. A strictly LEGAL and LEGITIMATE PROPOSITION. No experience necessary - all or spare time. If \$50 a week or more looks good to you - get busy. Just send a postal today. **Universal Import Co. Dep 362 Cincinnati, O.**

# How John Quit Drinking

His Faithful Wife Gave Him Golden Remedy Secretly in His Tea, Coffee and Food.

Costs Nothing to Try.



"This Will Keep John Away From That Awful Drink."

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

**Free Trial Package Coupon**  
 Dr. J. W. Haines Company,  
 6096 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....



# STOPPED HIS DRINKING

## This Wife and Mother Saved Her Husband Over Ten Years Ago

### SHE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU HOW FREE

Write to Her Today. Send No Money. She Has Nothing To Sell

For over 20 years Jas. Anderson of Hillburn, N. Y., was a confirmed drunkard. His case was about as bad as it could be, but a little over ten years ago his devoted wife, after years of trying, finally succeeded in stopping his drinking entirely.



Write to this woman if you have a relative or friend who drinks

Not only did she save Mr. Anderson but she stopped the drinking of her brother and several of her neighbors as well. All this she accomplished with a simple home remedy which any one can get and use. And she now desires to tell every man and woman who has a relative or friend who drinks, just what it is.

It can be given secretly if desired and every reader of this notice who is interested in curing a dear one of drinking should write to Mrs. Anderson at once. Her reply will come by return mail in a sealed envelope. She does this gladly, in hopes that others will be benefited as she was. One thing she asks however, and that is that you do not send money for she has nothing to sell. Her complete address is 30 Hill Ave., Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE This offer should be accepted at once by all who have dear ones who drink. In fact, every one who has to contend in any way with drunkenness should know about it. Therefore, if you do not write Mrs. Anderson yourself CUT THIS NOTICE OUT and mail it to a friend who could use her advice. And even though you do answer it, MAIL IT TO SOMEONE ELSE who you think would like to know what Mrs. Anderson used. In other words, let this notice reach as many as possible for Mrs. Anderson will reply to every letter, no matter how many she receives.

## Goitre Goes Without Knife—Pain

or any ill-effect. You can prove it at our risk. GOITRENE cures permanently, even worst long-standing cases, leaving not the slightest swelling.

Costs Nothing If It Fails

Stop suffering! Stop being embarrassed by that unsightly tumor. Stop it before it endangers heart, throat, lungs! Stop taking dangerous drugs! Goitrene is safe, sure, scientific, and guaranteed. Write today for Free book and most convincing testimonials you've ever seen.

GOITRENE CO., 999 West 63rd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

## GYPSY Fortune Teller

And Dream Book Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth, and Business. Tells fortunes by all methods, cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiacology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days. Interprets dreams. A large book by mail for TEN CENTS. Earn money telling fortunes. PIKE PUB CO., Dept. 9, So. Norwalk, Conn.

# The Present "Fool" Is An Embryonic "God"

By PAUL H. CASTLE

Recently I stepped into a temple of worship just in time to hear the most interesting part of an eloquent sermon extolling the "Divine Virtues" of a man called Jesus.

It seems this man Jesus had merited the appellation of God and was entitled to be worshipped for several reasons. The main reason for these extraordinary prerogatives being exercised by Jesus, as the preacher saw it on this particular Sunday morning, was that "Jesus was true to His convictions," even to the forfeiture of life itself.

Jesus, so the preacher said, had set aside all traditions and social customs, even the prevailing business ethics, and based his philosophy on the common good of man; he had, so the "sacred book" tells us, defied the ringleaders of all the political organizations and made his appeal direct to the people; he had denounced the Pharisaical pretenses of the Chief Priests, scribes and elders of the people; he had the temerity to announce the overthrow of old laws, forms and usages, even the prevailing business methods, and went so far as to prophesy the advent of a new dispensation in the administration of economic justice. Though of noble descent, highly cultured and profoundly wise, he associated with the poor and outcast and was a friend of harlots and drunkards.

"For these things," the preacher said, "he was socially ostracised, persecuted, boycotted and finally crucified." At this point in his sermon the preacher grew exceptionally eloquent and fervently emotional, ending his peroration with these words: "And because Jesus was so true to His convictions and suffered these things for us, he merits our deepest sympathy, our greatest love, our profoundest admiration as a man, and our undivided worship as a God."

As the preacher's voice died away the trained choir and cultured congregation burst forth in a chorus of praise:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let Angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem And crown him Lord of all."

With a fervent prayer that God might help us all to emulate the words and deeds of this man and God called Jesus Christ, the people were dismissed.

As they quietly and reverently passed down the aisles I could see that the sermon had made a profound impression, and from occasional words of praise I could hear

fall from the lips of the worshippers there was a universal endorsement of the words of the preacher.

And then I grew strangely reflective. I recalled that the preacher had made no direct applications to modern religious, social and economic conditions pointing out how the teachings of Jesus would affect our present day activities. And I thought of the men and women of to-day who are doing just what Jesus did in his day—remaining true to their convictions, even in the face of social ostracism, boycott and all manner of persecution. I reflected that these modern revolvers ignored all traditions, social customs and business ethics that hindered the common good; that they defied the leaders of political rings and sought to form a party of the people; that they denounced as hypocritical the modern priests and religious teachers who form intrigues with the spoilers of mankind; that they have the temerity to announce the overthrow of all present laws, usages and industrial organizations that uphold oppression and monopoly and boldly proclaim the early advent of a new reign of economic justice and liberty; that they are the friends of the poor, the down-trodden and the vicious; that they, in fact, are doing just what the preacher said Jesus did when he was on earth and just what the preacher prayed to his God to give us the "divine grace" to do.

Then I reflected once more that this preacher and his congregation loved Jesus for what he did, and for his deeds, worshipped him as a God. But what of those people who to-day are doing what Jesus did 2000 years ago? What is the attitude of this preacher and his congregation toward THEM? Let me tell you. They are taking the place of the ancient Jewish Church and in the person of the modern saviours of the race are crucifying Jesus Christ afresh.

In the eyes of this preacher and his congregation Jesus was a Saviour and a God for doing what he did, but in the eyes of the same people, those who are really doing the work of Jesus to-day are Socialists, fanatics and fools.

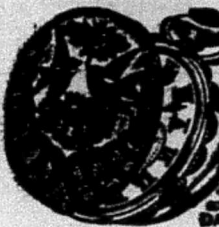
Is it not strange that religion brands a revolter as a fool to-day and a God 2000 years hence?

The Jubilee edition is but a fore-taste of the coming issues of the Rip-Saw. No publication in America is prepared as the Rip-Saw is to SMASH the Plunderbund. GET BUSY AT YOUR END—DO YOUR PART—SEND IN THE SUBSCRIPTIONS! MAKE THE FIGHT FIERCE FROM NOW ON TO THE DAY OF THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF CAPITALISM!

# Stop Using a Truss



STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps or buckles attached—no obnoxious springs. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases cured. Self adhesive—easy to apply—irresistible. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely free. Write today. AMMO CO., Box 12574, Ind. St.



FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN Our fully guaranteed watch is highly accurate, stop-wind, stem-wind, simulated and finished, desirable size, large case, heavy band, new design. Given free to anyone for selling 30 jewelry articles at 10c ea. Order jewelry now; when sold send \$2.00 and we'll send you watch complete stone setting and fine Ladies' or Gents' Chain FREE. DALE WATCH CO., DEPT. 14 - CHICAGO

## Do You Suffer With Rheumatism.

Don't do it You can be well if you will. Write me about your case. I am not a doctor; I sell no habit-forming, stomach-destroying patent medicines; but I can tell you how to be cured, and at very small expense. Let me hear from you immediately. Every day you delay means that much more suffering. Continued delay may make you a hopeless cripple. Address, EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH, 2562 CAMDEN AVE., OMAHA, NEB.

# TOBACCO HABIT

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address: Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., 675 P. New York City. Keep this advertisement, it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this journal.

## \$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today— You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that we think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So we have determined to send a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, uplifting, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this: Interstate Remedy Co., 5024 Goodyear Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and we will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but we send it entirely free.



### Men, When In Chicago, Come and See For Yourself

The Dr. Lorenz Electro Body Battery is the greatest self-cure for weakness and debility the world has ever known. No drugs, no medicine, no dieting, no unusual demands of any sort, just cease all dissipation and this invention will do the work. It sends a stream of vital life into your nerves, organs and blood during the time you are asleep. For the cure of rheumatism, weak back, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney disorders and varicose it is incomparable. Dr. Lorenz Dry Cell Storage Battery is a high-grade battery, requires no charging with vinegar or acids, is 300 per cent easier applied, gives 400 per cent greater service, and is sold at a low price without added cost for fancy books.



A booklet with full particulars and factory prices by mail FREE; sealed.  
**R. S. M. LORENZ ELECTRIC WORKS,**  
 2240 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Ill.

### Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

**I Will Tell Every Reader of This Paper How FREE.**

Your Complexion Makes or Mars Your Appearance.



**PEARL LA SAGE, former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known.**

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright" whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porry," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. All methods now known are cast aside. There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

#### FREE COUPON

**PEARL LA SAGE, Suite 701**  
 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am a reader of this paper and am entitled to know full details of the sensational, harmless, scientific method for giving marvelous beauty to the complexion and removing every blemish in ten days. There is no obligation whatsoever on my part for this information.

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

## Hitting Their Stride

By FRANK P. O'HARE

The RIP-SAW army has taken the bit in its teeth and is tearing down the pike like a scared mule. Evidently the NEW RIP-SAW has ginged up the whole bunch. No such flood of subscriptions ever came into the RIP-SAW office as that which hit us in January, and the first half of February has made a new record for the unterrified RIP-SAW hustlers.

The LED BUTTON bunch realizes that the present line-up of the RIP-SAW staff is capable of turning out the propaganda stuff that will win millions to Socialism, provided only that the RIP-SAW hustlers put the magazine where it can do its work.

I have culled a few letters out of the thousands that poured in the office during the last four weeks, that show the spirit of the army.

Comrade S. R. Towns, of Decatur, Ala., writes: "I am enclosing a dollar to extend my subscription for five

scribers are the result of Barnhill's eloquent plea for capitalism.

Comrade H. S. Orren, of Prescott, Ark., encloses \$2.25 for nine subscriptions, saying, "This is my part of the work of the revolution."

Comrade J. G. Gray, of Lynn, Ark., hands in a list of subscribers and says: "I am too old and tottery to try to get around and do anything in the way of work, but, oh, that debate and Mrs. O'Hare's trip to England! I sit on a high stump and read them and they get the subscriptions."

G. A. Bounds, of Rocky Mount, La., writes that he is going out to get all the subscriptions for the RIP SAW that he can, as he wants everyone in the neighborhood to read it.

Comrade Wagner sent a personal letter to the RIP SAW hustlers, asking them to make a special effort in February to break all records and start the largest possible number of

### TEN BEST HUSTLERS FOR JAN. 1914

HOW THE RIP-SAW IS CIRCULATED

Names of the ten comrades sending in the largest clubs of Rip-Saw subscriptions during the month.

No.	Name.	Post Office.	Subs.
1	J. G. Stover,	Pittsburg, Pa., 7422 Hermitage St.	100
2	Geo. F. Perry,	Butte, Mont, 2045 Whitman Ave.	34
3	W. E. Cook	Pyrition, Okla., R. F. D. 1.....	31
4	M. R. Koonze,	Illmo, Mo.....	27
5	Al. Roberts,	Paris, Ill, 2056 N. Francisco Ave...	25
6	Thos. N. Madden,	Hebron, Ohio.....	24
7	W. T. Orr,	Shay, Okla.....	24
8	Oliver Cromwell,	Clinton, Ind.....	24
9	L. R. Stanford,	Chillicothe, Tex., R. 1 Box 35.....	24
10	John Morris,	Greenwood, Ark., R. 1 Box 111.....	24

Twenty thousand volunteer workers are scouring their neighborhoods for subscriptions for the National Rip-Saw. See if you can have your name in the list of the BIG TEN next month.

years. Congratulations to you in securing Comrade Debs for your already able staff."

Comrade N. Nichols, of Anderson, Ind., renews his subscription and purchases three subscription cards, remarking: "We cannot do without the RIP SAW at all. We think it one of the best magazines on earth."

Comrade W. E. Champion, of Booneville, Miss., writes: "Here are four more subscriptions and a dollar. This makes eight subscriptions I have sent in. Be sure to start these names with the February issue."

Comrade J. M. Cline, of Ector, Tex., sent in a bunch of ten subscriptions and two dollars and a half, and remarks: "Please send me a few sample copies of the RIP SAW, as I wear my copy out lending it to people, as everybody wants it."

A staunch old comrade is R. J. Cramer, of Chalk, Tex., who sends in a list and writes: "Yours until the great revolution is over. I am sixty-five, but I hope to live to see the plutes buried beneath the great mountain of cussedness, greed, wrath and rascality they have built upon the distress and miseries of the laborers."

Comrade H. F. Ewing, of Phoenix, Ala., sends in a bunch of subscriptions, remarking that two of the sub-

new readers with the March issue, the BIRTHDAY JUBILEE NUMBER OF THE RIP SAW containing Eugene V. Debs' opening editorials. On account of the terrific storms during the month and the great delays to the mails, I am going to ask every Comrade who got a special Jubilee Subscription blank, to fill it out and send it in in March, if he has not already done so. We will start the new readers with the March issue and are printing a big extra edition to take care of the scores of thousands of new subscriptions that will come in. Every list of new subscribers sent in on the Jubilee subscription blank will be started with the March issue as long as they last.

A record containing the names of about ten thousand of our best comrades was stolen from the RIP SAW office, and for that reason you may not have received Comrade Wagner's letter and the special Jubilee subscription blank. If this is the case simply write at the top of a plain piece of paper Jubilee Subscription Shower, and send at least ten new names, or ten subscribers and sub cards mixed, enclosing \$2.50 and your name goes in to the RIP SAW JUBILEE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM. We want your name there, comrade. Do not fail to send in your list and mention in the letter when you first became a reader of the RIP SAW and when you sent in your first club.

**YOU CAN SELL THIS LINE**

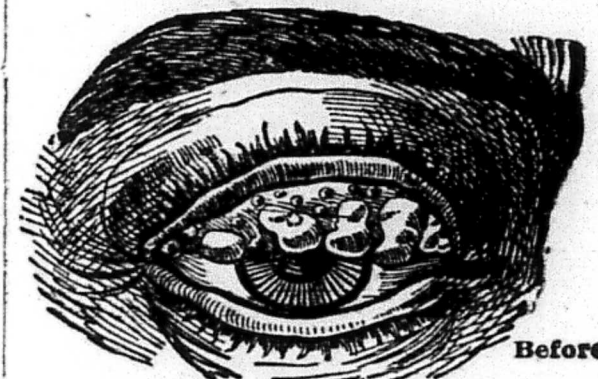
Just as easily and earn as much money as our hundreds of pleased agents who clean up \$4, \$6, \$8, \$10 a day with our **NON-ALCOHOLIC FLAVORS** in tubes, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Preparations, etc. Over 100 kinds. Fast sellers, steady repeaters. Every home a customer. Little or no capital required. 100% profit. Light, neat sample case furnished. Write TODAY for full particulars **FREE**  
**American Products Co.**  
 5432 Sycamore St. Cincinnati, O.

**HOROSCOPE** Have your Horoscope scientifically cast by the reliable English Astrologer, Maud Lindon, Mem. Nat'l Astro. Soc'y and famous Astro-nomical Author. For test reading send 10c and birthdate to Mrs. Maud Lindon, Dept. A 10, 1233 E. 50th St., Chicago, Ill.

## Eyes Cured

Sample Bottle FREE

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers and Cataracts—It Makes Weak Eyes Strong and Gives Instant Relief to the Burning Pain or Soreness of Strained Eyes or Eyes Hurt by Night Work.



If you suffer from Weak, Sore or Failing Eyes—either diseased or weak from old age—and have tried Doctors, Oculists, and all kinds of remedies, do not be led to believe that there is no hope for you.

Write today for a trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion. It will cost you nothing either now or at any other time and you will be surprised at the wonderful and instant benefit it gives to those who suffer from any one of dozens of eye ailments.



Grateful patients testify to almost miraculous cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and nearly all Eye Diseases.

Many persons write that they have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy for only a week.

You are not asked to send so much as one penny to test what this marvelous treatment will accomplish in your case—so BE SURE to fill out the coupon and send it NOW—before you put this paper down.

The sending of this coupon may mean many years of peace and happiness for you instead of an existence made miserable by blindness.

#### Free Bottle Coupon

This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 7590 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill.

.....  
 .....



# Made-to-Measure

**Express \$2.75**  
**Prepaid**



Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.

**No Extra Charge** for peg tops, no matter how extreme you order them.

**Agents Wanted**  
A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all the latest materials FREE.

**We Pay Big Money** to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our stylish clothes. Write today for beautiful FREE outfit.

The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 223 Chicago

# BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE



**BOYS!** Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed, or combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. Will Not Cost One Cent. Send your name and we will send you 8 sets of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the \$2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. **WRITE TODAY** for pictures. No harm done. Take back what you can't sell.

M. O. Scitz, 3M20 Chicago

# FREE TO MEN

**STRENGTH CAPSULES**  
If Nervous, Weak, losing Vigor, but still ambitious to enjoy life send at once for HER-CU-LIN, the Developer for MEN'S VITALITY. Full Proving Size Free to Try.  
N. R. Oswald Co., 318 W. 42d St., N. Y.

# Ask This Man to Read Your Life.

**His Wonderful Power to Read Human Lives at Any Distance Amazes All Who Write to Him.**

Thousands of people in all walks of life have benefitted by this man's advice. He tells you what you are capable of and how you can be successful. He mentions your friends and enemies and describes the good and bad periods in your life.

His description as to past, present and future events will astonish and help you. All he wants is your name (written by yourself), your birth date and sex to guide him in his work. Money is not necessary. Mention the name of this paper and get a Trial Reading free. If you want to take advantage of this special offer and obtain a review of your life simply send your full name, address, month and year of birth, (all clearly written), state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Your advice is useful,  
So thousands say,  
I wish success and happiness,  
Will you show me the way?"

If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage and clerical work. Send your letter to Clay Burton Vance, Suite 2822-A, Palais-Royal, Paris, France. Do not enclose coins in your letter. Postage on letters to France is 5 cents



# State Organization

By F. P. O'HARE

**Editor's Note**—A series of twelve articles on the "Socialist Party" began in the January issue of the Rip-Saw, to run through the year 1914. I urge the locals of the Socialist Party to set aside one meeting a month for the reading of the monthly "Party Article" and its discussion, believing that our new members and visitors will profit greatly thereby.—Phil Wagner.

Socialist thought is universal, and the Socialist parties of all nations are affiliated in a world-wide organization. The American Socialist Party is a compact, well disciplined force of about 150,000 men and women, which has weathered the trials of fourteen or fifteen years of struggle. In four thousand cities, towns and hamlets are to be found Socialist locals, ranging in membership from five to two thousand; and many of these locals are truly splendid organizations. The connecting links between the individual member and the national Socialist organization are the "Local" and the State organization. Last month we dealt with the problems of the Socialist Local. Now we will discuss the State organization.

Our system of election in America compels the state organization of a party if it is to engage in political activities. Geographical conditions compel state organizations, if the Socialist party is to handle the problem of educating and organizing the millions of American voters for Socialist victory. The Socialist State Organization is, therefore, an absolutely necessary link in the chain of organization, and, incidentally, of tremendous importance.

Every division of the Socialist Party and every member thereof has two functions or duties: to extend Socialist education or propaganda; that is, to win the individual voters to Socialism; and second, to carry the necessary political work of organizing the Socialists into the party, and carry on political campaigns for the success of the Socialist Party and the measures it advocates.

The Socialist Party is, therefore, at the same time a school or university, teaching history, economic science, sociology, and political science, and on the other hand a political party organizing itself, sustaining itself, controlling itself and putting forth platforms and candidates for election to public office, then directing the activities of the Socialists when elected to office.

In every State or territory there is now a State Organization of the Socialist Party, with a State Committee and a State Executive Committee and a State Secretary. The State Secretary is the executive officer, or the business manager of the Socialist party, carrying out the will of the rank and file as expressed through the Socialist state constitutions, the conventions and the referendums of the party. Where the movement is large enough, the State Secretary is a salaried officer. He is usually the hardest worked man in the State. He has an eight-hour day, eight hours before supper and eight hours after supper. He must work hard and long because at the present time there is not sufficient financial support to provide enough office help, and thus one man is compelled to do the work of two or three.

I have seen enthusiastic comrades who had been earning splendid salaries accept the office of Socialist State Secretary, and then work themselves to the point of physical exhaustion, and go in debt for the support of their families. I have seen wives become bread-winners so that their husbands could give all of their time to the tremendously important work of the Socialist State Organization, the most important work that individual Socialists can do. The State Secretary is usually not a grand or-

ator or a wonderful writer. He never gets the plaudits of the multitude. His particular genius brings him no bouquets or praise. Yet he is the fellow that keeps the machine going, the executive, the manager, the faithful and always dependable cog upon whose performance all the rest depends. And usually he is so modest that he never puts forward a claim for a salary commensurate with his service, being only too glad to be allowed to serve.

The Socialist State office has a tremendous amount of absolutely necessary routine work to do. The mere collections of the dues from hundreds of locals and the transmission of the national party's share takes a large amount of time and attention. There are speakers to route, tours to make up for Socialist candidates, ballots for initiative and referendum elections, ballots for party elections, a simply overwhelming flood of dry, dull, hard work that must be done. The sending of pioneers into new territory, instructing new locals in their rights and duties, the preparation of detail reports from time to time takes lots of thought and energy. The State Secretary is expected to have the executive ability of a sales manager of a great corporation, to be an expert accountant, to be an unparalled correspondent, to have a thorough education in history and economics, to have the geographical knowledge of his State equal to a railway mail clerk's, to have the resourcefulness of P. T. Barnum and unfailing good nature and unerring judgment. If he has all of these things, then the State party work gets along finely, in exact proportion to the height of Socialist sentiment in his State.

Gradually the rank and file are learning that without effective State organization we can have nothing. That the State office is essential and that they should all give time and energy to the perfection of the organized machinery of the State Socialist Party. Usually, though, the vote in a State is far ahead of the Socialist State organization. The State organization must be there, though, to save Socialism from calamity in the event of an election of State officers.

Every Socialist who is not yet a member of the party should join at once. Write to National Headquarters of the Socialist Party, 111 N. Market St., Chicago, and you will be put in touch with your State organization and the nearest local. Join and help to build the State and National movement. Learn all about the methods of the Socialist Party by reading its constitution, attending its local meetings and State conventions. Vote on the referendums, in other words, enter fully into the activities of the Socialist Party. In this way you will be able to appreciate the great work that has already been done. Your admiration for the work of the 150,000 men and women who have builded the Socialist Party will grow day by day.

The Socialist Party is the only political party on earth that is absolutely and truly self-governed. All funds are contributed by the rank and file through the dues system. Each member feels himself a full partner in this great group who are striving for the triumph of economic justice. And these things are so because the Socialist members are intelligent, self-respecting team-workers, whose goal is social order united with the fullest individual liberty.

# DEAFNESS

Successfully Treated  
**BY "ACTINA"**

Ninety-five per cent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the difficulty to effect cures by old methods. That there is a successful treatment for deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the use of "Actina." "Actina" is also very successful in the treatment of asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, headache and other ailments that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh.

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the ear, throat or head. A FREE TRIAL of the "Actina" is given in every case.

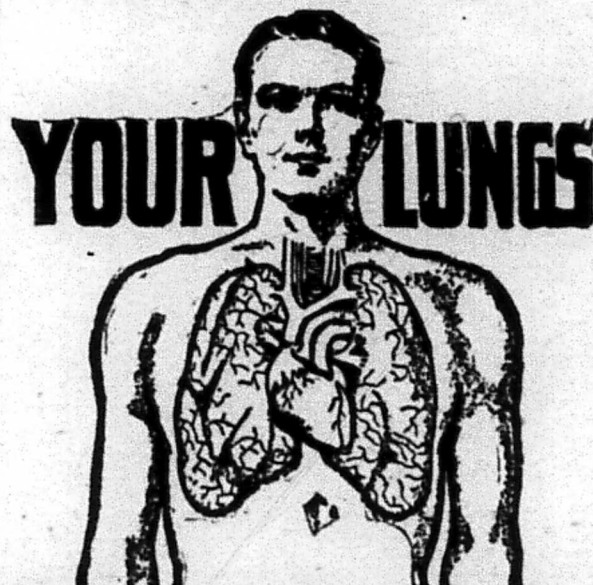
Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 324 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

# Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally, I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 714 Marcellus Avenue, Manassas, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.



Live Socialist Magazine, 75,000 circulation. Send dime and names of ten socialists or sympathizers and get it a whole year. Address The Eye Opener, Memphis Tenn.



# ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

- Do your lungs ever bleed?
  - Do you have night sweats?
  - Have you pains in chest and sides?
  - Do you spit yellow and black matter?
  - Are you continually hawking and coughing?
  - Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?
- These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and

# CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

**We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles.** Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

**Let Us Send You the Proof--Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth**

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of consumption and lung trouble.

**JUST SEND YOUR NAME**  
LUNG GERMINE CO., 675 E. 12th St., JACKSON, WICH.



February 3, 1914.

NATIONAL RIP-SAW,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs and Brothers:—

Your favor of January 31st to hand with check for forty-six dollars and twenty-five cents (\$46.25). Twenty-five from the NATIONAL RIP-SAW and the remainder from individuals, for the support of the Calumet strikers, and enclosed herewith you will find receipt for the amount.

Assuring you we deeply appreciate this donation and sincerely thanking you for your efforts, with best wishes, I remain

Fraternally yours,

ERNEST MILLS,  
Secretary-Treasurer, W. F. M.

## YOUNG AMERICA.

Johnny—Pa, who made the copper in the mines?

Father—Why, don't you know my son? It was God.

Johnny—Well, how did the mine owners get hold of it?

Father—They bought it, my son.

Johnny—Did they buy it of God?

Father—No; they bought it of other men.

Johnny—But who did the other men buy it from?

Father—They bought it of other men and the abstracts show who all owned it.

Johnny—Does the abstracts show that the land and the copper was ever sold to anybody by God?

Father—Who's putting such foolish ideas into your head, my son? What makes you think God owns the land?

Johnny—Because God never sold it to anybody, or anything that is in it. He says "The earth is mine and all that therein is." Then if it all belongs to God ain't the mine operators a stealing the copper from God?

Father—Who says God owns the earth and all that is in it?

Johnny—The Bible says so.

Father—Well, run away now my son. I'll look it up.

Johnny—Pa!

Father—What is it now my son? I wish you wouldn't bother me so much; I want to think.

Johnny—That's just what I want to make you do—think. Now suppose you would furnish the material and make something, like a house or a wagon, wouldn't it be yours, unless you sold it to somebody?

Father—Of course it would, my son.

Johnny—It would be yours unless you sold it or gave it away wouldn't it?

Father—Most certainly.

Johnny—Suppose somebody should come over here and discover it, would it be his?

Father—Why, no, my son, what's got into that little head of yours? You've got wheels in it haven't you?

Johnny—No; but I was just thinking that if God made the land and the copper and other things that are in it, and has never deeded it to anybody, how can men acquire a right to it by discovering it, or by buying it of some other men who didn't own it. I believe that the earth is for all mankind and not that all the earth is for a few men.

Father—That's just what the Socialists say; you little rascal, you'll be a Socialist before you get old enough to vote.

Calling the Kettle Black.—"I despise a hypocrite."

"So do I."

"Now take Jackson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."—Boston Transcript.

# Prof. Samuels Originated A Strange Remedy His Phenomenal Success Caused Enmity of Doctors

## ARRESTED MANY TIMES

People Make Surprising Statements of the Success of His Remedy in Cases of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Deafness, Kidney Trouble, Catarrh, Heart Disease and Many Other Ills That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

Wichita, Kan.—One of the most peculiar remedies ever put upon the market, and one that is administered in a strange way, is being manufactured by a company of which Prof. H. Samuels of this city is president.

Prof. Samuels came into note several years ago through his wonderful success in the case of "Blind Joe" of Topeka, Kansas, who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the street for years. He had been blind for several years, and had exhausted all of the means in his power to be cured but had given up in despair when he fell into the hands of Prof. Samuels. In a short time he was able to see practically as well as he ever had in his life.

The almost miraculous recovery of hopeless invalids, who, according to their own statements, took nothing but the strange remedy manufactured by Prof. Samuels have been of such a surprising character that they have aroused wide spread wonder, admiration and curiosity.

Prof. Samuels has been arrested six times and acquitted for practicing without a diploma. Upon being interviewed relative to his many arrests, Prof. Samuels said:

"Yes, I was arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case was I convicted. Naturally the medical profession were jealous of my success and were fighting me most of the time. But how were they going to convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when people who had taken my remedy came into court and told how they had been cured of all manner of troubles, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what had been accomplished, was going to convict me?"

The Professor here showed a reprint of the court records showing the proof of his assertion that the court had not convicted him.

"What is the nature of your remedy?" was the next question asked. "This is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish. I can only say that my remedy is a colorless liquid which is dropped into the eyes. Strange as it may seem, complicated diseases and many other ills are banished in this apparently miraculous way. My remedy is based on what I believe to be scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul.

I believe all of the vital organs of the body are controlled by one or more sets of nerves, and suppose the nerve controlling the stomach becomes weakened or inactive, the stomach itself becomes weakened and diseased, and what is known as stomach trouble results. By administering this remedy through the eyes I believe that it stimulates the nerve centers, thus making each set of nerves perform its proper duty, hence, the wonderful recoveries reported by

hundreds of people who have used it. This may seem strange, but here are the proofs."

Thereupon, the Professor put before the interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits and statements, many of them from well known people, all bearing out his statements. Quotations from a few of them are as follows:

Mrs. F. M. Smith, 710 N. Cherry st., San Antonio, Tex., wrote as follows: "The bottle I used a year or so ago cured me of the dreadful pain in my hip from which I suffered since youth, and the bottle which I have just finished has pulled me out of a bad spell of Vertigo, from which I was falling all over myself for months, and my limbs ached and became so useless that I feared paralysis. I am daily praising the merits of your medicine, and would be willing to traverse the wide world over if I could convince the myriads of poor pill and drug victims of the folly of swallowing poisonous drugs."

N. E. Barker, living at Brook, Ind., wrote as follows: "I was going down hill towards the grave when I commenced using your remedy. I was given up by four of the best physicians I could find, and they stated my disease was chronic and could not be cured, but since I have used two bottles of your remedy the physicians say they believe me cured. I weighed 132½ pounds when I commenced using your remedy in June; now I weigh 159."

J. W. Browning, Kiona, Wash., wrote: "The two months' remedy that I got from you for the Rheumatism in my neck and shoulder has cured me. It has been one year since I took your remedy, and it has done a grand thing for me, as I had suffered with a pain in my neck and shoulder for the last twelve years."

Mrs. Etta Potter, Fountain, Colo., wrote: "Two years ago I had throat and bronchial trouble so bad I lost control of my voice, could not speak above a whisper, could not sleep without being propped up in bed, and I thought my time on earth was limited. My husband sent for your remedy. After I had used it little over a week I could lie down and sleep. Thanks to you and your remedy my throat has not bothered me any more."

Mrs. J. M. Morrison, Route 3, Box 40, Kenton, Ohio, writes: "About eight years ago I had nervous prostration and could not breathe whenever I overtaxed my strength, and could not seem to get much benefit until I tried your medicine. Now I am better than I have been for a long time. I was troubled with weak eyes for 15 years, the doctor said I had astigmatism, and before I had used the first bottle of your medicine I noticed a great improvement in my eyes, and now they are giving me no bother at all. It also helped my lungs, and I had a little catarrh of the head, and it

helped that also. I cannot say enough for your remedy."

J. M. Hoisington, Ames, Okla., whose wife suffered with female trouble, wrote: "Over two years suffering with female trouble and doctoring without any results, our doctor said he had done all he could do and an operation was all that would do any good. Then I decided to try Prof. Samuels Remedy and sent for a month's treatment and saw a big change the first month. Used three months and cured her, and I will gladly recommend your remedy to any sufferer. I think it is something wonderful."

Mrs. J. T. Williams, 1821 Corning ave., Parsons, Kan., had what the doctors said was consumption. In a recent letter she wrote as follows: "I am sending you the picture of one whom, according to doctors' statements, should have been dead and buried some few years ago, but the Prof. Samuels Remedy surely did fool the undertaker. Don't you think I am a lively corpse? I stay that way by always having some of the treatment on hand and using it a few days if I get run down in body. Use this picture in any way that might do good, as I feel I owe my health to you and your remedy."

Mrs. J. F. Moore, living at Jacksonville, Tex., wrote: "I still have a good deal of the medicine left, and must say that since I began the treatment I have not had an attack of Asthma, and I have been greatly strengthened in other ways. I stay at my housework constantly and do not give out as I did before taking your remedy."

Mrs. H. C. Hucherson, Paducah, Tex., wrote: "I want to say your remedy has entirely cured me. It has been fourteen months since I quit using the remedy, and I am sound and well. I cannot make my statements strong enough for the praise of this wonderful remedy."

Mrs. Theo. Scheland, 1017 N. Wells st., Cincinnati, Ohio, wrote: "I write to thank you very much for what your remedy has done for me. I owe my life to you and God. I gained in weight from 115 to 160 pounds since I started to doctor with you. I am now able to do most of my housework which I have not done for over two years."

Thos. Waller, R. F. D. No. 2, Box No. 67, Ninety-Six, S. C., wrote: "I received your 30 days' treatment. Before using it I had been blind for three months. Now I can see as well as I ever saw in my life. May God ever bless you in the good work you are doing for suffering humanity."

Mrs. James C. Hood, Box 76, Kenyon, R. I., wrote: "I began using the remedy three years ago and at that time the doctors told my children I could not live through the winter. It took two to help me out of my chair, and the only relief the doctors could give me was morphine, and they said I would have to use morphine all of my life. The doctors also said my bowels were paralyzed and I would always have to take a physic three times a day. Now I have been without the medicine for over a year and a half. I will say with all of my heart that it is wonderful. I am able to do all of my cooking and a good deal of the other work for a family of five, two of which are small children."

Selma Everett, R. F. D. No. 2, Winslow, Ill., wrote: "Will write you a line to let you know my rheumatism is all gone. My catarrh of the stomach is gone, bronchitis is also better. My kidneys are better than they have been for many years. My asthma is gone and my nervousness is also gone. My heart trouble is gone and the best of all my constipation, the king of all diseases is gone. I shall ever praise and recommend your remedy."

Mr. Frank Hoff, in the plumbing business at 249 N. Main st., Wichita, Kan., who is said to have had consumption, wrote: "When I came here nine years ago I was dying with consumption. I could not walk two blocks at a time. Doctors in New York, Brooklyn and Colorado Springs had given me up and I was on my way back home to die when I stopped off at Wichita." Mr. Hoff began taking Prof. Samuel's Systematic Remedy and at the end of 3 months he was able to throw away his cane, and says: "Since that time I have been in perfect health and I know I have been completely cured."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their trouble may be, should write the Prof. H. Samuels Remedy Co., room 115, Samuels Bldg., Wichita, Kansas, for their "Message of Facts," which will be sent free together with information regarding this remarkable remedy.



# Open Letter to Andrew Carnegie

Mr Andrew Carnegie:

Comrade and Brother:—I salute you as Comrade because you and I are about the same age, and as Brother because I regard every human being as being related to me.

As I am a few years older than you, I shall venture to play the part of an elder brother, and as such will in this letter inflict upon you a little preaching. It has been said that you are one of the wealthiest men in the world and that you lay awake nights thinking out plans for giving away millions of your money; and the newspapers report that you have said you "wish to die a poor man." They also say that you have already set aside in the name of your wife the insignificant sum of twenty-five millions as a nest-egg for funeral expenses, etc. Still you are requesting your friends to propose ways in which you might get rid of the hundreds of millions of dollars that you still have on hand. Now, as one of those friends and elder brothers, I will send in my suggestions.

First let me say, Andy, that I know and you know that you never earned that colossal wealth. I will not censure you as an individual for playing the game of capitalism and winning such big stakes. It is the gambling system that should bear the blame. Of course well-informed people know that the millionaires get great fortunes by legal tricks without returning to the working people who create all wealth any equivalent for it. Some people, who use abrupt language, might say you stole it from the workers—robbed them of the fruits of their toil. I do not apply such words to you as thief and robber. I prefer milder terms, such as "speculator," "financier," "stock-waterer," etc., to designate "Christian captains of industry." I do not believe that you and other exploiters violated any statute laws in gathering your mountains of dollars. The gamble called "business" is played according to both law and custom, each of which were created by men who construe the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" as justifying the big hogs, both swine and humans, in driving all the "unfittest pigs" away from the trough while they eat up the swill, and after they are filled up to the chin and can eat no more, carry away what is left, which they call "profits." On Sundays they are pious and sing:

"Blest be the tie that binds," etc.

On other days of the week, their slogans are:

"To the victor belong the spoils."

Every fellow for himself and let Old Satan take the hindmost!"

In 1850 the producing class owned 87½ per cent of the total wealth of the United States, and there were no unemployed, no tramps, no strikes, no child-slavery, and but little insanity and crime.

In sixty-two years the speculators and stock-watering statesmen had so manipulated things and exploited working people out of their earnings that it was found in 1913 that the producers owned but 10 per cent of the total wealth of America (\$125,000,000,000), while a few men possessed 90 per cent of that vast wealth; fifty millions of people own no homes and have no taxable property; hundreds of thousands of workers are unemployed and have to be fed by charity; two millions of children are enslaved in factories; thousands of tramps are begging from door to door; labor strikes and violence in our mining districts and industrial centers; discon-

tent, poverty and distress from ocean to ocean; while insanity, suicide, murder and crime have increased over 1,000 per cent in the time mentioned.

Brother Andy: Did not a number of your employes, several years ago, at Homestead or Hazelton, go out on an orderly strike for a small advance in wages, and, while walking peacefully along the highway, were murderously assaulted by an organized company of private detectives and ex-convicts, hired by capitalists to suppress striking employes, and did they not shoot down and kill twenty-five unarmed workmen?

Such were the reports, as I remember the published account. Did not you, or the company of which you are a member, hire those assassins to kill your wage-workers because they protested against the miserably low wages they were getting? Did you pension the widows and orphans of those murdered wage-slaves? If you did not, then if I were in your place I would, even at this late date, do all I could do, to atone for that awful wickedness. I, too, would lay awake nights and cudgel my brains thinking how I might rid myself of "tainted money" that came into my possession through murder and exploitation of poor working people.

I of course know that by establishing libraries in many towns and cities you can unload a whole parcel of that wealth, but that is not the best method of atoning for the shooting to death of more than a score of innocent, unarmed workmen.

The truth is, Andy, that about nineteen-twentieths of the books that go into your libraries are trashy fiction which is a curse to American boys and girls. Many of them are histories of bloody wars, ancient and modern, the reading of which is a waste of time. Vast numbers of volumes contain laws, decisions, discussions dry and elaborate about banking, finance, the rights of private property, inheritance, etc., nearly all of which will in a few years be cast aside as worthless rubbish.

Socialism is coming, Andy, and Socialists will have no use for books that uphold the theory that individuals have a right to privately own and monopolize for personal profit all the lands, mines, water power and other natural raw materials, and all the machines of production and distribution of wealth.

Socialists are evolutionists. They don't believe that our industrial system nor our government have reached perfection. They intend to change the present unmethodical, cruel, unjust competitive system of industrialism into a Co-operative Commonwealth and make America in fact what it is now in name only, viz.: "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." That they will do through the initiative, referendum and recall. When they have accomplished that great work, millions of your books will be of no value.

Brother Andy, I do not believe that you are a bad man at heart. No, no. I regard you as a pretty good-natured and quite clever old Scotchman. I do not think you will be damned eternally for your sins, but I warn you that if you do not hustle pretty lively and unload a hundred millions or more of that "tainted money" the Socialists may confiscate a lot of it and turn it back to working people, to whom it rightly belongs. They need it, and you don't.

Did you ever make a study of Socialism, Andy? I guess you have not, but I hope that you will. Well, it is a grand and good proposition. It makes no claim of being a religious

movement; and yet its ethics and ideals are in strict harmony with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. My own individual opinion, after years of study, is that Socialism comes nearer being genuine Christianity than the paganistic and mammonized churches either Catholic or Protestant.

Oh, yes, Andy, I know how certain priests and preachers misrepresent Socialism, claiming it advocates free love and atheism and is trying to break up the homes and the churches. Of course these are stupid lies, as you know. The fundamental doctrines of Socialism are that every adult person shall be a worker with head or hands in some useful pursuit and receive the full value of his labor. All speculative stock watering, profits or the getting wealth for nothing will be prevented. A co-operative commonwealth will be established in which all necessities and public utilities which all the people use and must have to live decently shall not be owned by individuals for private profit, but be owned by the nation, and benefits resulting from them shall be equitably divided among the people who deserve such benefits.

There will be privately owned property under Socialism, but it will be of that sort that is not of productive nature nor used in creating more wealth. There will be no enormously rich men nor distressingly poor people. There will be no unemployed for lack of opportunity to work. All children will be sent to school; none will be enslaved in factories and shops. Old people will be retired at 60 or 65 and pensioned. There will be no necessity to cheat, or lie, or beg, or steal. Nineteenth of the present insanity and crime will vanish. There will be laws and courts and prisons under Socialism, but they will be but little required. Punishment will be of the corrective and reformatory nature—not vindictive and brutal.

Now, Brother Andy, if I had several millions of "tainted dollars," I would make haste to unload them. I would probably first plan to get out of the factories two million children now overworked and enslaved and send them to school. Next I would establish rescue and reformatory homes for the hundreds of thousands of betrayed girls, whose downfall was caused by capitalism. I would establish homes for aged men and women who have spent a lifetime at hard labor and were exploited out of the products of their toil by sharpers who defend the system of getting something for nothing through speculation and profits. I would pattern after the late Charles G. Dawes, whose widow expended \$100,000 in building a hotel for the unemployed in Chicago. At that hotel before retiring each guest is required to bathe and is given a night dress and slippers. Clothing of the lodgers is placed in steel lockers which are superheated to destroy all life. A bed and bath are furnished for a nickel; a bowl of soup may be obtained for two cents; pie for three cents; coffee for two cents, and rolls for one cent. An employment agency is operated in connection with the hotel.

Finally I would expend a big bunch of the money in circulating Socialist literature and educating the people to the end that they might abolish war, promote peace and universal brotherhood, uphold justice and foster all good movements that have for their object the upliftment and betterment of humanity. Socialists, in all countries of earth, are working for the promotion of all things above mentioned.

Brother Andy, I do not pose as a prophet, but I will venture to express

the opinion that unless Socialism is adopted pretty soon, this country of ours will ere long be a plutocracy ruled despotically by a few enormously rich men with a big army to enforce their demands—or else be rent and torn by a bloody revolution!

No government can long endure that permits by law the robbing of working people out of five-sixths of their earnings, enslaves millions of its children, authorizes private individuals to become owners of all public necessities, steals from the masses forty billions of wealth through watered stocks and shoots to death workmen for asking for better conditions of living.

One of the ancient prophets said: "The nation that forgets God shall be turned into hell."

Capitalism is unmistakably rail-roading us pretty rapidly toward that undesirable station.

Now, Andy, I invite you to come right forward to the Socialist altar, confess your sins, join the Socialist party and help save the country, and at the same time bring ease to your troubled conscience.

I assure you that the foregoing plain little preaching was not prompted by any ill-feeling or unfriendliness toward you individually. You merely played the popular game of capitalism that has had the approval of clergy and distinguished Christian laymen from the days of Constantine, but now you have had the true gospel presented, and if you are not "saved" you alone will be to blame.

I am now and ever will be your well wisher and brother.

R. A. DAGUE,  
in the Miners' Magazine.

## A SOCIALIST HOUSEBOAT.

Comrade Geo. D. Thompson of Dayton, Ky., is getting his boat in readiness to make a tour of the Ohio river, and its tributaries as soon as the season opens up. The boat will have a fully equipped photographic studio, also an auditorium that will accommodate 75 people. Comrade Thompson is a photographer of a great many years experience and his idea is to take pictures and give illustrated lectures. The comrades along his line of travel will please take notice and be ready to give him a welcome when he arrives. He wishes to secure two companions for this trip, both hustlers, one who is able to give a good talk on Socialism and the other to hustle for photographic work. These parties will have a splendid opportunity to learn photography while on this trip. If you are interested, write Comrade Thompson direct.

**Fashion Note.**—Snap—"Well, all the fools are not dead yet."

Mrs. Snap—I'm glad of it. You never did look well in black."—Boston Transcript.

**Stumped.**—"Children," said the teacher to his pupils, "you should be able to do anything equally well with either hand. With a little practice you will find it just as easy to do anything with one hand as it is with the other."

"Is it?" inquired the urchin at the foot of the class. "Let's see you put your left hand in the right-hand pocket of your trousers."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Polite, But Pointed.**—A stern old preacher had issued to his people a command against dancing, believing it to be a device of the devil.

A few of the young people disobeyed and attended a dance given at a neighboring town. Finally it reached the ears of the preacher, and, meeting one of the culprits on the street one morning, said in a stern voice:

"Good morning, child of the devil!"

"Good morning, father!" smilingly answered the pretty miss.—National Monthly.



## THE ONE WHO WASN'T LOONEY.

By Oscar Ameringer.

From Sharon to Pittsburg, Pa., there is a valley that nature made beautiful. Then man came along and turned it into desolation. A murky river, once clear as a mirror, rolls between cinder covered railroad banks. At its edges are soot stained sheets of grayish ice. Black blotches of mud peep through dirty banks of snow. Black, straggling trees rear disheveled branches into the smoky sky. Over all hangs a shroud of smoke belching from a thousand shacks, with here and there a red-brown stain painted by a furnace flame.

From the front end of the car floats a song—a fitful, jerky song, in a strange, uncanny voice. What manner of man could it be to raise his voice in song amidst this desolation? "Drunk?" I inquired of my neighbor. "He's crazy," said the man.

The train slowed down. An oasis appeared in the sooty desert. The snow laid white on rolling lawns, that spoke of tender care. Graveled walks wound beneath sleeping trees. Behind snow-thatched shrubbery peeped solid, cleanly buildings. Blue smoke curled from their many chimneys and told of warmth, of peace and comfort, within their walls. "Dixon," yelled the brakeman.

"It's the asylum for the feeble-minded," ventured my neighbor.

The singer left the car, accompanied by a sturdy custodian.

And now I understood the meaning of the song. It was a hymn to nature—a greeting to blue, sky-fresh air, clear pools, white snow, green foliage, to peace and contemplation. The singer was the only sane man on the train, and we the crazy ones hurled on into the falling night, the feverish, sleepless night of roaring mills, of thundering trains and belching stacks. The deadening, crazy night of modern civilization, where insane men toil not to live, but live to toil.

Every four years the government pays the railroads postal-car rent enough to pay for all the cars used in the mail service and to own the entire equipment. It is an enormous graft. The government virtually presents the railroads with a new set of mail cars every four years. What a cinch—for the railroads! The post office appropriation bill in the Democratic house contained a paragraph providing that the government should build and own its own mail cars, and thus put an end to the gigantic steal. The paragraph was killed in a jiffy. Great is the Dummycratic party's hatred for plutocratic corporations and its love for the common people!

## "LASSES, YOU'VE LOSS YO' TASE!"

The National Rip-Saw, St. Louis, Mo. Dear Comrades—I received the February copy of the Rip-Saw today and will say I must hasten to thank you for this stunt. I have been reading it now about two years, and it has been just a little better every issue, until last June I concluded that surely you had reached your limit on improvement, but, as the darky says, "Shoo, git away, 'lasses, you've loss yo' tase!" The June issue is an infant in its swaddlings in comparison to February, 1914, issue. It strikes oil in every sentence and brings blood from every subject. I wish there were more journals as militant and revolutionary as the Rip-Saw.

Permit me to thank Comrade Tichenor for his humility. I know it must have been most humiliating for him to reply to Barnhill's silly twaddle. Barnhill in his sweat-box boast was so actually ignorant that he could not understand that he was publicly parading his ignorance and making statements that sensible people could not but laugh at and ridicule. I have a little boy in sixth grade in school who could readily see Barnhill's inconsistency and pitiable ignorance. I dislike to say it or think about it, but it is somewhere written, "The fool in his heart hath said, 'There is no God,' or something to that amount, and when we read where he said God created the world in competition, I was forced to class Barnhill with the Egyptian mythologists and philosophers who claimed that the world was created in war and strife, and the gods warred and were at enmity for a long period. These Egyptian gods must be Barnhill's God, and Egyptian mythology must have been the Scriptures he has devoted his attention and devotions to, for there is not one single isolated sentence in the Book of Books called the Holy Scriptures that warrant or support such an idea as his question implies. That is the Book of all books that I am familiar and conversant with. If Barnhill's twaddle is the most powerful opposing intellectual force against our social movement, we have no foes for our great guns like Tichenor, Debs and many others to waste their time on. Let us put some 14 or 15-year-old school-girl or boy against him.

Comrade Tichenor, you sure have my sympathy in your humiliation which has prompted you to notice Barnhill. With every good wish for our revolution,

Fraternally yours,  
BEN F. THRONE,  
Rocy Comfort, Mo.

## WANTED—A MASTER!

Denver, Col., Nov. 26.—"Does any slave driver want a slave? This is a good chance. I must eat and will work faithfully."

This is the advertisement inserted in a local newspaper today by a man giving his name as John Niemand and the earth below and the sky above as his home.

"I've been in Denver fourteen months and cannot find anything," said Niemand. "I have to eat. The Lord has so constituted human beings that they must eat. If I were a horse some man would own me and feed me.

"Now, I want to be a human horse. I am willing to work and even for a slave driver, and work hard, like the horse, for something to eat and some place to sleep. I do not expect to be petted or fed lumps of sugar, but I would like a kind word now and then. However I wouldn't insist on the kind word."

Willing Messenger.—Mrs. Subbuss (to tramp)—"Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up and I was just going to send for a man to do it."

Tramp—"That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him."—Boston Transcript.

# HAND 'EM A PACKAGE

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW is today the most influential Political Monthly Magazine in America in informing the people and organizing them for the destruction of Capitalism and the construction of Socialism. The RIP-SAW ARMY, twenty thousand strong, are the sappers and miners who are destroying the bulwarks of vested privilege.

The RIP-SAW BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS for educational purposes are the clearest, most readable, most impressive, most instructive, most entertaining documents issued from modern printing presses.

EXTEND THE CIRCULATION OF THE RIP-SAW and hurry the coming of Socialism. Read the RIP-SAW BOOKS AND BOOKLETS, inform yourself and your neighbors and be active workers in this great crusade.

## Free Books for a Little Work for Socialism.

The RIP-SAW is fifty cents per year in single subscriptions. In clubs of four or more—25 cents per year. We also furnish Subscription cards, which are self-addressed post cards with a written agreement on the back to send the RIP-SAW for a full year to the person whose name you write in on the blank lines. These cards are the same price as subscriptions. An order for a subscription card counts the same as a subscription in figuring your premiums. In the offer below you may order subscription cards to fill out the requisite number of subscriptions to secure any premiums you may select. Sell the cards to prospective subscribers at your leisure.

A complete list of RIP-SAW pamphlets will be found on another page.

Size of Club	Premiums You May Select
Four Subscriptions and \$1.00	Any one RIP-SAW pamphlet or three "RED BUTTONS."
Six Subscriptions and \$1.50	Any three RIP-SAW pamphlets or one large photo RIP-SAW STAFF, or one set of three Dolls.
Ten Subscribers and \$2.50	Any five RIP-SAW pamphlets or one Gold Front Socialist Button, or one Gold Front Socialist Pin.
Twelve Subscribers and \$3.00	Any Seven RIP-SAW pamphlets, or one "Sorrows of Cupid," paper covers, or one "Workers in Am. History," paper covers.
Twenty Subscribers and \$5.00	Any fifteen RIP-SAW pamphlets, or either "Sorrows" or "Workers" and eight Rip-Saw pamphlets.
Twenty-four Subscribers and \$6.00	Any nineteen RIP-SAW pamphlets, or "The Call of the Carpenter," or one copy "Sorrows," library edition, or one copy "Workers," library edition, or both "Sorrows" and "Workers," paper edition.

Remember—you may mix subscriptions and subscription cards to make up the requisite number to entitle you to premiums you select.

## The Rip-Saw Photograph.

Nearly two thousand comrades in the RIP-SAW ARMY have received the fine large PHOTOGRAPH of the RIP-SAW BUNCH, including Kate O'Hare, Phil Wagner, W. S. Morgan, Frank O'Hare, H. M. Tichenor, Oscar Ameringer and H. G. Creel. This is sent free to those getting a club of six subscribers.

## Baby Dolls for Little Socialists.

Only a few more sets of the RIP-SAW dolls are left. The largest doll is nearly seventeen inches high. These dolls are a dandy present to give your little girl. You could not buy as good a set in your town except at a high price.

## Kate O'Hares "Sorrows of Cupid".

The most beautiful Socialist book printed in English. Two hundred and sixty pages that will bring tears to your eyes, or laughter from your heart. The most perfect wit and humor sparkles throughout. One says, "Well, Kate O'Hare has a universal mind and heart—where did she learn it all." "SORROWS" is the most perfect picture of life today—your life and mine. Suitable to hand to anyone to read—a mine of precious jewels of thought—and the plainest explanation of what Capitalism was and is and what Socialism is and will be. The paper edition is fine—the library edition is magnificent.

## Workers In American History.

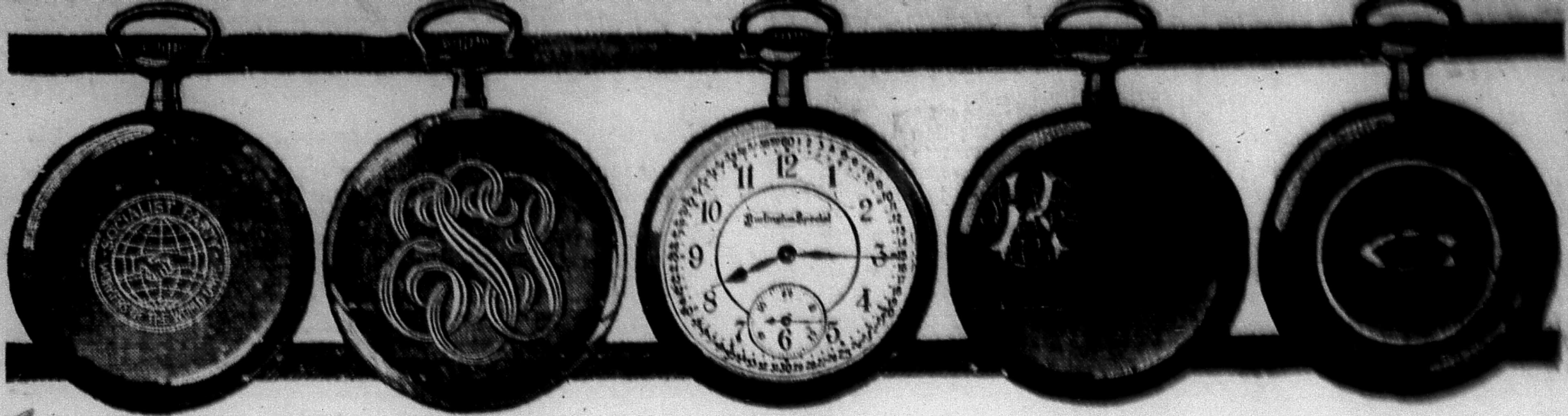
By James Oneal. The standard history of America for the working-class. Unequaled for accuracy, brilliancy. If you can only own one book—get Oneal's "Workers." It has the approval of every Socialist who has read it. In paper covers, and in fine Silk Cloth Library Edition.

ROLL OF HONOR BIG TEN We publish each month the full names and addresses of the comrades sending in the ten biggest lists of subscribers or orders for subscription cards for the month closing thirty days previous to date of publication. Is your name in the roll of honor? Get into the friendly competition to be among the big ten.

## The Rip-Saw is Doing Big Work and Planning Bigger Work for Socialism.

and the efforts of the RIP-SAW bunch of editors can only get RESULTS THROUGH the efforts of our army of twenty thousand Comrades. Become a member of the army—it is easy to get subs for the RIP-SAW—try it.





# Comrades

Here are the Newest Ideas in Watches

The latest products of the craft. Exquisitely beautiful. Your own initials handsomely engraved on the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of *Socialist Emblems, Enamel Monograms, Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art, Dragon Designs.* Open face or hunting cases, ladies' or gentlemen's 12 and 16 sizes. A watch to suit every taste. *The masterpiece of watch manufacture—10 jewels, adjusted to the second—adjusted to positions—adjusted to temperature—adjusted to individualism.*

## Special! Offer to Socialists!

For reasons explained in our letter to you (special trade reasons) Socialists can now get **direct** the Superb Burlington Watch at the rock-bottom price—the same price that **even the wholesale jeweler must pay**—and in order to encourage every Socialist to secure this watch at once, Socialists may pay this rock-bottom price **direct** from us either for cash or \$2.50 a month on this great special offer! We send the watch on approval, **prepaid**.

### Sent to Socialists—No Money Down—Prepaid

Remember, the highest grade watch **direct** to Socialists (for special reasons now) at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay! You risk absolutely nothing—Socialists pay nothing—not a cent—unless you want this **exceptional** offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch. Read the coupon.

## Send Coupon for Our New Book on Watches

Learn the inside facts about watch prices and the many superior points of the Burlington over double-priced products. Also illustrations of all the newest up-to-date ideas in exquisite watches, and our letter to you sending the rock-bottom price **direct**. Just send the coupon, or a letter, or postal. Write now.

**Burlington Watch Co.**

Dept. 3173, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Chicago

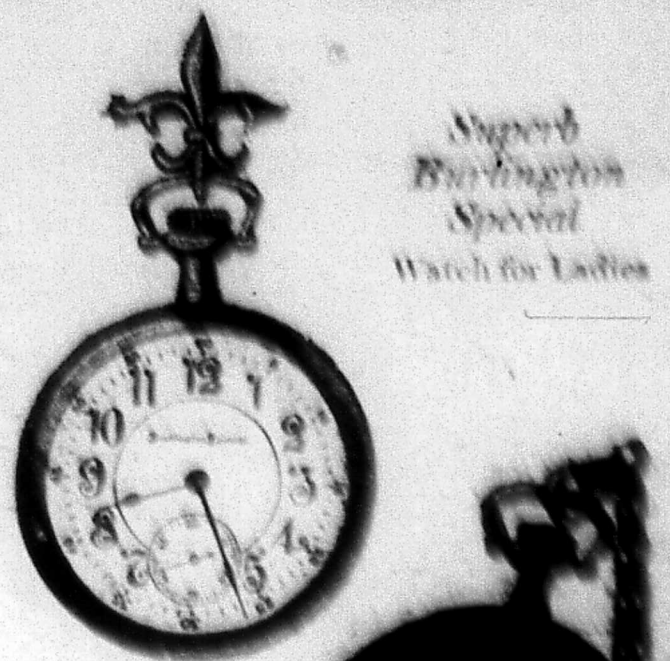
## Send for Our Latest Catalog

Sent to any address free. Illustrates all the beautiful up-to-date designs and tells the story of the Burlington offered now **DIRECT**. Wherever the Burlington Special has been introduced it has gained in popularity. Ask any railroad man what he thinks of the Burlington. Railroad men everywhere have learned that here is a watch that will live up to all requirements, and **more**—and yet they can get it at a fair price. One man who worked in the boiler room of one of the largest automobile factories took advantage of our offer and got a Burlington. He found that it kept time to the second under all conditions and in all temperatures on account of its accurate adjustment to temperature. Now the other men in the boiler rooms carry Burlingtons. A western rancher who spends nearly eight hours a day in the saddle bought a Burlington. Even though he intentionally gave it exceptionally hard usage and submitted it to innumerable tests it maintains its reputation for accuracy. (The Burlington is adjusted to positions.) Since that time scores of Burlingtons have been sold to his neighbors.

## The Advertising Manager of the National Rip Saw Says:

"I'll match the Burlington against any watch in the world when it comes to keeping time. The Socialist emblem engraved on the case makes it one of the most handsome I have ever seen. I certainly appreciate the honest, fair and square treatment I received and unreservedly recommend them to Socialists everywhere."

*Harry S. Fisher*



Superb  
Burlington  
Special  
Watch for Ladies

The Perfect  
Timekeeper

Exquisite  
New Style  
Gold Strata  
Cases

### New Ideas In Watch Cases

1. **The Socialist Emblem** engraved on the superb gold strata case by hand. An exquisite watch—**to Socialists only.**
2. **Ribbon Monogram-Initials** hand-somely engraved on the gold strata case by hand.
3. **Montgomery Dial.** Every minute numbered. Especially popular with railroad men.
4. **Inlay Enamel Monogram.** The latest fad in watch cases. Extremely popular.
5. **Inlay Enamel Monogram.** Another of the newest designs. Your own initials inlaid in handsome enamel—any color.
6. **Inlay Enamel Monogram.** These superb cases are the latest products of the master goldsmiths. See catalog.
7. **The Burlington Special Dial.** Plain, easily read, one of the newest and most popular designs ever offered.
8. **Diamond Set Initial Case.** These gems are not chips, but 1/2 carat, pure white, genuine full cut and faceted diamonds.
9. **The Burlington Special Dial** is very popular in the ladies' size watches.
10. **Inlay Enamel Monogram.** For the woman who wants the latest of cases and one that is distinctly individual.

### The Movement!

For the purpose of this sweeping **direct** offer the Burlington Watch Company selected its finest and biggest grade watch. The 11 imported ruby and sapphire jewels represent maximum time-keeping efficiency as known to every man.

Needless to add that, after having engaged the highest grade of workmen from Europe, the makers of the watch did not shun the comparative minor expense of getting the very best material for the best watch.

Adjusted to temperature and adjusted to isochronism and adjusted to positions—the Burlington watch is subjected to the most rigid tests of any chronometer in the world.

## Watch Book Coupon

**Burlington Watch Co.**

19th Street and Marshall Boulevard  
Dept. 3173 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations prepaid), your free book on watches with explanation of your cash, or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch direct to Socialists.

Name.....

Address.....

