

# THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW.

Year 50c

Club of Four  
25c Each

OUR MOTTO  
BLIND AS A BAT TO EVERYTHING BUT RIGHT.

SINGLE COPIES 5c

Vol. XI., No. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY, 1914.

Whole Number 123

# WAR! WAR!

As this issue of the Rip-Saw goes to press the first guns of a probable war with Mexico have been fired. As a result, 200 Mexicans are reported dead, and four Americans, besides a heavy list of wounded. The city of Vera Cruz has fallen into United States hands, with Tampico, according to Washington information, to immediately follow. The excuse for all this is that some United States marines were arrested by Mexican federals. These marines were afterwards released, and the Mexican officer, who arrested them, punished. This was not enough to satisfy the administration at Washington. President Huerta was commanded to fire a salute of 21 guns in honor of the American flag. He refused, and President Wilson immediately ordered warships to proceed to the Mexican ports. So far the affair is but an attempt to avenge the insult to the American flag, declares the Wilson administration. "It is a war against Huerta, and not against the Mexican people." The killing at Vera Cruz of 200 Mexican peons, as well as four American marines, in order to punish President Huerta, is a rare example of capitalist ethics, morals and religion. And the economic factor that looms up bald and big is that Standard Oil is interested in millions of oil property around Tampico. To anybody not balled up with the jingoes the "insult" to Standard Oil looks more like the cause of war than the insult to the flag.

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To the past atrocities and mur-

ders committed by the militia in the Colorado strike, under the command of the billionaire Mining Corporations, which are virtually the Standard Oil Trust, have been added the killing of twenty-six men, women and children of the working-class, at Trinidad. A Denver dispatch of April

21 says:

A known death list of twenty-six men, women and children, and a maximum possibility of fifty dead, as the result of the battle of Ludlow camp between state troops and striking coal miners, roused official Colorado to-

night to a high tension.

Squads of armed men from Fremont County and from near Denver going to re-enforce the 600 or more strikers now at Ludlow presaged renewal of armed violence at any time.

The discharge of four train crews of the Colorado & Southern Railroad for refusing to take trains of soldiers and ammunition from Trinidad to Ludlow caused much talk of a strike by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Trainmen, and officers of the Colorado State Federation of Labor tonight planned a meeting forthwith to discuss again the advisability of calling a state-wide general strike.

Meanwhile the administration officials of the state waited for authority from Gov. Ammons, now in Washington, to call a special session of the state legislature to provide funds for the state militia and measures for dealing with the strike situation.

Among those reported missing are four women and thirteen children, who are believed to have been suffocated by the fire that destroyed the strikers' tents at the close of yesterday's fight.

According to the miners of Trinidad these tents, where the striking miners and their families were living, were set on fire by the militia.

WAR IS HELL, AND CAPITALISM MUST HAVE WAR.

## SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

THIS ISSUE, RIGHT NOW

### Challenges the Nation

To this momentous question Mrs. Bessie Marian Ruler, Attorney at Law, of St. Louis, and prominent anti-woman suffragist,

### Stubbornly Says NO!

Kate Richards O'Hare

Editor, Lecturer and Student of Sociology,

### Emphatically Says YES!

The National Rip-Saw proposes to let these two eminent women

### Thrash the Matter Out

In the columns of this magazine, and has arranged for a

### Warm Debate on Woman Suffrage

To begin in the next (June) issue. There is nothing in the world like these debates—these intellectual scraps—to show both sides of any question, and the debate between Lawyer Bessie Marian Ruler and Comrade Kate O'Hare will be a feast for thinkers. Get busy along the line and rush in the subs to start in June.

# BARRELS OF AIR BURNED AS FUEL

**COOL KITCHENS! SUMMER COMFORT!**

**New, Remarkable Stove — Ohioan's Great Invention — Consumes Barrels of Air to One Gallon of common Kerosene oil, making Oil-gas—the new Fuel that looks and burns like gas**

**PROVEN BY SCIENTIFIC TEST**

Wood, Coal and Oil all cost money. **ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR!** Unlimited supply—no trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike. We can't burn air alone, but see here! **Our wonderful stove burns air and gas—very little gas—principally air. Take its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere.**

A miniature gas works—penny fuel for every family—save 1-2 to 1-3 on cost—save dirt and drudgery—no more coal or wood to carry—ashes unknown—absolute safety.

**SEE HOW SIMPLE! TURN A KNOB—TOUCH A MATCH—FIRE IS ON.  
TURN AGAIN—FIRE IS OFF! THAT'S ALL.**

Astonishing but true—time tested—proven facts—circulars give startling details—overwhelming evidence.

**No Such Stove Sold In Stores—Unlike Anything You've Seen Or Heard Of!**

A Splendid Opportunity for Our Readers to Make Money; Both Men and Women. Write today.

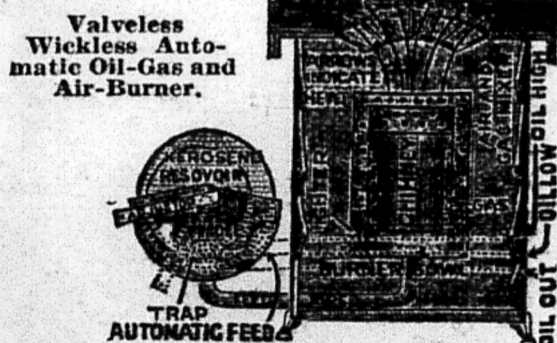
Because air is the only free fuel and no trust in control, inventors have tried for years to find a way by which properties could be drawn from the atmosphere and used as fuel for general household purposes, thus producing the cheapest fuel obtainable.

Understand, you can not burn air absolutely alone, but this new air generator actually takes its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere, so much so as to take in barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil.

The time has come at last when our readers are no longer compelled to continually drudge with coal and wood fires or dangerous gasoline, for every family who desires can heat, cook and bake with oil and air gas, the wonderful new fuel which frequently saves from one-third to one-half on fuel bills. What a blessing this is to women folks, who for the first time in their lives can say, no more coal or wood, or smoky oil wick stoves to make life miserable with daily drudgery so ruinous to health and looks

## Thousands a Week

Upon calling at the factory we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all over the U. S.—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders, and evidently the Company's representatives



Sectional Cut of Generator

and agents are making big profits, as they offer splendid inducements.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this oil-gas and air generator is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—and durable—last for years—no wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control—no leaks, nothing to close or clog up.

By simply turning a knob, as you would a door knob, the oil is automatically fed to a small steel burner bowl or open trough, when it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two

red-hot perforated steel chimneys, all the while drawing in about one barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed, making quick, intense heat. This intense heat is concentrated at burners. Not thrown out to overheat room. Kitchen always cool and comfortable in hot weather. Grandest and Best Summer Stove on Earth. In winter use Radiator. Then intense heat passes direct to Radiator on top of stove, and this great volume of heat is thrown off in all directions by eleven Radiator tubes, aided by one large central column with a distributing surface equal to a cylinder five feet in circumference.

Every drop of fuel is consumed, goes into heat—making hottest gas fire—nothing wasted—all the heat stays inside and none goes up the chimney, for this stove requires no pipes or flue connections—use it anywhere about the house, office, or store—move it about as often as you like.

This invention has been fully protected in the U. S. Patent Office, and is known as the Harrison Valveless, Wickless, Automatic Oil Gas and Air Generator, the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of kerosene oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it, we believe, the most economical fuel on earth, and the reason for the great success of this generator is based on the well-known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with common air.

Kerosene oil from which oil gas is made is sold by all grocers—buy as consumed—as you would for a lamp—gallon lots or two—let pennies do the work of dollars, and save the difference. At last humanity is blessed with a cheap fuel that makes no dirt, ashes, soot—removing forever the greatest nuisance that women folks ever suffered.

What a pleasure to just turn the knob—touch a match—a beautiful gas flame appears—hottest fire—always ready—on or off at will—self-regulating—no more attention—same heat all day or all night—could anything be more perfect?

It generates the gas only as needed—simple, handsome, durable, easily operated, and another feature is its perfect safety. This stove is so safe that you could drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment, but a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few ex-

tracts may be interesting to the readers, we reproduce them:

Thos. Vincent, Wis.: "My wife never had anything she enjoyed so much as your stove. No heated room or dirt. I can heartily recommend your stove to any one desiring a clean, neat and economical stove. It surpasses anything we ever saw."

J. C. Campbell, Nebr.: "Your stove gives perfect satisfaction. Would not part with it for anything. It is far superior to any other oil or gasoline stove. It is perfectly safe, very convenient, economical and cleanly. It is all you recommend it to be. A fine baker and a great comfort to use it."

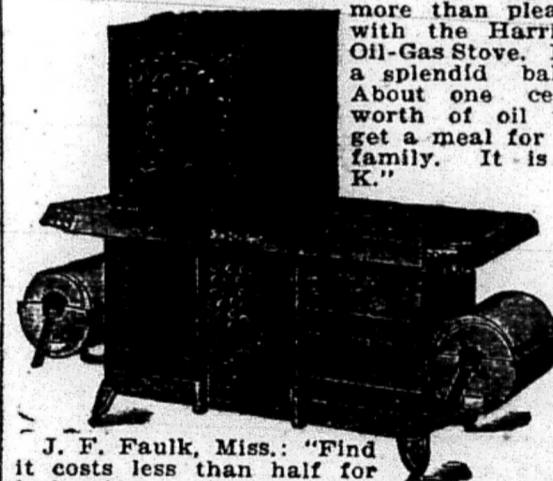
K. H. McVany, W. Va.: "I can't do without your stove one day. It is the best friend I have. The longer I use it, the better I like it, and the better it gets."

W. H. Goodwin, Vt.: "Harrison Oil-Gas Stove is the Leader of all oil stoves. It can't be recommended too highly."

L. Waltz, Texas: "We like the stove better every day. We think it is a dandy cooker and baker. Have the best biscuits now we ever had in years."

B. H. Batchelor, Texas: "My wife is highly delighted with the stove. Would not part with it for any other stove made. We are eating the finest bread and other cooking that we ever ate before. It surpasses what it is recommended to do."

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Miller, Ind.: "We are more than pleased with the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. It is a splendid baker. About one cent's worth of oil will get a meal for our family. It is O. K."



J. F. Faulk, Miss.: "Find it costs less than half for fuel using your stove than it does a wood or coal stove—besides the pleasure of cooking without suffering with the heat." Agents Are Doing Fine—Making Big Money.

## Wonderful Quick Seller

Geo. Robertson, of Mo., writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas; so are my friends—took twelve orders in three days."

A. B. Slimp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency. In a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory. Sold five stoves first day I had mine."

J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have seventy orders."

This is certainly a good chance for our readers to make money.

Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas, and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw the Oil-Gas

Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in four sizes, 1, 2, 3 or 4 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout, thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee them.

## How To Get One

All our lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasure of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save one-third to one-half on fuel bills and do their heating, cooking and baking at small expense, should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties. If you will write to the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 5043 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and ask for their illustrative pamphlet describing this invention, and also letters from hundreds of delighted users, you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these Stoves is remarkably low, only \$3.25 up. And it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives.

## Don't Fail to Write To-day

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, is perfectly responsible and reliable, capital \$100,000, and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted and delivered promptly to any address. Don't fail to write for catalogue.

## \$40 Weekly and Expenses

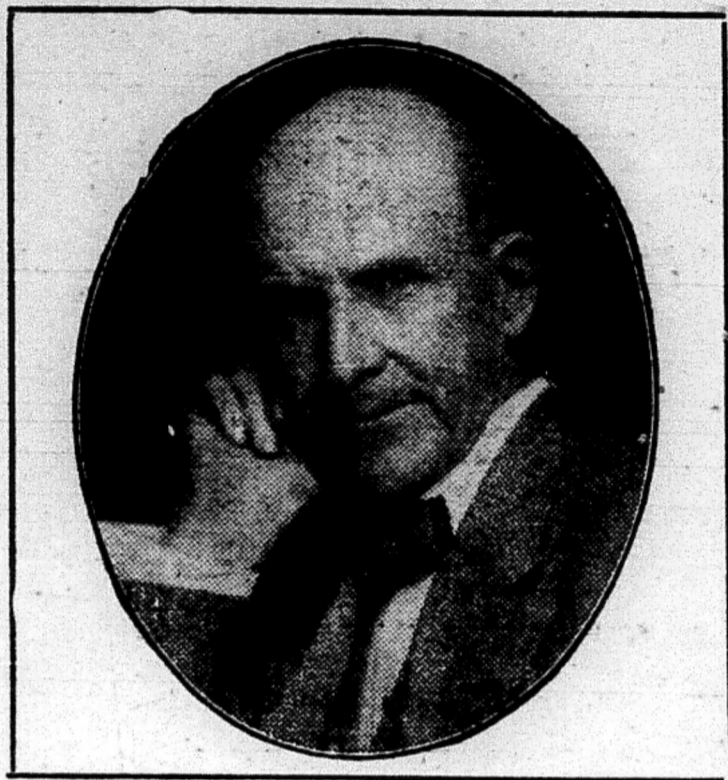
The firm offers splendid inducements to agents and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages, by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of our readers have spare time, or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before eight or ten people, and you will excite their curiosity and should be able to sell five or eight and make \$10.00 to \$15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?

# Editorial Section

By **EUGENE V. DEBS**



## LABOR THE GIANT

The pigmy workers, as they are regarded by their masters, are developing out of their own flesh and blood and consciousness a giant of herculean proportions whose tread is even now making capitalism quake to its rotten foundations.

The name of this modern giant, the greatest that ever trod the earth, great enough to smash the plunderbund at a blow, is **Solidarity**.

Behold him, this brave and brawny and brainy giant of labor, this towering colossus of the working class, whose breath is life, whose name is power, and whose goal is emancipation!

The workers of all the world are converging their strength, their hope and their aspiration in this giant Solidarity and the very earth is beginning to tremble beneath his ponderous tread. He bodes no ill to toiling humanity and no good to toiling humanity's greedy exploiters and heartless oppressors.

He is the implacable foe of labor's age-long enemies, the blood-sucking vampires and their vast brood of mercenaries and microbes; his great orbs flash with the fires of wrath as he looks upon the priestcraft and superstition which have kept the workers in blindness and slavery for ages, and he has grimly sworn to wipe these blighting and withering curses from the face of the earth.

All hail to Giant Solidarity, the revolution of the working class incarnate, the towering champion of industrial freedom, and the sun-crowned herald of the coming day.

## UNCLE SAM'S HOP PICKERS

Chattel slavery was abolished in the United States half a century ago. A species of slavery more inhuman and debasing has taken its place. Witness the scenes and conditions, revolting to the last degree, described in the report recently issued by the Federal Industrial Commission, prevailing in the hop fields of the Pacific coast.

Our readers are somewhat familiar with the facts relating to the late strike of the hop pickers in that section, which resulted in a riot in which several persons were killed, among them the district attorney, and for which two of the leaders of the hop pickers were sentenced to prison for life. These leaders were absolutely innocent. The riot was incited by the hirelings of the hop barons whom the district attorney served with such eager haste as to invite his own death. The strikers and their leaders were in no wise responsible and the leaders were only convicted because they were in the service of the cruelly enslaved and outrageously exploited hop pickers.

Since the Federal Industrial Commission has begun its investigation the most shocking facts have come to light in connection with the peonage which has been forced upon the hop pickers by the beastly barons who have grown enormously rich through the wholesale robbery of their slaves and the brutal methods employed by them in keeping these slaves at the starvation point and in utterly helpless subjection.

The hop-picking camp in which the strike occurred is thus described in the report of the Federal Industrial Commission:

"At least one-half the campers were absolutely destitute, and those who worked were forced to cash in their checks each evening to feed tent companions. A great number had no blankets and slept on piles of straw thrown onto the tent floors. **One group of forty-five men, women and children slept packed closely on a single pile of straw.**"

There is much more to the same horrible and revolting effect. If lynchings were justifiable under any possible conditions then I should say that the human hyenas who enforced and waxed fat in these indescribably brutal conditions ought to be lynched by an outraged community.

Even the Federal Commission, of capitalist selection, concludes:

"The question of what persons were guilty of the murders seems in comparison with the deeper social economic responsibility, of insignificant importance."

In other words, murder itself, according to the Federal Commission, is of insignificant importance compared to the horrible outrages, involving hunger, rags, filth, torture indescribable, and living death to which the three thousand hop pickers were subjected under the domination of the plutocratic brutes who fattened upon their misery and degradation.

Every one of these heartless robbers is rich and respectable and a pillar of the church besides.

Workers, the revelations in the hop camps of the Pacific coast should fire every drop of blood in your veins! These criminally outraged hop pickers are of your class, your comrades, your brothers and sisters, and the spectacle they present to the world under capitalism should arouse all the workers to rebellion against that hellish system.

Organize your forces, ye workers, into an all-embracing industrial union and make common cause against the power and piracy of capitalism!

Raise the demand on the Pacific coast for the unconditional release of the leaders convicted by the judicial lickspittles of the hop barons and back up your demand with a united ballot and keep up the fight until the day is won and the workers are free!

## PROHIBITION, STOCKINGS AND GARTERS

Prohibition was demonstrated to be an overwhelming success in Oklahoma City some days ago. A profound sensation has been sprung there in consequence of an affair that took place at a "smoker" given by the "better claws" of the city. Oklahoma is, of course, a copper-riveted prohibition center, but the account says that "6,000 bottles of beer were consumed at the smoker." The bourgeoisie made a gala night of it and now the City Federation of Women's Clubs and the Ministerial Alliance "are investigating allegations that a female from Chicago danced in 'September Morn' raiment," and that other scandalous and salacious stunts were pulled off. The club women declare that the "womanhood of the city has been insulted" as a result of the affair. The Chicago woman who did the dancing is thus reported in a special dispatch to the Houston Post: "As she made her debut on the stage she disrobed and threw her clothes, including stockings and souvenir garters, into the audience. As encore to her dance she was lifted from the stage and walking through the audience received a hat full of contributions. Motion pictures taken in Paris which rivalled the feature act of the woman, also were shown. The smoker closed with three prize fights, which are also prohibited in Oklahoma City."

How about this for prohibition and for good morals, such as the capitalist class and their parsons and politicians and other apologists and retainers are forever preaching?

If Socialists were low enough to attempt to pull off such a disgraceful stunt they would be raided by the police and locked up in jail for violating public decency. But it is eminently proper for the "better claws" to revel in such moral filth and go wild over exhibitions of vulgarity that would outrage any other than bourgeois sensibilities.

And pray do not forget that these are the gentry who are opposed to Socialism because Socialism is immoral, and stands for free love and violates the integrity of the family.

This is the false and slanderous charge brought against Socialism by the ruling class parasites who assail it on the alleged ground

of immorality while they go wild with delight at sight of a nude female throwing her garters and stockings into their applauding hands as mementoes of their highly moral and edifying bourgeois entertainment.

### ARE THEY "UN-AMERICAN"?

Chairman Taylor of the congressional committee investigating the strike of the copper miners in Michigan, referring to the big brute McNaughton, manager of the Calumet and Hecla company, and his crowd and their autocratic refusal to deal with the miners' union, denounced them and their methods as tyrannical and "un-American," for denying to the miners their constitutional right to belong to a labor union.

Tyrannical? Yes, without a doubt, and that is putting it mildly enough, but why "un-American"?

Is there anything about this sort of thing that is foreign and repugnant to American capitalism? Is it not rather distinctly American? Was it not Carnegie himself, the Lord of Skibo, and Prince of Peace (?) who as far back as 1892, nearly a quarter of a century ago, set the example as a leading American captain of industry, of having his workingmen pumped full of cold lead by his private army of Pinkerton assassins for belonging to a labor union, which example has been followed as a rule ever since?

What is there "un-American" about it? Is it not rather distinctively American?

If such a thing were to occur in Turkey it would undoubtedly be "un-Turkish," but it is beside the truth to claim that it is "un-American."

We have long been in the habit of using this term "un-American" to express our contempt for our supposed inferiors of other nations, but there is nothing in it save our own vain and vulgar boasting. There was a time when this phrase had some meaning but that was long before asylum for political refugees was destroyed, and long before the constabulary of the several states became the private armies of corporate brigands, who now suspend constitutions at will, establish military despotism, saber and slash women and children, throw a grand old mother of the suffering poor into a foul dungeon without warrant or trial, mob and shoot a union leader and drive him out of the country by force without so much as a charge against him, and rule as despotically and heartlessly in what is called free America as the bloody brute who sits on his throne of skulls rules in darkest Russia.

No, no, Mr. Taylor and gentlemen of the congressional committee, the outrages you witnessed in upper Michigan are not only not "un-American," but they are distinctively, eminently, supremely American and comport entirely with the ideals of American capitalism.

There are no titled rulers on earth and no blood-sucking vampires anywhere who can beat American capitalists, banded together in corporations and trusts, when it comes to the brutal, heartless repression of the slaves who produce their wealth. Not even women or children are spared. Nothing is sacred to them. The rights of men are to them food for laughter and scorn. All the decencies, dignities and amenities of civilized life are trampled under their hoofs in their mad war to increase their profits and keep down their slaves.

And in this deadly, destructive and debauching program of American capitalists they have brought to their aid the most efficient court machinery, the most deadly gatling guns, and the most degenerate man-killers on earth.

James McNaughton and his gang of pirates up in Michigan are eminently American and their methods of brutal coercion, starvation of women and children, and general degradation are anything you may choose to call it except "un-American."

Capitalism has made the term "un-American" one of reproach to Americans instead of the compliment intended by it when it was coined.

Count us "un-American" as long as the robber barons of capitalism rule America!

### THE DISSOLVED TRUSTS

The Standard Oil Company is a shining example of what becomes of a trust after it has been "dissolved" by the federal government. It will be remembered that the supreme court rendered a decision against the Standard Oil octopus and issued an order requiring that it be dissolved and reduced to its former thirty-three subsidiary concerns. Great was the rejoicing in trust-busting circles when this sweeping (?) decision was rendered against the Standard oil trust. The Tobacco Trust was also dissolved by a similar order, whereupon it was taken for granted by those who growl about capitalism but never miss a chance to vote for it, that these trusts had gone out of existence and that monopoly in their field was dead as a smoked herring.

Now comes the Standard Oil Company with its report for the year 1913, showing an increase in its net profits of \$40,000,000 over the preceding year. To quote the figures as given in the report, the net profit for the year preceding the dissolution was \$80,000,000 whereas the profit for the year following the dissolution was \$120,000,000. In other words Standard Oil charged the American people \$40,000,000 for obliging it to change its method of bookkeeping, and will continue to charge them that amount annually for having to do business through its subsidiary concerns instead of its central office.

Of course, Rockefeller and his pals who owned Standard Oil before it was dissolved also own its subsidiaries and can operate the machinery of exploitation and extortion quite as efficiently as before.

What difference is it to the American people if Standard Oil is all one and owned by Rockefeller or broken up into a hundred parts and Rockefeller owns all the parts?

The Standard Oil Trust has not, in fact, been touched at all. All the rejoicing over the supreme court's bunco decision has been that of foolish and shallow-pated people who, like young robins, swallow all that comes and are glad.

If ever there was a one hundred per cent fraud perpetrated upon the American people it is the miserable fraud about busting the trusts by proceeding against them through the courts.

The whole supreme court consists of corporation lawyers, placed on the bench by the trusts and corporations to establish the "rule of reason" and incidentally to wave the magic wand and causes the trusts and the modern machinery upon which they are built to fade away like mist before the rising sun.

"Oh, what fools, etc., etc., etc.!"

### THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

Socialists make the claim that their party is different than any other party ever organized. It is differently organized, differently constituted, differently financed, differently controlled and has a different mission. The chief difference is that it is a working class party and that it has been organized and is controlled by and for that class.

For instance, the Socialist party contributed over \$25,000 to the striking copper miners in Michigan, in addition to which it sent them over \$5,000 worth of clothing for their wives and children and several car loads of food, and this by the national party alone, to say nothing of the numerous contributions made by local organizations. In Colorado the striking miners have also had the undivided moral and financial support of the Socialist party. So also in West Virginia, in New Jersey, in Massachusetts, Ohio, Washington, and all other states where workers have been forced out on strike against starvation wages and inhuman conditions.

Wherever the workers find it necessary to do battle against their oppressors there the Socialist party unfurls its flag and fights side by side with the embattled wage-slaves.

What other party does the same? Not one, and not one would dare do it for that hour the ruling class would smash it and end its career.

What has the republican party or the democratic party or the progressive party done for the striking miners in Colorado and Michigan, or their wives and children, except to have their governors call out the soldiers to shoot them and their sheriffs and policemen to brain them for protesting against starvation pay and brutalizing conditions?

That's some difference between the Socialist party and the rest of the parties, what?

The Socialist party feeds and clothes the strikers; the republican, democratic and progressive parties club them and shoot them and lock them up in jail and furnish scabs and strike-breakers to take their places.

All these capitalist parties are the "friends of labor" about election time. Oh, yes, they gush with nauseating slobber when the votes of workers are wanted to keep their masters on their backs, but when they are striking for life all these politicians are with the masters, as witness the governors and sheriffs and chiefs of police in Michigan and Colorado.

The Socialist party is the workers' party and the only party to which intelligent workingmen and women give their allegiance and support.

### UNIFORMED BRUTES

We are aware of our injustice to the brute creation when we call the soldiers who make up the state militia of Colorado and Michigan uniformed brutes. If there is anything human about the soldiers who have charged upon women and children, broken into houses and robbed them, swaggered through the streets like cowardly bullies, crazy drunk, assaulting helpless men and insulting and outraging their wives; if there is anything human about these filthy

beasts it is sadly out of place in their vile and degenerate carcasses.

These are harsh and bitter words, but they are still far too mild to do justice to these uniformed mercenaries who instead of being the soldiers of the state are in point of fact the scavengers of the criminal corporations. The congressional investigation in both states has substantiated every charge brought by the strikers against these swaggering assassins in uniform. As between them and the Baldwin-Feltz thugs and other scabs and strike-breakers, low and repulsive as these are, the latter are preferable for they at least do not pretend to be other than they are.

In both Colorado and Michigan the state soldiers and the corporation scabs and strike-breakers, by courtesy called mine guards, are hand in glove with each other. They are, in fact, of a feather and it is as easy for a militiaman to become a mine-guard or a mine-guard to become a militiaman as it is for a strike-breaker to become a slugger or a slugger to become a strike-breaker. There is about the same difference between them that there is between fleas and lice, but which are the fleas and which the lice would be hard to tell.

The real purpose of the state militia has been disclosed, made clear beyond all question, in the Colorado and Michigan strikes, and the object lesson will not be lost upon the working class of the United States.

The uniformed brutes who shot down inoffensive workingmen, burglarized their homes, sabered helpless women, got crazy drunk with the sluggers and strike-breakers of the corporations and sunk lower than the lowest beasts in their degenerate servility to the mine owners, whose tools and lickspittles they are, notwithstanding they draw their pay from the state, have made a record in Colorado and Michigan which the capitalist class will one day wish had never been made.

We, the workers, may be the victims of these uniformed brutes and of their aristocratic owners today, but we are class-conscious at last, thank God, and we have memories.

Take note, MacNaughton, Wellborn, Osgood, Brown et al., that **WE SHALL NOT FORGET!**

### INDUSTRIAL MASSACRE

Capitalism is more ruthless and destructive of human life than any barbarian horde that ever went forth on its mission of pillage and extermination. The toll of life it takes and the coolness and indifference with which it is taken is simply appalling.

Talk about the great battles of history and the terrible casualties which follow in their wake! Think for a moment of the industrial battlefield of the United States and the mutilation and massacre going on there all the year around! Compared to the dead and maimed that fall here all other battles fade into insignificance.

A great majority of these sacrifices of life and limb are not only wholly unnecessary, but criminally wanton and everlastingly shameful and shocking. Profit, the capitalist's profit, the employer's gold and his family's luxury has always and everywhere primary consideration. Whatever interferes with or lessens profit in any degree, even though it be the worker's life, would better have a care for the capitalist's profit is more, infinitely more, in the capitalist system than the worker's life.

**"TWELVE COAL MINERS WERE KILLED EVERY WORKING DAY OF THE YEAR DURING 1913."**

This is taken from the report recently issued by the United States Bureau of Miners. This same report contains the following:

**"IN AN ARMY OF 728,355 MEN, THERE WERE 2,785 DEATHS. THIS IS AN INCREASE OF 425 DEATHS OVER THE PREVIOUS YEAR 1912, AND GIVES A FATALITY RATE OF 3.82 IN EVERY 1,000 MEN EMPLOYED, AS COMPARED WITH 3.27 IN 1912."**

These figures present startling evidence of the criminal waste of life under capitalism, especially American capitalism, for it is a notorious fact that the industrial slaughter is by far greater in the United States than in any other nation on earth.

Do you suppose for an instant, dear reader, that if the Rockefellers and Carnegies had to go down into the mines and dig up coal there would be such shocking exhibitions of wanton slaughter in the mines? Not on your life! Their precious bodies would be safeguarded by every appliance and device ingenuity could suggest and science provide, for be it known that they are plutocrats and parasites and their uselessness to society makes it necessary to conserve them with the extremest care, but as for the coal diggers and wage-slaves generally, pooh! they are too cheap to bother about, so cheap, in fact, that it pays better to kill them than to save their lives.

And here we see at a glance the ineffable beauty of capitalism and every wage-slave who thinks he is getting what is coming to him under this system has the liberty in this free land of ours to stick to

capitalism and vote for the slaughter of his class every time he has a chance.

### CAPITALISM'S GHASTLY JOKE

To crack coarse jokes about a corpse would indicate a coarse and vulgar nature, wouldn't it?

But not more coarse and unfeeling than one that would make an unfortunate human being the butt of jest and ridicule.

The tramp and hobo, the products of capitalism, are its standing jokes and afford its votaries no end of merriment.

A man who can see a joke in a wrecked and wretched human being must himself be in a sad way, possibly a penny-a-liner tickling his master's fat risibles by poking fun at his hapless victims for seven or eight dollars a week.

Out in California just now it is quite the thing to laugh and joke about Kelley's army of unemployed and it would seem that every brainless nincompoop has spent himself trying to get off something in the way of ridicule and contempt at the expense of these unfortunate men.

Gods, if these fools but knew what they are joking about!

Kelley's army and like bodies of homeless, workless, hopeless human beings present pictures tragic and heart-breaking enough to bring tears to the eyes of a stone image.

Driven from pillar to post these victims of capitalism present an object lesson of the utter cheapness of human flesh and blood. There is nothing left of many of them but their exploited bones and these are scarce worth a place in the pottersfield. They are not wanted anywhere. They are worked out and worthless, and as mere human beings they are greater nuisances than vagabond dogs. That is the view taken of them by the beneficiaries of the system which wrecked them.

Enforced idleness is the ruin of many a workingman and the cause of many a blasted life. For this the tramps and hoboos are not responsible. They are simply the victims and when they are down and out as the result of small wages or no work, or the hard conditions which inevitably follow, they ought, from the capitalist viewpoint of those who ground their lives into dollars, to be killed and buried in quicklime.

A beautiful civilization this, in which such inhumanity is so common and so entirely a matter of course that scarcely a voice is raised in protest.

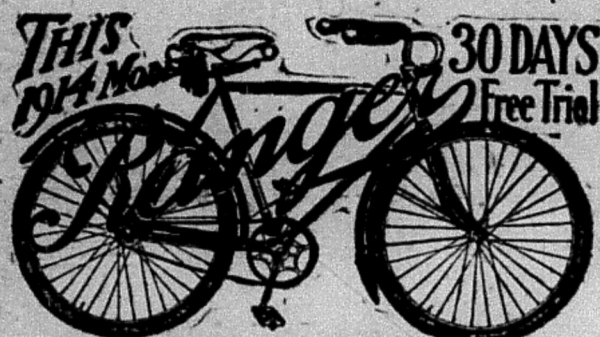
When Governor Oddie of Nevada heard that Kelley's army was moving in that direction he sent a telegram to the railroad managers in the name of that state, declaring that he would "not allow them to be unloaded within its borders." One would think he had reference to dead hogs instead of live human beings, and if he were the absolute personal proprietor of the state he could not have addressed himself to these fellow-creatures of his with more arrogant and despotic presumption. Probably the capitalists who finance his political party and the machine politicians who run it saw no prospect of profit or votes in these "hoboos" and the governor could safely assume the role of czar and command them to keep out of the kingdom ruled by him.

The army of tramps and hoboos may be a side-splitting joke to capitalism now, but the time will come when the grinning ghost of this ghastrly joke will appear as a fitting monument above capitalism's grave.

### THE HOME RULE THAT IRELAND NEEDS

It is now about a hundred years since the fight began for home rule in Ireland and from the hue and cry which has been raised about it one would imagine that it meant a great deal for the people of Ireland, but as a matter of fact it means little or nothing to the poverty-stricken millions of the Emerald Isle. Whether they are despoiled by one or another set of landlords and parasites, and whether these be of a foreign or a domestic breed, makes precious little difference to the landless, toolless masses. What the Irish people want to get rid of and must get rid of before any substantial relief is possible is priestcraft, superstition and ignorance. These are the arch-enemies of the Irish people and as long as these prevail the people will bear the galling yoke of slavery and suffer all the miseries of poverty and all the burdens of oppression.

Home rule, so-called, is an issue for the landlords and exploiters and grafters to fight over. Let them have it out and let the people in the meantime learn what capitalism, propped up by priestcraft and buttressed by superstition is, and prepare to grapple with and overthrow it, as the toiling and sweating masses are doing in all other nations, and then their efforts will count and in good time they will clean out the vampires and their political and priestly retainers, and then home rule will become something more than a delusion and false pretense.



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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, 1290 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co. Advertising Manager, 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



**Was It Worth While?**

Kate Richards O'Hare.

It is almost impossible to escape from early impressions and because I am a daughter of a soldier of the Civil War and as a child was much impressed with the observance of Memorial Day, the first roses of spring are always associated in my mind with memories of the great war and the men who waged it. Year by year I have watched the line of men who march out to lay flowers upon their fallen comrades' graves change in character and grow more sparse and wavering.

As a child I remember the Grand Army of the Republic as a band of strong men just in their prime. The long line of blue coated men who marched with martial step and proudly lifted head behind the fifes and drums had in its ranks nearly every man of any importance in our county. The man who on Memorial Day did not march with either the G. A. R. or their sons, the S. of V., always received both my pity and contempt. To ride in the great bunting-covered hay wagon at the head of the procession was the proud distinction enjoyed only by soldiers' daughters and I prized it as my most sacred right. The tinfoil crown, the stiffly starched white dress and the bumpy ride through the blistering sun were a paltry price to pay for such distinction.

As the years passed swiftly by I watched the line of blue-coated men grow each year a little shorter when Memorial Day rolled round. The proudly lifted heads slowly turned to silver as they were bowed by the weight of years, and the martial tread lost its jauntiness in the heaviness of age. Each year there are more of the "low green tents" to decorate and fewer to bear the garlands. We are almost half a century from Appomatox now, and the thin, wavering line of blue that will creep out to lay flowers on the many graves will be but a pitiful wraith of past glory. Few and halting will be the men who pay tribute to their comrades on this Memorial Day.

After a lapse of fifty years we can look back now upon that great historic event and count the cost and reckon what the gain has been. We know now, of course that it was a master's war and a wage slave's fight; we know that bloody struggle was merely between the factory master of the North and the slave master of the South, but we must admit that the Civil War maintained an undivided nation. Such as our nation is, the men who in '61 donned the blue and shouldered their muskets must be given credit for its preser-

vation. It is easy to glibly say, "let us count the cost," but we know it never can be counted. We may reckon the amount of money spent and it reaches a sum that our minds can not grasp. We can say the Civil War cost more than a million lives, killed and wounded, and estimate the number of millions lost to commerce, but we also know that this is but a mere fraction of the real cost. Perhaps the great book-keeper of the Universe may keep a ledger with a credit and debit column for pain and suffering, heartache and misery, loneliness and suspense, disease and death, but no mortal eyes have ever scanned the totals.

As we vainly attempt to sense the staggering cost of the Civil War, every intelligent mind asks the question, "Did all this sacrifice of life and wealth to maintain our Union accomplish what those who made the sacrifice hoped to do?"

The boys of '61 preserved the Union of States, but Gilson Gardner, Washington correspondent for the United Press says that thirteen men own and control the industrial life of the entire United States.

Since the close of the Civil War this government has given outright and absolutely without price to the great railroad corporations 247,000 square miles of land, an area almost as large as the entire state of Texas and considerably larger than the German Empire. Not only has our government given to the railroad corporations this mighty empire, but our lawmakers have enacted laws of special privilege to railroad corporations allowing them to bond the roads and water their stock until these railroads have been able to steal from the people of this nation a sum many times greater than the entire cost of the Civil War. Banker Ryan of New York stated before a congressional investigating committee in 1908 that "NINETY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE STOCK OF THE RAILROAD CORPORATIONS NEVER COST A DOLLAR." This simply means that the railroad stock was all but five per cent, either the direct gift of the nation or stolen from the people.

In our nation today only one-fourth of the tillable land is under cultivation and one-half of our farmers are tenants. In the nation that the Civil War "saved" almost eighty per cent of the citizens do not own a home, but are tenants, paying rent for the privilege of existing on earth.

The Civil War freed four mil-

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J. J. Gregory, Dept. 36 St. Louis, Mo

lion black chattel slaves, but today there are seven million women wage slaves, five million child wage slaves and ninety-three per cent of all males are wage slaves.

There is more slavery, bitterer slavery and more hopeless slavery than existed fifty years ago. For every shackle of chattel slavery that was broken by the Civil War ten shackles of economic wage slavery has been forged. There is more suffering, more poverty and more degradation among the white wage slaves today by ten-fold than ever existed among the black chattel slaves before the war.

Three great wars have been waged by this nation to establish the principle of democracy, the revolution, the war of 1812, and the Civil War, yet today the Morgan group of capitalists control \$33,000,000,000 of American capital and the Rockefeller group controls over \$18,000,000,000 or together over \$51,000,000,000. This is slightly more than one-half of the active capital of the United States. With this condition the Republic ceases to exist and an oligarchy of wealth in the control of two individuals takes its place. When two men control more than one-half of the active capital of a nation of ninety million people Democracy is throttled and the most cursed sort of despotism takes its place.

The boys of '61 caused to be written into our Constitution the provision that "no citizen shall be denied the right of franchise because of race, color or previous condition of servitude," yet fifty years later we find that more than twice as many citizens black and white are denied the franchise than there were slaves before the war. So flagrant are the violations of the Constitution dealing with the elective franchise that the whole system of voting is an absolute farce all over the South. Not only are all black men disfranchised by gun and club, but the great majority of the white working men are denied the ballot by poll-tax laws, property and educational qualifications as well as impossible conditions relating to length of residence in state and voting district. If the Constitution of the United States as it relates to the restriction of the franchise were enforced, at least one-half of the Southern states would not be entitled to one-half of a Representative in Congress.

Fifty years from the close of the Civil War we stand on Memorial Day and watch the last pitiful remnant of the boys in blue creep out to lay for perhaps the last time a flower upon the fallen Comrade's last resting place and we sadly ask ourselves, **WAS ALL THE SACRIFICE WORTH WHILE AND TO WHOM HAS GONE THE BENEFIT?**

Every wrong the boys in blue sought to wipe out still exists and

is multiplied many times. Every ideal that animated them to go out and offer their lives as a sacrifice has been prostituted, debased and slain.

We have tried the bullet and bayonet as a means of settling social wrongs. In the thunder of war we have bathed a nation in blood, and shackled unborn generations with a weight of debt and at the end of half a century we know the blood that was shed, the lives that were sacrificed, the uncounted millions of wealth that was spent was worse than wasted.

There are problems greater far than "state sovereignty" and chattel slavery facing the American nation. We can shut our eyes and drift until the social criminals we are breeding down in the slum and poverty cursed areas grow just a little greater in number; we can palter with superficial reforms and boast of our "progress" until the thirteen men who own and control the industrial life of the nation are reduced to two or one, and the ever increasing army of unemployed contains a few more million hopeless, jobless men; we can drift and dream until the shackles of wage slavery become unendurable, then awake to the hell of WAR. We can face the scorching flames of unleashed passion; we can see our rivers run red with blood and our nation black with the pall of death, or **WE CAN AWAKE NOW.** We can begin today to educate ourselves, our brothers and our sisters; we can replace blind passion with reason and scientific knowledge and the bloody onslaught of war with the intelligent use of the ballot. We can solve the problems of tyranny and slavery and establish peace and freedom either by the bayonet or the bullet. **YOU ARE THE ONE WHO DECIDES WHICH IT SHALL BE.**

**POWERFUL POINTS IN DEBS' ADDRESS AT PITTSBURG**

The labor question is, broadly, the question of all humanity.

The Socialist movement proposes to abolish capitalism in the interest, not only of the working class, but of all society.

Rockefeller doesn't vote for the Socialist Party. He has three of his own—and he uses them all.

War? Why should the working class of one country slaughter the working class of another country?

The class-conscious head on a wage worker's shoulders is a flaming torch in the darkness of slavery.

The chain that fetters the slave is riveted at the other end to the wrists of his master.

The workers are beginning to realize that whatever is done for them must be done by themselves.

—From The Iron City Socialist.

**A National Campaign to Honor Eugene V. Debs**

Whose nobility of character, breadth of service and kindness of heart have won for him the loyal support of the workers and made him the leading factor in their struggle for Industrial Emancipation.

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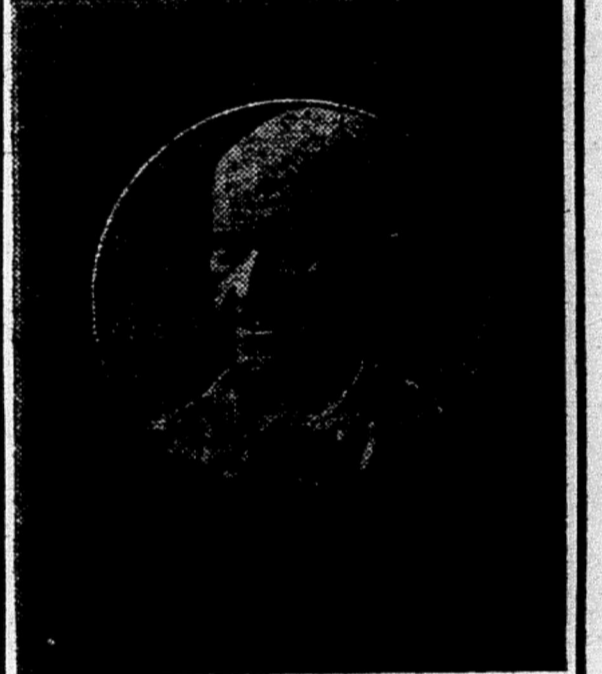
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This medallion should be in the home of every working man and woman—every toiler of brain or brawn and every lover of truth and justice—where it will breathe the spirits of humanity and brotherly love, fill the heart with courage and hope, and inspire all with noble thoughts.

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This medallion was made to sell for several times the amount advertised. If you do not think it has that value when you receive it, return it and we will gladly refund your money.



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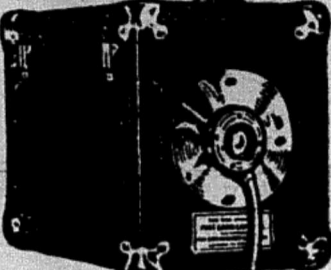
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# TOBE SPILKINS

HIS LETTER

Mister Editor: The next morning I woked up with a bad brown taiste in my mouth. It took a good deal uv red likker tu stedly my nurves, but I had it close tu hand. After that I had sum coffey and sumphing tu etc. My little straw-heded gurl stenographeress wuz there in the offis and reddy fur bizziness. We went tu wurk on the male. There wuz the lettur frum my wife and the one frum Ike Hawkins which wuz left over frum the nite before. Then there wuz several more—inkludin' uv one frum Shanghai Purkins and one frum a feller who wanted me tu git him a post offis. I rote and told him I had bin a tryin' to git a post offis fur 4teen years fur myself and coodent have no luck and that he had better leen on sum uther stik.

There wuz also a lettur frum old "Pegleg" a congratulatin' me on my rise tu sich a high posishun in the Prezident's estimashun. I ansered hiz lettur and thanked him, (dadgum hiz old hide). I told him that az sune az he had mastered the crucks and turns and fathomed the missteries uv the offis at Boney Forks we wood try tu git him promoted tu the offis uv Postmaster General, with hed-quarters at Washington, Dee See. Shanghai Purkins' lettur wuz very short and I am sendin' uv it tu you vurbaitim:

"Deer Tobe: I taik mi pen in hands tu rite yoo a fu lines tu let yoo kno I aint well hopin' theze fu lines wil find yoo the saim.. I bot one uv them kaffs uv your'n, or one uv them what Ike Hawkins bot with yoor money an' put on yoor farm. What I want tu kno iz Ben, whoo I bot it frum yoor agent Dee Fackto, or iz he jist yoor wife's agent Dee Jure? I don't want tu buy a thing and then have tu give it bak. Ben akts like he owned the plaice and yoor wife aint a cuttin' up about it emny, so I s'pose it's all rite. Pleeze let me heer from yoo rite now.

Yours troy,  
SHANGHI."

I didnt know jist eggsacktly how tu anser Shanghis' lettur so I laid it tu one side till I cood hav time tu think it over.

I then opened Ike Hawkin's letur. I red az follers:  
"Hon. Tobe Spilkins,  
Washington, Dee See.  
Deer Friend:

I reseved yoor last lettur all rite and wuz glad tu know az you wuz gettin' along all rite. I am sorry tu have tu rite and tell you that Ben iz not takin' az good care uv the kaffs az he use tu when they wuz only one. I don't

know whether it iz yoor wife's fault or not; she aint been rite well uv lait and it takes more uv Ben's time tu look after hur than it duz a haff a duzzen sik kaffs. Then they iz a little brown haired widder a living' in that little house jist on the east side uv Dick Jonsin's farm. She's a ailin' sum tu and sez she haz a hurtin' all over sumtimes. Uv korse Ben haz tu spend a part uv hiz time over there and that maiks yoor wife sicker and she wuz so much wurs-er the uther day that they sent fur Ben, whoo wuz over tu the widder's, by wireless telegraf and he cum bak like a feller a runnin' uv a fut race; then the widder got badder and it tuk the hole naberhood tu git 'em both quieted down, and the poor sik kaffs wuz-ent a gittin' uv enny medisun' or feed all the time. I du hope the widder's kaff won't git sik. Ben sold one uv them kaffs what I bought and tuk over there and tuk the munny tu buy him a soot uv clothes. My! he looks snipshus now in hiz new Durby hat and a necktie that iz so loud you can heer it clean across my lower feeld. Suppose that Ben shood taik a noshen tu sell all them kaffs. What wood you du about it? If he gits sweet on that widder I don't think he'll be enny akkount enny more az a kaff dokter. I think it will be vize tu watch him fur I know that a man will leeve a whole drove uv sik kaffs enny old time fur a wooman. You had better send me sum kind uv a ducus teckum or haby us corpus so I can stop him if he duz try tu du that. If things du git az bad az that I think you had better cum home fur a while and cut him out with the widder, or yoor wife, or both. I beleve you can du it bein's you have sich a high of-fis and big salery. Wimmin luv munny az well az men. If you want me tu I'll speek tu the widder about it; privately uv korse.

Old Peglaig sits on a store box in frunt uv the post offis and that ex-skool marm runs the offis and duz all the bizziness. Old Peglaig thinks he's a drawin' uv the salery, but I dout it. Pete Jones haz got hiz otes sowed and they air up high enuff tu hide a rabbit. Ben iz a bildin' uv yoor wife a ash hopper, they air goin' tu maik sope over tu yoor house. I gess this iz about all the nooze, 'ceptin an- uther one uv Gabe Strong's boys haz jined the Soshialist Lokal here. I think we have got enuff Soshialists now to lick both the Republikans and Demokrats put together, and they air goin' tu jine their forces agin us. I hope you air a havin' a good time up

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there; givin' advice aint hard wurk and sich advice az you air a givin' iz wurth the munny when you taik intu considerashun the raw material you have tu maik it out uv.

Hopin' you air enjoyin' good helth and havin' a bully time, I am

Yours trooly,  
IKE HAWKINS."

There wuz more in that lettur than I cood chaw so I laid it by fur further considerashun. I wuz proud that Ike had the kindness tu address the lettur "Hon. Tobe Spilkins." That sounded good tu me.

I wuz sorry afterwards that I let little "Straw Head" reed that lettur. I always let hur reed my letturs tu me az I lay bak in my chare and smoke. But this one brought teers tu hur ize several times. But there wuz things in it that maid my heart go up and down like a old fashioned churn dasher. I cood see that things wuz a gittin' in a bad shape at home, and Ike woodent lye about it. It looked tu me like I wuz a goin' tu looze all them kaffs I had bought and also a good hand on the farm, one that wuz agreeable tu my wife, and cood git along with the children; also a good kaff dokter. So I put the lettur on the file and opened the one frum my wife. I wuz a sort uv glancin' over it, but little Straw Hed tuk it out uv my hand and begunned reeding it. I orten't let hur du it but sunhow she's got me a goin' hur way and I coodent help it.

"Deer Tobe," the lettur begunned, "I take my pen in hand tu tell you I luv you." Here little Straw Hed put hur hand tu hur throte and gasped like she had swallowed sumpthing hot. I remaned unpurturbed. I knowed my wife wuz a hedgin' on sumpthin' else she wuz a goin' tu say, and kamly waited fur little Straw Hed tu go on. She choked a little choke and koffed a little koff, and then she resoomed hur reedin' uv the lettur.

"You know how we used tu luv each uther when we wuz young," the lettur sed, and Straw Hed koffed anuther little koff. "Don't you luv me ennymore?" the lettur went on tu say. "I aint az happy az I wuz when I rote you last. Ben don't akt like he use tu, and he's a neglektin' uv the kaffs. The uther day he sold one and bought him a new soot uv clothes. I didn't care fur that fur he looked fine when he put 'em on, but what du you reckon he dun? He went rite over tu that widder's that lives by Dick Jonsin's farm and never cum bak till 'leven o'clock t'at nite. You never seed the widder; she's mooved in there since you left. Well, every boddy's a goin' wild over hur; she can ride a horse a straddle az well az a man. It maiks me tired and I cood pull every hare out uv hur hed, and Ben's, too. She aint haff

az good lookin' az I use ter be, but she's yunger and that's what all the men seems tu be a goin' crazy fur, the nasty ongraitful things. I want you tu send me sum munny or I'm a goin' tu sell sum uv them sik kaffs, which air purty neert all well now, and Ben sez they aint much use uv him a stayin' here regular now. If I had sum munny tu buy me sum nice clothes like that grinnin' widder haz I don't beleve Ben wood leeve, or at least he wood be more regular. I'm so afrade that he'll git stuck on that frowzly, freckly, flimsy, foolish widder that I can't sleep good uv nites.

Deer Tobe, I feel sorry fur you. I know you must be a havin' a hard time with so much wurk tu du, speshly a lot uv writin' and it always wuz so hard fur you tu write. You must git lonesome there in the offis by yoorself. Shanghi Purkins told me you had a purty gurl in there a holpin' uv you, but you aint, have you, deer Tobey? No, you wood wurk yoor ize out and hands off before you wood du sich a thing az that and when you had sich a luvin' wife at home. But we must all maik sackrifies fur the grand old party, and that's what that painted, frowzly widder iz doin', a makin' uv speeches fur the Demokrats and Republikans whoo have bin united in political marriage tu beet the Soshialists. If they du elekt ennybody he will be a politikal bastard and ort tu be ashamed uv hizself az long az he lives. And jist think uv that padded politishun uv a wooman a comin' down here lickity-split tu help 'em out in their making uv munky mungrels. Ben iz a goin' out tu one uv their meetin's tunite. He's a gittin' reddy now. He wont tell me, but I beleve he's a goin' tu taik that wig heded wably widder. Oh, I wish she had never have cum; but never mind, I'll fix hur yet. I feel my blud a rizin' and can hardly keep frum cryin'; "WAR, WAR, and RUMORS UV WAR." Well, deer, send me sum munny and let me cut the widder out. Jist let me git the clothes and then "lay low and say nuffin," and you will see the doggondest fite you ever heard about. Ben hazent squoze my hand fur purty neert a goin' on 3 weeks. Well Ben haz gone and I am tired and must go and feed and dokter them kaffs. Don't furgit tu send yoor luvin' wife sum munny, fur that iz the mane ishue now. Fur oncet in my life I'm in politix till I pulverize that crokin' cranky cross old widder fur cummin' down here and breakin' up homes, like they say the Soshialists duz. If there iz enny body a missin' jist look fur the widder when I set sail in my new clothes. Goodby, deery,  
Yoor luvin' wife,  
LOU."

When little Straw Hed got throo a reedin' uv this lettur I

thought she wuz a goin' tu faint. She trimbled like a leef. She caught hold uv the desk tu keep frum a fallin' off hur chare; then she caught hold uv me and hur hed fell over on my buzzom. Purty sune she felt better and then we talked about the letturs and how tu anser 'em. We hadent much more than begun when the telyoufone rung. Little Straw Hed got up and went tu it. She listened a little bit and then, turn-

in' tu me she sed: "They want you tu cum tu the White House rite away." Little Straw Hed didnt want me tu go, but she knowed it wuz duty before pleshure; so I put on my cote and started. I coodent think what they wanted with me at the White House, till I got out uv the offis intu the hall. There wuz more gurls crowded there than I had ever seen before. They all wanted employment uv sum kind, or sed they did. They

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skrouged me so tite I got skeered. I thought they might be white slavers. But I got throo at last by bustin' a butten off my cote. I walked up tu the White House. It seemed like haff the peepel wuz out uv a job. The bulletins on the winders in frunt uv the nuzepapers sed there wuz hundreds uv thousands uv unemployed all over the country; that they wuz tryin' tu git tu sleep in the churches and coodent. I knowed then that wuz what the Prezident had asked me tu cum tu the White House fur. The demands uv the unemployed wuz a skrougin' uv him. I hadent thought out my plan yet. I coodent taik enny red likker tu quicken the ackshun uv my branes. It woodent du tu let the Prezident small red likker on my breth so I went intu a offishal salune and tanked up on graip joose.

When I arrove at the White House I sent in my card. The Prezident told the rusher tu bring me in at oncet. He tuk my hand in both uv hizen az tho I wood try tu git away. After shakin' my hand about az long az it taiks tu pump a gallon and a haff uv water out uv one uv them old fashion pumps that haz a iron handle he told me tu be seeted. I sot down and looked az wize az I cood with nuthin' but graip joose to brace me up. I waited fur the Prezident to start the ball tu rollin'.

"I have sent fur you," he sed, a rubbin' uv hiz hands together, "tu talk over the matter uv the unemployed. It seems tu me they have swarmed. They air wurse than the offis seekers wuz last year. I have consulted everybody that clames tu know ennything about the problem, but none uv 'em seem tu kiver the situashun. The manufacturers say the way tu put 'em tu wurk iz tu maik the tariff higher so az to shut out the cheep goods frum the forrin markets. Then they kin sell their goods at higher prices which will maik them rich and they will be able tu hire more wurk dun. They don't want anything imported free intu this country but labor. That might help a few uv the skilled laborers in this country, but it's a taxin' uv the balance uv the peepul tu pay fur high-priced goods and most uv the profits goze tu the fellers who own the facktories and can distribute the jobs jist az they pleeze. We have lowered the tariff but the wurkers air still a swarmin'. We have passed the currency bill tu loan munny tu the farmers, but the well tu du farmer don't want tu borrow, and the poor farmer aint got the collateral tu put up fur the loan. So there iz strikes and lockouts everywhere and the wurkers air out uv jobs, or a wurkin' at starvashun wages, and a swarmin' wurser and wurser. What du you think about the situashun?"

The Prezident leened bak in hiz

chare and skrutinized me closely. I leened forward a leetle, placin' my hands on my kneeze, and summonsin' all the strength uv that graip joose tu my aid, I sed:

"Mr. Prezident, if you had factories on a thousand hills, and owned an empire uv land and machinery tu work it, and owned all the railroads in the country and had the power tu create munny, and had control uv all the banks, and owned the timber and everything tu wurk with and make clothing and houses, and things tu ete, woodent you let all the people wurk and urn a livin' with these things you owned?"

"Sure," sed Woodsaw.

"And wood you charge 'em more than half uv all the things they made with their own labor?"

"Surtainly not," sed the Prezident.

"Well, now, if all the peepul owned all these things and wurked 'em themselves, and dident have tu divide up with the fellers who dident wurk and create welth, du you think there wood be enny unemployed and enny strikes and unrest and riots?"

"No," sed Woodsaw, "but that wood be Soshialism and wood kill the incentive, and braik up the family, and wood be paternalism and anarky."

"Uv korse it wood," sed I, "as sune az a man or wooman commenced tu git more fur their toil they wood set down and not du a

thing; the more a man maiks the wurse hog he gits tu be. You can tell that by watchin' uv them big bizzness men who have maid millions a wurkin' on the seckshun, a plowin' korn, a hamerin' uv iron, a runnin' uv lokomotives, a diggin' uv ditches and a duin' everything fur the glory uv the human race, provided yoo kount them the human race. Uv korse it wood braik up the family. When a man got tu a pint when he cood maik a better livin' fur hiz family, send hiz children tu skool, buy them better clothes, a peeanny, a horse and buggy and sich things hiz wife wood fall in luv with sum poor devil, leeve hur children and husband and go rite off lickity-split after a divorce.

"Uv korse they wood be anarky piled up a mile high. If you want tu maik a man mad just go tu work and make him cumfortable. It will set 'em tu fightin' each uther immejiately. They wood want tu tair up everything they owned, burn down their own houses, whip their own wives and kill their own children. They woodent hurt the feller whoo iz a robbin' uv 'em now; they wood erekt a golden kaff, put a silver saddel on it, let the bosses git in the saddel and maik the kaff jump all over 'em while they wuz stretched out on the ground on their bellies a yellin' fur the bosses tu rub it in on 'em."

"Hold up a minnit," sed the

**The Great BARNHILL-TICHENOR Debate on Socialism**

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President, "you air swurvin' a little tu one side uv the subject; let us git down tu the pint under konsiderashun."

"Surtinly," I sed, "I wuz jist makin' sum obsurvashuns agin' the dad-gummed Soshialists. What you want tu know iz how tu meet the situashun from a Demokratick pint uv view."

"Jist so," ansered Woodsaw, "this thing must be settled so it won't hurt the grand old party. The questshun before the house iz, 'what air we goin' tu du with the unemployed?'"

"I've got it," sed I. "Arrest the whole shootin' match and put 'em in jail where they can't bother noboddy."

"On what charge?" asked the President. "Woodent it be better tu build houses for 'em tu sleep in, clothes fur 'em tu wear, and vitals fur 'em tu ete?"

"Providin' houses and clothes and vittals fur 'em tu ete wood be rank paternalizm, and the peepul woodent stand fur it," sed I. "We cood put 'em in jale on the charge uv vagrancy and having' no vizi-bul meens uv support."

"They iz too menny uv 'em fur that," sed the President, "besides theze peepul want employment and wood wurk if they cood git the chance. It looks like the fack-tories, railroad companies, mine owners, and uther big bizzness fellers ort tu give 'em wurk but they wont du it, and when the fellers who own the macheens maiks enuff fur themselves, they aint no law tu compel 'em tu run it in order tu keep uther peepul from starvin' and freezin' tu deth, but it's always bin that way and always will be that way, and if the Demokratick party wood undertalk tu change it, there wood be defect, lamentashuns and gnashin' uv teeth at the next eleckshun."

"You air rite, Mr. Prezident," I sed, "but I think I've got the plan now, and that plan iz in akkordance with the STATTOOT AND the KONSTITOOSHUN. It iz agin the law fur a laborin' man tu steal, and you kin prosekute him and send him tu the penetenshiary and uther jails and bull-pens. Now the thing tu du iz tu let these unemployed steal sumthing; then prosekute 'em and put 'em in the pen and give 'em a good stedy job. I don't know how they can git a job enny uther way and this iz in akkordance with the law and the Stattoots. You, Mr. Prezident, might issue a proklamashun rekommendin' uv this plan, settin' forth the easy way it wood be tu git a job by follerin' the plan. Sich a proklamashun a comin' comin' frum you wood have a grate moral effekt on the kom-munity, and espeshully on the wurkin' men who voted fur you and air now out uv a job."

The prezident put hiz hands tu-gether and sot in a moozing atty-

tood fur a few minits, and then he sed:

"I don't like the plan much. It iz tu full uv moral turpintood, but, az you say, it iz in akkordance with the law and the konstitooshun, and I suppose it haz been the practice all along."

"Shure," said I, "ever since a higher sivilizashun dawned upon the race. Don't you know how Victor Hugo tells about Val Jean got a job fur all hiz life fur a steelin' a lofe uv bred? We have thousands in this country who haz got jobs that way; by stealin' sum little thing. It's entirely praekti-kal and ort tu be rekomended in all emurgencies like the prezent one. They aint no Prezident that ever had the patriotism and bak-bone tu du it, but we aint never had enny Prezident that wood taik the inishiative in his hands like you du and maik things cum hiz way."

"I'll du it," sed he a rizin' and takin' my hand in hiz. "Uv korse it might be better tu put these unemployed at wurk on the publick roads, halls, library bildin's, in mines not yet stolen from the government, and deepenin' uv the rivers fur water transportation, drainin' uv swamp lands and the like, but that wood be paternalizm, Soshializm and anarky, and wood brake up the families, and homes uv these poor fellers who air out uv employment. Yes, you air rite, let 'em steal sumthing, then put 'em in the penetenshiary and give 'em a job akkordin' tu the law and the Stattoots. Yes, Tobe, I'll be true tu the principles and tradishuns uv the old party. If a man wants tu wurk fur the government at this grate crisis when starvashun thretens thous-ands in the face he must steel sumthing, and the wimmin too; God help the poor, the rich can talk care uv theirselves."

Here the Prezident bid me good-bye and I wuz glad uv it fur that graip joose wuz a sourin' on my stummick. I wuz in sich a big hurry tu git home tu anser them letturs frum my wife and Ike Hawkins and Shanghi, that I stop-ped only at 4teen salunes tu brace up fur the okkashun. I'll tell you about it in my next lettur.

Yours trooly,  
TOBE SPILKINS, P. C. T. T. P.

**We now have 8,000 Red Card dues paying members of the Socialist party in Oklahoma and growing every day. We should poll 85,000 votes in November, (over one-third of the total).—Yours for victory this year.—Oles Stofer, State Committeeman, Snyder, Okla.**

Eugene V. Debs will speak at the East Des Moines High School Auditorium, Des Moines, Iowa, at 8 p. m. June 10th, under the auspices of Local Des Moines. Tickets are on sale at Martin Johnson's store, 518 E. Grand Ave.



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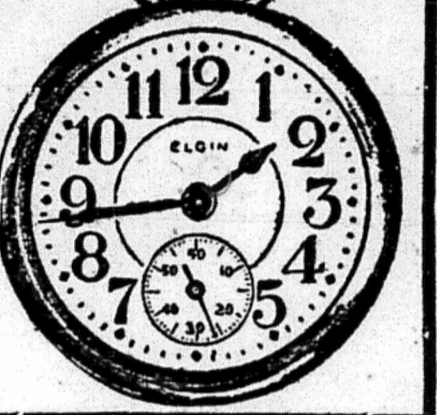
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This Company Will Become in a Few Years a Great National Power of Financial Strength, but Will Always be Kept on an Honest Basis—Stock Has Great Future—Panics Cannot Injure Oil.

Few hundred to a few thousand dollars invested in an established and growing, producing, manufacturing and marketing oil company can easily grow into enormous value. Only competitor worthy the name of the convicted and despised oil monopoly has increased its capital stock and has started a campaign to raise (\$2,000,000) two million dollars of new capital, to extend at once its business over ten states. This independent company has been built up in the state of old John Brown, fought for and protected by stockholders and leaders that have the spirit of freedom bred in them. The company now has accumulated substantial assets of the reasonable value of over (\$3,000,000) three million dollars, including 27,000 acres of leases and land that can easily develop into a gain of 20 to 50 times. Oil is a necessity. It sells for cash. Rich conspirators, to grab big business, may bring on a free trade panic and generally depress and destroy thousands of small industrial concerns—but Oil is a life necessity—panics and business depression cannot materially check it. Furthermore, this company has its trade built up and is reaching out for more commerce in the great agricultural district of Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Northern Texas and Eastern Colorado—no matter how much other great industrial concerns are injured by ruinous and vicious state and national legislation—still the manufactured products of oil will be in demand in these great wealth producing states—making such an investment safe and profitable to the exclusion of all others. Kansas-Oklahoma Oil should now bring from \$1.35 to \$1.60 per barrel, according to gravity grade, and the price is certain to be secured as the monopoly grip is broken in the West—as it will be broken by the successful anti-trust fighters from the free soil of Kansas. We already have Refinery No. 1 at Cherryvale, Kansas, near the heart of the Kansas Oil fields. Refinery No. 2 at West Tulsa, Oklahoma, in the heart of the Oklahoma Oil fields. Refinery No. 3, with a fifteen-acre manufacturing site, in the big trade center of Kansas City, Kansas. A paraffine plant owned by the company will be combined with the Kansas City Refinery in the near future as quick as new capital will permit. Company has 250 miles of pipe line, 40 distributing stations, 51 tank cars, and many distributing station sites and much necessary equipment and property necessary to conduct a growing Oil business. On its 27,000 acres of oil properties it now has 197 producing oil wells. These wells should produce for twenty years. We are continually drilling more. These 27,000 acres are situated in between some of the greatest oil pools ever developed in the West. Coming toward a part of our big leases in one big Oklahoma Oil county are deep wells that are producing as high as from 2,500 to 4,000 barrels daily on the start. We undoubtedly have many acres that contain rich oil pools, worth millions. It is to drill these important test wells and enlarge the business that new capital is being raised. We also have an Osage lease of 430,600 acres—the richest plum in the oil world—that the Oil Trust influence has so far cheated us out of the validation of this lease in Washington. A bill is pending in congress to validate this great lease and a fight is being made for it in Kansas that will force a divorce of officials from convicted monopoly and eventually protect this great lease which when developed as this company can develop it, will add one hundred million in value to the company and absolutely perpetuate it in the oil world for a hundred years. The fight this company has made from brutal persecution against criminal money to startling prosperity is fully explained in our 96 large-page Prospectus. This Prospectus contains truthful reports of crimes of the oil trust in collusion with the government to defraud the people that will make you want to shoulder a gun and help shoot this black slave power of the oil trust out of the government. It contains so many startling truths that no newspaper dare publish it. Every loyal patriotic citizen should join in the mighty contest to force justice to both Producer and Consumer and make your patriotism profitable and also aid the right. We are continually pushing ahead our drills. Some big oil well may force a great advance on this stock any week. WRITE TODAY FOR THIS BIG BOOKLET ON OIL—tells you all about it. You should have it in the shops and on the farms and in the library. We want a copy of this Prospectus to go into a million American homes. If you are in a position to invest from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00—to aid a worthy cause and help our 12,000 stockholders protect their righteous profits from the rich looters of the Oil Trust, then write today for full information and this nicely printed Prospectus of 96 large pages will at once be sent free to you. Write at once and secure your stock before a big advance that must soon occur. Respectfully submitted, THE UNCLE SAM OIL COMPANY, By H. H. TUCKER, JR., President. Address all communications to THE UNCLE SAM OIL CO., DEPT. L, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

# AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF CARL PERSON

This Fearless Fighter in Labor's Cause Must Not Be Railroaded To The Gallows By The Fiends of Capitalism

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

Every union man and woman who knows about the case of Carl Person will join in the movement to prevent the Illinois Central railroad company from sending him to the gallows.

First of all, who is Carl Person, why is he in jail at Clinton, Illinois, and why is the Harriman railroad octopus determined to kill him?

To answer briefly as possible, Carl Person is Secretary of the Illinois Central System Federation and Editor of the Strike Bulletin, published at Clinton, the headquarters of the Federation, and in that capacity he served the striking shop employes of the Illinois Central so loyally and so efficiently that he incurred the venomous hatred of the corporation, and through its murderous hirelings, it concocted the deliberate plot to take his life.

A bit of strike history must be introduced at this point. Some two years ago the shop employes of the Illinois Central clashed with that corporation over the right to organize and as a last resort the employes went out on strike, which strike has continued ever since and is still in effect to this day. The employes, profiting by their previous experience with the company in being worsted as craft unions, organized themselves into a federation embracing all shop employes regardless of trade or occupation, and this federation, representing for the first time the unity and solidarity of the employes, the corporation absolutely refused to recognize or deal with under any circumstances. The reason for this is obvious enough. The corporation saw in the federation a power which menaced its despotic rule and determined to crush it at whatever cost.

Now I need not go into the record of the Illinois Central. It is notorious and smells to the skies. At Chicago it is known even among other corporations as the "ALL HOG." It has stolen the lake front there and everything else it could get its foul clutches on and not long ago it was discovered that the plunder habit was so strongly upon it that the road was gutted from the inside by a bunch of high officials (one of whom committed suicide) in their high purpose to follow the thieving example set by the corporation itself. As a corrupting power in politics and as a lawless brigand generally the Illinois Central is equalled by few and sur-

passed by none of the criminal and predatory corporations which are draining the life-blood of the American people.

That Carl Person should, as the leader of the striking shop employes, incur the deadly hatred of this murderous octopus was a matter of course. He stood at the head of the workmen who trusted him and defied the power that had so ruthlessly trampled upon their rights and was now bent upon blacklisting and hounding them, and starving their wives and children to death.

It required a man of heroic blood to stand up as Person did

Person stood his ground. Too superbly brave to back out and too rigidly honest to sell out, he sealed his own doom.

Now, my readers and friends, just take a look across two thousand years and you will behold another scene where a workingman was murdered by the ruling powers for standing up in defense of the suffering and sorrowing poor, and it is precisely because Carl Person has the spirit of the Carpenter and tried to follow his example that the modern usurers, moneychangers, high priests and other darlings of the thieving and debauching plutocracy are now

The fearless strike leader must be killed. Nothing less would get him out of the way. To do the job a burly strike-breaker, almost as big as two of Person, was picked and he set a trap into which the unsuspecting victim was lured. Under an assumed name this Illinois Central thug, specially employed to "get" Person, telephoned him that he was wanted at the inter-urban station. Person at once started from his office, the thug lying in wait for him and pouncing upon him with the fury of a wild beast from his place of ambush. Person was taken completely by surprise and overwhelmed by the big brute of a strike-breaker, but he did not lose his head. Since he had been previously assaulted and beaten into a pulp he carried a weapon to defend himself against the corporation assassins that dogged his footsteps, and before his burly assailant could accomplish his murderous design, his victim drew his revolver and shot him dead in defense of his own life.

This, in brief outline, is the story of Carl Person. Who is there, in the light of these facts, all of which can be substantiated, that is not with him heart and soul in the fight to prevent a thieving, lying, criminal corporation from taking his life?

I APPEAL TO THE WORKING CLASS OF AMERICA IN BEHALF OF CARL PERSON, THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL STRIKE LEADER NOW IN THE SHADOW OF A SCAFFOLD ERECTED FOR HIM BY A GANG OF BRIGANDS WHO HAD NOT POWER ENOUGH TO INTIMIDATE HIM, NOR MONEY ENOUGH TO BUY HIM!

He stands charged with murder but he is no more guilty of murder than I am. The Illinois Central railroad corporation is the murderer in the case and deserves to be gibbeted high as Hayman.

But the railroad corporation has a thousand advantages over its imprisoned victim and is using them all to send him to the gallows to expiate its own crime. The county in which Person lies imprisoned and in which it is proposed to try him is intensely prejudiced for the following reasons set forth in a statement just issued by Jas. J. Meagher, acting secretary of the Illinois Central Federation:

"The politics of Clinton is controlled by the Illinois Central. The newspapers of Clinton get their dollars from



Carl E. Person Writing His Editorials and Attorney Frank D. Comerford of Chicago, Ill., who will defend Person.

through all these weary months fighting the battle of these locked-out and black-listed wage-slaves and never flicker in his loyalty to his fellow-workers. He was frequently threatened by the thugs in the service of the corporation, shadowed by them day and night, and once caught unawares and brutally beaten by them into insensibility and left for dead.

And still Carl Person would not surrender. The stock of the "ALL HOG" was steadily declining. The vampires were getting desperate. They realized that it was Carl Person's heroic personality, his unflinching loyalty, and his rigid honesty that made him a tower of strength to the strikers; and all the strike-breakers they had could not daunt or intimidate him.

The thugs threatened but Carl

combining to murder him.

Several months ago he was indicted by the vassal courts of capitalism upon the charge of having sent matter through the mails which "reflected" upon the Illinois Central railroad. Ye gods! Can you imagine such a thing? Rabelais himself would weep at this.

The various counts of this indictment carry penalties aggregating 35 years in the penitentiary and fines of \$35,000.

But even these indictments failed to chill the blood of Carl Person or daunt him in the least. He fought on with grim determination, realizing what there was at stake and resolved that he would die at his post before he would betray his trust.

It was then that the octopus prepared to play its trump card.

the Illinois Central for advertising. Lemon and Lemon, the Illinois Central attorneys at Clinton, are powerful political agents. Mayor Edmundson of the town is on the payroll of the Illinois Central. Sheriff Armstrong's son is an Illinois Central strike-breaker. The stores of Clinton depend upon the \$150,000 that the Illinois Central pours into the town every month. There is not a single union card in the big Illinois Central shops of Clinton. **IF CARL PERSON IS PUT ON TRIAL IN CLINTON, HE IS DOOM-ED."**

This explains the situation. It is just as if Charlie Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners were to be tried for his life in Calumet where the Calumet and Hecla own the courts as well as the mines and where government by gun-men, which would disgrace Russia, is the only government there is.

A change of venue must be secured at all cost and the widest publicity given to this case. The capitalist corporation press is ominously silent. Not a word is allowed to appear in its columns. The people must not know. They might make a fuss and this is just what the corporation does not want. It has all its underground wires laid for a killing and is eagerly awaiting the signal to press the button.

The very hour the people know the truth about this dastardly con-

spiracy they will rise in revolt against it.

We must sound the alarm in every labor meeting and over all the country.

**WE MUST PROCLAIM OUR PROTEST FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.**

But we must do more than this. We must raise money promptly to meet the court costs and the expenses of trial. Person has not a dollar. Nor have his immediate friends and sympathizers. The long and bitterly fought strike has drained them to the last penny and to the limit of their credit. We must raise the necessary defense fund for him and every union man and union sympathizer is duty bound to contribute his share. Let it be much or little it will help. You who read this can send something, or better still, you can circulate a petition and collect contributions from your friends and neighbors. Remember that it is to save a life, a life that has been freely risked and all but sacrificed in the service of the poor and downtrodden.

All contributions should be sent to J. J. Meagher, acting secretary I. C. Federation, Box D, Clinton, Ills.

Let us all set to work with the solemn vow that Carl Person, our comrade in the cause of labor, shall not be judicially assassinated in cold blood to gratify the soulless greed and criminal rapacity of the unspeakable gang of pirates known as the Illinois Central railroad company.

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More than 250,000 people have saved from \$100 to \$150 on a high grade piano and from \$25 to \$50 on a first class organ in purchasing by the Cornish plan—and so can you. We offer to send you an instrument, freight paid if you wish, with the understanding that if it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can find at one-third more than we ask, you may at any time within a year send it back at our expense, and we will return any sum that you may have paid on it, so that the trial will cost you absolutely nothing,—you and your friends to be the judge and we to find no fault with your decision.

**You Choose Your Own Terms**

**Take Three Years to Pay If Needed.** The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker prove his instrument and saves you one-third what other manufacturers of high grade instruments must charge you to protect their dealers and agents.

**Let Us Send to You Free the New Cornish Book**

It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this important information before making your selection. Write **Cornish Co., Washington, N. J.** for it today and please mention this paper. **Established Over 50 Years**

# ARE YOU IN ON CONTEST NO. 129?

Beginning April 15th hundreds and thousands of comrades in the Rip-Saw army began a sixty-day hike towards the Co-operative Commonwealth. Ten thousand special Rip-Saw subscription blanks were sent out to the army, but many didn't wait for the blanks—they just grabbed any old piece of paper to write down their lists on.

## HERE IS THE PROPOSITION STATED AGAIN

For the sixty days closing June 15th, the Rip-Saw army of volunteer subscription getters are engaging in a friendly contest to see which can send in the largest total of Rip-Saw subscriptions and orders for subscription cards. The Rip-Saw holds up as special premiums the following prizes:

### ONE THOUSAND YEARLY RIP-SAW SUBSCRIPTION CARDS GIVEN AWAY!

- First—For the largest total, 100 sub cards, value .....\$25.00
- Second—For the next largest, 75 sub cards, value ..... 18.75
- Third—For the next largest, 50 sub cards, value ..... 12.50
- Fourth—For the next largest, 25 sub cards, value ..... 6.25
- Fifth to twenty-ninth—Next largest, each 10 sub cards, value ..... 2.50
- Thirtieth to 129th—Next largest, each, 5 sub cards, value ..... 1.25

Send in as many clubs as you care to. We will total them for you. Your first club may come any time—your last must not be post-marked later than June 15th.

In cases of ties, the Rip-Saw duplicates the prizes to each of the tied contestants.

Now, comrades, let'er ravel. You know what a boost it will be for the cause in your neighborhood for you to get busy, and especially if you win one of the big prizes.

Get your comrades to help you—sending in all the clubs in one name. Locals—act as a body. First propaganda and education, then organization and victory!

Start at once if not already in the contest. Merely mark your list of subscriptions "Contest 129." If your first remittance amounts to not less than \$2.00 we will send you free a copy of the great Barnhill-Tichenor Debate on Socialism in booklet form.

**The National Rip-Saw, 411 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.**

# Eighty Locals Arranging Stirring Meetings for Kate Richards O'Hare

**EVERY KATE O'HARE MEETING IS A GRAND SUCCESS**

Kate Richards O'Hare starts on a thirty-day, seven thousand mile trip on May 8th, visiting twenty-five towns, among which are the following:

- May 14—Bottineau, N. D.
- May 15—Williston, N. D.
- May 17—Kalispell, Mont.
- May 18—Great Falls, Mont.
- May 20—Three Forks, Mont.
- May 21—Missoula, Mont.
- May 22—Spokane, Wash.
- May 23—N. Yakima, Wash.
- May 24—Seattle, Wash.
- May 27—Roseburg, Ore.
- May 28—Portland, Ore.
- May 31—Twin Falls, Idaho.
- June 1—Salt Lake City, Utah.
- June 5—Elkton, Colo.

Other dates being arranged en route.

July and August are booked solid for the great Oklahoma and Texas encampments, there being twenty-six dates in Oklahoma alone.

Mrs. O'Hare's September work is planned to take in Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia.

In November we plan to send her to Florida, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee.

In December the Southwestern states will be covered, including Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Kansas.

Send at once for 400 Yearly Rip-Saw sub cards on credit so that we may book Mrs. O'hare to your town when she is passing. The Rip-Saw pays all traveling expenses and hotel bills, besides furnishing an ample supply of advertising matter.

Don't delay. Act at once.

**THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW**  
411 OLIVE STREET,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

## KILLING SOCIALISM

By OSCAR AMERINGER.

Now that the election is over the capitalist press gleefully informs the natives of this great nation that Socialism has been killed in Milwaukee. According to the same authority Socialism was killed two years ago in the same place. However, it seems that the first killing was only a partial success, inasmuch as the killed corpse refused to remain dead, and had to be killed again.

Now, one should think that after being killed twice, a corpse ought to have enough decency to stay dead. But it hasn't. And from all indications the Socialist killers of Milwaukee have tackled the most permanent job in America. At the present rate they can go on killing Socialism until the last of them has turned up his toes.

"But," I hear someone say, "weren't the Socialists defeated?"

Sure Mike, but they are used to little things like that. Besides, the defeat wasn't a defeat at all, for they elected nine councilmen, five supervisors, and, last but not least, the City Attorney.

"But their vote fell off to the tune of one thousand," says the Capitalist Press.

Right you are again, but wouldn't you kindly add that while the Socialists lost one thousand votes, the rebuncocratic combination lost seven thousand votes. Please glue your optics on the following figures, which give in round numbers the vote of 1912 and 1914:

	1912.	1914.
Rebuncocrats .....	43,000	36,000
Socialists .....	30,000	29,000

Rebunco majority, 13,000 7,000

Two years ago the combination was 13,000 votes ahead of the Socialists. At the last election this lead was cut down to 7,000 votes. To save my life I can't see what our opponents have to crow about. Suppose a general would wire after the battle, "Great victory! Attacked enemy composed of 30,000 men with my noble army of 43,000 men. Enemy completely routed, but holds position, lost one thousand men, whereas we lost only 7,000 men. Hurrah! Shall route the enemy again until routed for good, and keep it up as long as I have a man left, which won't be long if the extermination at the present ratio of seven to one keeps up."

Some victory, that.

As a matter of fact the Socialist movement of Milwaukee is in better shape than it has ever been in the past. Perfect harmony prevails. The spirit of the rank and

file is splendid. I never saw a more enthusiastic audience than the gathering of the Socialists in the West Side Turn Hall on election night. The men and women who had come together to hear the returns were full of fighting spirit. They felt that ultimate victory was only a question of a few years.

The closing of the municipal campaign marked the opening of the congressional campaign, and the latter was started with a whoop and jump even before the final returns has been received.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, killing Socialism is a hard, long job, not only in Milwaukee, but everywhere else. When I was a boy we had a fellow in Germany by the name of Bismark. History has named him the Iron Chancellor, or the man of blood and iron. Mr. Bismark had driven Austria out of the German confederation. He had swiped a few provinces from Denmark, licked the French next, and swiped a few more provinces from that country. All this was accompanied by considerable blood letting, burning and shooting. It looked like Bismark was just about the fellow to kill

Socialism. Bismark thought so, too, and went after the job with all his might and main.

As a starter he persuaded or bullied the German Reichstag to pass what is now known as the "Laws of exception." Under this beautiful piece of legislation the Socialists were not permitted to assemble. Next he suppressed the Socialist press. Then he jailed the principal agitators. Among them was Bebel and Liebknecht. After that he exiled, or put under the police surveillance, the little agitators. The work proceeded merrily until about 4,000 Socialists populated the jails of the empire. thousand of others were driven from home and country. All of which was rough on the Socialists, but it did not kill Socialism.

The Socialist meetings moved underground. The suppressed newspapers popped up in Switzerland, and were smuggled into Germany. Since forbidden fruits always taste sweeter, they were read by more people than before. The jailed leaders found behind prison bars time and leisure to finish their education. The wandering exiles carried the seed of Socialism into every nook and corner of the Fatherland.

The man of blood and iron was stumped. He had no trouble to lick Austria and France. But here was something that refused to be licked. After years of persecution Socialism was stronger than

## So Many Have Asked Me

TO state my "religious" belief that I have concluded to publish, in the June issue of the Melting Pot, a full and comprehensive article called

## MY RELIGION

It is the Religion of millions of others of all races and tongues in the world today. I believe you will be interested in the story of "My Religion." It may be news to some of my critics to learn that I have a "religion." I would like to have everybody know it, and know what it is. The Subscription price of The Melting Pot is 50 cents a year, or 5 cents per single copy, but to give everyone, who is not a subscriber to The Melting Pot, an opportunity to read "My Religion", a copy of the June issue will be sent **FREE**. All that is asked is that you send your name and address, and enclose a one cent stamp to cover postage.

Fraternally,

**HENRY M. TICHENOR**  
EDITOR MELTING POT

411 Olive Street

ST. LOUIS, MO.

It is requested that those taking advantage of this offer, send in their names **AT ONCE**, so we will know how big an edition to print.

ever. The man of Sadowa and Sedan was a fizzle as a Socialist killer. In the end he lost his job. Bismark is dead now, but according to the last election census there are about four and a quarter million Socialists in Germany who are very much alive.

After Bismark threw up the job, Gladstone, the "grand old man" of England, took a hand at Socialism killing. He, too, is dead and buried, but Socialism is kicking around Johnny Bull's little island like a three-year old colt. Then the pope concluded he'd try his hands at the job. No use. Neither ban or excommunication could kill the pesky thing. And, at the last Italian election, the "holy Father" was forced to join his forces with those of his erstwhile enemies, the infidel Bourgeois, to keep the Socialists from raising the red flag over the Vatican in Rome.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will our opponents never learn that Socialism is not the product of a few wild eyed agitators but the child of capitalism? The capitalist system herded the workers in shops and mines. It taught them co-operation in production. It organized the toilers into regiments and brigades of producers. It forced discipline upon them. It made them brothers in sorrow and comrades in the struggle for a human existence. Add to organization, common interest and dis-

cipline, education and the ballot, and we have a force that no man or set of men can overcome.

In the words of Karl Marx, "Capitalism creates its own grave digger"—the proletarian army. To kill Socialism it would be necessary to kill the source of Socialism, which is Capitalism. But, since the latter has no intention of committing suicide, and the Socialist movement is still too weak to bury its parent, capitalism must remain at the job of making Socialists until there are enough of them to form the funeral procession.

Capitalists and Socialists are but the tools of evolution. Both think they push, and both are pushed by forces they cannot control. Therefore, we say unto our opponents, "cheer up, the worst is yet to come." Capitalism is busy day and night turning the middle class fry into wage workers, and the condition of the wage worker turns them into Socialists.

If ever I wanted a good, steady, all-year-round, life-time job, I would become a "Socialist killer." The Socialist killer will never have to join the army of unemployed. Socialist killing is almost as good a job as mowing Johnson grass to keep it down. Why, even the Socialists themselves, couldn't kill Socialism. I know it, because I have seen them do their durndest to kill it and fail.

## IF WAR IS HELL

By Henry M. Tichenor, The Rip-Saw Poet.

If war is hell, as we are told, then only devils wage it—devils, drunk with dreams of gold, plan the mad play and stage it! They teach young boys to shoot and kill, "for love of God and Nation"—the land with agony they fill, and bloody desolation! If war is hell, then tell the brutes to go to hell and stay there—tell them to cut their own damned throats—mayhap they'll find the way there! If war is hell, to hell with war—to hell with all who crave it! When masters rule the land no more, we'll need no wars to save it!

John B. Hunter in the Review of Reviews says: "In modern warfare it costs about \$15,000 to kill a man. In the Boer war this item came as high as \$40,000. The Balkan mixup with Turkey was conducted more reasonably—\$10,000 was burned up making one man food for powder. Gorgas on the Canal Zone has been saving human life at the actual cost of \$2.43 per individual. Sanitation on the Isthmus under Gorgas has cost just five per cent of the total canal building expenditures."

The city of St. Louis spends twenty cents per capita for health protection and \$3.00 per capita for police protection.

The United States spent last year \$437,977,834 for the expenditures of war. No figures are obtainable as to the amount spent on health preservation, but it is no doubt a very nominal sum.

Can you imagine a civilization in which the mothers had a voice spending \$40,000 to kill a man and a few cents to save a human life?

Rev. Billy Sunday furnishes some interesting figures of the cost of sal-

vation. He says that it costs \$545 to save a sinner in New York, \$450 in Boston and \$395 in Chicago. According to Rev. Billy a New York sinner costs \$115 more than a Boston one, and Chicago sinners are \$150 cheaper. I am sure we can furnish him sinners still cheaper here in St. Louis (for particulars apply at old party headquarters.) Rev. Billy has made one fact plain—this business of saving sinners is very expensive, especially when you consider the scimped sort of a job he does. At the price it does seem that Rev. Billy could furnish a better brand of salvation. It is a notorious fact that the plating on his brand of religion never wears more than three months, and it does seem that it's not worth the money.

A monster demonstration against the three years term of military service was held at Pre-Saint-Gervais, near Paris, recently. It was the biggest demonstration Paris has ever seen; more than 250,000 workers assisted. Jaures, Valliant and other orators of the Socialist party and trades unions spoke from twenty platforms.

# \$1500.00 In One Month By This Man

## \$1500.00 Made In One Month With a "Long" Crispette Machine

That's what Mr. Eakins made. This man paid his last \$10 for rent of a store window—at the end of 30 days had \$1,500 in the bank—today he is independent. A Crispette machine and Crispettes did it.

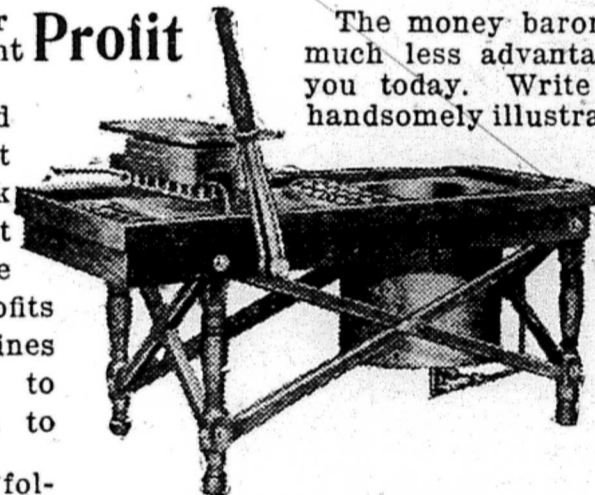
Mr. Perrin, Cal., took in \$380 in one day—every nickel brought him almost 4c profit. What are you going to do in the future? Just barely earn a living—keep wishing for something to turn up? Don't do it.



LISTEN—Take that money you have saved up against the day of opportunity—invest it in a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine, and make fortune smile on you—build up a big paying business. Think of the fortunes made of 5c pieces—street cars—moving picture shows—5 & 10c stores. Everyone will spend a nickel—everyone likes Crispettes—children—parents—old folks. You don't need any experience—you can start anywhere—in a store window, a small store room where rent is cheap, or the kitchen of your home. The Crispette machine and Long's secret formula to the man of limited means is a Gold Mine—a sure way to independence and fortune—to make money from the start.

### Almost 400 Per Cent Profit

Every 20c invested returns \$1.00 cash—not theory—not guess work—not imagination, but the actual bona fide proven record of profits from Crispette machines from Coney Island to Oregon—from Canada to Argentine Republic.



The money barons began with much less advantage than I offer you today. Write NOW for my handsomely illustrated 48-page free booklet, "How to Make Money in the Crispette Business," or

Come to See Me At My Expense

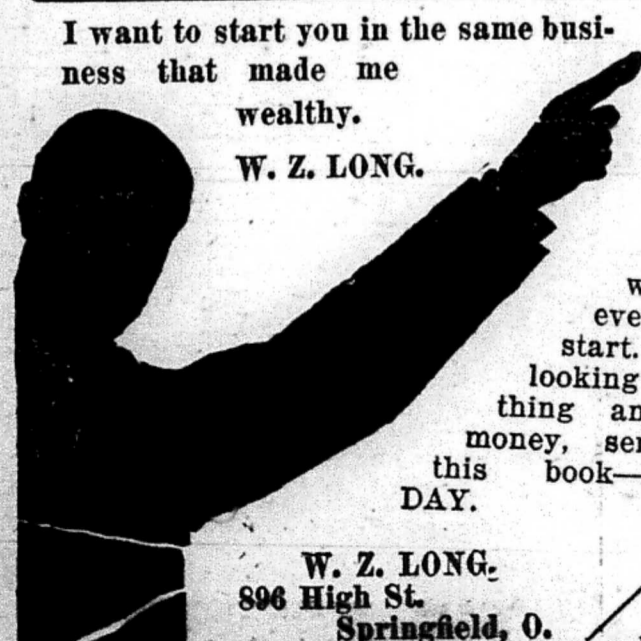
STOP! You have followed the rut too long—received only what others cared to give. Get on the other side—take only what you want.

F. C. Thompson, Oregon, took in \$575 in 27 days. E. H. H., Pa., sold over 12,000 rolls in two weeks—just records from letters from Crispette merchants in all parts of the country.

It's unnecessary to write that you are coming—just drop in any time. I will pay your traveling expenses within a 300-mile radius if you buy a machine. I will give you reference after reference to responsible merchants, bankers, citizens—satisfy yourself and then go over the Crispette business with me.

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to start—how to succeed, proved by the experience of others. It's worth reading, even if you don't start. If you are looking for a good thing and easy money, send for this book—TODAY.

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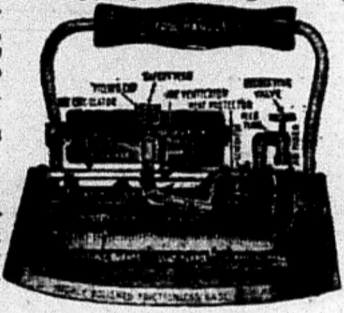
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Sectional View.

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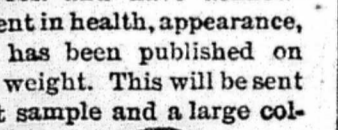
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These true photographs show the benefit of 76 lbs. actual reduction of superfluous fat by a safe home self treatment that is easily followed. Many others—men and women—have lost from 25 to 100 lbs. and have acknowledged great improvement in health, appearance, comfort, etc. A book has been published on obesity; how to reduce weight. This will be sent with a proof treatment sample and a large collection of convincing testimonials, in plain wrapper, FREE, by Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 East 22d St., 110 G—New York City. This information that can be obtained without charge is likely to prove delightful news to many over-stout men and women who have become discouraged at previous attempts to reduce weight.



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This valuable book tells: How to quietly remove wrinkles; How to develop the bust; How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; How to instantly 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 odors. Written by Madame Clara, a famous beauty, to make known her new methods of beautifying the face and figure. **SEND TODAY for a FREE COPY.** **MILLEN CLARE, 2627 Michigan Ave., Dept. 22 CHICAGO**



# FAITH CURE IN POLITICS

By Henry M. Tichenor.

I have often wondered what new kind of paregoric the old party quacks would offer the plundered people after the high-tariff-low-tariff cure for panics and hard times failed to put them in a trance.

I felt sure the political doctors of delusion would trot out some sort of soothing syrup, but what brand it would be was a conundrum.

But at last the dope is here. No more do we hear the high-tariff republicans cussin' the hard times to the low-tariff democrats, neither do we note the low-tariff democrats swearing that the hard times are the after-math of the ruinous rule of the high-tariff republicans.

The high-tariff republicans and the low-tariff democrats do not belabor each other at all any more.

They have become affinity lovers.

Professor Woodrow Wilson is now the high priest of both political branches of the Plunderbund, and to his shrine all the faithful bring bouquets.

And why is this thusly, and wherefore is the mystery of it all?

Hast thou not discerned the whichness of the whatness that has come over the two old political doctors of delusion?

Thou art blind, boob.

The political doctors have seized upon the methods of various cults now abroad in the land, who boldly claim to cure all afflictions by the faith-cure.

Professor Woodrow Wilson has become the Saint Ann's bones of both the republican and democratic editors, the republican and democratic politicians, and the republican and democratic preachers.

Every day great wads of praise go up from editorial column and rostrum to the Great Princeton Cure-All who sits in the White House.

Never was such a wonder since Moses smote the rock.

Everybody should be happy at the mighty deeds that Woodrow the Mystic has done.

He lowered the tariff till it scratched the dirt, and, powers of divinity itself! the things we buy and eat and wear shot skyward swifter than before!

Great is Woodrow, the Mystery of Mysteries!

He busts trusts without injuring them, and causes happiness to settle upon the land, even though millions are out of work.

"I am sorry," he is reported to have said the other day, "that there are more men out of work than ever before. But cheer up—

summer will soon be here!"

Did ever such great and gracious words of hope fall from lips of sage?

It's the faith cure in politics, boys, and the rich and respectable are being converted to it in droves.

It's so lovely—just think all is well, and be happy.

Just say to yourself, "I am fed and clothed by faith"—"Faith is faith, and so is Wilson"—"There are no such things as hunger and cold, these are but the errors of Socialist agitators." And then think sweet thinks all the while—don't let your mind dwell on your miseries—say to yourself there are no such things since Wilson got on the job.

And remember what Wilson says—"summer will soon be here!"

Democratic prosperity was never meant for winter anyway. It is a summer variety, and

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Write me at once. I have a splendid proposition enabling any man or woman to earn about \$25 a week in clean business. Only \$7.75 capital needed to start. No experience. Profits start right away. Here's the very chance you have been looking for. A great opportunity for big money, easily earned. Pleasant work. All or spare time. Write me without delay. I will show you how you can make \$25 a week on only \$7.75 total capital.  
**L. MANDEL, Manager, 1455 CONGRESS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**



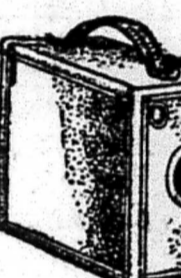
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Everybody loves Ben—Everybody wants Ben—and everybody can have Ben. Send your applications at once for a Big Ben Wilson lecture so you will

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Ben is now in California and will fill dates in the West during May and June—Comrades in the Pacific Coast States, and Utah, Nevada, Idaho and Montana

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About July 1 Comrade Wilson will start east and cover the whole map, so everybody get busy and arrange for a meeting. Terms for a Ben Wilson date, 250 subscription cards at 25 cents each. These cards are good for either 1 year's subscription for the Rip-Saw, or 6 months' for The Melting Pot. Cards sent on credit as soon as application is accepted. Comrade Wilson will arrange all his own dates, and will correspond with you and date himself at your town. Address all applications for a Wilson lecture to

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Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers make you act like a boy. You feel just like jumping over a fence.

This change comes rapidly. The results are lasting. It is absolutely safe, containing no injurious ingredients whatever. Absolutely different from anything that has ever before been used for nerves.

A high medical authority says: "In the forms of neurasthenia it deserves the unique position of being the only treatment which is curative, dispensing with all treatments of rest, travel, diversion of mind, dietetics and physico-mechanics."

Every man and woman suffering with fagged, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fog, insomnia, neuralgia, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, may now get "nerves of steel," clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

**FREE.**

Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves, FREE. It speaks for itself. A 50c trial box of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

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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.

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## Women and Children Beaten and Bayoneted—Crimes Committed By Capitalists Assassins Not Told Before.

The San Diego, Calif., Sun sent a special correspondent, B. F. Gurley, to Trinidad, Colorado, to get the full details of the late outrages done there by the militia and gunmen against the striking miners, their families, and other citizens in sympathy with them. Here is the revolting story B. F. Gurley tells, and as printed in the San Diego Sun:

TRINIDAD, COLO., Jan. 30.—I came to Trinidad to investigate for the readers of the Sun the circumstances and incidents surrounding the cavalry charge by Colorado militiamen on a procession of women and children in the streets of this mining town.

I have seen a number of photographs showing the charge.

I have seen a photograph of the procession before the charge. It showed a long, narrow line of women. Near the front was a woman carrying a baby, an infant so young that it still wore long clothes. Just behind her was a woman with two small children, mere babies of two and six years.

I have seen a photograph of soldiers on horseback pursuing those women, pressing them with their horses, waving sabres!

My investigation proves that the telegraph dispatches of that outrage were very mild.

Mrs. Bernardo Verna, wife of a striking miner, carried the stars and stripes at the head of the parade of women, who marched through the streets of Trinidad to protest against the detention of Mother Jones in a military prison.

They planned no violence. Upon their banners were written: "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT" and other inscriptions which showed their faith in God and in the justice of their cause.

EVEN THE SOLDIERS ADMIT THAT IT WAS AN ORDERLY PARADE.

It moved peacefully down the streets which were filled with sympathizers. Across the street was a cordon of cavalry. Near them were infantry with guns. Cheering the women on were other women and children on the sidewalks.

Across that parade rode John Chase, adjutant general of the state, with power at present over the liberty and safety of every person in its border. He is above all courts and above command by any superior save the governor.

He ordered the parade back. The flag moved forward. The soldiers spurred their horses in a dash to capture that flag, for they knew that the women who marched would follow it.

These Cossacks struck with their sabres!

Mrs. Verna held desperately to her silken banner. SHE WAS KICKED AND BEATEN and at last a CRUEL BAYONET WAS THRUST INTO HER FLESH.

The bayonet was drawn from her leg red with blood, leaving a jagged wound. In her pain she dropped the flag and a gallant soldier CELEBRATED HIS VICTORY by bearing the trophy away.

In the meantime many others had been wounded in the charge.

Women were kicked. Butt ends of guns were dashed against the bodies of fleeing women who moved too slowly to suit the militia.

ACROSS THE FOREHEAD OF MRS. JOHN HAMMOND IS A DEEP GASH, THE RESULT OF A SABRE CUT.

Rosa Carter, 15 years old, was on the sidewalk; soldiers beat her with their fists. Her crime was that she laughed when the horse of the gallant Gen. Chase stumbled. Her instep was broken by the blow of a gun butt and finally she was carried off to jail to be held there for hours until an appeal of her father secured her release. The law of Colorado makes it a crime to put any child under the age of 16 years in jail.

BUT THERE IS NO LAW IN COLORADO NOW EXCEPT THE WILL OF THE MAN WHOM HIS OWN SOLDIERS CALL "CZAR" CHASE.

Manuel Jaramillo is 10 years old. He was watching the parade when the soldiers attacked the women and children in line. Manuel was a trifle slow in getting back and through life he will carry a scar of the bayonet which a soldier leveled at him.

This bloody warfare against women and children is but a part of the despotism which reigns here. Two jails are filled with men and women against whom no charges have been filed and who are detained simply because Chase has ordered them held.

No court has power to release them. They are given no trials. They stay there at the pleasure of Chase.

The parade was planned as a protest against the holding of Mother Jones in a military prison. Since she was seized, three weeks ago, this 82-year-old woman has been allowed but one caller from among her friends. A lawyer for the striking miners was permitted—JUST ONCE—to see her under guard.

Her appeals for a chance to consult her friends have been denied. Two soldiers stand day and night before her door. Even the sisters of charity of the hospital in which her cell is located are forced to hand over the platters of food they take to her to these guards. She sees no one,

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Make lots of it selling our **KEYLESS PAD-LOOK**, a Wonderful Invention. No more key troubles—turn knob, and it opens. Cannot be opened by anyone not knowing the combination. 66,000 combinations possible. Bells cry everywhere. Sample prepaid, \$1.00. Circular free. Agents wanted. **AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.** 2114 Ogden Avenue, Lock Dept. 59 Chicago, Ill.

## Reduced 40 Pounds!



Mrs. A. Laval sends two photographs showing her before and after a weight reduction of 40 lbs. She writes that she can now go up and down stairs without puffing like a steam engine, that she thinks nothing of taking a rapid walk of several miles, that she can do her work so much quicker, her health is greatly improved, complexion clear and she feels like a different person.

Mrs. Laval learned about this safe, pleasant, reliable method of fat reduction which so often succeeds when all else fails. Any man or woman who wants important information about reducing weight should write to Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 East 22d St., 110 G New York, N. Y., for the free book, free proof treatment and big collection of voluntary testimonials that will be sent in plain wrapper. Those who have tried in vain to get thin are likely to be surprised and delighted by accepting this free offer.

### HAND BAG FREE

Seal grain Hand Bag, fancy ornamented frame, 3 pockets inside; fitted complete with mirror, bottle and coin purse. Just send your name and we send you 20 beautiful large art pictures to sell at 10c each. When sold send us \$2.00 and complete hand bag outfit is yours. We give 40 beautiful postcards as extra gift for promptness.



People's Supply Co., Dept. R-3, 716 Lucas Ave. St. Louis

## LISTEN! FRIEND! I Tell You Positively

### PILES CAN BE CURED

At Home, Without Knife, Pain or Danger



and not only that—but without DELAY. This is the TRUTH—and I stand ready to stake my professional standing and reputation of nearly 30 years, and every cent of money I have in the world. Don't think that I don't know what I'm talking about—for I DO. And all I ask of you, is that you

### Let Me PROVE—FREE TO YOU!

Write for FREE TRIAL my combination FINE-BALM PILE TREATMENT. I send it FREE, prepaid. Absolutely FREE, understand. You don't pay a cent for it—when you get it, or any other time. Remember—this is an honest offer, from a reliable and reputable practicing physician. I am not asking you for one penny of your money—and I am going to give you WONDERFUL BENEFIT, if you will let me. If afflicted—why suffer longer? One man writes me: "I praise God that he has given wisdom to the one who made Fine-Balm." Thousands have been CURED. Don't delay—if you want this generous Free Trial Treatment. Write today—I may withdraw this offer any time. Address me personally as follows:

H. J. WHITTIER, M. D., L., 11th & McGee Sts., KANSAS CITY, MO.

## THE JINGO

H. STONER DAVIS.

I'm strong for all that war talk that you read about just now, I scan the daily papers to learn the latest row; It's great to read the headlines that scream the war news out How a drunken rebel soldier put the Federals to route. But when some still voice whispers, "Why don't YOU join the fight?" It doesn't take me long to answer, "Not by a hell of a sight!"

I frequent moving picture shows and loudly cheer them when The battle scene shows cannons, mowing down the lanes of men; When advancing columns falter, and the tide of battle swerves, Then the butchery that follows, acts like a tonic on my nerves, But would I make myself a target, and take a gun and fight? "Absurd! Preposterous! Foolish! "Not by a hell of a sight!"

I consider it perfectly proper to murder the heathen if they Refuse to get down and worship, in the regular civilized way; And I think we ought to lick Mexico if they can't run it on the square, I've been eagerly waiting for them to start something down there. No doubt they would call for volunteers and they might Even ask me to be one—"But—not by a hell of a sight!"

# Debs' Wonderful Meetings

## Thousands are Turned Away When the Great Agitator Speaks. . . .

## Sixty Locals Already at Work Selling RIP-SAW Subscriptions in Connection With Debs' Lectures. . . .

Every one of the April meetings addressed by Comrade Eugene V. Debs was a grand success. Akron, Ohio, sold out every seat—1100, and turned people away. Ten thousand turned out at California, Pa. Clarksburg, W. Va., was wild with enthusiasm. Lansing, Mich., reports unqualified success. Bellaire, Ohio, meeting breaks all records. Splendid turnout at Pittsburg.

All these meetings were on the Rip-Saw subscription plan. Each local sold from 800 to 2000 yearly subscriptions.

Debs' May trip is as follows:

- May 15—Elkins, W. Va.
- May 18, 19, 20, 21, 22—In New Jersey, direction of State Committee.
- May 24—Johnston, N. Y.
- May 25—Utica, N. Y.
- May 27—Schenectady, N. Y.
- May 28—Rochester, N. Y.
- May 30—Dayton, Ohio.
- May 31—Bloomington, Ind.

The following dates are under way for June:

- June 7—Bevier, Mo.
- June 8—Kansas City, Kan.
- June 9—Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- June 10—Des Moines, Iowa.
- June 11—Boone, Iowa.
- June 12—Sioux Falls, S. D.
- June 13—Open.
- June 14—Minneapolis, Minn.
- June 14—St. Paul, Minn.
- June 15—Duluth, Minn.
- June 16—Open.
- June 17—Dubuque, Iowa.

In July Comrade Debs will fill encampment dates in Michigan, Oklahoma and Texas.

August, September, October, November and December booking is now being made. Don't hesitate, procrastinate or delay, but rush in your applications at once if you want to be sure of a date.

Remember, for ordinary dates 800 Rip-Saw sub cards, sent to responsible locals on credit. Encampment dates and guaranteed Sunday dates, 1000 sub cards, at 25 cents each. Rip-Saw pays all traveling and hotel expenses and furnishes supply of advertising matter.

# The National Rip-Saw,

411 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

talks to no one, is given no chance to take any exercise.

Machine guns have been planted on the hospital grounds and armed men patrol the streets in its vicinity. The Czar of Colorado and the governor of Colorado have decided that the voice of this aged woman shall not reach the outside world.

Even the rules of civilized warfare do not prevail here in Colorado. Soldiers at Ludlow, in order to harass the tent colony strikers, filled their wells with barbed wire, and these colonists, 300 of them, are camped in an arid desert where water means life.

The only hope of the miners is that congress will send its committee at once and again declare Colorado to be a part of these United States.

Giusseppe Caretti, valet to the late Cardinal Rampolla, was arrested some days ago and lodged in prison, charged with having stolen some of the cardinal's bejeweled apparel and other articles of value. Jesus, of whom the cardinal was a pretended follower, was never robbed of his expensive togs by his valet for the reason, first, that he never had a valet, and second, that he never had any expensive togs to steal. Jesus had disciples who were his comrades and equals but no valets or other menials, and his clothes were of the shoddy working class variety upon which jewels would have been sadly out of place. It must seem a bit strange, to put it mildly, to any man not totally blinded by superstitious reverence and idolatrous awe, that the pretended followers of the man who had not where to lay his head, such as Cardinal Rampolla, Archbishop Ireland and others that could be mentioned, can become millionaires, clothe themselves in gorgeous wardrobes, cover themselves with blazing jewels, drink the costliest wines, smoke the most expensive cigars, live in gilded palaces, and surround themselves with barbarous splendor and magnificence. Some food for thought! What?

Twenty people in the United States have annual incomes of ten million dollars and more. Some eighteen million workingmen and women, or about three-fourths of the entire working class, are paid a wage of less than five hundred dollars a year. Here we have capitalism at a glance. The idle plutes roll and rot in the wealth and luxury wrung from the sweat and misery of the workers. To vote any other than the socialist ticket is to sanction this robbery and perpetuate the system under which it is perpetrated.

The class-consciousness of the workers is the doom of their slavery and the dawn of their emancipation.

The workers in the mills and factories must unite and make common cause with the workers in the mines, on the railroads and on the farms and ranches, and when they stand together and fight the common enemy instead

of standing apart and fighting one another, the fate of wage-slavery will be sealed forever.

**Biggest Thing Yet** Read the full-page announcement in this issue of the \$250 premium offer made by the RIP-SAW!

## \$3000 I WILL PAY YOU \$3000 To Work For Me This Year



E. M. DAVIS, Pres.

### Mr. Wide Awake Man! Here's The Chance of a Lifetime. The Greatest Proposition in America.

### LISTEN!

I mean just what I say. I can give you a job that will pay you \$30 a week and an opportunity to work up to \$3000 a year. I've simply got to have 100 more new agents right away to supply goods to

my customers and this is your chance to make big money quick. I am looking for bright, wide-awake men and women who are in earnest, who know Opportunity when they see it and who will play on the square. It doesn't make any difference what you are—doctor, merchant, school teacher, clerk, farmer, or if you are just finishing school, just write me and secure this job immediately.

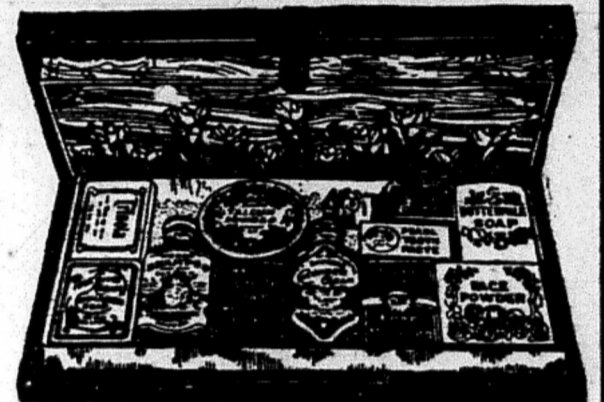
**NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED**  
Not a bit of experience needed. Just say you are willing to work and I'll show you how to make this big money. These goods are daily necessities but sell at half store prices. F. Roley of Alabama made \$53.00 in one day selling my goods. Beginners start right out making real big money.

**EASY PLEASANT WORK**  
There never was such a cinch—there never will be again. My goods are right, by plan square. My methods simple, and my word is as good as a bond. Remember, I'm an old time agent myself. My 17 years experience and great 6 story factory building back you at every step. "Square Deal" Davis is what my thousands of delighted agents call me. I'll start you just as carefully as I did them.

**Now is the Best Time To Begin**  
Don't fool around or wait your time when you can make big money on my plan. I've given you facts—undownable facts. My promises are right—my plan is right. So rise up and get into this way of making more money than you ever dreamed of. I put it to you square—do you want this job? Then grab it, now—this minute—and write me personally so I can explain all about my great proposition. Don't wait—get after this sure money—Now! E. M. Davis, Pres.

E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., Dept. E25 CHICAGO

**\$3.20 Worth to Sell for \$1.00 COST YOU ONLY 40 CENTS**



Lucky 'Leven Combination in display case. Each article full drug store size. Actual size of box 6x13 3/4 in. This is merely one example of our many big winners for agents.

**SEE HERE WHAT THE CONTENTS ARE**

Trinola Stain Remover Soap	\$.10
Princess Borated Talcum	.15
Medco Triple Extract Perfume	.50
Pearl Dentifrice Tooth Soap	.25
Glycerine and Buttermilk Soap	.10
Pine Apple Cream Soap	.25
Medco Shampoo Hair Tonic	.50
Medco Cuticle Soap	.25
Empress Cucumber Cream	.35
My Lady Tar for Shampooing	.25
Empress Face Powder	.50
<b>Total Value</b>	<b>\$3.20</b>

**TEN BOXES MEANS \$6.00 A DAY**  
When you show your customers this gorgeous case, the array of fine toilet goods will dazzle their eyes. And when at the end of your spiel you state the low price of \$1.00 for all this the money's yours. This is only a sample—only one winner of our 37 varieties.

# "Snap Shot" Money in Your Pocket



**Big CASH Profits For You** We will put you in your own quick-paying business where you will make \$5 to \$20 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable of Wyo., writes: "Made \$27.00 in 2 hours." Bryant, of Colo., made \$18.00 in 6 hours. Evans of Miss., says: "Made \$15.75 last Tuesday." Perry, of Ky., "Made \$50.00 in 2 days." Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

Now is your chance to get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Be a one minute photographer. New business—tremendous opportunities—the world for your field—travel or at home—all or spare time—big, quick, clean profits at private houses, parties, picnics, on the street, in the small towns, in great cities, at fairs, carnivals, conventions, reunions, street parades, aviation meets, etc., etc.—**NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED**—Profits begin at once—first day—first minute—and you Make 500% on Every Sale. Don't delay—don't wait—act—write at once for complete free information about

## The "MANDEL" Post Card Machine

A new invention—wonderful machine, that takes, finishes and delivers five different styles of photos. Turns out original post card photos (also button pictures) at the rate of three a minute right on the spot where you take them. Wonderful, new, photographic process—startling—sensational—

### Photos Direct on Post Cards Without Plates, Films, Printing or Dark Room

Machine is everything in one—a complete portable post card gallery. Excites interest, arrests attention, compels immediate order from every onlooker. Small capital starts you. Sale of supplies that come to you with outfit practically gives you back entire investment—and you have the business clear and fully established. You begin making money the same day the outfit arrives. Immediate sales—immediate profits. If you are sincere and really want to make \$2,000 this year—**DO NOT DELAY**—show us that you are in earnest—that you mean business. We will show you how to get the money. Write NOW—AT ONCE—INFORMATION IS FREE. Address either office.

**THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY**  
488 Ferrotype Building Congress & Laflin Sts., Chicago —or— Dept. 488-39-91 Delancey St. New York

## GREY-HAIRED AT 27 NOT A GREY HAIR AT 35

I am One of Many Living Examples that Grey Hair Can be Restored to Natural Colour and Beauty.

I SEND YOU THE PROOF FREE.

Let me send you free full information that will enable you to restore your Grey Hair to the natural colour and beauty of youth, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness. It is not a dye nor a stain. Its effects commence after four days' use.

I am a woman who became prematurely grey and old-looking at 27, but through a scientific friend I found an easy method which actually restored my hair to the natural colour of girlhood in a surprisingly short time. And so I have arranged to give full instructions absolutely free of charge to any reader of this paper who wishes to restore the natural shade of youth to any grey, bleached or faded hair without the use of any greasy, sticky or injurious dyes or stains, and without detection. I pledge success no matter how many things have failed. Perfect success with both sexes and all ages.

So cut out the coupon below and send me your name and address, (stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and enclose two cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will make it unnecessary for you to ever have a grey hair again. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 765 N. Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

**THIS FREE COUPON** entitles any reader of Rip-Saw to receive free of charge Mrs. Chapman's complete instructions to restore grey hair to natural colour and beauty of youth. Cut this off and pin to your letter. Good for immediate use only; 2-cent stamp for postage required. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 765, N. Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** Every reader of this paper, man or woman, who wishes to be without grey hair for the rest of their life is advised to accept above liberal offer at once. Mrs. Chapman's high standing proves the sincerity of her offer.

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



## The Workers Should Worry

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

Socialism has been annihilated again.

This time it is the Rev. Frank Crane who has done the job. The Rev. Frank Crane says that "a correspondent" has asked him why he isn't a Socialist, and so he has come out in the capitalist newspapers with his why-nots.

The very first objection that the distinguished reverend puts forth is a corker, even if it does have hoary whiskers growing all over it. Rev. Frank Crane says that he naturally revolts against Socialism, "because Socialism is European."

Nothin' European for the Rev. Crane. He'd deny his own ancestors if they were alive. Modern Socialism was not only elaborated by a darn Dutchman, but he was also a Jew. No American, like Rev. Frank Crane, can be expected to have any respect for it. Of course, Jesus Christ was a Jew, but his gospel has been overhauled by American theologians so that it's all right. Even the Rev. Frank Crane should admit this. America, says Rev. Frank Crane, has already got something far better than Socialism—it has Democracy. We've sure got something, and I guess that's what it is. Rev. Frank Crane says so, and

further declares that Woodrow Wilson is IT.

He says that "Democracy is a growth." That's what the doctors would tell you about a wart. On the other hand, says the Rev. Crane, "Socialism is a scheme." Webster's dictionary defines a "scheme" as "a plan of something to be done." This sure enough makes Socialism look bad to a democrat. If there is anything on earth that gives a moss-back the horrors it's the thought of "something to be done"—some change to be made. The only way to account for this is that every great change in society, all the way from savagery to civilization, has been a new birth, and there seems to be a sort of umbilical cord that some people never get rid off. This cord continually tries to yank them back to where they came from.

Another awful thing about Socialism, says Rev. Frank Crane, is that it "appeals to the class spirit." This is as bad, if not worse, than being Dutch. No democrat can stand for this. "Servants obey your masters," is the holiest injunction a democrat knows. That the working-class should rebel against being skinned of all the wealth they produce is contrary to everything the democratic party ever taught. It leads to anarchy, free love, and atheism.

It's as bad as woman suffrage or nigger equality. Of course, a white workingman is not quite as lowdown as a nigger, but the exception is only a matter of color. Both are what they are because it is ordained to be so. The upper classes are up because Providence willed it, and the lower classes are down for the same reason. If Rev. Frank Crane would diligently study the message of Jesus he would denounce him also as a "foreigner," just as he does Karl Marx.

Another thing that shocks the whole insides of Rev. Frank Crane is that "Socialism proclaims revolution." No democrat can stand for "revolution." Neither could King George, of England, or King Louis of France. "Revolution" to quote Webster again, is "a total radical change." In the order of nature it would come peaceably, if it were not for the Rev. Frank Cranes and King Georges and King Louis'. When there are too many of these mules in the way there's an explosion, because it's the everlasting destiny of man to forge ahead in spite of the Cranes and Georges and Louis'. The hope of the world today is that there are not enough of this breed to raise bloody hell when the next revolutionary, "radical change" in society does take place. Such as these have caused enough agony

# Ruskin

Located in the Heart of the West Coast of Florida  
Suns Itself Among the Banks of the LITTLE MANATEE RIVER  
Where the Salt Breezes Blow and Nature is Wonderfully Bountiful

# Florida

## RUSKIN

Ruskin, the town, lies on the undulating lands along the river, whose inlet runs up through the town, affording easy transportation to its center. Here and there are scattered the homes of its people, some rough and unfinished, but picturesque in their frontier look. Others as nice as those you will find in any city of a thousand times the size of this.

The truck farms of from one to five acres surround the homes with their productive soil, carpeted with the tender green of growing things.

In the homes you will find those whom it is a pleasure to meet, refined, cultured folks; up-to-date on all topics; generous and hospitable, doing the right as they are given the grace to see the right; strong, helpful, cheerful, with a wholesome faith in humanity and the brotherhood of man.

Ruskin town lots average about one-third of an acre in size; most of them are 90x135 feet. All are located in the artesian belt where a well will give all the advantages of city water works. The land is highly productive.

New homes constantly building. A delightful place to spend your winters if you come south.

Ruskin is a growing college town. Ruskin College offers educational advantages in the regular college courses and special departments. Fine gardens, beautiful fruit trees, flowers and ornamentals to your heart's content. Ruskin inlet gives two miles of waterfront through the town.

Healthful, productive location; 25 miles of roads opened up; boat connection with Tampa; also via S. A. L. Railroad. Easy terms—Installment payments. Prices reasonable.

Ruskin has gone a step further than most colonies. It is strictly a white man's town. Prohibition will not enter into its problems, for it forbids the manufacture or sale of any liquors on any of its lands; it protects its youth from the cigarette by the same means nor can any factories that might become a detriment to its people be permitted upon its holdings. Nor is the divorcee, the affinity or the libertine welcome. Do not construe its freedom of speech and thought to mean license. It is an effort to throw off the shackles of ignorance and superstition along rational lines, not by violent or radical means, running to extremes just as harmful as the evil thing they seek to cure, but by teaching the heart and brain and hands to do the work to which it is best fitted.

This is Ruskin the Ideal; this is the Ideal realized.—Florida Grower.

## A NEW POULTRY CENTER FOR THE SOUTH

IS BUILDING AT MORRIS PARK AND NOW IS THE  
TIME TO SECURE YOUR POULTRY RESERVATION.

It was the plan of Ruskin Colonization Company, from the beginning, to make Morris Park a poultry center that should rival Petaluma, California, which now wears the world's poultry belt. The achievement of this ambition is considered possible at an early date, for the reason that the Morris Park plan is co-operative, while the Petaluma plan is individualistic.

The location as to climate, shipping facilities, etc., are much better than those of Petaluma. As to the market feature, one and a half million dollars' worth of poultry products coming from other states are shipped to Cuba from Tampa every year. Moreover, the co-operative method to be practiced here promises immense advantages never realized at Petaluma.

Three hundred acres, which poultry men of large experience have pronounced the finest kind of poultry land, have been reserved in a body for five-acre poultry farms, and forty acres of it have already been disposed of.

## MORRIS PARK FARMS

of 5 and 10 acres each surround the town site, offering excellent truck and fruit farms. This land has a good subsoil.

This land is insured, guaranteeing the purchaser the return of his investment should he become dissatisfied. People now locating on Morris Park Farms, others coming soon. Railroad station established; postoffice, store; sawmill and poultry farms. Natural drainage; slightly rolling; healthful locations in the land of sunshine. Others are making good, why can't you?

Write for Printed Matter today.

Learn what is being done here.

Ruskin and Morris Park are forging ahead rapidly.

There is a place here for you.

SEND FOR A COPY OF THE TRIANGLE, RUSKIN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

# Ruskin Colony Extension Company

RUSKIN,  
FLORIDA

## To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely

free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 118 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

## TOBACCO HABIT

Conquered easily in 3 days! Improve health, prolong your life. Relieve stomach & kidney trouble, nervousness, headaches, irritability, nervous worry, heart weakness. A void blindness! Gain lasting vigor, calm nerves, better memory, clear eyes, superior mental strength. Banish spells of melancholy; avoid collapse. If you chew, dip snuff or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting free book. Just what you have been looking for. Proved worth weight in gold to others; why not you? Overcome nicotine habit, start anew and be genuinely happy. Book mailed free. **EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Avenue, 675 S. New York, N. Y.**

## ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURED

Before You Pay I will send any sufferer a \$1.00 bottle of LANE'S REMEDY by mail on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Address D. J. LANE, 680 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kas.

## GRAY HAIR

Can be restored to natural shade to stay dark. It will be beautified, too. Don't waste money and take risks with questionable dyes or stains. Get our big Book on the Hair. We will send it FREE, in plain wrapper, postpaid. **KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 675 D, New York, N. Y.**

\$200 GUARANTEE to deputies, ask about our sick and accident insurance plan. National Benevolent Society, 525 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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ting cured. Box Free. **ZEMETO CO., Dept. 102, Milwaukee, Wis.**

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? Best Matrimonial paper published. Mailed FREE. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

LOVE'S FORBIDDEN FRUIT and "She," two classy 200-page books, 25c each. R. S. Albert Pub. Co., 527 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## RECIPES FOR MEN ONLY.

Real secrets. "Herb Doctor Recipe Book" 10c. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5-26, Hammond, Ind.

I WILL START YOU Earning \$4 daily at home in spare time, silvering mirrors; no capital; send for free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. **G. F. REDMOND, Dept. C-R, Boston, Mass.**

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE! Reliable, best published. **EASTERN AGENCY, 57, Bridgeport, Conn.**

MARRY Hundreds on my Books Description free (Sealed) **Mme. DeVitto, (53) New Dorp, New York**

PIMPLES, Red Nose, Oily Skin; every form and stage of Acne cured, and the disfigurement removed. Booklet free. **Dr. Rodgers, Suite 411, 36 W. Randolph St. Chicago.**

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

## LADIES \$1000 Reward

I positively guarantee my great successful Ergo-Kolo "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the very longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in Three to Five Days without harm, pain or interference with work. Orders filled by return mail. Single Strength \$1.50. Double Strength \$2.00. Testimonials and Booklet FREE. **DR. H. R. SOUTHWORTH REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

## LADIES!

Clear your complexion. Wrinkles, grey hair, etc. Banish your trouble in 5 days. Write for big new catalog of creams, rouge, hair goods. Sanitary appliances and rubber goods. **J. Ericsson, 234 Pitney Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.**

and bloodshed in the past—may their numbers be so small in the near future that Socialism can transform this world of class-rule, exploitation and war into a commonwealth of Comrades without a scene of slaughter.

And then—and he a follower of Jesus! Rev. Frank Crane says that "Socialism is a dream." To the vast majority what we have now is a hideous nightmare. Better the dream of Socialism, sweet

and beautiful, than the drunken sleep of the capitalist masters! Better follow the vision of Socialism with a faith and courage that defies defeat, than be found skulking in the camps of the class that drive to despair and degradation the very least of our brothers and sisters!

Rev. Frank Crane and his crowd do not like Socialism.

The workers should worry, whether they like it or not.

### TO ALL LOVERS OF LIBERTY!

The following ringing call is issued by the National Office of the Socialist Party:

**THE SOCIALIST PARTY**  
National Office Madison and Halsted Streets  
**CHICAGO**

To All Socialist Locals, Labor Organizations and Lovers of Liberty: **THE SOCIALIST PARTY WILL ALWAYS BE AT HAND WHEN LABOR'S BATTLE RAGES FIERCEST.**

We gave what we could of money, and used our influence in West Virginia, where Labor had been crushed and lay bleeding. Our efforts there were not in vain.

We aided the copper miners of Michigan to the extent of our ability with money and clothing, and were instrumental in bringing about a congressional investigation of that harrowing war.

Such actions prove your power; they prove the growing solidarity of Labor.

Now, once again the Party calls. Not for money, although this is needed always in time of strike.

**SIMPLY SPEAK AS ONLY LABOR CAN SPEAK.**

There is WAR in Colorado—war of the coal barons against men asking for bread, against women asking for decent homes, against children who ask but a chance in life.

In order to defeat our brothers the writ of habeas corpus has been suspended in Colorado;

In order to defeat them there have been wholesale arrests of strikers, who have been held incommunicado and denied the most common rights guaranteed by the constitution;

In order to defeat them the militia was called out, and it was allowed to rob and plunder the poor and assault defenseless women and children without protest from the authorities;

In order to defeat them the servile militia arrested Mother Jones and finally deported her to Denver, with the threat that if she returned to the strike region she would be rearrested;

In order to defeat them they denied Mother Jones the right to testify to the brutality of the mine owners and the militia before the congressional committee;

In order to defeat them the mine owners will descend to any depth of infamy or crime. They will use militia, with its high-powered rifles and machine guns; criminals, gunmen, and thugs—all for the protection of holy profits on one side against human welfare on the other.

**SHALL THEY DEFEAT THEM? THEY WILL NOT, IF YOU SPEAK AND DEMAND JUSTICE.**

Call meetings immediately, and let every gathering, of few or many, send its protest to the Governor, Denver, Colorado.

Draft resolutions in stern and meaningful language, and send them to the President, to the congressman of your district, and the senators of the United States

**LET THEM HEAR AGAIN THE VOICE OF LABOR.** They are listening. They dare not deny you. **SPEAK!** In the name of the thousands who have suffered and died in order that Labor might have a little more bread, we bid you, **SPEAK!**

**THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.**

March 22, 1914. By Walter Lanfersiek, Executive Secretary.

Every local in America should immediately pass the following resolution, and obtain all the signatures possible, and send a copy to the press of their city or town, and a copy to President Wilson:

### RESOLUTION,

We, the Socialist Party, in convention assembled, hereby vigorously protest against the unwarranted, cowardly and criminal imprisonment, without due process of law, of that venerable and faithful friend of the working class, **MOTHER-JONES**, and we declare it the duty of President Wilson, in consideration of the criminal conduct of Governor Ammons of Colorado, immediately to order the release of Mother Jones, and the future recognition of her rights as an American citizen, and be it ordered that a copy of this protest be sent to the press and to President Wilson.

## A SURPRISE FOR THIN WOMEN



Thousands of thin women have been getting wonderful results from a treatment which is 15 years old and gaining in popularity every day.

It has not cost them a penny to try it, nor will it you.

You will be surprised and delighted at the change in your appearance when the treatment has produced its effect. It has been astonishing how little additional flesh and bust development it has required to make many of our thin patrons attractive—even fascinating. They tell us they seem to be attracting a flattering attention which they never enjoyed and had ceased to expect.

Just write today saying "Send me your free treatment." We will immediately send, in a plain wrapper, sufficient Dr. Whitney's Nerve & Flesh Builder to give you the additional flesh that will add so much to your attractiveness. In some cases the trial alone has been all that was needed.

No. 1 is the general flesh builder. No. 2 is for giving development to the bust alone without enlarging other parts of the body. Say which one you prefer.

Write us today, before this generous offer is withdrawn, and get your free treatment in a plain wrapper by return mail. **C. L. Jones Co., 49E Friend Bldg., Elmira, N. Y.**

## Every Blemish Removed in Ten Days

Pearl La Sage, Former Actress, Tells Readers of This Paper How—**FREE.**

You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Will make muddy complexions, sallowness, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions, big pores, roughness vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet, apparatus, or instrument, nothing to swallow. All methods now known are cast aside.



You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address, and I will give you full details by return mail in a plain cover, free and prepaid. **PEARL LA SAGE, Suite 702, 2120 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.**

## FITS

Asample of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, if you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. **DR. F. HARVEY, ROOF, DEPT. 1120, STA. N. NEW YORK.**

## STOP SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATISM

You can do it. My treatment makes it possible. It has cured others; it can cure you if you are curable. Positively no patent medicines or dangerous drugs sold or recommended. Send one dollar now. If a cure results, pay two dollars more; if not, you owe me nothing. Don't put it off. Delay is dangerous. A cure delayed is a cure not made when delayed too long. Of course, you want to be well. Then act, and act at once. You will never regret it.

**EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH, 2562 Camden Ave. Omaha, Neb.**

# 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.

# MAN of MYSTERY

## PROPHET AND GUIDE

Educated in Hindoo Philosophy and Egyptian Lore

Born in that far off land of Mystery, he was endowed in a very peculiar way when quite a child, with an insight into people's lives, simply by touching something they had handled or worn. Send your name and birthday with full address written very plainly in your own handwriting. If it is convenient you may send 10 cents stamps of your own country, (6d. English money) to pay postage, etc. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter, but STAMPS only.



**HASAN WADI, VIC**  
35A Warwick Avenue, London, W. England.

# The Church and the Malcontents

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

In some of our cities "the unemployed" are asking to be entertained or granted sleeping quarters in church buildings. Whenever any class of malcontents wants to get itself hoisted into notoriety, it slaps the church in the face. We are sure that the church of Christ will not turn aside to "serve tables" to satisfy this whimsical demand, and we are sure no worthy laborer who can think straight wants her to.—Christian Standard.

Strange is it not that the ungrateful workers should lose faith in the church when such a beautiful, christian spirit of brotherhood is shown by the brethren? It is so coarse and common of the workers not to comprehend the beautiful self-control of the good brother who edits the Christian Standard and pens this Christ-like rebuke to the sinful "malcontents." There is so much more that the brother could have said. For instance—what right have the unemployed to be unemployed? Did not God in his infinite wisdom place us on this beautiful earth; did he not put here for his children the "land and the fullness thereof" and did not God put strength in our arms, intelligence in our brains and skill in our fingers? Certainly!

This is the land of opportunity and if every man is not profitably employed it is his own fault. And if perchance Brothers Long, Morgan and Rockefeller do monopolize the earth, gobble up the machinery of production and turn a

few million of God's sons out homeless, cold, jobless and hungry, without where to lay their heads—why "God wills it so" and the pious, godly thing for God's homeless, jobless, cold and hungry sons to do is just to starve to death decently and in a christian manner. It is perfectly ridiculous that they should turn "malcontents" and "get hoisted into notoriety" by "slapping the church in the face."

How utterly lacking in common sense for any unemployed man to think of mingling the odor of common workingmen with the pious smell of Brother Long's blood-stained gold. The stench of Southern Lumber camp is sweet incense to the nose of the Christian brother who edits the Christian Standard, but the smell of a jobless worker is an offense.

Don't allow yourself to be disturbed brother, no intelligent workingman dreams for a moment that "the church of Christ will turn aside to serve tables (or beds) to satisfy this whimsical demand" for shelter from the cold, food for hungry stomachs or care for mere workingmen's souls. The church of Christ will be too busy spending Brother Long's million dollars to pay any attention to the millions of unemployed "malcontents" who have not the common decency to starve to death in a christian manner without disturbing the church about the matter.

# CONTEST 129

By F. P. O'HARE

For sixty days, closing June 15th, the Rip-Saw army will make a united march against the outposts of capitalism, that are commanded by General Ignorance, who defends the citadels of Privilege and Plunder.

When twenty thousand determined Socialist scouts invade the enemy's domain on a great sixty-day campaign like the present one, and the Socialist sharpshooters get in their deadly work, the captures run up into the thousands.

At this writing every member of the Rip-Saw army, old and young, veteran and recruit should be at work nabbing the subs and hurling their trophies into the circulation department of the Rip-Saw.

When midnight, June 15th, closes the campaign, the circulation department will add up the totals of all lists of subscriptions and orders for Rip-Saw subscription cards and the 129 comrades or Socialist locals sending in the largest number of subscriptions or orders for sub cards, will be declared the winners of 129 liberal premiums.

The first prize will be a package of 100 yearly Rip-Saw subscription cards, valued at \$25.00.

The second prize will be a package of 75 yearly Rip-Saw subscription cards, valued at \$18.75.

The third prize will be a package of 50 yearly Rip-Saw subscription cards, valued at \$12.50.

The fourth prize will be a package

of 25 yearly Rip-Saw subscription cards, valued at \$6.25.

The next twenty-five prizes will each consist of a package of ten yearly Rip-Saw subscription cards, valued at \$2.50.

The next one hundred prizes will each consist of five yearly Rip-Saw subscription cards, valued at \$1.25.

In case of any ties, the Rip-Saw will duplicate the prizes to the tied contestants.

You do not need any regular subscription blank to send in your orders for subs and sub cards. Any sheet of paper will do—but be sure to write at the top

Contest No. 129

So the clerical force will make a memorandum of your name and address and give you credit for all lists sent in.

Send in your subscriptions whenever you get a bunch and we will keep careful count of them.

Your final list must be post-marked not later than June 15, 1914.

If you have not already entered contest No. 129, do so at once. Make your first remittance not less than \$2.00—that is, eight subscriptions or subscriptions and sub cards mixed to the value of \$2.00, and we will in addition to the above premium offer, mail you, postpaid, a copy of the great Barnhill-Tichenor debate, in splendid booklet form—hot off of the press. This is the debate in full which ran through the January, Feb-

### DRINK CRESCENT ORANGEADE

Just add cold water to Crescent Orangeade Powder, sweetened with sugar and you will instantly have the finest, richest drink imaginable. Fully guaranteed under the Pure Food Law, U. S. Serial 11788. A big money maker at Picnics, Fairs, Ball Games, Dinners, etc. Many make \$10 to \$50 a day. Over 4c profit on every glass. One glass means a steady customer. Agents wanted to sell the powder to families, restaurants, stores, etc. Send 10 cents for trial package, enough for 17 glasses, with catalogue, etc., postpaid. You will be surprised and delighted. Address: CHAS. F. MORRISSEY CO., 4417 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

### FREE TO MEN STRENGTH CAPSULES

If Nervous, Weak, Lacking 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.

### VITAL-FIRE

\$10,000 Reward for any case of Lost Vitality it will not help. Send 10c. for sample and booklet. Address: Vital Fire Remedy Co., 1490 W. 25th St., N. Y.

### LADIES

Send 4 cents in Book on Woman and Her Troubles stamps for our Should be in every home. WORTH MANY TIMES ITS COST. VITAL REMEDY CO., Dept. 2, 149 W. 25th St., New York.

### PARALYSIS

Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cure. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does it. DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### ONE FOR MANY A MAIDEN'S TALE.

Plenty of action. For men only. Sent sealed for 25 cents. S. STOGAN PUB. CO., 320 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### ASTHMA

REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 809 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

### VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 390 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

### EYE OPENER

B4 and After. The Naked truth for men only. Sent sealed for only 25 cents. R. S. Albert Pub. Co., 527 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### A WOMAN'S BLIGHTED LIFE

And 29 other complete novels by women of the stage. "A unique sensation" from life for men only. Sent sealed 25 cents. S. STOGAN PUB. CO., 320 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### 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.

### MARRY RICH

Matrimonial Paper of highest character with photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means. FREE. Sealed. Either sex. STANDARD COR. CLUB, Gray's Lake, Ill.

### MARRY

Many wealthy members. Will marry. All ages. Descriptions and photos FREE. Box 314 F. G., KANSAS CITY, MO.

### GET BUSY YOU SPORTY SOCIALISTS

go simply natty over our real, ripe live photos of shapely girls, six for 50 cents. FRENCH CAMERA CO., 125 E. 25th St., N. Y. City.

### FITS—NO CURE—NO PAY.

In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until absolutely satisfied. Write for further particulars. German American Doctors, 220 Arlington Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

### BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 129 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

### MARRY.

Thousands wealthy, will marry soon. All ages, nationalities, descriptions free. Write at once. Western Club, H268 Market, San Francisco, Cal.

### MONEY \$ \$

For wise men \$ key FREE. J. WARREN SMITH, Ottawa, Ill.

### MARRY

Marriage directory with photos and descriptions Free. Pay when married. New System, Box 525 G. E., Kansas City Mo.

### MARRY.

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

### MARRY RICH

Hundreds anxious to marry. Descriptions and photos free. (Sealed) THE UNITY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

# TEN BEST HUSTLERS FOR MARCH, 1914

## HOW THE RIP-SAW IS CIRCULATED

Names of the ten comrades sending in the largest clubs of Rip-Saw subscriptions during the month of March.

No.	Name.	Post Office.	Subs.
1	Mrs Lila Smith,	Sturgis, S. D., Box No. 445	46
2	J. G. Payton,	Dunkirk, Ind.	30
3	R. A. Lines,	Springfield, Mo., 816 N. Atlantic St.	28
4	B. W. Anderson,	Scott, Okla.	27
5	A. W. Spaulding,	Paris, Tenn.	25
6	Walter Summers,	Kokomo, Ind., 1607 Bell St.	24
7	W. H. Major,	Three Rivers, Mich., 503 Oak St.	24
8	B. W. Gilchrist,	Greensburg, Pa., 38 Parr St.	24
9	Wm. A. Bowles,	Abilene, Tex., R. R. 2	24
10	C. W. Thompson,	Seaside, Ore.	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.

ruary, March and April numbers of the Rip-Saw, and it is a sure thing that every Socialist comrade will want at least one copy. It is a sure and ammunition and with it you can simply slaughter the opposition.

That capital prize, 100 yearly Rip-Saw sub cards, may go to some one for very little work. It is seldom that any comrade sends in over 50 Rip-Saw subscriptions in two months. With 100 subscription cards at your disposal, you can sell them easily at 25 cents each, or you can scatter the subscriptions where they will do the most good in converting a big bunch of your neighbors to Socialism.

Two or more comrades can work together in this contest, provided that all the orders are sent in in ONE NAME. Scores of Socialist locals will enter the contest and use this opportunity to do some of the most effective propaganda work they have ever attempted.

Get into this great big friendly competition to see who can get the most Rip-Saw subscriptions planted in his neighborhood in 60 days. See who can do the most effective propaganda work for the cause.

The Rip-Saw circulation is jumping forward with leaps and bounds. Get into the game now, and boost while boosting is good. The result will show in an increase in the membership of the Socialist Party, and in increased votes this fall and in 1916.

Washburn, Wis., April 12, 1914.  
Editor of Rip-Saw, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Editor:—Have just finished the debate between Messrs. Tichenor and Barnhill. I felt sorry all the way through the discussion for poor Barnhill. It was like throwing a lap poodle into the jaws of a lion. I once witnessed a prize ring bout between two parties who were pretty well matched in size, build and general appearance, but at the end of the third round the referee stopped the affair, and not being acquainted with the rules of the ring, I inquired the cause for the stopping of the affair when it was advertised for ten rounds. The prompt reply was "one is out classed," "unevenly matched," etc. In the second round I had a notion then to send in a protest of the unevenness of the fight, and stop it, but I guess Barnhill had enough. I felt like taking Tichenor at the end of the first round by the nap of the neck and seat of his trousers and throwing him out of the ring. The last one was so disastrous that those "knock out drops" Barnhill has been handing out took effect on the handler. I am now in doubt whether he has not got it every time he met an adversary and that all that is left of him is his voice. When he went to administer one to Tich "The Tiger," Tich rebelled, and with his good right handed Barney one square in the mouth and put it down his own windy neck. Yours for the Rip-Saw,  
A. M. WARDEN.

**Biggest Thing Yet** Read the full - page announcement in this issue of the \$250 premium offer made by the RIP-SAW!

# I WANT TO TELL THOUSANDS FREE HOW TO CURE CATARRH



I cured Myself—  
I cured my Friends  
I want the Whole World to know  
How—FREE

I want every man and woman reader of this paper who suffers from Catarrh to write me at once and get this wonderful proof.

It is not an experimental distribution of medicine such as have been made before, that I am offering you. It is not a sample of a medicine or a trial. I just want to tell thousands of sufferers of Catarrh of the success I have had in curing myself and my friends of this awful disease.

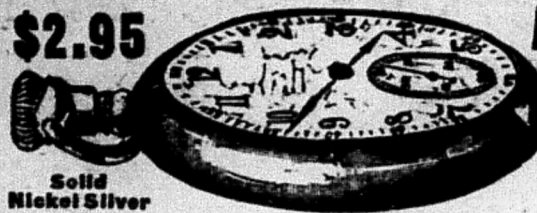
This treatment of mine is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams, no atomizer or any apparatus of any kind, nothing to smoke or inhale, nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful—something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop Catarrh at once, and I will gladly tell you how free. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription, but I am free from Catarrh, my friends are free from Catarrh and you can be free from Catarrh. Your sufferings will stop at once—like magic.

My Catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly; my delight in

Don't send me any money—Not even postage—I will pay all expense. But, if you value happiness, success, a healthy mind in a healthy body, don't waste any time but fill out this coupon or write a letter, or postal card and mail it to me. Remember, this information is FREE.

\$2.95

Solid Nickel Silver



American Thin Model Watch \$2.95

Special Closing-out Sale of American made watches. Send your name and address and we will send you by parcel post or express C. O. D. \$2.95 this elegant thin model 18 size for gent., 16 size for boys, open face, solid nickel silver screw back and bezel case, dust proof, with lever movement, jeweled expansion balance, hard enamel dial, stem wind and pendant set, a correct timekeeper, equal to a \$15.00 watch, case and works guaranteed 20 years. ORDER AT ONCE. This sale for a short time only. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pay your postman or expressman. Address Diamond Jewelry Co., K 29, 189 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

TELLS ABOUT



# 50,000 BOOKS

## FREE BY MAIL

### WORTH \$10 TO ANY MAN

Every afflicted man, suffering from any man disease, should write quick for his copy of this Wonderful Free Book. It tells in plain, strong, simple words how any man can privately cure himself at home, of such diseases as Blood Poison, Constitutional or Inherited Diseases, Vital Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Nervous Debility, Indiscretions, Organic or Contagious Diseases, the After-effects of Fast Living, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles. No matter how long you have suffered; how old or stubborn your case; how often you have failed to find relief or how discouraged and down-hearted you are—this book will be a revelation. It tells why you suffer and how you can secure a quick, permanent, safe cure. If you want your old-time health, strength and manhood restored, send RIGHT NOW for your copy of this Great Guide to Health—mailed FREE, postpaid in plain, sealed envelope.

THE HOME CURE

OF MEN'S AILMENTS

DR. JOS. LISTER & CO.

870 208 N.

Fifth Ave.,

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

# HEALS DAY and NIGHT

life was dulled and my faculties impaired, and every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But, I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it Free—write me promptly, send a postal or the coupon today.

### Is Catarrh ruining your health?

Do you suffer so that your daily work is a torture instead of a pleasure?

Have you lost ambition, zest, enterprise, the desire to better yourself because of these awful Catarrhal symptoms?

I want to tell you how to relieve your sufferings, and I want to do it now—write me. Fill out the coupon and mail it to me. That is all you need to do. I will do the rest.

Catarrh, Asthma, colds in the head or throat, bronchitis, hoarseness, affections of the Larynx and tonsils, bad taste, foul breath, headache and the dozens of affections due to Catarrh will vanish before the sweeping effect of my method. My treatment, which is different from all others, will make life worth living. You will get up in the morning after a sound night's sleep, refreshed and invigorated. Once more your headache will vanish and you will thank me as have thousands of others. This treatment is not an experiment; it

does not contain drugs that injure you while giving temporary relief. I want to convince you that it is your duty to yourself and to those who love you and are dependent upon you to write me a postal card or send the coupon below.

No man tortured with Catarrh is fit for the battle of life. He cannot bring his brain nor his hands to work properly because of headache and dullness. The struggle is too keen, competition too merciless, the fight for success too strenuous to be handicapped by physical ills. No woman can care for her home, bring up her children right or work if she is cross, miserable, distracted by suffering.

To the man or woman who suffers from Catarrh, I want to bring relief, comfort, happiness, success. Fill out the coupon attached here and mail it to me. Don't wait until tomorrow, tomorrow never comes—do it at once. I will also send you my book on Catarrh; it is a pamphlet full of the results of my own experience. It contains also a few of the many thousands of testimonial letters from preachers, lawyers, doctors, druggists, men and women of affairs the country over who have not hesitated to say just how much they have been benefited.

**SAM KATZ**

P. S. Perhaps you have a friend who is a sufferer from Catarrh. Don't hesitate to have him or her fill out this coupon or write me a postal card or letter, or you do it for your friend. They will thank you later.

COUPON

**SAM KATZ**

Room H 142, 1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please tell me how to overcome Catarrh.

NAME .....

STREET or R. F. D .....

CITY or TOWN ..... STATE .....

# A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It Don't Wear A Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

## Are You Ruptured?

If so, the BROOKS APPLIANCE is made for You! You and all other Men, Women and Children who are sufferers from this annoying and dangerous trouble. That truss you have been wearing—one of many you have tried—chafed and irritated you and was worse than nothing. It had springs and pads and harness and straps and fixings galore and was continually getting out of shape—slipping down or working up and always needing attention. Then, there were salves and washes and ointments to make the case worse and harder to bear. I want to say that you will find none of these annoyances and vexations in the BROOKS APPLIANCE. At least they are reduced to a minimum. This APPLIANCE was made with a view to eliminate, to do away with, just such trouble. I would have been foolish to work half a lifetime, thinking out and perfecting a thing that had no advantage or was not better than scores of other inventions upon the market. In my APPLIANCE you will find the old objectionable features LEFT OUT. You will find it easy to wear. You will scarcely realize you are wearing it. There is no blinding, drawing and slipping out of place. It does its work effectively and with comfort to the wearer. I want you to read my book, in which I have taken pains to give full particulars about it. Then, there are a few letters printed in it—selected at random from among hundreds written by men and women who have been cured. You can write these folks and see what they say. If I were you I would see to this matter without waiting. You can put off some things without running much risk, but a rupture is a dangerous proposition to neglect. A rupture is not only bad and serious of itself, but it leads to things infinitely worse. Fill out coupon and mail TODAY. Tomorrow will do, but today is better.



The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the Inventor who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies. I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you may also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my appliance or not.

Common trusses do not help. Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with such trusses. But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more. You may have had to wear something like this, but don't make your child do it. Give the child something better. My appliance is better and I want to prove it to you. I will make an Appliance to the child's measure, send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands to see and use and then you can say whether it is what I claim or not. The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down—the pressure is kept up just the same—always drawing the parts together. Write me today and get all the information—send the coupon.

## Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.  
Dear Sir:—Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy, and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,  
WM. PATTERSON,  
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

## Pennsylvania Man Thankful

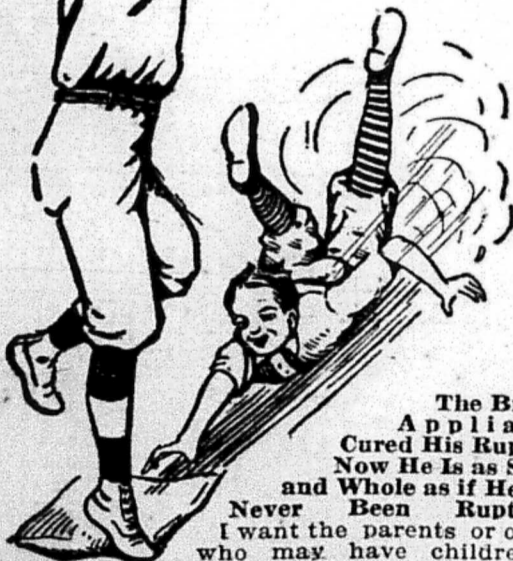
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.  
Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have al-

## Don't Make the Child Wear a Truss Through Life I Want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country.

The Truss is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit Only as a Relic of Barbarity.

I WANT them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way.

My Appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little one. For growing children there is nothing better to be had—no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance.



The Brooks Appliance Cured His Rupture. Now He Is as Sound and Whole as if He Had Never Been Ruptured. I want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children. Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it—just so much harder will it be for the child to get rid of it. No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance. No matter what we may wish to think—ruptured children do not have an equal chance with other children.

## Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

## Cured At the Age of 76.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.  
Dear Sir:—I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.  
Very sincerely yours,  
High Point, N. C. SAM A. HOOVER.

## Child Cured in Four Months

C. E. Brooks,  
Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.  
Yours very truly,  
ANDREW EGGENBERGER,  
21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

## Recommend from Texas Farmer

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.  
Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicted as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last November, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have laid it away—have had it off for two weeks and doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing it, I had la grippe and coughed a great deal but it held all right. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people.  
Yours sincerely,  
J. E. LONG,  
Bald Prairie, Texas.

## Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out the coupon below and mail today.

## Free Information Coupon

C. E. BROOKS, 1731 State St., Marshall, Mich.  
Please send me by mail in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

City .....

R. F. D. .... State .....