

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. 4.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE, 1914.

Whole Number 124

THE LOW PRICE OF DYING

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

The fabled sirens who sung with ravishing enchantment on Homer's mythic isle had no such sorcery as the bewitching bunc that bourgeois society puts across.

It provides charitable institutions to take care of the victims it has made, and it tells the poor that the worse their miseries are on earth the greater will be their joy in heaven.

It furnishes hospitals and doctors to alleviate the diseases that it breeds in the foul air of congested mills and sweatshops and slums, in polluted drinking water and adulterated food, and it builds insane asylums for those who go bugs from the mental agony caused by its savage social system.

Even the high cost of living need bother the hungry and homeless any more.

They are offered the low cost of dying in its stead.

What terrors are there for the poor cuss that can't live on a dollar a day, when he can go out and die for his master's country for \$16 a month?

Why yearn for beefsteak when you can get bullets, or warm clothing when you can be covered with a pine coffin?

Why care for potatoes when you can have patriotism?

Why want to live when you can fight and die?

Why long for a home when you can occupy a grave that will be

decorated with flowers once a year?

War—war that furnishes a glorious opportunity for the low cost of dying—that's the thing that knocks out the horrors of the high cost of living.

Shoot the dirty Greasers, and let

When one of them kills you, your glory is complete.

Besides, even though you have no country while you are alive, you will sure have some when you are gone.

It will be located in a nice, quiet cemetery, where nobody will dis-

offer may not last long, and then you will have to face the awful high cost of living with no relief in sight but beggary, burglary or suicide.

If you beg you go to the rock pile, if you burglarize you go to the pen, and if you suicide you go to hell.

Go and get killed by a Mexican while you have the chance, and any priest, preacher or rabbi of the capitalist class will ticket you straight to paradise.

It is holy and righteous to murder in war, but it is damnation to take your own life rather than starve to death.

Let the high price of living no longer worry you—the low price of dying is here with all the trimmin's.

All you need do is to enlist in the noble cause of Standard Oil, and die while the dyin's good.

Go to it, boob—all the happiness is yours.

Over your six feet of earth can be placed a slab bearing this patriotic inscription:



—From the United States Mine Workers' Journal.

THE VULTURE AND ITS PREY

them shoot you!

They are the fellows that cause all your troubles.

Life isn't worth living anyway, with a lot of Mexicans at large a thousand miles away.

The more Mexicans you kill, the bigger a hero are you.

turb you.

You will be a landlord at last, even if you are a dead one.

Only \$16 a month to die—it's absolutely a bargain.

You couldn't begin to live at that price.

Grab it while it's cheap—the

"He Gave His Life to the Glorious Cause of Protecting the Private Property of the Plunderbund Down in Mexico. May His Valiant Corpse R. I. P.!"

Debs' Scathing Indictment Of The Mexican War—Frank Bohn's Story, Written On The Spot, Of The Ludlow Massacre—In This Issue Of The Rip Saw

The National Rip-Saw

411 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PHIL WAGNER..... Managing Editor

STAFF

- Eugene V. Debs
- W. S. Morgan
- Kate Richards O'Hare
- Oscar Ameringer
- H. M. Tichenor
- Frank P. O'Hare

Advertising Manager,
HARRY R. FISHER,
80 North Dearborn Street - Chicago, Ill
Telephone, Central 4340

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

Published on the First Day of Each Month

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Single Subscriptions; in advance,
 U. S. and Mexico.....50 cents
 Canada.....63 cents
 Great Britain and Foreign.....75 cents
 In Clubs of Four or more Subscriptions,
 U. S. and Mexico, each sub.....25 cents
 Canada and St. Louis, each sub.....37 cents
 St. Britain and Frgn., each sub 50 cents
 Subscription Cards, each good for an
 annual subscription, at corresponding
 prices. You buy the card, and sell it
 to prospective subscriber. Cards and
 Subscriptions may be mixed to get club
 rates.

When asking that your paper be
changed from one postoffice address to
another, ALWAYS give the name of
your old postoffice.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to
THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW PUBLISHING CO.,
St. Louis, Missouri.



NATIONAL COMMITTEE MEETING

The annual meeting of the Socialist Party was held at the Sherman House, Chicago, May 10 to May 14, inclusive. About sixty members of the committee were in attendance, and worked without intermission, except for eating and sleeping, planning the future work of the Socialist Party.

THE NEW NATIONAL WEEKLY.

The National Committee decided to enlarge the Party Builder, and convert it into an organ for propaganda as well as information regarding party activity. The substance of all the features of the present Party Builder to be retained; special emphasis to be laid on matter in the following order: Activities of the Socialist Party, local, state, national and international; labor conflicts and other matters especially touching the interests of the workers; official declarations of the National Committee, the National Executive Committee, and party conventions; special articles on the various phases of the Socialist movement and philosophy, with particular reference to timely social and labor problems; editorials on current events; an open forum for the membership on disputed points on party policy, views and tactics.

The above covers a field that no propaganda paper or magazine can handle, and the new weekly will be received with acclaim by the party press and the membership as filling a long-felt want.

ELECTION OF NATIONAL OFFICERS

Walter Lanfersiek was re-elected National Executive Secretary, by unanimous vote. Morris Hilquitt, of New York, was elected National Chairman; Winnie E. Branstetter was re-elected General Women's Correspondent. The five members of the Executive Committee are: Victor L.

PUT THIS ISSUE OF THE RIP-SAW INTO EVERY HOME!

This issue of the National Rip-Saw records an epoch in the world's history. In the struggle of the proletariat to burst his chains Trinidad becomes another Lexington. Here the class-struggle is written in the blood of the workers, their wives and children. This issue of the Rip-Saw tells the story that shall never be forgotten till the victory is ours. It tells the story as only those fired with the spirit of the Revolution can tell it. We sent Frank Bohn to Colorado to get the FACTS. Read the testimony that convicts as beastly murderers the exploiters and debauchers of Labor! Read Debs' fearless and furious denunciation of the human fiends that Capitalist Society lets go unpunished, no matter what their bloody crimes may be! Hand this copy of the Rip-Saw to your neighbor—let it burn into his soul, as it does into yours! Send for bundle lots at 2 cents a copy. We have printed a tremendous extra edition for this purpose. Your neighbor only reads the subsidized papers—he does not know the awful truth of Trinidad. Show him the contents of this issue of the Rip-Saw, and let him for once see the true character of the "respectable" and self-boasting "religious" monsters who slaughter even mothers and babies and burn their bodies in their fierce lust for more millions to glut their bursting hoards! Get his subscription for a year. DON'T—DON'T let the opportunity go by to scatter to the very limit the story of butchery and outrage told in this Rip-Saw! Make the voices of your brothers and sisters, aye! and their innocent little ones, that were silenced forever at Ludlow, speak in thunder tones throughout this capitalist, greed-cursed nation! NOW is the very time to get in the work that tells! Show this issue of the Rip-Saw to your deaf and dumb and blind neighbor and get his subscription! Let him know the truth, as you know it! Your own redemption from the clutches of capitalism depends absolutely on making others read and learn the truth! Let the subs roll in, and so hasten the downfall of Capitalism!

Berger, Wisconsin; Adolph Germer, Illinois; J. Stitt Wilson, California; James H. Maurer, Pennsylvania; Lewis J. Duncan, Montana.
 The new National Women's Committee consists of Anna A. Maley, Washington; Gertrude Reilly, New Jersey; Janet Fenimore Korngold, Michigan; Marion Israel, California; Theresa Malkiel, New York; May Wood Simons, Wisconsin; Emma F. Connolly, Alabama.
 Preparations for the congressional elections were also made.

JUST OFF THE PRESS

Rhymes of The Revolution

By The RIP-SAW POET

Comprising all of Tichenor's brightest and best poems that have made so big a hit, and that have been copied from ocean to ocean, together with NEW ONES never before in print. THOUSANDS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY have asked that these poems be published in book form.

THE BOOK YOU HAVE ASKED FOR

IS NOW READY TO MAIL. A beautiful Introduction by Eugene V. Debs, a tribute that the author feels unworthy of, adds value to this unique collection that is so different from anything else IN ALL THE WORLD'S literature.

From Eugene V. Debs' Introduction to Rhymes of The Revolution

Harry Tichenor is above all the poet of the proletariat and his is the voice of the homeless and hungry, the cry of the many who sorrow and are heavy laden and have no where to lay their head. The gifted author pays but scant regard to form and usage and takes no pains to avoid the use of words that may offend the over refined. He is too cruelly candid and too deadly in earnest for that and there is never a doubt as to where he stands or what he means.

It is the most earnest and heartfelt wish of the author that every reader and friend of the Rip-Saw shall own a copy of these Rhymes of the Revolution. They will be read eagerly where all other radical literature fails to attract. You can hand a copy of these Rhymes to your most hidebound neighbor, and he will never close the book until he has devoured the last page. Every line is loaded with bait that is sure to catch the man or woman you wish to convert. Splendidly printed and neatly bound.

THE RHYMES OF THE REVOLUTION

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

Price, Single Copy Prepaid, 50 cts. Wholesale Terms to Agents, Bookstores and Newsdealers Upon Application.

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

By sending in 12 subscriptions at 25 cents each (\$3.00) to the Rip-Saw, or purchasing 12 subscription cards, or mixing your order, part subscribers and part cards. You may renew your own subscription, no matter when it expires, in this offer. All you need to do is to mention that you wish your own subscription credited up another year from the date it expires.

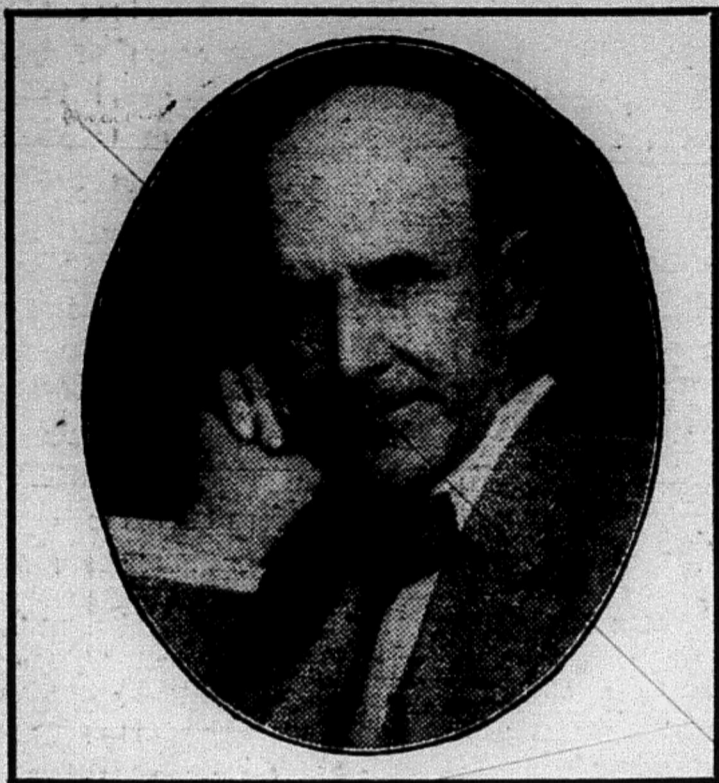
Editorial



Section

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

By EUGENE V. DEBS



GOVERNMENT BY ASSASSINATION

The industrial strikes in West Virginia, Michigan, Colorado and other states within the past few months have demonstrated beyond cavil that under our progressive plutocracy the boasted "government of our fathers" has degenerated into government by assassination.

When clashes occur between plutocratic interests and the proletarian masses a host of gunmen and assassins are promptly dispatched to the scene and at once the bloody work begins and no quarter is shown to the slaves, nor even to their wives and children, until their revolt has been crushed and they have been forced back into submission.

Brute force rules the day and the gunman is its incarnation on the industrial battlefield. The gunman is armed with the latest machine gun; he is a murderer pure and simple, but he has nothing to fear from the law. Indeed, the law protects him, for he murders in the name of the law, and his plutocratic master is the maker of the law and the maker of the judge who construes the law—in the interest of his maker.

The organized workers are today confronted by **GOVERNMENT BY ASSASSINATION**, and this latest creation of the ruling class to subjugate their slaves has got to be grappled with and throttled if organized labor is not to bite the dust in the United States.

President Wilson's "government of the fathers" is a mere ghost of the past, and while congress is fiddling away at its old tunes in Washington, Rockefeller's gunmen are shooting government by assassination into the working class.

Czar Rockefeller is the real ruler of the American people and the old government has practically gone out of business since John the First set up government by assassination.

Rockefeller's private army of gunmen is backed up by the militia of the several states, and their business is to assassinate working people who object to slavery and degradation, as they are now doing in the state of Colorado.

It will soon be time to elect another congress and another set of governors, sheriffs, etc. Workingmen who are favorably impressed by government by assassination and want to see it continue in force should not fail to vote for republican, democratic and progressive candidates, all of whom stand alike for Rockefeller's private ownership of the earth and government by gunmen and assassination to protect his slaves in their God-given right to produce wealth for his benefit and rejoice in his glory—or starve.

ROCKEFELLER'S REPUBLIC.

The supreme ruler of this nation today is John D. Rockefeller and the supreme power through which he rules is Standard Oil and its allied interests.

President Wilson may appear to many to be president of the United States, but the actual president is located at 26 Wall street, New York City. It is true that the former was elected by the people,

but the latter holds his title as ruler by the divine right of being the owner of the means whereby the people live.

Rockefeller does not have to be elected, or inaugurated, or take an oath to enforce the constitution and laws which are supposed to govern the people, but which in fact govern only the working class. Rockefeller rules because he owns. His word is law, and at his command women are slain and babes are incinerated. From his decision there is no appeal.

Rockefeller has the power to crown those who serve him and to crush those who oppose his will.

When President Wilson, driven by an aroused populace to move at last toward stopping the wanton slaughter of the innocent in Colorado, he humbly requested Czar Rockefeller to say the word that would end the bloody carnival, but was turned down as if he had been a hodcarrier looking for a job.

As long as Rockefeller is allowed to own the nation's bread he will control the nation's life, and all our boasted freedom is simply mockery and false pretense. The freedom we have is the freedom to work on Rockefeller's terms and the freedom to be assassinated by his gunmen if we refuse. The miners of Colorado are fighting with the spirit born of desperation to free themselves from that kind of freedom.

Let the workers of the nation organize their power through industrial organization and through their own political party and seize the republic Rockefeller has stolen from beneath our feet and restore it to the people.

As long as Rockefeller owns the nation he will rule it, and murder will be his method of keeping his subjects beneath his iron heel. Let the nation own itself and then it will rule itself, and we shall then have a republic in fact and Government by assassination will no longer disgrace our civilization.

HEROES AND OUTLAWS

The bodies of the 17 American soldiers who fell at Vera Cruz were brought back to these shores on a special cruiser and received off the Virginia Cape by Secretary Daniels of the navy in the Presidential yacht, the Mayflower. President Wilson paid a tribute of honor in behalf of the nation to the fallen bluejackets, and the whole administration at Washington was moved to join in the funeral demonstration.

Why such extraordinary honor to these humble soldiers? Is there not something remarkable in the fact that a national demonstration is made over a few bluejackets who went down to Mexico to kill and instead were themselves killed?

Ah, there is a purpose in lauding these common workingmen who, had they been killed in a coal mine instead of shot while invading another country, would not have been lauded as heroes of immortal glory. They died fighting for Rockefeller and his class, and as this class are supported by military power they must show the American youth how glorious it is to die for their country so that they too may enlist and have the privilege of being shot full of cold lead to protect Rockefeller's interests in Mexico and being brought back on a special cruiser and buried in flowers and lauded by the president himself for their immortal patriotism.

Such are the heroes under capitalism.

Now look into Michigan, West Virginia and Colorado and see the men who are fighting with true heroism against inhuman monsters to keep starvation from their wives and children, and see them shot down, hundreds of them, as if they were dogs.

Does the president deliver an oration above these workingmen who fell in defense of not only their families but of their country? Does a cabinet minister order out a special train to have these heroes buried with pomp and circumstance and amid the plaudits of the populace?

No, nothing of the kind for these martyrs.

The difference between the bluejackets and the miners is that the bluejackets died fighting for Rockefeller and Standard Oil and are therefore heroes, while the Michigan, West Virginia and Colorado miners died fighting for freedom, for manhood, for civilization and are therefore outlaws.

That is the difference between heroes and outlaws.

BLOODY APRIL DAY

The Twentieth Day of April should hereafter be known as **BLOODY APRIL DAY**.

On that day occurred the Rockefeller massacre at Ludlow, Colorado.

It was the most barbarous, inhuman, shocking atrocity ever committed upon American soil. Its parallel can scarcely be found in the darkest ages of human history, and certainly not among the wild beasts of the jungle.

Think of children having their heads shot from their little bodies and then cast into a heap, saturated with oil and burnt to cinders, and this by uniformed soldiers, the "constituted authority" of the state!

It staggers belief, but that's Ludlow, the scene of the Rockefeller massacre on the twentieth day of April, A. D. 1914.

The tents of the striking miners and their wives and little ones, provided by the United Mine Workers and pitched upon ground they had leased and paid for, were swept by the deadly fire of machine guns trained upon them by a horde of "mine guards" in alliance with the state militia, both in the service of Rockefeller and Standard Oil, on that bloody April day, and to prevent escape of even the children the uniformed fiends deliberately set fire to the tents and burnt them to death.

The heart-rending shrieks of these innocent babes fell upon deaf ears. The uniformed monsters were under Rockefeller's orders and no living thing was spared.

When night fell Ludlow was in ashes and the tented colony a hideous nightmare—smouldering heaps, charred bodies, and infinite desolation.

From the ground saturated with their blood and made holy by their martyrdom goes up the cry of women and children murdered foully by Rockefeller's horde of Hessians in uniform and otherwise, and that cry will never cease until Bloody April Day has been avenged in the wiping out of the Rockefeller system and the triumph of the cause which has made the names of Colorado's martyrs immortal.

**REMEMBER THE ROCKEFELLER MASSACRE AT LUDLOW!
BLOODY APRIL DAY!!**

"CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES"

The pious young Rockefeller affects to feel astounded because the people who are calling upon him to stop the bloody war in Colorado will not realize that the miners have forfeited all claim to sympathy and support by opposing the "constituted authorities" of that state.

"Constituted authorities?" By whom, Mr. Rockefeller, were these "authorities" in Colorado "constituted"?

By the people, or by Standard Oil?

The pious son of his pious father evinces a high regard for the intelligence of the people and his wage-slaves in particular when he expatiates upon the patriotic duty of law-abiding citizens to bow with reverence before his "constituted authorities."

Who "constituted" the governor, the supreme court, the militia, the sheriffs, the imported assassins and other mercenaries and hirelings too numerous to mention the "authorities" of Colorado, to shoot up the slaves of the pits, slash their wives with sabres and burn their children to death?

Who but the barbarous, gluttonous mine owners bought up the legislature, debauched the courts, seized the militia, prostituted the press and pulpit, converted the state house into a brothel, repealed the constitution, abolished civil law, suspended the habeas corpus and set up government by gunmen, administered by fire and slaughter, by murder and assassination, in the state of Colorado?

If the people of Colorado and especially its starved and shot-up coal diggers do not now realize that the state is Rockefeller's and that its "constituted authorities" are simply his executive, legislative, administrative, judiciary and military lackeys, bootlickers and assassins, all the blood of the countless victims of Rockefeller's rapacity has been shed in vain and the pious young John may well feel outraged when his slaves lack proper reverence for the "constituted authorities" of the state.

The "constituted authorities" of Colorado have been precisely the same under Peabody's republican administration and Ammons' democratic administration, and if after the massacre at Ludlow there are still wage-slaves who cast their votes for these parties only their pitiable ignorance and servility excuses their treasonable betrayal of their class into the bloody shambles of the Rockefellers.

CALUMET AND LUDLOW.

December 24th at Calumet, Michigan, and April 20th at Ludlow, Colorado, the little children of the striking miners paid the penalty of wage-slavery with their lives.

At Calumet on Christmas eve scores of them were crushed, man-

gled, killed to glut mammon's greed, and at Ludlow they were burnt alive and shot like rats to increase Rockefeller's millions.

What working man, woman or child can ever forget Calumet and Ludlow, Christmas eve at the one and April 20th at the other, and the brutal murder of the innocents to glut the profit lust of the beast of capitalism!

Not even the babes are spared by the profit-mad moloch now in power. In his blind frenzy, his all-devouring greed, his ruthless self-aggrandizement he turns upon the slaves whose life blood he has drained with savage fury, shoots them down like dogs, drives their wives and children into the wilderness, and, not satisfied with that, he orders his bestial brood of mercenaries to pursue them, set fire to their tented habitations and burn them alive or murder them in cold blood as they attempt to escape.

The babes that were crushed to death at Calumet and the babes that were burnt to death at Ludlow by the inhuman fiends employed by the greedy mine owners will not have perished in vain if their cruel and shocking sacrifice to capitalism arouses the working class to a realization of their slavery and inspires in them the high resolve to destroy the power of their masters to rob and degrade them, and save the babes of future generations.

CITIZENS OR SUBJECTS?

The miners of Colorado are nominally citizens of a republic, but in fact the subjects of an industrial dictator.

Rockefeller owns the means whereby they live, and it is only by his sufferance and under the conditions he prescribes that they are allowed to work and live. If the conditions become unbearable they have the privilege of quitting and starving, but there is no protection for them under the laws of the state.

As a matter of fact, they have not even the privilege of quitting and starving if by so doing they chance to interfere with the operation of Rockefeller's mines and shut off his stream of profits. In that case they are evicted from their homes, and if they erect tents on land leased by themselves they are attacked by Rockefeller's assassins and their wives and children are slain in cold blood.

If the miners and other workers of Colorado are tired of being Rockefeller's slavish subjects the first thing they would better do is to quit electing his candidates to public office. The men who are now in arms fighting to resist Rockefeller's brutal attacks are the very men who elected Ammons and other Rockefeller tools who are now demonstrating to Rockefeller's subjects what outlaws and criminals they are for having elected Rockefeller's tools to office.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

The country is wrought up as never before over the infamous outrages perpetrated by the gunmen and assassins of the Rockefeller corporations upon the miners of Colorado and their defenseless wives and children.

It is utterly beyond the power of human speech to describe the horrors enacted by these degenerate brutes at Ludlow. Think of the tented village in which several hundred women and children had taken refuge, being fired deliberately for the hellish purpose of burning these innocents alive!

It is too horrible to be true. Savages would not be guilty of such fiendish ferocity. Cannibals would hang their heads in shame. The headhunters of darkest Africa, nor even the beasts of the jungle, would disgrace themselves by committing such a satanic deed.

It is only the depraved, vile and utterly heartless perverts who recruit Rockefeller's horde of gunmen who could sink to such depths of human degeneracy as to commit a crime so atrocious against humanity.

BABY BURNERS IS WHAT THESE MONSTERS ARE!

There is no language with which to characterize their infernal crime, but they have served at least one good purpose, and that is to bring home to many thousands the meaning of Rockefeller and capitalism to the working class.

The shooting and burning of the women and children at Ludlow have infuriated the whole nation and the workers are up in arms and afire with a righteous indignation and resentment they have never felt before. This is good so far as it goes, but it will die out unless prompt advantage is taken and it is converted into concrete agencies for the overthrow of the system responsible for these crimes.

Now is the time to spread socialist literature and to urge with all possible earnestness the industrial and political organization of the workers. The sentiment which now prevails must be crystallized so that it shall not vanish with the passing of the days.

The strength and hope and salvation of the working class lies in their industrial and political organization and their unity of thought and sympathy and action in the world-wide struggle now on, and which can end only with the overthrow of Rockefeller and his class and the emancipation of the workers.

The Colorado War

By Frank Bohn

The history of "civilized" humanity contains no more frightful day than "Black Monday" at Ludlow, Colorado... I saw the stricken field first in the glare of the morning sunlight and longed for darkness to hide it. At night, wakened by the memory of it and shaken by bitter reflections, I longed for daylight.

In a hundred years pilgrims will come to this murderers' hole in Southern Colorado and wonder. They will also plant there a monument and do honor to those whose broken lives, snuffed out by the power of greed, were thus sacrificed in the cause of freedom for the workers and for humanity.

The ruins of Ludlow Colony lie just east of the Colorado and Southern Railroad, fifteen miles north of Trinidad. They include perhaps five acres of unutterable desolation. Iron bed-frames by the score, burned, twisted, broken and perforated by bullets; stoves standing on their tops in mud-holes; charred bits of boards and furniture; these are strewn about everywhere. Here are the black, ash-begrimed pits in which four hundred wretched victims crouched and hid for eleven terror-cursed hours, and here is the smoke-blackened hole in which were trapped fifteen women and children, only two of whom survived, for thirteen of them, two women and eleven children, met their tragic death by suffocation. Pitiful was the scene when the poor corpses were removed. Roasted flesh fell from the limbs and oozed through the fingers of those who tenderly carried them to the surface.

How could it happen that fire reached into this pit?

It was carefully constructed by the miners who dug it. The top of the hole is four feet below the surface of the ground. Steps cut in the hard adobe soil lead through an opening through which an adult cannot walk erect. The pit was carefully timbered and roofed over with earth. There was no wooden covering to burn. The two living women who came out the next morning were not burned. Their five dead children had not been touched by the flames.

THERE CAN BE BUT ONE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION!

OIL HAD BEEN LIBERALLY USED TO COMPLETE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TENTS AND FURNITURE. OIL HAD UNDOUBTEDLY BEEN THROWN INTO THE HOLE AND SET AFIRE. But the hole was too small and too deep to support combustion. The oil probably blazed a few minutes, but not

long enough to burn the bodies and the bed clothes on which the murdered children lay.

BLACK MONDAY

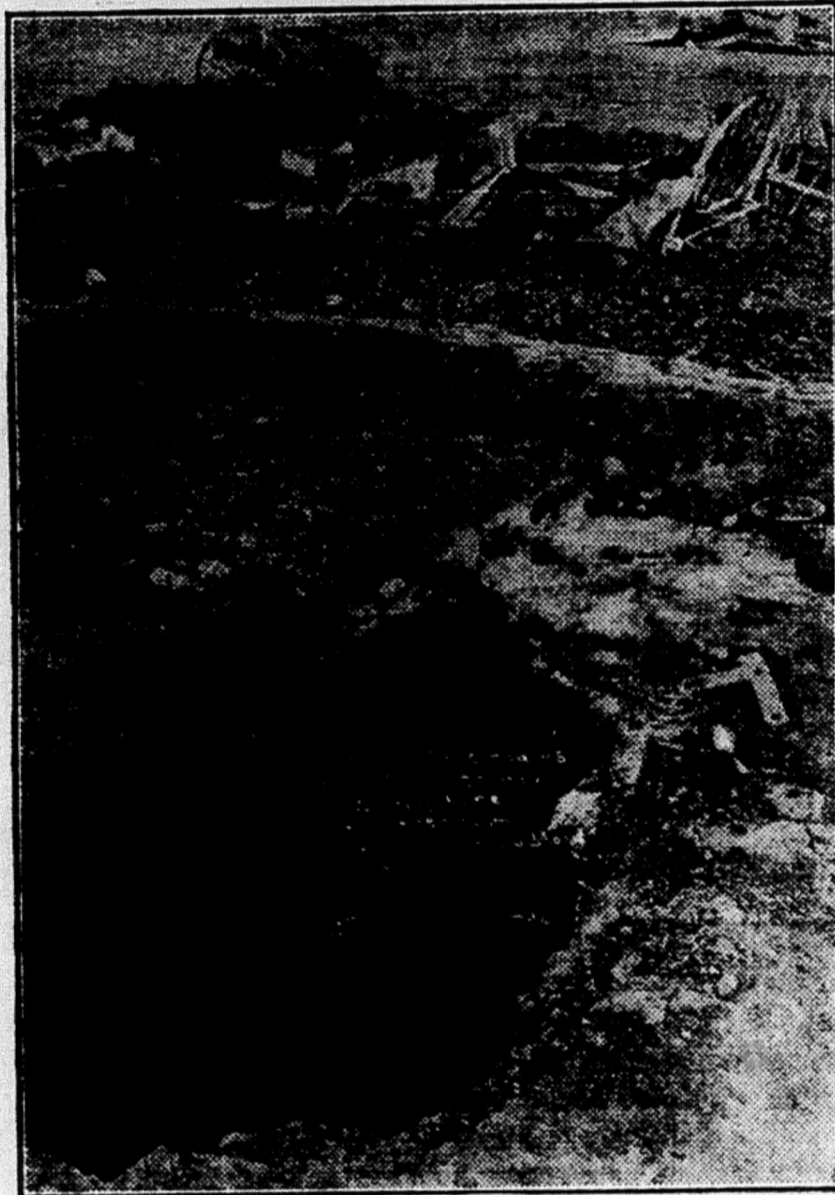
The destruction of the Ludlow tent colony Tuesday, April 20, was a carefully organized plot. Of this there is abundant proof. The colony occupied a strategic position. Ludlow station has been compared to the angle of the letter "K", the perpendicular line is the Colorado and Southern Railroad. The two branch lines extend up to the most important coal mining valleys of Southern Colorado. On the southern branch lie Tabasco and Berwind. On the northern branch are Hastings and Delagua. Strikebreakers, deceived by corporation

On March 19, a company of militia, with a machine gun, took position on the opposite side of the railroad and aimed their rifles at the colony, while a detail went through the tents with fixed bayonets. A careful attempt to provoke a riot was made on the day before the final attack. The women of the colony had organized a baseball team and were playing the married men's team of the colony. The ball ground was two hundred yards from the tents. A militia detail of eight men, under a corporal, came under arms and took up a position on the field, interfering with the game. When one of the women asked them why they were so ungentlemanly, the reply was that "Four of us could

will, the man referred to having come and gone as he pleased. Tikas then agreed to meet the Major on neutral territory. They met at once at the railway station, midway between the two camps. While the conference was proceeding, Lieut. Lindefelt gave orders to a machine gun squad to open fire upon the colony. Three bombs, the militia signal to other camps for help, were exploded and the attack had commenced. On the first day of the court martial of Major Hamrock, Lieut. Benedict, present on the field, testified that the militia had fired the first shot.

Within the colony there was dismay and terror. Many children were still in their beds. Half-clothed persons rushed wildly about. Women and children rushed to the pits for protection, and when these were full, the remainder found refuge in the well at the Colorado and Southern pump station and in the arroya or ravine north of the colony.

Six feet from the hole in which thirteen died lies a metal wash tub. In it I counted twenty-one bullet holes and indentures. The upper back part of a cooking range a few feet off had been perforated by eight bullets. Four hundred women and children in the colony had sought the shelter of the friendly earth, else not one could have remained alive under that terrible fire from the machine guns, which swept the tent city. There were, in the colony, exactly forty-one rifles. The owners of these, mostly men of experience in the Greek army, rushed out to take position where they could return the fire of the militia. About fifteen occupied the steel bridge of the Colorado and Southern railroad to the northwest of the colony. The remainder deployed under the protection of a deep cut through which runs the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, a quarter of a mile southeast of the colony. The story of the battle and the massacre is told elsewhere in this issue by the survivors. Their narratives leave little for us to recount here. At first, through courage and steadiness, gaining the advantage, the heroic miners were later forced back by the large reinforcements received by their enemies. To them help did not come until midnight. Desultory firing at long range continued on the



Hole in which Eleven Children and Two Women Lost Their Lives

agents into thinking that they would be settled upon free land, were brought in. The strikers of Ludlow colony, by picketing the station and informing the newcomers of the strike keep nearly all from going to the mines. If the strike was to be broken, Ludlow colony must be destroyed—reason enough. Again and again details of militia, or private thugs in militia uniforms, visited the colony and worked injury and insult upon its peaceful inhabitants. Pretending to search for arms, they would tear up the tent floors and break furniture. Their most customary trick was to search through the colony for some member who was supposed to be held against his will.

wipe out the whole colony." The argument continued, one of the soldiers retorting, "You are having your fun today, but we shall have ours tomorrow."

"READY—AIM—FIRE"

The next morning at 8:30 a detail of three men was sent "to search for a non-union miner." They were informed they could not enter the colony without a warrant. Half an hour after they returned to their quarters, Major Hamrock, in command of the militia, telephoned to Louis Tikas, the leader of the colony, and demanded information as to why his detail had been denied admission. Tikas replied that there was no one detained in the colony against his

This issue of The Rip-Saw is a terrific blow at the Capitalist System of EXPLOITATION and MURDER. Send for bundles at 2 cents a copy and flood your community with this JUNE Rip-Saw!

Ludlow field for days, but after Tuesday, interest in the fighting shifts to other parts of the mine district.

THE LARGER CONFLICT

To understand "Black Monday," the Ludlow massacre, one must understand conditions as yet peculiar to the mining districts of the Far West and of the South. The Colorado coal fields have practically no middle class. State, county and local governments are directly, absolutely and shamelessly corporation ruled. The empty forms of political democracy fool nobody. In the coal-mining districts there are three major companies operating: The Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, the Victor-American Fuel Company, and the Rockefeller Company (the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company). Of these the Rockefeller company is the most important, as it includes the city of Pueblo, the second city of the state. The three corporations dominate the counties of Las Animas and Huerfano, in which the southern coal fields are located.

GOOD-BYE, MIDDLE CLASS

In these counties there is the Rockefeller crowd on top, and an army of their enslaved workers at the bottom. Between these two, the paltry middle class is flattened out like an old newspaper between a steam roller and the pavement. At Ludlow an old-fashioned American citizen had a general store and rooming house. His place was worth probably ten thousand dollars. Being courageous, he dared sell goods to the strikers. On the day of the Ludlow massacre the Rockefeller militia wrecked his store. Every article in that store and rooming house was smashed, torn and piled in dirty heaps. The "brave" soldiers, finding a pig in the yard, cut off its front legs and left it to die. Bags of flour were cut open and scattered about. Trunks, clothing and everything else that seemed to be of value were carried off.

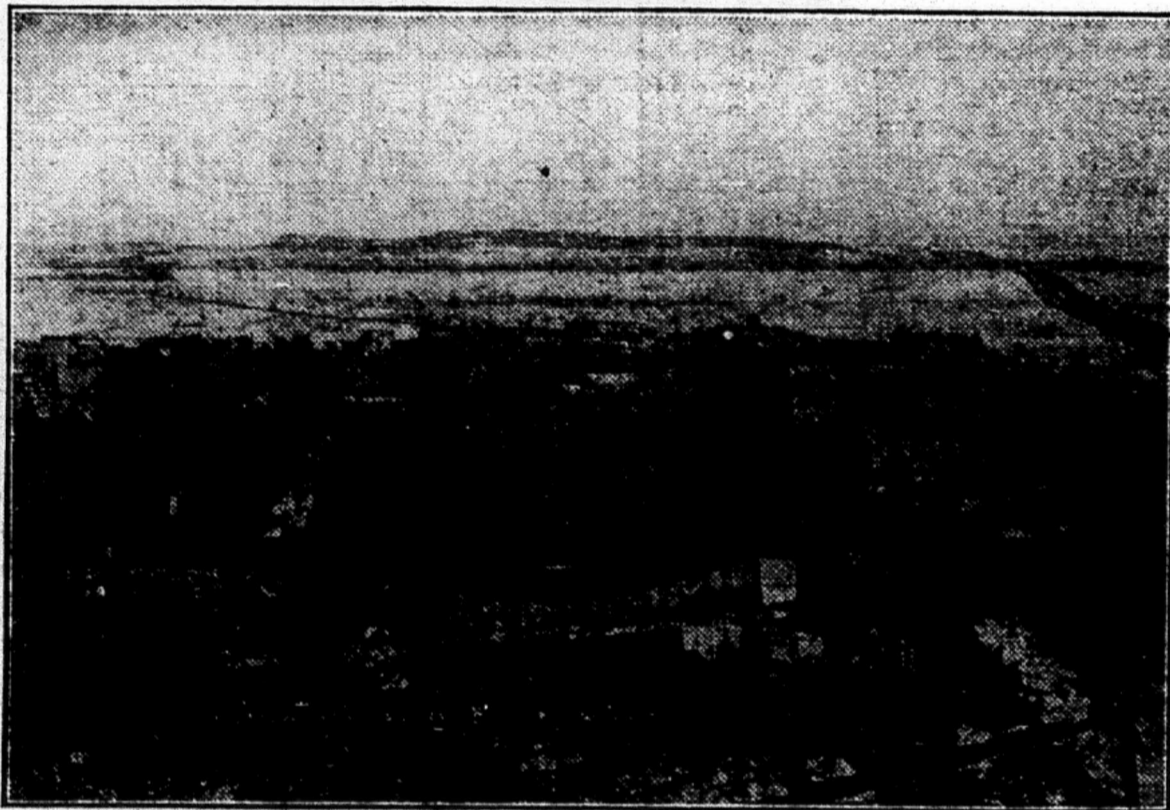
At Walsenburg the gunmen barricaded themselves in the company store and riddled every house in the vicinity with a machine gun, although there was not an armed man in sight. A store operated in competition with the company store by an old man and his son, was especially singled out for target work. THE SON WAS SHOT DEAD BY ROCKEFELLER'S GUNMEN WHILE WAITING ON CUSTOMERS. There is no room for a middle class above ground in the Colorado mining districts.

The Colorado war is thus a conflict between the trust and the industrial union of the mine workers. It is a war to the death of one or the other. This struggle presents a picture which portends the future. What is doing in Colorado today will be done everywhere in the United States within

ten years, unless an organized and disciplined working class acts and votes to prevent it.

THE ABOLITION OF CIVIL RIGHTS

On the way to Hastings and Delagua I passed under a sign placed across the road, which reads, "the Company Property Begins Here." FOR MILES THE ONLY HIGHWAY LEADING INTO LARGE TOWNS IS OWNED BY THE VICTOR-AMERICAN FUEL COMPANY. The postoffice and the "public" school stand on the company land. In some towns the miners are taxed fifty cents each a month to pay for the school teacher. They pay a dollar a month each for hospital fees, whether or not they require such services. The limit of such contemptible exploitation is reached by the enforced payment in some towns of fifty cents a month each for the services of a Protestant clergyman, though most of the miners are Roman Catholics. A school teacher,



LUDLOW TENT COLONY BEFORE THE MASSACRE

a girl in Delagua, sympathized with the strikers. The company guards ransacked her room, broke open her trunk, stole her private mail and dragged her to the mine, where they kept her a prisoner for days.

The miners live in "company houses"—pitiably shacks of two or three rooms each. The strike was called on September 23. BEFORE SUNDOWN OF THAT DAY THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF TOBASCO WERE THROWN OUT INTO A BLINDING SNOWSTORM AND TOLD TO GET OUT OF TOWN WITHIN AN HOUR. WAGONS WERE SENT FOR BY THE STRIKERS. WHEN THESE WAGONS, PAID FOR BY THE UNION, ARRIVED AT THE POINT WHERE THE ROAD BECOMES PROPERTY, THEY WERE STOPPED AND NOT ALLOWED TO PASS FOR TWO DAYS. In many cases in the Rockefeller towns the strikers were not permitted to get their furniture or go to the postoffice for their mail. The arrest of Mother

Jones and her imprisonment for nine months without trial, hearing or recognition of the writ of habeas corpus, is too well known to require mention here. Two hundred miners were arrested by General Chase at one time and similarly held.

Such events might be recounted by the hundred. But the conclusion is already clear. Civil and political rights have been abolished in Colorado by the representatives of the Rockefeller and allied corporations. Not a vestige of them remains, wherever it clashes with the material interest or the usurped powers of the industrial overlords.

ROCKEFELLER'S PRIVATE ARMY

In Las Animas county alone the corporations' sheriff deputized more than five hundred "supporters of law and order" in a single year. An army of gunmen imported from West Virginia and thugs from the slums of the great cities east and west thronged the

corporations advanced to the state for the express purpose of paying the militia.

Then, during the latter part of March, most of the bona-fide militia left the strike region, because there was no more money in the state treasury to pay them. Following their withdrawal the corporations went "the limit." They kept the uniforms, arms and ammunition and some of the officers of the militia. These uniforms they filled with more imported gunmen. Twenty ex-militia men from Denver were given \$110 a month each as detectives. So the strange new army appeared in these United States of America—an army private in everything except its powers, which were public and military.

The industrial "state within a state" had at last thrown off its mask and appeared before the world as a political sovereignty.

THE WORKERS IN ARMS

The opposing or working class army was composed primarily of striking miners. To these were added perhaps a hundred volunteers. They were clad in garments ragged from long use and soiled by the mines, and were armed with whatever weapons they could pick up. They marched to battle and siege not to the sound of martial music, but in sombre silence. Fighting their fight in bitter despair of peace and in self defense, these heroic workers gave their comrades the world over a vision of heroism which can never be forgotten. For a week the working class forces controlled and policed Trinidad, a city of fourteen thousand people, the commercial center of southern Colorado and the county seat of Las Animas county. Their control extended, besides, over hundreds of square miles of surrounding territory. The population of this district was free from the rule of the notorious gunmen and the corporation owned politicians. The sheriff of Las Animas county and the mayor of Trinidad fled from the city. Within the lines of the workers' forces, peace reigned and the lives and property of non-combatants was sacredly guarded.

Once before in history has such an event transpired, that was during the Paris Commune of 1871.

THE RISING OF THE WORKERS

In Trinidad at least eighty per cent of the population were and are on the side of the strikers. Scores of persons ordinarily uninterested in the labor movement, but outraged in their sensibilities by the horrors of Ludlow, offered

The Great Debate on Woman Suffrage between Kate Richards O'Hare and Attorney Bessie Marian Ruler starts without fail in the July Rip-Saw. Send in subscriptions and order bundles NOW!

assistance. Though hundreds pressed forward to bear arms against the Rockefeller desperadoes, arms were hard to find. Perhaps a hundred men from Trinidad joined the besieged strikers in the Black Hills back of Ludlow. At Aguilar the miners quickly defeated the Rockefeller gunmen, driving them into the mine where they remained until the truce. When the strikers learned that there were women and children in the mine they offered them safe conduct to their homes. At Walsenburg the Rockefeller gunmen satisfied their blood lust by shooting up the homes of the unarmed and innocent persons, while the miners entrenched themselves in the hills nearby. When the militia arrived they were led to attack the miners by a surgeon, Major Lester. Lester was shot dead and his followers were driven back.

The fiercest battle of the campaign was fought at Forbes, where the workers had suffered so much

vision threatened to strike. The rebels were immediately returned to work and paid for the time lost. When the time came to fight every worker in the district knew which class he belonged to. Unfortunately it is that workers must be murdered and their bodies burned before unity is reached, and that it takes a "Black Monday" to close up the ranks.

Whatever fears of defeat may have been entertained on the part of the miners before "Black Monday," they are now pressing on toward victory with grim determination. This strike is going to be won. All can see that now. Yet in no conflict of the past has the united support of the working class been more needed. This is not a miners' fight. It is a class fight. It is a battle of the working class throughout the land. Complete victory against Rockefeller and Rockefellerism will be the greatest and most lasting source of inspiration which the workers



VIEW OF THE RUINS AFTER THE MASSACRE

and so long from the gunmen. A hundred and fifty miners marched in column from Trinidad, and, joining their comrades at Forbes, took possession of the hills about the town. From these vantage points they poured an effective fire upon the mine guards, killing nine, wounding many others and destroying the mine Tipple and Camp Atterby with fire, with but slight loss to their own forces.

The first detachment of U. S. regulars arrived at Trinidad on April 30, whereupon the miners surrendered the town and returned to their homes.

THE OUTLOOK

Whatever the loss suffered by the workers, there has been one gigantic gain. The whole working class of the mining districts are bound together to a degree never before attained in America. Railroad men refused to transport militia or strikebreakers into the district. When some were laid off for this stand the men of the whole di-

vision threatened to strike. The rebels were immediately returned to work and paid for the time lost.

Mass meetings of the workers should be held everywhere, and the message of the Colorado war driven home. The workers here are shouting to one another that Colorado must be carried by the Socialist party. The corporation gunmen must be driven out of this state. Are they to be welcomed and used by the capitalists of other states? Contact with the workers of Southern Colorado makes one firm in the belief that we are at the beginning of the final conflict of the social revolution. **LET THE RESPONSE OF THE WORKERS EVERYWHERE EQUAL THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TREMENDOUS ISSUES INVOLVED!**

This issue of The Rip-Saw is a terrific blow at the Capitalist System of **EXPLOITATION** and **MURDER**. Send for bundles at 2 cents a copy and flood your community with this **JUNE Rip-Saw!**

NOTHING IN PRINT EQUALS THE Barnhill-Tichenor Debate ON SOCIALISM

For simplicity and clearness, Tichenor has told what Socialism IS, and what it IS NOT, in a way that no one can misunderstand. With his trenchant pen he has made the book so interesting that the reader is held to the close of the last chapter. This book will sell at sight to

EVERY THINKING PERSON

no matter what his politics may be.

We need some good Socialist comrade at once, in every community, man or woman, to solicit orders.

YOU CAN MAKE GOOD WAGES

selling this book. Farmers, Laborers, Doctors, Lawyers, Preachers and even Bankers will buy it. Everybody these days is deeply interested in Socialism. This Great Debate is the most instructive and interesting work you can offer. On market days, when the farmers are in town, you can sell the Barnhill-Tichenor Debate on Socialism as fast as you can hand them out. With a supply of these books you can do the best propaganda work possible and get good pay for your work at the same time. It retails, or is sent prepaid from this office, for 25 cents. Write for special wholesale prices to those who want to solicit orders. You can also

GET THIS BOOK FREE!

by sending in 8 subscriptions, or purchasing 8 subscription cards, at 25 cents each to the Rip-Saw, or you can mix your order, part subscriptions and part cards. You may renew your own subscription one year from the date of its expiration with this offer.

The Barnhill-Tichenor Debate has made a tremendous hit in all parts of the country. To make the book deliver

Telling Blows for Socialism

It must have the biggest kind of circulation from now till the next campaign. If you cannot do this work yourself, hunt up some comrade, man or woman, out of work, or who has leisure time and needs the money, to sell the book.

Let the People Know What Socialism Is—

THIS BOOK DOES IT!

Let us hear at once from some Socialist in every locality.

Send in \$2.00 and state in your letter that you are going to sell the Barnhill-Tichenor Debate and we will mail you immediately 15 copies to start with. You can readily dispose of these and take a lot more orders at the same time.

Address

The National Rip-Saw

141 OLIVE STREET,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mexico And The American Flag

By Eugene V. Debs

It is scarcely believable that the whole army and navy of the United States has been set in motion and that a bloody war is threatened, costing thousands of lives and millions of money, because a drunken bandit in Mexico refused to salute the American flag. It sounds like an echo of the dark and bloody ages of the past, when some barbarian chieftain gave the signal for slaughter to relieve his ennui or vent his spleen upon the sceptered savage of a rival nation.

And yet, that is today precisely the attitude in which the Wilson administration has placed the United States of America before the nations of the world.

Had Huerta, the miserable and besotted assassin, saluted the American flag, the dignity and honor of the nation would have been preserved inviolate, but refusing to touch off the specified number of firecrackers, a mighty insult was offered to the nation and, in a twinkling, all the naval and military forces are put into action to wipe the stain from the flag.

Think it over and imagine, if you can, any possible exhibition this nation might make of itself better calculated to excite contempt for its flag and bring itself into disrepute before the world.

If the dignity of the American flag and the honor of the United States government are dependent upon the salutation of a drunken bandit such as Huerta, whose standing has been denied and repudiated by the very administration which now commands him to salute the flag, we are certainly in a sad way and both our flag and our government, under the providence of Rockefeller and Capitalism, are but food for scorn and contempt, even that of a Mexican guerilla.

The United States, through its capitalist statesmen and its professional philanthropists and peace advocates, has long been in the habit of indulging itself in the vain boast that it is the most enlightened, humane and progressive nation on earth and that, in the boundlessness of its charity, it must patronize and defend the weaker nations and set high the standard of Christian humanity for the emulation of all the world. And now, to make good its proud boast, it vaults into the arena like a big Bowery blackguard and threatens to kill a little guttersnipe who happened to spit upon his boots.

It is undoubtedly true that Wilson and Bryan have been opposed to intervention in Mexico, notwithstanding the great pressure brought to bear upon them by the Wall Street powers from whom they received a not inconsiderable share of their campaign funds, but this is all the more reason why they should have persisted in maintaining their position and refused to allow the country to be dragged into a war with Mexico which can have no other purpose than the further subjugation and exploitation of that unhappy people by Wall Street capitalists.

Ever since the fall of Madero the big interests which control this nation have wanted intervention so they could put down the revolution of the exploited masses and consummate the plan for their complete enslavement, and if in this matter of Wilson compelling Huerta to salute the flag, the president has walked into a trap of Wall Street's setting, it would not be in the least surprising to those who are familiar with the wily methods of that conscienceless gang.

However that may be, there is absolutely no warrant or justification for war on Mexico by the United States and every real patriot will cry out against such a colossal crime against civilization and oppose it with all his power. If Wilson or Bryan wants to fight Huerta, let them have it out. We do not object, but we do object and very emphatically, to their embroiling the working classes of these two nations in the senseless, criminal and bloody butchery of tens of thousands of their number, to gratify their puerile caprice and to enable the plutocrats of Wall Street to extend their dominion over the Mexican peons and crush them into hopeless slavery and degradation.

That is the issue between the United States and Mexico and there is no other. Let not the people be deceived by the disgusting piffle about the flag. I have not discussed the "Tampico incident" which gave rise to the controversy. It is not worth it. If the flag was insulted, it is quite likely because the flag had no business there. Anyway, ample apology was made and that should have ended it. But this would not have satisfied Wall Street. They want inter-

vention, invasion, a war of subjugation, and what is more, when the American flag goes up there, it goes up to stay, if big interests has its way.

We are told over and over about the indignities offered to Americans by the Mexicans and we are expected to go into a frenzy about that and demand that these insults be wiped out by wholesale slaughter. It is in this way, presumably, that we are to set our fine example of American dignity and Christian forbearance before the world.

If the Mexican people hate Americans, and they undoubtedly do, whose fault is it but that of the Americans themselves?

The common people of Mexico may be illiterate, but they are not so blind and stupid that they do not know with what contempt the shoddy aristocracy of America looks down upon them, especially the swarms of parasites that travel over Mexico and turn up their noses at the "greasers," who are poor only because they are robbed, while they themselves are permitted to riot in the proceeds of the robbery.

Then, too, the Mexicans know, especially the peons, that their lands have been stolen from them by American pirates under the guise of developing the country, and they know, moreover, by the massacres that have taken place in Colorado, Michigan and West Virginia, that of all the brutal tyranny on earth, there is none surpassing that of the American plutocracy in crushing the toiling masses beneath the iron heel.

Already American capitalists have practically a billion-dollar investment in Mexico, have seized, by intrigue, chicanery and fraud, in collusion with the venal and villainous Diaz and others of his ilk, the choicest lands, millions upon millions of acres, dispossessing and robbing the natives to the last degree; already have these same American capitalists deliberately stolen or obtained by fraud and by swindling manipulations possession of the railroads, street car lines, ore, coal, oil and gas fields, mines, mills, smelters and other exploiting interests, and it is not strange, therefore, that they are opposed to the revolutionary uprising of the natives against their oppressors and that they demand "protection" of their property interests, chiefly the fruit of spoliation, and insist that the "greaser" be compelled to resign himself to the civilizing influence of his superiors and live and die in peonage, degraded, half-starved and despised of everyone, for the glorious privilege of tilling the soil, slaving in the mines, and piling up wealth for the benefit of his American lords.

Yes, if the Mexican peons hate the American people instead of respecting them, it is not without good cause and we think the more and not the less of them for it.

For a full century the Mexican people have been struggling with a valor and a patriotism surpassed by no other nation to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of church and state and to establish a republic, but through the intrigue and machinations of the nobility and the clergy, who have always controlled the military power, their heroic efforts have been thwarted and their revolutions have come to naught, and yet, in spite of all their crushing defeats, they have risen again and again and are fighting today against all the organized powers of their corrupt and tyrannical government, aided and abetted by our own Wall Street sharks, fighting for their fatherland, to own the soil they till, enjoy the fruit of their toil, live the lives of free men and rise to the dignity and decency of a civilized state, instead of being worked like beasts and rotting to death in the filth of peonage.

And for this they are to be honored and not despised and every decent American should cheer them on and give them all possible support.

It would be a sad day indeed for Mexico, sadder than any of the many she has already seen, if the revolutionary spirit in the breasts of the peons could be extinguished and they could be crushed into a permanent condition of slavish subjection. Let not those who have this end in view flatter themselves that they are going to succeed, even with the naval and military power of the United States, in suppressing the revolt of the Mexican people against medieval serfdom and binding them fast in perpetual peonage. It is a vain and illusory hope and contrary to all the facts of Mexican history, and sooner or later the American people will realize it, even though it be at a fearful cost and to their everlasting shame.

Let it be said here and now and in plain words that the American ruling class now seeking a war of conquest with Mexico do not care in the least for the Mexican people, nor what kind of a government they have. No humanitarian impulse stirs within their breasts. It is property and property alone, the property that is theirs and the property in Mexico they are bent upon adding to their possessions, that determines their attitude. They want "stable government" in Mexico such as they had under Diaz, so they can get in their flue work of gobbling everything in sight and exploiting the peons to the very marrow in their bones, and whether this "stable government" be in control of a czar, a sultan, or a zulu head hunter, and under it the Mexican masses are sunk to fathomless depths of misery and degradation, is of not the slightest consequence to these eminently enterprising and philanthropic Christian gentlemen.

It is worthy of note, en passant, that while a great majority of these Wall street benefactors are protestants, they are hand in glove with the Roman church in their Mexican operations, knowing as they do that the Roman church has been the chief ally and support of the aristocracy and that in every Mexican revolution the Roman clergy, while hypocritically professing the profoundest sympathy with the downtrodden masses, have invariably been in league with their oppressors and have enriched themselves and rioted in luxury in common with the wealthy classes by betraying the revolution to the ruling power and conspiring to keep the toiling and producing millions in subjection. When the Mexican peons realize the monstrous crime of priestcraft and the treacherous and infamous part it has played in the shedding of their blood, in robbing them of their substance and keeping the chains of slavery riveted upon their bodies, they will rise against it and banish the hideous thing forever to its native hell.

That the monster Diaz no longer rules in Mexico is not the fault of the Wall street plutocracy and the American government. The old despot was a prime favorite with our ruling class. He kept the peons down with an iron heel while he granted to the capitalist plunderers concession after concession, and between them they stole nearly all Mexico and robbed the natives to a finish. This was an ideal arrangement and it would have been an eternal one if the Mexican people had not revolted in spite of the conspiracy of the American government and the Mexican government to keep them in subjection.

Was it not President Taft who traveled all the way down to the Mexican line to have himself photographed arm in arm with President Diaz to demonstrate the entente cordiale and cement the brotherly (?) relations existing between the two republics?

This was Wall Street's coup to quiet the rising discontent among the peons who threatened the "stable government" of Diaz and must be given to understand that the American government was the friend of Diaz and if need be would help him put down the insurgency that menaced his benign administration.

Of course! Why should not the American government keep a watchful eye on Mexico when it virtually belongs to American capitalists? If it is not the patriotic duty of the government to protect the property of those who control the government then indeed have we lost our cherished ideals and fallen from grace as a nation and it is small wonder that even a besotted brute scorns to salute our flag.

It was only when the throne of Diaz tottered and the whole nation was in revolt that the American ruling class deserted him and went over to Madero who appeared to be the coming man for the Mexican people. But alas, Madero was but for an hour and failed the people, as he had deceived them with false promises from the beginning, and when our capitalists saw how contemptibly weak he was, how quickly the Mexican people were undeceived, and how utterly futile it was to look to him to suppress the turbulence and restore order, they turned from him and looked for some other servile tool or petty despot, anybody to crush the spirit of popular revolt, restore order and enforce slavery, and when finally Huerta, the cowardly assassin, appeared and ascended the throne over the bodies of his murdered victims, they at once recognized in him the man of iron they were looking for, rendered him prompt aid and encouragement, and did all in their power to have the dripping butcher recognized as the head of the Mexican government. But the deal was too raw and the offense too rank and with all their power they failed to hook up the American government with the Huerta cut-throats, and the trouble has been brewing ever since.

Had Huerta, gross, beastly and degenerate as he is, succeeded in crushing the revolution, restoring order and suppressing the peons with the sword and by assassination, his past would have been freely forgiven, he would have been washed white of all his sins and virtues, he would to day back in the smiles, as Diaz did before him, of the American government, and he never would have been subjected to the humiliation of being threatened with punishment for refusing to salute the American flag.

It is only because Huerta failed and failed miserably, and this only because of the unconquerable valor of the Mexican peons; that he is in such ill repute with the powers that be on this side of the Rio Grande, and so low has he fallen in their estimation on account of such failure that they now propose to compel him to salute the American flag if they have got to use the whole army and navy and kill a hundred thousand American wage slaves and Mexican peons to do it.

It will now appear clear enough, we hope, why we are implacably opposed to war with Mexico, and if on this account we lack respect for the flag and are wanting in patriotism we have no apology to make for it.

The only thing in Mexico we are interested in and the only thing worth fighting for is the people, the peons, the toiling and productive masses. They are our comrades, our brothers, and like ourselves only to a far greater extent, they are oppressed and are made miserable and wretched by an exploiting class, and like ourselves they are struggling for emancipation.

They are fighting primarily for the possession of the land which has been stolen from beneath their feet and this fight they cannot lose short of their complete extermination. They may be killed again and again but they will rally their scattered remnants and fight on and on and never will they throw down their arms or resign themselves to peace until they have reconquered the possession of their native soil, retaken what has been stolen from them and have risen out of the depths of peonage and slavery.

We send greetings instead of bullets and comrades instead of soldiers across the Rio Grande. We had the revolution as the protest of the masses against peonage, a virtue to be commended and not a menace to be suppressed.

We extend the hand of fraternal greeting to our struggling comrades across the Mexican border and pledge them that we shall not only refuse to bear arms against them, but shall do all that in our power lies to cheer and sustain them in the war they are waging to destroy the tyranny of which they have so long been the principal victims and to establish democracy and self-government for the Mexican people.

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF INDIAN

By Frank J. Taylor

(John D. Rockefeller, Jr., withdrew from the investigation of the Colorado strike when asked to investigate the use of machine guns and plant gunning to break the strike, and scores of people were murdered, injured, and property destroyed.)

Your conscience acquits you, but how can it
 And speak now of justice, with words in the air
 When there in the ashes they lay, the bodies
 The women and children of Indian
 How look on their faces, the blood-stained hair
 Their charred, blackened bodies all swollen and bare
 And the babes on their breasts the flesh and the bone
 The women and children of Indian

Your conscience acquits you, but what of the day
 O! what of the murdered, the asked why do they
 They begged you for freedom and you set them free
 The women and children of Indian
 They sought but a chance for their freedom and peace
 A future more kindly for their little ones
 Your conscience acquits you, but slaughter with guns
 The women and children of Indian

Your conscience acquits you, but look where they lie
 Go look where they perished, the mothers and wives
 The mothers, the children, the babies and boys
 The women and children of Indian
 And then tell the God you profess, a story
 O then tell the Master, your hands are not clean
 Your conscience acquits you, but slaughter with guns
 The women and children of Indian

The Rockefeller Massacre

By Eugene V. Dahn

The Ludlow mining camp in the state of Colorado leapt into world wide notoriety on April 20th, the day of the Rockefeller massacre.

We call it the Rockefeller massacre because the Rockefellers, father and son, are absolutely responsible for it and because every drop of blood shed there is on their guilty heads. It was the private things of the Rockefellers who committed the butchery of pregnant women and innocent children which will load their despised names with an eternity of infamy and execration.

Just before the massacre the pious young Rockefeller declared that he and his father would spend all their millions to crush the striking miners. He little dreamed of what he was saying or doing when he issued his silly defiance to the god of right and justice.

Today, instead of his Sunday school class, he is confronted by the massacre of the innocents.

The ghosts of the infants he roasted alive at Ludlow haunt his waking and sleeping hours. The heavy hand of the providence he mocked has been laid upon him. He is under arrest, a prisoner, heavily guarded the same as any other arch felon, with ten thousand crimes staring into his hollow eyes and demanding atonement.

Both the Rockefellers, the old monster and the younger spawn, are cowering like the hunted criminals that are in their guarded castles, with the curses of outraged millions ringing in their ears.

ROCKEFELLER AND LUDLOW ARE INSEPARABLY LINKED TOGETHER AS THE CLIMAX OF CAPITALISM'S CRIMINAL AND BLOODY REGIME.

It was the hand of Rockefeller and not that of his dumb brute henchling that set the fire to the tents which roasted alive a score of women and children.

It was the hand of Rockefeller that turned the machine guns

upon the terror stricken, half-famished colonists when they attempted to escape from the cruel flames, and the hand of Rockefeller that sped the explosive bullets that tore the heads from children's bodies.

The crime of Rockefeller and the bloody system he incarnates cry to heaven from Ludlow, and the working class have heard that cry and swear upon their honor that its victims shall not have died in vain.

Ludlow will henceforth be the battle cry of the millions of American toilers whose brothers and sisters and children perished there amid scenes of savage and blood-thirsty ferocity which will one day be commemorated by a shaft monumental of the foulest blot upon American civilization.

Rockefeller's machine guns swept the tented colony of his starving victims, and their agonizing cries have died away in the mountains of Colorado, but from the blood of every martyr who perished there a thousand armed warriors will spring from the soil to sweep the system which murdered their comrades from the face of the earth.

Never shall the Rockefeller massacre at Ludlow be forgiven or forgotten by the working class!

To forget Ludlow would be not only rank ingratitude to the martyrs of Rockefeller's fire and slaughter, but base treason to the noble cause for which they died.

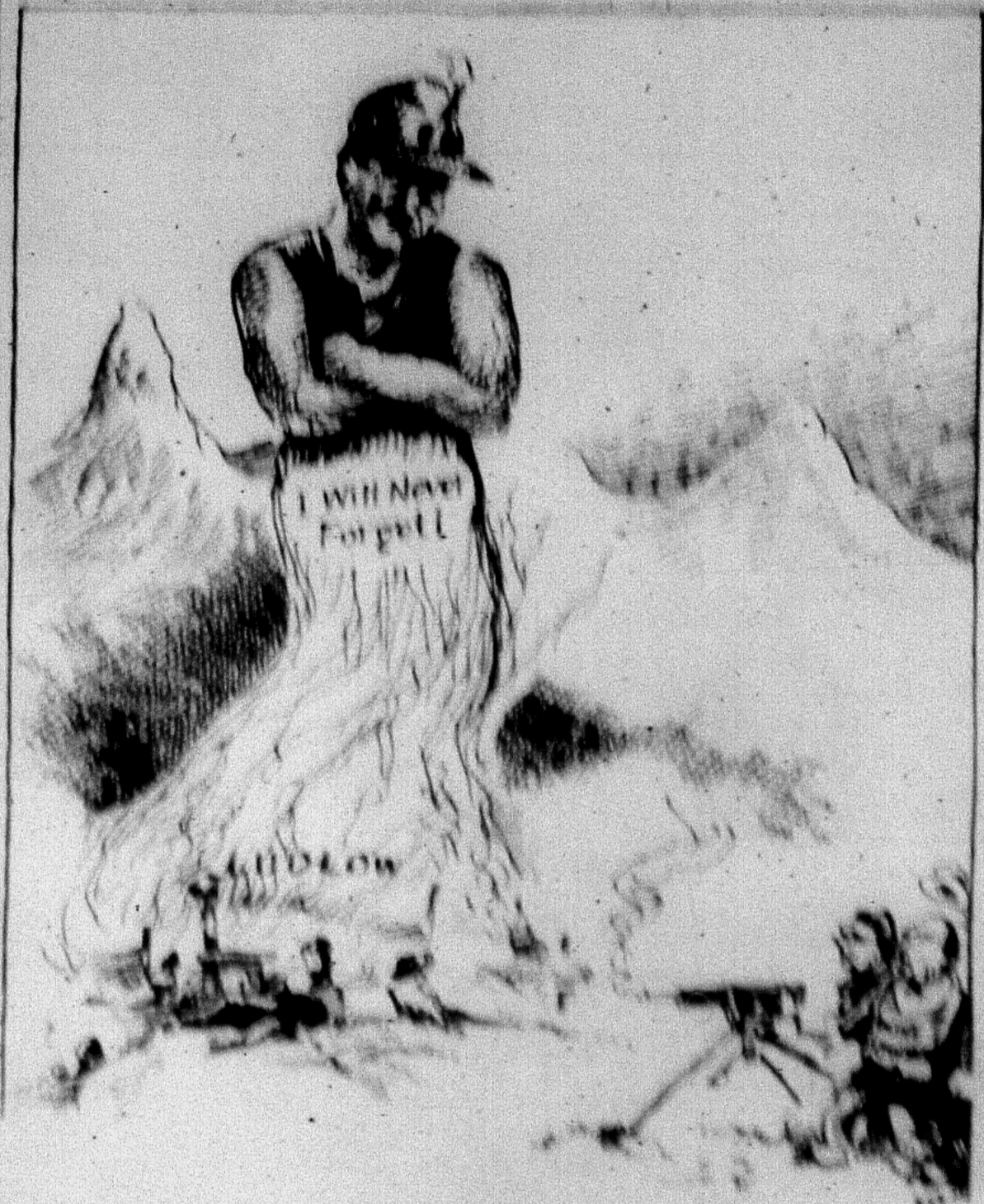
THE ROCKEFELLER MASSACRE LUDLOW, COLORADO, APRIL 20th, 1914!

This ghastly event has been written in the blood of murdered mothers, with babes clinging to their breasts, in the industrial annals of the American nation under the robber rule of the Rockefeller dynasty.

LET APRIL 20th BE SET APART BY THE WORKING CLASS TO COMMEMORATE EACH YEAR THE ROCKEFELLER MASSACRE AT LUDLOW.

LOW AND RENEW THE PLEDGE NEVER TO REST AND NEVER TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS UNTIL THIS MONSTROUS CRIME HAS BEEN REPIATED IN THE OVERTHROW OF INDUSTRIAL BERTHOISM AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC!

The delegates to the recent District Convention of the United Mine Workers held at Pittsburg, Kansas, by an overwhelming majority voted their endorsement of the Socialist party. The organized workers are rapidly becoming class conscious and swinging into line for revolutionary, economic and political action.



THE SPECTER

Between Bryan's Grape Juice and Huerta's Corn Juice, we are getting a fine international tag, but we will sober up and swell with pride when Huerta salutes the flag.

This issue of The Rip-Saw is a terrific blow at the Capitalist-System of EXPLOITATION and MURDER. Send for bundles at 2 cents a copy and flood your community with this JUNE Rip-Saw!

LUDLOW

By Henry M. Tichenor, The Rip-Saw Poet

Ludlow! By God, they did it— with sword and torch and shell, they slaughtered child and mother, did these monsters spawned in hell! They murdered pregnant women, the quivering flesh was torn where lay the budding spirit of the infant yet unborn! They piled them all together—they set fire to the mass—they did it, curse their craven souls, for the swine-bred master class! Forget it! Not while memory lasts of Ludlow's martyred dead! Forgive it! Not while through our veins the blood flows swift and red! **BY LUDLOW'S GRAVES WE SWEAR IT—THE DEAD DIED NOT IN VAIN! AWAY FROM EARTH WITH THE MASTER CLASS—DOOMED IS THEIR BEASTLY REIGN!**

BEN WILSON

Has Joined the Rip-Saw Lecture Bureau and is now

OPEN FOR DATES

About July 1, 1914, Ben Wilson will give the speech given at Ludlow, Mo., and arranged for a lecture. Terms for a Ben Wilson speech are \$10.00 per week, plus \$1.00 per day for travel. For further information, write to the Rip-Saw, 117 North 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

BEN. F. WILSON

Care the National Rip-Saw

SAINT LOUIS MISSOURI

The Testimony That Makes Murderers of The Billionaire Mine Owners—Read It—And Remember It!

By Frank Behm

THE STORY OF CHARLES COSTA

At eleven o'clock on the morning of "Bloody Monday" the miners had forced the militia back half a mile from their homes in the tent colony. As they advanced, one of their number, Charles Costa, was shot through the head. He lived ten minutes. Regaining consciousness just before he died, he asked his comrades to sing their battle song, "The Union Ever." It rang out and echoed from the surrounding hills. With his last breath Costa cried out go on with the fight.

Well it was for the heavy miner that he died on the field. That night, reinforced by hundreds, the militia captured the tent colony. Costa's wife and their two children were burned to death in the hole in which perished two

back of my cupboard. I took my children and we crawled to the big hole under tent number four. As we went we heard bullets whizzing about us. I saw two machine guns on the track (directly in front of the tents.) I dragged my children into the hole and don't remember anything that happened until morning. About six o'clock I came to myself. I first felt of my baby's hands and found them cold. I felt around and found my girl and boy dead, too. Then I crawled out and went away.

THE STORY OF ANNIE CARLICH

(The well to which Annie refers is the one in which thirty-five women and children found refuge. It is located about a hundred yards north of the tent colony on the property of the Colorado and Southern Railroad and furnishes water for the people of the vicinity. It is about twenty feet in diameter and the water rises to within perhaps thirty feet of the surface. Steps lead down to a platform midway between the water and the top of the well. On this platform and steps the women and children huddled all day and thus found shelter from the fusillade of bullets. Most of these refugees were half-naked, many almost entirely so. Annie is twelve years old.)

"I ran," says Annie, "with my mamma, papa, and my four sisters and my brother to the well. Our dog Poppe followed us and whined so to get in with us. I tried to get out and get him, but every time I stuck my head out of the well, why, there comes a shot. I kept trying to get Poppe down, but Papa wouldn't let me. I went to him, came on Poppe, came on in! But he was afraid of something and ran back to the tent. When Poppe came back to the well he was killed by a bullet."

The bullets rained on top of the well like hitting the face with a mile whip. We stayed in until about seven, when we saw the tents on fire, and then we jumped out and ran down to the creek. We ate some dead fish. The little came after us as fast as we ran. Mamma tried to shield the kids with her apron.

THE STORY OF FRANKIE SNYDER

At three thirty P. M. the fir-

ing having ceased and the miners being in possession of the field in front of the tent colony, the Snyder family crawled out of their pit and hurriedly ate a meal in their tent. There were the two parents and a twelve-year-old Frankie. When the meal was over and they were about to go again into their shelter, a bullet came through the tent and passed through the back of Frankie's head at the base of the skull. The machine guns of the militia had started again. More bullets sped by. Frankie's mother faintered and fell to the dew. Her husband rushed to get water at the tent of the Tanners. The two men, mother and children, were crouching in their pit, yet Mrs. Tanner offered to go to the help of the Snyder. But Dominoske, who stuck to his job at the telephone all of that terrible day, called to her to remain where she was with her children. A Snyder ran back to his own tent, bullets fell all about him.

THE STORY OF THOMAS EYLER, BERNARD AND DAVID MINSKY

(Don't you stayed in the tent colony and did what they could. The story is by Dominoske, the only one to survive.)

The tent colony was set alight about six o'clock. At six thirty a freight train passed by and stopped the fire of the machine guns. Eyler, Bernand and I rushed out from our pits to get out the fire. When the freight train had passed we were shot at, but the bullets went high all round. When they got the power we retreated to our pits. Whenever any of us went to fight the fire we were shot at. When the fire reached tent number four, covering the pit which sheltered the forty women and eleven children, the outbreak and shrieks of the burning caused some people homicide. Through it all I saw the least Landerick and his wife kept the cooking of the day, and which is described in the report of the military commission. I found on the edge of the pit I counted twenty-one bullet holes and impressions. I B.

The militia soon opened fire from a point fifty feet from the tents. Dominoske was coming on. Louis Tikas crawled over looking a coal pit for fuel away from us. We talked and decided to have every one make a getaway. As we

ran everybody went for himself out through the north end of the colony. Tikas and Bernand ran toward the pump-house and were captured. Tikas was killed after he was a prisoner. There was a shot out across his breast, his jaw was pounded in a pulp and his body was shot through more than a dozen times.

Most of the women and children reached the shelter of the aprica (the creek bed to the north of the colony), and made for a ranch house a mile and a half away. When the rancher lit a lamp to light the refugees into his house, the machine guns opened on it.

I crawled close to the ground, and kept watching the miners. I saw soldiers among the tents and houses from which they had disappeared. At nine o'clock I found my family at the ranch house. Between eleven and twelve there was a great glare from the burning tents and explosions. But about



Mary Petwert

women and eleven children. When the bodies were lifted out of the pit, burned flesh fell from the limbs of the dead. And from Mrs. Costa's tangled body came the mangled form of her third baby, which would have been brought to life within a few days.

THE STORY OF MARY PETWERT

The bullets started coming through my tent at about four o'clock. I took my three children, a boy of four, a girl ten and a half, and a baby six months of age, and went into the hole under my tent. At about six I looked and saw that my tent was on fire. It burned through from the outside



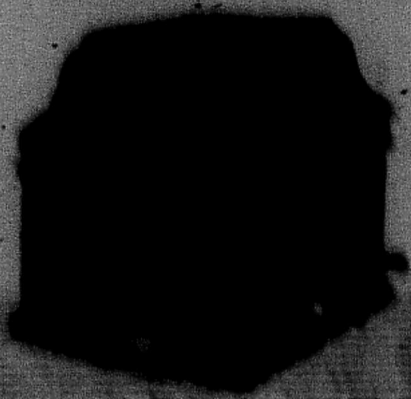
Annie Carlch

a hundred armed miners from Trinidad had come to help us and despite everything we were all burnt when they came.

LOUIS TIKAS

Louis Tikas called Louis the great, whose cold blooded, military mind was unshakable later in the day, and which is described in the report of the military commission. Tikas was a man of exceptional ability. He had been a soldier, but at the beginning of the strike was an amateur agent. He is described by all those who knew him as being of a gentle personality, lovable and kind. He bore his part in the long and bitter conflict purely for the sake of principle. Again and

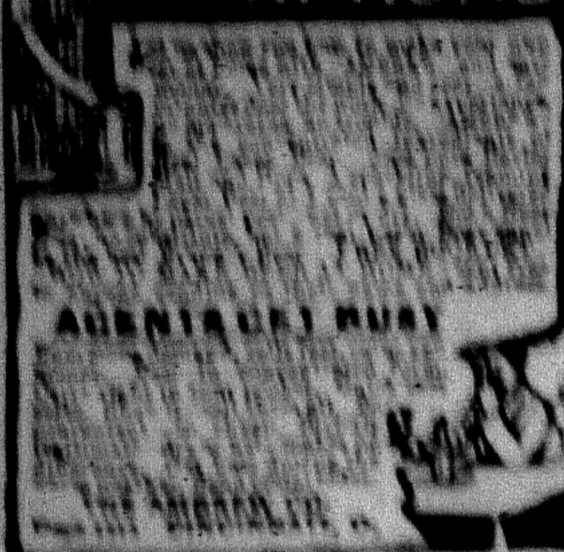
Over 10,000 Have Already Sent a One-Cent Stamp
For a copy of the June Melting Pot, containing Tichener's Story, "My Religion." IF YOU HURRY!
We still have an extra supply of this issue, and can fill your order.



NEW FREE

The National Rip Saw... [Faded text describing a product or service]

MAKE BEER AT HOME



I MADE \$50,000... [Faded text]

AGENTS WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE

To the Husband of a Corpulent Wife

Asthma

Any Spare Time?

Text describing a product or service, including a small illustration of a person.

again when his wrist follow... [Faded text from the main article]



Frankie Snyder

the wild confusion he found there... [Faded text from the main article]

FUNDS FOR THE FIGHTERS

The United Mine Workers have spent over TWO MILLION DOLLARS in the fight to unionize the mines in Colorado and put an end to Rockefeller's government by gunmen and assassination.

This enormous expenditure has depleted the treasury to a considerable extent in consequence of which a call for financial support has been issued by the National Executive Board of the United Mine Workers in behalf of the heroic miners in Colorado and their equally heroic wives and children, not a few of whom have perished in the conflict and added their names to the scroll of Labor's Martyrdom.

These miners are fighting OUR FIGHT and the least we can do is to provide them with the sinews of war. Let us see to it that with all their other sufferings they and their families are at least provided with shelter and that they are not compelled to starve while fighting against starvation.

Let us all go down in our pockets in response to the appeal of the miners and prove that we are with them not only in empty phrases but in substantial acts. Let us lend a hand in providing the funds that shall feed the fighters until the flag of united labor waves triumphant over every mine in Colorado.

Let us collect what we can among ourselves, the unions and locals to which we belong, and circulate petitions among our sympathizers, gathering in every available dollar for those brave comrades of ours who are fighting not alone for themselves but for us all out in the Rocky Mountains.

Send all contributions to William Gross, Secretary-Treasurer, 1100 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Delivered At Once on Approval and 30 days trial

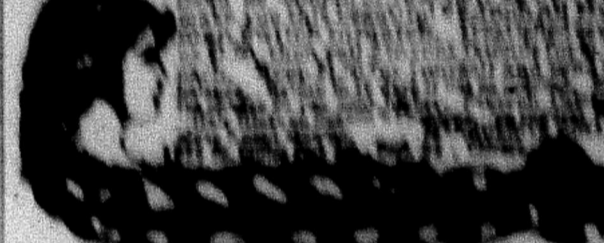


Text describing the bicycle and its features.

AGENTS WANTED



FREE! You Can Have This Switch FREE!



A Real \$1 Hand Wagon Panama... [Faded text]

AGENTS - Only One in the World



Salvation Army

Text related to the Salvation Army advertisement.

AGENTS

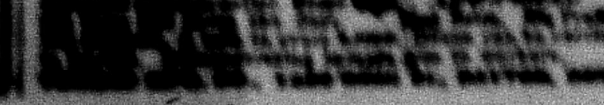
Text describing an agent opportunity.

AGENTS \$1.500

Text describing an agent opportunity.

AGENTS A Big Seller

Text describing an agent opportunity.



No More Wrinkles BEAUTIFUL BUST

Superficial Hair Vanishes & the
Bust, Eyelashes Beautified
Pimples and Blackheads Removed Permanently
with the KAUFMAN SYSTEM



[Faded, mostly illegible text describing the benefits and details of the skin treatment.]

THE FOOL-KILLER

[Faded text describing the 'Fool-Killer' product.]

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

[Faded text describing the product for women.]



No woman need any longer
dread the pains of childbirth.
Dr. J. H. Day devoted his
life to relieving the suf-
ferings of women. He has
proven that the pain of
childbirth need no longer
be feared by women and
we will gladly tell you how
it may be done absolutely
free of charge. Send your name and address to
Dr. J. H. Day Medical Institute, 1181 East 86th St.,
Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid,
his wonderful book which tells how to give birth
to happy, healthy children, absolutely without
pain or fear, also how to become a mother
Do not wait for **TODAY.**

Will Appear in the JULY RIP-SAW Without Fail

Owing to the large amount of space
taken up in this issue of the *Rip-Saw*
concerning the Colorado and Mexican
Wars and the Massacre at Trinidad,
Kate Richard O'Hare's

Debate on Woman Suffrage

With Lawyer Bessie Marian Ruler has
been unavoidably postponed until the
next July issue. This great debate,
between these two gifted women will
begin without fail next month.

The Thing to Do Now, at Once, Without delay, is to Flood the Land With The Terrific Indictment of the Bloody Horrors of Capitalist Rule

So graphically and historically told in
this June issue of the *Rip-Saw*, Frank
Bohn's personal investigation and dam-
ning testimony sent from the Scene of the
murders and outrages in Colorado, and
Eugene V. Debs'

Fearless and Scathing Arraign- ment of the Monsters of War and Exploitation Must and Shall be Heard!

We have printed Half a Million Ex-
tra Copies of this June issue of the
Rip-Saw, and every Socialist Local in
the country should order from 50 to 500
copies at two cents each, and every
active comrade should send in a club of
subscribers. Make it a club of eight at
25 cents (or take sub cards or part sub
cards) and get

Free, a Copy of **Barnhill-Tichenor Debate**

Yours for Big Things for Socialism
PHIL WAGNER

FREE TO Asthma Sufferers

[Faded text describing the offer for asthma sufferers.]

[Faded text, possibly a testimonial or further details.]

MEN, WHEN IN CHICAGO, COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF



[Faded text describing the condition shown in the image.]

ECZEMA

[Faded text describing the symptoms and treatment of eczema.]


FREE SAMPLE CURES LEG SORES

[Faded text describing the offer for leg sores.]

AGENTS—\$10 A DAY EASY!

[Faded text describing the agent opportunity.]

New Motorcycle Type



Wonderful Offer

Write today to...

2 GALLONS OF FREE LAGER BEER



...the old fashioned...

Investing for Profit Free

...the best...

20 Days Free Trial

...the best...

See This Model Watch

...the best...

Fish Bite

...the best...

I Will Start You

...the best...

Eugene Debs and Mrs. O'Hare

Covering the Continent

At this writing, May 15, both of the Rip-Saw editors and lecturers are afield. Debs covering the Atlantic states, Mrs. O'Hare through the great Northwest to the Pacific. The Colorado story takes up every inch of space in this issue, and we cannot reproduce the glowing reports from dozens of locals telling of the success of their Rip-Saw subscription lectures. Take note of the dates below, and help bring the crowds.

KATE O'HARE'S DATES		EUGENE V. DEBS' DATES	
June 22	Paragonah, Ark.	June 7	Peoria, Ill.
June 29	Hartney, Ark.	June 8	Kansas City, Mo.
June 30	Open	June 9	Council Bluffs, Iowa.
July 1	Open	June 10	Des Moines, Iowa.
July 2	Jasper, Texas.	June 11	Boone, Iowa.
July 3	Wall's Point, Texas.	June 12	Stous Falls, N. D.
July 4	Shreveport, La.	June 13	Open
July 5	Thatcher, Texas.	June 14	Minneapolis, Minn.
July 6	Temple, Texas.	June 15	St. Paul, Minn.
July 7	Comanche, Texas.	June 16	Duluth, Minn.
July 8	Spout, Texas.	June 17	Open
July 9	Open	June 17	Dubuque, Iowa.
July 10	Madill, Okla.	June 18	Open
July 11	Wewah, Okla.	June 19	Open
June 20	Springfield, Ill.	June 20	Springfield, Ill.
June 21	Clary, Ind.	June 21	Clary, Ind.
July 4	Honestead, Pa.	July 4	Honestead, Pa.
July 5	Havanna, Ohio.	July 5	Havanna, Ohio.
July 10	Marion, Ohio.	July 10	Marion, Ohio.
July 11	Xenia, Ohio.	July 11	Xenia, Ohio.
July 12	Sandusky, Ohio.	July 12	Sandusky, Ohio.
July 13	Muskogon, Mich.	July 13	Muskogon, Mich.
July 14	Petosky, Mich.	July 14	Petosky, Mich.
July 15	Mantree, Mich.	July 15	Mantree, Mich.
July 20	Golden, Texas.	July 20	Golden, Texas.
July 20	Denton, Texas.	July 20	Denton, Texas.
July 20	Sulphur, Okla.	July 21	Open
July 21	Open	Aug 1	Lindero, Texas.
Aug 1	Lindero, Texas.	Aug 2	Chabone, Texas.
Aug 2	Open	Aug 3	Open
Aug 4	Palatino, Texas.	Aug 4	Open
Aug 5	Open	Aug 5	Open
Aug 6	Paris, Texas.	Aug 6	Open
Aug 7	Nacoma, Texas.	Aug 7	Open
Aug 8	Open	Aug 8	Open
Aug 9	Snyder, Okla.	Aug 9	Open
Aug 10	Amarillo, Texas.	Aug 10	Open
Aug 11	Open	Aug 11	Open
Aug 12	Pueblo, Colo.	Aug 12	Open

No dates will be accepted between July 17 and 21.

Frank P. and Kate O'Hare will both speak at the following Oklahoma encampments:

July 24	Halls, Okla.
July 26	Okfuskee, Okla.
July 27	Lawton, Okla.
July 28	Cherokee, Okla.
July 29	Hummer, Okla.
July 30	Elk City, Okla.
July 31	Geary, Okla.
July 31	Canvase, Okla.
July 31	Butte, Okla.
July 31	Woodward, Okla.
July 31	Chattuck, Okla.

Further additional Oklahoma encampment dates for August 1-15 will be announced next month.

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

In November and 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.

Cooperate attention is called to "open" dates in the above itinerary. If you live within easy reach, write or wire for date. Rip-Saw pays all traveling and hotel expenses and furnishes supply of advertising matter.

Statement of Ownership, Management, etc., of the National Rip-Saw, required by Act, August 24th, 1912.

Name of	Postoffice Address
Editor, Eugene V. Debs	Terre Haute, Ind.
Managing Editor, Phil Wagner	St. Louis, Mo.
Business Manager, Phil Wagner	St. Louis, Mo.
Publisher, The National Rip-Saw, Pub. Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Stockholders of The National Rip-Saw Publishing Co., A Corporation,	
Phil Wagner	
Anna Wagner	
Wm. Debs	

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1914.
 (Seal) **GEORGE S. THURVILLE**, Notary Public.

My commission expires April 5th, 1915.

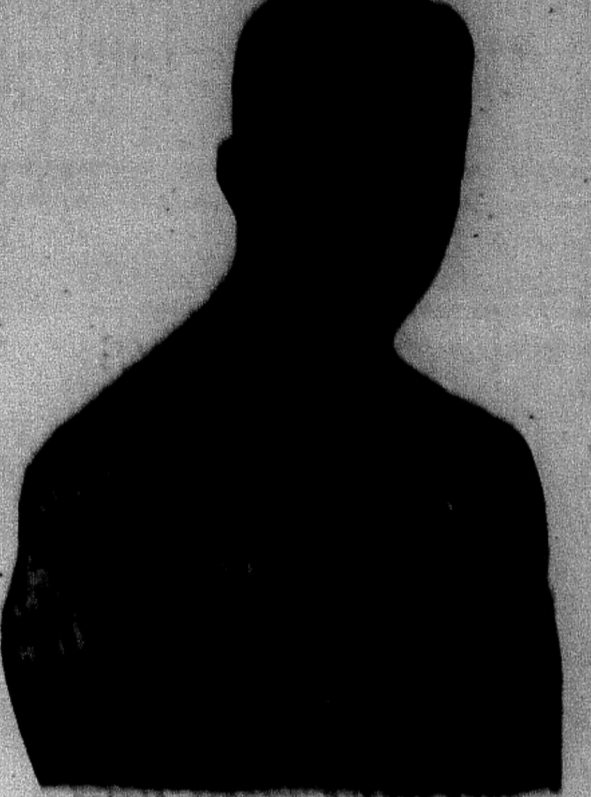
SULPHUR, OKLA.
 July 25
 The fifth annual encampment of the Socialists of Murray county, Okla. will be held at Sulphur, July 25, 26 and 27, 1914.

Eugene V. Debs, Bran Walker, Lee J. Rhodes, Judge Hurt, P. R. Nagle, Fred Holt, Robt. L. Allen, J. T. Cumble and G. T. Sommarie and other noted speakers will be here.
 We have the finest place to hold our encampment in the state. Sulphur is the great summer and health resort. Everybody come and help

"Gains 22 Pounds in 23 Days"

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol I look like a new man. Gained 22 pounds in 23 days."
 "Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. L. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."



A PLUMP, STRONG, ROBUST BODY

Before I took Sargol people used to call me 'skinny' but now my name is changed. My whole body is stout. Have gained 22 pounds and am gaining yet. I look like a new man. I had lost another man who had just finished the Sargol treatment.
 Would you, too, like to quickly get from 10 to 50 lbs. of good solid, stay there, flesh fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones?
 Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.
 More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test and that Sargol does succeed, does make this flesh fat even where all else has failed, is best proved by the tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, flesh creases, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, harmless home treatment. Cut out the coupon and send for this free package today, enclosing only 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc.
 Address: The Sargol Co., 241, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This card will tell the story.

FREE SARGOL COUPON!

This coupon, with 10c in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., and to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c package of Sargol Free. Address: The Sargol Co., 241, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

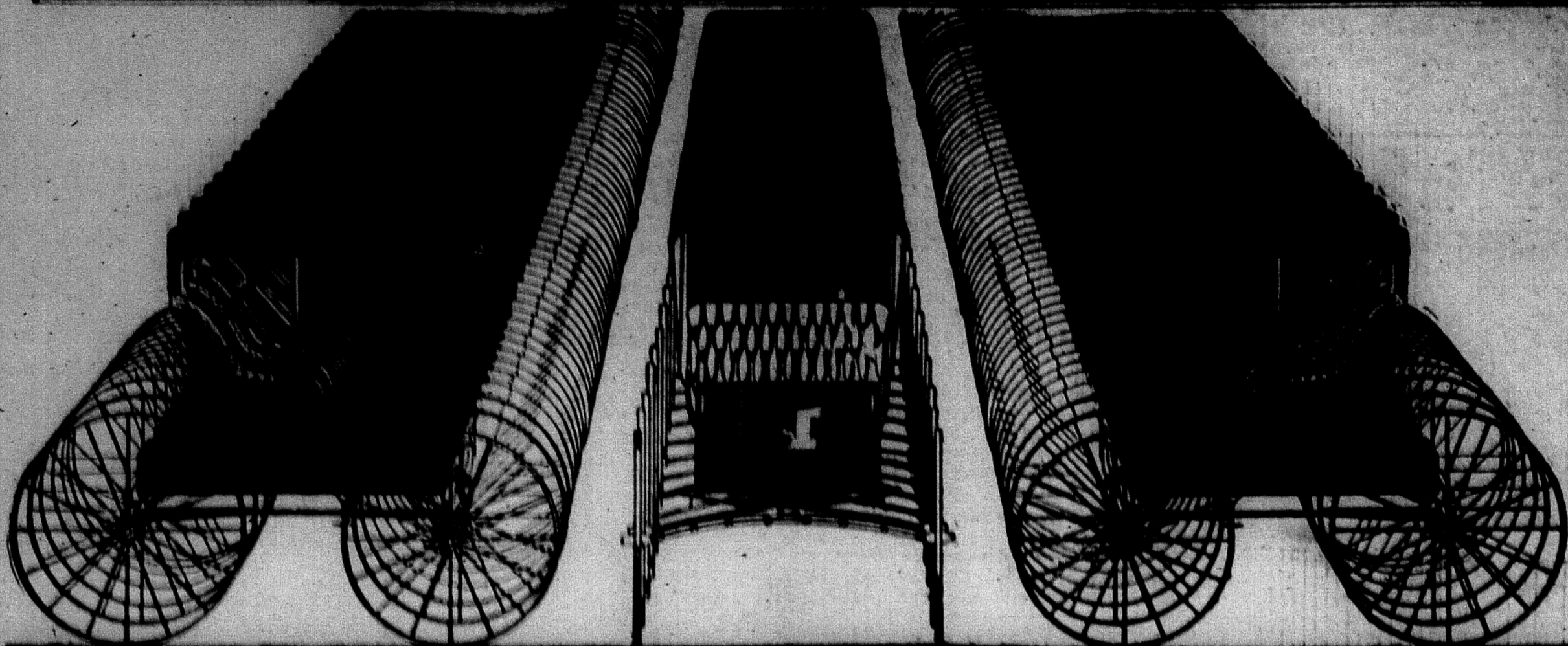
MAN OF MYSTERY

PROPHET AND GUIDE

Read EVERY...
 Do not purchase unless it shows the name, address and STAMPS only.

HASAN WADI, VIC
 25A Warwick Avenue, London, W. England

MARRY RICH Matrimonial Paper of highest character with photos and descriptions of marriageable people with names FREE mailed. Address: MARRY RICH, 100, Broadway, New York, N. Y.



WANT A BUGGY?

Let Me Show You Bigger Bargains and Finer Buggies Than You Can Find In 40 Small-Town Carriage Shops Rolled Into One.

LET me show you the immense array of superior buggies—all splendid styles. Let me do this right away. All you need to do is to clip—fill out—and send in the coupon. That won't take 5 seconds. It will cost you merely a 2 cent stamp. And it ~~may~~ cost you \$25.00 to \$40.00 if you don't grasp this great chance to get posted on genuine, rock-bottom buggy values!

It makes no difference whether you want a buggy, surrey, run-about, carriage, phaeton, spring wagon or a set of harness—your duty to your pocketbook is to get this book—and *get posted!*

It makes no difference whether you're going to buy from me or anyone else—*get the book!*

Give yourself the treat of inspecting these 140 pages filled to the brim with 125 wonderful offers in the finest vehicles man can make—the most stylish, easiest running carriages money can buy.

This Book will Tell You ALL

Let Me Save You \$25.00 to \$40.00

On The BUGGY You Buy! Nearly 200,000 Others will assure you that I can do this for you!

Doubtless, scores who know *by actual experience* that I can save you that much hard cash *(see right in your pocketbook!)* Nearly 200,000 customers testify to that as fact. Nearly 200,000 men just like you know that I do save them the fat profits of the small-town dealer—whose buggy price must cover and include traveling men's expenses and salary, middleman's commission and carriage maker's profit. They got my book—and thus saved \$25.00 to \$40.00 on every buggy they bought. And you can do the same. And get

Split Hickory Vehicles

—The finest carriages that ever rolled over a road! Made of genuine Second Growth Hickory—split, not sawed. Constructed for service. Built for solid lasting comfort. Designed in the very latest 1914 style. And guaranteed *Handmade For 2 Full Years!* And sent to you on an offer of **30 Days' FREE Trial On Your Own Roads!**

Nearly 20,000 men—farmers—merchants—businessmen—assure you that they have benefited by getting my book—and taking advantage of my plan. What they have done—you should do. Where they have profited—you will profit. And remember every Split Hickory Vehicle is

Sold On My Ironclad Guarantee For Two Years!

NOTE—When you have a moment to spare—before you forget it—just clip off the coupon—fill it out with your name and address—and mail it to me. **GET THE BOOK!**

H. C. PHELPS, Pres., The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co. Factory 47
Columbus, Ohio

Clip the Coupon
Fill It Out—Mail It To Me
Get the Books!

Coupon
THE
OHIO CARRIAGE
MFG. CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Dear Mr. Phelps—
I want that book. Send it to me at your expense. I promise to read it. But I do not obligate myself to do any more than that.

Name.....

St. No. or R. F. D.....

City.....

State.....